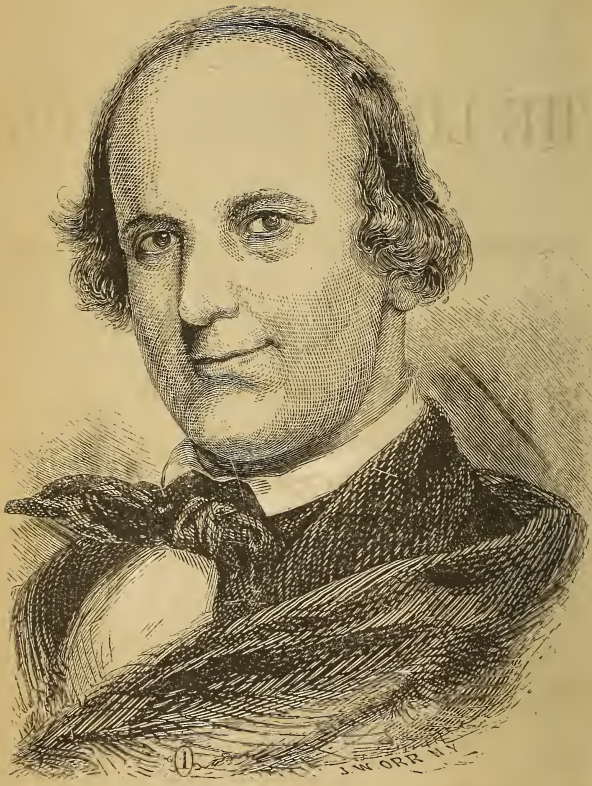

G. H. HILL.

SCENES

FROM

THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

COMPILED FROM THE JOURNALS, LETTERS, AND MEMORANDA OF THE LATE

i.e. George Handel

YANKEE HILL.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY J. W. ORR.

"Will you see the players well bestowed?"
"I will use them according to their deserts."
"Odds Bodikins, man, much better. Use every man after his deserts, and who shall 'scape a whipping?"

NEW-YORK:
GARRETT & CO., 18 ANN-STREET.

1853.

PREFACE.

Is it true, that the title of a Book is one attractive point to the reader in search of novelty? If so, there is much in a name. The reputation of an author, doubtless, adds to the promise given in the chosen title, and if the expected work be the biography of a person eminent during his life, popular from the possession of talents, exerted in pleasing or astonishing such of his fellow-beings as came within his sphere of action, then public attention may be reasonably expected to be excited at its advent, and its mission for good or ill established by critics competent to judge.

Men of different political views, persons whose religious creeds are at variance, naturally enough would differ when a proposition was offered for consideration by one of their number, although the professed object was given out as one of general good.

But there are subjects upon which men of different political or religious creeds may agree, and, perhaps, the question, what purpose is served by the preservation of the records of the life of a comedian, might,

at the first point of inquiry into the subject, appear not to be one of them.

A due reflection upon the changes of time, and the truism so often quoted in illustration of the chequered scenes of men's action on the stage of life, will compel us to pause, and after, perhaps, to admit that the life of a comedian may have been an eventful one, and lessons of practical value to those who study them from the pages of record. The great poet has written:

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity;
> And this, our life,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
> "Every man in his time plays many parts."

In an existence of near forty years, George Handel Hill, in this direction fulfilled the spirit and letter of the quotations above.

Ask of the American public what name is connected with more pleasing associations, from the east to the west, from the north to the south, than that of Yankee Hill.

There must be a reason for the universal popularity of any individual. Those persons—and their name is legion—who have witnessed the exercise of Hill's peculiar talent upon the stage of the theatre, will understand the foundation of his popularity.

Many who have never enjoyed the sight of the

great delineator of "Yankee character" upon the stage, in all the "glory of his art," have yet had the opportunity to witness his powers in the lecture room; others know him only by the rank that fame has given him, and except as reproduced in the pages of a life, can never become acquainted with his sayings and doings, nor be able to judge in any degree of the elements in his character which in his professional doings invested it with an honorable celebrity.

A player may be said to live two lives, one a public, the other a private life. The one may be said to belong to the public, and which under their guardianship is modified according to the creating power which gave and preserves its vitality. The public voice creates the popular actor—public patronage sustains him—and except from motives of curiosity, cares little to enquire into the private life of the Richard of the hour, or of the comedian's habits in his home. Civilized society expects of him obedience to the laws and the duties of a citizen; and though the player may be admitted into circles notable for talent and character, it is generally the homage that talent pays to talent, or genius; and in the player's career the art and the artist must divide the honors.

In giving to the public this life of Yankee Hill, it may not be improper to state that the restoration of a lost trunk, containing manuscripts and letters connected with Mr. Hill's professional journeyings, also, placed

at the writer's disposal, parts of a journal kept by Mr. Hill, with some chapters of a Life of Yankee Hill, by himself, which it was his intention to publish when he had arrived at the age of fifty years. His destiny was fulfilled half a score of years before that time. If he had lived to complete the half century and his written life, his contemporaries on the great stage of life, and those who toiled with him on the mimic world's arena, would have welcomed the preserved associations of their youth with enthusiasm. The dramatic fund of humor and character, would also have received an instalment valuable and accessible to the future candidates for favor in that field in which he had so nobly earned his enviable reputation.

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PICTORIAL LIFE

OF

GEORGE HANDEL HILL.

CHAPTER I.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
At first, the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

BIRTH—PARENTAGE—INFANTILE DEVELOPMENT, BEGINNING AS MANY OF MY PROJECTS IN AFTER-LIFE BEGUN, DOTH THIS CHAPTER, WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF A FUTURE, AND ACTIONS CONSEQUENT UPON IMPULSIVE, CONCEPTIVE THOUGHT—OCCASIONAL DIGRESSIONS AND REFLECTIONS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE SUBJECT.

One night, some years ago, in the theatre in Philadelphia, it was my assigned duty to represent one of the citizens in the play of Julius Cæsar. I had considerable to do in the play, as the citizen; though entrusted by the immortal bard who transferred this historical episode to the stage of the theatre with but few words expressive of my opinion as a Roman, of the doings in which Marcus Brutus, Caius Cassius, Marcus Antonius, and the aforesaid great Julius Cæsar, played conspicuous parts.

My principal duty was to take my cue from others of name, and shout lustily—now for Brutus, now for Cassius, Anthony, or Cæsar.

I led the mob—others led me; I made a great noise, flourished my club, as Roman citizens have ever done,

according to stage tradition. This part was entrusted to me in consequence of some indication of comic ability discovered by the manager in my acting. I was dissatisfied with the part; there was no name in the bill. The representative of the masses, and without a name, Citizen . . . . . Mr. Hill. Among his fellows, he was a man of mark; yet had Shakspeare passed his acts down to future times without a name. Returning to my dwelling after the performance, the crowd were praising Cooper's Marc Anthony. I was among the crowd, and heard their opinions. "How like h—,"—well, I can dispense with the *simile*—"Hill shouted, didn't he?" said a sailor to his mate. "Yes," said his companion. "What was the name of his part?" the first speaker inquired. "He didn't have any; he was only one of the citizens." The continuation of their conversation was lost, drowned in the different noises usually made by the occupants of the pit and galleries, when fairly let loose from the jaws of a full house, at the close of a performance given for the benefit of a popular actor.

"He didn't have any name," still rung in my ears. I refreshed my inner man with a cold lunch, read over a small part I had to play on the following night, and retired to rest, the part without a name haunting me in my sleep. I determined from that moment to play parts with names, and if possible to do something, in my way, that should make my name remembered. I do not intend to anticipate the events or incidents of my journeyings as a player in my country or in foreign lands.

My intention is only in this, the beginning of my life, which may be presented hereafter to the public, to give a reason why my life should have been written by myself at all. In the first place, no one could be supposed

to be so well acquainted with my life as myself—who judge so well my motives or actions, which, judged by the common standard of motives, might do me no credit? My intentions were nothing but good; though the results were not, sometimes, the most fortunate for myself or others connected with me, in the actions consequent upon them.

What right have I, within the circle of temptations that beset poor human nature, to expect to be exempt from error, or the frailties inherent in man? None

If I know myself at all, I am too impulsive. Some good and some evil has followed this want of direction over myself. I wanted a name. I begin this life in the hope that my name will live after me; and that my children, in common with others who may read it, may profit by my doings, even if they have arrived at manhood's time before, in this form, it is made known to them. Is there vanity in this? Perhaps so; I can't help it. I am not the first player who has written his own life. Each one who has served up himself in this way may have had different motives—among them not the least, perhaps, was the desire to preserve to their name the fame acquired in the days of triumph.

Evanescent is his glory, who, upon the stage, is eminent? Reputation, like the kings raised by Hecate's incantations,

"Come like shadows. so depart."

Two lives are here to be noted---a natural life, which probably had its origin in the way all mortals originate. For this life I am in no way responsible.

My professional life and its accidents are the results of the exercise of free will, and if the first life has been

productive of anything useful, it is to the second, or professional life and its influences, that the good must be attributed. Colley Cibber wrote an apology for his life. I have no apology to make, as I consider the evil of my living lies at the door of the two respectable individuals who claimed me as their child for the first time on the eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1809.

Whatever expectations had been entertained for me, or of me, previous to this time, I am unable to say. My first appearance on the stage of life was in Boston, the capital of Massachusetts.

I had the usual share of uncles, aunts, cousins, nieces, grandfathers, and grandmothers.

My advent had been suggestive of certain ceremonies, all of which in due time had been performed under the auspices of proper directors.

I have understood that I never was large for my age, whatever that age might have been when the question of size came up for domestic discussion.

When "Little Hill" was called I answered, whether it was to receive my share of bread and butter, the usual Sunday dinner of baked beans and Indian pudding, or the birch for sundry indiscretions laid to my charge, and of which I was always innocent, but rarely took the trouble to deny. From absolute knowledge, I will not undertake a narrative of events previous to my fourth birth day.

I went out of long skirts into short skirts; left off nursing, and other habits connected with babyhood, at the time thought proper for young gentlemen of my age and character; cut my teeth, wore trowsers, went to bed without a light or a singing of "lullaby" from any of the female members of the family, under whose especial

care I was till my fourth birth day, an epoch I at this hour distinctly remember.

A friend of the family, to show his regard for that scion of the "Hill" tree which had been duly christened George, had purchased a silver spoon of large dimensions, considering it was to be used to feed the aforesaid George. Upon it was engraved, "George Handel Hill; given to him by a friend."

Although I could not say that I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, I certainly at this time made good use of the spoon now mine by right. I remember how proud I was of "my" spoon, with "my name" on it. The little sins of human nature began to show themselves. "My spoon" was the cause of envy, jealousy, and other wicked passions, diluted, of course, to proper weakness to fill the bosoms of my cousins and playmates, causing quarrels, names-calling, and other juvenile mischiefs.

I have given the correct date of my birthday; and I trust some friend upon whom will devolve the duty of fixing a date to the finishing of my life, will be as particular. If I had made any great philosophical discovery, or immortalized myself by the invention of some useful aid to the art of navigation, or any of the arts or mysteries connected with the wants of the world, I undoubtedly should have deemed it necessary to have marked that day upon which said discovery or invention was made, that future discoverers or inventors might not infringe upon my right of priority, thus robbing me or my posterity of the fame due, in that case, their illustrious predecessor. During my life, both in my boyhood and manhood, there have been times when my sanguine impulses bid me onward, as the embryo idea of

some great invention was struggling for birth, nearly destroying the tabernacle in which my spirit of genius was resident by the throbs of mental labor incident to the great delivery.

The mountain and the mouse, allegorically applied to my case, was always the result of all my endeavors to travel on the road to fame; my exchequer filled with drafts upon the Bank of Hope, for road expenses, to be paid one day in good current coin out of the proceeds of my scientific lucubrations.

The fiend was ever at my elbow tempting me, saying, "You are genius mechanical; ponder, persevere and demonstrate." It was a foul fiend; and though never leaving the circle in which I moved, was jostled so often by the nymphs or the muses attend at the time upon my dramatic longings, that I did not become quite a monomaniac under the hallucination adverted to above.

Dates then may be considered out of the question. I have not kept a regular journal---a task often attempted and as often abandoned. Loose days and hours are embodied in loose memoranda. These, with the aid of memory, constitute the basis of this written life.

Among my first recollections, strongest of all is the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. He had become the terror of Europe, and many an American father and mother used the name of Boney to frighten the children to bed at early candle-light. I can vouch to this day for the fact as regards my parent. Little then did I think, as I shrunk beneath the quilt—my head under the pillow—at this name of terror, who was the cause of the same, and what were his deeds, whose threatened coming made "each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Boney is coming—alas,

he came—and he is gone! How I devoured his published life when first the precious duodecimo came into my hands. Night and day I was swallowing the battles and the speeches to his troops; the military ardor seized me and I was shouting victory throughout the house, knocking down tables and chairs, by cannonades of flat irons! crossing the Alps on clothes-horses, and pelting the maids in my own and the neighbors' domiciles with all sorts of missiles; hanging traitor cats and dogs on the trees or clothes-lines, and doing all sorts of juvenile military mischief, instigated principally by Boney's example; and the occasional sham fights I witnessed by the militia of the town, conducted with all the precise solemnity and utility usual in the days when I was a boy. I thought I should be a soldier, and studied diligently the art of war.

In all lives, the years from ten to fifteen of most boys cover a medley of actions. As I look back to the days composing those years, I do not find much to regret, or that I wilfully did a grievous wrong. I think I was a modest, well-behaved boy. The occasional outbreaks of genius were quieted by the practical cold water applications of my instructor, who never failed to convince me of the absurdity of some of my propositions before I had promulgated my crudities to my schoolmates; thus I escaped ridicule and sarcasm—weapons not of the hands—always to be used against me with effect; the strokes of which I could never successfully parry, if directed by hands skilled in this kind of fence.

I do not know that some part of my history, however interesting to me, and to the friends who may survive me, will be cared for by those who only know Yankee Hill as one of the "amusing vagabonds" of his day; and who

in his, written life, seek only for the amusement his acting life afforded.

Others expect in a life, detail; and if one's father or mother had happened to have been hanged, and the offspring, as in this case, from choice or necessity becomes the family chronicler, the truth would be expected from his pen at the proper time, and in the proper place, with some liberal allowance on the reader's part for any extenuating circumstance as to the innocence of the strangled parties or the unusual severity of the sentence in the case for the smallness of the offence.

With the avowal of my objection to hanging anything living as a punishment----and certifying also that neither my father or any of my connections or relations were disposed of in this way----I dismiss the further consideration of the subject.

I am not writing the characters of the "Hills," nor do I intend to transmit to posterity the life of my parents.

I have noticed on a previous page, that the responsibility of my existence rested upon the respectable individuals, my father and mother. A further responsibility rests on parents, in the raising of their offspring, and giving them, according to their means, a good moral training, and substantial education.

Philosophers and others who have condescended to write upon that association of human impulse called Love, state, as an axiom, that love at first sight is not enduring in its smitings and consequences. In my life is involved both sides of this question.

A short sketch of the Hill family, a step or two backwards, will illustrate one side. I am writing now of my father and mother.

When, in the course of events, I write of myself, show-

ing that I too assumed the responsibility of paternity, in communion with a partner chosen even as my father chose my near maternal relation, the other side of the question will be argued.

I shall change the mode of Hamlet's address to the courtiers; instead of, "or as you say my mother," I shall say "my father."

The reader will find that my title to Yankee, as a matter of birth, is sufficiently legitimate.

Frederick Hill, Esq., of Rutland, Vermont, was my grandfather on my father's side—a lawyer—said to be of some distinction in his professional way.

One son, I believe the eldest of five children, was known as Ureli K. Hill. He was a musician---an organist at one time of Brattle street Church in Boston; in the walls of which church remains a ball fired in the Revolution from the British cannon. I know little of his history, and cannot at this day discover what the letter K. in his name is intended to represent. I shall explain the cause of my ignorance in this particular case, and of other matters.

My mother was the daughter of Stephen Hull, of Hartford, Connecticut. Her name, Nancy. She was said to be exceedingly accomplished and beautiful, with much musical ability, and the object of great admiration among the gentlemen in the society with which she associated.

My father, as the family legend has it, fell in love with her at their first interview; and while preparing with some threads of silk an Eolian harp, at a window, managed by some nonsense about "silken bands of love binding him to her for ever," to communicate to her the impression she had made on him, and to propose

as she was holding part of the skein of silk, to marry her.

An attachment begun here; both were musical, and the result of this harp making was, that shortly after, Ureli K. Hill and Nancy Hull were married by Rev Mr. Raynor, an Episcopal Clergyman.

The general result of this love marriage was unhappy.

A sister and a brother had been added to the family before its location in Water street, Boston. The sister died; the brother, known to the musical world as U. C. Hill. While the family residence was in Water street, the individual known afterwards as "Yankee Hill," was born. While I was yet an infant, a separation took place between my father and my mother; with him went forth my brother Ureli; I remained to become the spoiled child and pet of my mother.

My parents never met in life after that separation which occurred when I was an infant in my mother's arms.

So far as I can learn, it was a mutually arranged act; no other persons but themselves having knowledge of the cause, so far as I have been able to discover; so that this union of spontaneous affection, interpreted by the silken bonds, was not of a very durable character.

My mother was of that temperament which never borrows trouble, to use a homely phrase. She always felt rich, even when most in need. I inherited that quality from her.

I regret that I did so. I had nothing to complain of while under her direction, but of too much indulgence; then, doubtless, I rejoiced at the loose reins by which I was guided.

I do not know that I shall further introduce mere family matters into this period of my life.

The peculiarities of my progenitors are of some value to those who study character. I can account for the origin of some of my natural propensities, which induced habits difficult of eradicating, in the elements of formation transmitted from my parents.

I too committed matrimony in haste, the original idea of which was elicited by an accidental interview with the partner of my hopes and joys, my miseries and trials.

I do not intend at this time to discuss that division of the question relating to "love at first sight," in which my own marriage is a part of the argument. I shall first go through my happy school days, tracing the germ of that active passion developing itself in barns and cellars, kitchens and garrets, which led me at last to smell the real lamps, in the legendary words of the green room.

Although I propose method, I have it not. Polonius' words will not apply to me in book-making, if book-making be madness—"Though this be madness, yet is there method in it." And I ask myself shall I ever read in print that which I have engaged to write?

My thoughts are ramblers; to express them, I must reverse the pithy quotations of authors, to establish a fact so often used.

Unlike Lady Macbeth's order to her guests to go, my thoughts "stay not upon the order of their" coming; but they will come at once, and as they come, in haste and without order, so do they leave the mysterious chambers of the mind their rendezvous.

CHAPTER II.

"And then, the whining schoolboy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS—FIRST APPEARANCE AT SCHOOL AMONG THE CHILDREN IN BOSTON—REMOVE TO RAYNHAM, AND THERE APPEAR IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL—ADVENTURE ON MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN THIS CHARACTER—PROPOSAL FROM MY RELATIVES TO ATTEND A COURSE OF STUDIES AT THE BRISTOL ACADEMY IN TAUNTON—REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST—EXPECTATIONS FOR THE FUTURE.

I AM indebted for the first lessons of infant teaching to my mother. At that period of my life marked by the fifth year, I was transferred to the care of a lady at the south part of Boston, then known as Madam Ayres, according to my recollection a personage of considerable rotundity, with a sharp nose, grey eyes, and hair once red, or golden, at times mingled with a white growth sufficiently numerous to entitle the mixture to be known as red roan, when applied to the skin of a horse, upon his own trunk, or when transferred—as was often the case in the days of which I write—to the outer surface of a box used for the safe keeping of such articles of wardrobe as are needed on journeys, and which was a part of a traveller's equipage, known as his trunk, more troublesome to keep the run of than his own ideas.

I had just such a trunk in after life, and it was perpetu ally associated in my mind with the roan-colored head of the school ma'rm," who is at this time undergoing the process of mental exhumation. She has slept in peace many years — ditto, her hus-

band---not in one grave, but side by side, an occurrence during their life time not often noted, and as seldom enjoyed, if neighbors' tales are true.

I do not mean to be understood that their connubial couch was like that one in which they are taking their last sleep, but the husband was a watchman; his duty was performed in the night, and "School mar'm Ayres" avowed to her neighbors that she could not sleep in quiet when her man was away, because she didn't know what he was about.

And when he came home after the fatigue of his nightly patrol, he could not sleep in quiet,in consequence of the interrogatories put to him by his better-half, as to the state of the morals of the citizens, and the infringements of municipal laws, and other doings, of which she supposed him to be cognisant, of people who choose night rather than day to mingle and to jollify.

The school and the children occupied Mrs. Ayres' time pretty well. Hers was a model school of her day—not a public school—and the entry into the low porch leading to the front door of her three-story house, as a candidate for the honors of her teaching, was considered both by parents and child as an achievement of which everybody's child could not boast. In after years the subject was invaluable in an estimate of acquirements which were necessary for a child to possess before passing into the public Grammar School at seven years of age.

In brief, for twenty-five cents a week I was to be allowed to draw wisdom from the fountain at which Mar'm Ayres was the presiding goddess in such measures as my mental stomach could receive and digest.

A B, ab's, and their relative, words of one syllable, to some extent I was acquainted with. I was encouraged to be a good boy, and munching a piece of cake, I was taken from home to be deposited among the infantry under the drill of Mrs. Captain Ayres.

I arrived; was met at the porch by the teacher, or "School mar'm," in the vernacular of those days; she had a rod in her hand, bent and flexible from recent use upon the pantaloons and subjacent parts of an urchin, Bill Ryder by name, whose hair was of the color of hers who held the rod. Her frowns changed to smiles as she received the new source of anxiety and income in the shape of George H. Hill.

I was welcomed in, my piece of cake laid by till after school, my cap hung upon a peg; I placed at the tail end of the fourth class, told to be a good boy and to "sit still" for my first lesson.

I tried to do so; I couldn't. After a while, Bill Ryder was brought out from a dark closet, rubbing his eyes, crying, either from the smart of the rod or the recollection of the whipping; perhaps both.

Although the first day at school impressed itself so strongly on my mind that I could describe it minutely, it will not be so described.

I remained under the rule of Mrs. Ayres but a short time, as the circumstances under which my mother again visited Boston, after friendly sojournings in the country, had so materially altered, that she found it, convenient to return again to her out-of-town friends.

For some time her residence was in the town of Raynham, in the south-eastern part of Massachusetts; and there or in its vicinity we remained for some years.

As I have been informed, all my recitations were

given with variations of my own, spiced with the ludicrous additions which are usually made by a child reputed smart, whose little errors are made the theme of laughter rather than correction. I had memory, but no application. My prayers, taught me by my mother, were mingled with songs and school lessons, and the spirit of travestie seemed to inspire all my efforts at serious mental work.

I was bold in the presence of my mother, a veritable "little Pickle," but rather shy among strangers. A peculiar bashfulness and distrust of my own powers was natural to me, and, strange as it may seem to others, I am not rid of this drawback upon free action to this day.

I was at an early age sent for a short time to the District School at Raynham.

That was a great day in my juvenile career. I took my place among a lot of rough, country lads, of all sizes and ages. Silence reigned. As I ventured to look about the school room, horrid visions of discipline filled my mind. The stove funnel was suspended by long iron wires from the ceiling in the form of hooks. One had been left for which there appeared to be no particular use. This my imagination metamorphosed into an instrument of torture. I whispered to my neighbor, asking for information as to its use. He said, "To hang up boys who don't get their lessons."

The master looked daggers in the direction of the place where I sat.

"Boys that whisper in this school are to be punished," said he, in a harsh tone of voice, and with an expression of countenance which would give you an idea of an inquisition. I've seen a cast-iron knocker on a prison gate not unlike it.

I could not help whispering for the life of me. I had often been promised a whipping at home and at Mrs. Ayres' school, but I never received it, and why or wherefore I could never tell. I would not resist a rising feeling of defiance against this law to prevent whispering, and the promulgation of the terms of the penalty of infraction.

I kept whispering to my former mate, who every way tried to keep me still; now touching my toe with his toe, nudging me with his elbow, keeping one eye on the master, the other on me, with sundry expressive grimaces, all having for their purpose, the intent to keep me still, and save me from the threatened castigation. Presently the iron mouth of the master opened:—

"Who's whispering?"

The boys all looked different ways, and no one answered.

"Who is whispering?" again was heard.

"Speak, or I'll flog you all," said the dominie, with the upraised greenhide; shaking it in token of his intentions, he repeated his question and threat. I could'nt hold in any longer; in a small, trembling voice, I said, "I, sir, but I didn't mean to." "What, the new boy, Hill," said the master. "Come up and be flogged." This part of the performance, I was unwilling to participate in. I kept my seat. "Thompson bring Hill along up here," said the master.

Thompson was a big-boned boy, strong as an ox. He advanced and took hold of me by the shoulders; I resisted, with both legs clinging round the bench upon which I had got astride, and both arms clasped round the form. He tugged, and I held on, hallooing "Mother," lustily. Before I could be loosened from my hold, it

took a boy to each arm and leg, with Thompson as general foreman; and the master himself, who, with a dignified alacrity, "bossed the job."

I was carried to the place of punishment, near the master's desk, and stood upon the floor filled with mingled emotions of fear, impudence, revenge, and boldness; my jacket over my shoulders, my trousers above my knees, hair rumpled; the dust of the schoolroom and the tears mixed together running from my eyes to my chin, made my whole appearance an object of interest to the bread and butter munching urchins of Raynham district school on this occasion of my first visit among them.

I was not punished. Being my first offence, I was sent back to my seat with a reprimand, and some good advice as to my future conduct.

I observed a smile wrinkle up the face of the district master, as I left him. I do not know what induced me to behave in this rebellious way. I never had been flogged, and the idea made me feel as if I had rather die than suffer it. I felt like a rat in a corner, and was considered a spunkey boy by my schoolmates; though at that time in reality I had no more moral courage in my composition than a caterpillar. My reliance in danger was always upon my mother.

Many years after this, I met Thompson, a stalwart teamster in the employ of an Iron Company, near Boston. He remembered me and the incident of the schoolroom; and we enjoyed a hearty laugh together at the reminiscence.

"Look at my finger," says he; "you see that scar? You bit it, you little cub, you, when I was trying to snake you out of your seat."

There was a scar plain enough; I didn't know that I made it. He said so, and I dare say he spoke the truth.

I attended the District School at intervals; my progress in my studies was slow; I was much more diligent in studying" deviltries, "as sundry persons gaveout.

I had often proposed to my mother to allow me to go to some trade, or do something to support myself; but she was never willing to have me out of her control. She thought I should be something in the world, but had no idea, that in order to make my way anywhere, I must be at work myself.

Although my relations were aware of my aversion to study, they considered me a smart boy; and my cousin Mr. Goldsbury, proposed to receive me as a pupil in the Bristol Academy, Taunton, of which institution he was the preceptor.

This proposition did indeed kindle up a little enthusiasm in me. I had looked upon the pupils of the academy as a higher race of boys.

There was a latent spark of ambition in me; I looked up to ministers, lawyers, and doctors, with a profound regard, yet I had hardly supposed I should ever be one of them.

My mother was pleased with the proposition of Mr. Goldsbury; and as he discoursed upon the value of a good education, and referred to individuals who had been instructed in Bristol Academy, and there prepared to enter the university at Cambridge, I became enthusiastic.

I listened to the good advice given to me, and survey ed with no small degree of satisfaction the pile of books, in the pages of which I should find the material to lay the foundation of my future greatness.

I heard the elder boys recite their lessons in grammar, history, theology, natural philosophy, and other branches of a sound education with great delight.

But the occasional exercises in declamation were most attractive to me. The soliloquies of Richard the Third and Macbeth, with the dialogues from Douglas and other plays, I learned by hearing the other boys speak them; and imitated in the delivery out of school the different manners and peculiar tones of voice of the speakers.

I was encouraged to study by my friend and instructor, Mr. Goldsbury. I was sometimes talked to smartly; but to discipline, my mother was an enemy; and if anybody spoke harshly to her George, tears told how much it grieved her.

There were times, however, when I looked to the future, in the hope of emulating the great characters of history, in the conjurations my preceptor raised.

I saw the number of my seat in the halls of congress with equal distinctness; and the faces of the judges and clients with whom I was to associate so impressed their features on my mind, that if I should now sketch their portraits, from memory, and attach them to this life, they would be recognized by their friends and associates, the originals being found among the most learned and intelligent of the great ones of the day.

But although my preceptor "bore the glass that showed me many more" in the long line, one "thing" that has happened, was not foreshadowed. The actual "coming" and veritable "events" of my life were not "shadowed before."

I saw in my visions and day dreams no fellow in overalls and slouched hat, with a paste bucket and brush

in one hand, and a bundle of play-bills in the other, sticking up against the walls of churches and stables, on fences, and in bar rooms, in large letters the name of

YANKEE HILL

for a few nights. Jedediah Homebred, Si Saco, "*et id omne genus*," where were you then?

The wand of my Merlin gave you no local habitation or name. The theatre entered not the workings enclosed by cerebral convolutions in the brain of my mentor, or the mass under my own calvarium.*

I never see the bill-sticker going his rounds without a sensation; and I am led to doubt all prophecy, all second sight, when I think of his absence in the representations and mental processions prospective of my future mission so often produced under the direction of the respectable gentleman who has been mentioned as my guide to learning, and pilot through the straits of youthful struggles leading to the ocean of life.

* If the professional reader think strange of the use of scientific terms, it may be added that about this time—the time of writing—Mr. Hill had commenced the study of anatomy. While fresh upon a subject, he was very enthusiastic.

CHAPTER III.

" To teach the young idea how to shoot.

ACADEMIC LIFE—SEEING THE ELEPHANT AND HIS ASSOCIATES IN TAUNTON—SYMPTOMS OF DRAMATIC INOCULATION—INTRODUCTION TO EUCLID—A PLAY IN THE PARSONAGE HOUSE—SOME TAUNTON CHARACTERS—A HORSE STORY—A LONG CHAPTER, TERMINATING WITH PREPARATIONS FOR A CHANGE OF RESIDENCE—AND THE PARTING WORDS TO TAUNTON FRIENDS—" GOOD BYE TILL I SEE YOU AGAIN."

I HAD been six months at Taunton, when Potter, the ventriloquist, visited the place to give his entertainments, which consisted of juggling, song-singing, legerdemain, and ventriloquism.

Potter is now forgotten by a generation who witnessed his wonderful displays; and perhaps unheard of by the thousands who remember Ramo Samee, the sword-swallower; Blitz, the magician; Harrington, the ventriloquist; and others of lesser name.

Potter was a colored man, gentlemanly in his address, adroit in the management of his show, sagacious in the dispositions of his funds, and no bad member of society; although it was thought by many that he had some mysterious understanding with the notorious gentleman in black which enabled him "to work such roots," as they termed the tricks of his art.

How I sought in vain to penetrate the secrets of the dancing egg, the ring in the pistol, and the pancakes that he fried in his hat without fat or fire.

I tasted one of the pancakes. It was forbidden fruit. A song he used to sing, "Pretty Deary," haunted me; I sung it morning, noon, and night. And in part to that

song I owe, perhaps, the cultivation of a power of imitation natural to me, which talent introduced me at last to the theatre, and furnished me with food and lodging at a time when the only notes I had in my possession were those created in my own vocal bank or apparatus, as occasion served, and which, by natural transition, were exchanged for coin, in its turn procuring beef, ham, and mutton, or bread and cheese, as the state of the exchequer warranted, or the exigencies of life demanded.

An order of the academy forbade the pupils to attend Potter's show, travelling circuses, or theatrical deviltries.

The itinerant caravan was not included in the ban.

We might see the "elephants" and the lions, the camels and the tigers; there was no harm in our witnessing the daring exploits of Dandy Jack, on his Shetland pony. The stirring up of some dozen noisy, chattering apes and monkeys was considered an edifying display, as it was supposed to illustrate some of the teachings of natural history.

The caravan of my Taunton days was a different thing from the magnificent menageries collected by such showmen as Rufus Welsh, the Macombers, June, Driesbach, and Van Amburgh.

No long train of decorated waggons conveying the show with caparisoned horses and gilded cars, in which bands were playing the gems of Italian opera in a style worthy the Academy Royal of Paris, paraded the streets in open day, making their grand *entree* into a town the business and talk of the inhabitants.

These are the brilliant tactics of our modern showmen. I have seen both; but memory lingers, with boy-

hood's rapture, upon the first love of sights on Taunton green.

Stealthily, and by night, came the caravan of old into the place of exhibition, whether of tent or barn.

The morning sun saw displayed upon the walls, pictures of the wonderful brutes within, waiting to be shown up in both states of domestic training and natural ferocity.

I see now the signs of the Polar bear, and the African lion, the two-headed calf, and Dandy Jack dressed in regimentals, standing upon his pony.

I hear the hurdy-gurdy and the big drum, which, between the descriptive parts of the show, together gave you an idea of such tunes as are named "Money Musk," "Yankee Doodle," and "Hail Columbia."

To show the nature of the beasts, they were supplied with live animals—cats, rats, dogs, rabbits, and the like. These they killed and devoured in presence of the audience, as an extra attraction, and duly noticed in the bills of the day.

I furnished one cat, against whom I had a grudge, for the purposes of the show, and obtained admission at her expense. Her "monument" was the "tiger's maw."

How differently now is this part of the show conducted. Royalty witnesses the feeding of the animals; and good beef, or mutton, slaughtered, and dressed in a style worthy of its destiny, is served up to them in quantities and qualities far in advance of the rations upon which subsists many Christian people, who hold that brute beasts are something inferior to human beings.

So much for shows of one kind. After this digres-

sion, I return to Potter, against the rule, Granger, and I visited the Hall in which he performed.

One of his principal comicalities was a humorous dissertation on Noses, in the course of which he gave imitations of the wearers of the said noses. This, in Yankee phraseology, "took my eye," and I tried hard to remember the matter, and to imitate his manner; if I may believe the testimony of his listeners and admirers, who witnessed my version of his "Noses," I succeeded admirably. One of the farm boys said—as he, with staring eyes and gaping mouth swallowed the "composition"—"That 'cademy feller, Hill, could act it out to a notion!"

There was fun in me. I had ever a strong desire for the style of jokes called practical, and would often plan a trick which should excite laughter at its discovery, —though I did not dare to say a funny thing too often in the hearing of any of the members of the family with whom I was domiciled.

Many a laugh was stifled, in the internal reservoir of cachinatory action, devoted by the animal economy to such purposes, in my organization.

Among my earlier lessons was inculcated the propriety of an *ism*, prevalent in puritanical circles, called long-faced *ism*.

A genuine explosive tribute to humour, indicative of a high state of mirth and cheerfulness, in the shape of a hearty laugh, was interdicted, as injurious to morals, in a superlative degree.

Human nature, like murder, will out; and though my merriment was mostly enjoyed on the sly, at times it was beyond control, and I was caught laughing loud, and punished accordingly.

Oh! ye teachers of the creed that change the wrinkles of laughter in the young face, facile to express the emotion of the mind, into the strong channels of sadness, as depicted in the pictures of him, known as the "knight of the rueful countenance," what is the philosophy that suggests your unnatural precepts?

"Laugh and grow fat," says the humorist. The humorist and the physiologist agree in this. Why deprive man of one of the distinctive marks which separate him from the brute creation? Man is the only animal that laughs. Why prevent children from enjoying this great prerogative?

I began, at Taunton, to laugh more than ever; and I began to make others laugh. The more I enjoyed the luxury myself, the more willing was I to witness the enjoyment of it in others.

My later experience has afforded many examples of those whose trade it was to make men laugh, yet themselves were miserable when not exercising in the duties of their vocation.

In some this is nothing but affectation; in others, a sad reality.

Hackneyed as is the theme, I cannot resist recording my evidence of the injustice of criticism, when applied to the comedian's efforts to amuse a public; the jest of the author has been committed to memory. The motley wear may cover his limbs. In person he is upon the stage; but the overwhelming weight of domestic affliction, or the recollection of his pecuniary condition may paralyze the efforts of his mind; unfitting him for his task of merry-making, and driving him, perhaps, to the tempting "waters of Lethe," so generously placed within his reach, by friends, to drown the

sorrows forced upon his attention more strongly by the compulsory acts of duty, which are to fill others with joy.

Critics, you have ever used me kindly. Think of this, when you are about to ply your corrective lash to some apparently careless histrion. His shortcomings may arise from misfortunes which his pride urges him to conceal.

And you, generous convivial friends of the player, who enjoy the rich fund of conversational lore garnered up from the experience of his days, and which is his capital in trade, do not, when he desponds, tempt him into the glow of talk with his enemy, wine. It is his weakness; his heart is sore for the poverty of his pocket. The price of the wine you lavish upon him, that he may forget his troubles, would relieve them, and save him and his family from the ruin that often attends the player's fate.

I eave digressed again. I should confine myself to my Taunton days, reserving to a hereafter such matters as appertain to such a time.

Well, I did go to see Potter. I sung his songs, and imitated his oddities. For this I was called up to be publicly reprimanded, in presence of my companions, all of whom sympathised with me in my disgrace.

I did not feel it a disgrace. I did not complain of the punishment, nor should I, had it been more severe. I had broken a law of the school—in my opinion an absurd law. Still, I was bound to obey, or failing, to abide the penalty.

I did think I should escape being found out. I took the risk and missed the figure. I would sing the songs that betrayed me, and when the dominie put the ques-

tion to me, of my guilt or innocence in the premises, I "confessed the cape." For this evidence of honesty, he praised me, and was pleased to abate half of the penalty, in such cases made and provided. I thanked him; and as I was not to receive the balance of punishment, I did not inquire into the nature of my loss.

The reprimand did me no harm. It made my fortune with the boys; in the hours of recess behind fences, in barns, and other bye-places, groups would assemble to hear Hill give Potter's songs and funniments.

Often, in the splendid and crowded theatres of the metropolis, when I have been honored by shouts of laughter and applause, as I was giving the audience my notions of Yankee character, have I thought of Taunton school days, and the merry faces of my earlier audiences, laughing at the same queer expressions, not quite grown into perfect form, which were now recognized as truthful touches of nature.

I was restless at Taunton. Study became more and more irksome. I shall never forget the day when a book was placed before me, with the remark that it would be useful in any position of life, to be acquainted with its contents. Upon the page opposite to the title-page, within an oval frame, was an engraving. At the first glance, I took it to be a head of Shakspeare. I was mistaken. "Isaac Barrow" was the name of the individual represented; and instead of the glorious plays of the Bard of Avon, the title-page showed the text to be a series of figures of a very different description. I will transcribe it in part from memory:

EUCLID'S ELEMENTS.

The whole Fifteen Books Compendiously Demonstrated with ARCHIMEDES' THEOREMS OF THE SPHERE AND CYLINDER—INVESTIGATED BY THE METHOD OF INDIVISIBLES.

By Isaac Barrow, D.D., late Master of Trinity College.

My reader will readily understand the character of the book, and can judge of the pleasure its perusal would give me, when he knows that I shuddered at the solution of any arithmetical problem which involved fractions of whole numbers, or required any of the compound combinations of the elementary rules of arithmetical science.

I was advised to get familiar with its principles, as in time it would be an object of special study in the course of my academic career.

I took Euclid, by Isaac Barrow, to my chamber. I looked at its pages—in the beginning, the middle, and the end of the book—to me it was incomprehensible. I understood Potter's dissertation on Noses much better. If my mind could have been illustrated, the picture would have been a strange one.

This was the effect of my first introduction to Euclid's Elements, and my last essay in the science he taught. Ever since, I have wondered how any person could figure out geometrical problems. "Every one to their trade." The problem suggested to my mind for its own solution, after that night of scientific enquiry, was something like the following:

"If all the boys in the academy study Euclid, and I do not, what is the use of my staying any longer in Taunton?"

I had made up my mind, that the more I should study, the less I should understand, and communicated

VISION OF MOSES AND ARITHMETICAL FIGURES.

to my friend, Mr. Goldsbury, my determination of leaving the academy at the end of the term.

Thus I solved that problem. All my thoughts were now engaged in another proposition. How was I to get my living in the world? Expectant college honors were fast retreating from my more practical sight. An art or trade was to employ my energies. I thought of many, but could decide upon none.

Among the earliest associations of my academic days, a lasting friendship was formed with a lad about my own age, and in every point of character entirely my opposite.

He was the son of a shipmaster in Boston, whose wealth and liberality are well-known. All sought to be noticed by him. With the greatest kindness he proffered his aid in explaining to me my lessons, and nobly defended me, when I resented the conduct of the older boys, who were inclined, at first, too roughly to initiate me into the customs of the place.

I am not writing fiction, but truth; and as I sketch my own sayings and doings in part, there is necessarily involved the collateral acts of other persons with these persons, and their acts, mine are interwoven. In my travels through the United States, and in Europe, I have enjoyed the society and friendship of many distinguished persons, some of them I may name in this work with propriety, others I may not.

In that class of works of fiction, having for their object the portraying character, and describing real life under the more or less transparent veil of romance, none is more popular than biography; and though the interest is intended to centre in the individual whose life is thus reproduced, and his actions, in the same

degree as in the hero of the novel; still, others of the group, which naturally surround the principal feature, become objects of our regard, and sometimes prove dangerous rivals to the marked hero himself.

These works of fiction are but transcripts of characters; pictures of real life, drawn and colored, according to views taken by the artists who describe them. What is considered important in a plan of imitative biography, must be equally so in a real one.

I do not think myself qualified to write a book of sufficient merit to interest many readers, or to be judged by any standard rules of literary criticism; nor do I think I can revive the incidents of my own life, in exact train, of regular method, or record them in a style attractive from the graphic quality alone.

I write as occasion serves. I begin a chapter in New York or Boston, continue and finish it by the way; and on my arrival in New Orleans. Weeks and months may intervene.

If I follow the mood I am in, I abruptly leave description and engage in reflection, and hold converse with my supposed reader as familiarly as if I held him by the hand.

Others have written in this way before me. There is in it no originality. I aim at none. Phrases from works of fiction, in which I have had dealings, may escape from my pen. I am ignorant at the time that they are not the coinage of my own brain.

My friend of the academy came to my aid in after years; yet I cannot give his name. But for the purpose of my narrative, I shall call him *Joseph Granger*. He may write his life; it has been an eventful one. I

shall feel proud, if he deems it proper, to see my name in any way connected with his.

Before I turn aside the sheet filled with Taunton associations, I make this memorandum.

That, at Taunton I became acquainted with some eccentric persons, of whose oddities I made available acting capital.

Gad Brickford was formerly connected with the whaling business; had sailed from Nantucket; and by trying out whale and other fat fish in the Pacific Ocean, the blubber of which he brought home, and sold for sperm oil, he had become rich, left off whaling, and occupied his time in telling fish stories, long yarns, religious experiences, lives and adventures of persons he had fallen in with at sea, and sundry other matters naturally belonging to a life of single blessedness, in which state Gad Brickford lived, on a road much frequented in Taunton. A strange attachment he had for horses, sailors not usually rating these animals over high among the objects of their regard; I suppose for the traditional forecastle reason that these animals in parts were so often represented at sea in the beef kid. "Old horse" revives, at times, associations not the most pleasant to sailors.

The peculiarity in this horse connection which first attracted my notice, was witnessing Gad Brickford deliberately taking an old French gun, about which he used to tell large stories, and shooting an old horse which an old man was leading by his house.

The old man, after recovering from his fright, walked up to Gad's door, as he put away his gun, and lit an

irregularly rolled mass of tobacco, known in those days as a long nine.

The horse, who was worn out with age and hard usage, fell by the shot.

I have seldom since seen such a specimen of distortion, disease and misery, as this poor abused animal, and I rather guess I have seen bad specimens of horses in my time.

I will not vouch for the exact words which passed between Old Ball, the owner of the horse, and Gad Brickford, at this interview; but in substance I have preserved it.

Old Ball was seventy odd years of age, and boasted a great deal of "Bunker Hill," "Concord and Lexington." Some people disputed his claim to any participation in these glorious affairs. He was considered, in Taunton, a hard case. He had been a pedlar. At this time he had no particular occupation, but worked round at different places, jobbing here and there. He lived alone. His house, barn, horse, and self, were all in keeping, old, worn-out, going to the dogs fast. He was small in stature, and evidently a tough customer, a great cider drinker, with red eyes, thin sandy grey hair. His nose, flattened from the kick of a horse, did not add much to his personal beauty, or kindness of expression.

I cannot describe him as he is now presented before me. Poor old Ball. I know not if at this moment the reality is among the things that live.

But I will give the interview, and the reader, if I have one, must imagine the character, as before him.

Old Ball, thin, short, shabby, hat in hand, thus addressed Gad:

OLD BALL.

Well, 'squire. Good day. I s'pose you know what you've done out in the road yonder?

Gad Brickford, fat, red, and independent; in costume more in the style of comfort than the prevailing mode, taking the long nine leisurely from his mouth, letting the smoke escape in clouds to the final finish, in the shape of a mass of sputum, such as is a terror to nice housekeepers with white floors, or smart lieutenants on ships' decks—"A nasty caper any where, that spit tin," as Aunt Nabby Sykes used to say. Well, Gad, with this preparation, speaks:

GAD.

Yes, Ball—I've killed an old horse.

BALL.

Well, 'squire, what are you going to do about it?

GAD.

Pay for it. What was he worth?

BALL.

Well, 'squire, I don't want to take the advantage on you. Now, he's dead, and you killed him, I s'pose. I know you didn't mean to do it. Still, it's all the horse I've got. I valley'd him at ten dollars. I'll leave it out to the selectmen of the town, or to any three townspeople, except deacons, to say how much you shall pay me. Them deacons would gin in agin me, on account of my taking a drop of cider now and then.

GAD.

There's five dollars, Ball. Will you take it and give me a bill of the horse?

BALL.

Well, 'squire, to save law, guess I'll take your money.

GAD.

Agreed. Come in and take your money. I shot the old horse to put him out of his misery.

BALL.

Well, I snore you, squire. If I'd known that afore, I'd ask'd more on you. You did get the advantage on me; but I'll stick to my trade.

Old Gad and Ball enter the house. Reader, I am writing now as I should give a stage direction to the characters. You must imagine the situation of things described, and while they are settling the matter, I will add that this shooting of old horses was the peculiarity referred to in the commencement of Gad Brickford's character. More than once he has had to pay a larger sum than five dollars for the "whistle" he was so fond of playing on the Taunton road.

I waited to see the end of this trade in horses, and after a while, the parties came out of the house, Old Ball chinking the silver dollars in his hand, and, smacking his lips, which were wet with some of Gad's "old orchard," into which he had been a mug or so. He took long drinks, and was the original parodist upon the Caligulan saying about Rome's neck, after this fashion, that "he wish'd his neck was as long as Boston Neck; cider tasted so good going down."

"It's all right and fair," said Old Ball. "'Squire, I

hear'n tell of your shooting horses. I was taking the old critter round to the Pond Hole, to put her out of her misery. You did it for me, and I'm five dollars ahead on the trade!"

Old Ball went off in high glee. Gad travelled back to his house.

This was the trick of an old pedlar, cute but roguish. All pedlars are not like Old Ball, any more than all captains of whalers are like Gad Brickford, whose horse-shooting propensities rendered him somewhat notorious in the vicinity of Taunton, of which place I shall soon take leave for the present, although my fingers itch as I hold the pen, to describe an after-journey to this scene of my early amateur "song singing and dramatic impersonations"—I forbear. In its place it shall be given. But, perhaps, looking back to the lost hours, unemployed by me in those years of opportunity, at no better time, or in any better place, can I express my regrets at not having profited by the kind teaching of my friend, Mr. Goldsbury, who, with the ability, had the will to assist me in laying up stores of useful knowledge.

I have felt how much I lost, when, in idleness, I mis-spent the time at Taunton.

I hope my children will not suffer from a similar dereliction of duty which I cannot but blame in the conduct of my parent-guardian. My children shall go to school. My mother's pleasure was to let me decide that question. It has been seen how I decided it.

I was about thirteen years of age when my mother resolved to leave Taunton and its neighborhood, and remove to Boston. I was delighted with the move. The newspapers had informed me of the shows of Bos-

ton; and to obtain the sight of a theatre was the greatest desire of my heart.

I had my own idea of this kind of show—partly obtained by description given to me by those who had seen the "Elephant" in this most tempting form of exhibition, and partly by drawings which I had seen in books and upon show-bills.

With this limited knowledge of the drama and its temples, I had been manager and principal actor.

By the aid of blankets, patch-work quilts, boys and girls from my uncle's, the parson's house, I had constructed a theatre, and acted parts of Richard the Third.

On one occasion, while my uncle was on a visit to another parish, the parsonage house was the scene of our dramatic fury. In the midst of Richard the Third—with a large audience assembled in the garret to witness Shakspeare's play, according to my style of rendering it—in stalked my uncle, just as I had exclaimed, "Give me another horse—bind up my wounds."

Although a parson, he was a man of sense. His presence broke up the meeting; but a hearty laugh was all the reprimand either audience or actors received.

He knew that I was about to leave Taunton. He gave me good advice, but discouraged the cultivation of my actor propensities.

I sought out my companions to bid them good bye.

At the academy my reputation for scholarship was small; but, as I said good-bye to old and young, had I asked for a certificate that George Handel Hill was a good-natured, tender-hearted, honest, comical, lazy boy, it would have been signed for me by half the people in Taunton and Raynham, ministers and deacons included.

For these qualities, my imitations of Potter, the colored ventriloquist, and the manner in which I represented country bumpkins, and repeated stories of huskings and quiltings—I was remembered; and I have no doubt that the sorrow of many of them, as I took leave, was as heartfelt as it was kindly expressed. And so, farewell Taunton; as the honest Yorshireman says in the comedy, "Good-bye till I see you agin."

CHAPTER IV.

"The Play—the Play's the thing."—
"A play-house is the Devil's own hot-bed."—

I DEPART FOR BOSTON—THE LEFT-HANDED STAGE-DRIVER—FIRST SIGHT OF THE INTERIOR OF A THEATRE—THE MUSICIAN—LESSONS IN MUSIC—A SHORT CHAPTER.

I REMAINED in charge of my preceptor, Mr. Goldsbury, while my mother proceeded to Boston, with the intention of making that city her future home. Her arrangements being completed, I was sent for, and the day following the reception of her letter, I was prepared for my journey.

The Boston of that day was not the Boston of this; and, although my birth-place, few had been the years I had passed among its inhabitants; my early associations were not among the most pleasant of my life; yet there was something in after years that endeared me to my native spot. I have always cherished the highest regard for the friends I have met there; and I am happy to repeat what I have heard from the lips of intelligent American and foreign gentlemen—that its standard of morality, intelligence, and enterprise, is second to no other city in the American Union.

When the stage drove up to the door, I began to feel, for the first time, that I was leaving home; still, I was going to my mother, and to the centre of business, and starting point for ambitious youth.

That day will never be forgotten. Uncles, aunts, cousins and companions, were there to bid me good-bye. I laughed and I cried.

The driver of the stage lifted up the little blue painted box which contained my wardrobe and a supply of chestnuts, apples, and other love-offerings from my cousins, and I followed him to the seat. An apprentice lad had painted upon the top of this box, in red letters, "G. H. H;" and yellow dots upon the edges were to represent the heads of brass nails, then in fashion upon more pretending trunks than mine. I am particular in the description, for the trunk had other associations, and was a travelling companion years afterward, under different auspices.

I was crying when we started, but the rattle of the coach-wheels, and the crack of the whip, from the skilful flinging of the lash by the left-handed driver, with the occasional cheering "Don't cry, little man," from the aforesaid left-handed driver's smiling countenance and lips, changed the current of my emotions, and dry eyes and smiles took the place of tears and sobs.

How soothing falls the expression of good nature upon the sad? With the recollection of my journey from Taunton to Boston, and the kindness of this coachman present to my mind, I never see a left-handed stage-driver but I long to shake him by the whip hand, and to bestow a blessing upon the memory of my early acquaintance.

In this connection I may mention another left-handed stage-driver, well known along the route leading to the classic halls of Harvard.

I know not whether these "Jehus" were relations; but I can add, that I have also experienced the courtesy and civility of this veteran of the Cambridge line; and it appears to me to be one of the merits of

these left-handed gentlemen of the stages, to be always civil and kind-hearted.

Past and present students of Harvard College, embracing grandfathers and grandsons, no doubt, can add their testimony in praise of my Cambridge friend.

To them I leave his eulogy; and from them, if he needs it, may he find consolation and support in his retirement in old age.*

After various stoppages and adventures, we arrived safely in Boston, and I was put down at the house occupied by my mother in Washington-street, near Essex, in the neighborhood of the celebrated liberty tree.

I found a sort of relation with my mother who had always professed a great regard for me, and, some how or other, had been called uncle. As I afterward discovered, my future prospects had been the subject of discussion.

I shall not, even at this day, write his name, out of regard to the feelings of others in the family.

You might decide his character by one of his axioms —"It was nonsense to tax people for the edication of children; let them that wanted their children edicated, pay for it." "He had no children, and he didn't want to pay for other people's larnin'," was another of his logical flourishes, when the subject was brought up for discussion by those persons who wished to fulfil their duty, and deal justly by the rising generation, in preparing them for the conflict of life.

* Allusion is made here to the veteran, Morse, who drove a coach from Cambridge to Boston for a period of over forty years. He is now dead, but will be remembered by many who have had occasion io travel on this route. Mr. Hill was an especial favorite of this veteran driver.

After the usual salutation, my uncle inquired of me what I was going to do for a living?

My mother, who still fancied I should be a great minister, a lawyer, or a doctor, answered that she should see as soon as my education was completed.

"Why," said he, "George don't need no more edication. He is a smart boy, and can get along without it, as I did at his age. When he's rich, and can afford it, he can larn if he's a mind to. He had better go to a trade, and larn in his master's time. He can read and write, and cipher, and that 'ill do. I never liked the idea of his going to the 'cademy. You know, Nancy, 'cademys cost money; and, s'pose the teachin' don't cost much, it's bad for poor folks' children to go to 'em; it gives 'em notions, on other pints, they can't afford to have. George 'ill be a good boy without any more larnin', and do well. Won't you, George?"

I said, "Yes, uncle," for I had an idea that there were but a few really great men in the State of Massachusetts, and, in consideration of all I heard of this uncle's importance and pomposity, I felt sure he was one of the great men, if not the greatest. My mother listened to him as an oracle of wisdom, and was often influenced by his advice.

"You see, George," he continued, "I hear you are a smartish boy, and some folks say you'll do for a minister, like your uncle Hull. Well, so you may; but that's a good ways off, and ministers don't often get rich by preachin'. Some say 'Edicate him for a lawyer.' Well, all these kind of edications is expensive; and if any accident should happen to you before you get wholly larn'd for the business, that is, s'pose you should die—we're all likely to die—then all the money laid out

in 'cademy expenses, and college larnin', would be lost. Best way is to work along—don't you think so? Now, George, s'pose you go into a tavern, tend table first, and go around; perhaps you'll have to work a leetle in the stable, among the horses—see the jockeys—hear 'em talk. Cute fellows—generally have their eye-teeth cut. You can go to evening school. I know a master will take you cheap. I'll take your wages, and pay the master out of the store. That will keep trade going, and be doing good all round. Don't you see it right, George?"

I said "Yes," but I did not see any such thing. After my uncle's departure I retired, full of projects, and dreaming of my uncle's plans for me, with all sorts of variations.

I was occupied for some time in the store assisting my mother. In dull times, however, I had much leisure, and often traversed the streets of Boston, intent upon one wish—that of seeing the inside of a theatre; and, as I strolled through the city, I began a practical education, the lessons of which were of a character that had a fixity about them not to be forgotten in after days.

On one occasion, I was standing near a celebrated milliner's in Washington street, when a lady said to me, "Little boy, what is your name?" I disliked the salutation, "little boy;" however, I replied "Hill." "Well, Hill," said the lady, "do you know the way to the Boston theatre?" I answered, "Yes." "Then," said she, "will you carry that box to the stage door of the theatre for Mrs. Powell?"

My eyes and mouth opened wide to say "yes." The theatre that I had so often wished to see on the inside, when gazing on the outside, seemed now open to my

view. I soon reached the stage door with my band-box, and inquired for Mrs. Powell. The porter took the box, and all I saw was the dark and narrow passage leading to the stage. I remember, to this day, the smell of oil, powder, rosin, and other villanous odors which mingle at the entrances of theatres, and was in full ascendance at the door of the Boston theatre, in Theatre Alley.

Disappointed, I was slowly retracing my steps when I encountered a German musician, Mr. Von Hagen. With a view to reconcile myself to my dissappointment, I indulged in a habit, often my resource in similar cases, of whistling, for which accomplishment I had considerable talent. My musical exercise attracted the notice of Mynheer Von Hagen, a member of the Boston theatre orchestra; at that time he had some reputation as a violinist and composer of music. "Littel boy," said Von Hagen, "you vissle vere good; perhaps one of dese day you shall be a musician."

His praises elated me. I was not satisfied until I found out who he was, and when I did find him to be a musician, I called upon him. Inquiring into my history, I discovered that he had formerly known my father.

This worthy German appeared anxious to give me lessons in music, and actually did begin to instruct me in this science; but, alas! he had a failing which interfered with his prosperity, and my progress in the art of sweet sounds.

It is unnecessary to speak further of Von Hagen's weakness. Its character may be gathered, with a moral reflection for those who have indulged in the folly, from the source so often applied in these words:—

"What a fool is a man
To put an enemy in his mouth
To steal away his brains!"

An old German flute served my purpose to practice some of the lessons of Von Hagen, and to annoy the neighbors who had not sagacity enough to discover music in my variations of the musical scale. Thus, from whistling, I slid into flute-playing; and at one time I encouraged the idea that I should become a famous musician.

In later life, the whistling mania occasionally beset me; and, while in Europe, a song, the "Whistling Boy," was arranged for me, and, when sung, honored with encores and applause.

With this description of my early musical development, I take leave of the subject, with the simple reflection, that my parents, being both musicians, may account for my whistling predilections.

Nearly a year I continued in Boston, cultivating a truant disposition, and, in the mean time, anxious only for an opportunity to display my itinerant propensities.

I could not remain long in this condition, and finally decided to leave my home and my mother.

CHAPTER V.

"One man in his time plays many parts."

EARLY JOURNEYINGS—VISIT TO NEW YORK——GO INTO BUSINESS——PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF THE PARK THEATRE—ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE PERFORMERS—I FIRST WITNESS A PLAY—I MEET MY BROTHER—LEARN COMIC SONGS—CHOICE OF STEPS TO DRAMATIC FAME—I SELECT THE CHARACTER OF A PERUVIAN, WHO HAD NOT MUCH TO DO AND NOTHING TO SAY, IN PIZARRO—I APPEAR BEFORE A NEW YORK AUDIENCE FOR THE FIRST TIME—I GIVE AN ENTERTAINMENT IN BROOKLYN—AM ENGAGED BY A COUNTRY MANAGER, AND COMMENCE ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE VICISSITUDES OF A STROLLER'S LIFE—LOVE AND ROMANCE.

I LEFT Boston, and arrived safely in New York, occupying the time of my first day in the metropolis with reading the show-bills. The posters of that day were insignificant things compared to the blanket bills now announcing the great attractions offered at the theatres and museums, circuses and concert-rooms, of the different state capitols, into which all modern amusements, even to Italian opera, have been introduced as things of course.

As I read the names of Cooper, Barnes, and other stage heroes of the time, my dramatic fire began to burn.

Necessity required that I should smother the rising flame; and, in the vicinity of Chatham street, a placard in a jeweller's window—"Boy wanted"—attracted my notice. I entered, and inquired for the master of the shop.

When he ascertained that I was from Boston, he received me on trial, and I immediately began the duties of my office, the general nature of which may be summed up as follows :—

Open the shop; hang out the signs; lay out the rows of watches, rings and jewelry; run errands; dunning customers who had forgotten to pay their bills; carrying parcels to patrons' houses, &c.

My reward was, plenty to eat—a good bed to sleep and dream on; and many a bright dream cheered my labors, after a day of toil, suggested by the realities seen through the day, in the shape of the actors and actresses who frequented our store to purchase the glittering decorations so necessary to their costumes, when, before the lamps of the theatre, they strutted the kings, queens, lords, ladies, princes, or dandies of the hour.

Then, again, I had leisure to read books of comic songs, I studied them,—I sung them. The Hunters of Kentucky was an especial favorite with me. I visited the theatre. Who can describe, within a league of the truth, the excitement of a first night at the play? Many have attempted it; yet no description, that has come to my knowledge, from the pen of author, approaches the reality of my first visit to the Park Theatre.

I wish I had kept the play-bill of that night. Such a list of actors and actresses—all from some theatre royal, London. American talent then was hardly known. Plays and players were all imported. A few of the home-bred filled up the gaps; but the features of the play were from the other side of the "big pond."

I shall not describe Yankee Hill, when the green

curtain fell, for the last time, on the doings of that first night; nor shall I play the critic, using the players according to their deserts.

To me all was great—grand; and, as I walked slowly home, thinking of the duties next day in the store, it occurred to me that I should like to try a hand at playing; and the thoughts of brown paper, silver spoons, gold watches, legs of mutton, and all the pomp and circumstances of glorious trade, and domestic usefulness, vanished before the more glittering display of Dutch metal, glass diamonds, and embroidered satins, which were present ever after to my longing mind.

I know not if acting is like some diseases to which the flesh is heir, to be taken in the natural way, and by inoculation.

My friendly reader will have learned that I was predisposed to the contagion of the dramatic virus, before I ventured into that infected district—the Park theatre.

I had been inoculated; the effects of the operation were fast developing; and my employer, without calling to his aid much of his natural stock of sagacity, had detected the symptoms of an incurable case.

I had obtained admission to the theatre behind the scenes; and the mysteries of that part of the temple of Thespis, behind the green curtain, were, in some degree, unfolded to my view.

At last, another step to proud ambition was offered for my choice.

To aid the "Grease," as the lamp-lighter was termed in stage vocabulary, in his dispensation of oil and wick; or to make one of the crowd of Roman citizens or soldiers, in the tragedies acted nightly for the purpose

of introducing to an American audience a popular London star!

A lamp-lighter's assistant, or supernumerary, was the choice. I chose the latter. Pizarro was the play in which I first saw an audience from the stage. My size prevented the captain of the "supers" from sending me on as one of Pizarro's soldiers, else I might have boasted among my fellows, "I, too, have murdered a Peruvian." So, instead, I represented one of the frightened followers of the monarch of Peru, and had the pleasure to be hailed by the hero of the night as one of his "brave associates and partners of his toil."

And, subsequently, when the poor Indians, frightened at the Spanish muskets, ran for their lives, I had also the pleasure to be addressed in the impressive words, "Hold, recreants cowards."

Now, the jeweller's shop became a prison. I was spouting and song-singing all the time. My brother supers said the stuff was in me,—I believed them, and trade and I for a time bid adieu to each other. In other words, I left the jeweller's shop, as I had left my mother's house; but, unlike my predecessor, Norval, the son of Douglas, "I took no chosen servant to conduct my steps."

A few days after this, I was in Hudson-street, and, on the corner of Duane, I saw a tall young man leave a companion. At the same time I heard a voice opposite, and the words, "Halloo, Hill," attracted my attention. The tall young man looked at me, as I did at him.

Says I, "Is your name Hill?"

"It is," said he.

