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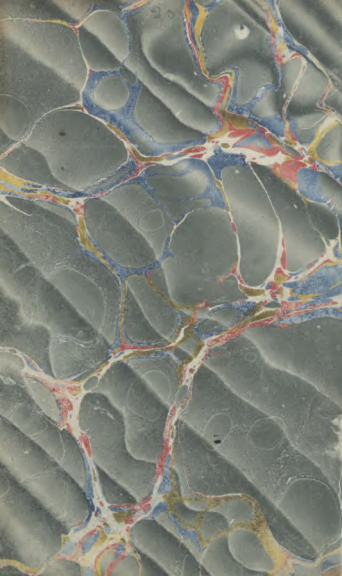


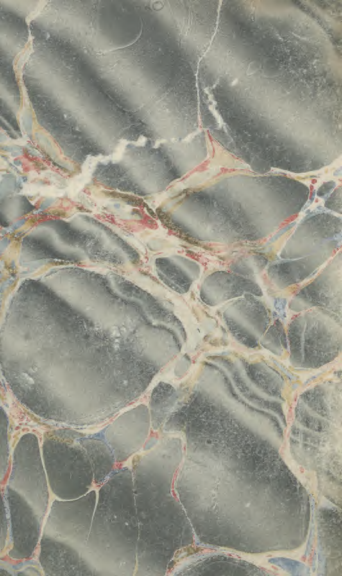
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~~ABS. 180.72~~  
ABS. 180.81(1-8)











MISS FORD AS MOODY MR GILPIN.





R. Cruikshank, Del.

White, Sc.

### The Road to Ruin.

*Goldfinch.* I'm the lad!—been to Hatchett's—bespoke the wedding coach!

*Act III. Sc. I.*

# THE ROAD TO RUIN.

A COMEDY;

In Five Acts.

BY T. HOLCROFT.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS.

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—SCENE OF THE CHARACTERS,  
 MANNERS AND CIRCUMSTANCES,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-  
 FORMERS IN THE SPACE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE  
 BUSINESS.

As first Performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. WATTS, from an original Drawing made expressly for this  
 Work, by Mr. R. CHRISTMAS.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE-HILL.



The Road is Ruts.

Published by the Author, 10, Strand, London. Price 1s. 6d. per copy. The first and only edition. 1845.



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THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

AND

OF THE ARTS

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

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LONDON :

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

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## REMARKS.

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The "*Road to Ruin*" is both amusing and instructive. Allowing for some extravagancies which are really necessary to attract the attention of a mixed auditory to the passing scene, the Characters and the Plot are sufficiently reasonable to excite curiosity, and to satisfy persons of correct morals and good understandings.

---

Thomas Holcroft, the author of this Comedy, was born in Orange Court, Leicester Square, London, December 22, 1744. He was by trade a shoemaker. The father of Mr. Holcroft was of unsettled habits, and the son accompanied him in most of his rambles. Mr. Holcroft, (the son) was a servant to the Hon. Mr. Vernon; and his chief employment was to ride his master's race-horses, and train them for the turf at Newmarket.

Mr. Holcroft was much attached to the study of music, and also applied much of his time and attention to painting. Notwithstanding these inclinations and occupations, his main pursuit, until he was about twenty-five, was shoemaking. At about the age just mentioned he became acquainted with Charles Macklin and Sam. Foote, and from associating with such company,

he soon conceived a passion for the stage. As an actor he was not very successful. He wrote the play of *Duplicity*, the success of which induced him to withdraw from the stage, as an actor, and to devote his attention principally to dramatic composition. He wrote upwards of thirty pieces for the stage, besides other works, and translated several works of acknowledgment.

Mr. Holcroft was, by one of those measures which those who administer the affairs of government during times of difficulty and danger, sometimes resort to, without clearly understanding what they are doing, arrested on a charge of high treason. His conduct, however, was so open and candid, and the proofs of his innocence, as the investigation proceeded, becoming more and more apparent, he was discharged without being put upon his trial.

## Costume.

---

OLD DORNTON.—Plain black.

HARRY DORNTON.—Dress hat, blue dress coat, black breeches, black silk stockings.

MILFORD.—Blue dress coat, white waistcoat, white trowsers, round black hat.

SULKY.—Plain brown suit.

SILKY.—Ditto.

WIDOW WARREN.—White satin, trimmed with green. Second dress—White satin, with a profusion of gold spangles, white satin turban, with ditto, and white laces.

SOPHIA.—White muslin, with a slight pink trimming.

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*Cast of the Characters in the Comedy of THE ROAD TO RUIN, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, 1823.*

<i>Old Dornton</i> .....	Mr. Munden.
<i>Harry Dornton</i> .....	Mr. Elliston.
<i>Mr. Milford</i> .....	Mr. Penley.
<i>Mr. Sulky</i> .....	Mr. Terry.
<i>Goldfinch</i> .....	Mr. Harley.
<i>Silky</i> .....	Mr. Knight.
<i>Mr. Smith</i> .....	Mr. Mercer.
<i>Widow Warren</i> .....	Mrs. Harlowe.
<i>Sophia</i> .....	Miss S. Booth.
<i>Jenny</i> .....	Mrs. Orger.
<i>Mrs. Ledger</i> .....	Mrs. Willmott.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on: the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

\*.\* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



# THE ROAD TO RUIN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Dornton's House.*

*Enter MR. DORNTON, L.*

*Dorn. (c.)* Past two o'clock and not yet returned — well, well, *(R.)*—it's my own fault!—*Mr. Smith! (L.)*

*Enter MR. SMITH, L.*

*Mr. Smith. (L. c.)* Sir.

*Dorn. (c.)* Is Mr. Sulky come in?

*Mr. Smith.* No, sir.

*Dorn.* Are you sure Harry Dornton said he should return to-night?

*Mr. Smith.* Yes, sir.

*Dorn.* And you don't know where he is gone?

*Mr. Smith.* He did not tell me, sir.

*Dorn. [Angrily.]* I ask you if you know!

*Mr. Smith.* I believe to Newmarket, sir.

*Dorn.* You always believe the worst!—I'll sit up no longer.—Tell the servants to go to bed. And do you hear, should he apply to you for money, don't let him have a guinea.

*Mr. Smith.* Very well, sir.

*Dorn.* I have done with him; he is henceforth no son of mine! Let him starve!

*Mr. Smith.* He acts very improperly, sir, indeed.

*Dorn.* Improperly! How? [*Taking Smith's hand.*]  
What does he do? [*Alarmed.*]

*Mr. Smith.* Sir!

*Dorn.* Have you heard any thing of—?

*Mr. Smith. [Confused.]* No—no, sir—Nothing—nothing but what you yourself tell me.

*Dorn.* Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

*Mr. Smith.* He is certainly a very good-hearted young gentleman, sir.

*Dorn.* Good-hearted! How dare you make such an assertion?

*Mr. Smith.* Sir!

*Dorn.* How dare you, Mr Smith, insult me so? not his gaming notorious; his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools, debauchees, and black legs?

*Mr. Smith.* Upon my word, sir, I—

*Dorn.* Upon *your* word. But it's over! His name has this very day been struck out of the firm! Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended! And, observe, not a guinea! If you lend him any yourself, I'll not pay you. I'll no longer be a fond doating father. Therefore take warning! Take warning, I say! Be his distress what it will, not a guinea! Though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea.

[*With vehemence.*]

*Mr. Smith.* (c.) I shall be careful to observe your orders, sir.

*Dorn.* Sir! (c.) Why, would you see him starve? Would you see him starve and not lend him a guinea? Would you, sir? Would you?

*Mr. Smith.* Sir! Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders!

*Dorn.* [*With amazement and compassion.*] Am could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, starving to death?

*Mr. Smith.* There is no danger of that, sir.

*Dorn.* I tell you the thing shall happen! He shall starve to death! [*Distressed at the supposition.*] I'll never look on him more as a son of mine; and I'm very certain, when I have forsaken him, all the world will forsake him too. [*Weeps.*] Yes, yes! He is born to be a poor wretched outcast!

*Mr. Smith.* I hope, sir, he still will make a fine man.

*Dorn.* Will! There is not a finer, handsomer, noble looking youth in the kingdom; no, not in the world!

*Mr. Smith.* I mean a worthy man, sir.

*Dorn.* How can you mean any such thing! The company he keeps would corrupt a saint.



*Mr. Smith.* Sir, if you will only tell me what your treasure is, I will endeavour to act like a faithful servant.

*Dorn.* I know you are a faithful servant, Mr. Smith. *Takes his hand.* I know you are.—But you—you are not a father.

*Enter MR. SULKY, L.—Exit MR. SMITH, L.*

*Dorn.* Well, Mr. Sulky, have you heard any thing of him?

*Sulky.* (L. c.) Yes.

*Dorn.* And, hay—? [*Impatiently.*] Any thing con-  
oling, any thing good?

*Sulky.* No.

*Dorn.* No?—No, say you!—Where is he? What is he about?

*Sulky.* I don't know.

*Dorn.* Don't—? You love to torture me, sir! You love to torture me.

*Sulky.* Humph!

*Dorn.* For heaven's sake, tell me what you have heard!

*Sulky.* I love to torture you.

*Dorn.* Put me out of my pain! If you are not a tiger, put me out of my pain!

*Sulky.* [*Slowly drawing a newspaper out of his pocket.*] Here; read!

*Dorn.* Dead!

*Sulky.* Worse.

*Dorn.* Mercy defend me! Where? What?

*Sulky.* The first paragraph in the postscript: the beginning line in capitals.

*Dorn* [*Reads.*] "The junior partner of the great banking house, not a mile from the Post-office, has again been touched at Newmarket, for upwards of ten thousand pounds." [*Pause.*] It can't be!

*Sulky.* Humph!

*Dorn.* Why, can it?

*Sulky.* Yes.

*Dorn.* How do you know? What proof have you that this is not a lie?

*Sulky.* His own hand-writing.

*Dorn.* How?

*Sulky.* Bills at three days sight to the full amount have already been presented.

*Dorn.* And accepted?

*Sulky.* Yes.

*Dorn.* But!—Why!—Were you mad, Mr. Sulky? Were you mad?

*Sulky.* I soon shall be.

*Dorn.* Is not his name struck off the firm?

*Sulky.* They were dated two days before.

*Dorn.* The credit of my house begins to totter!

*Sulky.* Well it may!

*Dorn.* What the effect of such a paragraph may be, cannot tell!

*Sulky.* I can;—Ruin.

*Dorn.* Are you serious, sir?

*Sulky.* I am not inclined to laugh.—A run against the house, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy.

*Dorn.* Really, Mr. Sulky, you—

*Sulky.* Yes. I know I offend. I was bred in your house, you used me tenderly, I served you faithfully and you admitted me a partner. Don't think I care for myself. No, I can sit at the desk again. But you! You! first man of the first commercial city on earth! your name in the Gazette! Were it mine only, I would laugh at it. What am I? Who cares for me?

[Crosses to

*Dorn.* Where is the vile? [Calling.] Mr. Smith!—Thomas!—William!

*Enter MR. SMITH, L.*

Call all the servants together, Mr. Smith; clerks, footmen, maids, every soul! Tell them their young master is a scoundrel!

*Mr. Smith.* Very well, sir.

*Dorn.* Sir? Bid them shut the door in his face! I'll turn the first away that lets him set foot in this house ever again!

*Mr. Smith.* Very well, sir.

*Dorn.* Very well, sir? Damn your very well, sir! I tell you it is not very well, sir. He shall starve, die rot in the street! Is that very well, sir?

[Exit Dorn and Smith, R.]

*Sulky.* (R.) He has a noble heart. A fond father's heart. The boy was a fine youth. But he spoiled him and now he quarrels with himself and all the world, be

ause he hates his own folly. [*A knocking at the street door, L.*] So! here is the youth returned.

[*Knocking again. Exit, R.*]

*Enter MR. DORNTON, with SERVANTS, L.*

*Dorn.* (c.) Don't stir! On your lives, don't go to the door! Are the bolts and locks all fastened?

*Servants.* All, sir.

[*Knocking.*]

*Dorn.* Don't mind his knocking! Go to bed every soul of you instantly, and fall fast asleep! He shall starve in the streets! [*Knocking again.*] Fetch me my blunderbuss! Make haste!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and POSTILLIONS, L.*

*Postil.* (L. c.) We smoked along, your honour!

*Harry.* [*Knocks at D. F. L. c.*] I know you did. Had you been less free with your whip, you would have been crown the richer. Your next step should be to turn rammers, and handle the cat-o'nine-tails.

*Postil.* It is very late, your honour!

*Harry.* Be gone! I'll give you no more.

[*Knocks.*]

[*Exeunt Postillions, L.*]

*Dorn.* [*At the window over him, throwing up the sash and presenting the blunderbuss; Mr. Sulky with him.*] Knock again, you scoundrel, and you shall have the full contents loaded to the muzzle, rascal!

*Harry.* So! I suspected dad was in his tantrums.

*Mil.* You have given him some cause.

*Harry.* Very true. [*To his Father.*] Consider, my dear sir, the consequences of lying out all night!

*Dorn.* Be gone, villain!

*Harry.* Bad women, sir: damps, night air!

*Dorn.* Will you be gone?

*Harry.* Watch-houses, pick-pockets, cut throats!

*Sulky.* Come, come, sir.

[*Shutting the window.*]

*Mil.* We shall not get in.

*Harry.* Pshaw! How little do you know of my father! The door will open in less than fifteen seconds.

*Mil.* Done for a hundred!

*Harry.* Done, done! [*Take out their watches—the door opens.*] I knew you were had; double or quits, we find the cloth laid, and supper on the table.

*Mil.* No, it won't do. [*Exeunt into the house.*]

SCENE III.—*Dornton's House.*

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and a Footman, L.*

*Foot.* (l. c.) My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

*Harry.* (c.) I know it.

*Foot.* He is gone down to turn the servant out of door that let you in.

*Harry.* Is he? Then go you and let your fellow-servant in again.

*Foot.* I dare not, sir.

*Harry.* Then I must. [*Exit,*

*Foot.* (l.) He inquired who was with my young master.

*Mil.* Well!

*Foot.* And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious. [*Exit Footman,*

*Re-enter HARRY DORNTON, L.*

*Harry.* (c.) All's well that ends well. This has been a cursed losing voyage, Milford!

*Mil.* (c.) I am a hundred and fifty in.

*Harry.* And I ten thousand out!

*Mil.* I believe I had better avoid your father for the present.

*Harry.* I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter; the cause of my ruin.

*Mil.* And I being in his debt, he conceives he may treat me without ceremony.

*Harry.* Nay, damn it, Jack, do him justice: it is not the money you had of him, but the ill advice he imputes to you, that galls him.

*Mil.* I hear he threatens to arrest me.

*Harry.* Yes! He has threatened to strike my name out of the firm, and disinherit me, a thousand times!

*Mil.* Oh, but he has been very serious in menacing me.

*Harry.* And me too.

*Mil.* You'll be at the tennis-court to-morrow?

*Harry.* No.

*Mil.* What, not to see the grand match?—

*Harry.* No.

*Mil.* Oh yes, you will.

*Harry.* No, I am determined.

*Mil.* Yes, over night; you'll waver in the morning.

*Harry.* No. It is high time, Jack, to grow prudent.

*Mil.* Ha, ha, ha! My plan is formed: I'll soon be out of debt.

*Harry.* How will you get the money?

*Mil.* By calculation.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mil.* (r.) I am resolved on it. How many men of rank and honour, having lost their fortunes, have doubtfully recovered them!

*Harry.* And very honourably!

*Mil.* Who doubts it?

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! Nobody! nobody!

*Mil.* But pray, Harry, what is it you find so attractive in my late father's amorous relic?

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! What, the Widow Warren?

*Mil.* She seems to think and even reports you are to marry her!

[Both sit at a table c.

*Harry.* Marry? Her? A coquette of forty, who ridiculously apes all the airs of a girl! Fantastic, selfish, and a fool! And marry? Disgusting idea! Thou wert philosophising, as we drove, on the condition of a post-horse—

*Mil.* Well?

*Harry.* I would rather be a post-horse, nay, the brute that drives a post-horse, than the base thing thou hast imagined!

[Rises and comes forward.

*Mil.* Then why are you so often there? [Rises.

*Harry.* (c.) Because I can't keep away.

*Mil.* (r. c.) What, is it her daughter, Sophia?

*Harry.* Lovely, bewitching innocent!

*Mil.* The poor young thing is fond of you?

*Harry.* I should be half mad if I thought she was not; yet am obliged to half hope she is not!

*Mil.* Why?

*Harry.* What a question! Am I not a profligate, and in all probability ruined—Not even my father can overlook this last affair!—No!—Heigho!

*Mil.* The loss of my father's will, and the mystery

made of its contents by those who witnessed it, at strange circumstances!

*Harry.* In which the Widow triumphs. And yet being a bastard, and left by the law to starve, she willingly pays obedience to laws so wise.

*Mil.* She refuses even to pay my debts.

*Harry.* And the worthy alderman, your father, being overtaken by death in the south of France, carefully makes a will, and then as carefully hides it when it is not to be found; or commits it to the custody of some mercenary knave, who has made his market of it to the Widow.—So! Here comes the supposed executor of this supposed will.

*Enter Mr. SULKY, L.*

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do?

*Sulky.* (L.) Very ill.

*Harry.* Indeed? I am very sorry! What's your disorder?

*Sulky.* (L. c.) You.

*Harry.* (c.) Ha, ha, ha!

*Sulky.* Ruin, bankruptey, infamy!

*Harry.* The old story!

*Sulky.* To a new tune.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sulky.* You are—

*Harry.* What, my good cynic?

*Sulky.* A fashionable gentleman.

*Harry.* I know it.

*Sulky.* And fashionably ruined.

*Harry.* No;—I have a father.

*Sulky.* Who is ruined likewise.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! Is the Bank of England ruined?

*Sulky.* I say, ruined. (MILFORD walks about R.) Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.

*Harry.* No; it held nothing but guineas. Notes, bills, paper for me!

*Sulky.* Such effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you have been driving to ruin more furiously than—

*Harry.* An ambassador's coach on a birth-night. I saw you were stammering for a simile.

*Sulky.* Sir—!

*Harry.* Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins, and rushes headlong on in the dark; passion and prodigality gaze in the front, bewilder the coachman, and dazzle and blind the passengers; wisdom, prudence, and virtue are upset and maimed or murdered; and at last, repentance, like the footman's flambeau lagging behind, lights us to dangers when they are past all remedy.

*Sulky.* Your name is struck off the firm. I was the advertiser.

*Harry.* You were very kind, Mr. Sulky.

*Sulky.* Your father is at last determined.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so?

*Sulky.* You'll find so! And what brought you here, sir?

[*To MILFORD.*]

*Mil.* (R.) A chaise and four.

*Sulky.* (R. C.) It might have carried you to a safer place. When do you mean to pay your debts?

*Mil.* When my father's executor prevails on the Widow Warren to do me justice.

[*HARRY sits.*]

*Sulky.* And which way am I to prevail?

*Mil.* And which way am I to pay my debts?

*Sulky.* You might have more modesty than insolently to come and brave one of your principal creditors, after having ruined his son by your evil counsel.

*Harry.* (*Seated in back ground.*) Ha, ha, ha! Don't believe a word on't, my good grumbler: I ruined myself: I wanted no counsellor.

*Mil.* My father died immensely rich; and though I am what the law calls illegitimate, I ought not to starve.

*Sulky.* You have had five thousand pounds, and are five more in debt.

*Mil.* Yes, thanks to those who trust boys with thousands.

*Sulky.* You would do the same now that you think yourself a man.

*Mil.* [*Firmly.*] Indeed I would not.

*Sulky.* Had you been watching the widow at home, instead of galloping after a knot of gamblers and pick-pockets, you might perhaps have done yourself more service.

*Mil.* Which way, sir?

*Sulky.* The will of your late father is found?

*Mil.* Found?

*Sulky.* I have received a letter, from which I learn it was at last discovered, carefully locked up in a pri-

vate drawer; and that it is now a full month since a gentleman of Montpellier, coming to England, was entrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared.

*Mil.* If it should have got into the hands of the Widow—

*Sulky.* Which I suspect it has! You are a couple of pretty gentlemen! But beware! Misfortune is your heels! Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both and justly. He is not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

*Mil.* I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted.

[*Exit, Mil.*]  
*Sulky.* [*Retiring up the stage to the table.*] Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

*Harry.* Yes; and my father knows I as compassionately opened the door for the poor fellow in return.

*Sulky.* Very well, sir! Your fame is increasing daily.

*Harry.* [*Rising.*] I am glad to hear it.

*Sulky.* Humph! Then perhaps you have paraphrased yourself?

*Harry.* [*Comes forward with him.*] Paraphrased? What? Where?

*Sulky.* (r. c.) In the St. James's Evening.

*Harry.* (c.) Me?

*Sulky.* Stating the exact amount.

*Harry.* Of my loss?

*Sulky.* Yours.—You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

*Harry.* Well said! Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

*Sulky.* Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house you will perhaps be less ready to grin.

*Harry.* Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha!

[*DORNTON appears L.*]

*Enter MR. DORNTON, with Newspaper in his hand, L.*

*Dorn.* (L.) So, sir!

*Harry.* [*Bowing, L. c.*] I am happy to see you, sir.



*Dora.* You are there, after having broken into my  
house at midnight!—And you are here [ *Holding up the  
paper*] after having ruined me and my house by your  
unprincipled prodigality! Are you not a scoundrel?

*Harry.* No, sir; I am only a fool.

*Sulky.* (R.) Good night to you, gentlemen. [ *Going, R.*

*Dora.* Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you  
crosses R. to *SULKY*] to stay where you are, and be  
witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his  
deeds!

*Sulky.* (R.) I have witnessed it a thousand times.

*Dora.* But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel,  
say? [ *To HARRY.*

*Harry.* (C.) I am your son.

*Dora.* [ *Calling L.*] Mr. Smith! Bring in those  
deeds.

*Enter MR. SMITH, with papers, L.*

You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer?

*Harry.* (L. C.) I will deny nothing.

*Dora.* (C.) A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon  
the face of nature!

*Harry.* A stain that will wash out, sir.

*Dora.* A redundancy, a negation; a besotted sophis-  
ticated incumbrance; a jumble of fatuity; your head,  
your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; in-  
coherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and of-  
fensive to others! [ *SMITH retires, L.*

*Harry.* I am whatever you please, sir.

*Dora.* Bills never examined, every thing bought on  
credit, the price of nothing asked! Conscious you were  
weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and  
pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the  
effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of com-  
mon sense! And, to your other destructive follies,  
you must add the detestable vice of gaming!

*Harry.* These things, sir, are much easier done than  
defended.

*Dora.* But here—[ *To SMITH, who advances L.*]—  
Give me that parchment! The partners have all been  
summoned! Look, sir! your name has been formally  
erased!

*Harry.* The partners are very kind.

*Dora.* The suspicions already incurred by the known  
profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums

you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the bank—  
it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city—

[SMITH retires to back ground.]

Harry. All very terrible, and some of it very true.

[Half aside.]

Dorn. [Passionately.] If I should happily outlive the  
storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a pro-  
digal, or to reward a gambler! You are disinherited.  
Read!

[Taking more papers from SMITH at

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dorn. I'll no longer act the doating father, fasci-  
nated by your arts!

[SMITH stands

Harry. I never had any art, sir, except the one you  
taught me.

Dorn. I taught you! What, scoundrel? What?

Harry. That of loving you, sir.

Dorn. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely!

Dorn. [Forgetting his passion.] Why, can you say  
Harry—Rascal! I mean—that you love me?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, sir.

Dorn. Harry! Harry! [Greatly agitated.] No  
confound me if I do! Sir, you are a vile——

Harry. I know I am.

Dorn. And I'll never speak to you more. [Going, L.]

Harry. Bid me good night, sir. Mr. Sulky here will  
bid me good night, and you are my father! Good night  
Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. (R.) Good night.

[Exit, R.]

Harry. Come, sir.

Dorn. Good. [Struggling with passion.] I won't  
if I do——

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my  
name, disinherit me, I deserve it all, and more. But  
say, "Good night, Harry!"

Dorn. I won't!—I won't!—I won't!

Harry. (L. C.) Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it  
off; but enmity——

Dorn. I will not!

Harry. Sleep in enmity! And who can say how  
soundly? (L.) Come! good night.

Dorn. I won't! I won't!

[Runs off, L.]

Harry. Say you so? [Goes back to the table.] Why  
then, my noble-hearted dad, [Returning] I am indeed a  
scoundrel!

*Re-enter MR. DORNTON, R.*

*Dorn.* (R.) Good night!

[*Exit, R.*

*Harry.* (C.) Good night!

[*Exit, L.*

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

*Enter JENNY and MRS. LEDGER, L.*

*Jenny.* (L.) I tell you, good woman, I can do nothing for you.

*Mrs. L.* (L.) Only let me see Mrs. Warren.

*Jenny.* And get myself snubbed. Not I, indeed.

*Enter SOPHIA, R.*

*Sophia.* (R.) La, Jenny! Yonder's my mamma, with a whole congregation of milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, haberdashers, lace-men, feather-men, and—and all the world, consulting about second mourning!

*Jenny.* (L. c.) I know it.

*Sophia.* (c.) It will be six months to-morrow, since the death of my father-in-law; and she has been busy giving orders for this fortnight, that every thing might be brought home and tried on to-day. I do believe she'll sleep in her new clothes!

*Jenny.* How you run on, miss!

*Sophia.* What would my dear grandma' say, if she saw her? Why she is even fonder of finery than I am!

*Jenny.* Sure, miss, you are not fond of finery?

*Sophia.* [*Skipping about.*] Oh, but I am. I wonder why she won't let me wear high-heeled shoes! I am sure I am old enough; I shall be eighteen next Christ-

mas day, at midnight: which is only nine months and two days! And since she likes to wear slips, and sashes, and ringlets, and—nonsense, like a girl, why should not I have high heels and gowns, and satins, and trains, and sweeps, [*Mimicking*] and—like a woman?

*Jenny.* It's very true what your mamma tells you miss; you have been spoiled by your old fond grand-mother, in Gloucestershire.

*Sophia.* Nay, Jenny, I won't hear you call my dear grand-ma's names! Though every body told the loving old soul she would spoil me.

*Jenny.* And now your mamma has sent for you up to town, to finish your *keddeccation*.

*Sophia.* Yes, she began on the very first day. There was the stay-maker sent for to screw up my shape; the shoe-maker to cripple my feet; the hair-dresser, to burn my hair; the jeweller, to bore my ears; and the dentist, to file my teeth.

*Jenny.* Ah! You came here such a hoyden! [*T* Mrs. LEDGER.] What, an't you gone yet, mistress?

*Sophia.* La, Jenny, how can you be so cross to people? What is the matter with this good woman?

*Jenny.* Oh! nothing but poverty.

*Sophia.* Is that all? Here, [*Rummaging her pockets*] give her this half crown, and make her rich.

*Jenny.* Rich indeed!

*Sophia.* What, is not it enough? La, I am sorry I spent all my money yesterday! I laid it out in sweetmeats, cakes, a canary bird, and a poll parrot. But I hope you are not very, very poor? [*Crosses to L.*]

*Mrs. L. (L.)* My husband served the late alderman five-and-twenty years. His master promised to provide for him; but his pitiless widow can see him thrown with a broken heart upon the parish.

*Sophia.* Oh dear!—Stop!—Stop a bit! [*Capering off L.*] Be sure you don't go!

*Enter MR. SULKY, R.*

*Sulky. (R.)* Where's your mistress, girl?

*Jenny. (C.)* My name is Jane Cocket, sir.

*Sulky.* Where's your mistress?

*Jenny.* Busy, sir.

*Sulky.* Tell her to come down.—Don't stare, girl, but go and tell your mistress I want her.

*Jenny.* [*Aside.*] Humph! Mr. Black and gruff!  
[*Exit, n.*]

*Re-enter SOPHIA, running with great eagerness, R.*

*Sophia.* I've got it! Here! Take this, good woman; go home and be happy! Take it, I tell you!

[*Offering a purse.*]

*Sulky.* (c.) Who is this? Mrs. Ledger! How does our worthy husband?

*Mrs. L.* Alack, sir, ill enough: likely to starve in his latter days.

*Sulky.* How! Starve?

*Mrs. L.* The Widow refuses to do any thing for him.

*Sulky.* (L. c.) Humph!

*Mrs. L.* Service, age, and honesty are poor pleas, with affluence, ease, and Mrs. Warren.

*Sulky.* Humph!

*Mrs. L.* You, sir, I understand, are the late alderman's executor?

*Sulky.* I can't tell.

*Mrs. L.* Perhaps you may be able to serve my husband?

*Sulky.* I don't know. However, give my respects to him. He shan't starve: tell him that.

*Sophia.* Nay, but take this in the mean time.

*Sulky.* Ay; take it, take it. [*Exit Mrs. LEDGER, L. s. e.*] And who are you, Miss Charity?

*Sophia.* Me, sir? Oh! I—I am my grandma's grand-daughter.

*Sulky.* Humph!

*Sophia.* Sophia Freelove.

*Sulky.* Oh!—The widow's daughter by her first husband?

*Sophia.* Yes, sir.

*Re-enter JENNY, R.*

*Sulky.* Where's your mistress?

*Jenny.* (R.) Coming, sir. So! [*To SOPHIA.*] You have stolen your mamma's purse, Miss?

*Sophia.* La, don't say so; I only ran away with it! She was bargaining for some smuggled lace with one of your acquaintance, and I thought I could dispose of her money to better advantage.

*Jenny.* Without her consent?

*Sophia.* Yes, to be sure; I knew I should never dispose of it in that manner with her consent.

*Jenny.* Well! Here comes your mamma. [*Exit,*]

*Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R. in a fantastic girl's Morning Dress, surrounded by Milliners, &c. and their Attendants with Band-boxes; all talking as they enter.—SOPHIA humming a tune, and capering about in the back ground.*

*Widow.* (R.) So you'll be sure not to forget my chapeau-a-la-Prusse, Mr. Mincing!

*Hatter.* (R.) Certainly not, madam.

*Widow.* (C.) And you'll make a delicate choice of the feathers?

*Hatter.* The selection will be elegant, madam.

*Widow.* Yes. I know, Mr. Mincing, you're a charming man! And you will let me have my pierrot a-la-Coblentz by nine in the morning, Mrs. Tiffany?

*Mantua-maker.* (R.) To a minute, ma'am.

*Sulky.* Madam, when you have a moment's leisure—

*Widow.* Be quiet, you fright; don't interrupt me!—And my caraco a-la-hussar, and my bavaraises a-la-duchesse. And put four rows of pearl in my turban.

*Milliner.* Ver vell, me ladyship.

*Widow.* And you'll all come together exactly at nine?

*Omnes.* We'll all be here! [*Going, R.*]

*Widow.* And don't forget the white ermine tippets, and the black fox muffs, and the Kamschatka furs, that you mentioned, Mr. Weazel!

*Furrier.* I'll bring a fine assortment, madam.

*Widow.* And, and, and—No; no—you may all go;—I can think of nothing else;—I shall remember more to-morrow.

*Hatter—Furrier—Milliner, &c.*—Thank you, madam!—Very much obliged to you, ma'am!—Dee ver good bonjour to me ladyship. [*Together.—Exeunt, R.*]

*Widow.* (R.) What was it you were saying, Mr. Sulky?—Pray, child, what have you done with my purse?

*Sophia.* Given it away, ma'.

*Widow.* (R. C.) Given it away, minikin?

*Sophia.* Yes, ma'.

*Widow.* (C.) Given my purse away! To whom? For what purpose?

*Sophia.* (L. c.) La, ma', only—only to keep a poor man from starving!

*Widow.* I protest, child, your grandmother has totally ruined you!

*Sulky.* (c.) Not quite, madam: she has left the fishing to you.

*Widow.* What were you saying, Mr. Sulky?

*Sulky.* You won't give me leave to say any thing, madam.

*Widow.* You know you are a shocking troublesome man, Mr. Sulky! I have a thousand things to remember, and can't bear teasing! It fatigues my spirits! To pray relate this very urgent business of yours in a single word. What would you have?

*Sulky.* Justice.

*Widow.* Lord, what do you mean? Do you think I am in the commission?

*Sulky.* Yes, of follies innumerable!

*Widow.* You are a sad savage, Mr. Sulky! And who is it you want justice for?

*Sulky.* Your late husband's son, John Milford.

*Widow.* Now pray don't talk to me! You are a very intrusive person! You quite derange my ideas! I can think of nothing soft or satisfactory while you are present!

*Sulky.* Will you hear me, madam?

*Widow.* I can't! I positively can't! It is an odious subject!

*Sophia.* Nay, ma', how can you be so cross to my brother Milford?

*Widow.* Your brother, child?—Country education! How often, minikin, have I told you he is no brother of yours!

*Sophia.* La, ma', he was your husband's son!

*Widow.* Yes, his ba—Faugh!—Odious word!—Your brother?

*Sophia.* Yes, that he is! For he is in distress.

*Sulky.* Humph!

*Widow.* (R.) And would you now, you who pretend to be a very prudent—ridiculous kind of a person, wish to see me squander the wealth of my poor dear little old head man on Mr. Milford, and his profligate companions?

*Sulky.* Not I indeed, madam; though the profligate

to whom you make love should happen to be one of them!

*Widow.* Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the monster! I make love!—You have no eyes, Mr. Sulky! [*Walking about with a conceited air.*] You are really blind! But you know whom you mean.

*Sulky.* I mean young Dornton, madam.

*Widow.* To be sure you do! Whom could you mean? Elegant youth! Rapturous thought!

*Sophia.* I am sure, sir, young Mr. Dornton is a profligate!

*Sulky.* [*Significantly.*] You are sure?

*Sophia.* Yes, that I am!

*Sulky.* Humph.

*Sophia.* And it's very scandalous, very scandalous indeed, to say he is my ma's lover!

*Sulky.* Humph.

*Sophia.* Because he is a fine genteel young gentleman; and you know ma' is—

*Widow.* (c.) Pray, minikin, be less flippant with your tongue.

*Sophia.* Why la, ma', you yourself know you are too—!

*Widow.* Go up to your chamber, child!

*Sophia.* I am sure, ma', I say it is very scandalous to call the handsome Mr. Dornton your lover!

[*Exit, skipping,*

*Sulky.* (c.) Do you blush?

*Widow.* (n.) Blush, indeed? Blush? Ha, ha, ha! You are a very unaccountable creature, Mr. Sulky!—Blush at the babbling of a child?