"That is my name, too, George H. Hill."

"Is it possible! Where were you from?"

"Boston," said I.

"Then you must be my brother. You look like the family; and when I left Boston with my father, I had a brother, George, but eleven months old.

After comparing the names of aunts and cousins, for the first time in my life, I received a brother's embrace. We walked on, speaking of family matters and past times, when we were met by our grandfather, Frederic Hill, with intelligence from my father. The reader will, doubtless, understand, that I had never then enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing him. I mean, my father.

I was then fifteen years of age, and resolved, in imitation of the great Mathews, of whom I had heard and read, to give an entertainment on my own hook. When duly prepared, I did so in the city of Brooklyn.

I had now fairly entered into the business which, for so long a period, had engrossed my entire thoughts.

A manager, present during the performance, offered me an engagement to join his company of travelling actors, then ready to start for the western part of New York.

He was of the opinion of Richard the Third, and practised upon the theory embodied in the quotation, "a little flattery sometimes does well."

He said I was the best comic singer he ever heard. Unsophisticated, honest, and ambitious, I believed him, and, in a pecuniary point of view, he had me at his own price.

The vicissitudes of a stroller's life fell to my share—playing in halls and barns, sometimes to numerous audiences, composed of every class of persons, as a fair

representation of the different grades of society congregate in the large towns. At others, spare indeed were the numbers assembled; and, though our advent into the village had been noticed with a grand flourish and display of bills, our departure was silently accomplished in the darkness, and our whereabouts studiously concealed from inquiring friends, who expected remuneration for lamps and hall, with other incidental aids furnished to our manager. He, expecting from the pockets of their friends and neighbors to fill his own purse, was doomed to disappointment; and they—the landlords—were compelled to take their share of this unsaleable commodity in payment. I will do my first manager the justice to record, that often, from the proceeds of a well-filled hall, would he send to some deserted village the amount due to the blustering landlord of a less favored community.

Nearly a year passed in this kind of life, picking up jokes and acquaintances, and beginning to look a little more like a man, than when first I read my name on the show-bill:

"Comic Song by Mr. Hill."

I discovered, early in my career, that girls would peep from behind doors and curtains to get a look at the show folks.

Many of them only allowed a sly glance at the "chaps that made so much fun."

Although naturally shy when in company of ladies, it was the wish of my heart to deserve their regard; and I was ready at all times to contribute to their pleasure and happiness, my mite of comicality.

After having sung "Pretty Deary," or "Barney leave the Girls alone,"—favorites at that time—I used to feel sentimental twitches of the heart, as their merry, sparkling eyes met mine, with the hearty laugh and applause which followed these private performances.

On one occasion, a young lady was standing in a room; as I entered, and met the gaze of her dark eyes, I found the power of speech had left me. I could not, by any means, address her with the most common phrases of civility.

Affection had often coquetted with me. I had felt tender at parting with divers Susans, Charlottes, Marias and Harriets, but this encounter had, in an instant, driven all these buxom country lasses from the storehouse which I had began to fill with the material, thought by the young and enthusiastic to be only parted with when existence itself is to end.

Even at the hazard of spoiling the story of my wooing, by anticipating its results, let me confess that I was in love, suddenly, irrecoverably, with a stranger maiden, who is now the wife of my hopes, and firm friend in adversity and prosperity, and to whom I am much indebted for the success and happiness that I enjoy.

Before this meets your eye, kind reader, we may both "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

Courtships are, in the main, alike. Falling in love at first sight was the error of my parents and has been the destructive fall of many a couple of human beings, and will be through all time.

Yet the two individuals, in whose welfare the writer feels the most profound interest, fell, at this time, from the mutual contagion which involved them, into the dis-

temper, as it has been called by those whose experience in its pathology is entitled to regard, and for which neither time, nor the medicine of varied fortune has proposed a cure.

At length my silence was broken, and we separated with the interchange of civility and friendly greeting.

It will serve no purpose to be particular in the preliminary proceedings which resulted in mutual confidence and engagement of marriage—on the condition that I should leave off acting. This was a terrible sacrifice; yet I submitted, in order to obtain the hand of my chosen one.* Her friends objected, and forbade me, on any account, to visit the house. We, however, continued to correspond, and our plans were sufficiently sane to baffle all the "lynx-eyed vigilance" of family connexions, busy neighbors, and rival suitors, until our letters were intercepted. This caused a strict watch over my intended, and strong anathemas against myself. As soon as I heard the news, I shut up shop in Rochester, and turned my face towards the town of L——, full of love, indignation, and determination. What happened there shall be the subject of another chapter, when I can find the leisure, and my inclination will serve to transcribe it.

* It will be understood that Mr. Hill had retired from the profession of a stage player, and was, at this time, doing business on his own account in Rochester.

CHAPTER VI.

"And then the lover."

"A horse—a horse—my kingdom for a horse!"

MY ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE.

Some one has said that a life of any person who has been actively engaged in the business of the world for forty years, written or unwritten, must contain incidents instructive, in a greater or less degree, to such persons as may have the knowledge of them.

This saying will apply with more force to the lives of great captains on land or at sea—politicians, lawyers, physicians, pirates, house-breakers, and others, who have excelled in their peculiar vocations—legal or illegal—and whose eminence at court, or on the gallows, have entitled them to biographies, intended to show the steps upon which they ascended the platform of glory, and gained the extreme point of their notoriety.

I did not specify actors in the list; but the reader will of course consider them included in the general collection represented by the significant word, "others."

There is a propriety in leaving them from the list of any assemblage of professions and trades, the members of which have furnished their representative man to the gallows, as a finish to their lives.

It is a fact, that no actor has ever been executed for crime. This truth is an argument of some weight in favor of the professional stage-player. I cannot say but

some of them may have deserved the penalty; but I do say, that no crime has been proved against an actor to render him a subject for execution upon the scaffold.

I am about to trace the incidents immediately connected with one of the most important events of my life—my marriage.

In some respects, it was brought about not unlike a preceding family affair in which I was interested. At the time of my engaging in the preliminaries, I was ignorant of the similarity. I allude to a subject noticed in an early chapter—the marriage of my father and my mother. Love at first sight was the stimulant of both; but the arranging of their compact was not disturbed by any opposing cannonades from parental batteries—the prying manœuvres of aunts and cousins—piques of old maids, or disappointed bachelors. The particulars of the ceremony are lost to the world; the repositories of this important detail were guests, in the form of friends and relatives, whose memories are damaged by the confusion of things forgotten, things present, and things to come.

But the accidents by flood and field, attendant upon my own entree into married life, are fresh in my memory, as to-day's salutation of an esteemed friend; and, by a strange coincidence, this is the very anniversary of my wedding day.

There are many scenes of actual adventure, as well as the imagined situation of imaginary heroes and heroines, which have become fixed things by the power of the pencil in the hands of the great masters, ancient and modern.

I shall not descend to catalogue making. Betrothals,

marriages, coronations, elopements, have been selected as subjects worthy to live forever on the canvass, which has received the oil and earths, the salts of metals, mixed by the hand of genius extempore, as the mind directed the work.

If I had the skill of an artist, I would illustrate my journey to the clergyman, with the doings by the way, and my journey from his place of business, in panoramic style.

This may not be, from my failure, at an earlier day, to become instructed in the elements of the art of painting.

"Words, words, words," are my reliance. My palette must be supplied with such colors as the dictionary furnishes; my brush—an erratic moving pen—set in motion by the impulsive thoughts of the self-historian, who is to portray scenes in which he is the hero; and, in order to realize with all the force of recognition most necessary to "point the moral or adorn the tale," the reader must cultivate intimate acquaintance with imaginative speculation, as he attends the progress of my wedding jaunt.

To those who have seen me in the Green Mountain Boy, I need not give a description of the bridegroom of that bridal.

I wore no striped frock; but, with rather a juvenile face, and, in costume, somewhat in advance of my years, I bristled about, making preparations for the great business of marriage, with a determination little less than that of Napoleon when crossing the Alps on a very different mission.

To avoid suspicion, we arranged, at our last inter-

view, that my intended should walk beyond the limits of the town in which she resided, when I was to overtake her.

I provided myself with a horse and wagon, formerly the property of a physician, and old enough to have been in the "French wars" for several years. He had a naggish sort of way when starting; this took my fancy. I was not then a much better judge of horses than some other things I could name.

I drove on; the horse turned up at every door-yard, in spite of all my requests for him to proceed, accompanied with the usual pull of the rein, and an encouraging cluck, and "get up."

He heeded them not, determined to have his own way; and, after a stop, longer or shorter, according to his usual custom, he would start off again, slackening his rate of speed after each new stop.

He began to collect his ideas, and, as I thought, was considering whether he had not gone in that direction as far as was desirable for him to go.

He came to a sudden stand-still in the middle of the road. It required all my skill in driving to prevent his turning round to go home—evidently his intention, when he refused to move forward. As an additional incentive to the "get up, sir," I touched him with the whip. Then there was a terrible moving of legs, with galvanic attempts at rearing, which caused the wagon nearly to upset as the animal crossed the road and recrossed it, responding with a grunt expressive of great dissatisfaction, at the hints given him in this way to go on. After an expression, between a neigh and a grunt, savoring of a revengeful epithet given in horse

vernacular, he jogged on awhile. Soon again he relapsed into the exercise of his stand-still propensities.

I again ventured the expressive use of the whip, which caused the more rapid movement of all four of his legs, ach one apparently intent on taking different directions.

It began to be dark, and I had not yet overtaken my bride-elect. Before me was a steep hill—a clergyman awaiting the arrival of the two, to be made one; behind me, the friends and family of ——, who might discover her absence, and, hearing of my departure with horse and wagon, follow us. An interruption to our proposed clandestine happiness was not among the improbabilities of the night.

While engaged in thoughts of this kind, and wondering what time we should meet, the interesting animal began to attend to his own business instead of mine; and, at the foot of a hill, came to a dead halt.

"Go on, John," said I, with a coaxing cluck and whistle. A shake of the tail, with evident preparations on his part for backing down the small portion of the hill he had ascended, was the response.

I began to lose my patience, and get a "leetle riled." This quality of my temper, likely, became apparent to the horse, as he received a smart lash across his back.

War was declared now, and no mistake. He acknowledged the blow, by kicking up, letting his heels fly in the front end of the wagon. This done, he backed vigorously across the road, until he had marked a circle from his frequent turning round. I told him to go on, not remembering, at the same time, that I was pulling him back.

He seemed perfectly to agree with me in my tactics, and backed with a good will.

I jumped from the wagon, reins in hand, and made an effort to seize him by the bits. My first attempt was a total failure. The old horse looked down at me, threw up his nose, and commenced backing. I let go the reins, holding on at the extreme bite, or driving part. The old fellow had discovered, somehow, my entire ignorance of jockeyship, and looked upon all my efforts with supreme contempt.

I made up my mind at that time, that a horse was an intelligent animal.

Bridegrooms, conducting run-away matches, what do you think about the state of my mind at this time? The result of my operations and manœuvres was a change of front, the horse now heading homeward.

A farm-house lad, having observed the trial of skill between us—that is, I and the horse—with an impudent sort of sympathy, said:

"I say, let him back-up hill."

"That's a good idea," said I, and I tried to accomplish it.

The horse was not to be done in that way; and the position of horse and wagon was now at right angles with and across the road.

"I know that horse—it's old Saunders'. Tie your handkerchief over his eyes, Mister—then he'll go," said the farm-boy.

Well, I thought I'd try that. I had a white one in my pocket—the very one I intended to hold in my hand during the interesting ceremony now being delayed by this contrary horse. As I put the handkerchief near

his head, it seemed to suggest to him the necessity of another backward move, which threw the wagon fast in a ditch by the side of the road.

The farm-boy left me, snickering at my style of breaking colts, said, "he guessed old Saunders' horse, if ever he did die, would die a natural death, of old age."

Almost in despair, I just then caught a glimpse of my beloved, and hastened to her side. A few words served to explain the cause of my delay, and we walked to the minister's, followed by the farm-boy; as he afterwards said, he had "twigg'd my motions" for some time.

Without further delay, the two runaways were made man and wife.

We left the minister's, and tripped happily along; I feeling as rich as a king, though the entire amount of my cash was only five shillings and eightpence. Many a day since that journey have I seen the time when I had a pocket-book full of bank notes, and a fund to draw upon of no small amount, when I would have given them all to pass such another hour as that one, while riding with my new bride in the dusk of the evening—full of fear that any person, knowing Miss ——, should discover her riding home with a husband whom she dare not yet own as such—nor dare he claim the privilege of owning as a wife.

Old Saunders' horse went home well enough. Mrs. Hill, as usual, appeared in the family circle; and, when she bid her friends "good night," if any person had informed them that she was other than ——, that person would have created an excitement about the premises of a character I am totally unable to define.

Thus began my honeymoon. How unlike the begin-

ings of some married lives, about to live together in this new estate, that I had witnessed?

From the merry assembled friends, in the best room of the homesteud, how often have I seen the bridegroom take his wife away to a snug cottage, furnished from the savings of his labor during the days of their courtship—the blessings of their parents following them? Thus they began the world happily and in order.

My parents, if not so in reality, were dead to me, The relations of the young creature, joining her fate to mine, under cover of darkness, away from her home, were opposed to our marriage; and, even when the law had placed in my hands the right to control her actions, we dared not disclose the secret of our compact, made to last so long as we shall live.

But, after all, it is not the form of marriage that controls the happiness of the married. The gayest ones have sometimes sad endings; while those, solemnized in a hovel, have been productive of long unions, with peace and happiness to the end.

The sleep of death is the same to the beggar and the king—the one lies in state, honored in his sepulchre; the other, cast forth from the city gate, finds hardly earth enough to hide his bones, when nature's work is completed on his frame.

I am led, I see, by reference into serious reflection, while describing a marriage—my own, too—in which I have thought there were some amusing circumstances involved. I start off into serious considerings of death! How true, indeed, is the saying of the poet:—

"Extremes are ever neighbors?"

My duties now call me away, and I finish this chapter of uy life with an expression of thanks, after years of trial, to the Ruler of all destinies, for giving me, on the day of my marriage, a companion so well adapted to my condition of life; who has, in all seasons, been a helpmate to me, and is one of the many instances in the world to falsify the theory, set fortn in that old proverb—

"Marry in haste to repent at leisure."

CHAPTER VII.

"So, this begins our honeymoon."

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

I AM A MARRIED MAN—I ENTER INTO SPECULATIONS WHICH ARE NOT PROFITABLE IN THE WAY OF TRADE—THE DRAMATIC VIRUS IS AT WORK—I ENGAGE AT THE ALBANY THEATRE—MY THEATRICAL LIFE FAIRLY BEGUN.

It would be a work of love for me to write an essay on the peculiarities of Yankee character; and I did think I would tell some of the stories of my life, in the form used in my performances, which had for their intent the different phases of Yankee life.

Such a work, from the pen of a master, has been published, which has had some weight in changing my views upon this subject.

Another plan suggested itself—to embrace the incidents and scenes from some of the dramatic pieces in the body of the work, with such explanations as would render the dialogue intelligible.

I think I may adopt this plan, and, perhaps, with a history of the production of the pieces which have been considered amusing trifles by the public, though presenting no claims for themselves, or the authors, as any addition to American dramatic literature, in its written or printed form.

The stage vehicles, for the introduction of Yankee portraiture, used by me as mere tools and machinery, in the business of acting, have been prepared by writers

from whose pens the modern stage has received valuable additions. Mine were constructed for a purpose, and well adapted to the end proposed; and I can assure those who feel interested in such matters, that the task is much more difficult to write a succesful drama, its plot and incidents involving the events of every-day life, than to compose a tragedy, having for its basis prominent events of a national character, reflecting the deeds of warriors, or statesmen, whose names are classic, and whose fame is catholic.

It will be understood that I refer to acting plays, with a promiscuous audience for judges and critics—the test being, the effect produced as a whole; and where action, which must ever be unwritten, takes the place of its more pretending and elaborate rival, aiming at descriptive accuracy of sentiment and event.

The one, if tried by closet review, as well as theatrical, impulsive power, will add no other laurel to the creative genius, who, upon shadows' slight foundation, raises a useful structure, appreciated at the moment by the mass, but forgotten in an hour, having nothing to do with the future;—a bouquet, fresh and beautiful, when first its forming parts are taken from the garden, or the conservatory, pleasant to all eyes, soon to be replaced by others for the public amusement, with little care on the part of those who have glanced at its beauty or entertained its fragrance, or for those who have cultivated the individual specimens, and tied them together in simple, but effective contrast.

A larger respect for tragedies, and their authors, follow the successful advent of these dramatic aristocrats.

I have latterly had but little to do with tragedy. I have seen farcical tragedies, and tragical farces; and I shall leave this heroic department of the stage to Mr. Forrest, or some other American tragedian, when he or they shall open the pages of their professional lives for the inspection of the audiences, before whom they have illustrated their lines of business, to their own satisfaction, at least.

As their material in trade differs from mine, so will their published lives, if they write them.

They may fill pages with quotations from Shakspeare, and the choice of modern bards, to demonstrate the peculiar sections in the fabric of their reputation which was raised upon the backs of Knowles, Bulwer, and other dramatists, whose creations they have given, in parts delivered, with "good emphasis, and good discretion."

My pages must be filled with Yankee stories, or slips of scenes put together by Woodworth, Stone, Jones, Bernard and Finn.

Young tragedians will give the style of the actor, as they declaim from the pages of the favorite play.

Young Yankee aspirants will copy my wig, the length of my coat, the shortness of my trousers, and no questions asked as to where the fun came from, when the old jokes are turned up from that grave of old farces, the prompter's library, by the spade of some new playmaker, who will write another name for Solomon Swap, and Christen, the "green mouutain boy," after his own fancy. Well, help yourselves, gentlemen, when you get the chance; and so, good-bye to authors for the present.

I am now going to give the outline of the commencement of my career on the stage of a regular theatre.

We want some kind of stones, mileposts, or guide-boards, to mark the different stages of my dramatic journeyings.

I cannot call the pillars I may erect, "milestones," as they will be placed at intervals of longer or shorter distance on the road.

I have dotted on the map of my wanderings the places in which, during a series of years, I exercised my talents as a comic singer and table performer.

I soon discovered that my talent for trade was not of a superior kind. Urged by a desire to accumulate a competency, I ventured a little into speculation, begining on borrowed capital. I found I could purchase articles readily enough, but selling, except at less than the cost, I found difficult. My night visions were not of well-filled storehouses, large bank accounts, and profitable change in the market. Comic songs seemed to me more likely to fill my pockets than dabbling in books or any other kind of trade.

I was released from the promise I gave, before my marriage, not to think of a theatre as a place to earn my bread. Just at this time I received an offer from Messrs. Duffy and Forrest, of the Albany theatre.

I speedily joined them, determined to deserve success, if I could not achieve it.

The parts allotted to me were not very important. One of the features of the nightly bill was this line :—

"Mr. Hill will sing a comic song."

I did sing a comic song, and after I had listened to the applause of the audience at its conclusion, I felt the

day would come that should bring me honors greater than this.

I had now begun the race, and I look back with pride on this part of my life. Young, newly married, with a small salary, and the prospect of something else small, soon to be added, I was still full of hope and ambition. I struggled manfully, cheered by the encouraging smiles of my wife, against the influences which retard, and too often subdue, the young aspirant for reputation, as he enters the avenue to dramatic fame.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Change makes change."
"A plague on both your houses!"
"A song—a song!"

LEAVE ALBANY—VISIT CHARLESTON—IDEAS OF YANKEE CHARACTER—MY SONG—I VISIT PHILADELPHIA—FIRST APPEARANCE IN THAT CITY IN A PROMINENT YANKEE CHARACTER.

From the time I left the Albany theatre until my appearance in Philadelphia, under the management of Duffy and Forrest, the incidents of my life, however full of interest to me, cannot be so to the reader or the auditor, who has seen and heard me in the sphere of professional duty only.

In the desert through which my path lay, there were green spots; and that sun, which so often sustains the traveller in adversity, cheered my path, and gave me strength and courage to combat with and surmount the difficulties of life.

I studied diligently to fill up such gaps in my education as were caused by early indolence and aversion to books, and as were made apparent, as my intercourse with men became enlarged, and my acts and conversation were objects of scrutiny.

I found, among my associates of the theatre, men of superior practical education—well versed in the history

of nations, ancient and modern—some of them, of both sexes, with refined tastes, scholars and students; still, the nature of the art they profess requiring them to be familiar with the men and things of all time.

My journeyings had placed me in favorable positions for the study of rustic life; and, from boyhood, I noticed the dialect of farm boys, and the peculiarities of character since identified with stage Yankees.

When I had really acted in the theatre, I noticed an occasional look or position, borrowed from some Yankee original, and introduced into a comic part of another kind, would tell with the audience. The roar of applause which once followed my giving the phrase "git eout," though not strictly in keeping with the part I was acting, convinced me that a whole Yankee character—a thing then scarcely known to the stage—would be effective and profitable to whoever should undertake it. Of course, I refer to my conception of the Yankee character, and to its presentation in a new form, with more distinctive peculiarities than any yet given.

American plays had been written and produced, in which country boys were introduced—somewhat after the models of the Yorkshiremen, so happily conceived and delineated by the authors of English comedy; and these copies of nature, as illustrated by well-known actors, were received with marked favor by American audiences.

I had played two or three Yorkshiremen; but Yankee stories and comic songs supported my claim to the title of comedian. In the winter of 1831 and '32, I was engaged in Charleston with Faulkner's company. It will be remembered that these years were marked by the great

event of nullification in South Carolina. These measures gave to politicians notoriety of different kinds. Nullification gave me a notoriety of a less national character, which convinced me that I knew little of politics, or the doctrines of expediency, and caused me to make a resolution to "take no heed of the politician's study."

I became popular, and made aquaintances among persons whose political views differed on the question of nullification.

The friends of the movement, and their opponents, gave a supper, and I received a card of invitation to each. I knew I should be expected to contribute to the enjoyment of the evening, in the shape of song or story; and I was anxious to retain the good will of both parties, more particularly as I was soon to take a benefit. I counted largely on the patronage of nullifiers, as well as the antis, when this should come off—I mean my benefit.

I wrote, that is, I vamped up from an old song, the "Bundle of Nails," a new original song for the occasion; and this I sung, with great applause, at the table of the friends of nullification.

The local allusions to "State Rights," and their defenders, were received with shouts.

The same song, again altered and tinkered with the convenient hammer of poetical licence, I sang at the table of the other party. General Jackson and his proclamation were so used, with such other allusions and strokes of merriment, as to elicit thunders of applause from my friends, who believed not in the doctrine so warmly advocated in my first edition of the "original," adapted, and improved "Bundle of Nails."

My song ended, the feast over, I thought my fortune made. The papers of the following day, in giving the proceedings at the festive boards of the two parties, published the song by Mr. Hill, entire.

Dogberry says:

"Comparisons are odorous."

When my songs were compared, it was plain that I had wished to please both parties. My object, in so doing, might be guessed. I made a blunder, and no benefit. I dare say the same thing has been done by others, and, perhaps, with results no more beneficial than were the results of my speculation to me. I have no copy of this double song, and I am glad that I have not preserved it; and, although I wish no harm to the paper publishers, or to my associates of that day, I hope there is not a paper in existence containing this evidence of my sagacity and poetical powers combined. Whenever any person talks to me of politics, I say, with Mercutio,

"Plague o' both your houses!"

I yield not the right for myself to think and vote. That I am in a profession, which has for its purpose the amusement of the million, is no reason why I should lose the rights and privileges of citizenship. Whigs and democrats will laugh at us if we are comedians, and cry with us if we are tragedians. In times of excitement, if the actor becomes too much a noisy politician, he will make as many enemies as friends; and, if he tries to play Jack on both sides, he loses something of his dig-

nity of character; and, perhaps, the stronger party at the hustings may be the weaker at the theatre.

I have profited by that first attempt in politics, and I hope my brother comedians and tragedians will think of this matter, if they have not done so, and, when invited to sing songs at political dinners, either sing their sentiments, or such poems as both parties can listen to with respect.

The advice given may be unnecessary. Actors are usually sensible and educated persons, and anxious to preserve the good opinion of their patrons. Although I feel constrained to admit, that theatres are not, at this time, supplied with the excellence and varied talent of past years, the rolls of the drama still contain, however, many names of performers, who bear estimable characters for sobriety, industry, and social qualities of a high order.

In September, 1832, I engaged with Jones, Duffy and Forrest, at the Arch street theatre, Philadelphia. Here I played some minor parts, but had no opportunity of making a decided hit, except in a story, when the manager asked me to play a Yankee character. This opportunity I had long desired; and Jonathan Ploughboy, in the "Forrest Rose," was the character selected for my new essay.

My brother performers can appreciate my feelings when the night came on which I was to act this part, often played by other comedians, and which gave to Mr. A. Simpson much reputation, on its original representatin at the Park theatre.

Stage fright, to some actors, is a terrible affair; and, suffering from its influence, many a performer of talent

has failed, when called upon to appear before a strange audience, or, even in a new part, in the presence of his old friends.

To those initiated, it is no wonder that so many new plays fail, on the first representation, from this cause—stage fright embarrassing the actions of the performers to a degree that destroys the effect of scenes, and, often, the whole play.

I felt now that the fortunes of my life were at stake; for, if I succeeded, no more bad parts and small salaries would be my lot—but, if I failed, the opportunity might not again occur, and I should be obliged to drudge on in the humble duties of the stage, which, however necessary, bring with them none of the luxuries of life, nor that reputation, so valuable to the theatrical adventurer.

The auditor has no idea of the performer's feelings on similar occasions. "It is but playing a part, after all," he would say; "how can so little an affair produce such great effects?"

He who thus thinks and speaks, knows not the difference, to an aspiring comedian or tragedian, between approbation and disapprobation.

The hour of suspense, to a candidate for the highest office in the Union, is not more full of anxiety, than that which the actor endures between a failure and a hit, in an important part, if he is physically constituted, as are some whose duties are upon the mimic world—the stage—the hope of their lives.

When the moment arrived for the commencement of the Forrest Rose, I took my last peep through the hole in the green curtain. A full house had assembled, and

I could see the familiar faces of friends lit up with smiles. Here and there I noted the well-known theatrical critic writers, whose articles were always looked after, in the morning journals, with interest, and sometimes with dread.

William Jones, one of the managers, was a good friend of mine, and appeared anxious to advance my interest. He encouraged me on this occasion, and stood by me when the prompter rang the signal bell. The stage was immediately cleared. My friend Jones, at my elbow, said, "Be a man, Hill;" and I appeared before the audience. My reception was flattering; and, as I bowed to the applause, I glanced at my friend, still standing by the wing. He applauded too. I was myself; my fright had vanished, and the result was triumphant. Cæsar's saying would apply to my case as Jonathan Ploughboy:

"I came—I saw—I conquered!"

And I doubt much, after the performance was over, so high did I rate my own value, if I could have been purchased at a cheaper price than Cæsar could have been, after he sent his famous missive to Rome, from which the above quotation is made.

The times of which I write were starring times, and I began to turn my thoughts and attention towards the subject of starring too. In the Fall of 1833, Mr. Pelby, manager of a Boston theatre, proposed to me an engagement of a few nights. I had a great inducement to accept this proposition, as I was anxious to appear in Boston, the Yankee character being better understood in the New England states than at the South; and, as I

had formed my style upon the originals I had met in boyhood, I hoped for an endorsement from Boston judges of the correctness of my delineations.

Notwithstanding, it is important to the general success of an actor that he has the stamp of New York approbation before he ventures elsewhere; still it is considered, by all artists of celebrity, native or foreign, important, as a test of their ability, to pass the ordeal of Boston criticism with favor, and I was not without this desire.

During this engagement, I met with a dramatist who placed at my disposal the comedy of the "Green Mountain Boy;" and I feel much pleasure in recording its production and success as a truthful representation of Yankee character, found in New England among the agricultural districts.

Mr. Pelby, the manager, also manifested an interest in my welfare. At that time it was no easy matter for an American actor to appear at the Park theatre. Mr. Pelby, in his first efforts, had experienced and surmounted the difficulty. He gave me good advice, and a letter of introduction to Mr. Simpson. I had a new part, "Jedediah Homebred;" and the acknowledged representative of Yankee character at the Park, (Mr. Hackett,) was absent in Europe.

With these chances, I resolved to try my fortunes at the Park theatre.

CHAPTER IX.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the turn, leads on to fortune."

"Be not too tame neither."

I VISIT NEW YORK TO SECURE AN OPENING AT THE PARK THEATRE—INTERVIEW WITH MR. E. SIMPSON—SCENE IN THE BOX-OFFICE—I PLAY AT THE PARK—I PLAY IN DIFFERENT CITIES, AND ENTERTAIN THE IDEA OF VISITING EUROPE.

THOSE who know the character of the Park theatre management, can easily understand my feelings upon the subject of a first interview.

My friends and counsellors were divided in their opinions about the way in which I should approach the autocrat of New York theatricals, asking him for an opening at the Park.

I had my own views in relation to the matter; but a young actor, just leaving the humble duties of stock business at ten dollars per week, and entering by a lucky pathway to the road of notoriety, if he wishes to proceed surely into the field of principal parts, he must, in some measure, follow the advice of those more experienced in theatrical life.

I decided upon my course, which was partly suggested to me by my friends, and the loose style of manager Pelby's letter to Mr. Simpson. These two managers were now on good terms; but when Mr. Pelby was simply a young and ambitious American actor, desirous of measuring professional strength with

the Rollas and Hamlets from Drury Lane, he found the way to the stage of the Park theatre as difficult of access as many of my countrymen, himself included, found the way to the principal theatres in London.

Mr. Pelby had, since his struggle for the opportunity "to fret and strut his hour" on the Park stage, become a manager of a principal theatre; and the enmities of other days were buried by the spade of mutual interest, no monument existing of former differences.

My letter, therefore, was an item of some weight in my favor. I prepared myself for the occasion, and started from my lodgings to encounter the business scrutiny of "Edmund Simpson, Esquire, manager, Park theatre, New York," as was duly written on the envelope of my letter by my friend, William Pelby, Esquire.

I arrived at the Park theatre ticket office, and some of the courage I had collected began to give way before I enquired of Mr. Blake, the treasurer, if Mr. Simpson was in the theatre.

He looked at me, then at the bank notes, then at me again—saying to himself, "two hundred, sixty-eight," and, taking his pen, wrote the amount upon a book near him, before he replied to me that "he didn't know."

I was rather annoyed at the cool manner of Mr. Treasurer Blake, but I said nothing.

"Do you want to see him for anything particular?" said Blake, with a look that seemed to say, "of course you don't."

I replied, "I did, on business of importance to Mr. Simpson as well as my self." I felt better after this saying, and looked dignified and independent enough.

"Ah! well I believe he is on the stage; I'll call him," said Mr. Blake, politely.

"Will you send this to him, sir, and I will wait his reply?" said I to Blake, as I handed him Mr. Pelby's letter.

He invited me into the office, dispatched the letter by a boy, and was soon busy with his accounts again.

As I sat there, looking over the bills, and contemplating the records that told of Macready, J. Wallack, Miss Kelly, Cooper, Kean, and others, and their connection with this theatre, I felt that I was gaining an inch for every name I read. Then I thought of my own efforts co-temporaneous with theirs, when, a short time before, we appeared together—I as a representative of one of the humble class of supernumerary soldiers or citizens; while they, or some one of them, as the hero, Richard, Coriolanus, or Rolla; both toiling for fame and money—they for two hundred and fifty dollars per night, I for two York shillings—the division of fame being in just proportion to the division of money.

Now I was "putting in" for my chance to obtain a large dividend of both commodities.

While thus engaged in thought, Edmund Simpson, Esquire, enters, letter in hand.

Kind reader, some of you have seen me in a similar condition upon the stage. Imagine how Mr. Simpson looked, if ever you knew him, when about to address a stranger, whose position in the theatrical firmament, compared with his own, might be the same as the sun's with some far off star, which, as yet, had not been honored with a name, in consequence of its obscurity and distance. Although an honest man, a good citizen, and,

sometimes, showing that he had a kind feeling for a distressed brother, his style of address was not the most winning, particularly in business matters.

I imagine you see the parties, and witness the following scene. It was my fate, perhaps, that was pending. You may not, dear reader, feel as interested in its reproduction as I did when first produced.

E. SIMPSON, ESQ.

"Good morning, sir. Mr. Blake, did you send for me?" Simpson reads Pelby's letter.

YANKEE HILL.

"Good morning, sir," to Mr. Simpson, who does not notice Yankee Hill, but talks with Blake.

BLAKE.

"Yes sir, only in relation to that letter, sir."

E. SIMPSON, ESQ.

"Has the canvas come, and the colors?"

BLAKE

"Yes, sir; one hundred, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight—right." (*Blake counting money.*)

YANKEE HILL.

(Aside.)—"Just as I thought; my turn directly. No matter, let me get in—I'll fix 'em." (*Hill whistles to keep down an oath.*)

E. SIMPSON, ESQ.

"Ah, yes; beg your pardon, sir. Mr. Hill, sir?"

YANKEE HILL.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Hill. I want to play a few nights in the Park theatre—have you an opening for me?"

E. SIMPSON, ESQ.

"Mr. Pelby says you are clever. Did well in Boston?"

YANKEE HILL.

"Yes, sir, and I want a chance somewhere in New York. I'd rather play in the Park, if you have the nights; if not, I must play somewhere else." (*Hill pretends he don't care which theatre he plays in.*)

E. SIMPSON, ESQ.

"Can you play 'Solomon Swop,' Mr. Hill?"

YANKEE HILL.

"I should rather show you than tell you."

E. SIMPSON, ESQ.

"This is the Park theatre, Mr. Hill, and what would suit the audience where you have played, might not suit my patrons. You are a new man. I'll give you an opening; if you succeed, I'll give you five nights on the usual terms."

YANKEE HILL.

"Very well, sir. When shall I open?"

E. SIMPSON, ESQ.

"I will see, and let you know. Call round this evening. Good morning, sir." (*Exit E. Simpson.*)

YANKEE HILL.

"Good morning, sir." (*Exit Yankee Hill from the office of the Park theatre, down the steps, through the streets, back to his lodgings, feeling that the thing was all right now.*)

The individual, Yankee Hill, in a short time wrote three letters to different friends informing them that he was soon to appear at the Park theatre. This was glory enough for one day.

A night was appointed. I played, made a hit, and was at once enrolled as one of the attractions in the programme of Park seasons for some years.

I soon began to experience the attention and civility, usually attendant upon success, in any public station of life.

I was fond of society, and it gave me great pleasure to receive my friends, and entertain them in a liberal and hospitable manner. The value of money was never very strongly impressed on my calculations.

To these qualities are to be attributed the errors of my life. Prosperity gathers many warm and devoted friends —adversity scatters them, leaving the individual to struggle with his broken fortunes, and toil with redoubled energy, to regain the money he has foolishly lavished upon the butterflies of sunshine.

I do not record my success in a spirit of egotism; much of this success is a matter of luck. A man's reputation, if a good one, is a basis of operations of great importance; but the public is a fickle customer in amusements as well as dress, and the fashion changes often. Sometimes an indifferent performer will receive the applause and rewards which, but a short time before, were only bestowed upon true talent and merit.

About this time I began to cherish the idea of trying my fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic. Before I embarked in this foreign adventure, I proposed to visit New England, without the embarassment of theatrical engagements, that I might go to Taunton and Raynham, in search of my relatives and friends of my youth. I wished also to pick up incidents for a new drama.

In looking over loose memoranda, I discover my unprofessional trip down-east, and, with slight alterations, I shall introduce it into this biographical sketch. I have seen happy days since that journey, and unhappy

ones. I ask myself: am I the George H. Hill that, in the summer of 1835, revisited the home of my childhood with a heart free, spirits buoyant, and nothing in the prospective of the future but happiness and joy.

NOTE BY THE COMPILER.

A reference to the loose memoranda to which Mr. Hill refers, gives abundant evidence of his characteristics. Had he lived to complete this life, he, no doubt, would have given the loose memoranda a form. As it is, another hand must of these parts make a whole; and it is thought proper to introduce the compilation here, as, at this period of his life, the excursion alluded to was made, and the notes taken of the incidents.

CHAPTER X.

"Send out more horses—skirr the country round!"

A TRIP TO TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS, WITH A DRAMATIST, FOR THE PURPOSE OF HUNTING UP OLD ACQUAINTANCES, AND GETTING HINTS FOR A NEW CHARACTER—THE SAGE OF QUINCY—THE POST FAMILY, AS ILLUSTRATED BY MAJOR ENOCH WHEELER—THE INSANE COMPANION.

In the year 1835, Mr. Hill decided to visit Taunton for the purpose of meeting with such of his school-day companions as might still be living, and residents of that famous town, and also to pick up incidents and anecdote for the construction of a new drama, as an attraction for the future.

He was accompanied on this trip by a friend from Boston. The better to address themselves to such individuals as, from their peculiarities, might fill the pages of their note-books, they started in a private carriage from their lodgings early in the morning, intending to reach Taunton by sun-down.

Mr. Hill did not, at this time, claim to be eminent as a "whip." He was fond of riding in a stylish vehicle, and was also desirous that the horses attached to the vehicle should be showy and fast, and perfectly competent to perform their business on the road without trouble or danger.

Hill proposed to stop at a well-known hotel in Roxbury, for no other reason than to show off the "turn out" which, by the way, he talked of buying, as he did every thing that pleased him.

Before he had turned into the road leading to the hotel, a sudden blast, from the horn of a fisherman near by, started the horse into a run, and almost drew Hill from his seat over the front of the carriage. The horses were checked—the visit to the hotel deferred until their return from Taunton.

They went on smoothly and without incident until the town of Quincy had been reached. Stopping at a farm-house, having an air of comfort, neatness and capacity without being ostentatious in any of its characteristics, Hill proposed to begin the real adventures of the day by asking some questions of an elderly looking gentleman who was standing at the door, apparently bidding adieu to some person with whom he had been conversing.

The old gentleman replied to Mr. Hill's salutation of "Good day, sir," in an easy and dignified manner, which convinced Hill that he had come in contact with a superior character. He was not one, however, easily embarrassed, and, pointing to a number of derricks, and other mechanical contrivances, used in quarrying the granite for which Quincy is so famous, asked what they were.

The old gentleman said: "In that locality abounded one of the staples of New England, granite, and those parts of machines, scattered around the lodge, were used in quarrying."

"You have lived long in this neighborhood?" said Hill.

"Yes, I have," was the reply; "I was born near by."

"Then you must be some acquainted here," said Hill.

"Yes, I am acquainted some, with every part of the Uuited States."

"Well, sir, I do not wish to detain you. I was about to ask you a few questions, as I am in search of Yankee character; but, perhaps, your time's valuable. I will call on some other occasion."

"Very well, sir, I shall be happy to give you any information in my power, whenever you feel disposed to ask it. Favor me, sir, with your address."

"Hill, sir, known as Yankee Hill, comedian."

"Ah, yes, I have heard of you, and, without meaning any offence, I should think you could act like a Yankee."

"Hill said "He hoped he had given no offence, and begged to know whom he had the honor of addressing?"

"Young, sir," said the old gentlcman; "in my life I have been called many names, but, for a period of nearly four score years, one name has always been considered my legitimate property—the name my parents gave me, John Quincy Adams, at your service."

Hill replied, that he felt honored in taking so distinguished a man by the hand, made some apologies for his intrusion, and concluded by saying, "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, sir," said the ex-President.

Hill made a short cut to the carriage, and said he felt as if he should like to fall through his trousers. He often told this story of his meeting with the ex-President, and colored it with a great many variations, but the facts of the interview were as described. Some time after, Mr Adams and the comedian met at Washington.

The Sage of Quincy remembered well the incident.

He was an admirer of Mr. Hill, as were many of the eminent men at Washington. Hill's companion on the trip to Taunton had seen Mr. Adams in Boston, but did not so inform him until after he had given an acconnt of the interview.

Hill promised in some way to retaliate. Nothing worthy of especial note occurred on the road. In the afternoon, at an early hour, the two friends arrived at Taunton, put up their horses at the hotel, and prepared to perambnlate the town in search of old acquaintance.

A small cottage, with a workshop adjoining, and a sign with the name of "Post" upon it, attracted Hill's attention. He entered the shop, and inquired for Mr. Post. Mr. Post, the shoemaker, was absent at town meeting. Hill enquired of a boy, if he knew any body by the name of Sarah Babit?

The boy said "he didn't, but he 'guessed mother did: if she didn't, guess father did. Father know'd most all the girls in town."

This boy squinted, with one eye looking upwards while the other looked downwards.

Hill asked the boy how his eye came so?

"Born so, just like father's and all the rest on us."

"Where is your mother?" said Hill.

"Well, guess I don't know; think she's gone to town meeting, too."

Hlll called again, and saw Mrs. Post. Afterwards he gave the following history of his farm-love, in the character of Major Enoch Wheeler, a bustling, inquisitive Yankee, ready for anything.

WHEELER.

"Well, I swow nothin' seems to be goin' ahead here,

the country is so darn'd small, 'tain't bigger than a sack full of airth well scattered; and there's that Thames river they brag so much about, I snore if one of our Nantucket whalers should undertake to come up there, she'd get jammed in. Hallo, Mister, how de dew?"

MR. MARKAM.—(*An English exquisite.*)

"Don't be impertinent, sir." (*Aside*)—"Confound the fellow."

WHEELER.

"Got a smart chance of ships here. 'Say, you, there's a gal in there been shinin' up to me."

MARKAM.

"In there?"

WHEELER.

"Yes; she run out, and called me her dear Ed'ard; she must have taken me for a coffee bag in plague time. I seemed to stagger her so much she ran right in agin."

MARKAM.

"You may now add to your other talents, that you excel in making mischief, and have, by your intrusion, consigned to misery two—no, one of the loveliest of her sex.

WHEELER.

"Well, I thought you didn't mean *two*, cause if you did, you couldn't be one on 'em. Oh, if I have overturned you, it's no more than right I should jump down and help you up. I'll go in, and send her out. 'Say, you, is the gal rich?"

MARKAM.

"Tolerably."

WHEELER.

"And pretty?"

MAJOR ENOCH WHEELER,
IN "NEW NOTIONS."

"I once invented a Flute that you could blow as many tunes into as you'd a mind to; stop up the holes, and let 'em come out when you wanted 'em."

MARKAM.

"Superlatively."

WHEELER.

"Look here, Mister, I'll jine you in that speculation."

MARKAM.

"What, sir!"

WHEELER.

"You may take the gal, and I'll take the money."

MARKAM.

"I don't understand you."

WHEELER.

"If you want to hitch teams, and the old folks won't give their consent, I'll help you to emigrate. I altogether approve of these runaway matches, 'cause they are on the go-a-head principle."

MARKAM.

"Well, that's very kind, but I have got to get the dear creature's consent."

WHEELER.

"Don't you be skeered. I'll manage that. We Yankees never dew fail when we really undertake any thing."

MARKAM.

"It must be owned, my dear fellow, that America is the land of enterprise."

WHEELER.

"I rather guess it is! There is no lie down and tuck up with us, but all sprawl and go-a-head! We can beat the wind, and sometimes contrive to outtire the lightning."

MARKAM.

"But, major, I think you said you were in the army?"

WHEELER.

"I didn't say no such thing. I'm major of the Penobscot Fencibles! Got the finest set of fellers under my command, only they are a leetle tew firey on train-in' days, and don't altogether mind the word of command; and, when they shoulder arms, they hold their muskets a leetle tew slantin' dicular, so they are rather apt to shoot into each others' mouths. I'll be darn'd if I did'nt once have to walk about for three days with a drawn sword to get them critters on the ground, and then had to hire a horse and cart to get them off agin; but, for all that, they don't make bad husbands, or fathers, and, with the aid of steam, will be able to arrive at what I call human perfectability."

MARKAM.

"What may I understand by that, Major?"

WHEELER.

"When every man is able to strap a b'iler on his back, and go a thousand miles to market with a bale of cotton on his shoulders!"

MARKAM.

"Well, Major, you have some extravagant ideas, but allow me to say that in this matter I am sure you will meet with opposition."

WHEELER.

"Well, I never was beat by opposition, Oh, yes, I was once. We had an awful dry summer in the States, The airth gaped open like an oyster bed; it was so dry the women folks couldn't cry. I made a contract with the select men of our town to water it. Just as I got all ready, darn me if there did'nt come a shower out of the clouds, and tuck the job out o' my hands."

MARKAM.

"Were you ever in love, Major, with a sweet, angelic, divine creature—were you, Major, eh—were you?"

WHEELER.

"Was I ever in love with any sweet, angelic, divine critter? Wall, yes. There was two fat Sals in our town, Sal Stebbins and Sal Babit, real corn-fed gals I swow. They was both so fat they'd roll one way just as easy as 'tother, and, if anything, a leetle easier. Wall, there was a corn huskin, and I went along with Sal Stebbins. There was all the gals and boys sittin' round, and I got sot down so near Sall Babit, that darn me if I didn't kiss her afore I know'd what I was about. Sal Stebbins, she blushed; the blood rushed right up into her hair. She was the best *red critter* I ever did see. I thought it was all up with me, and, sure enough, it was, for when I asked her if she'd go home with me, she said, "No; you needn't trouble yourself nothin' tall about it. "Well," says I, "if you're a mind to get spunky, I guess I can get a gal that will let me see her hum. Sal Babit, shall I go hum with you? "Well," says she, "I don't mind if you dew." Arter that, Sal Stebbins married a feller in our town, by the name of Post, blind in one eye, and deaf in one ear, jist to spite me, nothin' else; so I thought if she was a mind to take a feller that couldn't see or hear any tew well, I'd better let her slide, so I went away from home, and was gone about three, four five years—yes, yes, jist about five years, 'cause when I went back she had four leetle *Posts*. I went to see how she got along. She asked me to come in and sit

down. So I took a cheer and squatted. Then she took a cheer, and squatted tew, and we both squatted there togather. Her young ones was all runnin' round on the floor. She pinted to them, and said, in a sort of a braggin' way, 'You see them—don't you?' 'Yes,' says I, squintin' up one eye, 'I see.' They was all jist like their dady, blind in one eye. She was bilin' dumplins at the time, and as soon as she see me shut up one eye, she out with a dumplin, and let me have it in t'other, which made me shut it up a darned sight quicker than ever I did afore, and I ha'int been in love since that time."

Instead of lodging at the hotel, it was thought desirable to secure a bed for the night in some private boarding house—the better to see the people at home, and gather the doings of a class not usually found at a first-rate hotel.

An old-fashioned three gabled roof house was pointed out as one likely to answer the purpose, and the more particularly so, as a sign on the gate announced the fact that genteel ladies and gentlemen were taken to board, and transient lodgers accommodated. On one post of the gate was a faded sign, "Miss Spinks, Fashionable Dress Maker," partly defaced, in blue letters.

On the opposite post was a sign: "Dr. Hashlaw—N. B. doctors after the Indian fashion. Studied sixteen years with the Indians. Cures humors, cancers, and all sorts of diseases without mercury. Warranted."

"That's the place," said Hill, "there's fun there—let's go in." His companion carelessly, in passing the post, tore the sleeve of his coat by coming in contact with the corner of Miss Spinks' red sign.

Upon enquiry it was ascertained that the two individuals seeking lodgings for the night could be acommodated, and they were shown to the room appointed for their quarters.

Information was given that the tea hour was six o'clock. Hill departed to look up old acquaintances by himself, while his friend, whom Miss Spinks had furnished with some thread, a needle, and a pair of scissors, was engaged in mending the rip on his coat.

Miss Spinks had been the "fashionable dress maker" of the place for five-and-twenty years, and was fond of Byron, Bohea and blushes.

She did not consider herself old, but time had made such marks upon her brow as are not usually seen upon the skin of maidens under twenty. She, according to a tradition which was circulated in Mrs. Mandrill's house, was constantly dreading aloud, "The day when she should be forty years of age," while pert misses often said she would never see that day again.

Hill exchanged a word or two with Spinks in relation to who the gentleman was that wanted the needle and thread. His replies were not noticed at the time, but, as it proved, he was laying the foundation for a practical joke at the expense of his travelling companion, who had forgotten his promise of retaliation for the Quincy silence.

There was in the door of the room in which Mr. —— was mending his coat, an oval opening, for what purpose it did not appear.

Hearing considerable bustle and whispering at the door, Mr. —— left off work, and getting up to the hole, discovered the landlady, Miss Spinks, and the Indian

doctor busily engaged in fastening the door on the outside, by putting a piece of wood through the handle of the latch. "What had Hill been telling these people?" thought his friend. He put on his coat and attempted to open the door. A loud "hu—sh" was heard, and they all vanished; no entreaty could induce them to open it. After an hour, or more, Hill returned and entered; a roguish leer, with serious efforts for the mastery, overspread his countenance.

The bell for tea rang. Hill, in reply to the questions asked by his friend for the reason of locking him in the room, said, "Wait until after tea, and I will explain. Miss Spinks is not exactly straight in her ideas; she has made a mistake, but it is all capable of explanation." Hill and his friend walked into the dining-room; a formal introduction to the family was speedily disposed of, and all took their seats at the table. Every eye was upon the Boston gentleman, but it was not Mr. Hill who was the greater object of attention.

Mr. —— laid his hand upon a knife.

"Hem," said Miss Spinks, "he's got a knife."

Hill removed the knife, then the fork. His friend rose up to follow them, when he was seized by the doctor and Mr. Mandrill, and forcibly carried back to the chamber.

Without entering further into details, as to the finish of this joke, the reader will understand what was going on when he is acquainted with the dialogue between Mr. Hill and the respectable dress-making spinster, Miss Spinks, after she had furnished the needle, thread, and etceteras.

Thus it was as Hill gave it:

MISS SPINKS.

"Dew tell us, Mr. Hill, what does your friend want with needle and thread?"

HILL.

"I don't know ma'am. Did he ask you for it?"

MISS SPINKS.

"He did, really. He don't look right. What is his business?"

HILL.

"He was a tailor, now he is a poet. His father's rich, very rich, and when John, my friend, tears his coat, he will mend it himself; but, if you promise not to tell any one, I'll tell you a secret about him. Love has ruined him!"

SPINKS.

How is it?"

HILL.

"Will you promise not to tell one soul in the house until I come back?

SPINKS.

"Of course, I will not."

HILL.

"He was engaged to a beautiful young lady—handsomest woman in Philadelphia—a quakeress. Her parents refused consent. One day he walked into the meeting-house, and took her by force from her parents. This act broke up the meeting. All the men ran after him, caught him, brought back the lady, and, in less than a month, her father married her to an old man, and my friend went crazy; had his head shaved, wears a wig, and whenever he wants a needle and thread I know the fit is coming on."

SPINKS.

"And he is really crazy—insane?"

HILL.

"Yes, but harmless; rather fond of the society of the ladies at that time—that's all. Now, I am going out; if anything happens, first fasten the door till I return—that's all, and keep it secret."

Of course, as soon as Hill had left, she shared the secret with Mrs. Mandrill, then the help—cautioning them all—then the neighbors; then followed what the reader has been made acquainted with.

The result of this joke was a desire of the family, communicated by Miss Spinks with many apologies, that the Boston gentlemen would go over to the tavern and lodge, as they really couldn't think of sleeping with a crazy man in the house. So Mr. Hill and his friend adjourned to the Taunton hotel. During the evening, Hill ascertained that the Rev. Stephen Hull, in whose garret he began play-acting, had been located some time in the town of Carlisle, and was the beloved pastor of a clever flock of Yankee parishioners in that ancient and honorable town.

From old Gad Brickford he learned the story of one Abner Tanner, a fisherman who started in a fishing smack laden with produce for Boston, viz: herrings, cabbage, onions, &c., but, in a gale, was blown off the coast, and kept sailing until he was brought up in the Mediterranean, and sold his cargo to the Turks at a great profit. The veritable adventures of this Yankee Sinbad were the subject of a drama, and the public have laughed often at Mr. Hill's rich delineation of a real

Taunton fresh-water sailor—by name Abner Tanner, in the drama of "The Yankee in Tripoli." It was decided between Mr. Hill and his friend, that they should leave Taunton early in the morning for Boston and Carlisle.

CHAPTER XI.

"Blow winds—crack your cheeks."
"And the old time came over me."
"The Boys of Seventy-six."

A TRIP TO CARLISLE—A STAY AT LEXINGTON—THUNDER STORM—CHARACTERS OF THE VILLAGE INN—THE OLD REVOLUTIONER AND HIS STORY.

Mr. Hill and his companion arrived in Boston about sun-set, and leaving the bays and carriage with the proprietor, a serious-looking, honest-going black horse was put into a chaise, and in this vehicle the two character hunters started for Carlisle.

They had scarcely crossed the old Cambridge bridge when the clouds and rising wind gave tokens of a shower. It did not rain, however, until the parties reached Lexington, where they found comfortable quarters in a hotel near the battle ground, and ordered supper, determined to remain until the storm was over. The spirit of the age has changed the appearance of the bar-room of a country tavern since that time. In this devoted room of the hostelrie was congregated some of the characters of the village. There seems to be a set of similar characters in all towns.

If one has observed, he will find that representatives of the peculiarities of certain classes are to be seen everywhere. Almost every village has its club-foot boy, girl, man or woman. So will the observer notice everywhere some hump-backed man, woman, or child,

broke his or her back; or the nurse let the cripple fall when he or she was an infant. Respectable persons rarely fall down stairs; their calamities usually result from the carelessness of the nurse.

Almost every village has its victim to Fourth of July salutes, fired from rusty cannon, in the shape of a man who has lost an arm or an eye.

In some localities will be found persons suffering from the casualties of rock blasting; in other places may be seen those who have been caught in machinery and run over by railroad trains.

Very often the bar-room of the village tavern is the resort of the sufferers, and their stories serve to excite the sympathy and charity of the traveller from whom they receive change, which they too often invest in toddy and segars.

It is a noted fact that cripples, from congenial deformity, bear the impress of their loss upon their face; and the expression of the countenance of persons having club-feet will be found very much alike.

This similitude of likeness will be noticed in hump-backs, who, for the most part, are shrewd, smart, and have a peculiarity of voice. I dare say the physiologist can explain all this. The subject is not, however, introduced here for the purpose of philosophical discussion, or to solve a problem in physiology.

In the Lexington bar-room was a hump-backed boy some eighteen years of age, a man who had lost his arm in firing a Fourth of July salute, and a boy with that species of club-foot, called *talipes equinus* by scientific men. But it is not to be supposed the reader cares to know any more than he can understand about the dif-

ferent kinds, or what the complications are, of these affections of bones and tendons which result in this club-foot. Modern surgery cures it, may be added in parenthesis, for the benefit of any club-footed reader who is not aware of the fact.

There were others in the bar-room;—the red-eyed disciple of cider-drinking was there; also the seedy store-keeper of other years, who had seen hard times. He once enjoyed a reputation of being a smart man, but now was engaged in no business, and existed upon an allowance sent to him by a daughter well married in Boston. If half muddled, he was constantly talking of "My darter and her rich husband."

Sitting in an old arm-chair, half asleep, was an elderly person—one of a class fast leaving the scene. He was a revolutionary pensioner. He had once been tall, and strongly formed in his youth, and was a man of account in the town of Lexington—famous, as being the first spot upon which blood was shed by the troops of England in the attempt to drive away the revolutionists of the state.

Near to where this remnant of revolution days was sitting, a monument marks the scene of blood. What a contrast in the youth and age of this old patriot! His head was nearly bald, the skin white as ivory, and around his ears hung thin locks of white hair. He was bent down, wrinkled, and trembling, as he leaned upon his long stick.

The rain had driven under cover all the frequenters of the tavern. Hill and his friend, too, came in, after having ordered supper, intending to occupy the time while the cook was engaged in the duties of her office, with

observation upon the different parties of the groups before them.

A buxom girl put her head through a door leading to the bar, and wanted to know if the gentlemen would have "meat vittles for supper, or only pie and cake."

"Meat vittles, in the shape of chicken and beef," said Hill, "and plenty of it, for I am hungry. If the rain ceases, we are going to Carlisle to-night on important business, and we shall be too late to feed there."

"Chicken and beef," said the bar-keeper; "quick, with all the fixins." The girl vanished. "Go it, Sukey," said the hump-back. "Good night for courtin," said Club-foot. Fourth of July victim said, "Give us a story, Uncle Bill—will you? I'll stand the toddy. Come, tell us one of the old kind. You can't go home yet—it rains hard. Hear how it thunders." Uncle Bill was the old revolutionary soldier.

He laughed, said he was "a leetle dry, and he shouldn't object to a mug of cider, but he couldn't tell any story that he hadn't told a hundred times."

Hill became interested, and, walking to the old soldier, said to him, "Sir, I am an American, and this is the first time I have ever been in Lexington. I don't wish to insult an old patriot by offering him money, but I should like to hear your story of old times, and shall be happy to have you take supper with my friend and myself as soon as it is ready."

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, "but my stories would not please you. You are from Boston, I take it?"

"Yes," said Hill.

"Give the gentlemen the story about Hitty Parkins,' said Hunchback-

"Yes, Uncle Bill," said Club-foot. "First time I hearn that story I was a little shaver, and I laughed so, I liked to laugh my trousers off."

"He, he, he," chuckled the old soldier. "Well, I'll tell it, but there's nothin' in it as I know on that 'ill please you, seeing as you didn't know the people consarned. They are all dead but me, else I don't know as it would be right to tell on it."

The old man took a long drink out of the mug of cider, which had been brought to him by the request of Mr. Hill. He laid down his broad brim, rubbed his forehead with his thin fingers, a smile playing over his wrinkled and time-marked face, as he was calling to mind the thread of his story, which he had told so often, he said, he had nigh forgotten it. The congregation of the bar-room gathered around to hear the old man's tale.

"Well, to begin my story right, I ought to tell something that's never got into any history I ever heerd on 'bout them days—everybody has heerd or read how the British was in Boston that winter, and kept pretty much snug, too. Their's different stories going how they came to know that there was any powder up to Concord.

"I used to carry down vegetables to old Cambridge for the man I worked for, and Sam Jakeman used to ride in the old cart with me, and we used to talk 'bout things as we rode along to keep us awake.

"We used to start in them days early in mornin', for there wasn't no bridges then, and if we wanted to go to Boston, we had to go around over Boston neck. Well, Sam Jakeman was tryin' to be a lawyer, and

he kind-o-had something to do with a man in Cambridge, who used to give him some kind of teachin' out of Latin books; and Sam used to get off the Latin things to me in the cart. He used to talk mightily to me about Cicero, and Cæsar, and Pompey, and amongst the gals the high-flown stuff used to go nice. Well, I kind o' suspected if there was any fightin' to be done, Sam's gun would be his own mouth, and the balls would be Latin words. One day I went to Charlestown with a load of stuff, and Sam went with me. I was to wait for him till he did up some business, but I got rid of my load that day pretty quick. I went to hurry Sam along, so I left my team. I went—oh, dear, my memory is rather short, for, you see, gentlemen, I'm nigh eighty years of age. Well, well, it will come directly."

"To the tavern on the Neck, Uncle Bill; that's the way you used to tell it."

"Yes, yes," said the old man, putting away the cider mug into which he had been looking, "to the tavern on the Neck. Well, I see a boat crossing the river with some red-coated sogers in it; and when they got to the store who should go and meet them but Sam Jakeman. First, I thought I'd go after him—then, again, I thought I wouldn't; but, on the whole, I concluded to drive home, and let Sam Jakeman get along the best way he could. So I started, and gave Betty a good cut. Betty was the critter I drove—a nice mare, I tell ye, Betty was. Well, Betty and I came home.

"On the road I kept thinkin' what on airth Sam was talking to them sogers for. I didn't like to tell on't to any body, and yet I thought I oughtn't to keep it secret; so I concluded I'd tell Mr. Parkins.

"Well, Mr. Parkins had a gal—a darter. I s'pose, gentlemen, you wouldn't believe me if I should tell you that Mr. Parkins' Hitty, or Mehitable, as she was named, was considered the likeliest gal in the town of Lexington. I always thought so, anyhow. Well, Sam Jakeman courted this gal, and she had rather a notion for sparks that had larnin', and Sam's Ciceros, and Pompeys, and the rest of them Latin fellows used to please Hitty considerable. So I kind-o' thought it wouldn't do to tell her to tell her father. So, arter some thinkin', I concluded to do it my self. Well, I up and told the old man how I come to leave him in Charlestown. Well, I knew it was his courtin' night with Kitty, and if he didn't come Kitty would know the reason somehow.

"Hitty used to treat me pretty well, and get up airly to get my breakfast and send me off to market. To be sure, Sam used to be there, but however, old man Parkins, he concluded not to tell Hitty till he see how it come out, so he sends me next day to market agin.

"Now Hitty, she got up to get my breakfast, and she seemed kind-o'-out of sorts. I know'd the reason, 'cause Sam didn't come the night before.

"While she was frying the eggs, says she, 'Bill, why didn't Mr. Jakeman come home with you?'

"'Well, Miss Parkins," says I, "I believe he didn't get quite through his business in Charlestown.'

"I always called her Miss Parkins—she always called me Bill, and Sam she called Mr. Jakeman.

"Well, I seed she was oneasy; I felt so bad about it that I come pretty near telling her the whole. I seed nothin' went right. The fat flew up in her eyes, and

the eggs wouldn't cook. So, says I, 'Miss Parkins, don't trouble yourself;' and she looked up with such a good-natured smile, that I wanted to tell her again all about Sam.

"Well, afore I go any further, I want to tell you one thing, gentlemen, for fear I should forget it.

"Sam Jakeman know'd there was powder in Concord, and that's what he told the British soldiers in the boat, though we didn't know it till afterwards."

"That don't come yet, Uncle Bill," said Hunchback.

"No, Uncle Bill," said Club-foot, "you didn't tell that till after you told about Hitty and you."

"Stop," said Fourth of July victim, "you youngsters, let the old man tell the story as he likes."

"Yes," said Hill, "the old gentleman's memory is coming to him."

He had, during this interruption, occupied his time with the cider mug. I suppose it was wrong to drink cider, but it was the custom of his day.

"Ah," said the old soldier, smacking his lips, "these youngsters have great memories."

"Well, Sam got home next day before I did, and told his own story. I shall never tell how I got the news, but I did get it, that the British were goin' to start next day for Concord after powder. I dropped my load, and drove home. I told Mr. Parkins, and pretty soon it got about; and the people had to make up their minds what was to be done. We begun to look up the guns, and shot and powder.

"I asked Miss Parkins, that is Hitty, how the women folks felt about shooting at the Britishers, if the Britishers shot at them? 'Well,' she said, 'the married folks

didn't like much the idea of having their husbands killed, and the gals didn't like to have their beaus shot, but if the British did come up, and if she had a feller that wouldn't stand up for his own land, she'd give him the mitten just as soon as the fight was over.'

"I said nothin' just then, but I thought Sam Jakeman, with all his Latin and Ciceros, would have a hard chance afore winter."

The old man paused. He was evidently enjoying a reminiscence of past days.

Hill enquired if supper was ready. "Ah," said the old man, "I see my story is too long for you, gentlemen. You are tired."

"No," said Hill, "go on with the story. Tell the cook not to hurry the chickens—to cook 'em easy. Go on, sir."

"Well," resumed the old man, "Sam was round as usual, but kind of onasy. Mr. Parkins brought in a large old-fashioned firelock, which had been used in the old French war, and had sent a bullet or two into the jackets of Indians in old times; and says he to Sam, 'Mr. Jakeman, if you hear a drum early in the morning to-morrow, I want you to get up. Ask no questions, and follow me with the old firelock. And Bill,' says he to me, 'there's one for you.'

"Sam looked streaked, and says I, 'I and Mr. Jakeman will go together if there is any trouble.' He kind o' stuttered out 'Yes,' but he looked awful bad. Well, I left him and Miss Parkins, that is, Hitty, alone, to do what courtin' they had to do, and I never told anybody what happened between Hitty and Sam that night, though Hitty told me all about it afterwards; but that was the last time they ever sat up together.

"Well, it's no use my telling what happened on the nineteenth of April out on the green there, where the monument is, for it's been talked on, and printed, and read by every woman, man, and child in histories and school-books. None of them can tell about Sam Jakeman, or me, or Hitty Parkins.

"When we all went on the green, waiting for the red coats to fire at us, Sam Jakeman warn't there, and I'il tell you the reason—the old man, Parkins, was there with the firelock, and there was one there, a roguish sort of a chap, with the old French firelock that was left out for Sam Jakeman. Nobody seemed to know him, but he stud up strait with the rest on us.

"But stop; before I go any further to tell you about the hand that pulled the trigger of that old firelock, I'll tell you where Sam Jakeman was."

The old man was taking a fresh pull at the cider mug.

Clubfoot begins—"I'll tell you where he was."

"Hush up," said Hunchback; "let Uncle Bill tell it his self. I like to hear Uncle Bill laugh when he tells it."

"Let the old man tell the story out," said Hill.

After a smack of the lips, and a roll of the tongue, which took all the loose drops of cider still remaining on the lips of the old man, he settled himself in the chair, and with a chuckle he proceeded :—

"Well, Sam Jakeman went down cellar. There was a dark bin where we used to keep potatoes; it had a lock on it. He went in there instead of going somewhere else that night, and Hitty locked him in.

"He was a little skeary of two things—fighting on one

side, with a chance of being shot, or getting found out for telling the British about the powder.

"Well, now you know where Sam Jakeman was."

The old man begins his langh—"He-he-he-he. I'll tell you what Hitty did. There we stood on the green, and our captain said, if anybody wanted to go home, now was the time. Nobody started, you may depend upon that. The women were looking out of the windows round in the houses. There warn't many on 'em then; and soon somebody said, 'They're comin'.'

"Creation, I tell you, we felt kind of curious most all on us, as we heard the music, and saw the troops comin' up the road as fine as a fid dle; but we kind of edged up close together, and the Captain said, 'Men, that won't do to stand so close on to one another. If they do fire on us, they may hit some on us, and the further apart you stand, in reason, the better chance not to get hit. Some balls won't go through the spaces; besides we shall make more show to stand over a leetle more ground.'

"Well, all this time they were comin' along, and I was thinkin' so much of whether my gun would miss fire or not, that I did not notice all that was goin' on till somebody said 'Fire!' My gun was pinted right to a man on a horse, and I let her go, and the man fell; and I always run away with a notion that I wounded him or killed him. I never knew.

"But we had to clear out after a spell; and the chap that had Sam Jakeman's firelock got wounded in the arm, and when they took her home, it was Hitty Parkins in a feller's clothes; but that's the only time I ever knowd her wear the breeches."

Here the old man had his laugh and another drink.

As the old man made a long pause, Hill asked him what became of Sam Jakeman.

"Oh," said he, "after the doctor fixed Hitty's arm, she told her father where to find him in the potato bin, and she said she took his place among the men to keep the number good.

"So they pulled Sam out among 'em. He was glad to clear out of this town, and neither he or any of his descendants have ever been heard of in the town of Lexington since."

The old man laughed, and all joined with him. Upon the question being asked what became of Hitty Parkins.

"Why," said the old man, "arter a while she and I got married, and we had the good luck to have a dozen children, and some of the boys fought for their country, and died in the last war, doing their duty. Oh, that's a long while ago, and I'm alive yet. All dead but me."

"Supper's ready," said the girl. After a hearty shake of the hand, Hill bid the old gentleman good night, and with his companion retired to the supper room.

CHAPTER XII.

"Let us take the Road."

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year."

THE JOURNEY TO CARLISLE—MIDNIGHT ARRIVAL AND VISIT TO THE MINISTER—THE COMEDIAN AND THE CLERYGMAN—THE BLESSING AND THE BAKED POTATOES—THE FAREWELL—THE CLERGYMAN'S FORTUNE—DEPARTURE FROM CARLISLE.

An hour was passed in discussing the fare of the tavern. The shower was over; the horse, refreshed by a meal of oats, stood ready at the door. The bar-room cleared of the guests which had gathered there, as usual they had departed for home, according to the customs and habits of the different individuals composing the group.

The bill was settled, the bar-keeper merely asking which way they were going, as he handed the change, after taking his own charge from the gold piece tendered to him in payment for the "meat vittles" consumed, and the "fixins" and accompaniments to the aforesaid "meat vittles."

Hill replied that he must be in Carlisle that night.

"Carlisle!" said the man. "I didn't think that anybody ever had any particular business in Carlisle. Have you ever been there?"

"Never have. I cannot miss the way; can I?" said Hill.

"No;—straight road."

The two travellers were soon on their way, enjoying their lighted cigars, which served in the darkness to make light enough to see each other's countenance.

There were divers opinions in relation to the distance from Lexington to Carlisle, as was discovered by frequent enquiries of passing travellers, and also by the different distances recorded on the several guide-boards. On the following day, when returning from this famous rural district, (Carlisle,) it was ascertained that the actual distance, though called eight miles, was still an open question.

A ride to this town by a summer's moonlight, with a companion just suited to the "witching time of night," could not be without interest. There is hill and valley, plain and swamp, wood and village, bridge and river, to pass; and it is well known that other things besides faded beauties look best by moonlight.

Without occupying the time in describing the ride which was actually taken up in accomplishing it, be it understood that in the neighborhood of one, A.M., the horse was reined up to a tolerable spacious house with a swinging sign before its door, announcing that this was the tavern of the ancient city of Carlisle. A lamp was dimly burning in one of the lower windows—a segar box placed in its rear to prevent the reflection of its somewhat consumptive looking rays upon the occupant of this room, whose duty it was to take in travellers for the night. At this time there was much night travel on the road—heavy wagons, loaded with produce, going into Boston market one day, returning with merchandise the next, for the use of the dwellers in the counties who could not then, as now, conveniently

go to the emporium themselves to procure such of the necessaries and luxuries of life as abound in the city.

Alas! the glory of the old tavern has departed. The cheerful talk of the teamster to his team is seldom heard. The drover, shouting to his flocks and herds, on their way to Brighton, is now a circumstance of note, when before it was a matter of course as came near the market day.

A knock at the door soon roused the tavern watchman from his slumbers and his dreams. Lantern in hand, he stood at the door viewing the equipage and the travellers with gaping mouth and wondering eye.

Hill commenced in a tone and style upon which Solomon Swop was modelled.

"'Say you, man, what town's this?"

"Carlisle," said the ostler, with another yawn, gape, and stretch, and the accent strong on the last syllable of "Carlisle."

"Carlisle?" said Hill.

"Yes."

"Will you tell us can you put us up in your tavern, horse, chaise, and us two fellers, all slick?"

"Yes, I guess so," said the man; "I'll call up the boss. Won't you come in? I'll tie the horse."

"No," said Hill; "if you can't put us up, go in, and see what your man says."

Off he went to wake up the boss, but not, however, until he had taken another look at the chaise and both persons. Something seemed to puzzle him, and a slight conversation overheard between ostler and boss gave the key to his embarrassment.

"In a chaise, you say, this time o' night?" said Boss.

"Yes," said Ostler. "'Say, you don't s'pose they stole it, do you?"

"No," said Boss; "kind o' curious though to be in this town at this time. Who do they look like?"

"Well, kind-o'-like most any feller critters; they seem to have on pretty good clothes, but one feller talks like a greeny, and the other don't say nothin'."

"Well, guess we'll take 'em in. You look out sharp for 'em in the morning. Put 'em in a good room."

Hill and his companion were discussing the same subject of "rooms" as ostler returned, saying, "It was all right."

"Well, put up the horse, and, perhaps, we shan't tumble your beds. Can you tell me in what part of this town the Reverend Stephen Hull lives?" said Hill.

"Yes; he's the minister. You know him then?"

"I do; and I must see him to-night."

"Well, if you'll wait until I untackle your horse, I'll go up the road a piece and show you the minister's house."

"Agreed," said Hill.

The horse was soon out of harness and in the stable. The ostler went into the tavern, telling the boss that the gentlemen knew the minister, Mr. Hull, and were going up to see him right off," adding in a knowing kind of tone: "I guess they didn't steal the horse and chaise, nor nothin', else they wouldn't go to the minister's."

The party were soon on the road to the minister's, Hill continuing to do all the talking with the guide, who was asking all sorts of questions as to "what business they had with the minister of Carlisle at that hour?"

Hill, taking him a little one side, whispered to him, "That his friend, who didn't say much, had come all the way from England to tell the minister that some one of the Hull family had died, and left him a tremendous fortin." He counselled him not to mention it, as it was to be kept dark out of the family, until he had received the money.

The ostler appeared all at once in a hurry to get back to the tavern, and, pointing to a neat cottage, a few roods distant in a lane, surrounded by trees from among which a light twinkled, he said, "That's the minister's house,"—and hastily returned.

Hill entered the garden, and, tapping at the window in which was the light, a voice responded—"Who's there?"

"Friend," answered Hill. "Who lives here?"

"Hull lives here. Who is friend that enquires?"

"Hill."

"What Hill?"

"What Hull?"

"Stephen Hull, minister."

"I am George Handel Hill, play-actor. Don't you know me?"

"Yes; I know that name. Stop a moment."

A heavy sound on the floor gave evidence that somebody was jumping out of bed; and in a short time the Reverend Stephen Hull, in his night robe, had opened the door, and was heartily shaking the hand of his actor nephew.

Hill introduced his friend to the reverend gentleman, and after a little conversation, Aunt Hull was added to the party, and gave Nephew George such a greeting as

aunts of the old-fashioned style only know how and are willing to give. Many years had elapsed since the parting at Raynham, and the reminiscences called up by this unexpected interview were of the most interesting character. An hour was spent in conversing principally on family matters and the journey to Carlisle, when the Reverend Stephen Hull and his wife retired to renew their repose, broken by the advent of two individuals, who were first escorted to the best room in the parsonage house, where a good bed with snowy looking sheets awaited them.

"Good night," although now morning, was reciprocally wished, and thoughts of daylight waited upon the closing eyes of the comedian and his friend, as they congratulated themselves upon sleeping under the roof of a clergyman of some pretensions in those parts, and, also, as they contemplated what would be the action of his parishioners when they should hear of the large fortune left to their hospitable, eccentric minister and spiritual guide.

One of the Reverend Stephen Hull's peculiarities was a fondness for baked potatoes; another, for certain quotations from Shakspeare, although he professed little sympathy with the player and his calling. His conversation had been "interlarded," to use one of his own phrases, with these quotations; and he had more than once promised to give his guests at breakfast a touch of the quality of his potatoes, and his wife's style of serving them, strongly impressing upon her memory the kind to select, and how long to permit them to undergo the process of baking.

Expectation was high, as the potatoes were discussed,

and Shakspeare divided the honors with this tuber of universal appreciation.

Morning came in all its summer glory. The bright sun, as its rays were reflected upon the trees and fields of green, wet with the showers of evening, made the green carpet of vegetation glitter as if a million gems were suspended from bough, leaf, and spear.

The clergyman and the actor had walked in the garden, conversing of the time that had passed since their separation—the one in the prime of life, the other, a boy new to the world and its trials, yet daring its perils for a reward when they should be surmounted. How many fall in the battle of life! yet these two, travelling different roads, had met again; the one verging towards old age—the snows of winter whitening his head, and his position taken without worldly hopes of advancement; the other, enjoying his conquest over adversity, and hailing, with strong hopes of the future, the success of the present.

"Do you get money by acting, George?" said the clergyman.

"Yes; a hundred dollars for one night—sometimes two; and I have had seven and eight hundred dollars come to me for my nights' share," said Hill.

"The dogs, you do!" said the minister; "then you'll be rich if nothing happens—won't you?"

"I hope to be able to give my children a good education, and place them properly before the world," replied Hill.

"That's right," said he. "George, you was a Satan when you was a boy. Now, only to think of it, by following up them didos you used to cut up in the barns—

that kind of play-acting that we used to try to keep you from—you can make more money in a night than I can make in a year:

'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.'

That's Pope, George—not Shakspeare."

"Well, Uncle, you would not advise me to give up my trade?" said Hill.

"No, if you make money by it. I suppose if there's a demand there must be a supply. I think if I was you I should work at it a spell longer. What do you play?"

"Yankees are my favorite characters."

"Yankees?"

"Yes; country boys."

"And do the people in the cities pay a hundred dollars a night only to see in the theatre what they can see in our village for nothing?"

"They do. Before I played Yankees, I worked for ten dollars a week."

"The dogs, you did! Well, then, George, speak well of the Yankees—always speak well of the bridge that carries you safe over."

"I shall," said Hill.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

"True enough, true enough," said the Reverend Stephen Hull, and the wife of the Reverend Stephen Hull stood at the door, with a smile upon her face, announcing that "breakfast was ready."

The smile became contagious, for the parson and his guests were smiling also as they entered the house to partake of the morning meal.

That universal stimulant, a good appetite, was present, but the neatly set table, covered with generous and savory eatables, made appetite even more eager.

The Reverend Stephen Hull cast his eyes over the display upon the table, and at a glance seemed to compass the entire fare. The sight of the cream toast, the smell of the ham and eggs, seemed to inspire him with gratitude to the Giver of good things; yet he appeared anxious; as was his custom, he craved a blessing upon the repast, closing with the usual words—"And for what we are about to receive, make us, O, our Creator, truly thankful. Amen."

The expression of his face wore the same anxious look it did before he commenced his appeal to grace; and "amen" had scarcely escaped from his lips, before, removing the covers from two or three dishes, he exclaimed, "My dear, where are the baked potatoes?"

Mrs. Hull raised the cover of a dish, and there they were, cracked, open and mealy.

The parson responded, "Ah, George, I thought she had forgotten them.

"'Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.'"

Said Hill's uncle Hull; and he set as good an example of tall eating, as any man would wish to look at or emulate. Hill often, in after years, would refer to the breakfast in Carlisle, and the baked potatoes of his uncle, the minister.

Breakfast over, family matters were again the theme of conversation for a time, until preparations were made

for returning to the tavern. Promises were given to return again to Carlisle, and assurances of a hearty welcome were made by the host of the night.

Bidding good-bye to Mrs. Hull, Hill and friend left the house, followed by the Reverend Mr. Hull some way in the road.

"George," said he, "I always did give you good advice about play-acting. It seems to be a good business, and you seem to be made for it. We should never quarrel with the ways of Providence. I'd stick to it. As the great bard says, 'Put money in thy purse;' and there's Scripture for it too. Good-bye, George—good-bye, my friend; for you are my friend if you are George's friend. I hope I shall see you again."

He returned to his house; Hill and his friend walked back to the tavern. Their arrival was the signal for considerable bustle. The men stared; the women whispered, and pointed from behind doors at the travellers, and gave sundry telegraphic winks to the aforesaid "men folks." An important-looking personage stood upon the door-stone, who had taken his morning dram, and evinced the truth of his saying, "that he felt the better for it," by actions consonant with the idea.

The horse had been ordered, and the ostler was engaged in carrying out the instructions given him relative to a good rubbing for the horse, and certain care in the harnessing him to the vehicle.

The important personage descended from the door-stone, saluting Hill with the usual "Pleasant morning, sir"—a phrase that is so frequently the prelude to a long conversation between persons meeting for the first time.

Hill replied that "it was a fine morning."

How far are you going to-day?" inquired the important personage.

"To Boston," said Hill.

"Ah, yes; I frequently go to Boston. I have business there often."

"I dare say," responded Hill.

"I must have seen you somewhere."

"Very likely; I go there often."

"You have been to see Mr. Hull—eh, good man, Mr. Hull. I listen to his preaching. I sit under him with a good deal of satisfaction; so does my wife and darters. Hope we aint going to lose him?"

"I hope not," said Hill.

"Well, if there's no harm in asking, how much fortin is there left for him—enough to make him independent for life?"

"I can't say."

"Why, a'int you on the business about it?"

"No; my friend there had some business with Mr. Hull. He may be able to inform you."

"Well, I'm sorry, sir. Hope you don't think hard of me, but they told me in the house that somebody had left an independent fortin to the minister. I was going up to see him about it, and I thought I'd enquire at head quarters first. So he can tell me—can he?"—pointing to Hill's friend.

"Yes, he can," said Hill.

The interrogator stepped up to Hill's friend, who was at some distance, watching the movements of the ostler.

"How d'ye do, sir? Your friend tells me that you can tell me all about your business with Mr. Hull, cou-

cerning the fortin that's left him. If I may be so bold, how is it?"

"Sir," was the reply, "when any business is entrusted to me, I generally perform my duty in the premises. Now, this is a secret matter, and you must excuse me if I keep it so."

"Oh, yes; but I thought there was no harm in asking. I s'pose there's no mistake about it that there's a fortin out there."

The ostler announced that the horse was ready, and the two travellers stepped into the vehicle, bidding "good day" to a group of starers, all wondering who these two people were, and what could be the meaning of their mysterious visit to the Carlisle minister, unless it was as the ostler had told the maid, and she the mistress, and she the whole household, that a fortune had been left to the minister.

CHAPTER XIII.

"For England, ho!"

FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND—APPEARANCE AT DRURY LANE THEATRE—IDEAS OF ENGLAND—RETURN.

For some time I had determined to visit Europe professionally, although it was not without a great effort that I resolved to separate from my family for this voyage; and until the hour of parting came, the arrangement seemed to me like many other schemes of mine, which had been planned in earnest, but which entirely failed when the time arrived for putting them into execution.

This proved real; and soon after bidding good-bye, I found myself on board the packet ship "
bound for Liverpool.

We had a cheerful set of passengers. Among them I may mention the Hon. Charles A. Murray, who was returning from a tour through the United States. It was his intention to publish a book of his travels. I make no doubt it will be an entertaining and impartial work.

I can only inform my reader that after the usual incidents of a pleasant trip in a fine packet across the Atlantic, I arrived in Liverpool, and stood a stranger in the land of my forefathers.

I experienced much anxiety in respect to my mission; how should I succeed.

* * * * * * * * *

Here Mr. Hill's journal seemed not to have been regularly kept, beyond dates and the ship's workings. Memoranda, here and there, refer to other memoranda in the pages of books, or on loose sheets of paper, which were hereafter to take their proper places in the journal, according to Mr. Hill's promise previous to his leaving home.

He appeared at Drury Lane theatre on the evening of November 6th, 1835, as Hiram Dodge, in the "Yankee Pedlar." The newspapers of the day announced his *debut* as entirely successful.

What Mr. Hill's views were upon his arrival in England, and soon after he had played, may be ascertained by the following letters to a friend.

The hiatus occaisoned by the unfinished journal, may in part be supplied from this source. It had been Mr. Hill's intention to collect his "loose memoranda," with a view to complete this unfinished part of his life, as before stated.

The narrative is necessarily again interrupted by the introduction, at this time, of the letters. Their contents are descriptive of the events in the order of time to which they belong. Mr. Hill's letters to his wife are more elaborate, but so mingled with domestic matters, and private business directions, as to render them inappropriate for the purpose of this work.

London, October 20th, 1836.

My Dear Friend,—There is no mistake in my being here in the identical city named at the head of this sheet. It seems to me like a dream, but here I am; and I take this opportunity to fulfil a promise made to you before leaving the United States.

I have seen the scenes made familiar to me by that immortal production, witnessed in my early days, of "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London." Temple Bar by moonlight; Tattersalls; Burlington Arcade; Rotten Row; St. Giles's—have each and all of them been visited by me. Little did I think, when I was enacting Jemmy Green, that I should one day stand upon the pavement of the localities rendered classic by the great burletta, once so popular in all the theatres of America. I thought I had a tolerable idea of the great Babylon, London, before I had seen it. I was mistaken. The reality is as "Ossa to a wart," compared to my conception of its extent. I have been to the Abbey and to the Tower. Two important events of my life rushed upon my mind when in the Tower;—one, the first time I saw Booth as Richard; the second, on an after occasion, at the instigation of the said Booth, whose personation of the crook-back'd tyrant so impressed me with the reality of my doings that I dreamed the same night of being executed for the crime.

I have no doubt I murdered the murderers of the royal babes; for in those days, although I thought myself no small potatoes in small tragedy parts, the manager and my friends had opinions on the subject no ways coinciding with my own. I have not yet played, as I am to have a new piece written for my first appearance. I wish you were here to take some local hints and put them on the track for me. There are clever playwrights enough here, but they do not understand the nice points of Yankee character. I like the appearance of things well, and I think I shall have fair play.

* * * * * * * * *

You know I never could write long letters, and I suppose you will see by the papers what they think of me when they have seen me. I will send all to you, whether I hit or miss. It's more of a job than I thought for when I started; but I am in for it, and

for the honor of Yankee land, I will put my best foot foremost the first time I have the opportunity of making my public bow to John Bull.

London, November 8th, 1836.

My Dear *****—I have played in London, upon the great stage of Drury Lane, in a new piece written for me by Barnard—"The Yankee Pedlar." It is a touch-and-go sort of affair, and I believe I hit them. I should much rather have played in an old part. The Pedlar, as written, gives them not the best idea of an honest Yankee boy. However, I contrived to give them a little of the spice of other parts in the *ad libitum* business.

I felt famous for the occasion, and the notices in the papers I send you are of value to me, as I did not write them myself, nor procure their insertion.

Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane, is a queer fish. He has offered me terms. I am as yet undecided about accepting them.

Other establishments have also made me offers which I shall consider. You know there is none with a greater love for his own country, and the things it contains, than I have; and the sights I see in and out of the house do not in the least change my affection for the land of my birth. I am a good democrat, and glory in a Republican form of government; therefore you will believe me that, in spite of some preconceived notions not in favor of John Bull, I think from what I have seen that Englishmen are ahead of Jonathan in many matters that Americans do not fairly "acknowledge the corn" about.

I am happy that I am an American, and not less so that I descended, in common with our countrymen, from the sires who came from the "fast-anchored isle."

I send you one of the first sovereigns the Yankee received from a London theatre, for making a British audience laugh at the Yankee's comics.

They don't take all the Yankeeisms as readily as my audiences in the States do; therefore, without incurring too strong a charge of conceit, I take some of the applause as due to my talents as a comedian, apart from the peculiarity of character I represent.

This is a compliment I feel and appreciate. I have seen some fine acting here, and some as bad as I ever witnessed at the Bowery in its bloodiest times.

I am a little ashamed of some of my American friends, who, when at home, denounce all things aristocratical, but here toady their tailor and their bootmaker, to get a squint at patterns of noblemen's coats and pantaloons, or a sight of their person when undergoing the operation of being measured for the garments alluded to; and such a splutter and fuss as they make to get into a club, or to dine with any of the nobility, would be awful to think of at home, particularly about election times, when everybody is so democratic, and have such a "mess" of feelings for the dear people.

I received some kind attention from an English gentleman which came to the knowledge of a certain big-feeling trader, from Boston, that we know of. It galled him terribly, as he had been disposed to cut me; but when he heard of my being "patronized" by one who was somebody in London, he was anxious to renew an acquaintance hitherto not thought worth acknowledging. But, Jo, it was no go. I shall have more to say hereafter.

I know you do not expect from me notices of the lions of London. It is not in my way, and you will find them in the papers.

It is fun for a Yankee to look on and see the crowds of people moving about with apparently nothing to do, and imagine what becomes of them all at night, and where they all get their fodder.

As I stroll about, and see how some things are done, I feel the Yankee stick out all over, and I want some of our notions to dicker with John Bull traders. Crime and rascality are as plenty here as anywhere; but Englishmen, as a body

have large hearts, and generally when they take you by the hand, and say they are glad to see you, they mean it. There is not that eternal ghost of trade haunting them, and obtruding the unsocial question of, "How much can I get out of this fellow?" at every new introduction, as there is too often with us. Their traders are as shrewd as any in the world—their merchants sagacious; but they appear to deal with a customer honestly, and consider the inducements to trade are made as matters of honor.

I am not sure that John Bull don't worship the almighty dollar as much as Jonathan, and value it as highly; but he seems less anxions to get it unfairly, and is not so tenacious of it when obtained. He appears to rejoice in circulation.

I saw a man making shoes yesterday, sticking in iron nails. I wished then for Yankee shoe-pegs made of wood. The man laughed at me when I told him how many bushels of them we used in America.

A great many things strike me oddly. Buxom landladies; stuck-up, lazy waiters; the green trunks I see at the hotels; and the manner of making out bills; yet, I must say, I don't really feel that I am in a foreign land, nor am I. John Bull's children here—many of them—are proud of their relationship with Jonathan, and take pains to show it on all proper occasions.

I send you some papers, and conclude with best wishes,

Geo. H. Hill.

The tone of the press was highly flattering to Mr. Hill's exertions in London. He played engagements in Scotland and Ireland, earning an honest reputation as a comedian of great merit. His social qualities made him a favorite, and many parties were given for the purpose of introducing him to the hospitality of a people capable of discovering genius in any department of litera-

ture or art, and willing to appreciate excellence, without any reference to local origin.

In the spring of 1837 he embarked for home, leaving Liverpool in the packet ship "United States.

Soon after his arrival in New York he was engaged at the Park theatre. He made his *debut* as Hiram Dodge, in the Yankee Pedlar. This engagement was eminently successful, at the close of which he visited the south and west—playing at the principal theatres of the different cities pleasant and profitable engagements.

CHAPTER XIV.

"There is no speculation in those eyes,"

"Trade—d—n trade!"

I RESOLVE to devote a few pages of my life to my speculations. I do not mean theatrical ones, for, with all my versatility in financial matters, I can truly say that a serious idea of management never entered into my money-making calculations. I never had any particular desire to speculate in the management of a theatre. I have often given entertainments, concerts, lectures, &c., and engaged assistants. Sometimes the operation resulted in a loss.

But I have engaged in land speculations and in water speculations. I have paid money, and given obligations to pay more, for property upon which I was to realize some day enormous profits. It is needless to add, perhaps, that I never realized anything—principal invested, interest, or property in any of these money-making sehemes.

I think actors in general are bad financiers, and, according to my retrospective views in this relation, I must have been one of the worst among the bad. When I have had in my possession any considerable sum of money, I was ready to purchase anything that was offered to my notice. Some persons, whose business it was to take advantage of the stranger, learning my weakness, have profited more than once by their know-

ledge. In this way I have had possession of property for which I had no use whatever, and have been obliged to dispose of it at great sacrifices, often to the original owner.

My speculations in Rochester, before my marriage, were of this kind. I remember buying a cow and calf, said to be of a high order of cattle. I gave a watch and ten dollars—all the money I had in the world—for the two specimens of horned cattle.

The man of whom I purchased these brutes was the most deaconish looking individual I ever saw.

On a Saturday night the man asked me, "If I didn't want a good cow and calf?"

I enquired his price for them. He said, "Thirty dollars, but they were worth forty if they were worth a cent," according to his estimate and story. I had no more notion of the value of a cow and calf, or the marks of a good milker, than I had of calculating eclipses. But the Yankee drover succeeded in getting my watch and money, leaving the cattle in the road, under my direction—the ownership thereof vested in me.

For a short time I was elated with my cow and calf. I had no place to keep them, and I did not really know what to do. I, however, obtained permission of a neighbor to put them in his yard until Monday, when I was to sell them and double my money, according to the drover's story. He said he could do it, but he had received news that his wife was sick, and he could not stay long enough to sell them, on that account.

I believed his story, wife and all. That night my visions were stored with droves of cattle, pastures, money, farms, and all the items of agricultural life. On

Monday I tried to sell my cow, who had played various antics in my neighbor's enclosure—jumping walls, and refusing to perform any of the duties expected of a cow.

Every time the calf approached the cow she kicked and ran away, threatening fences, pumps, and trees with summary vengeance.

I asked the farmer what he thought was the reason the cow would not let the calf come near her?

"Why," says he, "George, you have got awfully taken in in that ere cow of your'n."

"How so?" says I; "she looks like a good one. The man of whom I bought her said she felt a little bad about her calf because it was her first one."

"Why, that cow is farrow. That aint her calf no more than it's mine; she hain't had a calf for twenty years. He's borrowed that calf somewhere to sell the cow."

I never told any one how much I realized on the sale of that cow and calf, and I never intend to tell. I have made speculations since that time, but it seems generally my destiny in trade to get the "farrow cow."

For my professional services I have always been well paid. At one time, while in New Orleans, with a good balance in my banker's hands, and a considerable sum in my pocket, some gentlemen called my attention to the sale of a valuable estate in Mobile. According to the plans of the estate, here were houses and lands which the present proprietor would on no account part with but for his necessities. I had seen the property, and almost every person said there was no risk in this. After some time spent in negotiation, I became the

purchaser, and had several thousand dollars invested in the State of Alabama. I began to calculate on the chances, one day or other, of owning a piece of real estate in every State of the Union in which my professional duties would require a sojourn for a greater or less time, and in some one of which, after having accumulated a competency, I was to spend the remainder of my life in retirement and elegant ease—looking upon the panoramic actions of my contemporaries with dignity and critical interest.

After some time indulging in these dreams of the future, and often estimating how much richer I had grown already by the rise in my newly acquired property, another check to "proud ambition" came in the shape of a lawyer's letter from Mobile, giving me the pleasing intelligence that a claim had been presented which, if sustained, would deprive me of my property in that city. My title was defective; some Spanish claim must be satisfied, and my attention to the subject earnestly requested by my legal correspondent.

Mr. Brown, a shrewd man, and a friend of mine, advised me to let the purchase alone for the present. He said it was valuable property, but he thought there must be something wrong about it, else the man would not be so anxious for me to buy.

I repeated Mr. Brown's opinion to others, and one who was interested in the sale told me in confidence, the reason of Brown's advice—being nothing more nor less than that he wished to purchase the estate himself, and was only waiting to collect the amount required. I believed this man, and rejected the honest advice of my friend Brown.

This, in the end, was a heavier loss than the Rochester cow bargain.

Another land speculation in Mississippi, will serve to warn my brother actors against buying any kind of property until they are perfectly sure of a safe investment.

I have no recollection of the number of the township, for when I was interested, the town had no name. It has since been christened, I have no doubt.

In some townships, however, I purchased by deputies, and in partnership with the deputy, a number of lots of land. I furnished the ready money, and my partner gave his notes for the amount of half the price of the purchase money.

I had no sooner obtained what I supposed to be the fee of this land, when I was offered a large advance upon the sum given; and I was rather inclined to sell, if it was only for the purpose of once realizing something "on a trade."

My partner objected, and I left the affair in his hands to manage for our mutual benefit. When I inform the friendly reader, that to this time I have not learned the name of the settlement in which my building lots were located, he will not expect of me any account of the improvements going on in that quarter, or how much I realised out of my land speculation in Mississippi; but will most likely class it with my first Rochester speculation in live beef and veal.

CHAPTER XV.

"My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France."

"Home, home—home, sweet home;
There's no place like home."

MR. HILL'S SECOND TRIP TO ENGLAND—HE VISITS FRANCE—GIVES AN ENTERTAINMENT IN PARIS—RETURN.

In the winter of 1837 and '38, Mr. Hill's health became impaired, and he imagined that his disease was an "affection of the heart." This idea, with its consequences, so depressed his spirits, as to have a sensible effect on his business arrangements. He determined, by the advice of his physician, to again visit Europe; and on the 26th of May he sailed in the packet-ship "Sheffield."

Previous to his leaving New York, he had prepared himself with elegantly bound blank books, numbered, ruled, and lettered, for the purpose of recording his doings. One he called his "diary," with columns for putting down the beats of his pulse at certain hours of the day, his regimen, diet, &c., with a view to ascertain the progress of his "heart disease."

The entries were spare; although some of them show that the sea-breeze had a good effect upon his appetite, and some amusing entries testify to the improvement of his mind upon the subject of disease. From this source we learn, that shortly after his arrival in Liverpool, he proceeded to London, and played for two months at the Haymarket in a piece called "New Notions," personating its hero, Major Enoch Wheeler. In the month

of December following, Mr. Hill visited Paris, and took lodgings at a hotel where the attendants were unable to speak a word of English, although frequented much by English and American travellers.

At this hotel a New England gentleman, possessed of more money than brains, lodged. He was well known in Paris and at home as one of the "spooney tribe." In consequence of his affectation and ludicrous illustrations of high breeding, he was often made the laughing-stock of his countrymen.

He pretended to forget the English language, and, when in conversation with Americans, this particular feature of his foreign education stood out boldly.

Hill had been introduced to him in Boston; and when, among strangers, meeting this scion of New England nobility in Paris, for the first time, Hill hastened to make himself known, expecting a courteous reception, and an hour's pleasant conversation upon matters and things at home, and in a language familiar to both. Hill was not aware of his peculiar failings at the time.

"Good morning, Mr. ——," said Hill; "I am delighted to see you," offering him his hand.

The exquisite stepped back, and looked at Hill.

"Ah! I declare I don't know you; that is, since I've been in Paris I forgot the—what is the word in English? —a la mode de Angletaire."

HILL.

"Oh, look here, Mr. ——, since I have been in Paris I have forgot something too; but I have not forgot you, nor your former associations in Boston."

EXQUISITE GENTLEMAN.

"Sir, parlais Francais. Je vous invite."

HILL.

Javoy voo—what you like. I am not ashamed to talk to a countryman in plain, homespun English. If you do not know me, I will tell you who I am."

EXQUISITE GENTLEMAN.

"Sare, you are Monsieur Hill; but it is true I forgot my own language, truly, and I cannot parlez Anglais."

HILL.

"You are a spooney. I don't want to know you; but if I meet you with any of my countrymen, and you come the "pally voo" too strong, I will just talk off the sign that used to be over your father's door in Ann street."

EXQUISITE GENTLEMAN.

"Look here, Mr. Hill, I didn't mean any harm."

HILL.

"It's no consequence. I shall take care to publish your puppyism; and if you are a specimen of a Yankee in Paris, I don't wish to parley voo, squattivoo, cattivoo, walkivoo, talkivoo, with you, any longervoo."

Hill left him to find a more cordial reception from another Bostonian, who had discovered Hill, and was crossing the street with smiles indicating his happiness to meet him, and in plain English welcomed him to Paris.

Hill determined, as the Yankee phrase is, to "come up" with this distinguished Boston Frenchman; and the next morning when the old servant came into Hill's room to answer a summons, Hill enquired why the servants did not reply to the English and Americans in the English language. The old servant, who was a sort of head waiter, replied, that there was nobody in the

house but the "maitre d'hotel" who could speak English.

"Well," said Hill, "I will teach you a few words to begin, and they are what every Englishman and American expects you to say to him when he wants anything done. Now, when Mr. —— comes in here—you know him well—he is delighted to be addressed in English by a Frenchman. You know him?"

OLD SERVANT.

"Oui, oui; tres bien."

Hill gave his directions, and the reader, at his option, can translate this version in English into French, at his or her leisure.

HILL.

"When he comes and asks you, for instance, to clean his coat, or to give him some wine, what should you say in English?"

OLD SERVANT.

Shakes his head. "Non, non."

HILL.

"Well, say, Go to blazes, and snap your thumb and finger at him thus."

Hill snaps his finger in illustration, and says, "that means the same as to say, "Oui, Monsieur."

HILL.

"Now imagine that I am he. 'Garcon, clean my coat.'"

OLD SERVANT.

"'Go to de blaze,' and den I do so. 'Ah, ha,' snapping his finger, 'ah, ha, oui, Monsieur.'"

HILL.

"If you do this well, Mr. —— will be so pleased he will give you a handful of francs."

OLD SERVANT.

"Go to de blaze—ah, ha;" and away went the old Frenchman to practise his first lesson in the English language.

When he had reached the hall he began to instruct the rest of his fellows in the new English reply to a gentleman's request; and they were repeating to each other, after different forms, "Go to blazes," with the appropriate accompanying action, varied according to the taste of the pupil.

In a day or two, Hill's friend from Boston entered the reading room of the hotel. There were many English and Americans present at the time. He had the misfortune to slip down in the street, and his coat bore evidence of a collision with the pavement. His hat had got a crushing; and, as he came in, the side laughs and winks were not a few, and the jokes at his expense quite numerous.

But, as they were spoken in good English, he did not understand them, or, at least, did not notice them.

He beckoned to the old servant to take his hat.

"Ah, ha," said he, "this is the gentleman to give me the francs."

After bowing, with great politeness, he said, "Go to blazes;" then, snapping his finger, as taught by Hill, he assumed a very grave appearance.

The response and the act nearly convulsed with laughter the listeners who were not up to the "sell" at all.

Mr. —— looked indignant. The old servant had taken the hat, but did not offer to clean it.

Mr. —— then asked another servant to brush his coat, when the fellow, with the same polite preliminaries and

grave conclusions, repeated, "Go to de blaze," which caused another shout and roar from the listening Americans.

Mr. —— began to suspect some trick; and, finding few words of English, and those not selected with a view to classic style, proposed to fight the person, whoever he might be, that had thus insulted him.

Hill stepped out from the crowd, and acknowledged his share in the entertainment.

Mr. —— retreated, giving Hill to understand that he should speedily hear from him.

Somebody asked Hill if he was a good shot with the pistol? Hill said, "No; but if he challenges me, I shall have the choice of weapons, and though he may be better acquainted with the weapons I choose than I am, still I will stand my hand with him if he does give me a chance."

"I will be your friend," said a gentlemen, "for I should really like to see you take the conceit out of him. He says he is a first-rate shot, and has killed two or three men in America."

"Killed men!" said Hill; "well, I will show you how he did it then."

It was not long, however, before the distinguished Mr. —— sent a friend to Hill, with a polite invitation to meet him the following day at the usual place for such meetings.

They arranged that Mr. —— should bring pistols if he pleased; but that Hill should choose his weapons, and would decide at the place selected that particular item in the matter, as well as some slighter contingencies.

The day arrived, and, with it, all parties were on the spot at the appointed hour. In addition to the two friends and the surgeon, was a small party who were to see the denouement on the sly, and to be in at the death, if any kind of death occurred.

Hill declined pistols; and when the ground was measured, the two principals were requested to take their position. Among the baggage brought on this occasion, was a box and two baskets, carefully covered.

One basket was placed near to where Hill stood; the other near to where his opponent was displaying his dignified unconcern of all that was passing.

From the box, an iron, known as a tailor's goose, was handed to Mr. ——, and another to Hill.

The distinguished gentleman threw his upon the ground in a rage, and was making off.

"Stop," said Hill; "all fair. This is a weapon, and my choice. If you don't fight with this, you are a coward, and I will post you as such."

It was decided by the friends, that a tailor's goose was not a weapon in the sense of the word as contemplated by the rules of duelling.

"Well," said Hill, "what's the use of rights or privileges if you cannot use them? I never fought with a tailor's goose no more than he has. It is as fair for one as the other. He wants satisfaction, and I must give it to him in my own way, or not at all."

It was decided not to be correct by the friends, who said they were open to any new choice of weapons on the part of Mr. Hill.

He requested the friends to open the basket. They did so.

NATHAN TUCKER,
IN "WIFE FOR A DAY."
"Well, I swow, if I had such a Wife, I'd stand for Congress, right off."

"I will fight him with the contents of the basket, He is more used to them than I am; and if he ever did kill anybody in America, it was with that sort of thing."

Hill seized by the root a large cabbage from the basket. "Now, let him take one, and let us go at it. He is used to cabbage, and his father before him, who was an honest tailor, and would never have been ashamed either of his own language, or a fellow-countryman in a foreign land."

The scene that followed was ludicrous in the extreme. All parties adjourned to a splendid dinner; and whenever Hill afterwards said, "Go to blazes," in some company, there were divers winks, aud finger gyrations which were enjoyed by the initiated, who understood the facts connected with the goose and the cabbage.

Mr. Hill gave two entertainments in Paris; and in March, 1839, returned to London, and brought out "Wife for a Day" at the Haymarket theatre. He played in London until September, when he left in the steamship "British Queen" for the United States.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Throw physic to the dogs,
I'll none of it."

AN ENGAGEMENT IN BOSTON, 1841—LATE APPEARANCE—ILLNESS—MR. HILL RESOLVES TO LEAVE THE STAGE—ENTERS AS A STUDENT IN THE OFFICE OF A DISTINGUISHED SURGEON IN BOSTON—MATRICULATES IN THE MEDICAL SCHOOL OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY—PURCHASES BOOKS AND INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS FOR THE PRACTICE OF SURGERY—ANECDOTES.

Mr. Hill considered himself of an impulsive and excitable disposition. Those who knew him best will corroborate his views of his own character.

While playing an engagement in the Tremont theatre, Boston, in 1841, he suffered from illness consequent upon anxiety and over-exertion in his endeavors to reach Boston in time to prevent disappointment to the manager and the public. Telegraphs and express cars were not then, as now, available in emergencies. Mr. Hill had missed the usual route. He determined, however, to come over-land from New York to Boston at any risk of health or expense, rather than not fulfil his engagement.

The manager considered Hill's arrival in time to play an impossibility, and was accordingly prepared with a change of pieces.

A notice had been placed in the lobbies of the theatre, and outside of the ticket-office, announcing the non-arrival of Mr. Hill. Many went away after reading the notice, but enough remained to make a toler-

able house; and the performance of the "Heir at Law" had commenced. Just as the cue had been given for the entrance of Dr. Pangloss from the left hand of the stage, on bustled Hill from the right hand side, wearing an overcoat covered with mud, boots in like condition, and an umbrella, as it was raining hard. He had that moment entered the theatre by the stage door.

The audience and actors were surprised at this interruption, and a shower of hisses greeted his entrance.

Hill walked down to the foot-lights, took off his cap and handkerchief with which it was tied upon his head, and with one of his peculiar looks addressed them.

"Hello, what's the matter on ye? This is the first time I ever got hissed. What's it all about, ye dar'n critters.?"

By this time the applause was deafening. The audience had discovered the intruder to be the expected Hill.

He gave them a humorous description of the cause of his delay, and the incidents of his journey; and told them "he was willing, if they were willing, and the manager was willing, to put on his fixins, and do his best in the performance of the characters in which he had been announced to appear."

"Play, play," came from all parts of the house. The comedy was stopped, and a light farce substituted to give Mr. Hill time to dress.

Without much delay he appeared in one of his favorite parts, and never with greater effect, or more to the satisfaction of the audience.

The efforts to reach Boston in time on this occasion proved too much for his system, and illness followed. His attending physician advised a temporary retirement from the stage.

The kindness with which the professional ministrations of his physician were bestowed upon Mr. Hill made such an impression on the patient, that a while after convalescence he determined also to become a doctor.

Hill, after some enquiry as to the qualifications for obtaining a degree of Doctor of Medicine, resolved to enter the lists for that purpose.

Three years' study with a respectable physician, two years' attendance upon the lectures of Harvard College, or some other equally endowed institution—or rather, some one with an equal number of "chairs"—would entitle him to an examination for a degree.

He would be expected to pass satisfactory examinations in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, surgery, &c.

He set resolutely about this work; entered the office of Dr. Winslow Lewis as a pupil; secured his tickets for the lectures; purchased all the best books required for the different branches; and provided himself with surgical instruments in sufficient quantities to supply an hospital.

A merry class was that upon the list of which may be found the name of "George H. Hill."

For a time he was punctual at the lecture rooms, and while thus enthusiastic, he frequently remained to ask questions of the professors in relation to the subjects upon which they had been lecturing.

He was at this time stopping at the Tremont House;

and instead of the jovial, lively Hill, ready at all times for a merry-making—sitting long at dinner to "set the table in a roar"—he was metamorphosed into a sober-visaged student; his companion, a book; Paxton's or Wilson's Anatomy was his bed-fellow. His mouth was full of muscles, carotid arteries, amputating forceps, and the like. He seldom attended the recitations in the office of his instructor. He always studied the lesson of the day, but did not consider it important to go through his part at recitation. He tugged away at the nomenclature of anatomy, but did not seem to comprehend its practical study, by any effort for this purpose, however great.

In his visits to the hospital he was more punctual, and took great delight in recapitulating to his friends the events of the visit; and it was really the superlative alkaloid of comedy to those who understood Hill, to witness his efforts, having for their end to convince his friends that studying medicine in his case was no joke, but a serious reality, the results of which were to furnish him with employment when he had retired from the stage.

The visits to the operating theatre of the hospital had a tendency to cool the ardor of the embryo doctor on two or three occasions.

He had been present when some of the minor operations were performed, and expressed great anxiety to witness some of the capital operations of surgery, so frequently required by the casualties of life, or the ravages of disease.

One of his friends in this relation rallied him on account of his strong sympathies. Hill declared that he

was proof against any interference of the "milk of human kindness," and that no amount of suffering and blood could make his "firm nerves to tremble."

Without a knowledge of the fact, Hill was caught in the operating theatre on Saturday, when, after some slight affairs by the other surgeons, Dr. Warren was to perform one of those bold mutilations for which he is so famous.

There was no ether used in surgery in the student days of "Yankee Hill," and some patients under the effects of knives and saws would make known their sufferings and terror by groans and cries.

Hill took his position on the extreme rear of the seats appropriated to the spectators, and bore the preparatory steps of the operation with great composure.

The veteran surgeon made a large and free incision, preparatory to a severe and tedious dissection. Hill's sympathies were painfully excited as the work progressed. The man in the operating chair groaned; Hill turned pale, forced a smile, and, looking at his watch, suddenly remembered an engagement in another part of the city.

Afterward, in a hospital visit which Hill made in his character of medical student, the dresser had just been engaged in the performance of his duties upon the stump of a leg, which previously had been the subject of amputation. The poor fellow, recognizing Hill, said, "Sir, I should like to ask you a question."

Hill, during the dressing, had stood at some distance from the bed of the sufferer. When spoken to he approached, endeavoring, at the same time, to conceal his sympathy by an assumption of professional indifference.

"Well, my friend," said Hill, "what do you want of me?"

"Why, Mr. Hill, you don't remember me. I brought you the fiddle to play on in the last act of Richard the Third, one night."

"So you did," said Hill.

"Well, you ain't goin' to give up acting—are you?"

"Yes; I think of it," said Hill.

"You won't do for a doctor," said the man. "I watched you the day that they cut off my leg. That's gone; I don't care for that, but my wife and children."

"They treat you well here—don't they?" said Hill.

"Yes sir; it's a great place for a poor fellow, but my wife and family——."

Hill had been fumbling in his pocket. He took out an eagle, and gave it to the cripple.

"There, send that to your wife, and if she does not wish to use it, keep it to buy yourself a wooden leg with."

A while after this, when the ardor of medicine and surgery had somewhat abated, Mr. Hill was playing at the Tremont theatre, and on the night of his benefit he occasionally made available what is termed a gagging bill.

In such bills his name may be found for this night only as "Richard III." and parts of other tragedies and comic characters, not in his usual line of Yankees.

Frequently in these parts Hill would deliver himself in down-east style; particularly if anything came up during the performance to give him a good opportunity.

A practical joker, as he was known to be, could not complain if, now and then, he was made the victim of this species of entertainment.

At the conclusion of the engagement referred to, as an extra attraction on the night of his benefit, he had advertised a "solo on the flute—Hill in six characters," and, as a great attraction, Hill as "Bombastes Furioso," in very large capitals.

Preparatory to a surprise, Hill had sent persons to procure as many of the poor cripples as are usually found lagging around the markets, railroad depots, and such resorts, as possible, directing them to the office of a young physician, just then commencing practice, with the stereotyped message that he would pay the doctor.

The doctor, at the same time, referred them to the stage door of the theatre, with a caution to the proper person, not to allow Hill to see this army of "halt and blind" until the moment that they should be required to enter with Hill as General Bombastes.

When Hill surveyed his army of heroes, the effect was irresistible. Some had no arms, some one arm, and one poor fellow limped on one leg, aided by a crutch.

Hill seemed confused and taken aback at first; he soon, however, recovered himself, and, departing from the text, began to interrogate the individuals composing his army, as to the loss of their limbs, in genuine Yankee style.

One man had upon his legs an enormous pair of fisherman's boots. Hill, in consequence of this fellow giving an unsatisfactory reply to some question, struck him on the leg with his sword, and off went the man's leg.

Hill was horrified, and endeavored to support the man from falling down.

"You didn't hurt me, Mr. Hill. It's only the leg you gave me the ten dollars towards buying. The cursed strap's broke," said the man, evidently enjoying the joke.

It was Hill's friend of the hospital; and it was arranged by the doctor to pay Hill for his kindness in filling his office with incurables, that, in some way or other, Hill should meet his one-legged friend on the stage.

Hill told this story with great effect among his medical friends; and often boasted of his amputating a leg. The audience were highly diverted with this operation.

A merrier set never left the theatre than did the audience of that benefit night, after listening to Hill's closing speech—he being called before the curtain for that purpose at the conclusion of the musical finale of "Bombastes Furioso."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Jarvey, Jarvey?" "Here am I your honor."

"I don't think regimentals become me."

THE HACKMAN'S STORY—RECRUITING SERVICE, ETC.

In his researches after character, Mr. Hill made frequent visits to prisons, alms-houses, insane asylums, and similar establishments.

On one occasion, in a pauper house, among a crowd of invalids who were idling about the yard, he saw one familiar face. He had noticed him on a former occasion, when the directors had made some official visits with their friends; after attending to their duties, as supervisors of the economy of the poor-house, and recommending measures for the comfort of its unfortunate inmates, they were invited to a sumptous collation by the master of the establishment, with wine and liquor for those who wished it. Mr. Hill was a guest at that time.

The person that attracted Hill's attention in the yard was a well-known city hackman, and during Mr. Hill's early visits to the city where belonged this paupers' home, he had often conveyed Hill to and from the theatre, and other places, in his carriage.

He was an intelligent man, but family troubles and misfortunes had led him to indulge in the intemperate use of alcohol, and finally, to make him a candidate for public charity, which had consigned him to the place of refuge in which Hill had thus encountered him.

He had often spoken to Hill of his misfortunes, and Hill had frequently relieved him from temporary difficulties.

Ten years had so changed his circumstances—so altered the position of himself and his friends—that his home was now the streets of the city, or the city almshouse. He chose the latter, and here he was.

He observed Hill and approached him, with evident delight at meeting him even under these humiliating circumstances.

"Mr. Hill, if you ain't afraid of shaking an old pauper by the hand, I should like to shake yours," said he. "How do you do, Mr. Hill?"

Hill gave him his hand. "I am well. How came you here, Ben?"

"Sickness, then rum, then sickness. I'm glad to see you."

"Well," said Hill, "this house looks neat and warm. You are comfortable here, I dare say?"

"Well, I live; but it's a hard chance. The city provides pretty well, but we don't get what's provided."

"But your friends can give you little comforts," said Hill; "they allow you that privilege, don't they—cigars, tobacco?"

"Yes, if we can get 'em; all but rum. Now, look here, I don't want any rum, the Lord knows I don't; but why a'nt we paupers as good right to it here, if our friends gives it to us, as the directors have when they come over here visiting. I s'pose the city pays for it; I don't know. I don't believe the superintendent does out of his own pocket—eh, Mr. Hill?—'cause the city feeds him and his family. He lives on chickens

and turkeys, and ducks, and woodcock, when they are scarce and high, and when I don't believe the mayor has 'em on his table, every day; I see the bones—I know 'em.

"Well, I s'pose it's all right, and we don't expect chickens; but, look here—look—the other day when you was over here, what then—champaigne? Well, wasn't it? Didn't you drink it here? You don't care for it. You've got money enough to buy it if you want it. Look here, I keep 'em in my pocket, these corks—look at 'em. Now you and I know the shape of those corks. 'Schroeder,' what's that—eh, Mr. Hill? Well, I took 'em out of the offal tub, among the chickens—after that feed the other day.

"Well, now, may be them bottles was charged somewhere as medicine for the sick; but I tell you, the sick don't get champaigne here. Well, now, how is it? There's the corks. Look at 'em."

He put the corks into Hill's hand.

"These are Schroeder corks," said Hill, "and the brand is a good one; but I have nothing to say as to who drank the wine, Ben."

"No, Mr. Hill. Of course, you are a gentleman. Never tell tales out of school. I don't s'pose I should if Mr. Overseer had invited me to take a glass with him; and I tell you what it is, Mr. Hill, before Mr. Overseer come here to this house, I had drink'd more of that wine than he ever did. He was poor when I was rich. When he was married he rode in my carriage with his wife that used to be, to the minister. He never paid me for that ride from that day to this. 'S'pose he's forgot it. Sometimes I'm a good mind to ask him for it. It's outlawed many a year.

"If I did ask him he'd take his revenge out of me somehow; so I dar'nt. Well, now, don't you see he's rich. He lends the city money. He's got more money at interest than his whole salary would come to for twice the time he has been here. Now, how is it, Mr. Hill? He hadn't a cent when he come. And here I am—eh!

"Well, I'll tell you, he makes it out of us paupers—skims the pot, sells the fat, and we eat the lean meat and bones. I could make money here on that ground, and work for nothin'—don't you see?—how they work for no salary on city jobs and pauper houses? One sells physic, one sells beef, or his partner does—eh?—sends over to us drugs, sour flour, and old offal meat for thanksgiving. Somebody pays for it first-rate.

"I tell you, it's hard if we paupers complain. They call us grumblers, insubordinate, and shut us up, don't you see? Makes money out of us, and lives high. I wish I was out of it. Too bad for an American to be here. Don't you see?"

"I am sorry for you," said Hill; "here is a dollar for you. Spend it in tobacco, if you like."

"Thank you, Mr. Hill. Tobacco. Somebody left a fund to supply us old folks with snuff and tobacco. Well, who can eat it? Buy the hardest stuff they can find; and we'd rather go without than use it. Don't you see? Well, thank you for this. You always did do well by me.

"We had one of your play-actor folks die out here a month or two ago, Mr. Hill. How many times I've seen him act in the play-house."

"Do you remember his name?" said Hill.

"No; they said he did not go by his regular name. He didn't want for anything. One of your friends, a doctor, saw him here, and knew him, and after that he had all he wanted; and the actors carried him away after he was dead, and buried him in good shape. He was a proud fellow, and wouldn't tell who he was till the doctor told him he couldn't get well."

"Poor fellow," said Hill, "whoever he was. Well, Ben, I am glad to see you, and I hope some good fortune may enable you to find a home elsewhere."

"Thank ye; don't say anything about what I've told you. It's true, but it don't always do to tell the truth. Good-bye, Mr. Hill."

So the poor hackman joined his fellows, looked at the dollar he held in his hand—happy in the enjoyment of the little comforts it would purchase for him.

A celebrated recruiting officer, well known for his success in enlisting able-bodied men for "our gallant army," and who was known particularly in Boston as Sergeant Sampson, although that was not his real name, once attempted the "promotion" dodge on Hill. The comedian, by his practical jokes, sometimes found himself in an unpleasant predicament. When released, however, from any temporary difficulty, it was soon forgotten, and he was ready for the preliminaries of another.

Sergeant Sampson was celebrated for getting men for either horse or foot regiments at times when no other recruiting officer could raise them; and also for being drunk more hours in a day than any other man in the service, of any grade.

For this latter celebrity he had often been repri-

manded and punished by his superiors, as the approved rules of discipline suggested; but in consequence of his valuable services in his line, he was reinstated when an exigency demanded quick supplies of men.

A handsomer man than Sergeant Sampson never slept under a tent; and, when dressed in the uniform of the U. S. service, as he passed along the streets, he was "the observed of all observers." No tricks could be played upon him before dinner; and the individual of either sex "must get up early," as the saying is, who could "come it" on him when he was sober. But the great captain, Alexander, got tipsy, and why should not Sergeant Sampson do the same thing?

Hill undertook to do what no man had yet succeeded in, and that was, to propose to enlist, and escape the fascinations of Sergeant Sampson.

Many a young hero from Vermont and New Hampshire is now waiting for the promised promotion ensured to him by Sergeant Sampson, when signing the papers which made him one of Uncle Sam's dragoons, artillerists, or infantry soldiers.

Hill visited the rendezvous near the National theatre, one afternoon. Under an old-fashioned white great-coat was concealed the costume in which he represented the "Green Mountain Boy."

Sampson was alone in the office—dignified, talkative, and "tight enough for two," to use a favorite expression of the Sergeant's.

Hill stared about, read the call for soldiers, the Sergeant eyeing him all the time, and smiling at the chance for a recruit he saw in Hill's advances.

"Hallo," said Hill, "is that ere bird, printed in the picter there, an eagle, or what is it, you?"

"An eagle," said the Sergeant; "game cock bird too."

"Is all this true I'm reading here," said Hill.

"All true. Uncle Sam never tells nothing but truth, my fine fellow. Men of moral characters; none others need apply," replied the Sergeant.

"Yes," said Hill, who continued reading the paper posted on the wall.

"The army is all teetotalers, then," said Hill.

"Yes," said Sampson, "every man on 'em. No grog courage there."

"Well, you are the man that hires the hands for the the army?" said Hill.

"I am. I want one more—just such an honest looking fellow as you are. What do you say?"

"How long does it take you to l'arn the sogerin' trade? I can fife to kill. I fifed for the trainers in our town two or three trainin' days; but I don't want to be a musicianer. I want to be an officer."

"An officer? A smart lad like you can be an officer in a year—yes, a year."

"I want to train in a light horse company, if any."

"Certainly; make you a dragoon, perhaps. Rather short for infantry."

The Sergeant stood erect, and began to put on his accoutrements. Hill stared at him as he said, "So, if I agree to hire with you accordin' to the paper, you'll agree that I shall be an officer in a year—do you. Now, real 'arnest."

"Sure thing. What's your name?"

Well, Jimie Mountain Small, or Small Mountain, just as you like," said Hill, with a twist of his mouth."

"I will fill up the papers. If you want any money, I'll lend it to you and take it out of your pay. Put on the uniform; then go round with me, and I will show you the elephants. What do you say?"

"Well," said Hill, "I'll study on it a leetle. By josey, I've a good mind to."

"Of course, you have. Go to the theatre, to-night. See the fun. I will go with you."

"Theatre?" said Hill; "who makes the fun there?"

"Hill plays to-night. I have never seen him. They say he's a funny fellow. 'Yankee Hill' they call him."

"Well, guess I'll go with you, and I'll sign the papers to-morrow."

"Sign it now. My treat. Come, take some beer; then we'll go together."

"Beer!" said Hill, "nothin' but beer—eh? Well, I'm kind o' dry. I guess I will."

A bottle of beer was opened. Hill drank a glass of it, and in a few moments felt himself somewhat confused; and was disputing with the Sergeant as to leaving the office. Hill had an indistinct recollection of being measured, and also of having been in the presence of persons in uniform; and he had not quite forgotten that he was to perform that evening at the theatre.

He was conscious of signing some paper; and in the keeping of two tipsy recruits, he was led into the street. There he was met by some person connected with the theatre, and taken from his military friends. He soon recovered, and was ready to perform his part.

The next day the affair obtained some circulation, and it reached the Sergeant's ear. When he knew his

recruit to be Yankee Hill, he saw at once that a joke was intended, but he had Hill in his power.

Hill's home in Boston at this time was at the Tremont House; and at the usual dinner-hour, Sampson sent two men to bring the recruit to quarters.

Hill declined to attend them.

They said they had orders to bring him to quarters, as he did not report in the morning, according to agreement. Hill saw there was no alternative, and accompanied the men to the rendezvous, where Sampson was awaiting their arrival.

Hill, who treated the whole affair as a joke, was rather annoyed at the time selected for inflicting it, and, in his usual way, asked what it meant.

Sergeant Sampson replied by saying, "Did you mean to desert, Sir? You said you wanted to see Yankee Hill. I trusted to your honor, Sir; you did not come back. You are my man, an United States soldier—under my orders; a recruit, Sir."

From his determined manner, Hill began to feel annoyed. "Why," said he, "I did not enlist. Don't you know me?"

"Yes;" and showing him the paper, "Did you write your name there or not?"

Hill looked at it with some surprise. "Yes, I did write it, but I must have been crazy when I did it."

"I don't know but you was. All I know is, you are bound to Uncle Sam for five years, and there's no getting off."

"We will see about that," said Hill. "I will go and see my lawyer."

"Certainly, if you like, go where you please; but report to me every morning at eight o'clock."

Hill departed to consult his lawyer, but kept shady among his friends. He found that he had enlisted, and could only be released legally at some trouble and expense.

Sampson called upon him at the Tremont House. After some conversation Sampson said, "Hill, what led you to come to the rendezvous to enlist?"

"I had heard," said Hill, "that no man ever got away from you if he came into the rendezvous; so I thought I would try it."

"Well, what do you think of it now?"

"I think you do not want me to go into the service, and I am very sure I do not wish to go."

"You'll make a good soldier. I've seen actors in the army—first-rate men. I could name them. But, Hill, find me a man in your place. and I'll let you off."

"It is a bargain," said Hill. "You have out-Yankee'd me; but where do you get that beer from?"

"Secrets in all trades. When you are a recruiting sergeant I'll tell you some of mine."

Hill obtained a substitute or an equivalent, and was released.

He never visited Boston without calling on Sergeant Sampson, who always asked him, "if he would like a drink of beer!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Tell then the tale."

"This is a gift I have—simple—simple."

"Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drank ink."

THE AUTHOR AMD THE ACTOR—THE SNUFFERS—SCENES AND CHARACTERS—GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY—NEW ENGLAND AND ITS PECULIARITIES.

To portray the character of the poet, and that others may judge of the fame accorded to the departed one, selections from his works are given; letters, conversations and anecdotes, illustrate his peculiar personal qualities; and they are introduced into his biography, that those who in life had never seen the author, may by these mediums become acquainted, and appreciate the excellence which is the theme of friendly praise.

In thus recording an actor's excellence, this method of introducing the material with which he worked does not obtain the artistic touches of histrionic painting, vanished with the moment that saw the vitality of the conception, or leave but dim reflection upon the memory of those who witness the efforts of genius in the dramatic art.

The dramatic author sketches, the actor impersonates according to the dramatist's outline—the written character is always a subject for criticism as such—the acted version escapes you when the actor is no more, and ad-

mits perhaps of question, as rivals undertake the delineation, who best interprets the author's meaning.

Mr. Hill excelled as an actor, in the peculiar line of character which he made his own. Everybody recognized his portraits to be from original sitters.

In that difficult department of amusing entertainments, the Monologue, Mr. Hill proved the versatility of his talent and the comic resources always at his command. Frequently alone, for two or three hours he would excite his auditors to alternate outbursts of smiles and tears, and with his serio-comic description of scenes and character, demonstrate the power of the dramatic art over the human passions, unaided by the accompaniments of the theatre, or any adventitious help whatever.

A scene once occurred in Ohio, where Hill had prepared to perform alone in the basement of a Presbyterian Church.

Many of the future candidates for the first office in the gift of the republic were in the room, while Hill was arranging his table and screen for the business of the evening;—all were anxious to do something to help him, looking for a chance to see the show as a reward for their services.