*Sulky.* Who is your rival?

*Widow.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! My rival? The poor minikin! My rival? But I have a message for you. Now do compose your features to softness and complacency! Look pleasant if you can! Smile for once in your life!

[*Crosses to SULKY,*

*Sulky.* Don't make love to me! I'll have nothing to say to you!

*Widow.* (n.) Ha, ha, ha! Love?

*Sulky.* Yes, you make love to Dornton! Nay, you make love to the booby Goldfinch! Even I am not secure in your company!

*Widow.* Ha, ha, ha! You are a shocking being.



*Sulky.* But if you should happen to see Mr. Dornton, do astonish your acquaintance; do a good-natured thing, and tell him I am at home all the day. Give to you? Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you figure! You caricature of tenderness! You insupportable thing!

[*Exit, r.*

*Sulky.* [*Sighs.*] Ah! All labour in vain! [*Crossing.*

*Enter JENNY, l.*

and out of the way, girl! [*Exit, l.*

*Jenny.* (c.) There she goes! [*Looking after the widow.*] That's lucky! This way, sir!

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, followed by a SERVANT, with Bills in his hand, l.*

*Jenny.* My mistress is gone up to her toilette, sir; but I can send you somebody you may like better!

[*Exit, r.*

*Harry.* (c.) Obliging Abigail! [*Looking over his papers.*] 'Sdeath! What, all these tradesmen's bills?

*Servant.* All, sir. Mr. Smith sent me after you with them.

*Harry.* When were they brought?

*Servant.* Some last night, but most this morning.

*Harry.* Ill news travels fast, and honesty is devilish industrious. Go round to them all, return their bills, and bid them come themselves to-day. Has Mr. Williams, the hosier, sent in his bill?

*Servant.* No, sir.

*Harry.* I thought as much; tell him to come with the rest, and on his life not to fail.

*Servant.* Very well, sir. [*Exit, l.*

*Enter SOPHIA, in high spirits, r.*

*Sophia.* (r. c.) Oh, Mr. Dornton, I am glad to see you! Do you know, I've got the song by heart that you was so good as to teach me!

*Harry.* And do you know, my charming Sophia, you are the most delightful, beautiful, bewitching scholar that ever took lesson!

*Sophia.* La, Mr. Dornton, I'm sure I'm very stupid!

*Harry.* That you are all intelligence, all grace, all wit!

*Sophia.* To be sure my ma' caught me singing it, and

she was pettish; because you know it's all about love and ends with a happy marriage.

*Harry.* But why pettish?

*Sophia.* La, I can't tell. I suppose she wants have all the marriage in the world to herself! Its her whole talk! I do believe she'd be married every morning that she rises, if any body would have her!

*Harry.* Think not of her, my sweet Sophia, but to me—

*Sophia.* (c) What?

*Harry.* I dare not ask.

*Sophia.* Why!

*Harry.* Lest I should offend you.

*Sophia.* Nay now, Mr. Dorn-ton, that is not right of you! I am never offended with any body, and I am sure I should not be offended with you! My grand-ma' always said I was the best tempered girl in the world.—What is it?

*Harry.* Were you? [*Taking her hand.*] Did you ever know what it is to love?

*Sophia.* La, now, how could you ask one such a question? You know very well one must not tell! Besides you know too one must not be in love!

*Harry.* Why not?

*Sophia.* Because—Because I'm but a girl. My grand-ma' has told me a hundred times, it's a sin for any body to be in love before they be a woman grown, full one-and-twenty; and I am not eighteen!

*Harry.* Love, they say, cannot be resisted.

*Sophia.* Ah, but I have been taught better!—it may be resisted: nobody need be in love unless they like—and so I won't be in love, for I won't wilfully do amiss [*With great positiveness.*] No! I won't love any person, though I should love him ever so dearly!

*Harry.* [*Aside.*] Angelic innocence! [*Aloud.*] Right, lovely Sophia, guard your heart against seducers.

*Sophia.* Do you know it is full five weeks since Valentine's day; and, because I'm not one-and-twenty, nobody sent me a Valentine!

*Harry.* And did you expect one?

*Sophia.* Nay! I can't say but I did think! In Gloucestershire, if any young man happens to have a liking for a young woman, she is sure to hear of it on Valen-

e's day. But perhaps Valentine's day does not fall soon here as it does in the country.

*Harry.* Why, it is possible you may yet receive a valentine.

*Sophia.* Nay now, but don't you go to think that I am asking for one; for that would be very wrong of me, and I know better. My grandma' told me I must never mention nor think of such things till I am a woman, full one-and-twenty grown; and that if I were to find such a thing at my window, or under my pillow, or concealed in a plum-cake—

*Harry.* A plum-cake?

*Sophia.* Yes, I assure you, I have heard of a Valentine sent baked in a plum-cake—and indeed, I would not receive such a thing for the world, no not from the finest man on earth, if I did not think him to be a true and faithful, true, true lover!

*Harry.* But how must he prove his faith and truth?

*Sophia.* Why first he must love me very dearly!—With all his heart and soul! And then he must be willing to wait till I am one-and-twenty.

*Harry.* And would not you love in return?

*Sophia.* N—yes, when I come to be one-and-twenty.

*Harry.* Not sooner?

*Sophia.* Oh no! I must not!

*Harry.* Surely you might if you pleased?

*Sophia.* Oh, but you must not persuade me to that! If you do, I shall think you are a bad man, such as my grandma' warned me of!

*Harry.* And do you think me so?

*Sophia.* Do I?—No!—I would not think you so for a thousand, thousand golden guineas!

*Harry.* [*Aside.*] Fascinating purity! What am I about? To deceive or trifle with such unsuspecting affection, would indeed be villainy!

*Gold.* [*Without, L.*] Is she above! must see her!

*Sophia.* (*L.*) La, I hear that great, ridiculous, horse-ockey Goldfinch coming up! [*Sighs.*] Good bye, Mr. Dornton?

*Harry.* (*R.*) Heaven bless you, Sophia!—sweet Sophia, heaven bless you, my lovely angel! heigho!

*Sophia.* Heigho! [*Exit, L.*]

*Gold.* [*Without, L.*] Is she here?

*Serv.* [*Without, L.*] I don't know, sir.

*Enter* GOLDFINCH, L.

*Gold.* (L.) Hah! my tight one!

*Harry.* [*Surveying him.*] Well, Charles?

*Gold.* How you stare!—an't I the go? that's your sort!

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Gold.* Where's the Widow?

*Harry.* Gone up to dress, and will not be down these two hours.

*Gold.* (c.) A hundred to eighty I'd sup up a string of twenty horses in less time than she takes to dress her fetlocks, plait her mane, trim her ears, and buckle on her body clothes!

*Harry.* (c.) You improve daily, Charles!

*Gold.* (L. c.) To be sure! that's your sort! An't a genus! [*Strutting about.*]

*Harry.* Quite an original!—you may challenge the whole fraternity of the whip to match you!

*Gold.* Match me! Newmarket can't match me!—That's your sort! [*Strutting about.*]

*Harry.* Oh no! ha, ha, ha! you are harder to match than one of your own pied ponies—a very different being from either your father or grandfather.

*Gold.* Father or grandfather!—Shakebags both.

*Harry.* How!

*Gold.* Father a sugar-baker, grandfather a slop-seller:—I'm a gentleman—that's your sort!

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! and your father was only a man of worth!

*Gold.* Kept a gig! [*Contemptuously.*] Knew nothing of life! never drove four!

*Harry.* No, but he was a useful member of society.

*Gold.* A usef—what's that?

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! A pertinent question.

*Gold.* A gentleman like me a useful member of society! bet the long odds nobody ever heard of such a thing!

*Harry.* You have not acquired your character in the world for nothing, Charles.

*Gold.* World! what does the world say?

*Harry.* Strange things. It says you have got into the hands of jockeys, jews, and swindlers; and that, though old Goldfinch was in his day one of the richest

on 'Change, his son will shortly become poorer than the poorest black leg at Newmarket.

*Gold.* Damn the world!

*Harry.* With all my heart, damn the world, for it says the better of me.

*Gold.* Bet you seven to five the Eclipse colts against the Highflyers, the second spring meeting.

*Harry.* No.—I have done with Highflyer and Eclipse o. So you are in pursuit of the Widow?

*Gold.* Full cry! must have her!

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! heigho! you must?

*Gold.* All up with me else! If I don't marry the Widow, I must smash! I've secured the knowing one.

*Harry.* Whom do you mean? the maid?

*Gold.* Promised her a hundred on the wedding day.

*Enter JENNY, R.*

*Jenny.* My mistress can't see you at present, gentlemen.

*Gold.* Can't see me? [*Vexed.*] Take Harriet an airing in the phaeton.

*Harry.* What, is Harriet your favourite?

*Gold.* To be sure! I keep her.

*Harry.* You do?

[*JENNY retires, L.*]

*Gold.* Fine creature!

*Harry.* Well bred?

*Gold.* Just to my taste! Like myself, free and easy. That's your sort!

*Harry.* A fine woman?

*Gold.* Prodigious! Sister to the Irish Giant! Six feet in her stockings!—That's your sort!—Sleek coat, flowing mane, broad chest, all bone!—Dashing figure in a phaeton!—Sky blue habit, scarlet sash, green hat, yellow ribands, white feathers, gold band and tassel!—That's your sort!

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! Heigho! Why you are a high fellow, Charles!

*Gold.* To be sure! know the odds! hold four in hand! turn a corner in style! reins in form—elbows square—wrist pliant—hayaît!—drive the Coventry stage twice a week all summer—pay for an inside place—mount the box—tip the coachy a crown—beat the mail—come in full speed! rattle down the gateway! take care of your

heads! never kill'd but one woman and a child in all life—that's your sort!

[*Going,*

*Jenny.* [*Aside to GOLD.*] Take him with you.

[*Exit,*

*Gold.* Want a hedge? Take guineas to pound! Precipitate against Dragon?

*Harry.* No.

*Gold.* [*Aside.*] Wish I could have him a few!—or even for fifty?

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! odd enough!

*Gold.* Will you cut a card, hide in the hat, chuck the glass, draw cuts, heads or tails, gallop the maggot, swim the hedgehog, any thing?

*Harry.* Nothing.

*Gold.* I'm up to all—that's your sort! get him with me and pigeon him. [*Aside.*] Come and see my grey—been to Tattersall's and bought a set of six—smoker beat all England for figure, bone, and beauty! Haya charmers! that's your sort! bid for two pair of mouse ponies for Harriet.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! The Irish Giantess drawn to mouse ponies!

*Gold.* Come and see 'em.

*Harry.* No.—I am weary of the company of stable boys.

*Gold.* Why so? Shan't play you any tricks. If they squirt water at you, or make the colts kick you, tell me and I'll horsewhip 'em—Arch dogs! deal of wit!

*Harry.* When they do, I'll horsewhip them myself.

*Gold.* Yourself? 'Ware that!—wrong there!

*Harry.* I think I should be right.

*Gold.* Do you! what—been to school?

*Harry.* To school! why yes—I—

*Gold.* Mendoza! oh! Good morrow! [*Going,*

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! There goes one of my friends to heigho!

*Enter MILFORD hastily, L. followed by GOLDFINCH.*

*Gold.* What is it, Jack? tell me! [*Eagerly.*

*Mil.* (c.) Come Harry! we shall be too late! they are about to begin! we may have what bets we please!

*Gold.* (c.) Where? what?

*Mil.* The great match! the famous Frenchman, and Will the marker! A thousand guineas aside!

*Gold.* What, tennis?

*Mil.* Yes. The Frenchman gives fifteen and a bisque.

*Gold.* To Will the marker?

*Mil.* Yes.

*Gold.* Will, for a hundred!

*Mil.* Done!

*Gold.* Done, done!

*Harry.* I bar the bet; the odds are five to four already.

*Gold.* What, for the Mounseer?

*Harry.* Yes.

*Gold.* I'll take it, five hundred to four.

*Harry.* Done!

*Gold.* Done, done!

*Harry.* No, I bar!—I forgot—I have cut. I'll never set another guinea.

*Mil.* You do for a hundred?

*Harry.* Done!

*Mil.* Done, done! ha, ha, ha!

*Harry.* Pshaw!

*Gold.* What a cake!

*Mil.* But you'll go?

*Harry.* No.

*Mil.* Yes, you will. Come, come, the match is begun! every body is there! the Frenchman is the first layer in the world!

*Harry.* It's a noble exercise.

*Mil.* Ay! Cato himself delighted in it.

*Harry.* (u. c.) Yes, it was much practised by the Romans.

*Gold.* (L.) The Romans! who are they?

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mil.* Ha, ha, ha!—Will you go, or will you not, Harry?

*Harry.* I can't, Jack. My conscience won't let me!

*Mil.* Pshaw! Zounds, if we don't make haste it will be all over!

*Harry.* Do you think it will?—No—I won't—I must not.

*Mil.* [Taking hold of him.] Come along, I tell you.

*Harry.* No.

*Mil.* They have begun!

*Gold.* Have they?—I'm off!

[Exit, L.]

*Mil.* [Still struggling with HARRY.] What folly!—Come along.

*Harry.* No, I will not.

*Mil.* [*Leaving him and going.*] Well, well, if you're so positive—

*Harry.* [*L. Calling.*] Stay, Jack; stay—I'll walk up the street with you, but I won't go in.

*Mil.* Double or quits the hundred that you won of me last night you do!

*Harry.* I don't for a thousand!

*Mil.* (*L. without.*) No, no, the hundred.

*Harry.* I tell you I won't. I won't go in with you.

*Mil.* Done for the hundred!

*Harry.* Done, done! [*Exeunt,*]

SCENE II.—*The Parlour of the Tennis-court.—Markers engaged with Rackets and Balls.—Sheriff Officer, two Followers, and one of the Markers, L.—Shout.*

*Mark.* Hurrah!

*Officer.* Pray is Mr. Milford in the court?

*Mark.* I'll bet you gold to silver the Frenchman loses! hurrah! [*Exit,*]

*Enter Mr. SMITH from the Court, M. D.*

*Mr. Smith.* He is not there.

*Officer.* Are you sure?

*Mr. Smith.* The crowd is very great, but I can neither see him nor any of his companions.

*Officer.* Then he will not come.

*Mr. Smith.* I begin to hope so!

*Officer.* [*Examining his writ.*] "Middlesex to wit—one thousand pounds—Dornton against John Milford."

*Mr. Smith.* You must take none but substantial bail! [*Shout.*] What a scene!

*Officer.* He will not be here.

*Mr. Smith.* Heaven send! [*Shout*]

*Enter GOLDFINCH, L. and a Marker, running across.*

*Gold.* Is the match begun?

*Mar.* The first game is just over.

*Gold.* Who lost?

*Mar.* The Frenchman!

*Gold.* Hurrah!



Mar. Hurrah!

Gold. Damn the Mounseers!—That's your sort.

[Exit into the Court, in the back Scene.

Mr. Smith. That's one of his companions. I begin tremble; [Aside] stand aside! Here they both me!

Officer. Which is he?

Mr. Smith. The second. [Shout, M. D.

Enter HARRY DORNTON and MILFORD, in haste, L.

Hurry. I hear them! I hear them! Come along!

Mil. Ha, ha, ha!—Harry!—You would not go!—You were determined!

[Shout.

Harry. Zounds! Come along!

[Exit in haste, M. D.—MILFORD follows him laughing.

Officer. [Stopping him.] A word with you, sir, if you please.

Mil. With me? Who are you? What do you want?

Officer. You are my prisoner.

Mil. Prisoner! Damnation! Let me go!

Officer. I must do my duty, sir.

Mil. Here, here; this is your duty.

[Taking out his purse.

Mr. Smith. [Advancing.] It must not be, sir.

Mil. Mr. Smith!—What, at the suit of Dornton?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir. 'Tis your own fault. Why do you lead his son to these places? He heard you were to bring him here.

Mil. Furies! Marker! [To a Servant passing.] Tell Harry Dornton to come to me instantly.

Serv. Yes, sir. [Exit, M. D.

[Shout.]

Mil. Zounds! Let me but go and see the match!

Mr. Smith. You must not, sir.

Enter MARKER, M. D.

Mil. [To another Marker.] Marker!

Mar. Sir!

Mil. Who wins?

Mar. The Frenchman has the best on't.

Mil. Tell Harry Dornton I am here in trouble. Desire him to come this moment.

Mar. Very well, sir.

[Exit, M. D.

[Shout.]

*Mil.* [To the Officer.] I'll give you ten guineas five minutes!

*Mr. Smith.* Take him away, sir.

*Officer.* You must come along, sir.

*Mil.* [To a Marker, returning, M. D.] Have you told him?

*Mar.* He can't come, sir.

*Mil.* Very well, Harry! Very well! [To the second Marker.] Well, sir?

*Mar.* He would not leave the court for a thousand pounds. [Exit, M.]

*Officer.* Come, come, sir! [To his two Attendants.] Bring him along!

*Mil.* Hands off, scoundrels! [Shout, M. D.] Fiends! [Exit, M.]

SCENE III.—*The House of Mr. Silky.—A Room of Business, Ledger, Letter-files, Ink-stand, &c.*

*SILKY discovered, and JACOB entering, L.*

*Sil.* (L. c.) Well, Jacob! Have you been?

*Jacob.* (R.) Yes, sir.

*Sil.* Well, and what news? How is he? Very bad?

*Jacob.* Dead, sir.