Hill enjoyed their activity—he remembered his days of boyhood, and his ways and means to obtain an entrance to the showman's forbidden temple.

Hill asked in a loud voice if any one boy would get him a pair of snuffers.

A half a dozen quick responses, "I will," settled that question.

"What boy will get me a pitcher to-night," said Hill.

"I will," "I will." Pitchers and snuffers were likely

to be present in any quantity, if these juvenile furnishers were to be believed.

Hill completed his arrangements, cleared the room and locked the door—he then proceeded about the town on business incident to his calling.

In the evening he was doing his best, and had, as was frequently the case, commenced the performance with selections of recitations from tragic plays.

He had moved the candles upon the table from the centre, and was standing in attitude, between them, about to begin the famous soliloquy from Macbeth—

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"

When two boys came slowly down the passage between the centre row of seats. Hill noticed them, but continued his soliloquy.

In the mean time they both crept up to the table, and each laid down a pair of snuffers, which act Hill did not notice, but arriving at the line,

"I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood—"

Both boys, struck by the cunning of the scene, exclaimed at once,

"No it aint; them's the snuffers we brought you."

Hill's tragedy was over—the audience roared with laughter at the introduction of the snuffers, and the honest mistake of the boy, who thought Hill addressed them about the imagined dagger. Comicalities concluded the performance, the boys enjoying the fun in great glee.

The effect of Hill's using the snuffers occasionally during the evening, in the way these instruments are to

be used, was irresistible, and those who remember the merry twinkle of the comedian's eye, when a little roguish accidental fun was mixed in with the staple of a legitimate entertainment, will enjoy a laugh at this recital of an incident which in itself is trivial, but susceptible, from Hill's management of it, of the highest degree of mirth.

It is often that the manner of a performance has more to do with success than the matter, under the plastic action of the comedian's art.

The expression of Mr. Hill's acting can find no representation in description. Skilful painters have failed to embody in his portraits his peculiar expression;—mere features is all that the canvass reflects; a likeness is present, but it is not life.

Nor could he train himself so as to divest his acting from the impulsive character natural to himself.

The duplicating powers of the daguerreotype, though often put in requisition, have never furnished a counterpart to himself when under the influence of the comic muse.

How then will a reproduction of his humorous performances offered to the reader's notice—convey any idea of his talent, or furnish evidence of his merit as a comedian.

Those who have listened to his description of "men and things," will perhaps not regret here to recognise old acquaintances. Though deprived of their comic vitality, they are preserved in this form to contribute to their amusement. Memory must restore the performer, and enjoy the latent humor in the "talk," as they did while listening to the "talker."

SCENES FROM THE

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

A COMEDY.

The introductory scene of this comedy is represented in the door-yard—according to old fashion country nomenclature—of a stylish inn.

The hotel-keeper has been requested by one Mr. Tompkins, a rich gentleman of the town, to procure for him a young man from the country, as a servant, or male help in the house.

Travellers have arrived, and Bill Brown, a black porter, is attending to their calls.

Jedediah Homebred enters, looking about him. He carries a small bundle; he is dressed in the usual style of boys about the farms in New England.

JEDEDIAH.

Well, I guess I've got tew a tavern at last, sure as natur; I've come it purty well tew. I'll set down on a stun and rest abit, then I'll go on a piece further. (*He sits on a stone.*)

Talk about railroads and steam stages as much as they like; I rather guess it would be hard to come a hundred miles, clear through, cheaper than I did. I had twenty-five cents when I started, now let me see, I've got eighteen on 'em left, in fourpences. I didn't live very high to be sure, but I held out to git along. (*Bill Brown, the negro, passes by Jedediah without noticing him.*)

Well, that's the etarnellest black looking chap I ever see. I never seen one only in the pictur-books; proud as a peacock he was—did'nt even look on me. Well,

JEDEDIAH HOMEBRED,
IN "THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY."
"Nothing like larning to get a feller along in these parts. I'll poke a leetle grammar into him."

I'm most rested; if all's right, I'll put on a leetle further into the heart of the town.

There's my grammar, and a list of hard words schoolmarm writ out of the dictionary. They tell me that nothin' will git a feller ahead in these parts like larnin. It's my notion if I could let out here a month or so, just to see fashions a leetle, I could go into the city, slick as grease—there comes that nigger agin; I'll poke fun at him, just to let him see I ain't skeer'd of nobody. (*Bill Brown enters.*)

Halloo, say you, when did you wash your face last; can't tell, can you?

BILL BROWN.

Who's you sarsen dere, you know?

JEDEDIAH.

Are you a nigger? I never see a real one, but I guess you be. Ar'nt ye—you?

BILL.

Who's you call nigger?

JED.

Well, I only ask'd you. Why he's mad as a hen a'ready. Did your mother have any more on you?

BILL.

Dere child, you better keep quiet, and mind what you say to me, you little bushwacker; if you am saucy I'll spile your profile, you mind dat now.

JED.

Oh, darn it all, don't git mad, Jack; I only said so out of diviltry, that's all. (*Aside.*) No use to talk grammar to him.

BILL.

You mind dat my name am not Jack, I is Bill Brown. I'm a regular rough and tumble nigga, fat and saucy,

myself, I am; so you better not fool your time wid me, or you get your mother's baby in a scrape.

JED.

Well, where was you raised?

BILL.

None of your white business. Dere, you go, or I'll plant you where you don't come up in a hurry.

JED.

Well, look o'here you; perhaps you run away with a notion that I'm skeer'd on ye, cause you holla so. But darnation, if Job Sampson was here now, he'd make no more of thrashing you clean right strait off, than nothin' at all. He'd snap you like a snake if he heard the way you wos talking to me. He would, by Judas.

BILL.

You only just trying to breed a scab on your nose, you up country looking ball face.

JED.

Look here, I'm es good a mind to take right hold and pound your black hide, as ever I had to eat. I'm like the rest of the Yankees. I don't like to begin fightin, but if I once get at it, I don't mind going on with the job no more than nothin. I'm full of grit as an egg is full of meat and yaller stuff, when the dander's raised.

BILL.

Well, chicken, you can have a chance.

Brown places himself in a boxing attitude. Jedediah is about to run away, but seeing Mr. Bnstle, the hotel-keeper, who enters from the hotel, he also stands in an attitude of defence. Jedediah cries out:

Come on, come on; I'm a thrashing machine, and can be put in motion easy.

MR. BUSTLE.

Here you black rascal, Bill, what are you about? Go in and stow away the trunks.

BILL.

I is going to do dat ting, massa. I say, young chicken, I fixis you out next time I cotches you, or I isn't name Bill Brown. (*Exit.*)

BUSTLE.

(*Laughing at Jedediah.*) I should think this boy might suit my friend Tompkins.

JED.

Smart looking body; I'll at him. (*Aside—coming towards Bustle.*) How d'ye do, capting; you don't know me, I guess.

BUSTLE.

No, I have not that pleasure, indeed.

JED.

Well, I thought so. I must talk right up to this chap. (*Aside.*) Do you want to hire a hand; guess you dew, don't you—you don't, do you—say?

BUSTLE.

No, young man, I don't want to hire a hand.

JED.

Well, may-be you want more than one—eh?

BUSTLE.

What's your name?

JED.

Well, that was just what I was going to ask you, but you rather got the start on me; however, if you'll tell your'n, I'll tell mine.

BUSTLE.

I've been looking for you.

JED.

Dew tell if you have; why I thought you didn't know me, squire.

BUSTLE.

Not exactly you, but one like you.

JED.

Well, I don't know, captain; but I rather think it would be a leetle difficult job to find one like me.

BUSTLE.

Will you give me your name, or not?

JED.

Now what's the use getting wrathy, captain? I like the looks of you; but that eternal nigger of yours—I s'pose he's yours—he's an ugly serpent—he called me Bushwacker. I was mad enough to skin him, if you hadn't come.

BUSTLE.

If you will favor me with your name, and where you live, I may get a place for you;—a friend of mine wants to hire a hand, as you call it.

JED.

Well, captain, between you and I, as for my name it's no great shakes, one way nor t'other. I shall suit your friend. Naturally, folks say, I am sharp as a briar, and cute as a lawyer; besides I've been to school ever since a leetle afore Uncle Jonah and I fell out, and that's six weeks, if it is a day. I've been larnin' grammar with blue covers, and how to talk out the words like city folks, with their genteel sort of pernounsation.

BUSTLE.

He's a trump for old Tompkins. See here, my young friend.

JED.

Stop, captain, I'll let you into a leetle secret about

that. When I first started from home to seek my fortin, the folks didn't like to have me clear out, and leave 'em; they always said I was a headstrong, unruly critter, and I s'pose I was. Mother and Uncle Jonah—and he was splittin' mad tew, just as I got off the stun. You see there's an awful big stun afore our door step, at the homestead. Uncle Bill and some on 'em rolled it down from the knoll, one 'lection day, on a bet about some toddy; but that's nothin' to do with the story I'm telling on—well, they both on 'em, that is, mother and Uncle Jonah, said, Jedediah, don't you never call anybody your friend till you've eat a peck o' salt with 'em; for that city you're goin' to is a cruel wicked place, and they will raise Ned with you if they can, them city fellers.

BUSTLE.

Indeed, if I should eat a peck o' salt with all the people I call friends, I should be pickled by this time; but come, I've got a snug place in my eye for you.

JED.

Snug, in your eye? If it is in your eye, it must be a snug place. I wish he'd ask me a leetle on the grammar—how many parts of speech there is, or something about gender. I s'pose there's gals here. I say, captain, that's a pretty seal you've got there, shines like a brass kettle—chain tu. Gilt or gold, you?—looks expensive either way. Got a watch fastened on the end of it, I s'pose that's gold tu; how much did it all stand you in.

BUSTLE.

Come in the house with me. (*Laughs.*)

JED.

That tavern your'n, eh? have balls in the winter, I

s'pose, and high times? going to treat a feller? well, yes, guess I'll go in.

BUSTLE.

Pass in, my new edition of grammar; I'll write a note to my friend, and start you off directly. Do you know what brandy is?

JED.

Pass—grammar—just what I've been fishing arter. I wanted to get off a little larnin'. Brandy is a common noun, of the masculine gender, objective case, and governs mankind.

BUSTLE.

Is it?

JED.

Yes; I'll prove it—rul's in the book. (*Takes an old-fashion'd blue cover grammar, much used.*) Here it is:—"A noun is the name of anything that exists, or of which we have any notion." The man that made this book was no slouch; yet I don't think he figures it out just right, for a country grammar. Now I hold that brandy is an uncommon noun, up in our town; it don't exist, and there a'n't many of the folks, except the s'lect men, that's got any notion on't either.

BUSTLE.

Well done, mister—what's your name?

JED.

Well, I guess I didn't tell you my name, and I don't know as I shall, just yet, you.

BUSTLE.

Come in. I'll do a good thing for you. This will be fun for old Joe. (*Bustle enters.*)

JED.

Well, now, if that critter a'n't laughing right out at me.

I'll eat a snake the grammar did it. I'll follow on for the place. If I catch that good-for-nothing lump of charcoal, I'll come it over him. I'll make him look like a black cat in a milk-pail, with the fur all the wrong way. (*Jed goes in.*)

In this scene the stage represents the house and garden of Mr. Tompkins, the eccentric gentleman who is very fond of titles, and of the company of foreigners of distinction. He is expecting an English lord to visit him, to whom he intends to propose a marriage with his daughter, she having already provided herself with a candidate for matrimonial election. He has just left his library in a passion, because his daughter and other members of the family oppose his wishes, and encounters Jedediah, who has a letter from Mr. Bustle, as the business of the previous scene has connection with this.

TOMPKINS.

Now I am in the air; I can scarcely keep myself cool. First, that rhyming rascal puts me in a rage, and when I get over that, that little witch of a daughter, with her romance and disobedience, pipes me hot again. Everybody opposes me—I can't have my way at all. (*Jedediah enters and stares about the garden, not seeing Tompkins.*) Hey, who is this? Oh! I suppose it is the countryman Bustle sent to me. I hope he never reads novels; I hope he don't write poetry; and I hope he is a member of the non-resistance society. He looks stupid enough. (*Tompkins is walking towards the house, Jedediah sees him.*)

JEDEDIAH.

Hallo, you. I say, capting, is this your house? Dew you live here?

TOMPKINS.

Yes; this is my house; I do live here.

JED.

Yes; well, it's a purty nice looking house. It is what we grammar folks would call a pretty considerable, substantial substantive. I'll just edge in a little grammar first. (*Aside.*)

TOMPKINS.

What do you mean by substantive, sir?

JED.

Well, it's a common noun, captain; it looks bran new. Is it new? How long has it been builded; or did you kiver up the old cracks with a coat of paint in the spring, same as we do the meetin' 'us up our way. Must cost something to paint such a big house.

TOMPKINS.

What are you talking about? Do you know me?

JED.

Well, see here, no; but the feller that keeps the tavern, out here a piece, said you was in want of a dreadful smart young man, with all his wits about him. I'm the one.

TOMPKINS.

I do want such a young man. What may I call your name?

JED.

Well, you may call it pretty much what you like, if you hire me, and we agree on wages.

TOMPKINS.

Well, Mr. Countryman, what can you do to make yourself useful to me?

JED.

Look here, cap'in, guess 'bout as slick a way as we

can come at it will be to give you a leetle short account of myself. I was raised on the north side of the Green Mountains, half a mile t'other side of Wider Simms' house, in the town of Danbury. Her house was on the t'other side of the road, just after you pass'd the Johnson meadows. A leetle further on there's a little yaller house. Well, our house wan't more than a stun's throw from this yaller one. Ours was red.

TOMPKINS.

I dare say. What's your name?

JED.

Well, I'll tell ye, if you'll wait a minit.

TOMPKINS.

Well, sir.

JED.

Well, you must know father's name was Jethro, when he was alive; but the old gentleman's dead; yes; he died, as near as I can remember, jist about the time Uncle Jonah was chosen into general court, that's over four years ago. I had the measles then. Yes, I'm right. Well, father he married Temperance Stowell—that was before I was born. She was kind of half sister to Uncle Jonah's wife. Uncle Jonah's a whole team; you ought to see him. He's a widower, he is, so he stays on our old place, and takes care of things now, and sees that mother don't want for nothin'. Now my old gentleman is dead.

TOMPKINS.

I don't want your family history. I simply want to know who you are.

JED.

Yes; but I thought I would let you know a leetle about our folks. My name, you see, is Jedediah; yes,

that's my given name, arter Uncle Jed. Then Jethro, arter dad—I always used to call him dad. Then Homebred, that was the old gentleman's family name.

TOMPKINS.

Well, now, let's see, Jedediah, if I hire you, you must mind me, and nobody else. How old are you?

JEDEDIAH.

Well, capting, our folks got married, as I hearn tell, one Thanksgiving-day night; for I wasn't there, or if I was, I didn't know it; but I've hearn father, that is, the old gentleman, plague mother about it most infernally. He used to torment her on it day and night. Something happened—I don't know what—but it used to make 'em all laugh but mother, and she'd get mad and go right out of the room; then father'd laugh right out, haw, haw, haw, and sneeze. It would do anybody good to hear the old man laugh when he was tickled. Well, I was born in the neighborhood of eleven months arterwards; and according to the natural order of things, I shall be about nineteen years old some time in the fall.

TOMPKINS.

You are sure of your age.

JEDEDIAH.

Oh, yes, I saw it writ down in father's big Bible. It used to lay on the drawers, in the best room up stairs, gilt all about the edges, slick one, red kivers. Father traded off some cider for it to a minister who was selling out his tools; well, father writ in it himself afore he died, close to the top of the leaf. Old gentleman writ a tolerable decent hand for anybody that didn't have no more schoolin' than he did. Well, there it was, first Jedediah, my first son born, then there was a figurey 4, then a o t h; spelling, I thought that was

fortieth, but it couldn't be; then September, or October, or some ember; but they were kind o' scratched out,—it was in some of the fall months, anyhow; but things looked as if somebody wasn't quite sure which.

TOMPKINS.

If you don't talk too much, I think you may suit me. You have been to school, and of course can read and write?

JEDEDIAH.

Well, I guess I can; I'm some on larnin'—I believe in it, tu. I got some of my book knowledge funny enough tu. I'll tell you how it was—there was a schoolmaster chap come up our way, and tried to settle in the town; he bought ten bushels of mother's potatoes, of Uncle Jonah—"blue noses;" no, they warn't, neither, they was "long Johns;" they grow'd down on the two-acre piece, t'other side of neighbor Joe's cornfield; well, Uncle Jonah could never get the money out on him. I used to go dunnin' arter it. He was a clear chicken, up to all sorts of didoes. Well, he 'greed to larn me in the grammar, and find a book tu, to pay for the potatoes; and when them ten bushels was larn'd out, Uncle Jonah agreed to swop off more potatoes, or any kind of sarse, for more grammar—good trade, you, warn't it?

TOMPKINS.

(*Laughs.*) I'll hire you; but remember I am very particular. What I say in my house is law; and above all, I am never to be contradicted—it puts me in a passion directly.

JEDEDIAH.

There, I knew it. That last touch on the grammar done it all up nice. Well, what's the wages?

TOMPKINS.

We shan't quarrel about that, if you suit me. I don't mind what price I pay you.

JEDEDIAH.

I guess I'll risk the bargain. I'm sure to suit. Let's see; how may I call your name?

TOMPKINS.

Tompkins. You must say sir, when you speak to me; and Squire Tompkins, you must call me, when you speak of me.

JEDEDIAH.

Squire? Want to know if you're a squire?

TOMPKINS.

Follow me into the house, and I'll find something for you to do.

JEDEDIAH.

Well, squire, I guess I will. You didn't tell me whether you had any children, (perhaps you a'nt married?) 'cause I could larn 'em grammar at odd jobs. (*Tompkins exits, laughing.*) I'm a lucky critter. All I've got to do is to keep the right side of the squire. If he says oats grow on apple trees, I'll say so tu. I must try and get the hang of the women folks, inside; they rule sometimes.

(*He opens his grammar.*)—"Pronouns go before nouns." Now, how's that? I's a pronoun; squire's a common noun. Now squire went off first; how is that? Let's figure on it. (*Busy studying.*)

Wilkins, a fashionably-dressed adventurer, who is in pursuit of an heiress, representing himself to be a Lord, enters.

WILKINS.

This is the house. I think my letters must have

strengthened the old man's good opinion of me. And as for the daughter, let me possess her wealth, I care not who takes her. (*He sees Jedediah.*) Oh, one of Tompkins' people, I suppose. I'll astonish him. (*Jedediah pretends to be studying.*) Here, fellow.

JEDEDIAH.

Hallo, you; did you call me?

WILKINS.

Who are you? (*Eyeing him with a glass.*)

JEDEDIAH.

I? You mean I? (*Wilkins assents.*) I's a personal pronoun.

WILKINS.

I dare say. Who are you, here?

JEDEDIAH.

Why, how de du, you? I see you get out of the coach at the tavern yonder, didn't I?—guess I did.

WILKINS.

An inquisitive Yankee bore. I must look out for him. (*Aside.*) I did get out of the coach, and I am expected here, am I not?

JEDEDIAH.

I s'pose you be, if you say so. All them trunks yourn? What you got in 'em all, you? All full, eh? Maybe that's a secret.

WILKINS.

Maybe it is. Show me to your master.

JEDEDIAH.

Master! I a'nt got no master. I wouldn't allow the face of clay to call me on that ground. If you mean the squire, I'm his hired man; but I don't know where he is; s'pose I could find him. But I an't like some folks, knows everything, as Aunt Peg used to say

about Uncle Zack's cow. "There, says she, "that eternal dumb critter knows just as well when Uncle Zack's taken his four o'clock, as can be, and the critter comes right cross lots home to milkin'." Aunt Peg is as smart a woman as any in the town of Chelsea, for her heft. She a'nt much bigger than a pint of beans; but she'd lift a barrel of cider right out of the tail end of a cart, and make nothin' on it. Uncle Jonah says she'd drink a barrel empty in a leetle time, tu.

WILKINS.

(*Who has been laughing.*) Yes; will you show me the way to Mr. Tompkins.

JEDEDIAH.

Yes, captin. I don't like the hang of this chap's countenance. I'll twig him. (*Tompkins without calls Jedediah.*) There, that's the squire's voice. (*Tompkins enters.*)

WILKINS.

Oh, my dear friend, I'm glad to see you. How is my charming Ellen?

TOMPKINS.

Oh, your lordship, I'm proud to take you by the hand.

JEDEDIAH.

Lordship!—he a lordship? I'm glad to see you, tu-Come from France, I suppose. Come a courtin' squire's gall, eh? I asked him who he was, Squire, but the cunning critter wouldn't tell me; don't blame him for it for keepin' his mouth shut up on that. I a'n't forgot how I used to go sneaking round old Aunt Sally's house arter her darter Moll. I never told you about Aunt Sally, squire.

TOMPKINS.

Stop, Jedediah. A young man I've just hired, your

lordship. Will you walk in? Go before, Jedediah—go in.

JEDEDIAH.

Well, I s'pose I might as well. Say, Mr. Lordship, if you want any chors done, or little notion, I'm slick to dew it.

WILKINS.

Keep your distance, Bumpkin.

JEDEDIAH.

My distance; yes, I will. You a lord!—you get out—a lord! Say, squire, you don't want me for nothin', do you—you don't, du you—you du, don't you? I should like to tell you 'bout that ere cat of ourn. (*Takes out his grammar and reads:*) "Neuter gender, objective case." Guess I'll try the notions of that lord. Cowcumbers and blue beans, if he arn't a sneaky cuss. I've no notion of grammar, a country schoolma'arm would see clean through him—yes. (*As he goes into the house he threatens Wilkins in show.*)

LECTURE ON NEW ENGLAND.

Who can read the *simple history* of the Republic of North America, without emotions of the most pious reverence and deep affection? With the improvements in modern navigation, it is now an *every-day affair* to see vessels that have traversed the widest seas; but think of things as they were *then*, the vague ideas of this "wilderness world," its *savage* inhabitants, and its beasts of prey, that were the horrors of the nursery, as are those now of

Africa and Australasia, and you can form some conception of the feelings of fathers and their families, on exiling themselves from *home*, and all that was *dear* on earth, save their *sacred faith ;* that, like St. John in the Isle of Patmos, they might find some ritual in a *distant* wild. Our forefathers came to these shores under convoy of no *naval* armament; they brought no trophies of glory: they were not attended with the pomp and pageantry of the *military adventurer*, but with the "simple scrip and staff of the pilgrim;" unlike the founders of *ancient Rome*, they were not a set of *outlaws* and fugitive *felons*, but a company of Christian *brethren*, with their wives and children, led on by no grovelling *cupidity* or *worldly ambition*, but by unfaltering devotion and faith. With *such* an *ancestry* and history, with institutions calculated to develop the *highest* dignity of character, with a *country* possessing *every* thing in the *physical* and *moral* world, to *enlarge* the mind, what will be the ultimate bound of our attainments as a people?

A few days since, as I stood upon the top of yonder capital, *the crown* of this goodly city, gazing upon the picturesque panorama of which it is the centre, its hive of human habitations, its spires, its streets teeming with a countless and stirring multitude, its hum of business, its wharves and shipping, its green common and drooping elms, the only remnants of verdure's former realm, its bay gemmed with islands and whitened with sails, expanding into the ocean; and when I turned to the numerous villages, in every direction, clustering around their churches, like flocks around their shepherds; the different rail-roads with their trains, like some fabled

monsters, exhaling smoke and fire, and apparently perforating hills, and flying over valleys, the naval citadel bearing that flag which, though unfurled but a few years ago, is now respected in every sea,—I was lost in rapture, as my mind pictured the *probable* scene but *two* centuries ago. On the height where this building is based, has the Indian hunter paused awhile, to contemplate this picture of nature; and could he have expressed himself in the language of the poet, he would have exclaimed,

"I am monarch of all I survey!"

Where stands this proud and noble city, was then an unbroken forest, with here and there a thin wreath of smoke, betraying the *nestling wigwam;* the partridge led the young, where now the *Christian mother* watches the gambols of her children—the beautiful *fawn* sported where the *artless girl* winds her way to school, and the *cooing pair* built their little home in the branches beneath which *bashful love* now *woos* and *wins* the *fair* and *pure.* Where the thrush made the common "air most musical," now swells the pealing anthem of the choir and the organ; the church-bell tolls the knell of every parting hour where the screams of the panther, and the howl of the wolf, once alarmed the ear of night; where the eloquence of Webster, Everett, Choate, and Bancroft, are like household tones, was then heard the harangue of some *aboriginal orator;* the bay which now bears the steamer and the ship, was then unrippled save by the light canoe and the "black duck with her glossy breast swinging silently" on the glassy heaving surge.

Alas, for the poor red man! He has gone with his

game to the fair hunting-grounds of the West; his last arrow is spent; his bow is broken; the hand that twanged its string has forgotten its cunning. A new race and a new scene have sprung up as by some strange miracle.

If so short a time has made so vast an alteration, what will it be two centuries hence? it is not in the power of man to foretell; may *each* generation advance the embellishment and refinement of this Athens of America, and its greatness be as enduring as the Acropolis. The true greatness of a state has been justly said to consist in the character of its people.

> Men, *high-minded* men,
> With powers as far above dull brutes endued
> In forest, brake, or den,
> As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
> *Men* who their *duties know*,
> But know their *rights*, and *knowing*, dare maintain,
> Present the long-aimed blow,
> And crush the *tyrant* while they *rend* the *chain*—
> *These* constitute a *State*.

Though New England cannot boast of rich plantations, and gangs of laborers producing vast crops of cotton, corn, and rice, of inexhaustible mines and rich prairies, waving like lakes of verdure, nor of *many* fields glistening with the golden wheat, yet, like the mother of the Gracchii, she can point to her *children* and say, "*These are my jewels*"—"here is my wealth." Can you show me those who are fairer, braver, or *smarter* than these?

When asked by Madame de Stael, "Who is the greatest woman in the empire?" Napoleon is said to have replied, "She who is the mother of the most

children." If this be true, New England will be apt to bear off the palm, for this is her great *staple of produce*, and in its *quantity* she can vie with any other mother in the world, not excepting Ireland, to say nothing of its *quality*. She can point you also to her battle-fields, and the graves of those who have fallen on the field, or the deck, or have devoted their interests, their wealth, and their lives, to the good of their race and their country. She will show you her churches, her colleges, her school-houses, her benevolent associations, her marts, villages, and hamlets, her neat farms, where art and industry are triumphing over nature, her factories, founderies, and workshops, where human ingenuity is contriving to lighten the load of labor, and by giving new value to matter, promote the comfort and refinement of man. She will there show you *her slaves*, of which it cannot be said as of the lilies, "they toil not, neither do they *spin*;" but her right of ownership cannot be questioned, as they are *hers* by *discovery*—*machines* of her own contrivance, and for which she has her *patent* from Washington. She will show you her ships, whose keels cleave every navigable sea, her long list of distinguished men, her enterprising and thorough merchants, and wherever the foot of civilized man has ever trod, she will show you a representative.

Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains rear'd aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock,
My own green land for ever.

Land of the beautiful and brave,
The freeman's home, the martyr's grave,

The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream;
Oh, never may a *son* of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood, like a dream of love,
The stream beneath the *green* hill glowing,
The broad-armed trees above it growing,
Or *hear* unmoved the *taunt of scorn*,
Breathed *o'er* the *brave* New England born.

There is no one concerning whom there have been such conflicting opinions as the native of this region; he has been compared to the Scotchman, whom he resembles in many particulars, but mingled with these some qualities of the Englishmen, and more that are peculiarly his own. He can truly be called *an original.* This is manifested not only in his own inventive genius, but in his *individuality* as a man. Wherever you behold him there is something about him different from those of other origin. It is not fair to judge him by other men, for he is *sui generis.* If the Virginian excels as an advocate, the New Englander is distinguished as a counsellor. He is the founder of new States and the framer of their laws. As a public speaker, he is more remarkable for sound argument than a playful fancy. He is more distinguished as a profound statesman than a mere politician, and makes Demosthenes, rather than Cicero, his model. When those from other sections are apt to act in concert, in the councils of the nation, you find him consulting his own conscience, and acting accordingly, regardless of immediate consequences. In sarcasm, he has been unsurpassed, but his favorite

weapon is the sledge-hammer, rather than the rapier; though equable and cool in temper, when once aroused, he is like a *lion at bay.* He has been reproached with a want of imagination, yet he has the honor to claim a large majority of our *national poets*, and among them those who, at home and abroad, have held the highest rank. As a philosopher, he believes in that individual freedom "which protects itself against the usurpations of society; which does not cower to human opinion; which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's; which respects a higher law than fashion; which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many." As an artist, he is pre-eminent in the higher walks of painting, architecture, and ornamental gardening. As an editor and political writer, he is unequalled. As a merchant, he sends his vessels all over the world, and owns two-thirds of the shipping of his country. He is a first-rate financier, and banks and insurance companies under his direction are apt to preserve their solvency, and *give good dividends* when *others* are bankrupt. In the language of Chevalier, at the north or the south, in the east as well as the west, he is a true Marquis of Carrabas. At Baltimore, as well as at Boston, in New Orleans as well as at Salem, in New York as well as at Portland, if a merchant is mentioned who has made—and kept, by-the-bye a very difficult part of it—a large fortune by sagacity and forecast, you will find that he is a *Yankee.* He will leave his country for the East or West Indies, and after several years absence, return to his native land, erect a splendid villa on the site of the old *homestead*, or select some wooded eminence for his new mansion, and ere long the desert smiles like

"Araby the blest." As a *manufacturer*, he was the first to prosecute the business successfully, and has more capital invested in this branch of industry, than all those from other parts of his country together. As a *mechanic*, he is constantly studying to *save labor* and money. He was the first to suggest to Fulton the idea of steam navigation, and the first to succeed in propelling vessels in this way. He was the inventor of the *cotton-gin*, which has done more for the culture of cotton, and consequent wealth of the South, than all else together; to use the language of the popular author we before have quoted, "but for him the vast cotton plantations of the South would still be an uncultivated waste." He is the projector of *new towns* and *internal improvements*, and the *principal constructor* on all our *public works*. He builds *navies* and *ordnance* for the Sultan of Turkey, *war-steamers* for the Autocrat of Russia, *machinery for the Emperor of Austria*, whale-boats and whaling-gear for the King of France, and locomotive *engines* for *England*, the *boasted workshop* of the world. He is in more than one sense a *builder*, and had he lived in the days of Solomon, would no doubt have been a Knight Templar.

Not an acre of land is cultivated in the Union, not a ship floats, not an American book is read, not a meal eaten, an article of clothing prepared, or a bank note engraved in this Union, that is not more or less the product of Yankee labor and enterprise. As a *farmer*, he does not suffer himself to be outdone; he not only invents the best ploughing, planting, mowing, raking, cradling, thrashing, shelling, winnowing, and *grinding* machines, but he is the best agricultural editor, and is

pretty sure to take the premium for the fattest oxen and pigs, the finest cheese and butter, largest squashes and pumpkins, in all cattle-shows. He also displays great skill in subduing the wilderness, raises his log cabin at the Falls of St. Antony, displaces the colony of the beaver, to make room for his saw-mill on the Upper Missouri. As a *sailor* and a *soldier*, our naval and military history will speak in abler language than I can command. He was the first to cross the Atlantic in a *steamer;* shoot seals at the South Shetlands, and slay the sea-elephant at Kergulan's Land; catch cod at Labrador, and whale at Delago Bay; was the first to discover, and as yet the only one who has ever landed upon the Southern polar continent. He takes a peep, by way of curiosity, into the mælstrom, and would, for a sufficient inducement to warrant the outlay, contrive to solve the polar problem, and look into Symmes' Hole. He hails the Russian exploring expedition when rejoicing at the discovery of a new group of islands in the Antarctic Ocean, and inquires if they *don't want a pilot?* On being asked who he is, and where he is from, gives his name as Captain Nat. Palmer, of the sloop Hero of 60 tons burthen, from Stonington, Connecticut. The Yankee is, in short, a *universal genius;* his native soil is remarkable for its stubborn and sterile roughness, and he can be compared to the oak of his own rocky hills; strongly and deeply are rooted his principles and habits; if he has not the grace of the Southern palmetto, he has more of that hardy strength which can wrestle with the rude storms of life. Like the young eagle reared on the lightning-rifted cliff, he partakes of the same spirit of fierce independence and aspiration, looks

unawed upon the storms that rage around him, and though on soaring wing he may wander leagues away, he is sure to return to the nestling-place of his attachment.

They love the land, because it is their own,
  And scorn to give the reason why;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none,
  Such are they nurtured, and such they die.
All but a few apostates meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and *peddling*,
Or wandering through the Southern countries, teaching
  The A. B, C, or Webster's spelling-book,
Gallant and godly, making love, and preaching,
  And gaining, by what they call "hook and crook,"
And what *moralists* call *over-reaching*,
  A *decent living*. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favorable eyes
  As Gabriel on the devil in paradise;
But these are but their outcasts—view them near,
  At home where all their worth and pride is placed,
And then their hospitable fire burns clear,
  And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced
With manly hearts in piety sincere.
Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave—
Beloved in life and sainted in the grave.

He has more of steady courage than of romantic chivalry and impulse. With no other patrimony than a trade, or an education, he early feels the pressure of that strongest inducement to action, *stern necessity*, and does not look for many examples in his own acquaintance of *self-made men* to stimulate and guide him. He is taught in the home of frugality, that "a penny saved is a penny earned," and learns in his school-book that "tall oaks from little acorns grow." He feels the

importance of gradually adding to his fund of wealth and knowledge; is apt before embarking in any adventure to *count the cost*," and is more remarkable as a shrewd and safe operator than an improvident speculator; yet he has no objection to laying out his farm into *town lots*, but is rather apt to sell before there is a fall in the market. He possesses a great deal of common sense, as well as brass, and is remarkable for his *general information*. More inquisitive than communicative, and is celebrated for picking up knowledge by the wayside; he is ever seeking something new, and how he can turn it to *profitable* account; rather reserved and suspicious, when appearances are not marked *O. K.*, but clinches those whom judgment has once approved with "hooks of steel;" he is the true alchymist, for he possesses the power of converting the *baser* metal into *gold*, and the divining *rod* held in his hand is pretty sure to point out the *hidden ore*. Regarding cash as the *primum mobile*, he acts upon the principle that there is "no friendship in trade," and is therefore a *keen fellow* at a bargain; yet when he has once amassed a fortune, he richly endows literary and charitable institutions, and is kind to the poor.

It has been our misfortune to be judged too much by hawking pedlers, who make the "rule of three" their "golden rule," and the arithmetic their creed. I once knew two individuals who set up in trade together in a western village. After looking over the ground, they concluded that it was best for one to join a certain church, the other a certain *political party*, and they turned up a copper to see which each should join. He has the convenient capability of adapting himself to

every situation, and it has been said, that if you place him on a rock in the midst of the ocean, with a penknife and a bundle of shingles, he would manage to work his way ashore. He sells salmon from Kennebec to the people of Charleston; haddock, *fresh*, from Cape Cod to the planters of Matanzas, raises coffee in Cuba, swaps mules and horses for molasses in Porto-Rico, retails ice from Fresh Pond, in Cambridge, to the East Indians—mutton, from Brighton, at New Orleans and South America; and *manufactures* morus multicaulis for the Governor of Jamaica; becomes an admiral in foreign navies; starts in a cockle-shell craft of fifteen tons burden, loaded with *onions*, *mackerel*, and other notions, too numerous to mention, for Valparaiso: baits his traps on the Columbia River; catches wild beasts in Africa, for Macomber and Co's "Grand Caravan;" sells granite on contract to rebuild San Juan de Ulloa—is ready, like Ledyard, to start for Timbuctoo to-morrow morning—exiles himself for years from his home, to sketch in their own wilderness the "wild man of the woods," and astonishes refined Europe with the seeming presence of the untutored savage. When introduced to Metternich, he asks him "What's the news?" says "How do you do, marm?" to Victoria; and prescribes "Thompson's eye-water" to the mandarins of China!

He is found foremost among those who sway the elements of society; is the schoolmaster for his country, and missionary to the *whole* heathen *world*.

He is unequalled in tact, and instead of travelling round about ways, starts "across lots" for any desired point.

He has come nearer to the discovery of perpetual

motion than any other man; and if ever *it* is made, we *guess* he will be the lucky chap to do it. He is the man to

> Bid harbors open, public ways extend,
> Bid temples worthy of his God ascend;
> Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain—
> The mote projecting, break the roaring main;
> Back to his bounds the subject sea command,
> And roll obedient rivers through the *land.*

I cannot close this lecture without addressing a few words to the women of New England. Her beaming eyes and charming smiles remain to awaken and reward the pulsations of patriotism; her affection and tenderness solaced and sustained the fainting pilgrim; and in the days that tried men's souls, she gave confidence to the desponding, and energy to the weak; her kind hand assuaged the sufferings of the wounded, and her bosom pillowed the head of the dying.

Whether as a wife, a mother, a sister, or a friend, she has the strongest claims upon our affection and gratitude, and holds, of social enjoyment, the golden key. She first implants the lessons of piety, and garlands our home with flowers of love and bliss; she is the guardian angel of our lives, and guides our feet to purity and peace. I will not say more at this time, than that there is nothing which more clearly marks the degree of refinement among a people than the station of "Heaven's last best gift;" and we can add, that there is no part of the world, where, with all classes she commands the high respect, and exerts the influence that she does in New England.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I am Sir Oracle."
"I will have my bond."
"The stars have said it."

"There be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, who have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitate humanity so abominably."

"Have you the Lion's part written?"

STARS—AND—STARS MAKING ENGAGEMENTS.

Mr. Hill in his business intercourse with managers was just, and never exacted exorbitant terms when successful; or, as is often the case, increased his demands as the attractive nature of the performances were lessened, from frequent exhibition, or other counteracting circumstances.

How managers could permit themselves to be parties to such star impositions, has often been the subject of wonder to members of starring companies, and their injured creditors, who were patiently waiting the coming of those great events, "which leave such shadows behind," for the liquidation of outstanding balances, which were to be cancelled by the profits of the great feature's drawings.

Among Mr. Hill's papers were memoranda which recorded his ideas of starring, as practised at some establishments, in a form apparently intended to be published in some periodical, favorable to his views at the time of writing. Mr. Hill himself probably never entered into close calculation upon the subject, but

arrived at a practical result from general ideas, and thus formed an opinion which his friends' more precise detail and business logic confirmed. With slight alterations the article is preserved, and will constitute a chapter in his life, the compiler deeming the doctrines of the "decline of the drama" thus alluded to as prevalent at this day as at any other period since the star monopoly obtained possession of the American stage. A curious anomaly is still open for discussion while the public pay enormous sums for being amused in theatres, stars become wealthy, the managers bankrupt, the stock companies wretched, and the drama is continually "going down."

The Park Theatre is among the things that were. The system of management which in its day made it the theatre of the United States, might in some of its features be introduced into modern management with profitable results.

The allusions to this dramatic bye-gone are not stricken out. Some of the moves in the programme of "attraction" introduction, not yet perfectly understood by all the American sight-seers, which were then of occasional service, are run into the ground; yet practised on a scale of magnificent repetition by individuals whose ready dollars, and liberal outlay of them in preliminaries, defy all the competition of legitimate theatrical managers, and they are content to open their theatres for the display of the attractive article, on terms that gentleman speculators may realize fortunes, while that opened mouthed embodiment of credulity, the public, swallow the gilded doses of imposition, dipping into their pockets deeply for supplies, and fan-

cying, at the same time, that America contains all the foreign talent extant in the world, and the great country is generously encouraging its exodus from Europe and elsewhere.

Mr. Hill, in a limited scale, gives an idea of the way it was done in his day of activity. Poor Hill! you had seen something of furors in your time. Readers and observers among the friends you have left, will judge of the progress made in dramatic doings since the days when you "strutted and fretted your hour upon the stage."

"I have been behind the scenes, as every one knows, who knows me, and the reader may arrive at the same conclusion to whom I am unknown, after cogitating over this sketch of doings in theatricals. The dramatic art, as such, may be contemplated with reverence. Its teachings are of high value—its province lofty—its history glorious—its power over human nature unlimited—its true temples holy ground—its priests should be true to their mission; but if we view its rites and mysteries only as adjuncts to money-getting, the theatre and all its associations sink to the level of Punch and Judy,—the itinerant juggler and his tricks of sword-swallowing and plate-spinning, or the still lower grade of carnival antics, or the shows that amuse the rabble of a foreign fair. That in the public, and not in the stage, lies the fault, is nearly as old a saying as that 'all flesh is grass,' and taken literally, one is just as true as the other. The public are in fault just in proportion as they are misled, and the stage, departing from its legitimate purpose, too frequently gives the misdirection-and then in sackcloth and ashes sits penitently deplor-

ing the effects of its own folly, which has merged into dramatic sin. As an art, the drama would stand above the sister arts, as painting, poetry, sculpture, and music, have been styled—it employs them all. As a trade, charlatanism will always be its directing genius, and in the competition which ensues among its quackish disciples, the art sinks—the drama declines."

It is not in accordance with the plan of this record to write a history of the theatre, or its defence. A little of the experience of a life passed among the players, and of intimacy with their managers, however disturbing to the legends and traditions of the past, is in homely style to be engrossed.

The announcement of the appearance of a long-heralded distinguished tragedian opera singer, or danseuse, at a theatre in the metropolis, is an event, and in the crowded auditory assembled for the grand reception, public opinion is formed, and due proclamation made that the revival of the drama is at hand.

The distinguished savior of the thespian cause is a lion among lions. The door of "patrician and parvenu" palaces are open to him in honor of his "art." Lesser "stars," or saviors, or lions, occasion lesser tumult, and the drawing-room carpets upon which they tread are a shade or two coarser in the fabric, and the chosen few who are to behold with wonder Macbeth or Othello unrobed and seen as other men, are selected from the human heap a layer or two nearer to the ground. Each has a set from Macready to Gouffe;*

* Since this was written, Macready has retired from the mimic stage, and poor Gouffe, inimitable in his pourtraiture of Chimpanzee, has left the larger stage of life.

and while their names are at the head of play-bills in capitals for five nights only, or more, the world is after them in sections, and the drama is being saved. Each of the class of artists referred to, has crowded theatres and fashionable audiences, and each "attraction" has come, with a reputation from abroad, as a great artist.

Either Hamlet or Caliban may be selected without injury to the distinguished artist's claim. Each, perhaps, holds the mirror up to nature; and although the lovers of that division of the drama, understood to be classic, would not select Caliban as the exponent of their taste in this matter, let Caliban be made fashionable, and Hamlet, *a la* Caliban, would become classic; and the Tempest, with its minor beauties, be tolerated and attractive as being the vehicle for introducing the monster to the appreciating crowd.

Here, however, let us take no laurel from the humble actor who may faithfully delineate Shakspeare's Caliban.

> 'Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

But how, in modern times, the actor of inferior skill becomes a great man, in his way, and steps, with long strides, over better heads to the eminence which makes him "one of 'em" that kept accounts in banks and saves the drama from decline, is worthy of thought. Let us penetrate the mysterious change from egg to larvæ—from grub to beetle. Naturalists tell us that it takes three years to change the egg of that species of beetle known in Europe as the cockchafer, one of that family of leaf-destroyers known in entomological science* as MELOLONTHADÆ or MELOLONTHIANS.

* If Mr. Hill's friends wonder at this extract of entomologic nomenclature, let them be reminded that he was at this period engaged in a

As these insects are the bane of the husbandman, so is the stage cockchafer the ruin of root and branch in the dramatic field.

And how long is this leaf-destroyer occupied in development? We will not inquire as to the deposit of the egg, or when the grub began to prepare for the display of wings. Let us leave allegory and examine reality. I have availed myself of the correspondence and verbal authority of a friend who knows the ropes—who has pulled the wires of the show. The newspapers of the day will contribute to our *ensemble;* and the reader's memory, upon a little stirring effort, may call up a helping spirit to straighten out the kinks.

Sit down, friendly reader, then—glance your eye over this item of general news. Perhaps it is no stranger to your sense of vision. No. Well, well. Then I'll read it—listen:—

"Arrived the steamship * * * * * * from Liverpool. Among her passengers is the distinguished Mr. Q., who will soon appear where all who come from abroad should first appear—at the Park."

And it is verity that the times have been when, if a star did not first open there, he had better not have opened at all.

Shall we mark the document above as No. I. in our descriptive progress. No. My reader replies "guess no t," if he reads the news.

course of study which involved the consideration of insect life. And certainly the ephemeral existence of some stage celebrities might well have been suggested to him, as he read of these earth insects flying in the sunshine, displaying their gaudy colored wings, and in a few hours of active life destroying plants and trees—at the same time engaged in the efforts to reproduce their kind, which in turn are also destined to destroy.

"And why not," may ask he who does not read, of one who does. "Because," says he, "if not, I say it for him." Some months ago I read something like this, copied, as was said, from the London Times—authority for everything, as we are told. It is not in question whether any body ever saw it in the London Times. "Did you?" Observe: We understand that the distinguished Mr. Q. is about to depart for America, to purchase land in the West, and to permanently reside in that flourishing section of the United States—to educate his children—to invest all his funds in American stocks—and to pursue in the New World the profession he has so adorned in the old."

"Aha," you say, "the first extract is No. 2, and this is No. 1."

Not quite so fast, dear reader. Hear what a correspondent of a popular journal writes:—

"Among other things, 'tis said that the enterprising manager of the 'Park' is endeavoring to induce the distinguished actor and scholar, Mr. Q., to visit the States. Extravagant terms have been offered; but as this distinguished artist will be compelled to relinquish his London opportunities if he accepts the American terms, the result is as yet not determined."

Nothing here said about "land in the West."

What are the facts thus far that may illustrate further the mysterious meaning of these dramatic waifs at home. The egg of greatness, after tedious incubating processes, fails to give out a chick of the genuine breed, the task is left for Jonathan to accomplish, and he has arrived. Now let us see how fast he grows, and what his chances are for purchasing our land, and emigrating to the West.

I'll give you a scene, and then more documents—more facts.

Draw your picture, as I describe the room some ten feet square. Here is an inventory of the articles therein contained; place them where you will:

Items.—"A carpet;" age and stains have rendered obscure the figure woven in, and the fabric is of doubtful name; "three chairs," no two alike—perhaps a hint is intended in the number that three in this room is company enough; "a table," covered with green cloth, relieved by inky patches, and "gouts," not of blood, but grease; "writing materials" are in their place; "a candle" burning—this looks as if the "time" was "night;" an "IRON SAFE," not often used, but always there; "a wardrobe," filled with costumes; an "Indian gong;" piles of "books;" records of the acted plays for seasons more or less; "files of bills," with great attraction at the head; magazines of "cards" to be reproduced at times of need; under the table manuscripts of tragedies by native authors, who are anxiously waiting to see them underlined in the bills; "a toilette stand," with its proper and convenient adjuncts defaced by frequent use; a "bottle of wine," first rate; two glasses, and six "cigars."

Myself and friend occupy each one chair, and are jointly resting our heels upon the third.

This scene some will recognize as a Manager's room. It is such; and in a theatre where all the talent of the American stage of the higher rank has appeared. Some, not noted high, also, except in their own conceit, upon its stage have held forth their hour.

In this room, reader, enter and learn the way it is done. One of the "secrets of the prison-house" I am

at liberty to reveal. I shall call myself Friend. The Manager's title as we proceed will prefix his speech.

FRIEND.

(*Looking at the evening paper, finds a first-rate notice of Mr. Q.*) Well, who is your next card!—is it this great attraction, Mr. Q.?

MANAGER.

No. (*The monosyllabic response given in a tone indicating displeasure at the mention of his name.*)

FRIEND.

Why not?

MANAGER.

Well, that is a fair question, and I will answer it. You think you know something of a theatre. The glory attached to the place I occupy is something truly. To cater for the amusement of the town is pleasant enough, except, however, when the banquet is over, I am to pay the bills. The meanest entertainment that I give is something expensive, as you would find if you had to feed the hundred dependents upon this establishment. The "cards" are not all trumps in this game of speculation, my friend. Now, my stock is good, but we must have stars, you know. Here's this Mr. Q. you speak of; he is not first-rate. In New York they say he is, so my patrons must see Mr. Q. Upon his arrival I addressed him in my usual way.

FRIEND.

Let me see the letter.

MANAGER.

With pleasure. There's a copy in the book.

FRIEND.

(*Takes the book and reads.*) "To Mr. Q.—Dear Sir —If you feel disposed to visit our city, please inform

me how your time is arranged, and your terms for ten nights, and I will endeavor to accommodate you in both particulars. An early reply will oblige, &c."

FRIEND.

(*Puts down the book.*) Well, that's all right.

MANAGER.

Now read Mr. Q.'s reply.

FRIEND.

(*After observing the crest upon the seal, reads.*) "To Mr. ——. —Dear Sir—It will give me great pleasure to visit your city, of whose literary fame I have heard so much. My engagement closes here on the 31st. I then visit Philadelphia, possibly Baltimore; then return to New York for ten nights, to be open for re-engagements if thought best; then to Philadelphia. After that I think I will visit your city for five or ten nights, at my option, receiving HALF the proceeds on the stock nights, and two-thirds of one benefit on a Monday night—I understand that is your best night —with a second benefit on the same terms on the last night of engagement, if extended to ten nights. I will send you a list of parts, &c. Please to give me immediate reply, as I have other offers, but prefer to close with you. Respectfully yours, O. P. Q.

"P.S.—I hope your company is full."

(*Friend whistles, folds the letter, and looks inquiringly at the Manager, who is silent.*)

FRIEND.

Well, I have heard of such things. Moderate terms —I like his impudence.

MANAGER.

That's moderate to the requirements of some stars. However, I declined.

FRIEND.

Then I suppose he will go to the other house.

MANAGER.

Very likely. There is a list of my weekly expenses. You know something of the chances of gain in trade, and have some idea of the outfit and charges on an India voyage, or the capital required to keep in operation a cotton mill, or the profits of insurance or banking. Now compare the Manager's profits or expectations in a city where two rival establishments are cutting each other's throats, in competition for "stars," with any other investment of time and money within your knowledge.

FRIEND.

(*Is engaged in running over the items of the "dread account:" "rent"—"lighting"—"printing"—"company's salaries"—"orchestra"—"scene painters"—"carpenters."*) Yes, I see; thirteen hundred seventy-five dollars weekly expenses. That divided by five—two hundred seventy-five, nightly expenses. Where's your salary?

MANAGER.

My salary! The Manager lives on the glory and profit of the season. Now, with Mr. Q.'s liberal terms, as you are at the figures, perhaps you may discover the amount of profit likely to be realized. If he hits hard, he may average from five to six hundred dollars per night.

FRIEND.

Five or six hundred dollars! Is that all. Why, we think the house holds fourteen hundred dollars, and we know it is frequently full.

MANAGER.

Crammed, it does not hold in money much more than half the sum. Let us suppose we do average six

hundred on Q.'s nights. His half three hundred. My half three hundred, out of which my stock expenses are two hundred seventy-five, or thereabout. One hundred of us at work for a trifle more than one star receives. Now in a business with so much capital or credit involved on one side, what would my merchant patrons say to a partnership for a few nights on these terms?

FRIEND.

Well, this is news to me, I confess, to some enlightenment. I see your books are vouchers for your statements. Was it so with Ellsler?

MANAGER.

Worse: in addition to her salary, the ballet arrangements which the theatre pays for, swelled the expenses on her nights to nearly nine hundred dollars.

FRIEND.

Well, but that is only three nights in each week, and then with premiums you get fifteen hundred dollars for your eight or nine.

MANAGER.

Do we? "All is not gold that glitters;" there's her returns. Three nights out of twelve she danced to less than six hundred dollars gross receipts; her salary was five hundred dollars per night. Two off nights each week vary from thirty dollars to eighty per night. With the stock company the expenses on these nights being between three and four hundred.

FRIEND.

How so? Her aids are not used. Is it pay and no play with you?

MANAGER.

We pay them by the week, and divide by five rather than three, that the loss may seem to be less.

FRIEND.

This is not the public's fault. They come and pay.

MANAGER.

So they do; and they may come to see Mr. Q., who is no better qualified to draw from his talent alone, than some of the names upon my stock list, who, as you see, are content with a weekly salary of thirty dollars, and twice that sum per week is all that Mr. Q. could get a year ago, and be allowed to give himself no airs at that. Here is another specimen of his style, in reply to one I wrote to him last week, with an offer of fair terms. (*The manager hands his friend another letter from Mr. Q.*)

FRIEND.

(*Casts his eye over the opened sheet, smiling, then reads.*)

"New York—Sir—I cannot accede to your terms at all—can't consider them—can't entertain them. Never had such a proposition at home from a provincial manager. I am astonished; but if you will give me a certainty of three hundred dollars per night, benefits as named, I will come for ten nights; or if you elect to share, I must have control of the stage, and castings of the pieces, my own door-keeper and ticket-seller, and the house settled at the third act of the play every night, the free list to be suspended, &c. &c. If the certainty, then I am to be paid before I play."

FRIEND.

Well, that is cool.

MANAGER.

Isn't it, for a man of yesterday, who is coming to buy our land and settle in the West, delighted with

our institutions, and is resolved to educate his children in Yankee land, *vide* public press.

FRIEND.

Do you comply with this?

MANAGER.

I think not; but such things are done. It's curious that the drama should decline and managers fail, is it not, while there are such champions as Mr. Q. in the field?

FRIEND.

I do not perceive clearly the motive for one of his conditions to take the theatre out of the manager's hands, stage and all.

MANAGER.

My friend, it is not to be expected that you should understand all the tricks of the trade. The books from which he plays are marked with those talismanic letters on the covers *T. R. D. L., and this is the custom of "stars." It is of little consequence here whether they were ever upon the stage of the theatre, the name of which these letters represent, or not. In these books all the strong parts of the play are weakened, to strengthen the star. For one of the stock company, who plays an opposite part, for five dollars a night and his share of the applause, as regulated by the star's book, against the distinguished individual from the T. R. D. L., who gets all the money and expects all the applause, to be the favorite of the play, would be an awkward affair; yet unless the good speeches and fine situations are either cut out from

* Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

the subordinate parts, or transposed to the hero's scenes, this would frequently occur.

FRIEND.

Well, let the tragedy go, then. How is it with the opera?

MANAGER.

Worse than all. An opera troupe would require all the receipts for their remuneration, and expect the manager to pay them something for using his establishment, as their names would give an *eclat* to his stage, and render it fashionable.

FRIEND.

If I was a manager, I should say give me no more "stars."

MANAGER.

So do I say, and Mr Q. may go to the other house.

FRIEND.

But will the other manager stand such imposition.

MANAGER.

Against his will he might; it would injure me, and managers have a way of supporting the drama—by ruining each other, and giving the "stars" an opportunity to display their great regard for the welfare of the stage. Now, we are here like the man in the oyster case. Mr. Q. will get the oyster if he can. But if I must have the shell, I had as soon have both shells, or give up my chance for either. If I am to lose money, it is to me preferable to lose it with empty benches instead of full ones.

FRIEND.

What will you do when Q. goes to the other house? The people will follow him.

MANAGER.

This time I am not in his power, as he thinks: read that.

FRIEND.

(*Taking a letter offered by the manager, reads*)—"You can have my company on the terms you propose—thirty horses—scene riders, male and female—ponies—trappings—good clowns—in short, a perfect equestrian company, ready for action whenever you say the word." Well, but is this legitimate?

MANAGER.

The "stars" will say no, and give out that I degrade the stage with saw-dust and tan and cater to a vulgar taste. Now, I know that Mr. Q., in Shakespeare, at the other house, can no more run against my equestrian troupe, than a figuarante of the last century in a fancy dance could compete with Ellsler or Taglioni in the Sylphide or Bayadere. Mr. Q. will not risk his reputation by going to the other house, if he finds he is to encounter Rufus Welch or June's company, in a race for public favor. He will remember that the great Kemble was discomfited by a real elephant in Blue Beard in London; and he is also aware that the stage of the legitimate T. R. D. L. has been occupied by the ponies and the sports of the ring; and that the menagerie has grouped its cages under the "classic" dome; while distinguished artists — tragedians and singers—were starring in the provinces, or running over to New York to escape chancery and the queen's bench.

FRIEND.

Your argument is a fair one against the "stars;" you should let the public understand it. Managers

are the parties to understand it and to reform it; and until they do, the drama will continue to decline. There are honorable exceptions to the Mr. Q.'s school at home and abroad; and Mr. Q. has his imitators of native origin. It is the principle that should be moved against, and not the practitioner, perhaps—for a man or woman can hardly be blamed for taking advantage of a market when the demand is greater than the supply. This is human nature, and its instincts will prevail, whether bread-stuffs or ballet girls, pork or tragedians, fuel or opera-singers, be the commodity which is the subject of speculation.

Memorandum.—In relation to the engagement with Mr. Q., the manager triumphed. He (Mr. Q.) did reduce his terms; he did not suspend the free list; nor did he have his own door-keeper; nor did he cast the plays; nor did he settle the house in the third act, or control the stage. But after the horses had their run, honored by the nightly attendance of "fashion and taste"—as represented by the higher classes—the Cataract of the Ganges gave way to the Forty Thieves. They in their turn retired, making a place for Mr. Q., who was received quite as well as he deserved to be—with fair attendance, and nothing more—and for once the manager was protected from a loss by an eminent "star," who was said to come from the T. R. D. L. It may be well to note that the "equestrian troupe" cost not more than a third part of the nightly requirements of many single "stars," who can barely average half-filled houses, whenever they play what is ambiguously termed legitimate drama.

CHAPTER XX.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

THE MOGUL TALE—AN ENGAGEMENT WITH A CELEBRATED ÆRONAUT.

We know how, under some circumstances, Mr. Hill would act his part in the drama of real life. We have seen him under different impulses, and have had his own sensations described by his own hand.

There is a German legend which has for its moral that no person, however humble, but may excel in something. We do not intend to give the legend entire, or the origin of the custom episodically introduced in the story for collateral purposes. It was "the custom of the country," in this case, that every dead body found was denied decent burial, unless some person recognized it, and could truthfully say something good of the departed.

On one occasion a body lay near the allotted time exposed and unrecognized. The features, form, and apparel of the unknown bore testimony conclusive against his being formed of aristocratic earth. As he was about to be cast forth into unsanctified ground, an old woman was attracted to the spot. After an anxious look, with an expressive shake of the head, accompanying it with a motion of her "skinny fingers," she exclaimed—

"Ah, Hans, poor oaf, are you gone! Well, well, the world has lost the best whistler in Germany.

"The best whistler," said the functionary, who was waiting to profit by the last act of man, in giving the body decent burial at the town's expense, "the best whistler. That's enough. He was the best in something."

This Hans, by the accomplishment of whistling, secured to himself a decent grave.

Now there are many inhabitants of this globe, in the human form, whose lives have come to an end with no one to vouch for them in relation to excellence. On the other hand, many persons have rendered their names famous for ages by single acts, without reference to the good effect or character of the acts or actions. It cannot be necessary to furnish examples to support this proposition.

Mr. Hill was famous for whistling, we know from his own account; and the public voice has proclaimed that he was worthy of a noble memory in his vocation as a player. In keeping with the dogma, that a man's life should give more than his public acts, when sent forth for the judgment of friends or enemies, as well as that other section in large majorities which is composed of the indifferent, as we approach the close of a too brief career, will be presented an incident by this disciple of Momus, showing his experience in hydrogen gas.

Among the farces witnessed by me in the days of my youth, was the "Mogul Tale; or the Cobbler's descent in a Balloon." To see old "Barnes" as "Johnny Atkins" was the delight of other eyes than mine. In these same days of comic actors, who did really hold the mirror up to nature, if not always perpendicularly, still in such a position as to give the "age and body of

the time its form and pressure," as well as to "show vice its own image," with a little allowance for flaws in the glass, or irregularities in the amalgam which gave to the stage mirror its reflecting power.

Barnes was famous in many respects, and very famous at the time of its production as the hero of the Mogul Tale. This piece was intended as a hit at the mania of ballooning, then culminating to a point of interest, not at all warning until after-night ascensions in illuminated balloons became the only attractive exhibition of this kind, and two or three voyagers were killed by balloons taking fire and descending rapidly to the earth.

Ballooning, in reality, had not attracted my notice, with a view to any experiment in a wicker basket suspended by cords over a bag of silk in *propria persona.*

I had acted Johnny Atkins, and been a supposed ballooner in the midst of a new furore for this species of entertainment. I had been introduced to a gentleman, well known for his scientific attainments; he also possessed the faculty of persuading everybody into acquiescence with his plans and schemes. After the performance of the Mogul Tale we met at the table of the Tremont House, Boston, and over a chicken salad, with occasional sips of sherry, I listened to his glowing description of ærial voyages, and finally accepted an invitation to sail with him over the tops of trees and houses, and explore the regions of upper air; in short, I promised to leave my fellow-men on earth, and take a trip among the clouds.

My friendly reader may smile, and think, perhaps, that my vision was already clouded with the sips of sherry I had taken. Be that as it may, the engage-

ment was made as I describe it, and when the day for the appointed ascension came, about three o'clock in the afternoon of the aforesaid day I walked to the spot from which our departure was to be taken, in company with thousands of men, women and children who were going to secure outside places to see the show free gratis for nothing.

Besides the usual and ordinary attraction to a crowd, of a man going up miles away, with a chance of a fall on the land, or perhaps a sea voyage in a frail bark, without rudder or compass, on this great occasion was proposed two novelties. First, the balloon itself it being formed of some other fabric than silk. (I have forgotten the name of the article.) The second was, that a friend, well known to the citizens, would accompany the æronaut in his flight; that when they had ascended to a proper height bills would be thrown from the car, informing the assemblage the name of the distinguished individual who had thus in their presence made his first appearance in a new character.

I suppose the formula of balloon raising is familiar to most persons dwelling in cities, and also many others who have witnessed these elevations as opportunities have offered.

I am not going to affect science, or teach the reader how to raise air balloons, yet I must say a word about hydrogen.

Students of chemistry will not fail to remember that description of generating hydrogen gas which commences with, "Take a gun barrel and place it across a furnace so as to heat it red hot." Any work on chemistry will supply the omitted part, and give other methods to those who may wish to learn.

My ballooning friend had often been put to his wits to "raise the wind." I do not know whether he had the same difficulties to overcome in raising hydrogen separated from its brother or sister elements of atmospheric combinations, or in alcohol and water, as understood in or out of scientific circles.

Combined trifling movements have produced great results in politics, war and theatricals. Statesmen, generals and showmen have become famous in a day by happy combination, or in other words, lucky hits.

I had re-engaged at the theatre, and was advertised to appear that evening as Johnny Atkins, in the Mogul Tale, the manager little dreaming that I was the veritable friend going up in the balloon.

I had thought of the crowd that would rush to the theatre, after the fact became known, to hear the account of the real matter, by Johnny Atkins, when he descended with Doctor Pedant in the gardens of the Mogul's palace.

One item of profit here, another in the share of receipts to be taken at the door of the arena combination, forsooth.

I noticed many persons looking skyward, and heard them express their regrets that the wind was so high. Neither the force of the wind, or its seaward direction had attracted my notice before. I saw the huge machine rolling about as it became more and more buoyant. The canvass shook the posts of the arena, as it flapped from the occasional gusts of a fresh north-wester. I began seriously to reflect upon what I had undertaken to do. I bethought me of an apology, after the fashion of some distinguished singers of whom I had

heard; but no, I resolved to go, and if for my folly it was my destiny to come to ill luck, I must submit. With this settlement of the matter I continued to move on with the multitude. In a few moments I was in the arena, and recognized among the patrons of high-flying numerous friends and acquaintances, who had not the slightest idea that I was to accompany the æronaut, now so busily engaged in gas-making, cheerful and communicative to those about him. I questioned my friend as to the chances of being back in time for the theatre.

"Plenty of time," said he, "if I get gas enough to go. I am afraid I cannot carry you this time."

"Afraid! you afraid?" I said, mentally, "that is better than for me to be afraid. But unless you can ensure my return in time to play, I cannot go."

"We shall see."

He looked at his watch, at the clouds, at the gas-barrels, at the spectators, at the balloon and at me.

"Ah!" and he squinted at the sky again, "the wind will change, the gas does not make," and thus the time went on for an hour, causing much impatience to the outside auditory.

The heads of some calculating boys were introduced beneath the canvass, while others cut holes in it to see the show without paying. In vain the police assayed to keep out all the intruders.

The æronaut having obtained the services of a dozen men or more, stepped into the car, each man holding in his hands one of the cords sustaining the balloon, to keep it from rising too suddenly. Then came a shout from the crowd, who were overseeing the arrangements

from the top of the arena, for the companion, that is for myself. The intrepid æronaut informed them that it was impossible for any one to ascend with him. I had been previously furnished with this knowledge, which, of course, I kept secret.

The cords were allowed to be stretched, but the balloon would not ascend. The principal threw out some of the wardrobe and ballast; still it remained upon *terra firma.* The crowd continued shouting for the ascension, the æronaut threw out more sand bags, but the struggling globe, made of what material I know not, seemed unable to overcome the "gravity" in the car. It swayed about, still held by the ropes; it rose a few feet, then descended, which caused hisses and groans from the multitude.

A sudden shift of wind sent the balloon and the persons who held it across the enclosure in an opposite direction. It mounted a few feet; the rope was hastily cut which held the car. Sailing obliquely to the top of the canvass, it caught on one of the posts and held fast. The balloon escaped from the torn netting, rapidly ascended on its own hook, leaving the car and the intrepid æronaut outside the arena, landed safely upon the ground.

The concussion scattered about the bills which were to be dropped from the clouds; these the mischievous urchins nearest at hand seized upon, circulated and were reading with various accents and emphasis to the listening wags. They were there informed that the person who ascended with Mr. * * * * was Yankee Hill, who would come down in time to meet his friends in the evening at the theatre. The reading of these bills

produced much merriment, which was not decreased by my appearance outside to console my balloon-wrecked friend.

I believe this balloon was never heard of afterward; but my share in the adventure has been the theme of frequent disputes at many a social gathering.

Neither myself or the manager of the theatre had cause to regret this affair. One of the fullest houses of the season greeted Johnny Atkins, who traversed the air in a balloon, which was manœuvred without hydrogen, by the skillful arrangement of Jacob Johnson,* who raises everything but the devil in stage matters, and even has raised him in the Bottle Imp and Faustus, in many of our theatres.

This balloon failure illustrated one of the strange peculiarities of human nature observable at all times in show business. Those persons who paid for their tickets to enter the canvass-walled arena for the purpose of witnessing the filling of the balloon, and the ceremonies of a departure, contributing aid to the individual thus risking his money in gas making and his life in going up, sympathized with the æronaut in the failure and loss of his air-ship, while the outside barbarians, who came as dead heads do to the theatre, to see the show at no cost to themselves, evinced their disappointment by groans and jests at another's undoings.

Now in theatres a certain number of individuals

* The reader may be informed that this veteran machinist is still alive; and that the raising of spirits, the sinking of demons, the flying cars, the moving waters, blazing suns, and revolving stars are under his direction. When he calls spirits from the vasty deep, or elsewhere, they come. He has been at the head of his department. in stage business, for many years, and in the principal theatres of America.

anxious to sustain the drama after the fashion of stars, though showing their love for the profession in different form, are not unlike the balloon patrons.

The stars encourage the drama by taking all the money that is paid at the doors. The patrons encourage the drama by witnessing the stars when they can without paying at all As two of a trade can never agree, the stars shrewdly suspend the free list when they can, then comes a war between the "patrons" and the "stars," and many an inky battle has been fought in consequence thereof.

Why a manager should give away his tickets to a certain class of individuals I am unable to determine; and in consequence of this privilege, these patrons and sustainers of the art should be the first to discover and publish any little blemish or shortcomings in the entertainments they enjoy, free of cost, is another mystery yet to be solved.

It is not an unfrequent occurrence in theatres after a new piece, produced at great expense, has been played a few times, to hear these patrons exclaim, "Why don't the manager play something else? We have seen this two or three times. We want something new."

Half receipts, stars and free tickets, Messieurs Managers, are two hard drains upon your system; and as money is the vital current in theatrical treasuries, by which the body is sustained in its growth, you must reform your methed, or these drains are as sure to destroy you as loss of nutrition in the animal organization is sure to induce emaciation and decay. One thing more, brother actors, actresses and most respected and respectable managers, if you desire your art to prosper,

keep closed the door that leads to the stage, confine the audience to that part of the house assigned to them. Behind the scenes should be (not to speak irreverently) holy ground. Keep the curtain between the people and the players. Let them not discover the machinery of the art, lest the illusion may vanish.

The privileges and civilities of social life may be yours, but keep aloof long enough to separate yourself from the character you have represented. Do not, after acting Hamlet and Macbeth, Cato or Coriolanus, Othello, or Richard, too soon meet your friends while yet the paint is upon your face. Withdraw yourself until next day, when, as a citizen, you may meet your friends and fellow-men; but talk not of your trade. A clergyman leaves theology in his study when he enters the social circle. The physician discourses not of pills and fevers in his hours of relaxation. If he be well bred, and his companions are men of education and good sense, let the player follow the dictates of correct taste, and increase the respect his friends have for the art he professes, by acknowledging in the artist the gentleman, than which title there is no higher known among the ranks of men, whose claim to pre-eminence over their fellow-beings is that of cultivated minds, the evidence of which is intellectual as well as moral integrity, generous intelligence and good temper.

I may not live to see a reform in the drama. No single influence can accomplish it; and if I were at confession, I might honestly disclose occasional departures from the legitimate mission of the player, such as I have recorded in my balloon adventure, so far as it had to do with the theatre. Still, I would renounce

such *coup de etats* for the future, if my example would make proselytes. The public should begin the work. For them I did it; "for them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;" "for them have I put on the robes of Richard; and while I live to please, I must please to live."

I should rejoice in a change of things as a player that kept the players to their proper work, and with our patrons and friends, the public, all the lesser and greater lights in the histrionic world would hail the era that should realize the poet's aspirations and—

> "Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
> And truth diffuse its radiance from the stage.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I plough, I rake, I mow, I sow,
And sometimes I to market go."

The ghosts of many partly buried embodiments haunted Hill. He liked the sound of doctor, as a prefix to his name, but the practice ever in prospective was not attractive. Still, he had an itching ear to be called doctor.

Another branch of the healing art had for some time impressed itself upon his susceptible system; and a visit with a medical friend to one of the famous dental establishments in Boston convinced Hill that this was the ground for him. The general "fixtures of this reception room" charmed the amateur dentist, and he determined to become "one of them."

An elegantly-attired lady entered from the operating room, smiling as she pleasantly bade good morning to the doctor, who followed her, and who, according to his vocation, had been engaged either in supplying her with a set of ornaments to the mouth, or making beautiful a natural set. As in these days of artistic excellence in the dental branch of surgery, it is difficult at sight to decide upon real or artificials, and as good breeding forbids a question of this kind, this lady and her case was and is a secret.

Hill came to the conclusion that he had at last hit upon his true mission. After viewing all that was to be seen in this parlor, where had been cured many a

toothache, and where beauty had been adorned by aid of gold, quartz, clay, and such other elements of handsome teeth, Hill departed, and hastened to his residence. After some reflection he ordered a plate for his door, and on it was engraved—

DR. G. H. HILL,
SURGEON DENTIST.

Hill often himself described it as giving him great satisfaction to witness the passers-by reading the plate, and as he said, he felt every inch a doctor.

As far as a display of instruments, a fine operating chair and sundry other appendages of the art would make it, one of Hill's rooms became a dentist's office, and he had his plan of operation matured. To be sure he was scarcely ever at home to respond to professional calls; but to have Doctor Hill inquired for during his absence was a pleasing reminiscence.

Now to pull a tooth, or to extract it, as the operation is called, by the modern torturers, would give Hill as much pain as he would inflict upon his victim, unless, as he quaintly observed in one case, "it come mighty easy." The pulling Hill intended to do by deputy.

Many who knew Mr. Hill will remember this period of dental excitement. No friend could visit him that he did not invite him into his office, and a forced examination of teeth followed. He was lookiug into everybody's mouth for a time. His usual conversation was upon dentistry, and "Come up to my office," his constant invitation.

The reader must understand that Hill had received valuable instruetions from Dr. Crane of Park Place,

New York, and actually practised the art with credit as well as profit.

A visit to the splendid garden and grounds of Mr. Cushing at Watertown, perhaps the most extensive in the vicinity of Boston, awakened in Mr. Hill's mind an enthusiasm for elegant agriculture; and not having the fear of the "Rochester cow and calf" before his eyes, but moved and seduced by the fat kine, rich fields, magnificent graperies and conservatories, palaces, classic villas and cottages which abound in the rural districts in the neighborhood of the modern Athens, the property of gentlemen farmers, Mr. Hill resolved to possess the "acres"* within the boundaries of which he would write lectures, study character and philosophy in such intervals of ploughing, hoeing, planting, sowing, mowing, ditching and all such improving processes as the seasons, or a proper care of the paramount agricultural interest, would permit.

The agricultural mania had seized him. He felt already like Cincinnatus substituting the stage for the battle field.

How many actors have retired upon a farm the reward of years of toil, buried in acres of used up land, from which they hoped that the products of the earth would rise at harvest time to fill their granaries and barns. A short time has proved to them that there is no play in the husbandman's life. By the sweat of the brow men live who till the ground. And the actor's return to the "shop" again is the usual sequel to the "farmer's story," there to make up the losses of the retirement, and if possible to secure a competence against

* That is, buy a place.

the wants that too often attend the final retirement of the veteran of the stage. The agricultural fever subsided in a few days, though Hill never entirely convalesced from its invasion at this time.*

Now after the incidents of Mr. Hill's successful career in his professional triumphs, it required no ordinary amount of firmness to withstand temptations so frequently offered to his notice; to avoid influences, now of the most repulsive kind, and to begin anew the work of life.

The difficulties which beset his path onward were not lessened by his peculiar temperament, so liable to lead him into the pleasant rather than into the practical road; nevertheless he gave all his attention to his business, gradually weaning himself from the pleasures of wine and its associations; a spirit of prudence seemed to guide him.

In the year 1846, a return of the agricultural mania showed itself by some premonitory symptoms, the disease at this time being much modified in its character, and mild in its action. He purchased Chestnut Hill, in the town of Batavia, a beautiful country residence, and here he removed in 1847.

Mr. Hill had subscribed his name as one of the reformers of temperance, in this great progressive work of a progressive age. He had also secured the services of a dramatist to furnish him with new pieces, and the public were prepared to greet him as the only correct

* He had undoubtedly reformed his plan of life, and one of the first steps towards future usefulness was his association with Enterprise Lodge, New York.

† And was enthusiastic.

representative of American comic characters. Everything, so far as human wisdom could foresee, promised a long life of happiness and usefulness. To use his own words as expressed to a friend—"It seemed to him as if he had just began to live."

CHAPTER XXI.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MR HILL.

Until August, 1849, Mr. Hill attended constantly to his professional duties; on some occasions giving his entertainments and comic lectures, and frequently performing his round of characters in the theatre.

He visited Saratoga for the purpose of lecturing at the fashionable season, and also for the purpose of recruiting his strength, which had been tasked too hard during this year.

He had announced his intention of giving a performance on a certain evening. On the day advertised he was suddenly attacked by a debilitating disease.

He had never disappointed an assembled audience in consequence of sickness; and having consulted a physician, he sanctioned his leaving his bed, and Mr. Hill most imprudently departed for the lecture-room. Arriving behind the time fixed for the commencement of the lecture, signs of disapprobation were manifested by a part of the audience. When order was restored, Mr. Hill explained the cause of his delay; and said although this was the first time he had kept an audience waiting, it was not the first time he had (silently) waited for an audience.

His explanation was satisfactory, and his performance was applauded throughout.

At its conclusion Mr. Hill left the lecture-room to repose on his death-bed.

This was his last effort on life's mimic scene.

The last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history was near at hand, and is briefly to be recorded.

The one who had so often cheered him in the troubles of early life, was sent for from her peaceful home, to comfort him with her presence in the hour of death. She came—the wife and mother—to return to a desolate home a widow, and to carry a father's blessing to the children of his love. On the 27th of September, 1849, George Handel Hill passed from this life, in the fortieth year of his age. He was buried in Green Ridge Cemetery at Saratoga.

The impressive funeral service of the Odd Fellows' ritual was performed at the grave, in which was deposited the body.

The news of his death was received with true sorrow by many who in life had known his stirling worth.

In many of the relations of life he had acted well his part, and the few errors involved in his passage through this bustling world, compared with his virtues and commendable qualities, only give him a title to the common frailties of man, and sink into obscurity when contrasted with the good he hath done in his day of life. When his name is mentioned in connection with the art which it was his pride to practice, the words of the great dramatist, as applied to the memory of a departed humorist, dear to him who spoke them, will be repeated time and again—

> "Alas! poor Yorick—
> I knew him well—
> A fellow of infinite jest."

If it be true that it is better to have a bad epitaph when you die, than the players' bad report while you

live, it is equally true of the player himself, that he had better have a bad epitaph when dead than the public's bad report while living.

George Handel Hill had no enemies, and his early demise—not yet forty years—in the prime of life, with improved ideas, calculated to make his future efforts valuable to himself and his family, struck his profes sional brethren as one of the mysterious manifestations of Providence, not easily to be reconciled with man's views of the wisdom of the Author of all good. His death was a loss to the American stage, not soon to be supplied.

ANTIQUITIES AND PRODUCTS OF NEW ENGLAND YANKEEOLOGICALLY SPEAKING.

It was thought at one time that the English had carried off Plymouth Rock, and made it a part of the Rock of Gibraltar, but when they paid us a visit in red uniform, and tested the material, they found the old stun there, and they found it a Gibraltar tew. T was a great letter among the ancients, and from it arose the society of T totallers. Their idol, the Tea, became so common, arter a spell, that it was emptied by the boxfull intew Boston harbor. Turtle, a shell of which you may see in my collection, gave birth tew the sayin' of "shell out." The tarm hierology, which we use in describin' these things, means that the people in old times were rather toploftical. A number of these matters hev been hard tew diskiver, but they are easy when you know 'em. Now, many on you b'lieve the old sayin' that matches were made in heaven, but I kin prove they were made in New England, 'specially the Lucifer ones. If I had time I might say suthin' about the brimstun at one eend of 'em, but I leave you all tew find out about that, herearter, yourselves. Putty is a great antiquity. Its fluctuation in this day is a remarkable contrast tew the past: putty, anciently, jest stuck where it was put. You hev heern of *corn?* Well, I guess you hev. Tew vary our subject, and teck things ginerally, we will pass on tew corn, and

that brings us to products of the sile. The race anterior tew the ancient Pilgrims knew suthin' about this vegetable, but it was left to our airly ancestors tew develope the full usefulness of this grain. The Ingens knew how to use it in the rough, but, oh! Johnny cakes and corn juice, to what parfection it was finally brought by the descendants of the primitive fathers. Findin' that by poundin' the grain, mixin' with it a leetle milk and a few eggs, that it made a mixtur of a humanizin' character for the innards, they set tew work to fix a liquid mixture out of the juice, to wash down the cakes, and pursuin' it through a *spirit* of research, from one diskivery tew anuther, they got out a juice which set their tongues workin' very lively. Findin' it a warmin' mixtur, they kept on takin' it, and finally their legs got tew movin' in seech a zig-zag fashion, that many were shocked with the new drink. This diskivery undoubtedly pinted many intew very crooked ways, and gin rise to the expression that—"This is a great country."

It may be proper, before proceedin' farther, tew state that the ancient New Englanders wore a becomin' kiverin' in airly times. In old times they went in for an all-sufficient amount of brim, while now, hevin' grown cute and savin' of stuff, they cut it so precious narrow, that it is eenamost all shaved off. *Y-e-s* they dew. In the coat some difference may be diskivered; the antique wraps up the hull body—while in t'other the body is neglected, and the material is all consigned tew the skirt or tail-eend of the kiverin'. Frock coats air an exception, and sacks air different and primitive.

It is a gineral opinion that wooden clocks, like some people's larnin', came naturally tew the ancient inhabitants, but who began to build 'em for exportation re

mains a hidden mystery. It is pretty sartain, however, that wooden clocks hev ben diskivered, and, I may say, that in my travels, not only on this Continent, but in some furrin' parts, I hev hern on a few of 'em, and seen a *couple*, I reckon: well, I guess I hev. They are a nat'ral product of New England. Wooden nutmegs spring spontaneously from the sile; tooth-powder is turned out as plenty as sawdust, and a good deal like it tew; bear's grease made from New England pork, highly scented, is biled down in its factories; and the patent pills, which can cure anything from measles to an amputated head, hev all sprung from this ancient race.

We hev good reason tew b'lieve that New Englanders made the first shoes, for, on decypherin' one of the old inscriptions, we find inscribed the words:—"*There is nothin' like leather.*" An evidence agin which there kin be no dispute. What a sublime contemplation it is, that New England protects, by the science of *cobblin'*, the gineral understandin' of half creation.

We now come tew the interesting part of our subject, which more particularly treats of *punkins*. Punkins air indigenous tew our sile, and the ancient settlers found that out, at an early period; seeing this big fruit, they naturally sot to work to see what its innards was made of. By sartain paintin's and cartouches, still presarved, and by written history, as sot down in hieroglyphics, we learn that they first tried 'em raw, but they didn't eat good, and then they cooked 'em. *Ah!* OH! AHEM!!! A diskivery was now made, which sot the mouths of a hull colony watering. They soon got tew making them intew pies.

Punkin is put over the pie, to signify that the punkin

was first diskivered, and that it was a'ter made intew the pie. You will recollect that the pie was the second diskivery. The eatin' of the pie wanted no study, for it was found, by actual experiment, that if you put a piece of pie intew the hands of a Yankee baby, it jest natrally puts it in its mouth.

At one period, we held a deep investigation in the historical society, tew which I hev the honor of bein' Correspondin' Secretary. The subject was a *stun* which bore this queer inscription:

ITIS APU NKIN ITIS.

It was plain tew to perceive that it was a petrified vegetable, but it was desp'rate hard tew decypher, *geologically*, its class, 'cause it was so carefully dried up. We sot to work on the inscription, thinkin' that as it was antique, it would tell the origin of the plant, or gin us a peep intew some matter of airly history. Deacon Starns, the President, a'ter consultin' *all* the books in the library, remarked to the Society, in his commandin' way:—

Deacon.—A'ter a searchin' hunt, and considerable readin', I hev found out that the first word is a Latin tarm. It is—"ITIS,—*thou goest*," and I reckon I wouldn't go through sech another hunt tew find out the beginnin' or eend of creation. I had a searchin' time, I b'lieve.

Our antiquary spoke right up tew the President on hearin' this:

Antiquary.—Why, Deacon, ITIS, well, *yes*, guess it is, well, I declare, who'd thought it,—and I swow if the last word don't spell jest the same thing. *Thou goest.* Yes, jest the same. Mabbe the middle means that tew, let me see. No, for spell it which way you

will, up or *down*, it seems to mean suthin' else, y-e-s, I guess it does; well, *really*. I move, Deacon, we sit on this stun till we find it out. Parseverance will dew it, for by that you hev already diskivered the first, and me the last word.

DEACON.— *You* diskiver? *ahem?* You! I found both out myself.

ANTIQUARY.—You will own, Mr. President, that *you* ony named the first.

DEACON.— Yes; and that was the key tew the second, sir; now do you feel?

ANTIQUARY.—I reckon, Deacon, it's one thing tew find the key, and anuther tew know its use. I aint goin' tew be robbed of my researches, *I guess;* particularly, a'ter I hev unlocked a secret of seech importance.

DEACON.—If the antiquity gentleman of this *so-ci-e-ty* hes a mind tew, he will *please* come tew order.

The society unanimously called the antiquary tew order, and rite off, a new member, a timid lookin' young feller remarked:

NEW MEMBER.—If it would please the society, I would like to make a slight *re*mark; not that I kin throw light upon the subject afore you; a timely *re*mark, however, might lead to new remarks, and *re*markin' upon one pint a'ter another, would draw out remarks.

DEACON.—(*Waving hand.*) Go on, sir; let us hear your *remark*, and if you please make it remarkable brief.

NEW MEMBER.—Yes, sir. I would ony remark, that our doctor remarked, that *APU*, if the *U* was an *O*, would be the Greek word for *from*.

The sensation at heerin' this was tremenjus. I may say the hull society was set a bilin'. The new member got frightened at what he had did, and I nat'rally expected him tew run. Our antiquary moved that a medal be struck in his honor, and that frightened him wus. He said he be darned, if they should strike him with a medal, and threatened he'd lick the antiquary the first time he caught him sarchin' in the ruins of his daddy's mill. Finally, the twitter in which they had all been put smoothed down, and they all, ginerally, sot tew work tew find out the last undiskivered word. I told 'em now, myself, that if the third word had an (*a*) and (*n*) atween the (*n*) and (*k*), I'd think it was *nankin*.

Antiquary.—That's it. It's named a'ter *nankin trowsers*.

President.—Ah! yes, yes, that is a Chinese word. I have heard the capin' of one of my vessels say it was a town in China. Ah! ha! that's it, sure enough, I reckon. Well, cal'late the hull reads, now, clear as moonshine: let me see:

Latin.	*Greek.*	*Chinese.*	*Latin.*
ITIS	APU	NKIN	ITIS
THOU GOEST	FROM	NANKIN,	THOU GOEST.

It is plain as the nose on a face, tew the eye of science ginerally, and tew this society in particular, that this stun was once a Chinese fruit, sent out to this country, to see if it would *fructify*, and here the darn thing has taken a notion instead to *petrify!*

The applause was tremenjus!

Zachariah Stanhope, a consarned dirty little rascal, who swept our historical room and made the fires, bust right out intew a snicker. He had been sticking his

tew head atween the heads of the society, and was decyphering the inscription tew.

PRESIDENT.—Zack, what air you snickerin' out in that way about, eh?

ZACH.—At the stun, sir.

PRESIDENT.—Well, what about the stun?

ZACH.—At the *words*, sir.

PRESIDENT.—Hah! at the words, eh? Well, what do you spell out of them? come, let us hear you; and the president winked at the society.

ZACH,—(a'ter wiping his nose and lickin' his lips, read right out,)—

IT-IS-A-PUNKIN-IT-IS!!

And so it was, a consarned dried up, petrified punkin, that had dried up more one way than t'other. A'ter votin' a medal to the diskiverer of this inscription, our society adjourned.

It is a purty ginerally conceded fact, that man is a queer critter, and that when he aint movin' about, he's doin' suthin' else. This pint bein' conceded, we pass on tew remark, that the first race which sot down in New England, were of this movin' round kind of critters, and I reckon they hev fixed a leetle mite of their stirrin' round propensities upon the ginerations that followed a'ter. This part of our subject may not account for the milk in the cocoa nut, but it does account for why your humble sarvint is here. All owin' tew his New England propensity for stirrin' round. Well, hevin' settled this pint, we'll pass on tew consider the next. It has been ginerally thought, that the airly inhabitants of New England all came from some place, and I guess they did. What's more, they found a place

to tew come tew, when they came. This, in some measure, accounts for the ancient sayin', that "you'll be there when you git tew the place. Well, a'ter eatin' a *clam-chowder*, of which we have sufficient evidence that they were desp'rately fond, 'cause the shells air scattered about promiscuously, these airly New Englanders sot to work at makin' themselves tew *hum*, and they succeeded a'ter a fashion. The fashion hes ben found to be a tolerable good one tew, for their posterity stick tew the same way of gettin' along, even unto the present gineration. Well, as I was sayin', they made themselves at *hum*. Where they landed, there was considerable sand, some stuns, and a leetle dash of water, and from sartin' hieroglyphical evidence, we air enabled tew make out that they were jest about as hard headed a race as ever made up their minds tew settle down wherever they had a mind tew. It aint exactly known whether they came in a *hickory* canoe, or a *birch* basket, but jedgin' from the way New England schoolmasters use these tew kinds of woods, our historical society hev settled down intew the opinion, that they came in both. Select men were chosen and appointed in them days to rule over the people, and they in turn used tew select some of the people tew be ruled over, and they ginerally did this rulin' with a rod. In modern New England varsion, the select men air "old flints," I reckon, 'cause some of 'em air a leetle flinty-hearted. Talkin' of flints brings me tew an important pint in my subject, and that is ROCKS. Nigh ontew all on you hev heerd about the *Rock of Plymouth*, and if you hevn't, it's a darned shame, for it's often enough talked about. The ancient inhabitants of New England, beyond dispute, landed on this rock, and they

found it a purty solid, *steady* kind of footin'. From this fact grew out the common sayin' that New England is the land of *steady habits.* How could they be otherwise, when they commenced on so solid a foundation? Without runnin' this rock intew the ground, I'd like to say suthin' about its *antiquity.* It is purty ginerally conceded that afore it was diskivered, it had staid in the same place a purty long spell—mabbe anterior to Adam! Who knows? I'll be darned if I dew. All I know, and all it's necessary for me tew find out is, that it is *there*, and I rather guess, a'ter I hev handled it a leetle mite *there*, I'll leave it. It is known tew be, by a kind of human cal'lation, an all-sufficient sight older than the Egyptian pyramids, and anterior tew the present times, at least 5000 years. Our society aint ben able, as yet, tew trace the Polk name down tew the airly dynasties of the *select* men, but I reckon we will find it out. We hev, however, in our archilogical diggin' diskivered the word *Pillow*, but whether it was any relation tew *Gideon Pillow*, is not yet sartin'. The word is thought tew hev a soft meanin', but larnin' tew read hieroglyphics, we hev ascertained that a man named Jacob, who was lost in the wilderness, *pillowed* upon a *stun.* Now, *Gideon* bein' also ancient, a spirit of deduction nat'rally leads us tew *Pillow*, and then Jacob pints out the *stun*, and here, you see, we slide right back tew *rock* from where we started.

The *Arabs*, by which we mean the modern portion on 'em, used to visit Plymouth Rock, and break off pieces of the stun, out of which propensity grew the common sayin' "I'd a good deal rather crack rock." Antiquarians, tew, visited the old spot, and used tew fill their pockets with pieces of the stun, which give rise tew the

modern expression, "Sech a fellow is in town with *a pocket full of rocks.*"

The next *stun*, or I should say pile of stuns, is the Monument, and usin' the words of a celebrated New England savan, "*there it stands!*" and you couldn't, very easy, make it dew anythin' else. It is situated on Bunker Hill, named after old *Joe Bunker*, who used to make shoes rite down at the hill *foot.* Whether the rest of the spot and *Hills* in gineral were named arter my own ancestors, I aint yet diskivered, but in future explorations I hev hopes of findin' out, on some *Hill*, a key-stun pintin' out the gratifyin' fact that your lecturer is descended from a ginoine *old settler. When* this obelisk began tew be histed up, is a period only known to tew the "oldest inhabitant." Sartain curious inscriptions, buried in a hollow stun beneath its base, tells us all about it, but I aint seen 'em, nor I don't expect tew soon do, but I know they are there, 'cause somebody told me. The great distinguishin' featur' about this stupendous mountain of stun is the fact that they begun tew fix it *up* from the top *down.* I guess now, mabbe some on you don't b'lieve this, but if I could only git you all intew a mesmeric state, you'd see it jest as *easy*—I might say, jest as easy as if you had your eyes shet. Some dew say that clairvoyance is a regular "open and shet;" how this is, I leave you tew cypher out by your own nat'ral bent of genius, while I proceed tew explain how the Bunker Hill obelisk was built downward. From a cute and sarchin' investigation, I hev diskivered that the hull pile of rock is capped by one *stun.* Now, how could the pile be put up under that stun? I reckon we hev now arriv at the pint of the subject. As I said before, it is not one stun

but a whole pile—now, there you hev it—how is it going to git up? By this simple process—(simple when you know it)—and there it is, jest like Zachariah Dempson's new patent machine for manufacturin' the wind intew *short-cake*, by the simple process of mesmerising the top stun, and making it stay there, at jest the height they wanted tew elevate the pile above the airth. Now you can see easy that when the mesmeric power could hold one stun up, it was desp'rate easy tew hitch the other stuns tew the fluid, and by drawin' your hand down so, (*manipulates*,) stick 'em so consarned fast that an airthquake couldn't shake 'em loose. I don't wonder some of you opin your eyes, for the progress of this age, in the onward march of antiquarian research, new diskiveries, and everlastin' upturnin' of new things, keep continually putting the cap-stun on all preconceived notions. I would jest refer you,—and this pile is an astounding illustration of the *re*-markable difference atween the ancient New Englanders and the ancient Egyptians. It'll strike you in a moment, and it'll show you what a dark and be-nighted set they were, as you get east'ard, while as you get west'ard, as far as the eastern part of this continent, it'll be diskivered that mankind grew cute and cunnin'—*y-e-s* they did! The poor yallar-skinned Asiatics, had no more sense,—I swow I've a propensity tew bust rite intew a regular roar, when I think that a people who looked so ripe as to be yaller, could be so darnation green. Would you b'lieve it?—I guess you'll find it hard tew—these be-nighted people writ down the history of their monaments right on their face, jest where every fellar who tuck the trouble tew larn, could read it right out in meetin' if he'd a mind tew. I say, they writ it right

down on the stun, so it couldn't be washed out with the rain of centuries. Now can you see the Egyptin' darkness of these poor critters. How is it on t'other side? How, and what distinguishes the ancient New England monament builders? What shows their cuteness? I kin tell you in a few words, pertinently delivered. The New Englanders buried the history of their monaments in the solid rock, under the hull pile of *stun*, and if the futur' sarcher a'ter ancient New England antiquities wants tew read it, he'll hev tew either know mesmerism, or else pull the hull tremenjus obelisk, cap-stun and all, down tew find out what it's all about. This is what I call cute. It is showin' tew the world that the pryin', sneekin'-round, findin'-out propensities of futur' ginerations will hev to scratch a few, afore they can get intew their secrets.

We now come tew another head of our lectur', and that is HEARTH-STUNS.

The last named antiquity has sometimes appeared in *brick*, and then agin' in *marble;* but who found the *last brick* thrown in, or *at* this head of the discourse, our society aint yet decided upon. Where the hearth-stun lay, however, and what were its gineral uses, is jest as well known tew our society, as the big letters in the New England primer.

How the inhabitants made use of this stun is the subject we shall talk on for a spell. I cal'late it was in purty constant use. Hieroglyphics relate that Deacon Bigelow was seated one evenin' about nine o'clock, on this side; and on t'other side, jest about there, old Mrs. Bigelow was sittin' smokin'. A leetle tew the right o' Mrs. B., and jest, I may say, in her shadder, was seated Abby, the eldest darter, who has jest got in from singin'-

school; and rite opposite tew her is Jedediah Peabody, a spruce, smart-lookin' young fellar, son of old Deacon Peabody, who has ben seein' Nabby hum from the singin' class. Just about there, frontin' the fire, is seated the deacon's *eleventh* child, and as he is the *last*, of course he is a pet. He kin jest talk plain, and seein' Jed come in with Abby, his eyes are about as wide open, as it could be expected any young critter's would stretch at his tender years. He sees Jed wink at Abby, (*Oh!*) and now he watches Abby, and sees her look pleased, and shake her head at Jed. (*Good gracious!*) And so he eyes one, and then t'other, his astonishment growin' on him every minnit, until his Ma says:

Mrs. B.—Deacon Bigelow, is the cattle critters fed?

Deacon.—(*Sleepy*)—Well, I reckon Isaiah has gin 'em suthin', and afore this litter'd 'em down.

Mrs. B.—Is the kindlin' wood brought in tew?

Deacon.—Yes, *y-e-s*, my dear, all is r-i-

Mrs. B.—Then come along, git up and let us go tew bed. You, Abby, mind you kiver the fire up, and fasten the door afore you come tew bed; and you, Jed, its time you were tew hum. Gideon, git up, my child, and dew let us all git tew bed.

Off they go, and out in the hall little Gid commences tew blow on Abby.

Gideon.—Ma, you ourt tew take your birch tew Jed Peabody.

Ma.—Why, my derr boy, what did Jed dew?

Gideon.—He kept all the time makin' mouths at Abby.

Deacon.—Toddle along, Gid, and shet up.

Gideon.—Shet up! I guess I seed him dew wus

than that; he bit her the other night right on her lips, I seed him, so I did.

We will now return to the hearth-stun. Jed has ben hitchin' his cheer 'round tew Abby, and by hieroglyphical devices we larn that he gits his cheer chuck up agin her's, and by the progressive rule by which we decypher the first part, we conclude that Jed has ben at it agin, the darned critter has ben kissin' her; as young Gid calls it, bitin' her on the lips agin.

From the blue-book *papyrus*, presarved as a relic of the reg'lar old mummeys who first gathered round Plymouth rock, we larn that kissin' was so prevalent in the airly days of New England, that the young folks were at it, not only on every day in the week, but Sunday tew; and, therefore, it was found necessary tew put a stop to it on the seventh, by law. I reckon that, like in modern times, the young folks among the ancients sot Sunday aside as a day upon which to dew up purty considerable of that interestin' kind of labor.

The heart of every true New Englander reveres this *hearth-stun*, for around it, no matter whether it be of brick or marble, gathers the loved associations of hum. It is endeared to him by the memory of a venerated father, the fond care of a gentle mother, the sweet love of a bright-eyed sister, or the manly friendship and affection of a brother. In infancy he has crowed with glee at the bright blaze which flashed from its surface —in youth he has listened in wonder, beside it, to the related history of his Puritan ancestors—in manhood he has whispered a tale of love in the ear of beauty, by the border of this old hearth-stun, and sealed on the fair lips of virtue, the pledge of unending attachment; and in old age, on Thanksgiving Day, he has gathered

around it his children and his children's children, and like a patriarch of old, thanked his Creator that he lived to hear again the sweet music of his kindreds' voices. The hieroglyphic seal of this old stun is inscribed on the heart's tablet of every genuine Yankee.

THE END.

[Spencer's]

BOSTON THEATRE.—No. 2.

THE

FOREST ROSE;

OR,

AMERICAN FARMERS.

A Drama,—In two Acts.

BY

SAMUEL WOODWORTH, ESQ.

as performed by
G. H. Hill,
(Yankee Hill)

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
128 WASHINGTON ST., CORNER OF WATER.
1855.

Forest Rose.--Properties.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Double-barrelled gun and eye-glass, for Bellamy, with black ribbon for neck. Stick for miller.

SCENE 2.—Jewsharp for Jonathan. Long white handkerchief for Sally.

SCENE 3.—Gun, game-bag, and loose money for Blandford.

SCENE 4.—Locket to open, with likeness of man inside, attached to neck-ribbon, for Lydia. Burnt cork and lard, for Rose.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Two chairs. Clear stage.

SCENE 2.—Purse for Bellamy.

SCENE 3.—Miniature of female for Blandford. Gun ready to fire, L. H.

SCENE 4.—W. Letter for waiter. Cloak, bonnet and shawl ready in cottage, L. H.

THE FOREST ROSE;

OR,

AMERICAN FARMERS.

This drama was originally produced at the Chatham Theatre, New York, in 1825, and was received with favor. The original *Jonathan* was Mr. Simpson; and the author, in a preface to the book, published after its representation, says, "Simpson's Jonathan was every way equal to my hopes and wishes." Mr. Thayer's *Bellamy* is also commended, and we are not surprised at it, for, in delineating "fops" (and Bellamy is not an indifferent one), he had no equal on the American stage, in his time; indeed, we fear "we shall never look upon his like again." In the piece originally produced, numerous songs, duets, etc. etc., were introduced by several of the characters. The "pruning knife," so much in vogue with "stars" of the present day, has, however, been freely used in the *Forest Rose*, and anything calculated to place any of the performers, except the "magnet," in a *too* prominent position, is "cut." As it is now played, we give it to the profession. It was produced in London by J. S. Silsbee, who played *Jonathan* for over one hundred consecutive nights. In California it has been played by Mr. Louis J. Mestayer, for forty or fifty nights, with great success. Mr. George E. Locke, John Weaver and other Yankee comedians, have rendered the hero successfully throughout the country. O.

Boston, November, 1854.

by J. H. Yankee Wilde,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Original. == Chatham, N. York. 1825.		Warren Theatre. 1833.		National. 1839.	National. 1853.
Miller,	Mr. Somerville.	*Jonathan Ploughboy,*	Mr. G. H. Hill.	Mr. D. Marble.	Mr. Silsbee.
Blandford,	" Howard.	*Mr. Miller,*	" Wray.	" Wyatt.	" Curtis.
Bellamy,	" Thayer.	*Blandford,*	" Houpt.	" Saunders.	" Crocker.
William,	" Keene.	*Bellamy,*	" Connor.	" Leman.	" Stoddart.
Jonathan,	" Simpson.	*William,*	" Eberle.	" Marshall.	" Hernden.
Waiter,	" Byers.	*Waiter,*		" Locke.	" Brown.
Lydia,	Mrs. Wallack.	*Harriet,*	Miss Pelby.	Mrs. Cathcart.	Mrs. Frost.
Harriet,	" Burke.	*Lydia,*	Miss Bouquet.	Miss Eaton.	Miss Arnold.
Sally,	" La Combe.	*Rose,*	Mrs. Honey.	Miss Beman.	Mrs. Byrne.
Rose,	Miss Eberle.	*Sal. Forest,*	Miss Kerr.		Mrs. W. H. Smith.

THE

FOREST ROSE;

OR,

AMERICAN FARMERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Distant view of a village spire, on which the dial plate of a clock indicates the hour. A farm-yard separated from a field by pale fence with gate. On the right is a cottage, on opposite side rustic arbor.* LYDIA *and* HARRIET *enter from cottage, the latter with milk-pail.*

Har. This may all sound very well in song, Lydia; but, for all that, I should like to have an opportunity of judging for myself.

Lyd. So you are sighing for a city life?

Har. I will confess, Lydia, that I should like to see the city, and not remain altogether ignorant of the polite world.

Lyd. Just so I once thought, and dearly have I paid for the experiment. Let my example be a caution to you, my dear friend; for, depend upon it, that poet is correct, who says, "When ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise."

Har. Why, surely it does not necessarily follow, because you placed your affections on an unworthy object, that every country girl who goes to town must do the same!

Lyd. Nay, Harriet; that is unkind. I have yet to learn that Mr. Blandford *is* unworthy.

Har. That man cannot be otherwise, who will first win the affections of an artless girl, and then doom her to wear the willow; singing every hour of the day — (*Sings.*)

"Though mourning like a mateless dove."

Lyd. That was *his* favorite song. But you should recollect the circumstances of our separation. I could not consent to his wild scheme of a secret marriage; and so we parted; for mystery and concealment, in such cases, can never be productive of good. (*Aside.*) I dare not tell even Harriet that I wear his miniature in my bosom — a keepsake with which I most solemnly promised never to part.

Har. Had you been a girl of spirit, like me, you would have taken him at his word; and might now, perhaps, have been rolling in your coach in the great city, instead of being secluded, like a nun, here in the country. I wish I could have such an offer.

Lyd. And I might, on the other hand, have been an unpitied beggar, destitute of that consoling consciousness of duty which now supports me. Besides, could you be happy as the wife of a man whose haughty relatives affected to despise your plebeian blood?

Enter WILLIAM. R. H. U. E.

But I will not detain you from your morning task, and here comes my gallant brother to attend you. Breakfast will be ready by the time you have finished milking.

(*Exit into the cottage.* R. H.)

Har. Your sentiments are doubtless very correct, Miss Lydia; but still I should like to live in the city one whole year.

Wil. A whole year, Harriet! How would you contrive to pass your time?

Har. As other people do, to be sure, in seeing the fashions, and the Park, and the Battery, and Castle Garden, and the Museum, and the Theatres, and Chatham Garden, and the Circuses, and the Gas-lights, and the Water-works, and the Fire-works, and the Stepping-mill, and all other places of amusement. Then, when I came home again, all the girls would so envy me, and the young men would quarrel for me! O, it would be delightful! Hem! (*Affecting disdain*) — Please to keep your distance, sir.

Wil. Why, what the deuce is the matter with you, Harriet?

Har. Please mend your manners, sir, and address me as Miss Miller.

Wil. Ha, ha, ha! Miss Miller! Ha, ha, ha! I say, Miss Mil—— Ha, ha, ha! You recollect the milkmaid in the spelling-book, who lost her fortune by a toss of her head?

Har. I was only jesting, William. But, seriously, I intend to see the city, that is poz.

Wil. Indeed! When do you propose going?

Har. As soon as I can find a beau with gallantry enough to take me there.

Wil. Then, fare you well; for here comes a verification of the old proverb — the very thing you are speaking of — a scarecrow from the city. I say, Harriet, let us have a little sport with him.

Har. A scarecrow! Why, he is a genteel, delightful looking fellow, neat as a starched tucker fresh from a bandbox. Why do you call him such names?

Wil Because he frightens the birds without killing any of them. Depend upon it, all the game he carries home will be brought down with silver shot, as it is said they shoot witches.

Enter BELLAMY, *with a double-barrelled gun.* L. H. U. E. *Crosses stage, disappearing behind cottage.*

Wil. I say, Harriet, he is as gaunt about the waist as your father's greyhound.

Har. Or little Cæsar's fiddle.

Wil. Or Deacon Forest's hour-glass. I hope he won't mistake the goslings for woodcocks, or the chickens for partridges.

Har. I wonder he did not speak to me.

Wil. Speak to *you!* Why, he did not see you.

Har. Then he shall hear me. (*Sings.*)

Enter BELLAMY. R. H. U. E. — (*Listening.*)

Bel. Damn fine girl, 'pon honor.

(*Eying her through his glass.*)

(HARRIET *sings again.*)

Bel. Tolerable voice, but damn'd little science. Wonder who she is. (*Aside, leaning over the fence.*)

Wil. He seems to like your singing, Harriet.

Har. (*Singing louder.*)

"A sprightly girl of gay sixteen
Ne'er spurns a saucy lover."

Bel. (*Aside.*) Then you will not spurn me, my charming little songstress; for bashfulness is not one of my failings. Who can the bumpkin be? (*Surveying* WILLIAM *through his glass.*) By his dress, I take him to be damn'd low.

(*Comes through the gate, and advances slowly down.* L. H.)

Har. I must pretend not to observe him. I say, William, tell me something more about the city. Did you say the houses all joined together? (*Affecting simplicity.*)

Wil. To be sure they do, Harriet, just like our corn-house and cart-shed. You may walk all the way from Whitehall to the Hospital, through a street that bends like the bow of an ox-yoke, without seeing an apple-tree or a turnip-patch.

Bel. (*Aside.*) A mere clodhopper, that fellow. I will astonish him directly.

Har. Is it possible? How I should like to go there!

Bel. (*Aside.*) Sweet simpleton! How I should like to take you there! I must speak to her, and dash the native. Pardon me, miss; I thought I heard a nightingale; but I now perceive that it was a bird of paradise, 'pon honor.

Har. Where, sir? Pray don't shoot it till I see it.

Bel. So far from *my* harming the lovely songstress, miss, it has deeply wounded me, although it seems somewhat alarmed at my presence.

Wil. I suspect, sir, that the birds, in your walks, are generally more scared than hurt.

Har. Wounded you, sir? You speak in riddles.

Bel. Which your looking-glass will easily solve.

Har. I do not understand you, sir. But, William, as you were saying—if the houses in New York are so close together, where do they keep their creatures—the geese, the calves and the pigs?

Bel. Permit me to answer that question, if you please, miss; for, though I have been but a short time in America, I am just from the city, and flatter myself that I know something about it. (*Aside.*) What a charming little *Forest Rose* it is! I must take her under my protection.

Har. Well, sir.

Bel. The geese, you must know, are mostly seen, in term-time, flocking round a marble house in the Park, where they generally get confoundedly plucked before they are aware of it, in which particular your little city much resembles my native London. The calves and donkeys, are principally found in your Broadway, and in our Bond-street. As for the other animals you mentioned

— the pigs — I believe New York is the only place where they enjoy the freedom of the city.

Har. You spoke of *donkies*, sir; does that mean the same thing as *dandies?*

Bel. (*Aside.*) Humph! Not quite so simple as I imagined. Perhaps *you*, sir, can answer the lady's question.

Wil. The two words, I believe, are derived from the same *root.* The real genuine dandy, however, is an *imported* animal; and, the breed having been crossed in this country, the full-blooded bucks command but a low price in the market at the present time.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! Tolerably fair, 'pon honor! Dem me, if the clodhopper has n't astonished *me!* (*Aside.*) But, come, my dear, if you are so anxious to become acquainted with the city, place yourself under my protection, and you shall be there to-morrow. You shall, indeed, my dear, 'pon honor.

Wil. (*Aside.*) "My dear!" That 's plaguy familiar, though.

Har. (*Aside.*) Poor William is getting jealous. Now I have a great mind to tease him a little.

Bel. What say you, sweet girl, to my proposition?

Har. If my father will give his consent.

Wil. And if your father should consent, Harriet, would you go without *me?*

Bel. (*Aside.*) So, so! I shall have a rival to contend with, I perceive. I must observe this native.

Har. Go without *you!* Is not one protector enough for any reasonable girl?

Enter MILLER, L. H.

O, father! I am so glad you have come! I have such a favor to ask of you!

Mil. You had better go and finish milking; it is time the cows were turned to pasture.

Har. I will go in a moment, sir. But first hear my request. This gentleman, who is all the way from London, and, for aught I know, a prince or a nobleman, has kindly offered to take me to New York with him, free of all expense. Will you give your consent?

Bel. Her simplicity will ruin all, split me! (*Aside.*)

Mil. Take you to New York! What does this mean, sir?

Bel. (*Confused.*) O nothing, sir—or merely this: your daughter expressed a strong desire to see the city; and, as I happen to

be a resident there, common courtesy, you know, would not allow me to do less than make a tender of my services. That is all, sir, 'pon honor.

Mil. (*Sarcastically.*) You are very kind, sir.

Bel. Not at all, sir. Pray don't name it. Such a compliment, in my country, is thought nothing of. But excuse me; it is now near breakfast time, and I shall be waited for at the tavern. I will see you again in the course of the day. Good-morning. What a cursed bore! I must observe the old Hunks. (*Exit*, L. H.)

Mil. Your coquetry, Harriet, displeases me, and evidently distresses William. To be so familiar with a stranger!

Har. But, then, you know, father, he is a sportsman, and a foreigner, and dresses so very genteelly.

(*Looking at* WILLIAM'S *dress.*)

Wil. I understand you, Harriet; and if you are so easily dazzled with outside show — why — consult your own happiness — that 's all. (*Comes* C.)

Har. Now, William, you are jealous.

Wil. You will never find a truer friend, however showy he may be.

Mil. If I thought her in earnest, William, I should regret that you ever bestowed a thought on so worthless an object; for the girl who would reject the honest heart and hand of an American farmer for a fopling of any country, is not worthy of affection or confidence.

Har. When I thought I loved you, William, I had not seen this handsome Englishman.

Wil. Very well, Miss Miller. Your father has been a kind guardian to poor Lydia and me ever since we lost our parents, for which I hope we are not ungrateful. I shall be of age next month, and if my farm be small ——

Mil. Spurn her coquetry, William, and not encourage it by such submissive tones. When you have more experience, you will know that it is the vice of her sex to torture those they love. But let me caution you, Harriet, against indulging this dangerous propensity. Learn to restrain it, or you may repent it when it is too late. (*Exit into the cottage*, R. H.)

Wil. I shall always rejoice to see you happy, Harriet, however much my own heart may ache.

Har. And if ever I am happy, while your heart feels a pang, William, spurn me as a wretch unworthy of your regard.

Wil. Are you in earnest? Now you have made me so happy, Harriet! *That* for the English dandy, (*Snapping his fingers,*) with his squinter! Ah! 'pon honor. (*Imitating.*) But come, old Brindle is waiting to fill your pail, and I am waiting to bring it home for you.

Har. You run and let down the bars, and I will be with you in a moment. (*Exit* WILLIAM, L. H.)

SONG — *Harriet.*

(*Exit*, R. H.)

SCENE II. — *An apartment in Deacon* FOREST'S *house. A door in the centre of the flat.*

Enter JONATHAN, R. H., *hastily crossing the stage.* SALLY *following him, calling.*

Sal. Jonathan! Jonathan! Stop a moment, till I say one word more.

Jon. (*Returning.*) I don't calculate, Sal, that you can say anything to convince me that I did n't see Tom Clover kiss you last night, in the singing-school.

Sal. Tom Clover kiss *me!* A'n't you ashamed of yourself, Jonathan, to tell such a story?

Jon. It is no story, because it is true. I saw him make believe whisper to you, and then I heard him smack you right on the cheek. There, deny it if you can.

Sal. Can you swear to it?

Jon. Yes, on the Big Book.

Sal. Then you would perjure yourself; for it was I that smacked him. Ha, ha, ha!

Jon. So much the more shame for you. It is treating me like a brute. I would n't serve a negro so.

Sal. La, Jonathan! what harm is there in a kiss?

Jon. I tell you there *is* harm in it. After keeping company with me, you had n't ought to let another man touch you.

Sal. Then, I am afraid, I should be doomed to lead apes; for you don't come within arm's length of me, for fear I should bite you.

Jon. 'Cause you are always playing tricks on me, if I offer any

sich thing ; but Tom may do what he pleases, and you like him the better for it.

Sal. Now, Jonathan, did n't I sit on your knee last Sunday evening? Answer me that.

Jon. And, 'cause I happened to get asleep, did n't you get up softly, and put the big Tom-cat in your place? and did n't your father find me hugging it when he got up in the morning? Answer me that. I would n't serve a negro so.

Sal. Ha, ha ha ! Now, Jonathan, what difference can it make, to a man that is fast asleep, whether he is hugging me or a Tom-cat? But come, now, let us be friends once more, and I will never do anything to vex you again.

Jon. I won't be friends with you, for I see plain enough what your drift is. Everybody says you are only running after me 'cause I got a shop. But I guess you 'll find yourself mistaken, for I know how the cat jumps, and will sooner burn my shop, pack up my duds, and go back to Taunton to catch herrings for a living.

Sal. O, Jonathan, now don't be so unforgiving ! You know I don't care a fig for any other man. Come — give me a kiss.

Jon. May I, though?

Sal. Certainly you may. But stay ; you are so apt to blush, let me cover your eyes with my shawl, for Love, you know, is blind as a bat. (*Enter* ROSE, R. H. D., *in flat.*) There, now, step a little this way, because the window is open. (*She places* ROSE *between herself and* JONATHAN.) Now ! I am ready. Give me a good hearty squeeze. (JONATHAN *embraces and kisses* ROSE.)

Jon. Now, that 's a dear, sweet, kind, good girl ! Will you always love me so?

Rose. Yes, Massa Jonathan, me lub you berry bad.

Sal. (*Taking the shawl from his eyes.*) There, Jonathan, is not that better than the Tom-cat? Ha, ha, ha !

Jon. Darnation ! If I have not been bussing Lid Rose ! Now, Sal Forest, that is too bad ! I would not serve a negro so.

(*Exit* SALLY, R. H.)

Rose. But you did serve poor negro so, and ax me to lubber you, and now you desert me. (*Exit* R. I. E.)

Jon. Be off with you, garlic-chops ! Darn me, if ever I speak to Sal Forest again, but will take Granny Gossip's advice, and court Harriet Miller. Whew ! how the wench smelt of onions !

(*Exit* L. H.)

SCENE III. — *A wood.*

Enter BLANDFORD, *with his gun*, R. H.

Bland. I can neither find my companion nor the road which leads to our lodging. No wonder. One subject alone occupies all my thoughts, and I struggle in vain to dissipate the mental abstraction. Cruel, cruel Lydia! to leave me without a single clew to discover her retreat. Ignorant even of her guardian's name and place of residence, I vainly wander about these rural scenes, making myself ridiculous by inquiries which none can answer. O, could I but once more meet her, and find her still the same, these hours of misery should be repaid with years of joy. One smile from thee, my dearest Lydia, would cause this desponding heart to throb again with rapture. (*Hums an air.*)

Enter JONATHAN, R. H. 2 E.

Jon. That 's a darnation queer kind of a tune. I wonder if I could play it on my jews-harp. Servant, sir. Guess it will rain to-day, don't you?

Bland. (*Aside.*) It is a vain pursuit, and I will return to town.

Jon. (*Aside.*) Too darned proud to speak to a body in a homespun coat. This must be one of them city chaps that come over here a gunning. I say, mister! Servant, sir.

Bland. Tell me, my good fellow, how far am I from the Eagle Tavern?

Jon. You don't belong to these parts, I calculate?

Bland. Of course I do not. Will you answer my question?

Jon. Maybe you are from New York? How does buckwheat sell?

Bland. Will you direct me to Major Butler's, who keeps the stage-house at the sign of the Spread Eagle?

Jon. You a'n't acquainted with the major, are you? He trades at my shop. If I may be so bold, sir, what may I call your name?

Bland. Stupid! — Pshaw! I will keep my temper.

Jon. Stupid Shaw. S'pose you a'n't any ways related to 'Squire Shaw, of Taunton, are you? — he that married the widow Lovett, mother of Ichabod Lovett, who was tried for horse-stealing?

Bland. (*Aside.*) I must humor this fellow, or find the Eagle Tavern myself. No, sir, I have not the honor of an acquaintance with any member of the family you mention.

Jon. Then maybe you are related to the Shaws of Hackensack, here in the Jarseys?

Bland. Perhaps so — our family is very numerous. But, if I may be so bold, sir, what may I call your name? (*Imitating* JONATHAN'S *manner.*)

Jon. Jonathan Ploughboy, at your service, formerly of Taunton, in the state of Massachusetts.

Bland. Do you live hereabouts?

Jon. I guess you 'd think so, if you saw my name on the shop, down by the bridge.

Bland. So you are shop-keeper, then?

Jon. A little in the marchant way, and a piece of a farmer besides.

Bland. What do you sell?

Jon. Everything; whiskey, molasses, calicoes, spelling-books and patent gridirons.

Bland. With which you contrive to shave the natives?

Jon. No, sir; everybody shaves himself here. There is no barber nearer than Paris.

Bland. You don't understand me. By shaving I mean making a *sharp* bargain, or what your parson or deacon might denominate cheating.

Jon. Me? I would n't serve a negro so. But as to the parson or deacon, folks say they are pretty cute that way themselves.

Bland. Are there any pretty girls in your neighborhood?

Jon. He, he, he! I guess you 'd think so, if you saw Sally Forest and Harriet Miller.

Bland. I dare say that your Sallies and your Harriets are very fine girls. But do you know of any one called Lydia?

Jon. Lydia? O, yes; but in the country here we call her Lid. You can see her any time at Deacon Forest's.

Bland. Her other name?

Jon. Think of the sweetest flower that blows. (*Aside.*) Darnation take the garlic, I say.

Bland. Gracious heavens! Should it be the same! What is her age, size, complexion? Has she black hair, dark eyes, pouting lips? Describe her person.

Jon. I take her to be about eighteen or nineteen.

Bland. Just the age. Her size?

Jon. Not very tall nor very slim.

Bland. It must be she! Her hair and eyes?

Jon. Black, I reckon; but I am not sure.

Bland. I live again! Her teeth, breath, complexion? There are none like them on earth!

Jon. I don't believe there is! and as for the pouting lips you mentioned, just see her mad once — that 's all.

Bland. Mad!

Jon. Was you ever in Wethersfield?

Bland. No. Why do you ask?

Jon. Then you know nothing about her breath. Have you ever seen the ace of spades? That 's enough!

Bland. Of whom are you speaking?

Jon. Lid Rose — Deacon Forest's negro wench. They call her The Black Rose.

Bland. Confound your stupidity, or shrewdness, I know not which to call it! The sweetest bud of hope has withered in a moment.

Jon. Bud of hope! Darn me, if I don't think she 's more like a clove of garlic. But come, Mr. What-de-call-'em — Stupid Shaw — I will tell you what to do, and if you are wise you will take a fool's advice. All the girls within half a mile will be at 'Squire Miller's this evening; perhaps your Lydia may be among them. Come along with me, and I will show you the place.

(*Crosses*, L. H.)

Bland. I thank you for the offer; but business calls me to my lodgings — the Eagle Tavern.

Jon. Why, that' s right on the road.

Bland. You will not direct me wrong?

Jon. Me! I would n't serve a negro so. (*Exeunt*, L. H.)

SCENE IV. — *The farm-yard — and cottage, as in* SCENE I. — *The village clock now indicates ten minutes before twelve, and strikes during the scene.*

Enter LYDIA, *from the cottage.*

Lydia. Harriet is absent, — all are engaged, and I can now enjoy one moment in contemplating features which are so deeply impressed on my heart. (*Takes a locket from her bosom, which she presses to her lips, gazes on it a moment, and then conceals it.*) Ah, Charles! Charles! Why did we ever meet! And yet I would

not, if I could, forget the past, although I must look to the future without hope.

SONG. — LYDIA. (*Exit into the cottage.*)

Enter BELLAMY, L. H.

Bel. I must have another interview before I meet the moralizing Blandford. How shall I manage? Old Squaretoes must not suspect; and as for the bumpkin, her lover, he must take his walking-papers. As both are now in the harvest field, the coast must be clear, and this is my time.

(*Bellamy knocks at the cottage door, which is opened by* LYDIA. *He seizes her in his arms. She screams and attempts to escape. In the struggle a locket falls from her bosom.*)

Bel. Listen to me a moment, sweet girl! I swear to Heaven I love you to distraction, and have no desire but to make you happy. The moment is propitious; fly with me to a scene where wealth and pleasure await you. (*She breaks from him, and enters the cottage.*) This is strange! Can her coyness be real? Perhaps my visit is ill-timed. I will swear that she loves me, from what I overheard this morning. Ha! what the devil have we here? (*Takes up the locket.*) I see it all, split me! To lull suspicion, she pretends to shun my advances, while she artfully drops a token of affection at my feet. This trophy will convince Blandford that my conquests are not all empty boasts. Wait patiently till night, my dear, and you shall find I can take a hint. *Love in the dark* shall be my motto. (*Exit*, L. H.)

Enter HARRIET *and* JONATHAN, R. H.

Har. Well, Jonathan, what is it you wish to tell me?

Jon. Why, Miss Harriet, Granny Gossip and I had a long talk about it last night; and she said how —

Har. She said how! Then what did you say?

Jon. (*Confused.*) I said how —

Har. Well? You both said How! What next? Go on.

Jon. Why, darn it! you won't let me tell.

Har. You are so long about it. Don't you know that a smart girl like me wants everything done quick?

Jon. That 's just what Granny Gossip said, by the hokey! She told me, says she —

Har. Indeed! Then what did you tell her?

Jon. I said, says I — No; Granny Gossip said, says she — Har-

riet Miller is the smartest girl in all the country, be the other who she may.

Har. I am very much obliged to the old lady. Then, what did you say?

Jon. I said, says I, so she is; for, says I, she can milk a cow, make a cheese, and boil a pudding, with any girl in the world, says I.

Har. That was certainly very kind of you.

Jon. Was n't it now? Then says she to me, says she, Why don't you strike there, instead of running after the deacon's Sal, who don't care three skips of a flea for you, only for your money? Why don't you strike there? says Granny Gossip to me, says she.

Har. Strike! Where?

Jon. Here — you!

Har. Strike me!

Jon. No — no! She meant, why did n' I court you? He, he, he!

Har. O, that alters the case! What reason did you give for not courting me?

Jon. I told her I was afeard. But, after talking a good while longer about it, I thought, thinks I to myself, there can be no great harm in axing the question; and if I get the sack, says I to myself, I shan't be the first that 's got it by hundreds.

Har. That is true, Jonathan; and you won't be the last by thousands.

Jon. And so, as you are to have a dance to-night, on account of the harvest, Granny Gossip said I had better come and ax you to be my partner.

Har. The old lady is certainly a very considerate woman.

Jon. Arn't she, now? She always has an eye to the main chance, as she calls it. So she says to me, says she, Harriet Miller has got something to make the pot boil, says she, and the deacon's Sal has n't got a second — *what-d'ye-call-it?* — to her back. So, if you have no objections, Miss Harriet, I will come to night, and —

Har. Stay a moment. May I depend upon your intentions being honorable? I hope, sir, that you don't mean to impose upon my youth and inexperience, to win my virgin heart, and then take advantage of my unsuspecting innocence. You do not mean to ruin me! O! (*Weeps.*)

Jon. Me! Ruin you! I would n't serve a negro so. Now, don't take on so; pray don't.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I believe I may trust you. But do you know what to do next?

Jon. No, I don't, but if you will tell me, I am a cute fellow to learn.

Har. You must tell me all about my beautiful eyes, auburn hair, rosy cheeks, pouting lips, and ivory teeth.

Jon. That's just what a fellow said to-day about the deacon's wench.

Har. Then you must drop upon one knee, and swear that you love me better than all the world.

Jon. I never swear, Miss Harriet, nor tell fibs neither; so don't insist upon my going on in that way.

Har. Without swearing, then, tell me exactly how much you do love me.

Jon. I—I—I never can talk about love, Miss Harriet; I always stutter when I try to speak about it.

(*Clock strikes twelve.*)

Har. Go, then, false-hearted man! and never speak to me again!

Jon. May n't I come to the harvest bee to-night?

Har. No—you shan't! So there!

Jon. Then I 'll have a little bit of a hop now, for here comes the stalk-cutters, and the apple-pickers, and the cider-grinders, and all the rest of them, to dinner.

Enter MILLER, WILLIAM, FARMERS, LADS, LASSES, *&c., then* LYDIA, *from the cottage.*

Mil. How soon will dinner be ready?

Lydia. In a quarter of an hour, sir.

Mil. In the mean time, we will rest ourselves in the shade of these venerable elms. Now, the rest of you may amuse yourselves as you please.

Jon. Let 's have a dance, then.

(BUS. *with* ROSE. — *Country Dance.*)

(*Quick Drop.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An apartment in the Eagle Tavern.*

Enter BLANDFORD *and* WAITER, L. H.

Bland. Has Mr. Bellamy returned?

Waiter. No, sir.

Bland. The moment he comes, tell him I wish to speak with him.

Waiter. Yes, sir. (*Exit* WAITER, L. H.)

Bland. Where can he linger? (*Musing.*) Yes, I will return to town, and once more try if business will not drive away the sad reflections which pleasure cannot dissipate. And yet I know the attempt will be vain; for there is but one charm that can ever restore peace to this harassed bosom, and that is the smile of affection from her I adore.