*Sil.* [Eagerly.] Dead?

*Jacob.* As Deborah!

*Sil.* [Aside.] I'm a lucky man! [Aloud.] Are you sure he is dead, Jacob?

*Jacob.* (R. c.) I saw him with my own eyes, sir.

*Sil.* That's right, Jacob! I'm a lucky man! And what say the people at the hotel? Do they know who he is?

*Jacob.* Oh yes, sir! He was rich! A gentleman in his own country!

*Sil.* And did you take care they should not know you?

*Jacob.* To be sure, sir! You had given me my lesson!

*Sil.* Ay, ay, Jacob! That's right!—You are a fine boy! Mind me, and I'll make a man of you! And you think they had heard nothing of his having called on me?

*Jacob.* Not a word!

*Sil.* [Aside.] It was a lucky mistake!—[Aloud.]

Well, Jacob! Keep close! Don't say a word, and I'll give you—I'll give you a crown!

*Jacob.* You promised me a guinea, sir.

*Sil.* Did I, Jacob? Did I? Well, well! I'll give you a guinea! But be close! Did you call at the Widow Warren's?

*Jacob.* Yes, sir.

*Sil.* And will she see me?

*Jacob.* She desires you will be there in an hour.

*Sil.* Very well, Jacob. Keep close! Not a word about the foreign gentleman, or his having been here a week ago, or his being taken suddenly ill and dying!—

*[side.]* It is a lucky stroke! Close, Jacob, my boy!

*Jacob.* But give me the guinea, sir!

*Sil.* What now, Jacob!

*Jacob.* If you please, sir. You may forget—

*Sil.* Well, there, Jacob; there! You'll be a rich man, Jacob! a cunning fellow! I read it in your countenance, Jacob! Close, Jacob, and then—

*Jacob.* Perhaps you'll give me another guinea?

*Sil.* Well said, Jacob! you'll be a great man. Mind what I say to you, and you'll be a great man! [*Knocking. R.*] Here's somebody coming! go Jacob! close!

*Jacob.* And another guinea? [*Exit, R.*]

*Sil.* This is a lucky stroke!

*Enter GOLDFINCH, R.*

O, Mr. Goldfinch? What do you want?

*Gold.* Money—a thousand pounds directly.

*Sil.* (c.) Fine talking, Mr. Goodfinch! money's a scarce commodity! times are ticklish!

*Gold.* (r. c.) Tellee I must have it.

*Sil.* Give me but good security, and you know I'm your friend.

*Gold.* Yes; good security and fifty per cent!

*Sil.* Why look you there now! for all you know the best annuity I had of you, I gave a full hundred more than was offered by your friend Aaron, the Jew!

*Gold.* My friend? your friend! you collogue together!

*Sil.* Hear you now! for all you know I have always been your friend; always supplied you with money, have not I? and when I saw you running to ruin, I never told you of it, did I? I was willing to make all things easy!

*Gold.* Easy enough! you have pretty well eased me

*Sil.* There is your companion, Jack Milford; I shall be a heavy loser by him!

*Gold.* Ah! it's all up with poor Jack! he's fixed last!

*Sil.* What do you mean?

*Gold.* Old Dornton has sent the Nab-man after him

*Sil.* And arrested him?

*Gold.* Yes, he's touched!

*Sil.* [*Crosses to R. and calls.*] Jacob!

*Enter JACOB, R.*

Run as fast as you can to my good friend Mr. Strawshoe, the attorney, and tell him to take out detainers for all the debts I have bought up against Mr. Milford: make haste!

*Jacob.* Yes, sir.

[*Exit J.*]

*Gold.* I thought you were Jack Milford's friend too.

*Sil.* So I am, Mr. Goldfinch; but I must provide for my family!

*Gold.* Come, come!—The bit!—tellee I want the coal, directly! sale at Tattersall's to-morrow morning three Pot eight O brood mares with each an Eclipse colt! would not lose 'em for all Lombard-street, so will you let me have the bit?

*Sil.* Dear, dear! I tell you I can't, Mr. Goldfinch.

*Gold.* Then some other Jew must. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Sil.* (L. c.) Jew! hear you! hear you! this is to be the friend of an ungrateful spendthrift! Calls me Jew I, who go to morning prayers every day of my life, and three times to tabernacle on a Sunday!

*Gold* (R. c.) Yes! you cheat all day, tremble all night, and act the hypocrite the first thing in the morning.

[*Going R.*]

*Sil.* Nay, but stay, Mr. Goldfinch! stay! I want to talk to you! I have a scheme to make a man of you!

*Gold.* What! bind me 'prentice to an usurer.

*Sil.* Pshaw! you are in pursuit of the Widow Warren!

*Gold.* Well.

*Sil.* Now what will you give me, and I'll secure her to you?

*Gold.* You?

*Sil.* I.

*Gold.* Which way?

*Sil.* I have a deed in my power, I won't tell you what, but I have it, by which I can make her marry the man I please, or remain a widow all her life; and that am sure she will never do if she can help it.

*Gold.* You a deed!

*Sil.* Yes, I.

*Gold.* Shew it me.

*Sil.* Not for twenty thousand pounds!—Depend upon me, I have it! I tell you I'm your friend, and you shall have her; that is, on proper conditions;—If not, Mr. Goldfinch, you shall not have her.

*Gold.* Indeed, Old Judas; well, what are your conditions?

*Sil.* I find the late alderman died worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

*Gold.* Ay!

*Sil.* Every farthing, Mr. Goldfinch! and my conscience tells me that, risk and character and all things considered, I must come in for my thirds.

*Gold.* Your conscience tells you that!

*Sil.* Yes, it does, Mr. Goldfinch;—fifty thousand is a fair price.

*Gold.* For the soul of a miser.

*Sil.* If you'll join me, say so.

*Gold.* Fifty thousand.

*Sil.* Not a farthing less! What, will there not be a hundred thousand remaining?

*Gold.* Why that's true!—It will cut a fine dash!

*Sil.* To be sure it will! Come with me; I'll draw up a sketch of an agreement. After which we must fight cunning. The widow is a vain, weak woman.—You must get her written promise.

*Gold.* Written?

*Sil.* Under her own hand; with a good round penalty in case of forfeiture.

*Gold.* Well said, old one.

*Sil.* Not less than twenty thousand pounds! A jury would grant half.

*Gold.* Damme you're a good one!

*Sil.* That would secure something, and we would snack!

*Gold.* Damme you're a deep one!

*Sil.* Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I am, Mr. Goldfinch?—Signed on a stamp!

*Gold.* You know a thing or two!

*Sil.* Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I do, Mr. Goldfinch?

*Gold.* You can teach 'em to bite the bubble!

*Sil.* Ah, ha, ha, ha! You joke, Mr. Goldfinch! you joke!

*Gold.* But the devil will have you at last!

*Sil.* Lord forbid, Mr. Goldfinch! Don't terrify me!—I hate the devil, Mr. Goldfinch; indeed I do. I hate the name of him! Heaven keep me out of his fiery clutches!

*Gold.* No: he has you safe enough. Bait his trap with a guinea, and he is sure to find you nibbling.

*Sil.* Don't talk about the devil, Mr. Goldfinch! Pray don't! But think about the Widow: secure her.

*Gold.* I must have the coal though this evening.

*Sil.* Don't lose a moment, Mr. Goldfinch.

*Gold.* Must not lose the Eclipse colts!

*Sil.* Pshaw, Mr. Goldfinch, think less of the colts and more of the Widow! Get her promise in black and white.

[*GOLD.* going on.]

*Gold.* [Turns back.] Tellee I must have 'em!

*Sil.* All will then be safe.

*Gold.* Must have 'em. [Exeunt, L.]

END OF ACT II.

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

*Enter JENNY and SOPHIA, R.*

*Jenny.* (c.) Oh, Miss! I have got something for you.

*Sophia.* (R. c.) Something for me! What is it? What is it?

*Jenny.* [Holding her hand behind her.] What will you give me?

*Sophia.* Oh, I'll give you.—[Feeling in her pocket.]

a, I've got no money! But I'll give you a kiss and give you sixpence.

*Jenny.* No. A shilling without the kiss.

*Sophia.* Well, well, a shilling.

*Jenny.* There then. [*Giving her a small parcel.*]

*Sophia.* La! What is it? [*Reads.*] "To Miss Sophia Freelove." And such a beautiful seal! Its a pity to break it. [*Opening the paper.*] La! Nothing but plum-cake!

*Jenny.* Is that all?

*Sophia.* [*Considering.*] Ecod!—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I do think—As sure as sixpence it is!—It is!—

*Jenny.* Is what?

*Sophia.* Oh la, it is!

*Jenny.* What's the matter with the girl?

*Sophia.* Ecod, Jenny, it is the most curious plum-cake you ever saw!

*Jenny.* I see nothing curious about it!

*Sophia.* [*R. Kneeling.*] Oh, but you shall see! Give me a knife!—Oh no, that would spoil all!—Look you, Jenny, look!—Do but look! [*Breaks open the cake and finds a Valentine inclosed.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha! I told you so! The sweet, dear—! [*Kisses it.*] Did you ever see such a plum-cake in your whole life, Jenny?—And look here! [*Opening the Valentine.*] Oh, how beautiful!—The shape of a honey-suckle!—What should that mean?—And two doves cooing! But here!—Here's the writing:

"The woodbine sweet, and turtle dove  
Are types of chaste and faithful love.  
Ah! Were such peace and truth but mine,  
I'd gladly be your Valentine!"

*Repeating.*] Were such peace and truth but mine!

La, now, Mr. Dornton, you know they are yours!

*Jenny.* So, so! Mr. Dornton sends you Valentines, Miss!

*Sophia.* Oh yes, Jenny! He is the kindest, sweetest, handsomest gentleman!

*Jenny.* You must give me that Valentine, Miss.

*Sophia.* Give it you!

*Jenny.* Yes; that I may shew it your mamma.

*Sophia.* Indeed! but don't you think it! I would not give you this tiny bit of paper, no, not for a diamond as big—as big as the whole world!—And if you were to

take it from me, I'd never love you, nor forgive you as long as I live!

*Jenny.* Oh! but indeed, Miss, I'm not obliged to keep secrets for nothing!

*Sophia.* Nay, Jenny, you know I am very good to you. And here!—Here!—Don't tell ma', and I'll give you this silver thimble.

[*Exit JENNY, L. SOPHIA retires to the back ground*]

*Enter WIDOW WARREN and Mr. SULKY, R.*

*Widow.* (R.) You are a very shocking person, Mr. Sulky!—The wild man of the woods broke loose! I return to your keeper, good Ourang Outang; and don't go about to terrify children!

*Sulky.* (R.) I tell you, madam, Mr. Milford is arrested.

*Sophia.* My brother?

*Sulky.* Locked up at a bailiff's in the next street.

*Sophia.* Oh, dear!

*Widow.* (C) And pray now what is that to me?

*Sulky.* Madam!

*Widow.* I am not arrested.

*Sulky.* Would you were!

*Widow.* Oh the savage!

*Sulky.* The pitiless only should feel pain. The stony hearted alone should be enclosed by walls of stone.

*Sophia.* [*Comes forward on L.*] Don't be cross with ma', sir; I'm sure she'll release my brother.

*Widow.* You are sure, minikin!

*Sophia.* (L. C.) Yes, ma'; for I am sure no soul on earth would suffer a fellow-creature to lie and pine to death, in a frightful dark dungeon, and fed with bread and water.

*Sulky.* (R. C.) Your late husband recommended the payment of his son's debts.

*Widow.* Recommended?

*Sulky.* Yes.

*Widow.* But leaving it to my own prudence.

*Sulky.* More's the pity.

*Widow.* Which prudence I shall follow.

*Sulky.* It will be the first time in your life.—You never yet followed prudence, you always ran before it.

*Sophia.* Nay, come, dear ma', I am sure you have a pitiful heart; I am sure you could not rest in your bed if my poor brother was in prison.



*Widow.* Hold your prattle, child.

*Sophia.* Ah, I'm sure you'll make him happy, and pay his debts.

*Widow.* Why, Jenny.

*Calling.*

*Sulky.* You won't?

*Enter JENNY, L.*

*Sophia.* La, dear sir, have patience—

*Sulky.* You are an angel; [*To SOPHIA.*] And you are—[*To WIDOW.*] [*Exit, L.*]

*Sophia.* Nay, pray, sir, do stay! [*Exit following.*]

*Widow.* I am glad the monster is gone; he is a very intolerable person.—Pray, Jenny, how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

*Enter SERVANT and SILKY, L.*

*Servant.* Mr. Silky, madam.

*Widow.* Leave us, Jenny. [*Exit JENNY, R.*] So, Mr. Silky.—What is this very urgent business of yours?

*Sil. (L.)* [*Looking cautiously round.*] Are we safe, madam? Will nobody interrupt us; nobody over-hear us?

*Widow. (c.)* No, no.—But what is the meaning of all this caution?

*Sil.* [*Carefully drawing the will from his pocket.*]—Do you know this hand-writing, madam? [*Both sit.*]

*Widow.* Ah!—It is my poor old dear man's, I see.

*Sil.* You have heard of a will he left in France?

*Widow.* Pshaw! Will, indeed! He left no will.

*Sil.* Yes, he did, madam.

*Widow.* I won't believe it! He loved me too well to rob me of a single guinea! Poor simple soul! I was his darling!

*Sil.* His darling, madam?—With your permission, I will just read a single clause, in which his darling is mentioned! Look, madam; it is the alderman's hand! [*Reads.*] "But as I have sometimes painfully suspected the excessive affection which my said wife, Winifred Warren, professed for me during my decline, and that the solemn protestations she made never to marry again, should she survive me, were both done with si-

nister views, it is my will that, should she marry, give a legal promise of marriage, written or verbal that she shall be cut off with an annuity of six hundred a year; and the residue of my effects in that case to be equally divided between my natural son, John M'ford, and my wife's daughter, Sophia Freelove."

*Widow.* Six hundred a year! An old dotard! brut-monster! I hate him now as heartily as when he was alive! But pray, sir, how came you by this will?

*Sil.* Why it was odd enough! And yet easy enough! My name is Silky, madam—

*Widow.* Well?

*Sil.* And you know the executor's name is Sulky—

*Widow.* Well?

*Sil.* The gentleman that delivered it only made mistake of a letter, and gave it to Mr. Silky instead of Mr. Sulky.

*Widow.* And where is that gentleman?

*Sil.* Ah, poor man—He is dead.

*Widow.* Dead?

*Sil.* And gone.—

*Widow.* And does Mr. Sulky know of this will being delivered?

*Sil.* Not a syllable; it's all close and smooth.

*Widow.* So much the better.—Come, give it me and—

*Sil.* Excuse me there, madam; I can't do that.

*Widow.* Why so?

*Sil.* My conscience won't let me; I must provide for my family.

*Widow.* And pray what provision is this will to make for your family, Mr. Silky?

*Sil.* Why, madam, I have a proposal.—You know the power of your own charms.

*Widow.* Which I believe is more than you do, Mr. Silky—

*Sil.* Hah; don't say so, madam;—Don't say so! Would I were a handsome, rich and well-born youth;—But you know Mr. Goldfinch?—Ah, ha, ha, ha; I could tell you a secret!

*Widow.* What, that he is dying for me, I suppose?

*Sil.* Ah!—So smitten!—Talks of nothing else!

*Widow.* And is that any secret, think you?

*Sil.* The alderman I find died worth more than a plum and a half—

*Widow.* Well?

*Sil.* I have talked the matter over with my friend, r. Goldfinch, and he thinks it but reasonable, that r a secret of so much importance, which would almost sweep the whole away, I should receive one third.

*Widow.* Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Silky?

*Sil.* I can't take less.

*Widow.* Why you are a greater rogue than even I ought you!

*Sil.* Lord, madam, it's no roguery; its only a knowledge of the world; a young husband with a hundred thousand pounds, or poor six hundred a year without any husband.

*Widow.* You are a very shocking old miser, Mr. Silky; a very repulsive sort of a person; what heart you had is turned to stone; you are insensible of the power of a pair of fine eyes; but I have made a conquest that places me beyond your reach—I mean to marry Mr. Dornton.

*Sil.* [*Rising surprised.*] What! old Mr. Dornton, madam?

*Widow.* [*Rising.*] Old Mr. Dornton, man! I never saw the figure in my life; no. The gay and gallant young Mr. Dornton; the pride of the city, and the lawful monarch of my bleeding heart.

*Sil.* Ha, ha, ha! young Mr. Dornton.

*Widow.* So you may take your will and light your fires with it; you will not make a penny of it in any other way. Mr. Sulky, the executor, is Mr. Dornton's partner, and when I marry Mr. Dornton he will never inflict the absurd penalty.

*Sil.* Ha, ha, ha! no, madam! when you marry Mr. Dornton, that he certainly never will! but if any accident should happen to prevent the match, you will then let me hear from you?

*Widow.* Lord, good man! don't mention the horrid idea! do leave me to my delightful meditations! I would indulge in soft sensibility and dreams of bliss; and not be disturbed by dead men's wills, or the sordid extortions of an avaricious old rogue!

*Sil.* Very well, madam! the secret for the present remains between ourselves! you'll be silent for your own sake! only remember, ha, ha, ha! if you should want me, I live at number forty. My name is on the door. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Dornton! good morning,

madam ! [*Going L.*] Mr. Dornton ! ha ! ha ! ha ! you send if you should want me ? [*Exit laughing,*

*Widow.* Jenny !