Enter BELLAMY, L. H.

Bel. Still in the dumps, Charles! Cheer up, man, and "thread the thicket," as I do. There's plenty of game, my dear fellow, there is, indeed. (*Playing with the locket, which is now suspended to his neck.*)

Bland. You are in spirits, I perceive.

Bel. To be sure I am, and I have reason to be; for (*Sings,*)

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

Bland. Are you ready to return to town?

Bel. To town! Are you mad, Charles? We are just beginning to enjoy ourselves. Don't think of returning this month.

Bland. I shall go immediately.

Bel. I am very sorry that I can't have the pleasure of accompanying you; but I shall soon follow, with one of the sweetest little *Forest Roses* that ever graced a sportsman's bosom. True, 'pon honor.

Bland. A Forest Rose?

Bel. Ay, man! Blushing like Innocence, and smiling like Venus. A woman, you sly one, or rather an angel in petticoats.

Bland. Pshaw! This is another of your empty boasts; and I can forgive all your imaginary sins, Edward, numerous as they are.

Bel. You may judge for yourself, Charles, whether this be an empty boast, or an imaginary sin. When a lover wears a lady's favor in his bosom, it generally means something. Look at this, and convince yourself. (*Displays the locket.*)

Bland. (*Aside.*) Gracious Heaven! It is — it is the very trinket which she vowed to wear forever for my sake! Where is she? Lead me to her instantly!

Bel. Excuse me, Charles; I shall not consider it friendly in you to interfere in this affair; and must, therefore, decline giving you an introduction.

Bland. Interfere! Grant me patience, Heaven! Do you say — dare you swear — that — that — that — *she* consented? No — it is impossible — the thing is impossible! That locket has been lost, and you found it, Bellamy.

Bel. I say, Waiter! Go call a Justice of the Peace, and I will immediately swear that the lovely wearer of this trinket was in my arms to-day. Come along, and I will soon show you my little Forest Rose. I will, indeed. (*Exeunt*, L. H.)

SCENE II. — *The farm-yard and cottage as before.*

(*The village clock now indicates a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon.*)

Enter WILLIAM, L. H., *and* HARRIET, *from the cottage.*

Har. Where did you leave your sister?

Wil. In the orchard, conversing with Dobson, who has just arrived from Goshen with all the documents respecting my father's estate, and is ready to put us in possession immediately. O, Harriet, you will be delighted with the situation!

Har. How do you know that I will ever see it?

Wil. Because it shall be yours, or I will never see it again.

Har. Well, I will think of it, while you return to the orchard, and tell Lydia I wish to speak with her. Go — that 's a good fellow.

Wil. Will you remain here?

Har. To be sure I will. Are you afraid that some magician will bear me off to his enchanted castle?

Wil. No — but that English dandy is in the next field; and I thought you would not like to be left alone.

Har. Go along, you jealous fellow!

(*Exit* WILLIAM, L. H. 2 E.)

I wonder if the old saying be true, that love and jealousy always go together? I think I should be convinced, if I saw William very particular to another girl.

Enter BLANDFORD *and* BELLAMY, L. H. 2 E.

Bel. (*Apart.*) That is she, Charles. Is she not an angel? Stay, lovely girl, one moment, until I apologize for the alarm which my ill-timed proposal must have given you, when this locket came into my possession.

Har. I do not understand you, sir.

Bel. (*Apart to Blandford.*) You see how it is, Charles; the sly thing won't confess before you. I say, my dear, say what you please before this gentleman. He is our mutual friend, I assure you. He is indeed, my love, and will assist us to deceive old Squaretoes.

Har. I am still at fault, as you sportsmen would say; just as I was this morning respecting a bird of paradise.

Bel. You see, Charles, she pretends to know nothing about me. You had better retire, and leave us alone. You had, indeed.

Bland. Pardon me, Miss Miller (for that I understand is your name) — pray inform me, if you have not, this morning, lost a trinket — a locket? (*Crosses*, L.)

Har. I have not, sir. I never owned one, or had one in my possession.

Bel. (*Aside.*) Never — Split me! but she plays her part divinely. She does, indeed.

Har. Never. Do you doubt my word?

Bland. Do not be offended, Miss Miller. I am particularly interested in this inquiry.

Bel. You need be under no restraint on this subject, as no one is present but ourselves. My friend is in my confidence, and may be trusted; he is acquainted with every circumstance. He is, indeed, my dear.

Har. Then he has the advantage of me, sir; for I am totally ignorant of any circumstance connected with the subject of your inquiry.

Bland. Perhaps, Miss Miller, in the alarm which this gentleman's sudden appearance gave you — being alone ——

Har. You labor under a mistake, sir. His appearance was not sudden — neither was I alone; nor did I feel alarmed. Did I

appear frightened, sir, when I was asking you about dandies, and donkeys, and calves? Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. My friend alludes to our second interview. (*Aside.*) No city belle could perform better.

Har. This is our second interview; for I have not seen you since you took so hasty a leave of my father this morning.

Bel. Not when you opened the door to see who knocked? I hope, however, that you will excuse that act of apparent rudeness, when you recollect that I am yet almost a stranger to the manners and customs of this country, being but recently imported.

Har. Then I forgive you everything, in consideration of the benefit you have done our revenue; for a heavy duty, I am told, is paid on all articles the principal ingredient of which is brass.

Bel. She is only throwing dust in your eyes, Charles. She is indeed, 'pon honor.

Enter WILLIAM *and* JONATHAN, L. H.

Jon. Darn it, Bill! if there is n't the very fellow that ax'd me so many questions about Lid Rose.

Wil. The other is the English dandy I was telling you about. See! he is honoring us with a squint through his quizzer.

Har. Have you any more questions to ask, gentlemen?

Bel. (*Apart to* BLANDFORD.) She is now throwing dust in the eyes of her rustic lover there.

Bland. To come to the point at once, Miss Miller, do you, or do you not, know the owner of this trinket?

Har. I do not, indeed, sir. I never saw it before.

Jon. Nor I neither, if I did darn me! There 's a C for cows; and B for bulls; and L for lambs; and R for rams. What a curious thing it is!

Bel. (*Surveying* JONATHAN.) Split me! but here 's a clodhopper that knows his letters. Been to Sunday-school, I suppose. A real aboriginal, 'pon honor. Wonder where he was caught?

Bland. Let me entreat you, madam, if a glow of compassion ever warmed your bosom, to tell me how this locket came into your possession?

Har. Into my possession, sir! Have I not solemnly assured you that I never saw it before?

Bland. Nor this?

(*Presses a spring, which opens the locket, and exhibits a miniature.*)

Har. No, sir. But I now perceive that it is a very striking likeness of yourself.

Bland. Then, Bellamy, I *demand* an explanation of you.

Bel. Upon my honor, Charles, I have told you all I know upon the subject. I found that trinket, this morning, in the manner I described, and if it did not fall from this lady's bosom, it must have dropped from the moon. It must, indeed.

Jon. I would as soon believe the moon was made of green cheese.

Wil. It is, certainly, very singular! How can you account for it, Harriet?

Har. Indeed, I don't know.

Bland. She must be in this neighborhood, and, by Heaven, I will find her, if I have to search every house in the county. I will neither taste of food, nor sleep until I can call her mine, or ascertain that she has ceased to love me. (*Exit*, L. H.)

Bel. Stay, Charles, one moment.

Jon. Poor fellow! He is a little cracked, I calculate.

(WILLIAM *and* HARRIET *confer apart.*)

Bel. You *calculate*, do you, sir?

Jon. I guess I do, a little, in the way of trade.

Bel. And might one calculate on your assistance and fidelity, in an affair of importance?

Jon. I take it he can, if he pays me well.

Bel. In that respect you shall be fully satisfied. You shall, indeed. Step this way, and I will explain.

(*They retire up the stage.*)

Enter LYDIA, L. H.

Har. O, my dear, you know not what a treat you have lost, by being absent for the last quarter of an hour!

Lyd. Nay, Harriet, you know not what a treat I have enjoyed, by being absent; and you cannot know, until you have, like me, been for five years absent from your paternal home.

Har. But I can guess. You have seen Dobson!

Lyd. Yes — and have strayed with him, in imagination, through every corner of our little farm. Everything, William, is pretty much as it used to be, when we lived at home and were so happy.

Even the old cider-mill is in being yet, and the cool dairy-house by the side of the well. You recollect them well, William ?

Wil. What is there about the old place that I do not recollect, Lydia ? The mill-pond, the little waterfall, the meadow, — in short, the most trifling object about my father's farm.

SONG. — WILLIAM.

(*During the song,* BELLAMY *is seen conferring with* JONATHAN, *and finally gives him a purse, which the latter accepts reluctantly.* BELLAMY *then gazes a moment at* LYDIA, *appears to ask* JONATHAN *some questions respecting her, and, on receiving his answer, retires precipitately,* L. H. JONATHAN *examines the contents of the purse, puts it in his pocket, and advances just as the song is concluded.*)

Wil. How now, Jonathan ? What have you done with the dandy ?

Jon. Darn me, Bill, if that fellow a'n't a little cracked too.

Wil. Not about the middle, I hope, or he will certainly break off.

Har. (*In reply to Lydia.*) Yes — and would insist upon it that I was the owner, as one of them said he found it here by our door.

Lyd. A locket ? (*Feeling in her bosom.*)

Har. Yes ; containing a miniature likeness of the other gentleman. (*Lydia shrieks, and rushes into the cottage.*)

Jon. I 'll be darned if she a'n't a little cracked too.

Har. Lydia ! Lydia ! What is the matter ? (*Runs after her.*)

Jon. She 's cracked too, by hokey !

Wil. Good-day, Jonathan. (*Exit into the cottage.*)

Jon. That 's very pretty manners, to be sure ! Darn me if they a'n't all cracked. I would n't sarve a negro so. Now, darn me if I tell him a word about what 's going on 'twixt me and the dandy. He may cut him out in welcome. Shut the door in my face ! I would n't serve a negro so. (*Exit,* L. H.)

SCENE III. — *A Wood.*

Enter BLANDFORD, R. H.

Bland. Involved in the mazes of this intricate forest, every step increases my perplexity, and adds to my fatigue. I must rest awhile upon this bank. (*Throws himself down.*) Fool that I am, to engage in such a wild-goose chase ! I shall never see her more.

This trinket, however, will be dear to me, for she once wore it near her heart; it once rested on that pure bosom, which I would rather press than possess the Indies. (*Kisses the locket, and lays it down on the bank; then takes a miniature from his bosom.*) But here is her own sweet countenance. Those lips appear to move. Those eyes! How could the artist do them justice, when their sweet gaze was fixed on him? (*Report of a gun*, R. H.)

Bland. That must be Bellamy's piece. So, ho! ho! halloo! Bellamy! Halloo! halloo!

(*Exit*, L. H. U. E., *and is heard shouting behind the scenes.*)

Enter JONATHAN, R. H.

Jon. I don't calculate I feel exactly right about keeping this purse; and yet I believe I should feel still worse to give it back. Twenty-three dollars is a speculation that a'n't to be sneezed at, for it a'n't to be catched every day. But will it be right to keep the money, when I don't intend to do the job? Now, if I was at home, in Taunton, I would put that question to our debating society, and I would support the affirmative side of the question. (*Sees the locket on the bank.*) May I be darned, now, if old Nick, ha' n't baited another hook for my honesty! Here 's the very thing that has made all the fuss. By the hokey! would n't Sal Forest cut a dash with this dangling at her neck? She may as well keep it till we find the owner, and get the reward. Now some folks would keep it out and out. I would n't serve a negro so.

(*Exit*, L. H.)

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in Deacon* FOREST'S *house.*

Enter JONATHAN *and* SALLY.

Jon. Now, darn it, what 's the use of plaguing a body so? Why cannot you say yes, at once?

Sal. Because I don't mean to say "*yes*" at all. I won't dance with any fellow Jack-at-a-pinch. You could n't get Harriet Miller, and I think myself as good as she, any day, if her father is a 'Squire. Besides, there is Tom Clover—

Jon. Darn Tom Clover! So, you won't go along with me, hey?

Sal. No, I won't.

Jon. Very well, Miss Sally. I calculate that I can find a girl that will go with me, and then we shall see which of the company will display the prettiest locket. (*Showing it.*)

Sal. O, Jonathan! What is that? Let me see it! Whose is it?

Jon. It is for my partner to wear at the dance, this evening.

Sal. Is it though ? Well, then, let 's have it.

Jon. Let *you* have it ! Catch me that fellow ! Just now I wan't good enough for you !

Sal. Pshaw ! You know, Jonathan ! that I was only jesting. I never intended to dance with any one but you.

Jon. No — no ! That cock won't fight, Sal. Remember the Tom-cat and Lid Rose. I will take no girl Jack-at-a-pinch. Tom Clover won't have you, and I think myself as good as he, any day, though his father is a cow-doctor.

Sal. Go, then, you cruel, unfeeling monster, and see if I don't make you smart for your falsehood and villany ! I will sue you for a breach of promise, so I will ; for reputation ; for keeping me in suspense ; and see what will become of your shop then, when I recover nine thousand dollars, which is the price everywhere. You know it is, you dear deceiver ! O ! O ! (*Weeps.*)

Jon. O ! Sally ! now don't take on so, and I 'll do anything for you in the world.

Sal. Ha, ha, ha ! You will ? Well, come now, what will you do ?

Jon. I 'll marry you to-night, if you say so, and never speak to another girl again, only in the way of trade, when they come to the shop after molasses, and such like. Come, Sally. Don't be cross, and here 's something to buy you a wedding-dress.

(*Shows the purse.*)

Sal. O, what a beautiful purse that is ! Where did you get it ?

Jon. If you like the outside so well, what do you think of the lining ? (*Puts the money into her hand.*) There 's five guineas, and as many half dollars.

Sal. Now you are a dear, good Jonathan ! Where upon earth did you get guineas, though ?

Jon. I will tell you, Sally, and then take your advice upon the subject. Sally, what do you think ! I have promised to act like a damned scoundrel for that money.

Sal. Then take it back, and restore it to the scoundrel who gave it you. Jonathan, you would n't keep such a promise as that, would you ?

Jon. Me ? no ! Sally, I would n't serve a negro so. But cannot you contrive some method by which I can keep the purse instead of the promise ?

Sal. Who gave it to you ?

Jon. A white-gilled, baby-faced fellow from New York, who wants to cut out Bill Roseville, and take Harriet Miller off to the city.

Sal. And what was you to do in such an affair ?

Jon. Only to decoy her into some private place, where two men were to wait for her, and conduct her to the sloop which is lying at the landing.

Sal. Sloop, did you say ?

Jon. Yes, — S-l-o-o-p. He said Harriet was very anxious to go, but did not want to let her friends know anything about it.

Sal. What a scape-gallows wretch it must be ! to tell such a lie ! I know Harriet Miller better, and I will instantly run to put her on her guard.

Jon. Then I must return the purse, you know. You are always ready enough to play tricks on me ; now, can't you contrive some method to quiz the dandy, and yet make him believe that I tried to do all I promised ? Then, you know, we can keep the purse with a good conscience.

Sal. Let me see. We cannot deceive him with the Tom-cat instead of Harriet.

Jon. Darn the Tom-cat !

Sal. I have it. Ha, ha, ha ! That will do.

Jon. What is it ?

Sal. No matter. Go and tell your employer that Harriet has consented to accompany him on board the sloop, and that while the dances are going on this evening, she and you will slip away, and run to the willow-grove, where he must be in waiting for her. Tell him, also, that, in order to prevent her being recognized by any one, she insists upon being closely veiled and perfectly silent, until she is safe on board the vessel, and beyond the danger of pursuit. Leave the rest to me.

Jon. Why, what do you calculate to do, Sally ?

Sal. Perhaps I calculate to take Harriet's place, and visit the city myself.

Jon. What ! with that fellow ?

Sal. Think what a chance there would be for you to immortalize yourself, Jonathan. Just as the villain had seized me in his arms, a blow from my lover's hand lays him prostrate in the dust. O, would n't that be delightful ?

Jon. So it would, by the hokey ! But would it be right to knock a man down who has given me thirty-five dollars ?

Sal. Not unless you value me at more than thirty-five dollars. But make haste, and do as I have told you. There is no time to be lost. Now you won't deceive me ?

Jon. Me ! I would n't serve a negro so. (*Exeunt opposite.*)

SCENE V. — *The farm-yard, cottage, and arbor of grape-vines.*

(*The village clock now indicates twenty minutes past seven in the evening.*)

Enter HARRIET *and* SALLY, L. H.

Sal. O, Miss Miller, I have prepared such a treat for you in the little willow grove ! You must come and enjoy it.

Har. What is it, Sally ?

Sal. I won't tell you, for that would spoil it all. But come, get your hat and veil, and go along with me, and see for yourself. It is something that will please you.

Har. Well, I suppose that I must humor you. (*Goes into the cottage, and returns with a hat and veil.*) I cannot be gone a moment, for it is now sundown, and the company will soon be here.

Sal. My entertainment shall not detain you long. Come.

(*Exeunt*, L. H.]

Enter MILLER, BLANDFORD, WILLIAM *and* LYDIA, R.

Bland. Believe me, sir, the transport of this moment is a rich recompense for the months of misery I have endured. Where is your friend, Harriet, my love ?

Lyd. We left her here but now.

Mil. O, she is not far off, I warrant you. William, here, will find her directly. He is never at fault in such a pursuit.

Enter at the top of the stage, youthful villagers of both sexes, followed by JONATHAN *and* SALLY.

Jon. I 'll be darned, now, if there be n't the very crack'd-brained fellow that lost the locket. What shall we do, Sally ?

Sal. We must make the best of it, Jonathan.

Jon. Well, I guess I am 'cute enough to do that in the way of trade. I say, Mister, you han't lost nothing nowhere, have you ?

Bland. Yes, the trinket you saw me have to-day. A locket.

Jon. Not that curious thing with C for cows, and B for bulls, and L for lambs, and R for rams?

Bland. The same. Have you found it?

Jon. What will you give the finder, and no questions ax'd

Bland. A generous reward. Where is it?

Jon. There, on Sal Forest's neck; and all the reward I ax is the privilege of her wearing it this evening.

Bland. What say you, Lydia? It is your property.

Lyd. Let her wear it by all means; and to-morrow I will redeem it with what will purchase Sally a wedding-dress.

Sal. Thank you, ma'am. Now, Jonathan, to the willow grove,
(*Exeunt* JONATHAN *and* SALLY.)

Mil. And now, as there is not a sad countenance present, let the sports commence. Find Harriet, William, and let us have a dance. (*Exit* WILLIAM, L. H.)

(*The characters form a rural dance, which continues some time, when it is suddenly interrupted by a violent shriek from without,* L. H. SALLY *rushes in and exclaims*—)

Sal. Run! Fly! Save Harriet Miller! or she will be lost forever!

Omnes. Harriet Miller! Where is she?

Sal. There! There! In the willow-grove, yonder! Some wretches are attempting to carry her off by force!

Mil. Follow me! (*Exit* MILLER, *followed by the others.*)

(SALLY *whispers to* LYDIA, *who remains.*)

Enter JONATHAN, L. H.

Enter MILLER *and* WILLIAM, *dragging in* BELLAMY, *followed by* ROSE, *closely veiled,* BLANDFORD, *and all the rest.*

Bland. From this moment, Bellamy, our acquaintance terminates.

(LYDIA *whispers* BLANDFORD.)

Mil. What have you to say, sir, in palliation of so base an attempt? What blacker crime is there in the whole catalogue of human depravity, than to force an artless, innocent girl from the home of her infancy, and the arms of doting parents, in order to initiate her into a life of vice and infamy?

Wil. How can you answer this outrage to me, sir, knowing, as you did, in what relation I stood to the intended victim of your depravity?

Sal. How can you answer it to me, sir? She is my particular friend.

Jon. Or to me, sir? She is a customer to my shop, and I consider it a very *black* affair.

Bel. Go on, ladies and gentlemen. Have you all done? Then I will condescend to explain. I have committed *no* outrage; but appeal to this sweet, trembling girl, if she did not voluntarily put herself under my protection. Speak, lovely creature, and do me justice. Did you not willingly consent to accompany me to New York?

(ROSE *bows her head in token of assent.*)

Mil. How! Harriet! Speak, and explain this mystery! Did you consent to abandon us all, and follow this foreign adventurer? — this libertine in principle and practice?

(ROSE *nods assent.*)

Wil. And leave *me*, too, Harriet?

(ROSE *nods assent.*)

Bel. This lady is doubtless her own mistress; and, since she prefers me to you, sir, I cannot see by what right you seek to control her actions. Permit me to remove this veil, lovely girl, that they may all see on whom you look with the eye of affection.

Rose. (*Throwing aside the veil.*) On you, Massa Bellamy; 'cause you kissee me so sweet, in the grove, just now.

Omnes. Lid Rose! Ha! ha! ha!

Bland. This, then, is the Forest *Rose*, that was to grace a sportsman's bosom? Ha! ha! ha! Love in the *dark!* Hey, Bellamy? Ha! ha! ha!

Bel. (*Looking at* ROSE *through his glass.*) A damn black affair, sure enough! The bumpkin is right.

Mil. Ha! ha! ha! But where is Harriet?

(*Enter* HARRIET *from arbor.*)

Har. Here she is, safe and sound. What, William, were you jealous again?

Wil. Forgive me, Harriet.

Mil. Let us all forgive and forget; and, to prevent any further jealousies, William, there, take my daughter; and may you both be as happy as you deserve! As for you, Mr. Bellamy, let your present mortification teach you never again to endanger the happiness of an affectionate family for the gratification of a selfish passion.

Bel. Old Squaretoes turned preacher, too, split me! I say, Charles, I give you joy of your rustic alliance. I shall return to town immediately, and quit this country of savages in the —— packet which sails the ——; I shall, indeed; but I will not fail to notice you all when I publish my Three Months in America.

Wil. And don't forget to notice the beauty and fragrance of our black roses! Ha! ha! ha!

Bel. Fragrance, you creature! Strike me, exquisite, if all Roussell's perfume would annihilate the cloud of odors with which that caricature upon humanity has impregnated my glove. (*Exit*, L. H.)

Jon. How d'ye like onions?

Mil. Now resume your amusements until the harvest-supper be served up, and remember that while we are lords of the luxuriant soil which feeds us, there is no lot on earth more enviable than that of AMERICAN FARMERS.

FINALE.

Any of the following stanzas may be omitted, at the discretion of the Manager.

MILLER.

And now, relieved from day's turmoil,
Let festive pleasures fill each breast,
And no intruding sorrows spoil
The song or mirthful jest.
For lords of the soil, and fed by our toil,
American farmers are blest, my boys,
American farmers are blest.

CHORUS.

For lords of the soil, &c.

LYDIA.

Ye fair, who seek a splendid lot,
Behold content, a richer prize,
Within the humblest ploughman's cot,
That rank and pride despise.
And palace or cot, whatever your lot,
The farmer your table supplies, my dear,
The farmer your table supplies.

CHORUS.

For lords of the soil, &c.

BLANDFORD.

Whate'er the charms of mead or grove,
In nature's sweetest verdure drest,
Of all the flowers that bloom, I love
The *Forest Rose* the best.
And husbandmen now, as they follow the plough,
Will call it the pride of the west, my boys,
Will call it the pride of the west.

CHORUS.

For lords of the soil, &c.

END OF FOREST ROSE.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.—No. CC.

JONATHAN IN ENGLAND.

(ALTERED FROM GEO. COLMAN'S COMEDY OF "WHO WANTS A GUINEA?")

as performed by G. H. (Yankee) Hill.

A Comedy.—In Three Acts.

With Original Casts, Costumes, and all the Stage Business, as marked by Mr. J. B. Wright, Stage Manager of the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
94 WASHINGTON ST.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	London.	*Tremont, Boston,* 1837.	*National, Boston,* 1840.	*National, Boston,* 1843.	*Howard, Boston,* 1846.
TORRENT,	Mr. Munden,	Mr. W. F. Johnson,	Mr. G. G. Spear,	Mr. John Gilbert,	Mr. Chippendale.
HEARTLEY,	" Chapman,	" E. L. Davenport,	" Brown,	" Linden,	" H. B. Phillips.
HOGMORE,	" Waddy,	" W. H. Curtis,	" George,	" T. Price,	" Phelps.
SOLOMON SWAP,	" Fawcett,	" G. H. Hill,	" D. Marble,	" J. Silsbee,	" Hackett.
BARFORD (*or* DELAMERE),	" Kemble,	" Thos. Barry,	" W. Marshall,	" Forrester,	" W. L. Ayling.
JONATHAN OLDSKIRT,	" Simmons,	" D. Whiting,	" C. H. Saunders,	" W. Taylor,	" C. H. Saunders.
SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH,	" Lewis,	" T. Comer,	" W. M. Leman,	" C. Howard,	" J. H. Hall.
ANDREW BANG,	" Emery,	" G. H. Andrews,	" C. W. Hunt,	" W. A. Chapman,	" W. Warren.
CARRYDOT,	" Davenport,	" Benson,	" Samuels,	" J. Jones,	" C. L. Stone.
HENRY,	" C. Kemble,	" C. E. Muzzy,	" W. G. Jones,	" W. M'Farland,	" J. J. Bradshaw.
FANNY,	Mrs. Gibbs,	Miss McBride,	Mrs. Cantor,	Mrs. W. H. Pierce,	Miss Mary Taylor.
MRS. GLASTONBURY,	Mrs. Mattocks,	Mrs. J. G. Gilbert,	Mrs. Meer,	Mrs. J. G. Gilbert,	Mrs. Maywood.
AMY,	Miss Waddy,	Miss Blanchard,	Miss Harding,	Mrs. Milot,	Mrs. C. L. Stone.

	Howard, Boston, 1849.	*Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,* 1854.	*Charles Street, Baltimore,* 1855.	*Boston Theatre,* 1858.	*Metropolitan, N. Y.,* 1859.
TORRENT,	Mr. G. G. Spear,	Mr. Stoddart,	Mr. P. C. Cunningham,	Mr. P. C. Cunningham,	Mr. G. Farren.
HEARTLEY,	" J. LeFavor,	" Uhl,	" Martin,	" J. P. Price,	" Blake.
HOGMORE,	" T. Yeomans,	" Thorpe,	———	" S. H. Verney,	" Davy.
SOLOMON SWAP,	" G. H. Hill,	" G. E. Locke,	" G. E. Locke,	" J. H. Hackett,	" J. H. Hackett.
BARFORD (*or* DELAMERE),	" W. L. Ayling,	" Donaldson,	" Adams,	" Horton,	" W. Reynolds.
JONATHAN OLDSKIRT,	" P. C. Cunningham	" Lomas,	" Parker,	" W. H. Curtis,	" W. H. Maddocks.
SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH,	" J. Brougham,	" Stuart,	" Stewart,	" Lingham,	" Barton Hill.
ANDREW BANG,	" G. H. Andrews,	" O'Brien,	" J. S. Clarke,	" Setchell,	" Dawson.
CARRYDOT,	" B. L. Benson,	" Allen,	" Cranshaw,	" Rose,	" Cunningham.
HENRY,	" R. Stephens,	" Adams,	" Denham,	" Selwyn,	" Cranshaw.
FANNY,	Miss Boquet,	Miss Wilson,	Miss Parker,	Miss Emmons,	Miss V. Crocker.
MRS. GLASTONBURY,	Mrs. Dyott,	Mrs. Monell,	Miss Devere,	Mrs. France,	Mrs. H. Howard.
AMY,	Miss Fanny Roberts,	Miss Reed,	———	Miss France,	Miss Miller.

COSTUMES.

TORRENT. Old-fashioned crimson coat, waistcoat and breeches, gold buttons and holes; white wig; white silk stockings; shoes and buckles.

HOGMORE. Brown coat; flowered waistcoat; colored handkerchief; drab breeches; worsted stockings; shoes and buckles.

HEARTLEY. Claret-colored old-fashioned coat, breeches, and waistcoat; large cravat; cocked-hat: white stockings; knee-buckles; shoes and buckles.

SOLOMON SWAP. Yankee coat; striped trowsers and vest; shoes; red wig.

BARFORD. Gray frock-coat; brown great-coat; flapped vest; black pantaloons; Hessian boots; iron-gray wig; white cravat, and ruffles.

OLDSKIRT. Snuff-colored old-fashioned coat, sugar-loaf buttons; embroidered damask waistcoat; black velvet breeches; gray cotton stockings; shoes, and plain buckles; three-cornered hat; brown George-wig; cane; spectacles.

SIR LARRY. Claret-colored fashionable frock-coat, with fur and frogs; fawn pantaloons; Hessian boots; white cravat; round conical hat; thin cane.

ANDREW BANG. Green square-cut livery; yellow vest; buckskin breeches, and top boots.

CARRYDOT. Dark-green single-breasted coat; green vest, with lappells; green breeches; white stockings; shoes and buckles; powdered wig; spectacles.

HENRY. Blue jacket; white trowsers; black belt, and buckle; loose black cravat; open shirt-collar; small black hat; shoes.

FANNY. Neat white muslin; black cloth spencer; round black beaver hat; white stockings, and high-heeled shoes; black mits.

MRS. GLASTONBURY. Quilted petticoat; good flowered tuck-up; small circular bonnet on arm; circular cap, with mobs; square handkerchief over neck; black mits; red or gray stockings; black high-heeled shoes, with buckles; large fan; stomacher, and small nosegay.

AMY. Blue petticoat; chintz dress.

JONATHAN IN ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Village Inn*, 2 G. — *Covered table; two chairs*, C.

Enter TORRENT, *followed by* AMY, L. 1 E.

Torrent. And so your name is Amy, and you are daughter to the Spread Eagle?

Amy. Yes, your honor. We are in a sad pickle, to be sure.

Tor. Aye, aye; all owing to the fire, as you say.

Amy. Yes, your honor. It broke out unawares; but we hope you 'll excuse it. (*Courtesying.*)

Tor. It carries its own apology. Whereabouts did it begin?

Amy. It began about ten o'clock, your honor.

Tor. Umph! in what part of the village, my dear?

Amy. O! — at the corner of the — but you 're a stranger — it was as you go by the — but, perhaps, your honor knows the horsepond.

Tor. Very well; I 've just come out of it. Is the messenger come back from Mr. Heartly?

Amy. Not yet, your honor.

Tor. Damn it! how slow he is!

Amy. Slow! There 's not a cuterer young man in the village than Solomon Swap.

Tor. (*aside*). That 's the Yankee merchant Heartly spoke to me about hiring. Oho! I smoke — a sweetheart of yours, I perceive.

Amy. He, he! Yes, your honor; but, don't you tell; for, till he gets twenty pounds, to set us a going, 'tis a secret to everybody but father, and the rest of our village. [*Exit* L.

Tor. Twenty pounds! He shall have — no, damn it! I won't marry people rashly neither; for they may hate me for it afterwards, as long as they live. I was apprehensive, when I left London, that I had acquired an overgrown fortune there to little purpose; for I see no good in getting an overgrown one but to make those around us happy. It would have been an irksome thing to me, now I have left the bustle of business, to have found everybody's happiness ready-

made to my hands ; but, thank Heaven, my tenants are as miserable as their best well-wisher can desire ! (*He sits down to read the newspaper*, R. *of table, with his back turned to the door.*)

Enter BARFORD, L., *without observing* TORRENT. *Throws a small bundle on the table, and sits* L. *of do.*

Barford. Rest there, my whole property ! — the remains of many a wreck, — rest there !

Tor. Eh ! Zounds ! Wreck ! He looks like a gentleman. Pray, sir, how came the wreck of all your property to be tied up in such a cursed small pocket-handkerchief ?

Bar. By what right, sir, do you inquire ?

Tor. By the right that lugged me out of the horsepond — the right of running to any man's assistance who seems to be stuck in the mud.

Bar. (*turning from him*). Pshaw ! Sir, you are obtrusive.

Tor. Why, it was rather rude, to be reading the newspaper in my own room when you chose to walk in and interrupt me.

Bar. This is the parlor of a village inn, sir, where 't is the custom to huddle people together indiscriminately. 'T is an emblem of the world : men mingle in it from necessity, as we do now, till they part in dislike, as we may do presently.

Tor. We seem to bid fair for it ; for I detest misanthropy. When you were put out to nurse, curse me if I don't think you sucked a lemon. You have a fine field to fatten in, upon others' calamities here. Only look out (*pointing to the window*). Pretty havoc from the fire ! There 's a house, now, that would just suit you. It sticks up by itself, gloomy and gutted, in the midst of the rubbish.

Bar. That *was* my residence, sir ; my refuge, as I hoped, during the remainder of my life, from ingratitude and treachery.

Tor. Did — did — did you live in that house ?

Bar. Eight months ago I entered its door, to take possession of an humble lodging ; and last night I leaped with difficulty, amidst the flames, through its window.

Tor. Out at — that window ?

Bar. Yes ; with that wreck of property on which you have been pleased so much to question me.

Tor. (*rising*). My dear sir, you are an unfortunate man. I have behaved like a brute, and I beg your pardon (*seizing his hand*).

Bar. (*coldly, rising*). I feel no anger, sir.

Enter AMY, L.

Amy. (*to* BARFORD). Here 's a letter for you, Sir.

Bar. To me ! Who should write to *me !*

Amy. 'T is from the parson of next parish. (*Gives the letter, and Exit.* — BARFORD *opens the letter and reads to himself.*)

Tor. (*while* BARFORD *is reading*). Independent ! That 's the proud lie of a decayed gentleman. It sometimes gives truth the ear-ache ; but it always gives pity the heart-ache ; and, to prove that I don't believe you (*going to the table*), here goes my pocket-book into your bundle ! There (*stuffs it in*), you are now a hundred and fifty pounds nearer to independence than you imagine.

Bar. (*folding up the letter*). This bears the semblance of kindness,

and 't is from a clergyman. His profession commands respect. I will wait upon him and decline his offer.

Tor. (*hastily*). What is it? (*Checks himself.*) I beg pardon; but I —

Bar. His house, sir, if you must know, in my calamity.

Tor. That 's right — don't take it. Cut the parson and come to me.

Bar. Excuse me (*takes his bundle from the table*); but, before I leave you, sir, one word, which I think I owe you.

Tor. I won't take back a shil — I mean, you don't owe me a syllable.

Bar. Pardon me, and I must pay it. Your impulses apparently proceed from benevolence; but your impetuosity may render you an offence to the sensitive and a dupe to the designing. Farewell, sir.

Exit, L. 1 E.

Tor. That advice is a little too late to a man of fifty. Well, this e'en go up to the house to dine; — but stop, I 'll go and take I 'll Solomon Swap into my service; but, then, if his cursed jabber should raise a clamor, by calling the neighborhood about my ears, hang me if I won't order my cook to whap Mr. Swap. *Exit*, L. H.

SCENE II. — *A Cross-road.*

Enter OLDSKIRT *and* FANNY, L. 1 E.

Oldskirt. Well, I had n't been out of the bills of mortality since I set up shop; and now we 're in Yorkshire, a hundred and seventy miles from Whitechapel. This cross-lane is as boggy as Tothill Fields, and as rough as Cranbourne Alley pulled up for new paving.

Fanny. We cannot be far from Mr. Torrent's now.

Old. Far! We 've waddled a good three miles of bad way since we left the stage at the corner of the high road. Miss Fanny, ar' n't you monstratiously tired?

Fan. Not in the least.

Old. I 'd carry the bundle for you myself, only ten to one I shall tumble and daub it.

Fan. But, my dear sir, I — I have a favor to ask.

Old. A favor!

Fan. Consider, I am going to Mr. Torrent's in a humble situation.

Old. Aye, as housekeeper. You ought to have a palace of your own. If fortune is n't quite blind I wish, for your sake, she 'd send for some eye-water.

Fan. As it is, let me persuade you not to appear with me at the house.

Old. What?

Fan. I only meant not immediately. Can you think me capable of — sir, you have been my preserver.

Old. Then, why won't you let me go with you to the place? You know I 've set my heart upon seeing you done justice by. Don't be cast down. I look on you, Miss Fanny, as my own child. I shall never forget how you came to me first, as my lodger.

Fan. Pennyless.

Old. Why, at the end of the week, when I asked you for rent, you

told me so, and fell a crying. Now, that, Miss Fanny, was the first thing that made me take a liking to you. When a tradesman is never to be paid, you can't think how much more satisfactory your way is to him than being told, month after month, by a great man's porter that the fellow must call again. Come, let us go on to the house.

Fan. Pray, oblige me! pray, be patient with me! To present myself in my new office, with a person determined as you are, to fix there for some days, would be thought presuming.

Old. But what the plague am I to do? Stick here in the dirt, like a skewer in a marrowbone?

Fan. There appears to be a village to the left, yonder, scarcely a quarter of a mile distant.

Old. I see a few chimneys and a deuced deal of smoke.

Fan. No doubt you will find an inn in the place. Wait there till evening, then come to me. I shall then have spoken to Mr. Torrent concerning your care and kindness for me. 'T will be better so on both our accounts — indeed it will.

Old. Ah! bless you, Miss Fanny! You can persuade me to anything. But how will you get safe? We 're so far from town, it must be monstrous dangerous.

Fan. O! I have no apprehensions.

Old. Well, I see you are resolved and desperate. Heaven bless you! This is a wild country for a Londoner; and somehow my mind misgives me, I shall never see you again.

Fan. (*smiling.*) There is no danger, believe me.

Old. Farewell! (*Going, returns.*) Miss Fanny, my will 's in the left-hand pigeon-hole of my bureau, in the back room, up two pairs of stairs. I 've neither chick nor child; so I 've made you sole executrix and legatee. Jonathan Oldskirt may cut up richer than some people think. Heaven knows the depth of these mud-lanes! I measure but five foot three; and if I happen to be missing, it will be but respectful to send somebody to dig for me.

[*Exeunt, severally,* OLDSKIRT L., FANNY R.

SCENE III. — A *spacious Hall in a Country House.* — ANDREW BANG *discovered asleep in a Chair.* — *A violent ringing of Gate Bell is heard.*

Sir Larry (*without*). Hollo! If there 's nobody within hearing, cannot you say so? (*Enter* SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH.) As I am an Irishman, I believe every living creature in this house is dead; for I 've pulled the bell for them this half hour, like a sexton. (*Sees* ANDREW.) By my finger and thumb, I see a nose! I 'll pull that, and perhaps I 'll get an answer. (*Pulls his nose.*)

Andrew (*brawling, and starting up*). Awgh! awgh!

Sir L. (*bowing*). Sir, my compliments of the sleeping season. There 's the handle of the gate-bell (*Throws it to him.*) Hang up the handle of your own ugly mug in the room of it, and plenty of visitors and runaway rings to you!

And. Bless us, zur! Seeing you be a stranger, how did you get in?

Sir L. Like a Tom cat. I walked in at the outside gate, over the wall. Where 's my lord's steward?

And. Mr. Carrydot be taking a morning ride, zur.

Sir L. Upon business?

And. Na; upon Dobbin. Can't ye wait a bit, zur?

Sir L. I 'll wait a little; but if he has n't done airing in six weeks or two months the chance is I 'll be gone from the premises.

And. Two months?

Sir L. I will; my estate to nothing. So 'tis an even bet, you see.

And. Be you come to stay at my lord's so long, zur?

Sir L. Don't be asking questions. I 'm our master's—Lord Alamode's friend; I 'm here *incog.;* and if you are after blabbing it to a soul here, in Yorkshire, that I 'm Sir Larry MacMurragh Ballygrennanclonfergus, by the honor of an Irish Baronet, I 'll crop your ears as short as St. Thomas' day. Never you tell secrets.

And. I never do, zur, but when I 'm fuddled.

Sir L. I must bribe this sot. Don't you go to the alehouse, and there 's something for you to drink. (*Gives money*).

And. Thank ye, zur.

Sir L. Mind; let nobody learn my name of you.

And. I defy 'em; It 's so plaguy long I shall never learn it mysen.

Sir L. Here, now (*putting his hands in his purse*). Go you, and give this to my two post-boys at the gate. I paid for the chaise beforehand.

And. Ees, zur.

Sir L. Tell the rascals they crawled like a couple of flies in treacle. They would have had half a crown each for driving fast; but, now there 's only a seven-shilling piece between 'em; and devil the rap more do they get.

And. (*aside, and going*). He! he! if they 'd ha' stood still, dang me, if he wou'd n't ha' given 'em half a guinea.

Sir L. And, hark ye; what family has my lord left in the house?

And. There 's na' but ould steward, Mrs. Glastonbury, the housekeeper, and I, zur.

Sir L. And who are you, you Judy?

And. Andrew Bang, my lord's game-keeper.

Sir L. You and I 'll have a slap at my lord's partridges, Mr. Bang.

And. Be you a good shot, zur?

Sir L. A good shot! I 'm an Irishman, ye divel.

And. Have they much practice that way, zur?

Sir L. A pretty deal with a single ball, Mr. Bang.

And. (*going*). Shoot patridges wi' a single ball! You ha' been used to shoot wi' a long bow, or I be plaguily mistaken. [*Exit.* L.

Sir L. I wonder is Mrs. Glastonbury pretty. A smart housekeeper is a mighty convenient article for an Irish gentleman, in an empty house, all alone by himself. O! this old-fashioned man must be the steward.

Enter CARRYDOT, R.

Is it Mr. Carrydot I 'm talking to?

Carrydot. I am very sorry, sir, I was n't at home to receive you.

Sir L. Short speeches, my dear creature ; for we 're upon business. Just run your spectacles over this small bit of a letter (*gives it*).

Car. 'T is my lord's hand, I see.

Sir L. You may say that.

Car. (*opens the letter and reads*). "Mr. Carrydot, the bearer of this, is my dear and intimate friend, Sir Lawrence MacMurragh, of — of Ballygrennanclonfergus."

Sir L. That 's my estate in Ireland.

Car. You 'll excuse me, Sir Lawrence, but I find it rather difficult to get through that name.

Sir L. Never you mind the name. I 've found it mighty easy to get through the estate.

Car. (*reading on*). "You will show the Baronet every attention while he does me the honor to remain in my house. His situation requires secrecy, which you will scrupulously observe, if he condescends to place you in his confidence. Yours, ALAMODE."

Sir L. Now, I 'll place you in my confidence, ould gentleman, before you can throw sixes. The short and the long of the story is, I 'm dished.

Car. Dished, sir ! I fear, Sir Lawrence, you have been duped at play.

Sir L. Duped ! What ! Sir Larry MacMurrah ! Sure, and was n't I ruined at last, in the most honorable manner, by an intimate friend ?

Car. Ruined in an honorable manner by an intimate friend ? I can't conceive how that can be. But I should hope, Sir Lawrence, that, with the assistance of friends, and the exercise of economy —

Sir L. Economy ! Only look at that book. (*Gives him a pocket-book*). See how methodical I was when I first went to London. All my expenses set down ; only you 'll see, at the bottom of a leaf, I cou'd n't cast up the sum total.

Car. (*reading*). "To the sweeper of the crossing in Bond Street, one shilling." This is methodical, indeed, Sir Lawrence.

Sir L. O ! I was resolute to be mighty particular.

Car. "To sundries, seven thousand pounds." That is not so mighty particular, Sir Larry.

Sir L. I was busy that day. I lump my expenses now and then, when I 'm bothered.

Car. "Promised my tailor four hundred pounds." Is that to be put down as an actual expenditure, Sir Lawrence ?

Sir L. Sure and it is. Is n't a promise to a tailor fashionable payment all the world over ?

Car. "Lost, to my best and dearest friend, all I have in the world." (*Rain.*)

Sir L. That 's the end of my fashionable atlas for the year eighteen hundred and five ; and it saves a great deal of trouble in casting up the articles.

Enter ANDREW, L.

And. I ha' pitched all your bundles out o' the chaise, zur, into our court-yard.

Car. The court-yard! Why, there 's a soaking shower.

And. That 's why I left 'em there, zur. I 'll take 'em in the moment it 's over, you may depend on it.

Sir L. Let him manage it. He 's a careful person, I see.

And. Ees, I be, zur. If I had n't rummaged chaise, they 'd ha' drove off wi' summut.

Sir L. Was it my little shaving-case?

And. Na; 't ware a little boy.

Car. Drove off with a little boy!

Sir L. By the powers! that 's my man-servant. I 'd forgot him, clean and clever.

And. He was fast asleep, in a laced jacket, up in the corner.

Sir L. And how did you wake him?

And. Why, zur, first I pulled his nose; and then, says I, "Zur, my compliments o' the sleeping season."

Sir L. But has he taken out the sparring-gloves, and the pistols, and the German flute, and Hoyle's Games, and the Usquebaugh, and the rest of my creditors?

And. Here they all be, zur.

Sir L. By my soul, I levanted from London in such a hurry I can't tell if one parcel is itself or another. What did he say is that thing like a wafer-box, in your hand?

And. It 's all your ready cash, Sir Larry.

Sir L. And what 's that big bag at your back, you divel?

And. Boy says it be all your unpaid tradesmen's bills, Sir Larry. Which room be the bag and the baronet to be put into, Mr. Carrydot?

Car. The blue chamber. [*Exit* ANDREW, R.
I will go and give the housekeeper directions for your accommodation. (*Going* R.)

Sir L. You 'll mind to sink my name in the neighborhood, you know.

Car. Rely on my discretion, Sir Larry. I am as faithful to my lord's friends as to my lord himself. [*Exit* R.

Sir L. That you may be, and cheat 'em most confoundedly, steward-like.

Reënter ANDREW, R.

Have you a fire in my room yet, Mr. Bang?

And. I think so, zur; for it be plaguy full of smoke.

Sir L. Hark ye, is that Mrs. Glastonbury, your housekeeper, a smart sort of a good-looking creature?

And. He, he! — She be round and plump-like.

Sir L. Plump? Well, well; sure a person may be pretty for all that.

And. I know that, zur; — I 'se plump mysen.

Sir L. I think she may help me out in passing the time. I think I fancy her a neat, round, inviting Yorkshire Hebe, that —

Enter MRS. GLASTONBURY, R. H.

Mrs. Glastonbury. Your room is ready, sir; and I hope I shall make all things agreeable.

Sir L. And are you Mrs. Glastonbury, the housekeeper?

Mrs. G. At your honor's service. I'll show you all the pictures to-morrow, sir. This house was erected in King William's time. I was born in it, sir.

Sir L. (*aside*). That you were, the day before it was built, I'll be bound for you.

Mrs. G. This way, if you please, sir. [*Exit.* R.

And. Don't you go to be roguish wi' our housekeeper, zur. Her reputation be tender, you do know.

Sir L. Then upon my soul it is n't at all like her person; for any how that 's tough.

And. You 'll always find her mighty civil to ye, zur.

Sir L. Faith and I 'll return the compliment; for devil the bit shall she complain of my being rude.

And. He! he! he!

Sir L. Oh, curse you! and are you laughing? Show me the way, you sneering spalpeen! *Exeunt* R.

SCENE IV. — *A Still-room in* LORD ALAMODE'S *House.* — *Bottles on table, &c.*

Enter MRS. GLASTONBURY *and* ANDREW BANG.

Mrs. G. Bless my stars! he 's up the house, and down the house, — skipping, jumping, boxing, swinging the dumb-bells, blowing the flute; all within this half-hour. For my part I think he 's a madman.

And. So do I; but he do say he 's na' but a baronet.

Mrs. G. And who is he? — where does he come from?

And. That 's tellings. He ha' put I upon honor.

Mrs. G. Put you upon a pin's head! I would n't give a farthing for your honor.

And. He gi'd I nine-and-sixpence. I said nought but liquor should make I betray un. Be that cherry-bounce you ha' got on table, Mrs. Glastonbury?

Mrs. G. Tell me all, and you shall have two glasses.

And. Fill away, then. (*She fills a glass, and gives it to him.*) Why, then, you must know, his name be — here 's wishing you well through this world's trouble, and very soon out on 't. (*Drinks.*) Fill up t' other glass. (*She fills, and holds it.*) His name be Sir Somebody Summut, as long as your bills; and — gi' 's t' other glass — he do come from a place fit to break more teeth than you ha' left in your head.

Mrs. G. And that 's all you have to discover?

And. Ees. Don't you tell. (*A horn blown without.*)

Mrs. G. What 's that?

And. He be gi'ing a tantivy upon your old rusty French horn, that do hang up in the hall.

Mrs. G. My legacy! I would n't have it hurt for fifty pounds. He 'll turn the whole house topsy-turvy.

And. Wool he? It will be a comical sight then to walk into your room.

Enter SIR LARRY, R. H.

Sir. L. The rain 's done, all but drizzling, Mr. Bang ; and we 'll pop at the patridges. Oh ! and is it there you are again, Mother Glastonbury ?

Mrs. G. Marry, come up ! — Mother ! — I never was called so before, sir !

Sir L. (*aside to* ANDREW). Mr. Bang, isn't that sweet lady a most infernald sour old woman ?

And. (*aside to* SIR LARRY). Nation ! plague her a bit, do, zur. Say my lord ha' hired another housekeeper.

Sir L. Be asy, Bang. Mrs. Glastonbury, I — you 're a fine, bustling body — but now I 'm come here, may n't I chance to fatigue you a small matter ?

Mrs. G. (*sulkily*). Perhaps you may, sir.

Sir L. That 's what I 'm thinking ; and you might be even with me, you know. So I told my friend, Lord Alamode, I had just made bold to order a new housekeeper in the room of you.

Mrs. G. What ! I 've been here these five-and-forty years ; and if my lord himself offered to discharge me I would n't turn out, and that 's flat.

And. Dang me, but he ha' set the old one's back up, now.

Enter CARRYDOT, L. H.

Car. Sir Lawrence, a young person at the gate inquires for you.

Sir L. A young person ? By the powers, a sucking bailiff !

Car. 'T is a woman, Sir Lawrence.

Sir L. A woman ! And is she handsome, Mr. Carrydot ?

Car. That, sir, it is not in my department to determine.

And. Let I go and look at her, zur. I be reckoned a tightish judge.

Sir L. (*stopping* ANDREW's *mouth*). Bang, don't you bellow.

Mrs. G. I see what 's going on. The family mansion will be made quite scandalous. If any young person sets her face here I 'll tear her eyes out. [*Exit* R.

Sir L. Bang, my darling, go and lock up that ould woman in some stray corner of the house, and keep her quiet.

And. I will ; — I 'll lock her up in the cupboard. [*Exit* R.

Sir. L. Mr. Carrydot, I respect the roof of my bosom friend ; and if the young person isn't fitting to come under it, by St. Patrick ! rather than let her in I 'll marry Mother Glastonbury.

Car. Her appearance is most respectable, sir ; but I think there must be some mistake.

Sir. L. Explain me the rights of it, Mr. Carrydot.

Car. She has inquired for the gentleman who has just arrived on the estate.

Sir L. That 's myself, you know.

Car. Doubtless, sir ; but she says that she is come here engaged by you as housekeeper.

Sir L. I 'll thank you, now, Mr. Carrydot, just to send in the young woman, and keep out the old one.

Car. I shall, Sir Lawrence. But I had almost forgot : the young

woman desired me to give you this card, which will instruct you whence she came ; and then, she says, you will recollect who she is.

[*Exit* L. H.

Sir L. (*reading card*). "Jonathan Oldskirt, remnant-seller, back of St. Clement's." What will I make out of this? Sure a young woman come here for housekeeper can't be Jonathan Oldskirt, from the back of St. Clement's. (*Reads*) "Deals for ready money only." By St. Patrick, you are little likely to get me for a customer.

Enter ANDREW, R. H.

And. I ha' locked up Mother Glastonbury in t' rum cupboard.

Sir L. And who is it you have bid to be asking after me, to bother her?

And. Come, that be a good un. You do know who it be better nor I, zur.

Sir L. Look at this card. Mr. Bang, can you read?

And. I left off schooling, zur, afore I got to that part o' my edication.

Sir L. And you don't know the back of St. Clement's?

And. Na, zur, nor his face neither.

Sir L. Look ye, Mr. Bang, you rapscallion! if you have been sending any female here according to my order, which I never gave, you have taken an unpardonable liberty with my name — provided she 's ugly.

And. Why, how could that possibly be, zur? Putting the case I had got your order in earnest, who could I gi' it to as would mind it?

Sir L. Not mind my order! Would you make me believe everybody here is like my banker?

Enter FANNY.

O Venus! here 's a creature. Are you the person that came from the person that —

Fan. Sir!

Sir L. By the powers! the dazzle of her eyes has blinded my utterance. Are you the person, my dear, come here as housekeeper?

Fan. Yes, sir ; I am come from London, in obedience to your commands.

Sir L. My comma — Seat yourself, my jewel. Mr. Bang, get some refreshments. Fly, you divel!

Fan. Indeed, sir, you distress me.

And. (*going to the table*). Mother Glastonbury ha' left out her brandy-bottle. I 'll fill the young woman a bumper.

Fan. (*doubtfully*). I hope I have not mistaken the house, sir.

Sir L. O, faith, you are under no mistake. This, my dear, is the house that — (*aside*) the house that Jack built, for all I know to the contrary.

And. (*presenting a bumper*). Take a drop o' this, miss. It will comfort you up like.

Fan. Not any, I thank you.

And. Then here 's wishing you joy o' your safe arrival. (*Drinks.*)

Fan. Then this, sir, is the Manor-house?

Sir L. Is this the Manor-house? Is n't there the game-keeper? Only ask him. Sure, he should know.

And. (*aside to* SIR LARRY). It be half a mile up the hill, zur.

Sir L. Lie through half a mile up hill; — it won't tire you.

And. I wool. Ees, miss, this be the Manor-house.

Fan. (*to* SIR LARRY). And are you the master of the house, sir.

Sir L. Ask the game-keeper again, my little one.

And. (*aside to* SIR LARRY, *who holds up half a crown*). What be I to say, zur? Hem! — O! half a crown. Yes, miss, this be master. He be landlord in fee. (*Takes the money.*)

Fan. I had been taught to expect a gentleman of a more elderly appearance, sir.

Sir L. Would you be after my parish-register, my darling?

Fan. You will think me very presuming, sir; but I imagined also that my employer was a native of England.

Sir L. It is just a little twist of the tongue you are noticing?

Fan. I confess it is, sir.

Sir L. Oh! pooh! that 's Yorkshire, my darling.

Fan. Yorkshire, sir!

Sir L. That 's why I took this estate. I 'm partial, you see, to the county I was born in.

Fan. To say truth, I am ignorant of dialects here, sir. Except the last six months at London, my whole life has passed in Jamaica.

And. That 's where the rum do come from.

Sir L. Hold your tongue, you —

Fan. But if your accent be of this country, sir, your game-keeper, — or my ear deceives me — cannot be Yorkshire also.

And. Na, miss; I 'm Irish.

Fan. Forgive the questions I ask, sir. A heart like yours, that can compassionate female distress, slightly sketched as mine was, in a newspaper, will account for my apprehensions.

Sir L. (*aside*). A newspaper! You 'll find many an honest man, every day, mighty tender-hearted in a case like yours.

Fan. I have found only one, except yourself, sir.

Sir L. Only one! And who is he?

Fan. The person who had the interview with your agent in town, sir, and engaged me in your service.

Sir L. And what 's his name, my little one?

Fan. I sent you in his card just now, sir.

Sir L. (*looking at the card*). O, I remember; — Jonathan Oldskirt.

Fan. Your first notice of my advertisement was addressed to me, under cover, to his initials, sir.

Sir L. His initials? Yes — that's — (*referring to the card*) — that 's *I. O.*, my dear.

Fan. Yes, sir, you wrote me word you had entered them in your pocket-book.

Sir L. (*aside*). Yes, you may say that. There 's *I. O.* in my pocket-book, with a damned sight of thousands at the tail of it.

Fan. His house has been my asylum, sir.

Sir L. And did n't you find the asylum rather dark and dingy, my dear, at the back of St. Clement's?

Fan. O, sir, gilded roofs escape the eye of affliction; but the smile

of welcome, the tear of pity, strike forcibly upon the heart when benevolence shelters misery ; and the meanest cabin true charity inhabits affords gratitude a palace.

Sir L. It 's my notion you love this same Jonathan Oldskirt, my darling.

Fan. Dearly, sir ; I love him as a father. Anxious for my welfare, he hopes you will not think him intrusive by requesting to be admitted here, a few days, till he sees me properly settled.

Sir L. And is he come with yourself?

Fan. He would not presume so much, sir, without your permission, for which he waits in the neighboring village.

Sir L. (*aside*). I wish, with all my soul, he was waiting in Constantinople.

Fan. He will be here in the evening to know if he have your leave to remain, sir.

Sir L. O, 'faith, let him take leave and welcome ! Mr. Bang, you 'll do the honors to Mr. Jonathan Oldskirt.

And. Ees, zur. (*Aside*) When he do come I 'll lock he up with old Mother Glastonbury for company.

Sir L. Do that thing. My dear, I — I — the family is a little unsettled just now, you see ; so you 'll take a mutton chop to-day with me, you know.

Fan. With — with you, sir ! I heard, indeed, you were but just arrived on the estate — the family unformed, and — but, still, I —

Sir L. Divel the soul 's in the house but ourselves, good or bad, except the old steward and that ill-looking game-keeper.

Fan. (*aside*). Indeed ! This is very strange ! Sir, I —

Mrs. G. (*without*, R. H.) Let me out ! I insist upon it !

Fan. Bless me ! what 's that ?

Sir L. That? O ! that 's a rumpus. You must know, among other live lumber, I found an old housekeeper on the estate, and — and she 's locked up.

Fan. Good heavens ! this is very alarming ! Locked up, sir?

Sir L. Yes ; she 's crazy, poor soul !

And. Don't ye be frightful, miss. It be n't often, here, we do lock up the housekeeper.

Sir L. Make yourself easy, my darling. The game-keeper shall take you to t' other side of this great big house, and divel the bit will you be plagued with that woman's bawling. I 'll come to you, and we 'll go over the apartments, and we 'll — Show the way, Mr. Bang. (*Going up* C.)

And. This way, miss.

Fan. Go on. (*Aside*) I know not what to think ; but if I betray my suspicions, I — Go on. [*Exit* ANDREW, R. H., *conducting her.*

Sir L. Whether, now, is this one of the deserted ladies who are unhappy in the *Morning Post*, every day, thirteen to the dozen, or real virtue in misfortune? Any way, she 'll procure me an agreeable companion in the long afternoons. If she 's kind, we 'll make a merry duet. [*Exit* R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Manor-house.*

Enter TORRENT, L.

Tor. It shall all be done, slap dash, — on the spur of the moment. By this day se'nnight every tenant — man, woman, and child — shall meet me with a grin of joy, and a face as round as a dumpling. They shall all buz in sunshine, like a hive of bees. Hang it, after all it matters little how my money goes. My young brother — mad Tom, as I used to call him — was the last relation I had in the world, and he has been gone many years. If he had n't been a bad subject, rambled away from all his friends, turned soldier, and died abroad, nobody could hear exactly where or how, he should have inherited my fortune. Well, it can't be helped ; and —

Swap (*without*). O yes, I 'll tell him you 're come.

Tor. There 's that infernal Solomon Swap, the Yankee merchant, as he calls himself, whom I have made my *valet de chambre.* Confound him, he does nothing but run about and talk. He 's all legs and mouth, like a Dutch oven upon a trevet. He knocks the furniture about as he does English, and makes as much havoc in a house as in a language.

Enter SWAP, L. H.

Well, what have you been doing this half-hour? (x *to him*, L.)

Swap. Well, I guess I 've done a putty considerable mess of things. I 've spread the table-cloth, gin that big, whapping, yellow dog of yours a licking, besides his supper, combed your wig, driven the shoats out of the garden, swigged down a pot of ale, and slicked up the parlor.

Tor. But why will you be in such a devil of a bustle?

Swap. O, I like to be doin'; for you know there 's always suthing for a critter to be about. As for that plaguy, shirking Thomas, that critter, now, is so slow motioned, consarn him, he 'd run a race with a punkin-vine, and lose it. I say, squire, what a funny dog that is of yourn. — Why, his tail is so short you can't tell whether it 's been cut off or driv in.

Tor. Then as you are so fond of business I 'll tell you how you are to dust my coat.

Swap. Now do ; I should like to know about it.

Tor. Put it on Mr. Thomas' back, and beat it as hard as you can with a horsewhip. Tell him its my order.

Swap. What, put the switch right on? — lick him, eh !

Tor. Yes. What was that smash I heard just now, in the hall?

Swap. Smash?

Tor. Yes, smash !

Swap. What, out yender? (*Points* R.)

Tor. No, confound you ! out yonder. (*Points* L.)

Swap. O ! out there? Well, I rather guess it was glass.

Tor. You rather guess?

Swap. Well, I guess I do.

Tor. I heard you letting down the great lamp by the pulley ; so I suppose you have broke it?

Swap. Why, some how or other I expect I have. Confound the plaguey thing ! it came right down on my head, and gin me such a lick in the chops it was much as I could do to stand up for a minute.

Tor. Fine mischief you have been doing already.

Swap. O, don't get uneasy ! It squashed my head some, but it will soon get to rights.

Tor. *Your* head ; — confound me, if the confusion in your head is n't incurable ! And where is Thomas ?

Swap. O ! he 's tasting the ale, in the back kitchen.

Tor. Then I hope 't is sour.

Swap. Well, I reckon he had n't made up his mind about it ; for I left him trying the fourth mug.

Tor. I 've a great mind to be plagued with that drunken rascal no longer. Now, what brought you in here?

Swap. Well, I expect I come to tell you that —

Tor. But stop ; first remember to keep that sot out of my sight during the rest of the day. Let him come to my chamber as soon as I rise to-morrow, and I 'll lecture him when his head aches.

Swap. How airly do you git up?

Tor. Nine.

Swap. Not till nine. O, well, I guess I can do a power of little chores afore you want your beard shaved off.

Tor. Now, why did you come in ?

Swap. I was sent of an errand, to tell you that there 's a chap out yonder in the hall — (*Voice without.*) Now, if there ain't that squalling sarpent of a cook. (*Calls off*) What 's the matter with you now, rot ye? Why, that cook is as shallow as a clam-shell. Why, she never blushed when she told me she never heard about Indian dumplings and pork and molasses. I guess she 's about as fit to be cook as a hog is to wear a side-saddle. I say, squire, do you remember when you went cachunk into that horse-pond ?

Tor. Yes.

Swap. Where the mud warn't more than ten feet deep at the bottom, — and you hollered to me to come and help you out and scrape you down.

Tor. (*chuckling*). Yes.

Swap. Wall, you was just about the nastiest looking critter I ever did see.

Tor. (*Drives* SWAP *off* L.) An active booby ! he 's as provoking as a bad barometer.

Reënter SWAP, L.

Swap. There 's a fellow out yonder says he wants your ear.

Tor. My ear ! What 's his name?

Swap. Well, that 's just what I 've been trying to pump out of him. He seems a leetle shy ; but I bet a cooky he comes from London.

Tor. From London ! O, Heartly's friend, that 's to lay out the ground. I 'm glad he 's arrived. Does n't he say he comes recommended to me ?

Swap. Why, he says there 's *some* one in this house knows pretty much all about him.

Tor. Ay ! ay ! 't is he. Desire him to walk in.

Swap. Well, I expect you won't want me for nothing afore dinner, will you ?

Tor. (*angrily and loud*). No ! I hope not.

Swap. You will, won't ye?

Tor. (*still louder*). No !

Swap. You won't, will ye?

Tor. (*very loud, and chasing him*). No ! [*Exit* SWAP, L. I 'm glad the surveyor is come. We 'll go at it ding dong !

Enter JONATHAN OLDSKIRT, L. (*Stops short, on entering.*)

O, pray, come in ! I have been expecting you, and am very happy to see you.

Old. (*aside*). Then Miss Fanny has mentioned me. I should be sorry to intrude, but —

Tor. Intrude ! Nonsense ! Merit never intrudes ; and you have just been mentioned to me by a person I sincerely regard and respect. (*Goes up for chairs.*) Sit down.

Old. (*aside.*) Regard and respect ! How pretty he talks of Miss Fanny, already ! Why, sir, — (*Both of them sitting.*) The long and the short on 't is, I had set my heart upon coming.

Tor. Had you heard a good account of the situation ?

Old. In my opinion the place bids fair to turn out all I could wish.

Tor. Well, well, we must lay our heads together how to make it better.

Old. Begging your pardon, that will depend upon the master.

Tor. Pooh ! if you mean money, I don't mind that.

Old. Why, money is an object in a place, to be sure ; but good treatment is a prime matter with me.

Tor. Treatment? Aye, true ; as the poet says, " In all, let nature never be forgot." We must n't have too much labor.

Old. That 's a good hearing ; for she 's very delicate.

Tor. " But treat the goddess like a modest fair."

Old. The goddess !

Tor. " Nor over-dress —"

Old. That would be ridiculous.

Tor. " Nor leave her wholly bare."

Old. (*starting up*). Hang me if I 'd stand by and suffer such a thing, for the universe !

Tor. I see we shall agree in our notions on all points. We 'll talk more about it when the cloth is removed. You 'll dine with me, of course.

Old. Dine with you ? Bless me ! that honor is too great.

Tor. Why, where the deuce would you dine ?

Old. With your leave, as long as I stay, I 'll take my victuals in the housekeeper's room.

Tor. (*aside*). Zounds ! he is modest, even to shyness, indeed, as Heartly says. You are to do as you like, but —

Enter SWAP, L. H.

Swap. There 's another feller out in the hall. I expect he wants —

Tor. My other ear, I suppose. What 's his name?

Swap. Well, I guess it 's Mr. Barford, from up town — he that got burnt out over the way.

Tor. Show him into the breakfast-parlor, and conduct this gentleman to the housekeeper's room; (*to* OLDSKIRT) but suppose you let him take you into the park first? Perhaps you 'll catch a hint.

Old. (*aside*). Catch a hint! Bless me! I 'm more likely to catch a cold, this rainy day. By all means; whatever you please.

Tor. (*going* L.) Attend the gentleman, then, Solomon. We shall meet by and by, you know. [*Exit* TORRENT, L. H.

Old. I 'm always at your command. (*To* SOLOMON) Show me to the housekeeper's room at once.

Swap. Jest stop a minute, will ye? You 're a funny-looking critter; I 'm darned if you hain't. Say, now, what in thunder could have brought you down here? You hain't a relation to the Squire, be you?

Old. (*gruffly*). No.

Swap. I reckoned as much. But you did come from London, now, did n't you?

Old. Well, suppose I did?

Swap. Well, I guess it must of been some special business to bring you so far. You did n't come for nothing, did you?

Old. What 's that to you?

Swap. Cause I like to know. I guess you did n't bring any of your family along? — but may be you ain't got any?

Old. How 's that your business?

Swap. O, nothing; only I 'm zealous to larn; — but be you going to stay long at our house? — if I may be so bold.

Old. (*angrily*). No; — boldness! Ask again.

Swap. Yes. I say, you 're as crank as a cider-mill. I guess you did n't get up right end foremost this morning?

Old. Will you show me the way to the housekeeper's room, you confounded, guessing, inquisitive nondescript!

Swap (*aside*). I 'll coax him a speck. (*Aloud*) Did you ever hear about the sea-sarpent, in these parts?

Old. (*crabbedly*). No; nor don't wish to. (*In a sarcastic manmer*) Pray, my friend, where were you bred and born?

Swap. O, you want to know, as they say in Virginia, where I was raised. Well, may be you know where Boston, New England, is?

Old. (*sharply*). Yes.

Swap. Well, it war n't there. (OLDSKIRT *drives* SOLOMON *off* R. H.)

SCENE II. — *An apartment in the Manor-house.* — BARFORD *discovered.*

Bar. The wealthy man takes his time; but poverty, it seems, must always wait the leisure of the rich. O, I hear him coming.

Enter TORRENT.

Tor. Ah, Mr. Barford! this is kind. You are come to dinner, as I requested.

Bar. I am here, sir, upon business. Look at this pocket-book, sir. (*Putting it into his hands.*)

Tor. 'T is a — hem ! — 't is a mighty neat one, indeed.

Bar. Nay, sir, I know it is yours, and I must insist upon restoring it to you. There are bank-notes to the amount of a hundred and fifty pounds. See if they be right.

Tor. How came you to know to a certainty that this book is mine ?

Bar. You forgot that the inclosed memorandums and your own written name (which had I perceived first, I should have searched no further) must lead to a discovery.

Tor. Confound my stupidity ! The next pocket-book I buy I 'll make a *nota bene* in it, never to forget my memorandums. However, it has brought you here, and bids fair to make us better acquainted. And there 's my friend Heartly, and myself, and — Come, come — we 'll try to make this country pleasant to you.

Bar. Perhaps, Mr. Torrent, when you know my history, you are the last man who would endeavor to make any country pleasant to me. I once possessed a moderate independence. Youthful ardor threw me into the army, and I was ordered abroad. At the time of my departure, the hand of the woman I almost adored was given to me in marriage by the friend I most loved. My wife resolved to be the partner of my voyage. Flushed with the hope of fame, and ardent in my country's cause, I gazed from the deck upon my native cliffs, without one sigh, as I receded from them ; for I had the wife of my bosom on one side, and the friend of my heart on the other.

Tor. I wish I were young ; I 'd marry and go into the army to-morrow morning.

Bar. Mark the reverse : After five years' residence in the West Indies, the friend whose need had been supplied by my unsuspecting love, seduced the innocent he had given to me at the altar ; and, at one blow, struck two of the keenest wounds upon his benefactor's heart the heart of man can suffer.

Tor. Who was he ?

Bar. Your brother.

Tor. My bro — I — you — So, then, it seems he died at last by — I don't mean to insult you by being shocked at his death ; but he was my brother, and I can't help it. What became of your wife ?

Bar. We had a daughter four years old. The wretched woman hurried from the scene of death to give a last kiss to her little one, before she shrunk from the eye of an outraged husband ; but while the smiling baby twined its arms about her neck, a mother's tenderness urged her to add to a wife's cruelty ; and as she rushed from my roof forever she bore away my infant.

Tor. Pray, say no more. He was my brother ; but I 'm afraid he deserved to —

Bar. Deserved ! O ! probity, honor, domestic peace ! how often are your sacred bonds rent asunder ! and how lenient is law to the offender !

Enter SWAP.

Tor. Is Miss Fanny — is the housekeeper arrived ?

Swap. Well, I guess not.

Tor. Confound your guessing ! Don't you know ?

Swap. O, yes ; I told you so afore ; she hain't come. I never guess at anything I won't swear to ; but I tell you what, that curious chap in the wig is run a leetle mad, I reckon.

Tor. What 's the matter with him?

Swap. Why, I never seed such capers as he 's been cuttin' up. He says you only sent him in the park to trick him, and a hull mess besides; and when out of pure good nature I offered to show him your great horned stags, the crazy critter streaked it like lightning, and I arter him, full chisel.

Tor. Why, what is all this? (*To* BARFORD) Don't be impatient. This is only a strange surveyor that — You shall soon be made easy.

Bar. I shall expect it, sir.

Enter OLDSKIRT.

Old. I 've been from the top of the house to the bottom; but I shan't be bamboozled.

Tor. Hey-day!

Old. Mr. Torrent, you know what business brought me here.

Tor. To be sure I do.

Old. Then I 'm a reputable man, and insist upon joining the party.

Tor. Joining the party! When I asked you to dine at my table, did n't you tell me you would take your victuals in the housekeeper's room?

Old. That 's what I wanted; but instead of that, I have been kept capering about the park after a parcel of live venison, by this damned Yankee Doodle of a fellow.

Swap. All I did was to stick awful close to the squire's orders, and I reckon that 's regular.

Tor. Hold your tongue! (*To* OLDSKIRT) If you wish to go to dinner, go to dinner, and when you like. Nobody hinders you.

Old. Hang the dinner!

Swap. Look here! don't you darn the squire's dinner any more. If you do, me and two or three more of us, and the kitchen poker, will walk into you, mister. I 'm clear grit, I tell you.

Tor. Leave the room.

Swap. What?

Tor. Leave the room, I say!

Swap. Don't s'pose I 'm going to take it with me, do ye?

Tor. (*angrily*). *Will* you leave the room?

Swap. Well, I guess I will. [*Exit* R.

Old. Don't tell me. I 'll raise the whole county but I 'll know the rights on 't.

Tor. Heartly has sent me a maniac. Ar' n't you welcome to all the house affords? What more do you want?

Old. Want? I 'll have a beautiful young woman.

Tor. The devil you will!

Old. Yes; and I won't rest till I 'm satisfied!

Tor. I 'll tell you what, my friend: for a man modest even to shyness, you are as brazen a dog as ever threw up a clump. *You* a surveyor, indeed!

Old. But that fetch won't pass. — I 'll have what I came for!

Tor. And what the devil did you come for?

Old. For one who is as dear to me as the eyes in my head. Did n't I tell you I came to better her prospects, now she had got a place? — And did n't you cajole me by saying you 'd help me to mend 'em?

But old Jonathan Oldskirt had rather see all his remnants on fire than return to the back of St. Clement's before he knows Miss Fanny Delamere is safe.

Bar. How! — are you the person she mentions in her letter, who has shown her so much care and kindness?

Old. What's that to you? I know none of you. But let her be forthcoming.

Bar. (*warmly*). She shall be forthcoming!

Tor. There must be some mistake, Mr. Barford. Had we not better retire to the next room?

Old. (*to* TORRENT). Fie upon you! you are no better than a kidnapper. (TORRENT *and* OLDSKIRT *raise their canes to strike each other, when* BARFORD *seizes* TORRENT'S *arm, and takes him off* L. — SWAP *rushes in* R., *and seizing* OLDSKIRT *takes him off* R.)

SCENE III. — *A substantial house on a heath. — Barns and outhouses adjoining. — A slight railing in front of the house, and a wicket to which a bell is attached. — The sign* "BARABBAS HOGMORE" *on house. — The sea at a distance. — Bright moonlight.*

Enter HENRY.

Henry. After a painful walk from the beach, here is a house at last. I need not doubt a reception, for I am on British ground. The mastiff barking, as a nocturnal terror, at an Englishman's gate, gives sure token of comfort to the wanderer in search of a habitation. (*Rings at wicket.*)

Hog. (*looking out at chamber window*). Who 's that?

Hen. A stranger in quest of a night's lodging.

Hog. We don't let any here. (*Going to shut window.*)

Hen. Stay a moment. I do not want to *hire* a night's lodging. — I *entreat* one.

Hog. That 's a genteel way of begging, I suppose. Where do you come from?

Hen. The coast of France.

Hog. Oho! I understand. If you have any run brandy I should like a keg, snug and reasonable. I 'll come down to you.

Hen. You mistake me. I was six months ago impressed into the king's service; I was captured by the enemy; have escaped from a French prison; and after many hardships at sea was put on shore in an open boat, an hour since, on this coast.

Hog. That may be all gammon. Coast of France, indeed! 'T is a mighty extraordinary story.

Hen. I want shelter.

Hog. You don't get any here.

Hen. Then your want is more extraordinary, for an Englishman, than mine.

Hog. What 's that?

Hen. The want of hospitality.

Hog. Look ye, my man; I 'm a Yorkshire freeholder; my young ones are just going to bed, and I am obligated to keep 'em safe. If you hover outside of my warm dwelling, because you are in want of house and home, I 'll fire at you, as every tender master of a family is in duty bound. (*Shuts window.*)

Hen. Brute! You form, I hope, a strong exception to the rule of

that country's generosity in which you are born. His young ones! What a litter of cubs must spring from such a bruin! I am very faint, but I will stagger on. (*Retires to wing*, 2 E.)

Enter SWAP, *singing*, L. H. U. E., *and knocks at the door*, R. — HOGMORE *looks out at window.*

Swap. How do you come on?

Hog. What do you want here, after sunset, you Yankee psalm-singing vagabond? No good, I 'll answer for you.

Swap. Well, whoever answered for you, at your christening, to larn how to behave yourself or larn good manners, did n't keep a very bright look out. You don't know as much as a red dog. As to my being a Yankee, I 'm proud of it. Why, consarn you, your soul is leetler than the leetle end of nothing whittled down to a pint.

Hog. What do you want here?

Swap. Why if you must know, the Squire sent me here to hunt up a wanderin' sort of genus. You hav n't seen such a one, have ye?

Hog. There was one wanting to get in just now.

Swap. The duce there was! Well, what did you do?

Hog. I 'll show you. (*Slaps down window.*)

Swap. Shut him out! Well, you ain't what Deacon Doolittle would call a likely man; but you 're just what I call a black sheep among your countrymen. If we found such a feller among the meanest of our tin-peddlers, why, the Yankee gals would tar and feather him, and drum him out of town, you ugly old sarpint. (HENRY *comes down.*) Hallo! who 's that?

Hen. The wanderer you have just been told was refused admittance to that dwelling.

Swap. Well, I 'm sorry. You 'd be welcome to come to mine, if I had one. I say, friend, where did you come from?

Hen. From France.

Swap. From France! — parly vou much; — but where did you come from last?

Hen. My story is brief. I was taken, in the English service, by the French, and have escaped first from their prisons, then from the storms that have driven me so far northward on the English coast. Be my guide to any place where I may rest for the night, and I will reward you for your labor.

Swap. Well, I 'll tell you what you may give me.

Hen. Name your terms.

Swap. Not a darned cent. I 'm always on hand for a trade or a swap of any kind; but darn me if ever I *sell* my *humanity.* You come along with me to the Squire's, and if you can hitch teams with him you 'll get along pretty slick.

Hen. Pray tell me, my generous friend, where do *you* hail from?

Swap. From New Hampshire.

Hen. New Hampshire?

Swap. Yes; where the hail-stones come down as big as shovels.

Hen. Then you 're an American.

Swap. Well, I calculate I am. I 'm what you call a Yankee in the rough.

Hen. May I ask you what brought you to England?

Swap. Well, you see, as to my getting to old England, I guess I

could n't help myself. The fact is, when the war came on some of the folks in our town took a notion of fittin' out a privateer. I was rotten fool enough to go 'long; so after we 'd been out ten days, our 'tarnal thick-headed captain mistook a British seventy-four for a merchant brig; and when we got close up along-side, red hot for boardin' on her, she just opened her port-holes and let into us. I tell you what, she came darn near sending us to kingdom come. In a shake, the balls flew about thicker than hasty pudding, and made more hissin' than a steamboat. I guess I thought heaven and 'arth had come smack together.

Hen. Were you never at sea before.

Swap. O, yes! I used to sloop fruit and lumber down to New York.

Hen. What do you mean by fruit and lumber?

Swap. Why, punkins and broomhandles.

Hen. So you were taken prisoner by one of our British seventy-fours, and brought to England?

Swap. Made prisoner! Why, yes; I conclude we was. But your folks need n't brag, for we warn't aboard of nothing but a muffledite brig, as old as time and the primer. She only carried a half a dozen three-pounders, and looked longside of a seventy-four like a hop-toad on a horse-block. Says the captain of the seventy-four, "Now 'spose I was to give you up your brig, put you ashore, and let you go home, and 'spose you should catch some of our men ashore in the night arter a supply of fresh provisions, what would you do about it?" — "Shoot every darn one of you," says I. So we gin in, and they was bitter glad to catch us; but they give us plenty to eat, and we had nothin' to pay. But come along with me to the Squire's. [*Exit*, L. H.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Room in* Lord Alamode's *House*, 2 G.

Enter Mrs. Glastonbury *and* Fanny.

Fan. My presence here arises entirely from mistake, believe me.

Mrs. G. Well, well; I take your word for it. But that brute Bang did not lock me up by mistake, that 's certain. You are the new housekeeper, you say, at the Manor-house. You are prodigiously young, child, for the mysteries of so important an office.

Fan. There is no mystery, I imagine, in being strictly honest to my employer.

Mrs. G. Honest! Fiddle faddle! Can you raise paste, and make lemon-cheese cakes? Do you know what is good for an inward bruise? Have you studied the whole art of preserves, pickles, jellies, cakes, candies, dried fruits, made-wines, cordials, and distillery?

Fan. No, indeed.

Mrs. G. I thought so; but as you let me out of the closet, I owe you a return of favors.

Fan. And I entreat your assistance, madam, immediately. Enable me at present to fly from this house.

Mrs. G. Don't be alarmed, young woman. Has that madman my lord has sent here been rude to you?

Fan. Indeed he has, by proposals which, however speciously worded, a virtuous woman bears with indignation!

Mrs. G. O, I wish he had been rude to me! I would have given him such a look! My looks freeze a libertine; they are reckoned so very repelling.

Fan. In this lone house, and in his power, I have nearly sunk with terror; but the wine he has drank, which at first increased my fears, gave me an opportunity of escaping from his apartment.

Mrs. G. And in running along the gallery you heard me calling help through the key-hole.

Enter CARRYDOT.

So, Mr. Carrydot! Fine doings, truly!

Car. What is the matter, madam?

Mrs. G. Matter! I have been made prisoner in my own china-closet, by that beast of a game-keeper!

Car. Bless me!

Mrs. G. Bless you? Bless me, if you go to that! And while one ruffian has locked me up, t' other has made advances to her which make every virtuous housekeeper tremble!

Enter ANDREW, *drunk.*

And. I say, old Carrydot, do you go and fetch coffee for the baronet.

Car. Drunk as an owl! How did you get in this sad condition?

And. Sad! That be your mistake. I 've been getting merry.

Mrs. G. So, sir! I am obliged to you for locking me up.

And. Don't ye mention it. You be kindly welcome, I do assure ye.

Car. Answer me, you abominable! how came you in this pickle?

And. Mother Glastonbury forgot to lock up her cherry-bounce before I locked up she.

Mrs. G. And you have drank it all!

And. Damn the drop 's left, as the baronet said, e'en now, a'ter his third bottle o' claret.

Car. His third! Why, I only sent up the third because you told me the second was corked.

And. So it ware, then; but when I uncorked it he drank it. Miss, the baronet do want you to pour out his coffee.

Fan. I shall never — But I cannot give you an answer.

And. Nor I you, hardly; so we be much of a muchness. (*Ring at gate.*)

Car. There 's a ring at the gate. Inquire who it is, if you can.

And. Pooh! I 'm sober enow, you 'll see; and — (*Ring again.*)

Car. Go to the gate! — Let me see that, you hog!

And. I wool; but if you want to see a hog in a gate, you had best go to 't yoursen wi' a looking-glass. [*Exit* R. H.

Fan. And now, sir, set me free, I beseech you!

Car. Nay, nay, be advised. — I am unable, while matters are in this state, to leave the house myself, to-night; and your venturing alone would be dangerous. To-morrow, early, I will see you safe. Rest easy, child, till then, under my care.

Fan. Till to-morrow, then, to your care, though with a trembling heart, I confide myself.

Mrs. G. Aye, aye, you need n't fear trusting yourself to him. — We have passed many a winter's evening together; and he 's as harmless a man as any in Christendom, I 'll answer for him. [*Exeunt* L.

SCENE II. — *The hall at* LORD ALAMODE'S, 2 G. — ANDREW BANG *admitting* SWAP *and* HENRY, L.

Swap. Much obliged to you. You 're a dreadful clever man, Mr. Bang, as we say in New Hampshire.

And. And you be kindly welcome, as we do say in Yorkshire.

Swap. I came to look arter — but first I must just stow away this chap, that 's gin the French prison the slip.

And. The French! How the dickens did he get here?

Hen. The usual mode of crossing from the Continent to an island is by sea, my friend. Permit a fatigued stranger to remain here till daybreak, and I shall be thankful.

And. You be welcome to our arm-chair, zur. (*Pointing to one.*)

Swap. O, Satan take your arm-chair! Hain't you got no bed for him to lay down on?

And. Plenty i' the wash. All our beds, bating they in use, be pulled down for cleaning.

Swap. What a pity! Well, you hain't got nothin' in the house to eat, may be? Now just a few hen's eggs, — come, shell out.

And. I emptied my lord's hen-roost at my dinner-time; for he do keep I on board wages.

Swap. But I guess, now, you could shell out a small horn of a leetle suthing to drink, howsomedever?

And. Bless you! our's be an uncommon sober family.

Swap. Sober family! (*To* HENRY) He smells of rum strong enough to hang your hat on it.

Hen. A roof over my head is all I desire. (*Throws himself in chair.*)

Swap. Well, now, I reckon, I 'd better make a little inquiry about the housekeeper. I say, Bang, you hain't seen nothing of a stray sheep about this quarter, have you?

And. A nan?

Swap. No, not a nanegoat; a stray sheep. I 'm lookin' arter our housekeeper; and one might as well look for a punkin in a cherry-tree.

And. Who be it?

Swap. Why, a gal, that 's got lost out of the stage coming to our house.

And. I 'll step and ax the baronet.

Swap. Ax the baronet! Why, hang your stupid pictur'! can't you tell wether you 've seen the gal without axing the baronet?

And. Na, zur. Why, I should n't know when I 'd seen a baronet himsen, if somebody did n't tell I who he ware. Bide where you be. I 'll be wi' you in no time. (*Aside*) So there be a hue and cry a'ter Miss. I wonder where be the baronet's conscience! Dang me, if I tell a lie for him about her under five shillings. (*Going* R.)

Swap. Say, have you got five shillings?

And. Ees; I ha' gotten a guinea. (*Showing it.*)

Swap. Well, come, I 'll trade watches with you, unsight, unseen.

And. Noa ! will ye, tho' ?

Swap. Yes ; but mine 's a first-rate watch, double patent, pinch-back. Now, I 'll gin my watch — (*aside*) it hain't got no insides — for yours, if you 'll gin me that guinea boot.

And. I be to gi' you *my* watch and a guinea for yourn — doane !

Swap. (*Gives watch and takes guinea.* — ANDREW *going.* — *Calls him back.*) Here, where 's your watch ?

And. I ain't got no watch. I be Yorkshire. [*Exit*, R., *chuckling.*

Swap. Well, I rec'on that Bang don't know more than the law allows (*Sees* HENRY.) Hallo ! he 's asleep. I say, mister ! (*Shakes him.*)

Hen. Well, friend, why have you waked me ?

Swap. Only to warn you not to be waked up if anybody comes in. (*Bell*, L. 1 E.) [*Exit*, L. H.

Hen. Why should I endeavor to repose, when I am tortured with such anxieties ? Sleep descended upon the eyelids of the happy, like heaven's dew-drops on the earth, cool and refreshing ; but the dozings of a disturbed mind add listlessness to the fevered limbs of the slumberer.

Reënter SWAP, *escorting* TORRENT *and* BARFORD, L.

Tor. But is she to be found ?

Swap. I tell you, I ain't got a speck of news about her.

Bar. No tidings ?

Swap. Not a tiding. (*Goes up.*)

Bar. 'T is very unaccountable.

Tor. So it is ; but what would you have me do more ? Is n't this almost the only house that we haven't searched ? What would you infer ?

Bar. The inference, under all the circumstances, is, that as she is to be found in no other house, she may still be concealed in yours.

Tor. Zounds ! Then, to convince yourself, spring a mine upon it with gunpowder. That will search every cranny. You 'll blow up a humpbacked cook, and a pimple-faced footman ; but if you throw out a handsome housekeeper I 'll suffer the fate of Guy Fawkes.

Bar. One way or the other my doubts must be satisfied. (*Goes up stage.*)

Tor. This comes of doing kindnesses ; but if ever I am caught at another ! — I 'll harden myself against all manner of pity ; I 'll — Who 's that asleep in the chair ? (*Seeing* HENRY.)

Swap. Why, squire, that 's a poor critter of a sailor, who has been makin' tracks from a French prison, and wants a bed to lie down on.

Tor. Wants a bed ! And who are the unfeeling scoundrels that let him lie there ? Stay — he 's waking. (HENRY *rises.*) Young man, you are in need of help, they tell me. My house is close by, and I have bed, board, and lodging at your service.

Hen. To whom am I indebted for this kindness ? (*Down* C.)

Tor. To one who has just resolved to feel for nobody ; but, curse me, if anything could be more ill-timed to a man, beginning to be hard-hearted, than the sight of an English seaman in want of assistance.

Enter ANDREW BANG, R. H.

Who 's this?

Swap. Why, squire, that 's the man the baronet keeps to watch his game; and if anybody comes to steal, he goes bang. (*To* ANDREW) Don't ye? You hain't seen nothing of the gal yet?

And. The baronet do say he 'll answer all questions himsen.

Bar. The baronet?

And. Ees; he be an old friend o' my lord's, though he and I have n't been long intimate.

Bar. Let us see him immediately.

Tor. Let me see him first, by myself. (*To* ANDREW) Conduct me to the baronet directly.

And. Mind how you do come through our gallery, zur. It be nation dark, and a'ter dinner, you may n't be quite steady.

Tor. Solomon Swap, come with me, or this drunken rascal will lead me into the cellar.

Swap. Like enough, squire; for he ain't dreadful sharp-sighted, and 't is a plaguey old-fashioned house, full of twists and turns. Why don't you clear out, Mr. Bang?

And. A'ter you, if you please, Mr. Swap.

Swap. O, come! start your apple-cart.

Tor. O! confound you both! Get on, and show me the way.

[*Drives them before him, and Exit.*

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in* LORD ALAMODE'S *House.*

Enter SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH *and* TORRENT.

Tor. But, sir, you won't tell me whether you do or don't know anything of her.

Sir L. That all comes of my having had my claret.

Tor. Had your claret?

Sir L. A man of fashion, you know, never bothers his head after dinner about business, without 't is gaming.

Tor. But, zounds, sir! here 's a beautiful girl lost. The whole country is running after her.

Sir L. Then, upon my conscience, the whole country has a deal of taste.

Enter HENRY.

Hen. You must pardon my abrupt entrance, sir, for I have pressing business.

Sir L. O, murder! I see how it is.

Hen. In which business I have a friend in the house who is jointly concerned.

Sir L. The game 's up. Tell me at whose suit, you divel, at once.

Hen. Suit!

Tor. Eh! the young seaman I left just now in the hall.

Hen. There is a servant in this house, sir, from whom I have gathered (thanks to his intoxication) that a female arrived here this morning on whom you have basely imposed, and who —

Sir L. Asy one moment, if you please, sir. We always take mat-

ters cool in Ireland, when it looks like a bit of a quarrel. May you chance to know who I am, sir?

Hen. A baronet, whose appellation, the servant tells me, 't is very hard to remember. In the mean time, sir, I have every reason to suppose that the female I have mentioned is still in this house; but the building is intricate. My friend is searching it on one side; I on the other. I have luckily stumbled on your apartments, and insist upon your immediately producing the person we seek, or giving me a strict account of your conduct.

Sir L. That same *insist* is rather an awkward bit of an expression. Indulge me, sir, in a trifling question: May you, by any chance, just happen to be a gentleman?

Hen. Birth and education give me claim to that character. And I have never forfeited my title by practising fraud on an unprotected woman.

Sir L. That 's quite enough. Mr. Bang! (*Calling.*)

Bang. (*without*). Zur.

Sir L. Bring in my pistols, and make haste with the coffee.

Enter ANDREW, *with coffee and pistols.*

Tor. I won't have any fighting.

Sir L. Don't you meddle, you old Cheapside. Sure we must have all in readiness, providing that gentleman don't think proper to make me a small matter of apology.

And. There be the coffee, Sir Larry, smoking hot.

Sir L. Set it down on the table, and take out, in your arms, that little old gentleman.

And. Where be I to carry un to, zur?

Tor. If any body dare to —

Sir L. Fie upon you! Keep the peace! I am wishing to show you all manner of respect; so, till this business is over (which is not decent for you to see), what part of the house will we bind you over to?

And. There be plenty o' room for him in our hen-house. (*Goes up examining watch.*)

Sir L. Then, by the powers, I 'll send him to the Poultry.

Tor. Gentlemen, you think the game is in your own hands; but I shall not suffer you to commit murder.

Swap. (*without*). Murder!

Sir L. Sure that 's an echo!

Tor. Then you 've brought it with you from Ireland; for 't is as different from the reverberation of sound as a cart-load of iron bars and an opera singer.

Enter SWAP, R.

Solomon Swap! what the devil 's the matter with you now?

Swap. There 's a confounded 'tarnal tame goat in the gallery.

Tor. Well!

Swap. I wish it was well. Just as I was fumbling about in the dark I heard something clatter jist like a cloven foot; so when I grew putty considerable skeered, the first thing I knowed the confounded thing butted me down three times, as flat as a flounder. O, for a horn of the deacon's cherry-bounce!

Enter BARFORD.

Bar. This way the light directs me; and I —

Sir L. Faith, now, and here 's another. Is it a lady you are asking after, or are you running away from a goat in the gallery?

Bar. It is a lady, sir, I am seeking.

Sir L. I 'm just going to give this gentleman an explanation of the whole affair in one word.

Bar. What is that one word, sir?

Sir L. Pop — a long Irish phrase, that stands for the English monosyllable satisfaction. (*Goes up to table.*)

Tor. No you don't. (*To* ANDREW) Come here, you drunken, game-keeping rascal! Bang, here are two pistols (*hands them*); — take them away; — there 's a guinea (*gives money*); — and now, go to the devil. (*Goes up to* R.)

And. A guinea! I 'd better go to the ale-house. (*Going* L. H.)

Swap. I say, Bang, will you toss up for that guinea. Come, heads I win, tails you lose.

And. Noa you don't. He! he! you 'd win both ways.

Swap. I say, Bang, what time o' day is it?

And. (*giving* SWAP *pistols, and taking out and examining watch*). Take care how you hold 'em; there 's powder in 'em. Dang it, there be no insides to this watch!

Swap. It 's a clear case. Don't you hear it tick?

And. Noa! (SWAP *lets off pistols.* — ANDREW *drops watch, and exits, running.* — SWAP *picks up watch, and exits* R.)

Bar. (*to* SIR LARRY). I conceive, sir, you are possessed of some intelligence of the person whom we are anxious to discover.

Hen. I am convinced he is.

Tor. So am I.

Bar. Are you a father, sir?

Sir L. Upon my soul, sir, that 's a mighty difficult question to answer.

Bar. Levity apart, sir, I am the father of the young person for whom we anxiously inquire.

Sir L. This is the case, sir, you see: Does an Irishman like a pretty woman? Sure, sir, he does; but when he 's bullied by a wicked advertising alderman on one side of him, and a man in trowsers on the other, damn the bit of answer will he give. I — Give me your hand, sir; — there 's no standing a father's asking for his child. Sir, I 'm a gentleman, — a little wild, perhaps; but upon my honor and conscience she 's safe; and — (*Calling off*) Hallo, there! ask old Carrydot where 's the young lady.

Enter OLDSKIRT, *conducting* FANNY.

Old. I 've got her! I 've got her! I 've got her!

Fan. (*to* OLDSKIRT). Under your protection, sir, I venture again into this gentleman's apartment. But whom else I am to meet, I — Henry! Ah! —

Hen. (*running to her*). You encounter none but friends.

Fan. Whither have you —

Hen. Cease — cease to inquire now. My heart is too full! But here is one (*turning to* BARFORD) who claims every immediate attention.

Bar. (*bringing* FANNY *forward*). You — 'Tis fifteen years since you were torn from me, in — I mean, young lady, that I — O God! my child! my child! (*Falls on her neck.*)

Fan. My father!

Tor. Tol de riddle lol! lol, &c. (TORRENT *and* OLDSKIRT *dance;* SWAP *enters,* R. H., *and joins them.*) Whoever says I am hasty in charity, I 'll kick him. Heartly may lecture as much as he pleases, but I 'd rather hire twenty housekeepers who would let my jellies turn mouldy than lose the chance of this meeting. I 'll make you all happy. I perceive you two are inclined to be *very* happy together (*pointing to* HENRY *and* FANNY); and I owe it in justice, sir, to you (*to* BARFORD), to take care of their fortunes, if you 'll permit me. Well, well, we 'll talk over all that. Master Oldskirt, you are a worthy fellow for taking care of this poor girl, and I must take care of you. As for you, Solomon Swap (*who has gone round to* L.), I suppose I must portion you off with the daughter of the Spread Eagle, and be pestered with your brats and jabber in my house, to the last hour of my life.

Swap. Well, I always had a notion if ever I got yoked to a gal, I 'd streak it right off to New Hampshire, and see Deacon Doolittle, and eat Indian dumplins and punkin-pie.

Tor. But, Solomon, why hav n't you returned to your land of "pumpkin-pies" since the peace?

Swap. Well, I don't know as I care much about it now.

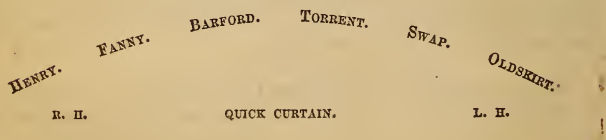
Tor. Why not?

Swap. They tell me that there 's so many Yankee's there already, that it 's dog eat dog, as Deacon Doolittle used to say.

Tor. Curse Deacon Doolittle! All must be forgotten that requires to be forgiven; and I will, if I can, try to convert my haste of charity into what Heartly calls thinking benevolence.

Bar. And I, Mr. Torrent, must endeavor to convert my mistaken tendency to misanthropy, into a fair appreciation of mankind. To be soured with the world by the treachery of a few, is judging millions by individuals. Men were born to endure; but half the measure of our grief depends upon our own sentiments. And, gloomy as my thoughts have been, my anxious wish now is to observe all around me indicating a light heart and a good-humored countenance.

SITUATIONS.



R. H. QUICK CURTAIN. L. H.

HIRAM DODGE,
IN "THE YANKEE PEDDLER."

"I rather guess this Letter is calculated to get me a Licking."

3

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CLXIX.

YANKEE PEDDLER

OR,

OLD TIMES IN VIRGINIA.

A Farce, in One Act.

BY MORRIS BARNETT,

Author of "Monsieur Jacques" &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[YANKEE PEDDLER.]

	St. Louis, 1841.	*Louisville*, 1845.	*Chicago*, 1853.
Hiram Dodge	Mr. D. Marble.	Yankee Hill.	Mr. H. F. Stone.
Fuller	" Archer.	Mr. Braithwait.	" J. B. Rice.
Harris	" J. Crocker.	" J. Ashmer.	" J. H. Wright.
Slingsby	" G. Lomas.	" Porter.	" Rynar.
Jennings	" Melville.	" Spurgeon.	———
Pompey	" Davis.	" Furgess.	" E. Wight.
Cowpens	———	———	" Baker.
Maria Fuller	Miss Morgan.	Mrs. Braithwait.	Mrs. Putnam.
Jerusha	Mrs. Kent.	Miss Marion.	" Hanley.
Dinah	" Conner.	" Harris.	

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Center.* L. C. *Left Center.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Center Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

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

YANKEE PEDDLER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*House* R. U E. *House* L. U. E.,—*Sign*, " *Entertainment for Man and Beast.*"—*Road crossing stage at back—picket fence running from house*, R. U. E., *to* R. 2. E.,—FULLER *discovered at table*, R. U. E.,—*negroes fanning him*—COWPENS *discovered at table*, L. U. E., *reading newspaper.*

Fuller. There sits my friend Cowpens—he seems down in the mouth—well he makes money enough in the Spring, so that when the warm weather comes he may sit at ease—ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Negroes laugh.*] What are you laughing at, you black scoundrels ? leave me, begone ! [*Negroes run in house* R. U. E.—COWPENS *comes down.*

Cowpens. Egad ! I may as well shut up, no business doing ; not a traveler passed the road for two weeks, and there neighbor Fuller sits all day, drinking wine and brandy and smoking segars of his own importation, of course—he never patronizes me. If I was a member of the Legislature, I would have a law passed to prevent people keeping wine in their cellars—which law would benefit the Tavern Keepers much. If times keep on this way, I shall be obliged to take down my sign, and remove to some distant settlement, where the climate is more congenial to Tavern Keepers. Now if old Fuller there, would only patronize me—but no, he sits there all day as if to aggravate me, its funny, damned funny. Now I know of nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to see his mare, his great mare, Thunderbolt, beaten at the next fall races. That would be funny—very funny, [*Rubbing his hands.*] devilish funny ! ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Exit into house*, L. U. E.

Ful. I wonder what that fool Cowpens is laughing at ; me, I suppose, because I won't drink his bad brandy and smoke his worse segars—he shan't have a boarder for a year, if I have to board them myself—the first person that passes this this road is my guest unless he's a Yankee Pedd'er. I have a mortal antipathy to Yankee Peddlers—they set my niggers crazy. One came here last Spring and sold my Dinah a wooden cheese, but they will persist in making you buy their trash, whether you will or not.

Enter JERUSHA *from house*, R. U. E.

Eh! where are you going miss? What's that in you hand? give it me directly!

Jer. That Sir? that's only a letter for my cousin.

Ful. Give it me directly, do you hear, Miss Innocence?

Jer. Law, sir, don't be so cross, it belongs to my cousin.

Ful. Hand it here directly, [*Snatches letter.*] Now, go! [*Reading.*] So! so! this belongs to your cousin, eh? So Maria has been writing to that young officer she saw in Washington, and with whom I have forbid her to have any correspondence—I'll lock her up this instant, and as for you, miss, I'll have you sent home to Connecticut.

Jer. But law, sir, you won't listen to me.

Ful. Not a word, miss—you've heard what I said—as for Maria, she shall be locked up this instant. [*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Jer. There's a cross old codger for you—poor Maria must be locked up just kaus she likes a dashin' young man, a hossifer too—ugh! he's a dredful cross old creetur, he's bout as cross and crooked as our old brown heifers tale was, and that was so univarsal crooked dad used to bore holes with it. [*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Enter CHARLES *from road at back.*

Char. This then is the spot, and this the residence of my dear Maria—and a tavern so near—how very fortunate. Here then I can rusticate with the knowledge of being near her whom I adore. I wonder if I can prevail upon the landlord to let me have a room for a few weeks—that's the first consideration. What could have detained her letter? No matter—all will be satisfactorily explained upon our first meeting. Until then, this shall be my home.

Going to tavern, L. U. E. *Enter* FULLER *from house*, R. U. E.

Ful. No make this your home—stop here!—You shall have as much good brandy and wine as you can drink, and as many segars as you can smoke in a year—that is, if you are not a Yankee Peddler.

Char. Sir, you are very kind indeed—but I must beg to decline your generous offer.

Ful. But you shall not decline! you shall be my guest for a month at least. I will have a room prepared for you immediately. In the meantime, I will introduce you to my daughter—she's a fine girl—but unfortunately fell in love at first sight with some young officer she met in Washington. I've never seen the fellow, but I dare say he's not the kind of a man I wish her to marry—I'll call her. Maria!

Char. [*Aside.*] He little knows who his visitor really is, or I'm afraid he would not be so generous.

Enter MARIA *from house*, R. U. C.

Mar. Did you call me father? [*Seeing* CHARLES—*Aside.*] Charles! [*Aloud.*] A gentleman!

Ful. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] You see, sir, she's a little strange, I dare say you will be better acquainted soon.

Char. Yes, a great deal sooner than you expect.

Ful. [*To* MARIA.] Maria, allow me to introduce you to my particular friend, Mr. ——— I beg your pardon, what is you name?

Char. [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I say?—oh, yes, sir—Herbert—Henry Herbert.

Ful. Ah! yes, Mr. Herbert. My daughter, Miss Maria Fuller. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] How very strange that I did not know your name was Herbert.

Char. [*Aside.*] How the deuce could you when I didn't know it myself.

Ful. Maria, my dear, you must endeavor to make Mr. Herbert's stay as pleasant as possible. I'll have a room for you immediately, and now Maria, show the gentleman to the parlor.

Mar. This way, sir. [*Exit* CHARLES *and* MARIA, R. U. E.

Ful. Now that's what I call a devilish clever fellow, and one who will be fine company for me—we'll have a glorious fishing and sporting season—and one thing satisfies me, keeping a boarder from that old fool Cowpens—Pompey! Pompey!

Enter POMPEY, *from house,* R. U. E.

Pompey, set a couple of decanters and glasses on the parlor table and a box of cigars.

Pom. Yes. Massa. [*Exit* POMPEY, R. U. E.

Ful. Now I'll have a glorious time until the Fall Races come on Then I'll have the pleasure of showing him the greatest piece of horse flesh in the Union. The first person that has passed these two weeks. But egad, I must look after the young folks, they're alone.

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

Hiram. [*Without* R. U. E.] Fancy Ware! Fancy Ware! ghee whe—ghee whoop! Ger long you pesky critter, now travil—Who-a—whot do you mean? Whoa, whoa. [*Enter* R. U. E., *with Basket.* I reckon as how that ere hoss of mine is troubled with nervous agility, he won't stand still no heow. What nobody stirrin' bout these diggins—maybe they ain't lazy people down here—they're bout lazy as Taunton water, and that's so darned lazy that it won't run down hill. Fancy ware! Fancy ware! It was bout these parts that I made considerable money last Spring, on Jamakee rum, inions, wooden cheese, Leather Hams, Pepper Cannisters, Sossingers, Mustard, Pocket-Books, and Rat-Traps. Fancy ware! Fancy ware!

Enter MARIA, DINAH, POMPEY *and* NIGGERS, R. U. E.

Hir. Everlastin' Ebenezer wot a flock of niggers!

Pom. Now, Dinah, I promised you a present—there's a pin-cushion for you. [*Brings and gives to* DINAH.

Hir. I'd gin tew shillings tu stick a pin in that ere arter she's had her pretty hands on it. [DARKIES *crowd around him*] Now stand eout of the way you patent, pow-chong pulverized, pewter-headed puppies, or I'll lay you right up and down, crooked and lengthwise.

[DARKIES *stand back.*

Mar. Dinah, I promised you a present for Christmas—what will you have?

Hir. I've got sumthin' for that critter, [*Takes a black doll from basket.*] I'll give it tu you for ten shillins. What? you don't want it. [DARKIES *laugh and run off*—MARIA *goes up* R.,—POMPEY *remains.*

Hir. Say you patent sample of Ingee-Rubber, what mought you be worth in these parts?

Pom. Wurf?—look aheah if anybody axes you dat, tell him dat you don't know—he! he! ah! [*Exit* R. U. E.

Hir. Wa'al, that's a pretty smart nigger, but he puts me in mind of Phil Water's darkey—his mouth was so big that he had to get it made smaller for fear he'd swaller his own head. I guess as heow I made pretty well out of them ere niggers. [*Going up.*] There's that everlastin' purty gall! Say, miss, you don't want to buy no sassingers nor nuthin' du you? [*Showing Sausages.*] These are the best sassingers you ever got atwixt your teeth.

Mar. No. sir, I don't wish any of your wares, and as we have bought all we wanted, you had better leave the premises, as my father is not very partial to peddlers. [*Exit* R. U. E.

Hir. Oh! gridiron! if I could only marry that gal, I'd lay right down and die. If I wouldn't saw me up into shoe-pegs and sell me at half price! But she said sumthin' bout leavin' the premises. Wonder wot she meant? I kinder sorter thiuk that gal in love with me. Omnipotent mo-lasses candy!

Enter JERUSHA *from house.*

There's another on 'em. Oh, lord, I'm agoner! If she'll only let me kiss her in the meouth, I'll give her all my sassingers for nuthin'.

Jer. [*A ide.* Oh, lor, what a nice young man!

Hir. [*Aside.*] She's lookin' right at me—I shall rushy turnip right in my boots—I know I will. Nuthin' like buckin' up to a gall —Say, are you tu hum tu day or are you engaged?

Jer. Wa-al, I'm not particular ingaged now.

Hir. Maybe you mought'nt stand and talk a little nor nuthin'?

Jer. Wa-al, ha'nt much time now, but I'll——

Hir. Get along, I knew you would. Say, if you'll let me kiss you right straight in the meouth, I'll give you a hull string of sassingers for nuthin'.

Jer. Oh, I don't like tu—I feel kinder skeered, but I don't want the sassengers.

Hir. Yeou don't? Wa'al now you just pucker up, and I'll kiss you in the most splendiferous manner.

Jer. I tell you I don't like tu.

Hir. It's no use talkin—I'm gittin' dreadful luvin', and I must kiss that gal, or I shall collapse my flue. Say, now just look there! [*Pointing off* L.,—*she looks off and he kisses her.*] There, you can take all the sassengers I've got in my basket. Cover me over with soft-soap! I dew feel the slickest mortal on this etarnal airth!—du you reside bout these diggins?

Jer. Wa'al, yes; I live with Mr. Fuller, here; but you'd best make tracks for some other plantation, for master's univarsal gin Peddlers, and you may get inter truble.

Mar. [*Within house.*] Jerusha! Jerusha!

Jer. There, that's missis callin', I must go.

Hir. Say, you ain' agoin' tu leave a feller that way, are you?

Jer. I must go now—but if you can come round to-night, I'll go tu meetin' with you. [*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Hir. You can split me up into loco-foco matches, if that ain't the puttiest and most splendiferous of gals! She's a great deal purtier than Sal Perkins is—and *she's* mighty purty, but she's got sich big feet, she has to lay with them out of the window, so she can turn over in bed—he, he, hi!

Ful. [*Within house.*] Jerusha! Jerusha!

Enter FULLER *from house.*

where the devil is that jade? Eh! who the devil's that? What! a Yankee Peddler! he's a dead man!—Pompey, bring my gun. Look here, sir, I'll give you five minutes to get off my plantation—and if you are not out of sight in that time, I'll shoot you.

Hir. I've got some of the best gun flints you ever used in your life, Squire.

Ful. Now listen, you audacious rascal—I give you time to get on the road before I put a button-hole in your coat—now, sir, travel—Pompey, my gun! [*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Hir. That old chap's dreadful riled bout my cumin' round here—wa'al no wonder—I sold him a Canadian Pony last year, and the first time he combed his tail it must have come out, for it was only glued on. But I don't feel a bit consarned about that. I should think I was duin my dewty if I could sell him one of my cleanin' cakes, made out of flour and soft-soap. I'd like to get him to eat bout half a one, and I'll bet my head agin nuthin', he'd be clean scour'd out in the mornin!—ha, ha, ha! [*Goes up stage.*

Enter SLINGSBY, L. U. E.

Sling. This is a very pretty errand for Jennings to send me—the idea of carrying a challenge to a man who is my best friend! Besides I havent the least doubt but that Jennings' horse will be beaten. What am I to do? If I could see any of the Squire's negroes, they might take it to him. Who can I get to assist me?

Hir. That chap is univarsal uneasy bout sumthin'

Sling. What am I to do?

Hir. Buy a razor strop!—Jest give that strop to the man what makes your boots, and your corns will come out ready cured. That razor is so everlastingly sharp, that if you lay it in the sun the shadow will cut your finger.

Sling. Sir, will you do me a favor?

Hir. A favor? Wa'al yes, if I can make anything by it.

Sling. I will pay you for your trouble. You see, my employer, Col. Jennings, wishes to match his celebrated horse "Abdallah," for $500, to run the Squire's mare "Thunderbolt," a one mile heat—now as I don t wish to be the bearer of the challenge, for certain reasons, I will pay you if you deliver it to him.

Hir. Jest hold on—Say, there's no danger in this arrangement?—you see I used to keep a rope-walk, down east—

Sling. Never mind the rope-walk.

Hir. Wa'al, I didn't mind it so I busted up.

Sling. Well, sir, give this to the Squire, and I will remain in the Tavern until you bring an answer.

Hir. Here, take my basket—you needn't be afraid of hurtin' them clocks—they ain't got no bowels. Now you drop into the Tavern until I come. [*Exit* SLINGSBY *into house* L. U. E.] Wa'al I rather guess that old Buster won't shoot me arter I squirm inter his good feelins'. Oh, if I could only see that ere feminine, I'd give tew cents cash down!

Enter FULLER *from the house with gun.*

Ful. So, sir, you are here yet, are you—you're a dead man!
[*Pointing gun.*

Hir. Now Squire, jest cave in, spill, leak, run over for about ten minutes—I've got a letter for you.

Ful. A letter for me—why the devil didn't you tell me that before?

Hir. Why cos you was goin to put a button hole in my coat so dredful quick. Squire, you've got as hard a heart as Josh Lovels' was, and he was so hard-hearted, they used to feed him on Oyster Knives when they wanted to open his heart—here's the letter Squire.

Ful. [*Reading*] "My Abdallah," "Your Thunderbolt," "Five hundred dollars,"—my dear sir, why did'nt you tell me this before? I wish it was for $1000, I'd win every cent of it.

Hir. [*Aside.*] I guess I'll have to blow my horn a leetle.—You see, Squire, I cum down from New York on purpose to ride the Col's. critter—but as I've heern that yours was the best animal of the tu—I'd rather ride for you.

Ful. You shall ride for me—I'll pay you well for your services. Just walk into the house, and make yourself perfectly at home. You shall stay with me until the races come on. Walk in sir.
[*Exit* FULLER *into house*, R. U. E.

Hir. Ha, ha, ha! Wa'al I reckon I got inter the Buster bout a feet—stay until the race comes off—make yourself perfectly at home—I guess he'll think I'm duin so, if he's got anything good to eat in the house. And I shall see that gal again. Oh scissors! I feel jest as though I could simmer down to calves foot jelly!
[*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

SCENE II.—*Chamber in front Groves—Practical in* C.

Enter FULLER *and* HIRAM, L. 1. E.

Ful. Yes, sir—I accept the challenge, and you shall ride my animal. But why didn't you tell me this before? You will excuse my bluntness, I trust?

Hir. You trust, du you? Well, Squire, that's sumthin, I never

dew in business; but you can trust me jest as much as you please. I shan't git mad about it.

Ful. So you come from New York to ride the Colonel's horse eh!

Hir. [*Aside.*] I guess I'll have to lay it on purty thick jest about now. [*Aloud.*] Yes, Squire, I'm considered some pumpkins in the north for horse riding. I rid the great race between Skeedunks and Skeesicks for $200, and won it by coming in two hours ahead of the horse.

Ful. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that's good; but you shall stay in my house until the match—in the meantime if you can do anything about the house you are at perfect liberty to do so.

Hir. Squire, I kin du anything and make anything on airth for you, from a wooden darnin needle up to a leather ham. Kin run on messages, du chores, or anything you're a mind to put me to.

Ful. Well, your'e my man. By the by, there's some tables and chairs that's rather rickety. If you will repair them I'll pay you for it.

Hir. Anything Squire to make money. I'll swaller one of your niggers hull, if you'll grease his head and pin his ears back. But Squire we didn't cum tu no arrangement bout running that race. How much are you going to give me for ridin your critter?

Ful. You shall have fifty dollars for the job.

Hir. Squire, jest fetch along the an-i-mawl, and telegraph and greased lightnin won't be a circumstance to the manner the critter will evaporate.

Ful. On the day of the race you shall have the money; and in the meantime make this house your home. I will have the tables brought up for you to repair. [*Exit* R. 1 E

Hir. All right, old Tomahawk. Wa'al now, I think I've got the old Buffer in a puty straight line of business. I wonder in what direction the kitchen lays from this part of the house. I'm so cussed hungry if I light on enny of the old codger's sweetmeats, I'll walk inter them like lightnin' into a gooseberry bush. Je-mi-ma, here comes that everlastin' puty gal.

Enter JERUSHA, R. 1 E.

How dew you do Miss?

Jerusha. Why, how on airth did you get into the house? Did master see you?

Hir. Wa'al, I rather think he did. I'm going tu ride his mare at the race. Besides I'm goin' to make myself useful about the house.

Jer. Well, I never did—

Hir. Nor I neither.

Jer. What?

Hir. Ride a race.

Jer. Oh!

Hir. Say, you haven't got any cold meat or taters in the kitchen have you?

Jer. [*Imitating him.*] Yes, and plenty of hot taters, tu.

Hir. Oh Je-ru-sa-lem! It's no use talkin', that's the gal I want to marry. I feel as though you could roll me out intu gutter purcher soles for wimmin's shoes! I must ask her to flop down a little. [*Brings a chair.*] Will you squat for a few minutes?

Jer. Well, I haven't got much objection, but I haven't much time bout now.

Hir. Oh, du sit down neow—jest cave in! [*She sits* L.] There, now, that looks kinder comfortable. How have you been off for wholesome fodder lately? Hev you got much vittels in the kitchin, this mornin'? [*She puts her hand on the back of his chair—seeing it.*] Oh! kingdom cum! that does cool me all up in a heap. I shall hev to pop the question right off. [*She removes her hand.*] Say, jest put your hand there agin, won't you? It does make me feel so kinder "gently o'er me stealing."

Jer. [*Aside.*] Wa'al he's the nicest young man I ever seen.

Hir. [*Aside.*] Now's the time tu ask her tu hitch her team to mine. I feel so unanimous I could chew an Ingee-Rubber shoe. [*Aloud.*] Neow miss, you haven't got enny objection tu hitch your team tu mine, have you? We can drive down the hill of life quite easy, without putting any drag on. [*Aside.*] That'll fetch her I reckon.

Jer. Wa'al, I don't mind gettin' married, but——

Ful. [*Within* R.] Jerusha! Jerusha! Where is that girl?

Jer. Oh, sir, sir, there's master callin', I must go.

Hir. Don't you purtend to hear him. Be as deaf as Persimmon Parker was—he was so deaf they used tu take a sledge hammer tu break a secret tu him.

Ful. [*Within* R.] Jerusha! Jerusha! Where is that girl?

Jer. Oh, sir, I must go.

Hir. But just say the word—marry me, or I'll take pisen!

Jer. I'll tell you when I see you agin. Good-bye!

Ful. [*Within* R.] Jerusha, are you coming?

Jer. Coming, sir, coming!

Hir. I'm a perfect Giraffe if I don't marry that gal, give up peddlin', and live happy with a couple of dozen little dodgers dodging around me. But, by gridiron, I dew feel sharp set! I wonder whar the kitchen is? Oh, land of promise! if I could only come in contact with a pig's head, how it would disappear! [*Exit* R. 1 E.

Enter CHARLES *and* MARIA, L. 1 E.

Char. Dearest Maria, I have just escaped from your father, who would not suffer me to leave the table since I have been in the house. Now as we have very little time to talk to each other, we must arrange our plans for leaving the house unknown to your father. Then two hours' ride will find us in Richmond, and there, Maria, we shall be united.

Mar. But should my father find out your real name and station, for he has intercepted letters that I had endeavored to send you—should he discover you all our hopes are destroyed.

Char. Nay, Maria, all will be well. You must now excuse me. I

must return to your father, or he will notice my abrupt departure from the parlor. So farewell, till evening.

[*Kisses her*—HIRAM *appears at window.*

Hir. Je-ru-sa-lem! [MARIA *runs off*, L. 1 E.

Char. A spy!

Hir. You can keep on duin it—I won't be mad.

Char. [*Catching him by the throat.*] Why, you infernal, sneaking scoundrel, what brought you to that window?

Hir. Wa'al, if you want to know—my legs!

Char. I'll send you out of the window without requiring the aid of your legs.

Hir. Wa'al, if you want me to go and tell the old man bout kissin' on his darter, I'll go and let him know all about it.

Char. Egad, I've spoken too roughly to this fellow, he may ruin all my hopes. [*Aloud*] I beg your pardon, I have spoken too harshly. If you will not mention what has taken place in his room, I will give you five dollars.

Hir. Jest fork over; I'll shut paw for a month and get you out of the scrape jest as easy as eatin' horse radishes without sugar or butter.

Char. [*Giving money.*] Keep this a secret, and I'll befriend you—betray me and I'll horsewhip you. [*Exit* L. 1 E.

Hir. Oh, git eout! If you horsewhip me, I'll give you leave. Cover me all over with tater skins—five dollars! That's a purty good commencement for a day's work, besides what I made out of the Squire's niggers.

Enter FULLER, POMPEY, *and three darkies carrying a table—they set it down* R. *and go off* R. 1. E.

Oh! Jehosephat! Four niggers carryin' one table. They're bout as weak as old Granny Dobson was—she was so weak that she was obliged to have three or four mustard plasters applied to help her draw her last breath. She was a dreadful sour old crittur—she used to hire out two months in the year for picklin'.

Ful. This is the table I wish you to repair.

Hir. [*Very confidentially.*] Say, Squire that's a mighty nice gal of yourn—that's a fine young man tu you've got in the house.

Ful. Eh! what do you say, a fine gal of yourn—nice young man—If I'm not too impertinent, what the devil do you mean by these remarks.

Hir. Why, nuthin' particular; but just now, I happened to come in this room rayther sudden—

Ful. What then?

Hir. Why, you see Squire, the young man gave me somethin' not to say anything about it—and I didn't think it right for me to let out for nuthin.'

Ful. [*Giving money.*] I see how it is—there's five dollars for you.

Hir. But the young man gave me as much as that, and you know I don't like to—

Ful. Well, there's five dollars more for you, and now the whole story.

Hir. You see Squire, as I said before, I came into this room raythier sudden and there stood this young man with his arms right round your gal's waist, and—and—

Ful. Well, what then?

Hir. Why, then he had his arm round her waist.

Ful. Well, yes I know that, but go on.

Hir. Wa'al by'm by he kinder got nearer to her.

Ful. Well, what then?

Hir. He commenced cuddlin her.

Ful. I'll turn the scoundrel out of the house. A man whom I have treated like a son to come here and like a villain kiss my daughter in my absence. I'll shoot the scoundrel! Where is he?

Hir. He's just walked down to the end of the garden.

Ful. I'll follow him, I'll teach him a lesson he'll not forget in many a day. [*Exit* R. 1 E.

Hir. Now, as I've sent the old man on the wrong track, I'll tell the young man to leave the premises. [*Looking off* R.] Here comes the old man back again—I'd better make tracks. Fifteen dollars—Oh! Sour krout and grasshoppers. [*Exit* L. 1. E.

Enter FULLER, R. 1 E.

Ful. Hang that Yankee rascal, he sent me a tramp for nothing—he was not to be found—I see it all—it was a scheme to get ten dollars out of me—I'll serve the scoundrel out for it and I'll guarantee he'll never play tricks with me again—Pompey! ho, Pompey!

Enter POMPEY, R. 1 E.

Pompey, bring me pen, ink, paper and a wafer.

Pom. Yes Massa. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Ful. I'll teach the Yankee scoundrel to play tricks on me.

Enter POMPEY, *with pen, ink, &c.*

Now I'll cool your impudence, Mr. Yankee. [*Writes on* POMPEY'S *back.*] Stand still you rascal. [*Writes, repeating as he writes*] "Please give the bearer 100 lashes."

Pom. What! me Massa!

Ful. No, not you sir. Leave the room [*Exit* POMPEY, R. 1 E. Now we'll see Mr. Peddler, whether your back will stand more than my pocket—ah, here he comes.

Enter HIRAM *playing on a Jew's harp.*

Hiram. Ah! how are you Squire—you didn't make out to catch that young man did you?

Ful. No, that was a devilish clever trick, but I forgive you—I never mind such jokes—I forgive you.

Hir. Wa'al, you needn't apologize, Squire, I don't feel a bit mad about it.

Ful. Well, we will not mention it again. Will you be so kind as to give this note to my overseer? You see I have a young colt which I wish to have shod—tell him to put them on heavy—you understand.

Hir. Yes, Squire, I'll do it—give me the document.

Ful. Recollect, "put them on heavy." [*Aside.*] Now, sir, you will find I can punish you for your tricks. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Hir. Let me think—I'm tu take this down tu the overseer—and tell him tu put them on heavy. Now why couldn't he just as well send one of his niggers with this ere note? I wonder what's in it. [*Looks in note.*] Je-ru-sa-lem! [*Reads.*] Give the bearer of this one and two 0's—that's one hundred—give the bearer one hundred lashes. No you don't, old Gibraltar—you kin chaw me up inter sassage-meat if you kin give me one hundred lashes enny how you can fix it.

Enter SLINGSBY, L. 1 E.

Sling. Well, sir, you've kept me waiting since nine o'clock this morning until I concluded at last, I had better come into the house for you. Have you seen the Squire? Has he accepted the challenge.

Hir. Yes, I seen the Squire, and he is willin' tu let the mare run the race. But the overseer has got sumthin to say about it—so you must take this note to the overseer, and tell him tu shoe the colt and tu put them on heavy.

Sling. Sir, I'm extremely obliged to you—I'll take the note.

Hir. No you won't—you promised me sumthin for duin the job—so shell out.

Sling. [*Giving money.*] Oh, yes, sir, of course. There's two dollars for you and I'm much obliged to you. I'm to give this note to the overseer and tell him to put them on heavy. All right—I understand. [*Exit* L. 1 E.

Hir. If you don't understand it you will in about ten minutes. [*Looking* R.] Here comes the old Buster. I'll hev tu cave in for about a minute. [*Hides* R. 2 E.

Enter FULLER *cautiously.*

Ful. By this time he must be near the overseer's shed. How the rascal will jump when he finds out the errand he has been sent on.

Hir. [*Aside from hiding place.*] How the other poor devil will jump, you mean. [*Whip-snapping heard outside.*

Sling. [*Outside* L. 1 E.] Murder! [*Whip.*] murder! help! help!

Ful. [*Laughing.*] Give it to him!

Hir. [*Behind* FULLER, *imitating him.*] Yes, give it tu him—lash him!

Ful. [*Turning and seeing* HIRAM.] The devil! Oh, you infernal scoundrel!

HIRAM *puts his finger to his nose and runs off*, R. 1 E., *followed by* FULLER,—*enters at window* C., *and hides in* L. *corner*—FULLER *enters* R., —*places tables and chairs under window, and runs off* R. *laughing*

SCENE III.—*Wood—part of the race course seen—rope running through posts at back.*

Enter HIRAM L. U. E., *running—coat tail off.*

Hir. Wa'al, I got clear of the old codger purty slick. I lost sumthin though. [*Shows coat tail.*] And I made sumthin by gettin' inter that house. [*Counts money.*] Seventeen! he might have taken all the tails I've got for that money.

Enter JENNINGS, L. 1 E.

Jen. How very provoking to think that Slingsby should be disabled from riding, now that Mr. Fuller insists on running the race immediately—this very day. Of course he is aware of my having no person to ride my horse, and therefore expects to obtain the forfeit money in the event of my not having my animal ready mounted and on the course at the hour appointed. What shall I do!

Hir. [*Coming down.*] Don't do nothin' but just pay me and I'll ride your horse to kingdom cum, and beat the Squire's mare inter the bargain!

Jen. If you'll ride my horse, sir, I'll give you fifty dollars.

Hir. Don't say nothin' more about it, just let me mount your critter, and if I don't make him fly I'll eat your horse and the Squire tew.

Jen. Then in half an hour meet me at the Grand Stand. I may depend on you?

Hir. You kin, Colonel.