[*Callin*

*Enter JENNY, R.*

*Jenny.* Ma'am !

*Widow.* As I was saying, Jenny, pray how did happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing u

*Jenny.* Indeed, ma'am, I don't know.

*Widow.* Cruel youth.

*Jenny.* I'm sure, ma'am, I wonder how you can li him better than Mr. Goldfinch ?

*Widow.* Mr. Goldfinch is very well, Jenny ; but Mr Dornton ; oh ! incomparable.

*Jenny.* I am sure, ma'am, if I was a rich lady, and a handsome lady, and a fine lady, like you, I should see Mr. Goldfinch for my money.

*Widow.* Should you, Jenny ? Well, I don't know.

[*Languishin*

*Gold.* [*Without, L.*] Tellee I must see her.

*Widow.* As I live, here he comes ;—he is such boisterous person ; how do I look, Jenny ?

*Jenny.* [*After examining.*] You had better go up yourtoilette for a minute.

*Widow.* That smooth-tongued old extortioner has put me into such a fluster.—Don't let him go, Jenny.

*Jenny.* Never fear, ma'am.

*Widow.* I'll not stay too long. [*Exit,*

*Enter GOLDFINCH, L. his clothes dirtied by a fall.*

*Gold.* (L.) Here I am—all alive.

*Jenny.* (c.) Dear ; what's the matter ?

*Gold.* (L. c.) Safe and sound ; fine kick up.

*Jenny.* Have you been thrown ?

*Gold.* Pitched five-and-twenty feet into a ditch—souse.

*Jenny.* Dear me.

*Gold.* Pretty commence ;—no matter—limbs whole—heart sound—that's your sort !

*Jenny.* Where did it happen ?

*Gold.* Bye road—back of Islington—had them tight in hand too—came to short turn and a narrow lane—up flew a damned dancing-master's umbrella—bounce—off they went—road repairing—wheelbarrow in the way—crash—out flew I—whiz—fire flashed—lay stunned—

up—looked foolish—shafts broke—Snarler and Blackguard both down—Black-and-all-black paying pay, pannels smashed, traces cut, Snarler lamed.

Jenny. Terrible!

Gold. Damned mad!—cursed a few, cut up Black-and-all-black, horsewhipped Tom, took coach, and drove here like a devil in a whirlwind.

Jenny. 'Tis very well your neck's not broke.

Gold. Little stiff—no matter—damn all dancing-mas-ses and their umbrellas!

Jenny. You had better have been here, Mr. Goldfinch. You stand so long, shilly shally, that you'll be cut out at last. If you had but a license now in your pocket, I'd undertake to have you married in half an hour.

Gold. Do you think so?

Jenny. Think! I'm sure on't.

Gold. Damme, I'll post away and get one—must not lose her; the game's up if I do!—must have her!—be true to me, and I'll secure you the hundred. I'll be back from the Commons in a smack. [*Exit JENNY, L.*]

*Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.*

Gold. Ah, Widow! here am I!

[*Runs to her, kisses her eagerly, and dirties her clothes.*]

Widow. (a.) I protest, Mr. Goldfinch!—was ever one like!

[*Looking at herself.*]

Gold. (c.) Never mind, brush off—I'm the lad!—been to Hatchet's—bespoke the wedding-coach.

Widow. But—Sir——

Gold. Pannels stripe painted—hammer-cloth fringed—green and white—curtains festooned—patent wheels—silver furniture—all flash—light as a bandbox—trundle and spin after my greys like a tandem down hill—pass—shew 'em the road—whurr—whizz-gig—that's your sort!

Widow. It will be superb!

Gold. Superb! [*With contempt.*] Tellee it will be the thing!—the go—the stare—the gape—the gaze!—the rich widow and the tight one!—there they go—that's your sort—I'm the boy that shall drive you.

Widow. Pardon me, Mr. Goldfinch; if a certain event were by the wise disposition of Providence to take place, I should think proper to drive.

*Gold.* You drive! If you do, damn me.

*Widow.* Sir!

*Gold.* I'm christened and called Charles—Charles Goldfinch—the knowing lad that's not to be had—winter and summer—fair weather and foul—low ruts—no ruts—never take a false quarter. No, no, Widow—I drive—hayait—ah! ah!—get on—St—St—ton—White-foot in the flank—tickle Snarler in the ear—up the Yelper—take out a fly's eye—smack, crack—that's your sort!

*Widow.* I assure you, Mr. Goldfinch, you entertain very improper suppositions concerning—

*Gold.* Go for the license. [Going]

*Widow.* Nay, but surely, Mr.—

*Gold.* Go for the license—resolved—taken it here.

[Pointing to his forehead]

*Widow.* If retrospect and—and affection threw other obstacles in the way—yet the—the world—prudence.

*Gold.* The world!—prudence!—damn the world—damn prudence.

*Widow.* Oh but, sir—

*Gold.* The world nor nobody else has nothing to do with neither your prudence nor mine—we'll be married immediately—

*Widow.* Immediately, Mr. Goldfinch; I—

*Gold.* What, you won't?

*Widow.* Nay, Mr. Goldfinch—I—do not—absolutely renunciate—but I—wish—

*Gold.* It was over—know you do—go for the license—

*Widow.* Pray, dear Mr. Goldfinch—

*Gold.* Go for the license, I tellee.

*Widow.* Only a word—

*Gold.* To the wise—I'm he—go for the license—that's your sort. [Exit, L.]

*Widow.* Mr. Goldfinch—I declare—

[Exit, following, L.]

## SCENE II.—Dornton's House.

*Enter MR. DORNTON and MR. SMITH, R.*

*Dorn. (R.)* Still the same hurry, the same crowd, Mr. Smith?

*Mr. Smith.* (R.) Much the same, sir: the house never experienced a day like this; Mr. Sulky thinks we shall never get through.

*Dorn.* Is Milford taken?

*Mr. Smith.* Yes, sir.

*Dorn.* Unprincipled prodigal; my son owes his ruin to him alone. But he shall suffer.

*Mr. Smith.* My young master's tradesmen are wait-

*Dorn.* Bid them come in. [*Exit MR. SMITH, L.*] By my own fault, my own fond folly: denied him nothing, encouraged him to spend; and now——

*Enter MR. SMITH, followed by upwards of twenty Tradesmen, L. who stand across back ground.*

*Mr. Smith.* (C.) This way, gentlemen.

*Dorn.* (C.) Zounds, what an army!—a vile, thoughtless profligate.

*Enter CLERK, L.*

*Clerk.* [*To MR. DORNTON.*] You are wanted in the counting-house, sir.

*Dorn.* Very well. I'll be with you in a moment, gentlemen—abandoned spendthrift!

[*Exit, followed by MR. SMITH, L.*]

*First T.* I don't like this! what does this mean.

*Second T.* Danger!

*Third T.* He has been a good customer—none of our punctual paymasters, that look over their accounts.

*First T.* Oh, a different thing! nothing to be got by them—always take care to affront them.

*Second T.* Perhaps it is a trick of the old gentleman, to inspect into our charges.

*Third T.* I don't like that—rather hear of any tax man of taxing my bill.

*First T.* Humph! tradesmen begin to understand these things, and allow a reasonable profit.

*Second T.* Can't have less than fifty per cent. for retail credit trade!

*Third T.* To be sure not; if a man would live in style, and have a fortune as he ought.

*First T.* Hush; mind—all devilish hard run.

*Omnes.* Certainly.

*First T.* Not a guinea in the house; to-morrow's Saturday—hem!

*Re-enter MR. DORNTON, L.*

*Dora.* Your servant, gentlemen, your servants! Pray how happens it that you bring your accounts here?

*First T.* We received notice, sir.

*Dora.* You have none of you any demands upon me?

*First T.* Happy to serve you, sir.

*Second T.* We shall be glad of your custom, sir.

*Omnes.* All, all!

*Dora.* And do you come expecting to be paid?

*First T.* Money, sir, is always agreeable!

*Second T.* Tradesmen find it a scarce commodity!

*Third T.* Bills come round quick!

*Fourth T.* Workmen must eat!

*Second T.* For my part, I always give a gentleman who is a gentleman, his own time.

*Dora.* I understand you! And what are you, sirs, who seem to stand apart from the rest?

*Hosier.* [*Advancing, n.*] A hosier, sir. I am unworthy the company of these honest gentlemen, who live in style. I never affront a punctual paymaster; not I; and, what they will think strange, I get more business from those who do look over their bills, than those who do not!

*First T.* Humph!

*Second T.* Blab!

*Third T.* Shab!

} [*Aside.*]

*Dora.* And what may be the amount of your bill, sir?

*Hosier.* A trifle, for which I have no right to ask.

*Dora.* No right! what do you mean?

*Hosier.* Your son, sir, made me what I am; redeemed me and my family from ruin; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness, to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this; when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

*Dora.* Would you? would you? [*Greatly affected.*] You look like an honest man! But what do you do here then?

*Hosier.* Mr. Dornton, sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more if I did not; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

*Dora.* [*Shakes him by the hand.*] You are an ho-



... fellow ! an unaccountable ! —and so Harry has been  
 your friend ?

*Hosier.* Yes, sir : a liberal-minded friend ; for he  
 gave me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him  
 his faults.

*Dorn.* Zounds, sir ! how came you to be a weaver  
 stockings ?

*Hosier.* I don't know, sir, how I came to be at all ;  
 only know that here I am.

*Dorn.* A philosopher !

*Hosier.* I am not fond of titles, sir ; I'm a man.

*Dorn.* Why is it not a shame, now, that the soul of  
 a tradesman should have crept and hid itself in the body of  
 a stocking-weaver ? Give me your bill.

*Hosier.* Excuse me, sir.

*Dorn.* Give me your bill, I tell you ! I'll pay this  
 bill myself.

*Hosier.* I cannot, must not, sir.

*Dorn.* Sir, I insist on—— [All press forward.]

Enter HARRY DORNTON, L.

... sir, [Turning angrily round.] Why have you as-  
 sembled these people, into whose debt you have disho-  
 nestly ran, wanting the power to pay : and who have as  
 honestly trusted you, hoping to profit exorbitantly  
 of your extravagance ?

*Harry.* (L.) Oh, sir, you don't know them ! they are  
 very complaisant, indulgent kind of people. Are not  
 you, gentlemen ?

*First T.* Certainly, sir.

*Omnes.* Certainly.

*Harry.* (c.) Be kind enough to wait a few minutes  
 without, my very good friends.

[Exit Tradesmen, L.]

*Mr. Williams*——

[Takes his hand.]

*Hosier.* Sir——

[Exit, L.]

*Dorn.* (c.) How dare you introduce this swarm of  
 cheats here ? How dare you ?

*Harry.* (l. c.) [With continued good humour.]  
 Despair, sir, is a dauntless hero.

*Dorn.* Have you the effrontery to suppose that I can  
 or shall pay them ? What is it you mean ?

*Harry.* To let you see I have creditors.

*Dorn.* Cheats ! Bloodsuckers !

*Harry.* Some of them; but that is my fault. That must be paid.

*Dora.* Paid!

*Harry.* The innocent must not suffer for the guilt.

*Dora.* You will die in an alms-house!

*Harry.* May be so; but the orphan's and the widow's curse shall not meet me there.

*Dora.* Harry! Zounds. Paid! Whom do you mean to rob?

*Harry.* My name is Dornton, sir.

*Dora.* Are you not—?

[*Overpowered with his feelings.*]

*Harry.* Yes, sir.

*Dora.* Quit the room. Begone.

*Harry.* You are the best of men, sir, and I—But I hate whining. Repentance is a pitiful scoundrel, that never brought back a single yesterday. Amendment is a fellow of more mettle. But it is too late. Suffer I ought, and suffer I must. My debts of honour discharged, do not let my tradesmen go unpaid.

*Dora.* You have ruined me!

*Harry.* The whole is but five thousand pounds.

*Dora.* But?—The counter is loaded with the destruction you have brought upon us all.

*Harry.* No, no—I have been a sad fellow, but even my extravagance can shake this house.

*Enter Mr. SMITH, L. in consternation.*

*Mr. Smith.* Bills are pouring in so fast upon us we shall never get through!

*Harry.* [*With astonishment.*] What! What?

*Mr. Smith.* We have paid our light gold so often over, that the people are very surly!

*Dora.* Pay it no more! Sell it instantly for what it is worth, disburse the last guinea, and shut up the doors!

*Harry.* [*To Mr. SMITH.*] Are you serious?

*Mr. Smith.* Sir!

*Harry.* [*Impatiently.*] Are you serious, I say! Is not some trick to impose upon me?

*Mr. Smith.* Look into the shop, sir, and convince yourself! If we have not a supply in half an hour we must stop!

[*Exit, L.*]

*Harry.* [*Wildly.*] My father! Sir! [*Turning away.*]

possible? Disgraced? Ruined? In reality ruined?  
me? Are these things so?

*Dorn.* Harry. How you look. You frighten me.

*Harry.* [*Starting.*] It shall be done.

*Dorn.* What do you mean!—Calm yourself, Harry.

*Harry.* Ay! By heaven!

*Dorn.* Hear me, Harry.

*Harry.* This instant.

[*Going, r.*]

*Dorn.* [*Calling.*] Harry!

*Harry.* Don't droop! [*Returning.*] Don't despair!

Find relief. [*Aside.*] First to my friend—He can-  
fail? But if he should!—Why ay, then to Megæra!  
I'll marry her, in such a cause, were she fifty widows,  
fifty furies!

*Dorn.* Calm yourself, Harry.

*Harry.* I am calm! Very calm. It shall be done.—  
I'm not be dejected—You are my father—You were  
the first of men in the first of cities—Revered by the  
good and respected by the great—You flourished pros-  
perously!—But you had a son!—I remember it.

*Dorn.* Why do you roll your eyes, Harry?

*Harry.* (L.) I won't be long away.

*Dorn.* (L.) Stay where you are, Harry. [*Seizing his  
head.*] All will be well! I am very happy! Do not  
leave me. I am very happy. Indeed I am, Harry.—  
Very happy!

*Harry.* Heaven bless you, sir. You are a worthy  
gentleman. I'll not be long!

*Dorn.* Hear me, Harry. I am very happy.

*Enter MR. SMITH, L.*

*Mr. Smith.* Sir, shall we send to the Bank for a thou-  
sand pounds worth of silver?

*Harry.* [*Furiously.*] No, scoundrel!

[*Breaks away and exit, L.*]

*Dorn.* Harry! Harry! I am very happy. Harry  
brinton—I am very happy! Very happy!

[*Exit, MR. SMITH following, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The House of Mr. Silky.*

*Enter MR. SILKY and JACOB, R.*

*Sil.* Mr. Goldfinch not called yet, Jacob?

*Jacob.* No, sir.

*Sil.* Nor any message from the widow?

*Jacob.* No, sir.

*Sil.* See who knocks, Jacob. [Knocking.]

*Sil.* I dare say it is one or t'other! They must come to at last!

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, in wild haste, followed by JACOB, R.*

*Harry.* [Entering.] Are you sure he is at home?

*Jacob.* He is here, sir. [Exit.]

*Harry.* Mr. Silky— [Panting.]

*Sil.* Ah! my dear Mr. Dornton, how do you do?

[Both sit.] *Sil.* I hope you are very well. I am exceedingly glad to see you! This call is so kind, so condescending. It gives me infinite pleasure.

*Harry.* Mr. Silky, you must instantly grant me favour!

*Sil.* A favour! What is it? How can I serve you? I would run to the world's end.

*Harry.* You must exert your whole friendship!

*Sil.* Friendship, sir? Say duty! 'Twas you that made a man of me! I should have been ruined, in the Benc I know not where or what, had you not come forward and supported me at the critical moment! And now I can defy the world.

*Harry.* [Impatiently.] Hear me! I know you can.

*Sil.* Oh yes. The sum you lent me, a lucky speculation, five years of continual good fortune, and other little lifts, have made me—; I won't say what. But your father, and perhaps another or two excepted, I say perhaps, I'll shew my head with the proudest of 'em.

*Harry.* Why then I am a fortunate man!

*Sil.* To be sure you are. How can I serve you?—What can I do? Make me happy.

*Harry.* You can rescue me from phrensy!

*Sil.* Can I?—I am proud! Infinitely happy!—What? How? I am a lucky fellow! Tell me which way?—Where can I run? What can I do?

*Harry.* [Hesitating.] The request is serious—trying

So much the better! So much the better. Whom I serve, if not you?—You! The son of the first in the city!

Harry. [*Wildly.*] You mistake!

Sil. I don't! You are, you are! Dornton and Co. challenge the world, the house of Hope perhaps excepted!

Harry. Woeful mistake!

Sil. Pooh!

Harry. Our house is in danger of stopping payment!

Sil. Sir! [*Rises.*] Stop payment!

Harry. My follies are the cause!

Sil. [*Turning away.*] Stop payment!

Harry. I have not been used to ask favours—but—

Sil. Stop payment!

Harry. Scorn me, curse me, spurn me, but save my honour!

Sil. Stop payment!

Harry. [*Rises.*] What means this alteration in your attendance?

Sil. Oh dear no! Ha, ha, ha! Not in the least! Ha, ha, I assure you, I, I, I—

Harry. I have told you our situation. Yourself and other friends must jointly support my father by your credit, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. Mark that!—Must!

Sil. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Dornton! Fifty thousand pounds! Are you dreaming? Me? Fifty thousand pounds! Me? Or half the sum? Or a fifth of the sum? Me?

Harry. Prevaricating sound—Hear me, sir!

Sil. [*In fear.*] Yes, sir!

Harry. I must be calm. [*Bursting out.*] Are you not mad? I say—sir—You have yourself informed me of your ability, and I must insist; observe, sir! I insist on your immediate performance of this act of duty!

Sil. Duty, and fifty thousand pounds! Are you mad, Mr. Dornton? Are you mad? Or do you think me mad?

Harry. I think you the basest of wretches!

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton, I would do any thing to serve you—Any thing, I protest to heaven! Would you go any farther, run—

Harry. Of my errands, wipe my shoes! Any dirty menial office that cost you nothing. And this you call repaying your gratitude?

*Sil.* Is it not, Mr. Dornton?

*Harry.* [*His anger increasing.*] And will you give no help to the house?

*Sil.* Nay, Mr. Dornton—

*Harry.* After the favours you have been for years receiving, the professions you have been daily making and the wealth you have by these means been hourly acquiring; will you not, sir?

*Sil.* [*Retreating.*] Nay, Mr. Dornton!

*Harry.* [*Advancing.*] Will you not, sir?

*Sil.* Don't hurt a poor old man! I can't!

*Harry.* [*Throwing him from him.*] Scoundrel!

[*Exit,*

*Sil.* Bless my heart! Stopt payment?—The house Dornton!—Fifty thousand pounds?—I declare I am of a tremble! Jacob!

*Enter JACOB, R.*

Have we any bills on the house of Dornton?

*Jacob.* I have just been examining the books, sir.—We have bills to the amount of—

*Sil.* How much? How much? A thousand pounds?

*Jacob.* Three, sir.

*Sil.* Three!—Three thousand? Bless my heart!

*Jacob.* We heard the news the very moment after young Mr. Dornton came in!

*Sil.* Run, pay the bills away!

*Jacob.* Where, sir?

*Sil.* Any where! Any body will take 'em! Run with them to my dear friend, Mr. Smallware! it is too far for him to have heard of the crash. Begone! Don't leave him! Give my very best respects to him! He will oblige me infinitely! Fly! And Jacob—Make haste, go to the clearing house, and get it whispered among the clerks. Then, if there are any of Dornton's bills to be bought at fifty per cent., discount, let me know. I will buy up all I can. [*Exit JACOB, L.*] It's a safe speculation—I know the house—there must be a good round dividend.

[*Exit, L.*

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE. I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

*Enter JENNY, L. followed by HARRY DORNTON, who with an oppressed heart, but half drunk with wine and passion, assumes the appearance of wild and excessive gaiety.*

*Harry.* Away, handmaid of Hecate! Fly!

*Jenny.* Lord, sir, you don't mean as you say?

*Harry.* Will you begone, Cerbera? Invite my Goddess to descend in a golden shower, and suddenly relieve these racking doubts.

*Jenny.* Goddess! I knew you meant Miss Sophy!

*Enter WIDOW, R. and exit JENNY, dissatisfied, R.*

*Widow.* [Smiling.] Mr. Dornton!

*Harry.* Widow! Here am I! Phæton the second tumbled from my flaming car! I come burning with fierce desires, devoutly bent on committing the deadly sin of matrimony! May these things be? Speak, my winged angel!

*Widow.* Nay, but—! Dear Mr. Dornton—!

*Harry.* Do not imagine, amiable Widow, that I am mad! No, no, no! Only a little flighty—Left my father furiously, drank three bottles of Burgundy frantically, flew in amorous phrensy to the attack, and will carry the place or die on the spot! Powder and poison await my choice; and let me tell you, sweet Widow, I am a man of my word. So you'll have me, won't you?

*Widow.* Oh, Mr. Dornton—!

*Harry.* Why you would not see my father perish! Would you? and me expire! Would you?

*Widow.* Am I so very cruel?

*Harry.* Then say yes!—Yes, or—Pistols—Daggers—Cannon balls!

*Widow.* Yes, sir; yes, yes!

*Harry.* Hold, fair Widow! Kind Widow, hold! Be not rash!—I am the veriest villain!—Avoid me!—I am ruined—! But that were indeed a trifle—My father! Him! him have I ruined! Heard you that? Bring

forth your boards! Let him once more be himself, bid me kiss the dust!

*Widow.* [*Aside.*] Elegant youth!

*Harry.* And wilt thou, Widow, be his support [*Eagerly.*] Wilt thou?

*Widow.* Cruel question! How can I deny?

*Harry.* Immortal blessings be upon thee! My  
ther—

*Widow.* Will be all rapture to hear—

*Harry.* [*Shakes his head.*] Ah, ha, ha, ha! [*Sighs.* You don't know my father! A strange, affectionate— That loves me—! Oh! He—! And you see how use him! you see how I use him. But no matter.—*Tu de rol*—We'll be married to-night.

*Widow.* Oh, fie!

*Harry.* Ay, my Madona! To-night's the day. The sooner the better. 'Tis to rescue a father, blithsome Widow! A father! To save him have I fallen in love— Remember—Sin with open eyes, Widow—Money— must have money. Early in the morn, ere counters ed with the ring of gold, fifty thousand must be raised!

*Widow.* It shall, Mr. Dornton.

*Harry.* Why, shall it? Shall it? Speak again beautiful vislon, speak! Shall it?

*Widow.* Dear Mr. Dornton, it shall.

*Harry.* Remember! Fifty thousand the first thing in the morning?

*Widow.* And would not a part this evening—?

*Harry.* [*Suddenly.*] What sayest thou? Oh, no—*Whoo!*—Thousands—

*Widow.* I have a trifling sum.

*Harry.* [*Eagerly.*] How much?

*Widow.* Six thousand—

*Harry.* Six?

*Widow.* Which I meant to have disposed of, but—

*Harry.* No, no! I'll dispose of it, dear Widow [*Kisses her.*] I'll dispose of it in a twinkling! [*Elated.* Doubt not my gratitude—Let this and this—*Kissing.*]

*Widow.* Fie! You are a sad man. But I'll bring you a draft!

*Harry.* Do, my blooming Widow! Empress of the golden isles, do.

*Widow.* But, remember, this trifle is for your own use—



Harry. No, my pearl unparalleled! My father!  
 My father's. Save but my father, and I will kiss the  
 ground which thou treadest, and live and breathe but on  
 his bounty!

[With self-indignation.

[Exit WIDOW, R.

At least till time and fate shall means afford  
 Somewhat to perform, worthy of man and me.

Enter JENNY, L. peeping.

Jenny. Sir!

Harry. Ah, ha! my merry maid of May!

Jenny. I suppose you are waiting to see Miss Sophy,  
 as you have got rid of the old lady.

Harry. Got rid of the old lady? Thou brazen pin-  
 ceer! thou virgin of nine-and-twenty years occupa-  
 nant! No! I have not got rid of the old lady! the old  
 lady is to be my blooming, youthful bride! and I,  
 happy youth, am written and destined in the records of  
 eternity her other half! Heigho!

Jenny. Lord, sir, what rapturation:—but stay a  
 little, and I'll tell Miss Sophy her mamma wants her,  
 so then—Hush!—

[JENNY retires, L. making a sign.

Re-enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.

Widow. Here's the draft.

Harry. Thanks, my Sultana!—this halcyon night  
 the priest, pronouncing conjurations dire—

Widow. Fie! I won't look at you.

Harry. Ay, to-night we'll marry; shall we not?

[Sitting down and coquetting.

Enter SOPHIA, skipping, R. U. E. but stops short  
 on seeing them.

Harry. To-night shall be a night of wonder; and  
 we'll love like—[Aside]—like Darby and Joan.

Widow. [Languishing.] I shall hate you intoler-  
 ably.

[SOPHIA advancing on tip-toe, L.

Harry. Hey for the parson's permission! Hey, my  
 sublime Widow.

Widow. To steal thus upon one at an unguarded mo-  
 ment.

Harry. But here first let me kneel, and thus to Ceres  
 say— [Going to kiss her hand in rapture, meets  
 the eye of SOPHIA.

*Sophia.* [Coming between them with bursting trepidation, taking the Valentine from her bosom, and presenting it.] There, sir.

*Widow.* Ah.

*Sophia.* There, sir—oh, pray, sir, take it, sir.

*Widow.* Why, minikin—

*Sophia.* I request, sir. I desire, sir.

*Harry.* [Declining it.] Tol de rol—

*Sophia.* [Tearing the paper piecemeal, and throwing it spitefully away.] Why then there, sir—and there, sir—and there, there, there, there, sir!

*Widow.* Poor minikin! I declare she is jealous.

*Sophia.* [Her sobs rising.] And I'll—I'll—Wri-ite to my—to my grandma-a-a-a directly—

*Widow.* Fie, child!

*Sophia.* And I'll go do-o-own—into Glo-o-o-ostershire—

*Widow.* Go up to your chamber, child!

*Sophia.* And I'll tell my grandma-a what a false base, bad man you are; and she shall ha-ate you, and despise you; and I'll ha-a-ate you, and despise you myself!

*Widow.* Poor thing.

*Sophia.* And moreover I'll hate and despise all mankind! and for your sake [With great energy] I'll live and die a maid.

*Widow.* Yes, child, that I dare be sworn you will.

*Harry.* Widow! I'm a sad fellow! don't have me—I'm a vile fellow! Sophy! you are right to despise me! I am going to marry your mother.

*Sophia.* I'll go down into Glo-o-ostershire—I wo-on't live in such a false-hearted city! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, ma', to make yourself so ridiculous!

*Harry.* No, no, sweet Sylph, it is my fault! all my fault.

*Widow.* [Enraged.] Be gone, Miss.

*Harry.* [Interposing.] Sweet Widow! gentle Widow!—I've sold myself, Sophy! six thousand pounds is the earnest money paid down, for the reptile Harry Dorn-ton!—I love you, Sophy.

*Widow.* How, Mr. Dorn-ton?

*Harry.* I do, by heaven! take back your money,

*Widow.* [Offering the draft.] I'm a sad scoundrel!

*Sophia.* You are a base, faithless, man, you know

are. And you are a pitiless woman, a merciless man, for all you are my own mother, to let my poor other Milford go to be starved to death in a dark dungeon.

Harry. Milford in prison?

Phoebe. (c.) Yes, sir; arrested by your cruel, old, my father! I'm sure he is ugly! though I never saw in my life, I'm sure he is an ugly, hideous, ugly monster. [Exit, r.]

Harry. [Rising.] Is this true, Widow?

Widow. [Rising—stammering.] Sir—

Harry. Arrested by my father?—squandering her money, on a ruined reprobate, and won't release her husband's son.

Widow. Nay but, dear Mr. Dornton.

Harry. I'll be with you again presently, Widow! presently, presently. [Exit. L.]

Widow. [Speaking after him.] To-night, you know, Mr. Dornton—!

Enter JENNY, L.

Jenny. Mr. Goldfinch is coming up, ma'am.

Widow. I have no time to waste with Mr. Goldfinch. I presently send him about his business. Mr. Dornton talks I don't know how, Jenny. Says it must be to-night.

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.

Gold. (L.) Well, Widow?

Widow. Not so free, sir!

[Walks to the r. disdainfully.]

Jenny. [Aside to GOLDFINCH.] Have you got the licence?

Gold. No.

Jenny. No!

Gold. No—been to Tattersall's.

Jenny. And not for the licence?

Gold. Tellee I've been to Tattersall's!

Jenny. Ah! it's all over!

Gold. Made sure of the Eclipse colts!—must not lose 'em!

Jenny. [Aside.] Stupid booby!

Widow. [Advancing.] What is your present business, sir?

*Gold.* My business? ha, ha, ha! that's a good one—  
I'll tell you my business—

[*Approaching with open arms.*  
*Widow.* [*Haughtily.*] Keep your distance, sir!

*Gold.* Distance, Widow? No; that's not the way—  
I should be double distanced if I did.

*Widow.* Were you indeed a man of department  
breeding—!

*Gold.* Breeding?—Look at my spurs!

*Widow.* Had you the manner, the spirit, the—!  
no, you are no gentleman—

*Gold.* Whew! no gentleman? [*Claps on his horse and takes a lounging impudent swagger.*] Damn it,  
that's a good one!—Charles Goldfinch no gentleman—  
—Ask in the box-lobby! inquire at the school.

[*In a boxing attitude.*

*Widow.* Sir, you are a tedious person: your company  
is troublesome.

*Gold.* Turf or turnpike, keep the best of cattle—  
walk, trot, or gallop—Run, amble, or canter—laugh at  
every thing on the road—Give 'em all the go-by.—Be  
the trotting butcher!—Gentleman!—That's your son!

*Jenny.* [*Aside to GOLD.*] Follow me. [*Exit.*

*Widow.* I beg, sir, I may not be intruded upon with  
you or your horse-jockey jargon any more. [*Exit.*

*Gold.* Here's a kick up—dish'd again—I knew  
I should have no luck—started badly in the morning  
—d—n all dancing-masters and their umbrellas. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at the House of a  
Sheriff's Officer.*

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, with an OFFICER, R.*

*Harry.* Dispatch, man! dispatch! Tell Jack M  
ford I can't wait a moment!—hold—write an acquittal  
instantly for the thousand pounds. But say not a word  
to him of my intention.

*Officer.* A thousand, sir; it is almost five thousand.

*Harry.* Impossible!

*Officer.* There are detainers already lodged to the  
amount.

*Harry.* Five thousand?

*Officer.* Must I write the acquittal for the sum total

*Harry.* No—yes, write it, however. Have it ready. Early to-morrow morning it shall all be paid.

*Officer.* In the mean time there may be more detainers.

*Harry.* Damnation! What shall I do?—run, send him!—and do you hear, a bottle of champaign and two rummers!—Rummers! Mind!—Not a word to him!—  
[*Exit OFFICER, R.*  
five thousand?—And more detainers!

*Enter OFFICER, R. with a Bottle and Glasses, and MILFORD following.*

*Mil.* [With surprise.] Mr. Dornton!

*Harry.* [Lying on a table in the back ground.] How low, Jack! What's your wonder? I can't stay a moment with you, but I could not pass without giving you a call. Your hand, my boy, cheer up!

*Mil.* (R.) [Coolly.] Excuse me, sir!

*Harry.* Why, Jack!—Pshaw! cast away this gloom and be—Honest Jack Milford! You are now in tribulation; what of that? Why, man, the blessed sun himself is sometimes under a cloud! wait but till to-morrow!—Where is the wine! [Fills the rummers.] Come, drink and wash away grief! 'Sblood, never look frosty and askance, man, but drink, drink, drink.

*Mil.* [Abruptly.] Sir! I am not disposed to drink.

*Harry.* Here's confusion to all sorrow and thinking!—I could a tale unfold—! But won't afflict you—I must fly—Yet I can do no good to-night—Hurrah! Jack! Keep up your spirits! Be determined, like me!—I am the vilest of animals that crawl the earth—Yet I won't flag!—I'll die a bold-faced villain!—I have sold myself—Am disinherited—Have lost—Ah, Sophia!—Hurrah, Jack!—Keep it up!—Round let the great globe whirl! and whirl it will, though I should happen to slide from its surface into infinite nothingness—Drink, my noble soul!

*Mil.* Your mirth is impertinent, sir!

*Harry.* So it is, Jack—Damned impertinent! But ruin is around us, and it is high time to be merry!

*Mil.* Sir? I must inform you that, though I have been betrayed by you, and imprisoned by your father, I will not be insulted!

*Harry.* Betrayed by me?

*Mil.* Ay, sir; I have had full information of your

mean arts! It was necessary I should be out of the way, that your designs on Mrs. Warren might meet with interruption.

*Harry.* [*Gets off the table.*] Pshaw. Good day, Jack, good day. [*Going, &c.*]

*Mit.* (c.) And pray, sir, inform your father I despise his meanness, and spurn at his malice!

*Harry.* (R.) [*Darting back to MILFORD.*] Jack Milford—Utter no blasphemy against my father! I am half mad! I came your friend——

*Mit.* (c.) I despise your friendship.

*Harry.* (c.) That's as you please. Think all that vile of me. I defy you to exceed the truth.—But utter not a word against my father!

*Mit.* Deliberately, pitifully malignant! Not satisfied with the little vengeance he himself could take, he has sent round to all my creditors!

*Harry.* 'Tis false!

*Mit.* False!

*Harry.* A vile, eternal falsehood!

*Enter OFFICER, R. with papers and writes.*

*Officer.* (R.) Gentlemen, did you call?

*Harry.* [*Interrupting him.*] Leave the room, sir.

*Officer.* But——

*Harry.* [*Angrily.*] We are busy, sir!

*Officer.* I thought——

*Harry.* I tell you we are busy, and must not be interrupted! [*Exit OFFICER, R.*] Mr. Milford, you shall hear from me immediately. [*Exit HARRY, R.*]

*Mit.* (L.) [*After a pause.*] What were those papers? Surely I have not been rash! Nobody but his father could have brought my creditors thus on me all at once! He seemed half drunk or half frantic: said he was ruined, disinherited. Talked something of to-morrow. What could the purport of his coming be?

*Enter OFFICER, R.*

Well, sir?

*Officer.* (R. c.) Here is a note, sir.

*Mit.* From whom?

*Officer.* The young gentleman.

*Mit.* [*Reads, aside.*] "I understand you are at liberty." How! at liberty! [*The OFFICER bows.—* *Reads.*] "I shall walk up to Hyde Park: you will

nd me at the ring at six. Exactly at six." At liberty!

*Officer.* Your debts are all discharged.

*Mil.* Impossible! Which way? By whom?

*Officer.* Why, sir—that is——

*Mil.* No hesitation, but tell me by whom!

*Officer.* Sir—I thought I perceived some anger between you and the young gentleman?

*Mil.* Ask no questions, sir; make no delays. Tell me who has paid my debts? Tell me the truth. Consequences you do not suspect depend upon your answer.

*Officer.* I perceive, sir, there has been some warmth between you; and though the young gentleman made me promise silence and secrecy——

*Mil.* [*Astonishment.*] What then it was Mr. Dorn-ton? [*OFFICER, R. bows*] Madman! what have I done!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The House of Dornton.*

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, followed by MR. SMITH, L.*

*Harry.* (L.) And the danger not yet past?

*Mr. Smith.* (L.) Far from it. Mr. Sulky has twice brought us supplies, and is gone a third time.

*Harry.* (c.) Brave spirit! He would coin his heart! My father supports it nobly!

*Mr. Smith.* (a. c.) He is anxious only for you.

*Harry.* Well, well. Ha, ha, ha! Tol-lol—I'll bring him relief. Comfort him, assure him of it. Ay, hear me, heaven, and——To-night is too late, but to-morrow all shall be well—excellent well!

*Mr. Smith.* [*Significantly.*] You will marry the Widow.

*Harry.* Have you heard? Ay, boy, ay—We'll marry. I will go and prepare her; we'll marry early in the morning, that all may be safe. I have told her the truth. She knows all—Why ay. [*Looking at his watch.*] The proctor's, the lawyer's, the Widow's, and—[*Starts.*]—at six!—The ring!—at six!—Fiends! Who can say what may——What, leave my father to perish? I'll not go; though all hell should brand me for a coward, I'll not go. Mr. Smith, take care of my father. Mark me, I recommend my father to you.

[*Exit, L.*]

*Enter MR. DORNTON, R.*

*Dorn.* (a.) Where is Harry? (c.) Did not I hear his voice?

*Mr. Smith.* He is this moment gone, sir.

*Dorn.* Gone!—where?

*Mr. Smith.* Do you not suspect where, sir?

*Dorn.* [Atarmed.] Suspect! What? Speak!

*Mr. Smith.* To the Widow Warren's.

*Dorn.* For what purpose?

*Mr. Smith.* To marry her.

*Dorn.* Marry! The Widow Warren!

*Mr. Smith.* And save the house by her fortune.

*Dorn.* Generous Harry! Noble, affectionate boy! I'd perish first! [Waits about]

*Mr. Smith.* He seems very resolute. He has already had six thousand pounds of her.

*Dorn.* Marry her! I shall go mad! Where is Mr. Sulky? [Extremely agitated]

*Mr. Smith.* He is just returned. I hear him in the counting-house.

*Dorn.* Tell him I wish to speak with him. [Exit MR. SMITH, L.] Harry Dornton and the Widow Warren! I shall die in Bedlam!

*Enter MR. SULKY, L. a pen in his hand.*

Are we safe, Mr. Sulky?

*Sulky.* (c.) For to-day, perhaps.

*Dorn.* (c.) What bank have we to begin to-morrow?

*Sulky.* I can't tell: I fear not thirty thousand.

*Dorn.* Mr. Sulky, you—you—you—have this day shewn yourself an active partner, and a sincere friend.

*Sulky.* Humph.

*Dorn.* I have long esteemed you! I esteem you more and more.

*Sulky.* Humph.

*Dorn.* My son, Harry—[Hesitating.] You are a very good man, Mr. Sulky; a compassionate man, though you don't look so.

*Sulky.* Humph.

*Dorn.* 'Tis pity to see so noble a youth—I am sure you would not wish him any harm, Mr. Sulky! I am sure you would not!

*Sulky.* Whom?



*Dorn.* Harry Dornton. Would you? Would you? Would you, Mr. Sulky?

*Sulky.* A kind question.

*Dorn.* Nay, I did not mean to be unkind, Mr. Sulky; you know I did not. Shall we not venture one step more to save him?

*Sulky.* Save! Impossible! Ruin only can reform him! Total ruin.

*Dorn.* You mistake, Mr. Sulky. His own misfortunes little affected him, but mine. He is struck to the heart! I know him!

*Sulky.* So do I.

*Dorn.* Struck to the heart! I'm sure on't! He'll be a good man! A great man!

*Sulky.* Humph.

*Dorn.* You know the Widow Warren, Mr. Sulky?

*Sulky.* Don't you?

*Dorn.* I never saw her in my life. I hear she is full forty, her manners absurd, her character cruel, and her morals—

*Sulky.* Bad enough.

*Dorn.* Six thousand pounds at this moment is a great sum! I own it! But do you think I ought not to venture?

*Sulky.* Venture what!

*Dorn.* To—to take it from our bank.

*Sulky.* For what?

*Dorn.* For—for the—the relief of Harry Dornton.

*Sulky.* What you please! Take all! What is it to me?

*Dorn.* Nay, but, Mr. Sulky, you surely don't see the thing in the right light?

*Sulky.* I can starve, like the rest!

*Dorn.* Very well, Mr. Sulky!—Very well! I perceive you can be interested, and—and——

*Sulky.* And what?

*Dorn.* Very well, Mr. Sulky! Very well!

*Sulky.* I can stare bankruptcy in the face as steadfastly as you can.

*Dorn.* Ay, ay, no doubt! The world is all alike! I am an old fool, and so shall live and die!

*Sulky.* Why do you ask my advice? Take the money! Empty the coffers! Pour it all into his hat! Give him guineas to play at chuck-farthing, and bank bills to curl his hair!

*Dorn.* Very well, Mr. Sulky! Friendship, generosity, a sense of justice! Oh, it's all a farce!

[Walks about.]

*Sulky.* Humph.

*Dorn.* [Rings.] Very well, sir! Very well!

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

Is the carriage ready?

*Serv.* It's at the door, sir.

[Exit, L.]

*Dorn.* [Going L. turns back.] So, Mr. Sulky, you would see him married to this widow, to whom you have so often as well as now given the worst of characters, rather than incur a little more risk for your friend?

*Sulky.* Marry!

*Dorn.* Yes, marry!

*Sulky.* Whom?

*Dorn.* The Widow Warren, I tell you.

*Sulky.* Harry Dornton!

*Dorn.* Yes, Harry Dornton!

*Sulky.* When? Where?

*Dorn.* Immediately! With unexampled affection, to save me who am old and worthless, he would devote his youth, his great qualities, and his noble heart, to all the torments which such a marriage and such a woman can inflict!

*Sulky.* Take the money!

*Dorn.* Are you serious, Mr. Sulky?

*Sulky.* Take the money! Away! Begone! I would indeed starve, inchmeal, rather than he should marry her!

*Dorn.* Mr. Sulky, you are a worthy man, a true friend!

*Sulky.* Curse compliments! Make haste!

[Exit, L.]

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Widow Warren's.*

*Enter SOPHIA, L. JENNY, R.*

*Jenny.* (R. c.) So, miss! Here's your mamma just coming down.

*Sophia.* (L. c. *Much agitated.*) Is she dressed?

*Jenny.* Oh yes!—I have decorated her out like any king's coach-horse!

*Sophia.* It's very well.

*Jenny.* With her ribands and ringlets stuck about and dangle-ating down her back; and all her—

*Sophia.* It's very well. It's all very well. But it will be no wedding.—

*Jenny.* [*Aside.*] I hope not.

*Sophia.* He told her to her face that he loved me, and offered to give her the money back. He'll never have her. And, if he does, I don't care. I know I shall lie broken-hearted, but I don't care. I'll tell all to my dear grandma', for I'll not stay in this wicked city. No! He shan't see me pine away. I know my ghost will haunt him; but I can't help it. I never wished him any harm, and had he but been true-hearted and have waited for me, I would—But it's no matter.—He shan't see a tear that I shed, nor hear the least sigh that I heave.

*Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.*

*Jenny.* [*Admiring her.*] Well, ma'am—I declare you're a pictur—

*Widow.* (c.) Do you think I look tolerably, Jenny?

[*Walking and surveying herself.*] Shall I do execution?

What is the matter, child?

*Sophia.* Mark my words, he'll never have you.

*Widow.* Poor thing.

*Sophia.* He never will.

[*Knocking at the street-door, L.*

*Widow.* Run, Jenny, see who it is. [*Exit JENNY,*

L.] Go up to your chamber, child.

*Sophia.* [*Much agitated.*] No, I will stay here.

*Widow.* Begone to your chamber, I say, miss.

*Sophia.* Beat me, if you please, kill me, but I will not.

*Re-enter JENNY, L.*

*Jenny.* Here's an elderly gentleman, ma'am, asks to speak to you.

*Widow.* Will you begone, miss?

*Sophia.* Since it is not he, I don't want to stay. I only want to look him in the face once more. [*Exit, R.*]

*Widow.* How is he dressed?

*Jenny.* In grey, ma'am.

*Widow.* In grey?

*Jenny.* Yes, ma'am.

*Widow.* In dark grey?

*Jenny.* Yes, ma'am.

*Widow.* [*Eagerly.*] Does he look like a parson, Jenny?

*Jenny.* Why, ma'am, he is a soberly, snug, jobation-looking man enough.

*Widow.* Let him be shown in. [*Exit JENNY, L.*] I dare say it is the divine.

*Enter JENNY, L. introducing Mr. DORNTON.*

*Dorn. (L.)* Your humble servant, madam!

*Widow.* Sir, your very most humble servant.

[*With great respect.*]

*Dorn. (L. c.)* I presume you are unacquainted with me?

*Widow.* [*R. c. With a simpering air.*] I believe I can penetrate, sir—

*Dorn.* Can you, madam?

*Widow.* [*Holding her fan before her face.*] You—You come on the—part of—young Mr. Dornton?

*Dorn.* [*Surprised.*] I do.

*Widow.* [*Aside.*] It is the parson?—Would you be so indulgent as to be seated, sir.

*Dorn.* Excuse me, madam.

*Widow.* Would you be pleased to take any refreshment, sir?

*Dorn.* Madam!

*Widow.* A morsel of seed-cake, a French biscuit, a bit of orange-loaf, a glass of Constantia, or a jelly? I know these little cordial comforts are agreeable consolations to gentlemen of your cloth.

*Dorn.* [*Surveying himself.*] Cloth!

*Widow.* No offence, I hope? I partielpate in them myself.

*Dorn.* Hem! No doubt.

*Widow.* You are acquainted with Mr. Dornton?

*Dorn.* Why—Yes—I am, I believe, one of his old-t acquaintance.

*Widow.* Then I dare say you have a great regard for m?

*Dorn.* Hem!—Yes—I—had a—sort of a friend-ship for him even before he was born.

*Widow.* Sir!—Oh—you are intlmate with the family?

*Dorn.* Yes—yes, madam!

*Widow.* And know his father?

*Dorn.* Hem—[*Shrugs.*] Why—Though I have kept him company from the day of his birth to this very our, they tell me I don't know him yet!

*Widow.* Ay, indeed! Is he so odd?

*Dorn.* Sometimes—To my great regret, I have ometimes found him a very absurd old gentleman!

*Widow.* I am sorry for it!—Because as I am soon to become—hymeneally—his intimate—relation—I—I!

[*With affected coyness.*

*Dorn.* You would wish for a sensible indulgent—Papa.—[*Smiling.*

*Widow.* It's natural, sir. [Simpering.]

*Dorn.* Ha! I dare not say too much in his fa-vour.

*Widow.* Nay, though I have a vast—hum—ha—regard for young Mr. Dornton—I own I have no great pre-dilection of opinion for the father!

*Dorn.* [*Acrimoniously.*] Nor he for you, ma-dam!

*Widow.* Do you think so?

*Dorn.* I am sure so!

*Widow.* I warrant, sir, he is, as you say, a very pre-cise acrimonious old gentleman!

*Dorn.* I said no such thing, madam!

*Widow.* Ah! A little caution, sir, to be sure, be-comes gentlemen of your cloth.

*Dorn.* Cloth again!—I don't know what you mean by my cloth! but Mr. Dornton, madam, is little older than yourself; nor does he think himself half so repugnant.

*Widow.* Sir!

*Dorn.* [*Recollecting himself.*] Madam!—I beg pardon!—I— [*Bowings.*]

*Widow.* [*Knocking, L.*] Oh! Here I dare say come the bridegroom! [*Enraptured crosses to Dorn.*]

*Dorn.* [*Aside*] My curst vivacity! I can never tell her after this who I am. [*Retires up the stage.*]

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, in haste, L.*

*Widow.* [*Eagerly meeting him.*] Oh you rover! [*Crosses to Harry.*]

*Harry.* Well, my kind Widow! [*Mr Dornton gradually approaches.*] My loving, compassionate Widow! (c.) I am come post haste to cast myself once more on your bounty.

*Widow.* (c.) Hush!

*Harry.* To entreat instant commiseration, and aid!

*Widow.* Hem! Hem! [*Aloud.*]

*Harry.* I have not a minute to spare!

*Widow.* (*Whispers.*) He's here! He's come! A waspish, tetchy!—Hem!—[*Aloud.*] Your friend has been here some time, Mr. Dornton!

*Harry.* My friend! What friend?

*Widow.* Your friend the clergyman.

[*Pointing to Mr. DORNTON.*]

*Harry.* Clergyman! [*Turns and sees his Father close at his elbow.*]—My father!

*Widow.* His father! [*A pause.*]

*Dorn.* (L. C.) Well, Harry, why do you look so blank? I am glad you are here. Your coming, and the mutual sincerity with which this lady and I have just spoken our sentiments, will save all circumlocution.—At present we understand each other.

*Widow.* Sir—I—

*Dorn.* Oh, madam, never retract. Let us continue the like plain honest dealing—

*Widow.* But—sir—Mr. Dornton's affection—

*Dorn.* Ha, ha, ha! Affection, madam!—

*Harry.* Sir—

*Dorn.* Harry, I know your motives. Will never forget them. But the cause of them has ceased.

*Harry.* Sir, beware! No false compassion! Remember not the vile reprobate that was your son. I spurn at the existence that is coupled with your misery.

*Dorn.* Harry, our danger is over.

Harry. Are you? Are you serious?

Dorn. Mr. Sulky is a worthy man! His rich uncle dead, and has left him sole heir. Our books too have been examined, and exceed our best hopes.

Harry. My—

Dorn. Here is your money, madam. [*Offering it.*]

Harry. My father saved? Tol-de-rol!

Widow. Nay, but—Mr. Dornton!—sir!—[*Weeping.*]

Dorn. I must beg you will take it—

Harry. Rejoice, Widow! Rejoice! Sing, Shout! Tol-de-rol!

Widow. I do not want the money, sir. Filthy money.—And as to what I said, though you have arrested Mr. Milford—

Harry. Ha! [*Pausing and looking at his watch.*]

Widow. I am sorry—I beg your pardon—And if Mr. Dornton—

Dorn. Why don't you speak, Harry? Where are you going? [HARRY DORNTON *crosses hastily to L.*] Come back, Harry!—Stay, I say!

Harry. I cannot stay! I must fly! My honour is at stake! [*Exit, L.*]

Dorn. [*Alarmed.*] His honour! His honour at stake!—Here, here, madam!— [*Offering money.*]

Widow. Nay, sir—

Dorn. 'Sdeath, madam, take your money.

[*Exit, L.*]

Widow. Cruel usage! Faithless men—Blind! Stupid! I'll forsake and forswear the whole sex!

[*Weeps.*]

Enter JENNY L. with great glee, and stands unperceived, L.

Jenny. L. Ma'am! ma'am! Mr. Goldfinch, ma'am!

Widow. Hay! Mr. Goldfinch! Was that what you said, Jenny? [*Brightens up.*] Where?

Jenny. Below, ma'am. I persuaded him to come up, but he is quite surly.

Widow. Oh! He is coming. Well, I think I will see him—Yes—I think I will.

Jenny. I always told you, ma'am, Mr. Goldfinch for me.

Widow. Did you?

Jenny. But he says he will have your written promise this very night, or never speak to you more. I hear him. [*Adjusting the Widow's dress.*] La,

ma'am, you had better give a few touches—Hereabout—Your eyes will have double the spirit and fire.

*Widow.* Will they?

[*Exit,*

*Enter* GOLDFINCH, L.

*Gold.* (L.) Where's the Dowager?

*Jenny.* (L. c.) Hush! Mind what I said to you—It too late now for a licence, so be sure get the promise—Don't flinch!

*Gold.* Me flinch? Game to the back-bone!

*Jenny.* Hush!

[*Exit,*

*Re-enter the* WIDOW WARREN, R.

*Gold.* (R.) Here I am once more, Widow.

*Widow.* (R.) Ah, rambler!

*Gold.* Are you cured of the tantrums?

*Widow.* (c.) Nay, Mr. Goldfinch—

*Gold.* (c.) Must I keep my distance?

*Widow.* Unkind!

*Gold.* (L. c.) Am I a gentleman now?

*Widow.* Killing!

*Gold.* Look you, Widow, I know your tricks. Skittish! Won't answer to the whip! Run out of the course! Take the rest.—So give me your promise.

*Widow.* My promise!

*Gold.* Signed and sealed.

*Widow.* Naughty man. You shan't; I won't let you tyrannise over a palpitating heart.

*Gold.* Palpi—What does she say?

*Widow.* Go, intruder.

*Gold.* Oh! What you won't?

*Widow.* I'll never forgive you.

*Gold.* I'm off.

[*Going,* L.

*Widow.* Cruel man!

*Gold.* (L.) I'm off.

*Widow.* Mr. Goldfinch!

[*Calling.*

*Gold.* I'm off—

*Widow.* You shall have the promise!

*Gold.* Oh, ho! Why then I pull up— [*Returning.*

*Widow.* Barbarous youth! Could you leave me?— But I must send to Mr. Silky.

*Gold.* (L. c.) No, no! Let me have the promise directly! I'll go myself to Silky.

*Widow.* Will you, Mr. Goldfinch?

*Gold.* (c.) Will I not? Take a hack, mount the box



layait!—Scud away for the old scoundrel! I'm a  
p one! Know the course every inch! I'm the lad for  
Widow! That's your sort!

*Widow.* Saucy man! I'll be very angry with you.

*Gold.* (L. c.) Soon be back.

*Widow.* Adieu! Fly swiftly, ye minutes!

*Gold.* But I must have the promise first!

*Widow.* I will go and write it. Come, dissembler,  
me! *[Exit languishing, R.]*

*Gold.* She's an old courser! But I knew I should take  
at the double.

*Enter MILFORD, L.*

*Mil.* (L.) So, Charles; where's the Widow?

*Gold.* The Widow's mine!

*Mil.* (L. c.) Yours?

*Gold.* I'm the lad! All's concluded—Going post for  
Silky.

*[Attempting to go, but is stopped by MILFORD.]*

*Mil.* Silky did you say?

*Gold.* Am to pay the miserly rascal fifty thousand  
unds down. But mum! That's a secret.

*Mil.* You are raving.

*Gold.* (L. c.) Tellee he has her on the hip; she can't  
arry without his consent.

*Mil.* (c.) But why?

*Gold.* Don't know. The close old rogue won't tell.  
as got some deed, he says—Some writing.

*Mil.* Indeed!

*Gold.* Yes—But it's a secret! I shall be a higher  
low than ever, Jack! Go to the second spring meet-  
g—Take you with me—Come down a few to the  
eaters and trainers—The knowing ones—The lads—  
et into the secret—Lay it on thick—Seven hundred to  
e favourite against the field!—Done!—I'll do it  
gain!—Done!—Five times over—ditto repeated!—  
one, done!—Off they go!—Winner lays by—Pretends  
want foot—Odds rise high! Take 'em—Winner  
hispered lame—Lags after—Odds higher—and higher.  
ake 'em—Creeps up—Breathes 'em over the flat—  
Works 'em up hill—Passes thē distance post—Still only  
econd—Betting chair in an uproar!—Neck to neck!—  
ets him out—Shows him the whip!—Shoots by like an  
crow—Oh damme a hollow thing! (L.) That's your  
ort.

*[Exit, L.]*

*Mil. (c.)* Fifty thousand to Silky for his consent because of some instrument, some writing?—If it should be the—? It must—By heaven it must.

[*Exit hastily,*

SCENE II.—*The Ring in Hyde Park.*

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, R.-V. E. looking at his Watch*

*Harry.* How long must I wait? I see nothing of Milford—I'll cut off that bailiff's ears if he has betrayed me.

*Enter MR. DORNTON, R. out of breath.*

*Dorn. (R.)* So, Harry!

*Harry. (C.)* My father again.

*Dorn.* What do you do here, Harry?

*Harry.* Sir—I—I want air.

*Dorn.* So do I—A pretty dance you have led me.—What brought you hither?—Where's the money you had of the Widow? Where is the money, Harry?

*Harry* [*Reluctantly.*] Gone, sir.

*Dorn.* Gone!

*Harry.* Most of it.

*Dorn. (C.)* And your creditors not paid? [*Pause.*] And your creditors not paid?

*Harry.* No, sir.

*Dorn. (R.)* [*Rises his hands.*] I suspected—I forebodied this! [*HARRY DORNTON walks about in the back ground.*] He has been at some gaming-house, lost all, quarrelled, and come here to put a miserable end to a miserable existence! Oh, who would be a father!

[*With extreme emotion.*

*Enter WAITER, R.*

*Waiter. (L.)* [*Surveying MR. DORNTON.*] Pray—sir—Is your name Dornton?

*Dorn. (C.)* It is.

*Waiter.* Then I am right—Mr. Milford, sir, has sent me with this note. [*Exit, R.*

*Harry.* [*Advancing.*] It is for me, sir!

*Dorn.* How do you know, Harry?

*Harry. (R. C.)* Sir, I am certain!—I must beg—!

*Dorn.* This is no time for ceremony!—[*Reads.*]—

Dear Harry, forgive the provocation I have given you; forgive the wrong I have done your father"—He!—"I will submit to any disgrace rather than lift my hand against your life—I would have come and apologised even on my knees, but am prevented—

" J. MILFORD."

*Stands a moment contemplating the Letter.*]—Why, Harry!—What?—What is this?—Tell me—Tell me. Is it in paying Milford's debts you have expended the money?

Harry. It is, sir.

Dorn. [*Endeavouring to repress his feelings.*] But how had he wronged me?—Why did you come here to fight him?

Harry. Sir—He—he spoke disrespectfully of you.

[*A pause.*]

Dorn. [*Looking with powerful emotion on his son, then suddenly taking his hand.*] Harry!

Harry. [*Taking his father's hand, but turning to conceal his agitation*] My father! [*A pause.*]

Dorn. Harry! Harry!

Harry. Dear sir, let us fly to console poor Milford!

Dorn. What you will, Harry! Do with me what you will—Oh, who would not be a father!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

### SCENE III.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

*Enter MILFORD and MR. SULKY, L.*

Mil. (L. c.) That fool, Goldfinch, himself informed me, sir, that Silky is to receive fifty thousand pounds for his consent!

Sulky. (c.) Fifty thousand! Zounds! Why then the old scoundrel must have got possession of the will.

Mil. Which is indubitably meant to be destroyed. Goldfinch is just returned with Silky. They are now with the Widow; all in high glee, and are coming up here immediately, no doubt to settle the business in private.

Sulky. What can be done?

Mil. We must hide ourselves somewhere, and spring upon them.

Sulky. I hate hiding! It's deceit, and deceit is the resource of a rascal.

*Mil.* But there is no avoiding it! We cannot get legal assistance in time! Here are two closets—Do you go into one, and I'll shut myself up in the other. We shall hear what they are about, and can burst upon them at the proper moment.

*Sulky.* Well, if it must be so—But it's a vile, paltry refuge!

*Mil.* I hear them coming! Make haste.

[*Exeunt SULKY and MILFORD into the closets.*]

*Enter SILKY, WIDOW, and GOLDFINCH, L.*

*Sil.* [*First.*] Ha, ha, ha! I told you, madam, you should hear from me when you wanted me! I knew I must come to that. But you are a lucky man, Mr. Goldfinch! and I'm a lucky man! ay, and you are a lucky woman too, madam! We are all in luck.

*Gold.* (c.) [*Arm in arm with the WIDOW.*] Ay, dammee, old one, you have been concerned in many a good thing in your time.

*Sil.* (r.) Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! To be sure I have! I must provide for my family, Mr. Goldfinch.

*Widow.* (L.) It is indeed a fortunate event! Do you not participate my raptures, Mr. Goldfinch?

*Gold.* To be sure—Its a deep scheme! Its knowing a thing or two! Ha, old one? Pigeoning the green horns.

*Sil.* (r. c.) All so safe too, so snug! I am so pleased, and so happy! Its all our own! Not a soul will know of it but our three selves.

*Gold.* Oh, yes—One more, old one—

*Sil.* [*Alarmed.*] Ay! Who? Who?

*Gold.* Your father—Belzebub.

*Sil.* Lord! Mr. Goldfinch, don't terrify me!

*Widow.* (L. c.) To be sure, it must be owned you are a shocking old rogue, Mr. Silky! But there is no doing without you. So make haste with your deeds and your extortions! for really we should be very glad to be rid of your company—

*Sil.* Well, well, I'm ready—I'll not long interrupt your amorous haste. I am a man of business; I expected how it would be, and have a legal instrument here, ready drawn up by my own hand; which, when it is signed and sealed, will make all safe.

*Widow.* But where is the will?

*Sil.* [*All three sit at a table in c.*] Oh, I have it—

First, however, let us be secure. [*Locks both the chamber doors; is going to read, but looks round, sees the closet doors, and with great anxiety and cunning, locks them too.*]

*Gold.* You're an old-trader in sin! There's no being too deep for you!

*Sil.* Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think so, Mr. Goldfinch?

*Gold.* But I should like to see you on your death-bed! [*A blow from one of the closets.*]

*Sil.* Bless my soul!—What's that?

*Gold.* Zounds! Odd enough! I believe he's coming for you before your time!

*Widow.* It was very strange.

*Sil.* I declare I am all of a tremble!

*Widow.* Come, come, let us get the shocking business over!—Where is the will?

*Gold.* Don't shake so, man!

*Sil.* Well, well! First sign the bond. [*Widow and GOLDFINCH going to sign, another knock heard.*]  
Lord have mercy upon me!

*Gold.* I smell sulphur.

*Widow.* Save me, Mr. Goldfinch!

*Sil.* The candles burn blue! [*A pause.*]

*Gold.* Pshaw! Zounds, it's only some cat in the closet!

*Sil.* I heard it in both the closets.

*Gold.* Why then there are two cats! Come! I'll sign. [*WIDOW and GOLDFINCH sign the Bond.*]

*Sil.* Where's the promise?

*Gold.* Here it is. [*Laying it on the Table.*]

*Sil.* And here is the will, which, that all may be safe, we will immediately commit to the flames. [*Is going to burn it at the candle. Four successive loud knocks are heard, one from each of the doors. SILKY starts, drops one candle, and overturns the other. The stage dark.*]  
Lord have mercy upon us!

*Gold.* My hair stands an end.

*Widow.* (*Violent knocking at both closets and at the doors.*) Save me, Mr. Goldfinch! Protect me! Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

(*SULKY and MILFORD burst open the closets and seize on the bond and promise: then open the chamber doors; at L. enter JENNY with lights, and at the other SOPHIA, HARRY DORNTON, and MR. DORNTON.*)

*Sophia.* (L.) Dear, ma', what's the matter?

*Sulky.* Where is the will? (*SILKY recovers himself and snatches it up.*) Give it me, you old scoundrel! Give it me this instant, or I'll throttle you!

[*Wrests it from him.*]

*Mil. (c.)* So, gentlemen! You are a pretty pair of knaves.

*Sulky. (c.)* And you are a very worthy lady.

*Widow. (L. c.)* Don't talk to me, man!—Don't talk to me!—I shall never recover my senses again.

[*Retires up the stage.*]

*Harry.* What has happened, gentlemen? How came you thus all locked up together?

*Dorn.* Are you here, Mr. Silky?

*Sulky.* Yes; There's the honest, grateful, friendly Mr. Silky! Who would betray his friends, plunder the living, and defraud the dead, for the ease of his conscience, and to provide for his family.

*Gold.* Old one! You're done up!

*Sulky.* And here is the girlish old coquette, who would rob her daughter and leave her husband's son to rot in a dungeon, that she might marry the first fool she could find.

*Gold.* Widow! you are dished! (*SULKY examines the will.*) Lost your last chance!

*Dorn. (L.)* A broken gamester, nurtured in idleness, ignorance, and dissipation, whose ridings, racings, and drivings are over, and whose whole train of horses, dogs, curricles, phaetons, and fooleries must come to the hammer, immediately, is no great loss.

*Sophia.* Oh, la.

*Dorn.* I knew your father, sir: 'tis happy for him that he is dead; If you will forsake these courses and apply to trade—

*Gold. (c.)* Damn trade! Who's for the spring meeting? Cross 'em and wind 'em! Seven to five you don't name the winner! (*L.*) I'm for life and a curricule! A cut at the caster, and the long odds! Damn trade! The four aces, a back hand, and a lucky nick! I'm a deep one! That's your sort! [*Exit, L.*]

*Sulky. (n.)* And now, madam—

*Widow. (Comes forward.)* Keep off, monster! You smell of malice, cruelty, and persecution.

*Sulky.* No, madam: I smell of honesty! A drug you nauseate, but with which you must forcibly be dosed!—I have glanced over the will, and find I have the power.

*Widow.* Let me go, goblin!—You are a hideous person, and I hate the sight of you! Your breast is flint! Flint! Unfeeling Gorgon, and I abominate you!

[*Exit, n:*

*Sophia.* (c.) Nay, you are a kind, good cross old soul; and I am sure you will forgive my poor ma'! We ought all to forget and forgive! Ought not we, Mr Dornton?

*Harry.* Do you hear her, sir? [To Mr. DORNTON.

*Dorn.* (R. c.) Harry has told me of your innocent, pure, and unsuspecting heart—I love you for having called me an ugly monster!

*Sophia.* (To HARRY.) La, Mr. Dornton, how could you—

*Sulky.* (R. c.) Harry—Give me your hand—You have a generous and a noble nature! But your generosity would have proved more pernicious than even your dissipation. No misfortunes, no, not to the beggary and ruin of a father, could justify so unprincipled a marriage!

*Dorn.* And now (To Mr. SULKY) my friend!

*Mil.* My father!

*Harry.* (c.) My—!

*Sulky.* Whoo! If you wish to get another word from me to-night, have done. [Turning to SILKY.] I hate fawning.

*Sil.* (R.) Ah, Mr. Sulky, you will have your humour.

*Sulky.* (R.) The indiscriminating generosity of this young man supported you in your day of distress; for which, serpent-like, you turned to sting your preserver.

*Sil.* Ah, you will have your humour.

*Sulky.* Yes; and it is my humour to see that your villainy shall be exposed in its true colours. Hypocrisy, falsehood, and fraud, are your familiars. To screen your avarice, you made it believed that this gentleman had been the cause of lodging the detainers, and had done the dirty work of which even you were ashamed. But the creditors shall receive their full demand.

*Dorn.* (R. c.) The proposal is just. Listen to that worthy man; and if you can, be honest with a good grace. Every thing will then be readily adjusted, and I hope to the satisfaction of all parties.

## PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. LLOYD, SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

---

The Jealous Wife! A Comedy! Poor Man!  
A charming subject; but a wretched plan.  
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,  
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.  
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,  
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.  
Tinge but the language with heroic chime!  
'Tis passion, pathos, character sublime!  
What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,  
A king the husband, and the wife a queen!  
Then might distraction rend her graceful hair,  
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.  
*Dramcansir Death* had rag'd without controul,  
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.  
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!  
What hands had thunder'd at each *hah!* and *ho!*  
But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,  
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.  
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,  
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.  
He read the manners, open as they lie  
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye.  
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store;  
He does but what his betters did before.  
*Shakspeare* has done it, and the *Grecian* stage  
Caught truth of character from *Homer's* page.



If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,  
 And, borrowing little, much appears his own ;  
 If what a master's happy pencil drew,  
 He brings more forward in dramatic view ;  
 To your decision he submits his cause,  
 Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface  
 The simple beauties which he meant to grace ;  
 If an invader upon others' land,  
 He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,  
 Do justice on him !—as on fools before,  
 And give to *blockheads* past one *blockhead* more.

## EPILOGUE.

---

Ladies ! I've had a squabble with the poet—  
About his characters, and you shall know it.

“ Young man,” said I, “ restrain your saucy satire !  
My part's ridiculous—false—out of nature.

Fine draughts indeed of ladies ! sure you hate 'em ?  
Why, sir !—My part is *scandalum magnatum*.”

“ Lord, ma'am,” said he, “ to copy life my trade is,  
And poets ever have made free with ladies.

One Simon—the deuce take such names as these !—  
A hard Greek name—O—ay—Simonides—

He show'd our freaks, this whim, and that desire,  
Rose first from earth, sea, air, nay, some from fire ;  
Or that we owe our persons, minds, and features,  
To birds forsooth, and filthy four-legg'd creatures.

“ The dame, of manners various, temper fickle,  
Now all for pleasure, now the conventicle !  
Who prays, then raves, now calm, now all commotion,  
Rises another Venus from the ocean.

“ Constant at ev'ry sale, the curious fair  
Who longs for Dresden and old China ware ;  
Who dotes on pagods, and gives up vile man  
For niddle-noddle figures from Japan ;  
Critic in jars and josses, shows her birth  
Drawn, like the brittle ware itself, from earth.

“ The flaunting she, so stately, rich, and vain,  
Who gain'd her conquests by her length of train ;  
While all her vanity is under sail,  
Sweeps a proud peacock, with a gaudy tail.

“ Husband and wife, with sweets ! and dears ! and loves !

What are they but a pair of cooing doves ?  
But seiz'd with spleen, fits, humours, and all that,  
Your dove and turtle turn to dog and cat.

“ The gossip, prude, old maid, coquette, and trapes,  
Are parrots, foxes, magpies, wasps, and apes ;  
But she, with ev'ry charm of form and mind,  
Oh ! she's—sweet soul—the phoenix of her kind.”

This his apology !—’Tis rank abuse—  
A fresh affront, instead of an excuse !  
His own sex rather such description suits :  
Why don't he draw their characters—the brutes !  
Ay, let him paint those ugly monsters, men !  
Mean time—mend we our lives, he'll mend his pen.