Jen. Remember, in half an hour! [*Exit* JENNINGS, R. U. E

Hir. Fifty dollars! whew! I begin to get down on my poor relations. I'm not as proud as Hopeful Parkins was though—he *was* a dreadful proud man—used tu keep a dog with such a curly tail that it couldn't keep its hind feet on the ground!

Enter CHARLES L. 2 E.

Char. So. I've caught you at last, you deceitful rascal. [*Catching him by the throat.*] Not content with my paying you, you thought proper to betray me.

Hir. Now jist let go my wizzin, will you? didn't I cum and tell you to leave before the old man got so orful riley?

Char. Yes, but you did not tell me it was yourself that informed him of our interview this morning.

Hir. Neow don't you git so everlastin huffy—you want to marry that gal—now listen tew me. Squire Fuller wants tu git somebody tu ride his mare dreadful bad—he'll give anything for somebody tu ride the race. Neow, I'll tell you what tu do—disguise yourself and offer to ride for him, and as I'm goin' to ride the Colonel's horse, I won't try tu beat you, so you can win the race, and then ask old Beeswax for the gal.

Char. A good idea, truly—I'll try that, and if I succeed I'll reward you well. I'll procure the disguise immediately.

[*Exit* R. 1 E.

Hir. I've set that chap all right, and I reckon I'll make sumthin by it. I wonder how the old man is about this time—he had a dreadful time runnin' me round the garden—he didn't run very fast though—I dodged him around a ditch for about five minutes—he did puff and blow so—ha, ha, ha! at last he made a short step and fell right splash into the ditch—ha, ha, ha! You had oughter seen him when he cum out—with his eyes, nose and mouth chock full of mud, and dirt from head to foot. He put me in mind of Betsey Wotticks' children, they're so everlastin dirty, they have to rub bricks to their faces when they want to shut their eyes!

Enter JENNINGS L. 1 E.

Jen. Now, sir, everything is ready.

Hir. Then, go ahead, Steamboat. Whar's the critter I've tu ride? I'll straddle him like a mosquito would a cow's tail.

[*Exit* HIRAM *and* JENNINGS R. U. E.

Enter MARIA, DINAH, POMPEY, NEGROES, *&c.*, *&c.*

Mar. Well, Pompey, are the riders mounted?

Pom. [*Looking off* R. U. E.] Yes, Missey, the Yankee's on the Colonel's hoss, and dere's a handsome young man on massa's—now they're agoin to start.

Mar. Do you see my father?

Pom. Yes Missy, by the grand stand—now they're started—de Yankee's ahead [*Shouts*, R. U E.] Now then Massa's mare is cotchin' up. [*Shout*] Now the Yankee's passed. [*Shout.*] Massa's horse is ahead. By gum, Missey de Yankee's fell off his horse! I golly Missey he's a dead Yankee! he's broke his neck, sure.

Mar. I trust he's not seriously hurt! see, they are bringing him this way.

[*Brought in on a bier.*]

Enter FULLER, CHARLES *dressed as a Jockey*, JENNINGS, COWPENS *and spectators*—HIRAM *is brought in on a bier, followed by* JERUSHA, *crying.*

Ful. [*To* CHARLES.] Sir, to-day you have made me the happiest man in the State. You have ridden like a hero. I knew my thunderbolt would have beaten any horse in the Union? But, sir, how shall I repay you for your trouble? Ask for anything in my power to give, and you shall have it.

Char. [R. C.] Then, sir, your daughter.

Ful. [C.] Eh! Oh! I didn't say—well—well—if she is satisfied, I have no objection.

Maria. I am indeed, father, you have confirmed my dearest wish. I thank you.

Ful. [*Looking at* HIRAM *on bier.*] Say no more about it, my dear —we would now spend a happy day but this sad misfortune has cast a gloom over all—the poor fellow was very clever although he did play some hard tricks upon me. To say the truth I feel bad about the occurrence. I'd give forty dollars if he was alive again.

Hir. [*Raising up.*] Jest fork over.

Omnes. Not dead!

Hir. [*Coming down* C.] No, I'll be'darned if I am. But Squire jest shell out them forty dollars.

Ful [*Giving money.*] There's the money, but if you trick me again, I'll eat my head.

Hiram. [*Counting money.*] Five—ten is fifteen—two is seventeen—and forty, is fifty seven dollars—a pretty good day's work I reckon. Now, all I want, is to marry a certain person that don't live five miles from here. [*Looking at* JERUSHA.] Say, yeu ain't enny dreadful objection tu marry me, hev you.

Jer. Oh! I don't like to say yes, afore all these people. I feel kinder skeered.

Hir. What, you won't marry me arter my fallin' in love with you over head and ears and shirt collar, and all I've been doin' on yeu? Oh! false feminine!

Jer. There now, don't flummix, I was only a funnin.' I'm yourn till death. [*Crosses* L. C.]

Hir. Oh, you can scrape me to death if I aint the slickest white man about these diggins. But, squire you must confess I'm some pumpkins on speculations.

Ful. I never doubted your ability.

Char. Nor I.

Hir. Then all will be right, if our kind friends here, will but overlook the Yankee dodging of Hiram Dodge, and will wish success to Mrs. Dodge, and all the little Dodges.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CLXXIV.

EBENEZER VENTURE;

OR,

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

A Farce, in One Act.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE PECULIAR POWERS OF MR. D. MARBLE,

BY LAWRENCE LA BREE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[Ebenezer Venture.]

Buffalo, September 18, 1841.

Ebenezer ..... Mr. Dan Marble.
Dibble, Uncle to Ebenezer ..... Mr. Ellis.
Little ..... Mr. J. B. Rice.
Auctioneer ..... Mr. J. Addams.
Porter ..... Mr. Hickmott.
First Constable ..... Mr. Salisbury.
Second Constable ..... Mr. Coleman.

Emma, a Daughter of Dibble's ..... Mrs. Rice.
Mary, her Servant ..... Mrs. Marks.
Mrs. Dibble ..... Mrs. Butler

Watchmen, Mob, &c., &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Center.* L. C. *Left Center.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Center Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

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

EBENEZER VENTURE.

SCENE I.—*A room in* DIBBLE'S *house.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. DIBBLE, R. H.

Dibble. So my dear, by this letter, we may soon expect this nephew of mine in the city. Gad! If he has improved none since I last saw him, he must be an odd specimen of humanity.

[*Puts letter in his pocket.*

Mrs. Dibble. Well, my love, and can he not be improved? Did you ever see a Yankee that could not, in time, adapt himself to all kinds of society?

Dib. I dare say the city will soon remodel him. His father is immensely rich, and he will probably inherit a large portion of the estate, therefore it is as well to look to him. Who can tell what may be brought about? Emma is now marriageable. They were schoolmates and favorites with one another.

Mrs. D. You had better encourage her union with some fashionable gentlemen of the city.

Dib. What, with one of those animals having more hair than brains—the most riciculous of the tribe ouraug outang ever yet seen? Nonsense, wife, nonsense! let me hear no more of this—here comes the girl.

Enter EMMA, R. H.

Well, daughter, this letter tells me that your cousin, Ebenezer, will soon be here—prepare to receive him.

Emma. Is it true that he is coming? Oh, dear, I am so glad!

Dib. Hark! did I not hear a noise in the hall? Surely some one came in.

Ebenezer. [*Without* L. H.] What's my name? None of your business, Mr. Blackball. Stand out of the way, you pesky sarpant! I shall walk right straight in, and that's the hull on't!

Enter EBENEZER, L. H.

Uncle Jo, how du you du? Aunt Sarah, how are yew? pretty middlin', I s'pose? Lor bless my eyes! if there ain't Em! She's grown as slick as a peeled carrot, and there's them ere everlastin' blue eyes,

tew! Gosh molley! Well, folks, I've cum to see you all, and have a stop.

Dib. We are all glad to see you, my boy. When did you arrive in the city?

Ebe. When did I get in town? Well, I guess 'twas t'other day.

Dib. So long ago?

Ebe. Not long ago—only day 'fore yesterday. You see, I didn't come right here—you know such a power of things to see here that a body never sees afore, they strike the mind at once, and time passes afore one becomes anxious of its departure. Hello! here comes the chap with my trunk.

Enter PORTER, L. H., *with a trunk.*

Mrs. D. Put it down anywhere for the present.

Ebe. I say, you feller, what's your name?

Por. Lemuel Swop, sir.

Ebe. You ain't Lem?

Por. That's my name.

Ebe. Shaw! You mus'nt think nothin' of my askin'—cause I din'nt know. You ain't Lem, though?

Por. Yes, some call me Lem.

Ebe. They du! Well, I did'nt know that neither. Look here, now, how much are you goin' to ask me for fetchin' my luggage?

Por. Two shillings!

Ebe. Two shillins'? Why, that's an awful price, you! See here, won't ye take nine pence?

Por. I can't sir.

Ebe. Won't you take a shillin'?

Por. No, sir.

Ebe. You'll take a pistareen?

Por. No less than two shillins'.

Ebe. Won't you take twenty-five cents?

Por. Yes, sir, I will take twenty-five cents.

Ebe. Here, take it—though I guess if I was you, I would'nt stuck out so long for a few cents.

Por. Money is scarec, sir, these hard times. Good bye.

[*Exit* L. H.

Ebe. That are fellow is tighter than the braiding on a whip stalk.

Dib. All people have their peculiarities, nephew—I see you have yours!

Ebe. Snake me up if I haint, tho'. Why aunt Sarah, you do look as rosy and slick as a winter pippin—I've a notion you've been pooty tol lol, considerin'.

Mrs D. But come, breakfast is now ready—your arm, Mr. Dibble, come Emma—come Ebenezer.

[*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS DIBBLE, R. H.

Ebe. Life everlastin'! you look as handsome as a May Rose—marciful gracious, I should'nt have known you.

Em. You flatter me, Ebenezer—tell me why you did not come to see us, when you first came to town.

Ebe. Well, I guess I don't know; maybe it was fore ordination;—you see I had a curious sort of a notion, to see things as they dew them up in New York, and so you see I thought to take a look round fust. Bnt of all natur', where did you get such a fine dress?

Em. Fine!—I think it is very plain, myself!

Ebe. Sufficient Providence!—why our gals, when they've got on their best bib and tucker, don't look nothin' so fine.

Em. It is the difierence between the city and country. But tell me what have you been doing, since you have been in the city?

Ebe. Well, I hain't been idle, I calculate. You see as soon as I got in, I budged straight off to a tavern, where I see a hull lot of folks—some on 'em pourin' down the liquor—some talkin' politics, and a hull passel more settin' in chairs, with their feet out of the winders—and on the t ables, a readin' newspapers like all fury; so says I, I guess I'll do so tu—so I lit on a paper and stuck myself in a chair, and my feet on a table along with some pies and doughnuts, and I went to readin', I guess; a letlle the loudest they ever heard—read so loud, all the other fellers left the room—'spose they was lookin' over the papers, but could'nt read. Well, what do you suppose my eyes first lit on?

Em. I could not say!

Ebe. I rather guess you could'nt; I swanny, if it warn't a real genuine advertisement for a wife.

Em. An advertisement for a wife!

Ebe. Yes, right out and out; think says I, I never hearn of such a thing afore, in all my born days.

Em. Oh, it is a very common practice here.

Ebe. So a feller told me arterwards—he told me too, that regular courtin' was goin' out of fashion; well, thought I, I guess I won't let any feller get ahead of me, and I calculate I won't be out of fashion neither.

Em. Well, what did you do?

Ebe. What did I du? well, I guess I did'nt du much, but what I did du was something—I got a sheet of paper, a pen and some ink, and I writ out straight, that I wanted a wife tu.

Em. Impossible.

Ebe. 'Taint no such thing, I did, by golly—I paid a dollar and had it put in a paper, right off; that was yesterday, arter breakfast; I'm going down to get an answer.

Em. You do not expect any one will be foolish enough to answer it, or even notice it,

Ebe. Maybe I du though, I'll see her and if she don't please me, I can get another; I'll try you, kum, you have hearn say I 'spose it's most likely, that the proof of the pudding, is in chawing the bag.

Em. A very odd and vulgar adage. [*Aside.*] I'll play a trick upon this cousin, yet—come, let us into breakfast, it is waiting.

[EBENEZER *and* EMMA *exeunt*, R. H.

SCENE II.—*A chamber in* DIBBLE'S *house.*

Enter EMMA, R. H. *meeting* MARY, L. H.

Em. Oh, Mary, I'm so glad you have come—I want you to assist me in a little plot or intrigue of my own!

Mary. A love affair, I'll warrant.

Em. It is indeed, but a very harmless one, in which I am concerned.

Mary. Well, let me know in what way I cun assist you, and I am at your service.

Em. My cousin whom I have often mentioned to you, is now here, he has been in the city several days, during which time he has advertised for a wife. This is in strict confidence, now; he is shortly to go to the office for answers to his advertisement. Wishing to play him a trick, and having some interest at heart—I—I——

Mary. You have answered it!

Em. But that is not all—I have taken the liberty to use your number, in directing him where I could be found; there I will receive him, disguised, and win him, and not till he is fairly won, shall he know it is his cousin that has hoaxed him!

Mary. A very fair plot, my friend—and I will do my best to render you all the aid necessary; my house, you are perfectly at will to use, to carry out your designs.

Em. If such be the case, then, my fine cousin, it is hard if woman's wit does not play itself off to some advantage upon you.

Mary. But, how do you propose to effect your purpose?

Em. In this manner! Your husband is now absent, and will be for some time; I wish, when my cousin comes, (for come, I am sure he will) to represent myself as Mistress of the house, and you shall appear as my companion.

Mary. Very well conceived, indeed—but if you should fail to ensnare the gentle cousin?

Em. I have no fear of that; if we but act our parts well, we shall be sure to make a decided hit, for which our friends will applaud us.

Mary. Let the affair proceed rapidly; I have all a womans' curiosity for the issue. [*Exeunt* R. H.

SCENE III.—*A Street—a Placard on the side of the House—Fifty Dollars reward, &c.*

Enter LITTLE, L. H.

Lit. Well, if I make nothing out of this game, then I am altogether beyond my calculation! Ha! ha! ha! why should I not gull him; 'tis the way one half the world lives, by cheating the other half —Ha! what do I see—*fifty dollars reward—stolen from a jeweler's shop, a splendid gold watch, worth two hundred dollars;* I am very suspicious, that means me; I must be on the look out.

Enter two CONSTABLES, L. H. *exeunt* R. H.

Lit. [*Comes forward.*] They are after me, that's certain, but if they catch me, I dare say fifty one dollars will answer my safety—oh! money and villainy, you are the two great levers of the human heart; the poor rascal is sure to meet his just dues, while the rich one is at liberty to enact his villanies at his own pleasure.

[*Exit*, L. H.

Enter EBENEZER, R. H.

Ebe. Well, I swan to man, this is the tarnallest place—this ere New York. All sorts of folks here tu—niggers, a nation on 'em—foreigners by the bushel. Guess Europe are unpopulated, now—anyhow all come here to see New York. Well, I wonder if dad thinks what I'm dewing—guess he don't—and marm, tew, bless her old soul! wonder who she gives her warm milk tu, now? Howsomdever, I've got my portrait from old dad, and I guess I'll make it swing—if I don't, put me under a harrow! The first thing to be done is to introduce myself into society; I've lain a plan for that—I've advertised for a wife, 'cause I seed as how the practice is very common, and I don't want to be behind the age; besides, I'm naturally bashful, for I never seed a petticoat that did'nt make me blush. Hello! here comes my friend Little—a fustrate feller, he looks good natured—I guess that he has got some news of a wife for me; he was so clever to me, a stranger, that I let him into my secrets, right out; I did—he's a darnation slick chap, I know, 'cause he's so willin' to show me and tell me everything.

Lit. Well my covey, I wish you joy!

Ebe. Du you, though—now you don't say so.

Lit. I'm blowed if I don't!

Ebe. Show now; I say, you—any news about a wife;—have you been tu the office; is the advertisement answered?

Lit. Take care—take care—don't be in such a hurry, our New York girls won't like you so well for it.

Ebe. Shut up, du, I won't believe a word on it; I guess they like to have things done in a hurry, if they don't, they ain't like our down east gals.

Lit. Oh, that's a notion of yours. But now for the advertisements, there was one from a young widow.

Ebe. Damn young widows—I'm afeered on 'em!

Lit. I tore it up; there was one from a spinster.

Ebe. A spinster! don't know what that is—take it away!

Lit. I demolished it; there was one from a chambermaid!

Ebe. A chambermaid! I say, mister, that won't do; very suspicious; I don't like chambermaids.

Lit. I annihilated it.

Ebe. You what?

Lit. I annihilated it; destroyed it.

Ebe. Well, why did'nt you say so in the first on't: speak English, I can't bear French; I never liked the looks on't—that's why I would'nt have it, go on!

Lit. There was one from a girl, whose parents are unkind; making her home unhappy—she wishes for another.

Ebe. An unhappy gal—poor crittur. Well! what did you do with her note.

Lit. Here it is; shall I read it to you?

Ebe. Why, yes—that is, if it won't be asking too much!

Lit. Not at all—here it is. [*Reads letter, which he takes from his pocket.*] SIR:—Having read in the Sun, of yesterday, your advertisement for a wife, I am induced to answer it; present unhappiness is all that drives to me, to it, else would woman's natural timidity deter me from taking such a step; I am young, but twenty—am called handsome—am industrious, economical and not quarrelsome—could love a good husband, and am not fond of society. An interview can be had this afternoon, as my parents are now out of town. If you should conclude to call, you will find my number on the inclosed card!

Ebe. Is that all?

Lit. That is the conclusion.

Ebe. She's a screamer! a hull term and no mistake. Now, what's on the card?

Lit. Never mind that, at present—you must get yourself ready—she begins her name, Miss Angelica Pink.

Ebe. A real novel name, by gosh! Yes, I will get ready. Will you go with me? I'm awful skittish when I get among the gals; never kissed one but once in all my born days, and then I blushed so that my face burnt my shirt-collar clean off—if it didn't dig my turnips!

Lit. I dare say, a very backward youth. But you will do better now.

Ebe. I calculate I shall. Perhaps I may, but I feel a leetle sheepish, anyhow.

Lit. No doubt. But let us dispatch business; 'tis now half-past three; I will order a carriage directly. Meet me at the Star House in ten minutes; from thence you can go immediately to see the lady. [*Exit*, L. H.

Ebe. Oh Lord! I'm all in a prickly heat with perspiration! Tarnation! I guess when dad hears the news, he won't stare nor nothin', nor think I warn't born for no eend; I reckon Sal Snubbins will kind a wish she'd had me, arter all. Hello, here comes Mr. Little back; I wonder what it's for.

Enter LITTLE, L. H.

Lit. I say, Venture, my good fellow, I'm devilish short of money for a day or two; oblige me with the loan of ten dollars. I shall be in funds again soon, and will repay you.

Ebe. Oh, sartin. Maybe you don't want twenty? You can have it if you do; jest say so.

Lit. So much the better, my dear fellow; just make it twenty, though perhaps I shall not need it.

Ebe. Never mind that; here it is. [*Takes out his pocket-book.*] There's a five on the Steam Pill Bank; here's a five on the Magnetic

Bank; well now, there's a tu—that's twelve; there's a three, and here's a one; and there's a three on the Temperance Bank—that's nineteen. Let's see if I ain't got no change. There's half a dollar; here's a ninepence; here's fourpence-halfpenny; here's a pistereen, and another ninepence, and there's two cents. That's right, ain't it?

Lit. All right. Now; sir, consider me your friend. [*Shakes his hand.*] How very hot the day is!

Ebe. Not so darned hot, neither. Fust-rate weather to make hay; as for sweating, that's reckoned healthy down East, where I come from—Rockingham county, New Hampshire. Why, sir, I once drew a yoke of oxen one day when it was so hot they couldn't sweat, no-how—it dried up 'fore it come out. [*Exeunt,* L. H.

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in* MRS. MINDFULL'S (MARY'S) *House.*

Enter MARY *and* EMMA, R. H.

Em. Now I believe all is complete, and I expect him here every moment.

Mary. I am really interested in this affair, and hope it will end happily. [*Knock,* L. H.] Hark! did not some one knock? [*Knock again.*] Now draw your vail, and remember your character.

[*Exit* MARY, L. H.

Em. Well, the sought-for moment has come, and if my hopes are realized, I shall win my cousin's heart. He is rough and unpolished, 'tis true, but still he has good sense enough to adapt himself to the best society. [*Drops her vail.*

Re-enter MARY, *conducting* EBENEZER.

Mary. This is the lady, sir.

Ebe. Yes, I expect so. How de you do? how are you? [*To* MARY.] You may go. Don't want any more use on you. You may get out.

[*Exit* MARY, L. H.

Em. Do you wish to see me, sir?

Ebe. Yes—no—that is kinder—du you? that is—yes—du you ever read the Sun?

Em. Sometimes I do!

Ebe. You du! Well now, so do I, sometimes—don't believe half they say about pills and consumption medicines though; can't gum this are Yankee so, no how—although I must say, that steam *power* is almighty swift, I calculate—it beats lightning a leetle; comin' down the sound, the Cap'n seed a shower a risin', and the way it was a comin', warn't a circumstance. The passengers all got afeerd and some of the ladies fainted right out; I knowed what a time there would be, so I thought I'd be a general benefactor, so I went to the Cap'n and told him what I thought, and that he'd better put on steam; says he, that's jest the very thing I was going to do—with that he gave the order—the steam was put on, and in five minutes we had clean outstripped the storm, though it begun to sprinkle when we started. My dad once heern tell on steam, and he was so taken with it, that he gin' an order, right straight out, for a steam churn,

forty hoss power, and the way it would make butter, was a caution—and it was the most economical savinest machine, tu, as ever drew the breath of mortal life; why, if you'd believe me, it would make twenty pounds of butter from a gallon of sour milk.

Em. Astonishing!

Ebe. Greatly so—maybe you don't believe it.

Em. Certainly I do!

Ebe. Well, I thought so—look here, though I snore you've got a real slick smartish house here—hain't ye; 'taint your'n, I 'spose?

Em. No, my parents rent it.

Ebe. They do! well, now, I thought like enough; I say, you, whose picture is that are, what you got hanging up there? regular rum looking customer, ain't he?

Em. That is one of our ancestors.

Ebe. One of your aunt's sisters, dressed in man's clothes, I du declare—sociable old critter she must have been; did she ever take snuff?

Em. Snuff, sir?

Ebe. I guess so—look here now; maybe you don't know what I come here for.

Em. I must plead my ignorance of that.

Ebe. Well, now, I calculated as much—but I can tell you about as quick as anything, I guess; now I think jest as like as not you don't know who I be neither; well, as the world has got to hear from me, in some way or other, I may as well begin with you; I was born down East, in Rockingham County, New Hampshire, and that was about the first that was hearn of me. When I was born, uncle Zeb said of me—you know uncle Zeb—heern tell on him? get out; you have though? No! du tell. Look here, did you ever study jography and 'stronomy? never did? well, I thought so. Guess you ain't never read Thomas's Almanac? never did; well, I thought so! not know uncle Zeb! Well, if these New Yorkers ain't the most ignorantest nation of people ever I did see, then smash my onion bed—not know uncle Zeb, I du declare. Why, he raised the biggest turnip in his garden, ever did grow, not excepting any. Why, it was so big, nobody would'nt believe it was a turnip, and no livin' soul believes it to this day; it was so big, it took all the strength of the earth to bear it. Well, uncle Zeb said, when I was born, that he kinder reckoned, as near as he could make out, that Miss Natur had done her puttiest that time, any how. I guess she did tu; there was a thunder storm when I was born—I'll tell you what, if it didn't roar more than amazin', and all the folks said they never saw the like afore. I'm the youngest of seventeen children, all boys, except one, that's a gal, she's next to me, and the handsomest critter you ever set your eyes upon; folks say she and I look jest alike—the gals used to say, that I was proper handsome, but I never thought so; I never liked myself much, no how, some way or other. Well, my mother named me Ebenezer, that's my name, Ebenezer Venture, Esquire;—I was educated in school, the school marm always called me her little genus, but it didn't make me proud; my father was select man of the town, my

mother was President of the Benevolent Society, and Secretary of the Foreign Board of the Charitable Society at home; my aunt Nabby, she was a snorter—a screamer—she conducted the singers in the core of the meeting house, Sabbath days; as for me, I'm a team by myself, twenty oxen and a stallion; I come down to New York to see the place, and tell the folks a thing or two; I can play on the jews-harp, fiddle, fife, drum and bugle horn, the sweetest; I can dance anything, from the college hornpipe, to Jim Crow—I can read loud, sing, and sometimes make poetry.

Em. Make poetry and sing.

Ebe. I guess so—but like enough you don't believe me; Godfray Domano—goody gracious—du tell. Rot me, what du you wear that are pesky vail for? Here, I've been sittin' all the while and didn't notice it; come now, take it off—you tarnal critter you.

Em. That is impossible, at present. I am under a vow; three days must expire before I can remove it.

Ebe. A vow! Well, that does beat natur' all holler, by jingo! I suppose you know what I come for, so there's no harm in showin' me your face.

Em. Impossible. Some might think it was adopted to hide a deformity, but I can assure you such is not the case; on the contrary, I have been told that I am very handsome—but I love not flattery.

Ebe. Political destruction! where's the man that says you ain't handsome? Such pretty feet and hands, and neck, and sich a sweet voice, never can belong to an ugly face.

Em. Now you are disposed to flatter, sir.

Ebe. Dod rot it if I be, though There ain't nothin' in me but what is sincere. But if it ain't askin' a favor too much on a short acquaintance, I should like to ask you—could you—du you sing?

Em. Sometimes I sing a very little to please myself, but I have too poor an opinion of my vocal powers to attempt to amuse others.

Ebe. Get out, dew; you needn't be afeard on me; I'll be as quiet as a sucking lamb. Come, jest sing once.

Em. Well, then, since you insist, I suppose I must gratify you.

SONG.—EMMA.

Love comes not with the din of arms,
  In battle's thrilling hour,
Nor with the gaudy glow of wealth
  Is felt its mightiest power;
Nor in a glare of glorious fame,
  By wild ambition bought;
The haughtiest titles earth can give
  By love are heeded not.

But to the soul that spurns the earth,
  And heavenward loves to gaze,
Yearning for brighter, happier spheres,
  Love is no sudden blaze.

It spurns the aid of dazzling wealth,
Gold cannot tempt its truth;
Its life is like a fairy's dream
Of wild, enraptured youth.

Ebe. Fiddlers and jewsharps! if that are ain't music, then there's no snakes, that's all. Now I suppose its my turn next, so I'll sing you a song of my own making.

Em. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to hear you sing one of your own songs.

Ebe. You don't say so. Well, I guess I'll do it, so here goes. [*Sings.*] There, now, I guess that's a cute one, anyhow.

Em. I admire your song and singing much.

Ebe. You do! Well, I knowed it; and now there ain't only one thing in all human natur' to make me feel better than wheat at a dollar a bushel, and that is—I say, you, did you ever see this letter afore? [*Produces letter.*] Come now, say yes—now du.

Em. The letter is mine, sir. I presume that you are the gentleman that this morning advertised for a wife?

Ebe. I shouldn't wonder. I ruther suspect I am. Well, there ain't no use standin' on ceremony; so if you'll have me, I'll have you, and there's an eend on it. I want no other recommendation than yourself. I always judge by the physiognomy, when I can see it. So, is it a bargain—yes or no?

Em. Why, sir, I would rather have some time to consider upon it. You—that is, I am not quite prepared.

Ebe. Don't say a word about that. Come now, don't be squeamish; consent to be made Mrs. Venture; I'll consent to become your husband, that will be one of my first *ad*ventures—there will be lots after that, of course.

Em. If you insist upon it, I suppose I must, since I have been bold enough to answer your advertisement. You must consider, sir, that my situation alone drove me to this singular step.

Ebe. Don't mention it. I'm told it's quite fashionable in New York to advertise for wives, and that the old fashion of courtin' is goin' to be sacked; folks have got too much business to attend to this are age of improvements and general railroad extension, to 'tend to courtin'. But Jehu Christopher! if you only let me see them eyes—they shine, I know they du!

Em. The day previous to my marriage you shall behold my face, and if you do not approve of my looks, you can relinquish me.

Ebe. That's fair, by Hokey! I'll marry you to-morrow—if I don't, consarn me all over—with your permission. And now I'm going to my old uncle's, to tell the news, for I think jest as like as not wo'll be married there. You'll like 'em, I swirm. There's my cousin Em—pesky critter!—I guess you'll like her, tu. Told her all about it, so she knows what I'm up tu. I'm goin' right there now, and then I'm coming back arter you, and you must go there with me, and then—

Em. And then my vail shall be removed, and you can, if you please, withdraw your promise.

Ebe. If I do, I am a pandowdy etarnally; rip me tight, if I'd do any sich a thing—lands me, what hull acres of happiness in prospective. I could spatiate till there warn't nothin' left on me; I must go to uncles, right off, and on my way, maybe I won't buy nothin' for the comin' nuptials; I do wonder in all natur', if jinin' in the holy bands, tickles every body, as it does me? Stripes and stars!

[*Exit*, L. H.

Em. Well, the plot goes bravely on, much better than I could have hoped! I must hasten, and tell Mary of my success. What a laugh I shall have, at my poor cousin, bye-and-bye! No time is to be lost, for I must meet him again, at my fathers. [*Exit*, L. H.

SCENE V.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. DIBBLE, R. H.

Dib. So, my dear, this is a pretty story, that I hear about my nephews' advertising for a wife!

Mrs. D. Very well, my dear.

Dib. But, I tell you, it is not very well, Mrs. D.; I tell you it is not very well—what is Emma to do?

Mrs. D. Emma will do very well, much better than to marry such a stupid fellow; I am sure she is too good for him.

Dib. How dare you, Mrs. D.?

Mrs. D. How dare *you*, Mr. D.

Dib. Nonsense, my dear! nonsense! I insist upon seeing the girl, where is she? Here Emma! Emma! [*Going*, R. H.

Mrs. D. What is the matter with the man? Mr. Dibble! Mr. Dibble! Do you hear, Mr. Dibble?

Dib. Emma! Emma! My girl! [*Exit, calling* EMMA, R. H.

Mrs. D. Mr. D., will you listen to me?

Enter EBENEZER, L. H., *as* MRS. DIBBLE *exits.*

Ebe. Hello! tarnation rot me, what's the matter? Judas Iscariot! but, I guess the marriage pot's been bilin' over; well, thanks to my stars and worsted garters, as my old great grandmother used to say, when anything extraordinary came over, but, I guess I like to have got myself into a pooty pickle, with that are vandew feller in Chatham street. But, I guess I weren't born in the woods to be skeered by owls.

Enter EMMA, L. H.

Ebe. Oh, here you are, are you.

Em. Yes, cousin, I heard your voice, so I came to learn how you have succeeded with your advertisement.

Ebe. Capital, by golly, I've got a gal right out, and no mistake.

Em. You are sure there is no mistake?

Ebe. Conscience all sufficient! I don't want specs to see that.

Em. What color are her eyes?

Ebe. By the great Ichabod, they shined so bright that I could'nt fix on any particular color, but I calculate they was black as a young skunk's, if they warn't, they was most almighty blew.

Em. Has she handsome teeth?

Ebe. Had'nt she though, I always thought snow was white, but it ain't no circumstance, compared with her teeth!

Em. Will she marry you?

Ebe. Said she would, right off. I came back to tell you all about it, and I'm going right off to fetch her here, and Em, you musn't be jealous, cause there's no use, not a bit.

Em. You need not fear me, cousin, there is not a spark of jealousy in my composition; besides, I am very much inclined to think, that there is no occasion for it—for I don't believe half you say of her—I know she must be positively ugly, but make haste and bring her here, for I long to see her!

Ebe. To-morrow is the appointed time!

Em. Oh, no, let it be to-day—you can easily pursuade her, I know women better than you do—let it be to-day!

Ebe. Well, seein' it's you, I don't care if du—in the mean time, there's the key of my trunk; I want you to du a leetle fixin' to my things—I think, like enough you'll find a dirty dickey and a bosom there, that wants washing, and mind you put in lots of starch.

Em. All shall be as you wish.

Ebe. That's a good gal—I 'spose you know my trunk?

Em. I think I do.

Ebe. I thought likely—it's covered with horse hide; perhaps you don't know what hoss that are skin come off on—he was the darndest slickest, fastest hoss you ever did see, I tell you now; he could outrun and outjump anything this side of creation, I don't care where tother was, but he died one day—he got old and thin and weak, so darned weak, that he had'nt strength to lay down, no how—he used to have to lean against the barn, when he wanted to sleep, and dad used to pull his eyelids down, because he had'nt strength to shut 'em himself. Well, he was sleepin' so one day beside the barn, dad had just left him, when a big hoss fly—you've seen a hoss fly—well, a tarnal big hoss fly, see him takin' a nap and perhaps dreaming of happier days and future bliss, and he stung him right under the eye and the pain caused him to expire, without a groan. It was a kinder horrible thing to think on—but I believe after all, it was a blessin'.

Em. A blessing?

Ebe. Yes, a blessin'; he wouldn't never die.

Em. Never die?

Ebe. No, he was tu weak, tu far gone, tu die—he couldn't stood it out; we'd give him up; it was the opinion of the minister he hadn't strength enough to die. I used to tell dad he'd better borrow another horse to help him draw his last breath.

Em. He was certainly a most singular animal.

Ebe. Guess he was. Dad had him skinned, and put his carcase in the cornfield to scare the crows off.

Em To scare the crows off?

Ebe. Yes, I guess so; none on 'em wonldn't come near the cornfield arter that; they were taken by surprise. Wall, that are's his hide upon my trunk.

Em. You must consider such a curiosity very valuable. Ah! here comes my father.

Enter DIBBLE, R. H.

Dib. Oh! you are here, Emma, and you too, Mr. Ebenezer. So I hear you have taken upon yourself to advertise for a wife. Don't you think it a pretty business?

Ebe. Well, I like it pretty well, as far as I've tried it.

Dib. You do? This is my return for being so anxious to see you.

Ebe. Anxious! Well, that's what Elder Job Stone used to say to mother afore she 'sperienced religion. "Sister Charity," says he, "do you feel anxious to-night?"

Dib. I should be pleased, sir, to have you leave my house immediately; your company is burdensome, and your board an expense.

Ebe. Expense! Lor' me! don't put yourself out on my account, nohow; and as for expense, I can pay that.

Dib. I wish, sir, to see you move. Emma, come with me to your mother, girl. Nephew, good day. [*Exit*, R. H.

Em. Take no notice of this, cousin; he is in a pet at present. I shall not go near him, but take my hat and shawl, and make a short call on a friend of mine, till the storm blows over. Good by. Let me see you before you leave the city. I wish you all success with your intended. [*Exit*, L. H.

SCENE VI.—*A Parlor in* MRS. MINDFULL'S *House.* MARY *discovered at table*, C., *sewing.*

Enter EMMA, *hastily*, L. H.

Em. My friend, assist me quickly; take my hat and shawl. That's right; now help me to put on my vail. I had almost to fly, for my cousin is close upon my heels. [*Knocks*, L. H.] That is his knock. Now leave me, my friend; the servant will show him up.

Mary. This, I suppose, settles the question. Well, success attend you. [*Exit, with hat and shawl*, R. H,

Em. Now for the consummation of my plot. Hark! he approaches. [*Sits down and sews.*

Enter EBENEZER, L. H.

Ebe. How d'ye do? I s'pose you know what I came arter now?

Em. You've come, I suppose, to see me.

Ebe. You've guessed it, by golly. But I want you to marry me

right straight off, to-night; I want you to rig right straight off, and go with me to my uncle's. Yes, you will now—say yes.

Em It is rather sudden; but if you think it necessary, I see no cause for delay.

Ebe. Hurra! you're the gal for me! But, I say, how are you on for this world's blessin'?

Em. Blessings?

Ebe. Yes, blessin'; the rhino; the dust; that is what I mean—money.

Em. Ah, sir! I'm not possessed of much; one thousand dollars is the extent of my wealth.

Ebe. Du tell! I want to know! Well, I'm glad on it, 'cause I ain't huntin' for riches. I likes to make the gal I love rich myself—them's my notions.

Em. I respect your sentiments; and as a proof of it, I will go with you to your uncle's immediately, if you desire it, and there, before you all, will I raise the vail that conceals the mystery.

Ebe. Hurra! I feel as happy as two clams in the mud. Put on your bonnet—put on your things, and let us away before it is dark. Du you know what I'd like?

Em. Many things, I suppose—but what in particular?

Ebe. Hit me a dough, but if I wouldn't like to raise that are vail and have a peep at the two eyes that sparkle beneath it; and tarnation! I wouldn't mind havin' a smack or two at them cherry lips, that hide such pretty teeth, through which sometimes comes such musical sounds. It's jest like a man going to Paradise, and hearing the fiddlin' and dancin' inside: he wants to get in and can't; they won't let him go inside of the walls nor have a peep over.

Em. You must purchase the fruit before you taste it.

Ebe. Heavenly temptation! [*Exeunt*, L. H.

SCENE VII.—Mr. Dibble's *Parlor.*

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. Dibble, R. H.

Dib. Hark! some one is coming up stairs.

Enter Ebenezer *and* Emma, L. H.

Ebe. Well, uncle, I've come to say farewell to you before I leave this 'ere pesky city. I s'pose you ain't got no objections?

Dib. I have objections, sir. I told you, plainly enough to be understood, that I wished to see nothing more of you. Why are you here now, and who is your companion?

Ebe. This 'ere critter? Scrupulosity! but perhaps you ain't never seen her afore. But don't you profane her with your hard names, or may be, I calculate—

Dib. What language is that to me, sir? Leave the house, and take that baggage with you.

Mrs. D. Don't get into such a passion, my dear.

Dib. Will you leave this house, sir?

Ebe. Well, may be I will, when I once make up my mind; but I'd like to argee.

Dib. I want none of your argument, sir.

Ebe. That's jest what I come for. 'Tain't quite all, neither. You gin me a blowin' up because I advertised for a wife, and wouldn't marry Em. Now I had nothin' particular against Em, only it warn't to be, that's all, and what ain't to be won't be, so the minister says. I got a gal by advertisin', and here she is, by golly.

Dib. Well, sir, take her away—away with the hussy!

Ebe. Come now, don't bust your b'iler—'tain't no use; I shan't get out as soon as you expect.

Dib. But what are you here for? Why the devil don't you explain?

Ebe. That's jest what I'm goin' to do, if you'll give me time. This 'ere gal seed my advertisement, and she liked the looks on't, so she answered it; we met, hitched horses, and come here to show ourselves. I want to see the whole on you, Em and all, so you may as well call her at once. I want to show you that I know enough to get a wife, without other folks havin' a finger in the pie. Why don't you sing out for Em? I shan't budge an inch till I see her.

Dib. Call Emma, my dear; I believe it is the only way to get rid of him.

Mrs. D. Emma! Emma!

Ebe. [*To Emma.*] Wait till the critter comes, and then you can show yourself, she's proper anxious to see you, and I'm almost ready to jump out of my skin, to have a peep under that are pesky vail.

Mrs. D. Why does'nt the girl come?

Dib. Call her again.

Mrs. D. Emma! Emma! where are you?

Em. [*Throwing off her vail.*] Here I am, dear mother, do you want me?

Ebe. Amazin' constarnation!

Mr. and Mrs. D. Emma!

Ebe. Airthly wonders will never cease; well, I do want to know, is that you?

Dib. So, this has been a mask to deceive us?

Em. On my part, all a mask!

Dib. What! and is Ebenezer, then, a dupe too? Capital! capital!

Ebe. Well, I've heern uncle Zeb say it took a woman, but I never believed it, till now!

Mrs. D. But, why have you carried on this masquerade?

Em. Anon, I will explain all—father, will you forgive this deception?

Dib. Aye, that I will, my girl, and Ebenezer must forgive me too!

Ebe. Well, seein' as how I must, I 'spose I will!

Em. And will my cousin forgive me, and as a token of his forgiveness, accept my hand?

Ebe. Well, considerin' all things, I 'spose it's most likely I shall, but before we settle matters between us, I want to advise our friends here before us, if they want to procure the women of their suit, to announce it in the newspapers—the price of each advertisement, is, one insertion, one dollar—that's what the printer charged, and I swow it's cheap. Gals and fellers, if any of you are ready to cunnuberalize, and ain't got no partner, jest write out a notice. Them cute critturs, the printers will tell you, that advertisin' for eenmost anything, from a shoe-peg to a wife, is all the go, and settin' up late at nights a-courtin', is now out of fashion. If it ain't so, inquire at the Ledger Office.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CLXXIII.

VERMONT WOOL-DEALER.

A Farce, in One Act.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

Cast of the Characters.—[Vermont Wool-Dealer.]

	Cincinnati, 1844.	*St. Louis*, 1844.	*National, N. Y.*, 1847.	*Cincinnati, July*, 1844.
Deuteronomy Dutiful	Mr. C. Burke.	Mr. Marble.	Mr. C. Burke.	Mr. J. O. Sefton.
Mr. Waddle	Mr. C. S Porter.	Mr. Hickmott.	Mr. C. Taylor.	Mr. Prior.
Captain Oakley	Mr. C. Stone.	Mr. Wright.	Mr. Stafford.	Mr. J. Dunn.
Con Golumby	Mr. C. Van Camp.	Mr. Tuthill.	Mr. Shaw.	Mr. T. Saunders.
Bob	Mr. Sanders.	Mr. Sanders.	Mr. Hart.	Mr. Allen.
Slap	Mr. Rynar.	Mr. Smithson.	——	Mr. Grace.
Amanda	Mrs. Kore.	Miss Sylvia.	Miss Flynn.	Miss A. Silvia.
Betty	——	——	——	Miss Carnihan.

	Albany, 1852.	*Baltimore*, 1846.	*People's, St. Louis*, 1854.	*Louisville.*
Deuteronomy Dutiful	Mr. J. O. Sefton.	Mr. J. O. Sefton.	Yankee Pierce.	Mr. Silsbee
Mr. Waddle	Mr. Sprague.	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Graver.	——
Captain Oakley	Mr. Warwick.	Mr. Johnston.	Mr. Gobey.	——
Con Golumby	Mr. C. Cane.	Mr. Drawes.	Mr. Thorp.	Mr. Tom Booth.
Bob	Mr. D. Myron.	Mr. Lewis.	Mr. Jones.	Mr. Sanders.
Slap	Mr. Brink.	Mr. King.	Mr. Blake.	——
Amanda	Mrs. F. Drew.	Miss Thompson.	Mrs. Thorp.	Mrs. Walters.
Betty	Miss A. Wells.	Miss Allen.	Mrs. McIntosh.	

VERMONT WOOL-DEALER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hall in a hotel.*

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLEY *with* AMANDA *and* BETTY, *carrying bandboxes and portmanteau*, L. H.

Captain Oakley. Carry those things into the house, and provide separate apartments immediately.

Amanda. Take care of those bandboxes; don't crush them, for they are filled with perishable merchandise.

[*Exit* BETTY *with bandboxes, &c.*

Cap. Why, yes, bonnets and bouquets, flounces and flowers, ribbons and roses—perishable, indeed. Not only do the articles perish, but the fashion which gave them birth! As variable as the price of stock on a lady's heart.

Ama. If you mean my heart, I'm sure you have no cause to complain of inconstancy, for the impression made on it by you, Captain, has defied the tests of time and space.

Cap. Time and space?

Ama. 'Tis! time—fourteen hours; space—all the distance between this and Saratoga. Did I not treat with chilling coldness all the pretty fellows who were so civil to me during the passage? Did I not almost petrify your persevering friend from Vermont, as often as he addressed me?

Cap. My friend! you are in error; he is no friend of mine. He introduced himself to me, by inquiring who you were—your name—your residence—family—present object and future intention.

Ama. I'm sure I should be grateful for the interest he so eagerly manifests in my concerns. I'm sorry I lost the opportunity of thanking him.

Cap. I fancy you may have an opportunity of doing so still, for among other important items he informed me that he intended to establish his residence at this hotel.

Ama. I am glad of it, I like his quick humor, and his indomitable perseverance.

Enter SLAP *from house*, R. H.

Slap. An elderly gentleman is inquiring for you and the young lady, sir.

Ama. My father! Where is he?

Slap. He came in through the bar-room, ma'am.

Cap. Where is he now?

Slap. It necessarily follows that he is in the front parlor, up stairs.

Cap. Does it, then I suppose it necessarily follows that he wishes us to follow him there?

Slap. He signified his wishes to that effect!

Cap. He did? Now let me signify mine; you I take, are waiter here!

Slap. It does not necessarily follow, I am the bar-keeper.

Cap. Well then, Mr. Bar-keeper, you will be good enough to receive my instructions respecting dinner.—In the first place—

Waddle. [*Within house.*] Amanda! Amanda!

Ama. Oh! Lord! there's my father; he's impatient as usual; I must attend him, Captain you'll follow me.

[*Exit* AMANDA *into house.*

Cap. Follow you? through the world my dear! She is indeed a charming girl! charming in her person, charming in her manner, and charming in her circumstances. The latter inded are fifty thousand times more charming than the others, as I understand she has exactly that number of dollars at her own disposal, a sum that would just replenish my exchequer—for tailor's bills, tavern bills, wine bills, and billiard bills, have completely stripped me of bank bills.

Slap. It necessarily follows:

Cap. And if you should make such an impertinent remark again, I know another thing that would necessarily follow:

Slap. Might I be favored with a knowledge of it?

Cap. Oh! certainly! you shall know it feelingly and feel it knowingly, 'tis simply the application of this rattan to your shoulders.

Slap. Sir, if any gentleman should so far forget himself, as to inflict manual chastisement on my person, it would necessarily follow, that independent of the personal resistance he would experience—

Cap. Personal resistance, you villain? What do you mean by that?

Slap. I'm too polite to mention it, sir!

Cap. Oh! I presume you hold some rank in the militia service. Are you a Colonel? a major? a Captain? or a shoe-black?

Slap. No sir, I'm a bar-keeper, and in that capacity it necessarily follows, that I am waiting your orders.

Cap. Oh! sir, since you descend from your personal resistance, to the duties of your station, allow me to ask you what you can give me for dinner?

Con Golumby. [*Outside* R. H.] Two bootjacks.

Cap. Two bootjacks, rather an indigestible dish.

Slap. 'Tis our stupid Irish waiter, sir, answering the customers.

Enter CON GOLUMBY *from house* R.

Con. Now, sir, you have only to lift your legs, and the divil a boot you'll have on. [*Business with bootjack.*

Cap. A most summary proceeding, on my honor! pray sir, who gave you authority to clap me in the stocks in this manner?

Con. Wasn't it yourself that called for bootjack?

Cap. Bootjack, you scoundrel! Release my feet, or I'll kick you.

Con. Will you? Faith then if it's kicking your'e after, I've a notion your feet are safest, just where they are! [*Business.*

Cap. Why, you impudent Irish, bull headed—

[*Chases him round stage, till he meets* DUTIFUL, 1 E. L.

Enter DEUTERONOMY, L. H.—*A trunk on his shoulder.*—GOLUMBY *runs against him, overturning it.*

Deu. Hello! hello! What on earth's broke loose. You see that ere trunk?

Con. I do.

Deu. Maybe you'd like just to mention what you put it there for?

Con. The gentleman was presenting me wid the bootjack.

Deu. That ain't no reason you orter keel over my trunk. If there's any damage happened to the inside, you shall make it straight —you shall, now—mind I tell. There's a heap o' notions in thar, and some on 'em almighty tender.

Cap. Well, Paddy, you may thank this gentleman for your safty. Now, begone, sir.

Con. I can't without my instruments.

Cap. What do you call your instruments?

Con. My jack, sir, you may want them another time.

Cap. Take them, and be gone. [*Exit into house,* R. H

Con. [*To* DEUTERONOMY.] Have you anything to polish, sir.

Deu. Well, let's see if we can make a trade—what do you tax?

Con. Sixpence, sir.

Voice. [*Within,* R. H.] Golumby.

Con. Coming, sir. [*Exit* CON *into house,* R. H.

Deu. [*Getting on trunk.*] Lookee there, you, is your house full of lodgers. How'd you like to take me in?

Slap. Why, our house is so full that it necessarily follows—

Deu. What? oh, I see, you don't like to trust strangers—want the chinks, a week's board in advance—well, here's a dollar!

Slap. Now, 'tis obvious—

Deu. No 'taint—'tis genuine—rale spelter—aint no counterfeit about me.

Slap. But, sir we are so crowded—

Deu. Why that was pretty much the case aboard that consarned steamboat. There war'nt room enough for as many Nova Scotia her-

rings, packed and pickled as there was men aboard. We was piled up on the floor about four foot high, and a leetle thicker than sugar house molasses. When I first went down in the cabin I writ on one bunk with a piece of chalk "this birth is mine."—but another chap said it was hisen, and so I was choused out, and they put me into the pantry a top o' the coffee pots and gridirons. Somehow when I got asleep there was a fellow a layin' across my legs, and he snored so distressed loud that I was obliged to ram his head into a butter-firkin, when the butter began to melt it kind o' greased his nose, and he snored a good deal easier afterwards.

Slap. Well, sir, we'll endeavor to make room for you.

Deu. Half a dozen feathers will do for me if beds are scarse, jest to ease those sharp pints of my body that comes in contact with the floor—you needn't put yourself out more than a rod—I'll look out for number one.

Slap. Number one is occupied, but I'll squeeze you into some corner. [*Exit into house,* R. H.

Deu. Yes, and let's have suthin' to eat, for I'm as hungry as a juvenile hippopotamus, and as dry as a squash bed in April.

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLEY *from house,* R. H.

Cap. Waiter! oh, sir! you are here. Haven't I seen that impudent face of yours somewhere else?

Deu. You haven't seen it no where but in the front of my head.

Cap. Now, sir, I would say a word to you—during our passage down the river, I observed your leering at the young lady in my company in a manner which calls forth this remark. Should I observe any more such demonstrations of your regard I shall expect you to answer it to me.

Deu. Answer it to me? Why, what do you mean by that?

Cap. Why, sir, I shall take the liberty of calling you out.

Deu. Well, suppose I don't want to go out.

Cap. Then, sir, you know the alternative. I shall you post for a coward!

Deu. Oh, I understand what you mean—to challenge me. Hum, if the gal likes me, and I do believe she does, I shall court her the worst kind. I don't want to fall with you, Captain, cause I got great respect for military men—I was pretty near being made a major on myself once—but I shall court the gal—I wouldn't fight with you on no account hardly, but I shall court the gal—and I know I shouldn't like to be posted for a coward, but I shall set up late o' night with the gal.

Cap. You will?

Deu. Roll me into pig iron, if I don't

Cap. Then, sir, you know what will follow. [*Crosses to* L.

Deu. What will follow my courtin' the gal? Why marrying her, I suppose, and you can't surmise what'll follow that.

Cap. Well, sir, you shall hear from me. *Exit* L. H.

Deu. And let me, won't you? That chap will get some of his

sharp pints filed down, if he don't look out. I will court the gal. by grasshopper! 'Cause she's got $55,500, I hear, and 'cause she likes me, I do opine; and furthermore, I'll give that ere chap a chance to challenge me. I writ a letter to her on board that steamboat, makin' the awfulest love to her, but I don't know how I shall get it into her hands. [*Bell.*] That's for breakfast.

[*Exit very hastily into house.*

SCENE II.—*Chamber doors each side.—No.* 3 *over* R. D.—*No.* 2 *over* L. D.

Enter BOB, L. H., *meeting* GOLUMBY, R. H.

Bob. I say, Golumby, why ain't you down stairs at the breakfast table?

Con. Because I've had my breakfast.

Bob. Wall, now, is dat any reason 'cause you ain't goin' to wait on de gentlemen?

Con. Faith it is, for the devil a one of them waits upon me.

Bob. Well, now, listen to what I tells you; No. 5 wants his breakfast carried up to his room—No. 2 is sick, and wants catnip gruel—No. 3 wants brandy and water—No. 10 wants a bootjack, and No. 6 wants fresh towels.

Con. Which is the number that wants the brandy and water?

Bob. No. 3.

Con. I'll attend to that first—how many glasses?

Bob. Two.

Con. I'll call for three—there's luck in odd numbers. [*Going.*] No. 2 wants three glasses.

Bob. No—no—No. 3 wants two glasses.

Con. Don't bother, you'll put me out. No. 2—three glasses of brandy! I say Bob, here—sure you're as white as the general run of Africans, you're a dacent lad, cuffee, you are, do you step down to the bar now, and get the liquor, and Bob, tell Mr. Slap to send me a wee sup.

Bob. Tink he send him

Con. You disbelieving infidel, away with you, tell him that No. 2 wants three glasses of brandy, and I want one, tell him to charge 'em all to No. 2. Go, Bob, and we'll share the sureptious glass between us.

Bob. Mind you give me half. [*Exit* BOB, L. H.

Con. Bad luck to the drop you get, except you stale a mouthful as you're fetchin it up stairs, and if you're after doing that, I'll sue you for burglary.

Enter BOB *with salver containing* 3 *glasses of brandy, and pitcher of water*, L. H.

Bob. Here am dree glasses, Mr. Golumby, but massa Slap would'nt gib me one for you.

Con. It's a falsehood, you murdering Curthegenian, you, you have

drank the liquor—don't I see the lavins of it on the thick lips of you Get me another, or I'll tell the master of the robberies, you have committed, I will, you Asiatic African. [*Exit* Bob, L. H.
Now I'll carry these to No. 2, and hand them to the gentlemen.
[*Exit* Con Golumby *into No.* 2 L. H.

Ama. [*From within.*] Leave the room, you Irish brute.

Con. [*In No.* 2.] Oh! ma'am, I beg your pardon—I thought it was for you.

Enter Con *from No.* 2.

Con. I've made a mistake; there's a young lady in there, singing "Over the water to Charley," and she told me she did'nt want any brandy with the water, she called me an Irish brute, for interrupting her in her ditty—I like a ditty myself. [*Sings.*

Oh! there's not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

My bosom is not wide enough for water to mate in it, so by my father's son, I'll let the brandy mate the water. [*Mixes one glass.*] Och! how beautiful they amalgamate; see how, the pair of them are laughing—it's a pity they should ever be drowned, och! jewels, that tumbler's but a cold and hard lodging place for ye; faith I'll give ye a softer and warmer bed; my stomach come to my heart, ye blackguard. [*Drinks.*

Voice within. [R. H.] Con Golumby.

Con. The divil Con Golumby ye! ye've sent the brandy one way, and the water another—they've taken the wrong roads, too—for the liquors gone up my nose, and the water down my throat.

Voice again. [R. H.] Golumby.

Con. May the divil go a hunting with you, there's not half a glass. here. I'll make mine a little stronger and the gentleman's a little weaker, for surely their throats must be copper bottomed, if they can drink such stiff horns as these; so I'll just divide wid ye; fair play's a jewel, and so is the liquor—I've put too much water in this.
[*Mixes them.*

As Golumby *is drinking,* Deuteronomy *enters* L. H., *and walks up to him.*

Con. Are you No. 3?

Deu. No—be you?

Con. No, sir—but it is a touch of the cholera I'm having, and the doctors told me that I had a collapse, and to drink freely of the chloride of lime.

Deu. Do you belong to this house?

Con. No, sir, I am only hired.

Deu. What do you do?

Con. Sir?

Deu. What did they hire you for?

Con. Bokase I wanted a place.

Deu. Do you know where the boarders lodge ?

Con. Most of them lodge in their beds, I believe, except some that slapes out all night. If you've no particular business wid me, you'll plase not to be detaining me, but pay me for my services, and let me be taking the gintlemen their liquor.

Deu. Why, you haven't done me no service.

Con. No sarvice ? haven't I been talking to you till my mouth is as dry as—

Deu. Well, tell me, which room is the young lady in, who arrived this morning in the steamboat ?

Con. Does she sing over the water to Charley ?

Deu. Considerable likely she does.

Con. Does she call people names ?

Deu. Yes, when they've got any.

Con. Did she ever call you an Irish brute ? Oh ! you're not Irish, but how the devil did she find it out in me ? Maybe it was by the ginteelness of my deportment. Och, you should have seen the grace with which I handed her the liquor. "Ma'am," says I, "you called for three glasses of brandy, here they are—mix them to your own palate." "Get out, you Irish brute !" says she. But I must get No. 3, maybe the gentleman may be wanting the same. [*Exit* R.

Deu. See here, stop. Where's the room where the young lady is ?

Con. In No. 2.

Deu. Where is No. 2 ?

Con. Behind ye.

Deu. Is she there now ?

Con. Unless she's gone over the water to Charley. [*Going* R.

Deu. Here, Irisher !

Con. Sir ?

Deu. Can't you carry this letter to the girl that lives in that room ? I'll give you sixpence.

Con. Sixpence ? Will you be waiting till I carry this to No. 3 ?

Deu. Why, if you should meet anybody else on the road, I guess I shan't see you again to-day.

Con. Och, do you suppose I'd neglect your business, and when there's a letter to carry and sixpence to airn ? Give me the letter. [*Takes letter.*] I'll be wid you immediately.

[*Exit* GOLUMBY *into No.* 3, R. H.

Enter BOB, *with breakfast things* L. H.

Deu. Hello, you Ethiopian, where are you goin' to take that victuals to ?

Bob. Why, I take 'em to the young lady in No. 2.

Deu. Well, see her, just tell her that I want to see her on business.

Bob. I tell her. [*Exit* BOB *into No.* 2—*re-enters and exits.*

Deu. That are fellow's hide is as full of rum as a pine knot is full of gum; he ain't white, no way you can fix it, unless you turn his skin inside out, and then I reckon it would be flesh color.

Enter GOLUMBY, *with coal-scuttle*, R. H.

Con. I'm a-going to take this fire-wood into No. 18, and then I'll deliver your letter. [*Exit*, L. H.

Enter AMANDA, L. D. F.

Ama. A man want to speak to me? Where is he? Sir, I understand—

Deu. [*Nodding from corner.*] How du you du? Miss Amanda, I calculate?

Ama. Oh! Mr. Dutiful, I believe?

Deu. Deuteronomy Dutiful, ma'am. How hev you been?

Ama. Well, thank you. You wish, probably, to see my father? You'll find him below. Good morning, sir. [AMANDA *is about to go.*

Deu. Stop, look here; what's your hurry? I want to talk to you; I got suthin' peticklerto say to you. Set down, won't you?

Ama. Certainly, sir. [*They sit. A pause.*] I'm all impatience for your communications, sir.

Deu. What's the price of wool?

Ama. Wool, sir? Why, really, you should know more of the article than I.

Deu. Wool! well, I do feel a little sheepish; but you see I come down to York to sell wool, and just thought you might know the price of it. You know I came down in the steamboat along with you.

Ama. Yes, sir, I remember.

Deu. That journey cost me considerable. I say, how did you sleep on board of that 'ere steamboat?

Ama. Sleep! very well, sir.

Deu. I didn't. They told me I might have the third of a bunk, but a fat man got in first—

Ama. And is this your sole business with me?

Deu. Oh! now I was only just tellin' you. [*Ruffle shirt,*] That chap that came down in your company, you know, from Saratoga—he's a captain, ain't he? I like military men. I came pretty near being made a major on once myself, but when the court of examination axed me how I could effect a retreat, I answered right out that the only way I ever heard of anybody's retreating was movin' backwards. Now whenever you want to be made a major on—

Ama. [*Rising.*] Sir, as I've no pretensions to that office, I beg you'll spare me the recital of the causes of your failure.

Deu. Well, don't get into a blaze about it. I want to talk to you about the captain.

Ama. Well, sir, what about the captain?

Deu. Why, he talked suthin' about calling me out.

Ama. Calling you out, sir?

Deu. He said if ever I dared to speak another word to you, I'd hev to fight him, and so I'm resolved to hev a long talk with you to begin with.

Ama. Oh, sir! for heaven's sake, don't think of fighting.

Deu. I don't think nothin' about it, because I don't think the captain's got any notion on't. [*A pause.*] Be you engaged?

[*Business with gloves, brooch and watch.*

Ama. Sir!

Deu. Are you engaged to be married?

Ama. Married? No, sir. Why do you ask?

Deu. 'Cause I'll marry you myself.

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLEY, R. H.

Cap. The devil you will, sir. I am your humble servant.

Deu. Are you?

Cap. So, madam, this is the manner in which you trifle with my feelings?

Ama. Captain Oakley will understand that I can give no reply to such remarks, and that if he will intrude himself into the presence of a lady in so abrupt and ungentlemanly a manner, he can excite no other feelings than those of contempt. [*Exit*, L. D.

Deu. I guess you feel kinder streaked—ha! ha! ha!

Cap. Villain! I demand immediate satisfaction.

Deu. No, do you?

Cap. I presume you are a gentleman?

Deu. Presume I be.

Cap. Enough, sir; I'll chastise you instantly.

Deu. Chastise!

Enter WADDLE, *pulling on* GOLUMBY, L. H.

Con. Och! if your honor plase to believe me, I'm the innocentest man!

Wad. Don't talk to me, you scoundrel!

Con. But if your honor would listen to m—

Wad. I'll not listen to you! Which is the man? You, sir, [*to* DEUTERONOMY,] what's your name?

Deu. Umph!

Wad. [*Violently.*] What's your name, sir?

Deu. Wall, you needn't get in a fever about it. Why, you look out of your eyes like a catfish with cholic. Don't approximate you bombastical rotundity to me.

Wad. Is your name—pshaw—the divil!

Deu. No, that ain't it.

Wad. This letter sir—did you write this letter! [*Shows it.*

Deu. Pretty good hand—that P. has got a swingin' tail.

Wad. Damn the P's tail, did you write the letter?

Deu. Why it does look considerable like my hand.

Wad. No trifling sir—how dare you address a letter to my daughter?

Deu. You got a daughter?

Wad. How dare you write a letter, and above all, such a letter to any member of my family?

Deu. You got any members to your family.

[BETTY *appears at door of No.* 2, *business watching.*

Wad. I demand satisfaction sir—Captain Oakley, you will be good enough to act as my fried on this occasion and arrange preliminaries.
[*Exit* WADDLE, L. H.

Cap. I, sir, am the first claimant on your attention. [*Crosses* L.] So you shall hear from me instantly. [*Exit* CAPTAIN OAKLEY L. H.
[*Exit* BETTY *into room, No.* 2.

Con. They'll shoot you betwixt 'em. The last one is a desperate character; if he should miss you the old one will plug you! Have you got no one to back you?

Deu. No—but I've got two to front me.

Con. You may depend on me, 'twas me that got you into this hobble! The letter you gave me for the young lady, I put into the coal-scuttle for safe keeping, till such a time as I could deliver it, when the ould gentleman himself called for coal, and I, not thinking that the letter was amongst it, pitched it down by the side of the grate, and out flew the letter, and the ould thafe picked it up—I told him it wasn't for him, but his daughter—damn his maneness he opened and read it, then he picked up a chunk of coal, and bad luck to him, he struck me on the head wid it—the devil choke the ould murderer! och it's laughin' ye are, wid two deaths starin' you in the face; I like you, by the hill of Hoath I like you! I'll be your bottle holder—let 'em come on, we'll whop the pair of 'em—hillo hoo! hoo!

Deu. Where's the place they go to fight?

Con. I believe they call it Hobuken.

Deu. Where's Hubuken.

Con. Over the water to Charley—I mean it's beyond there, fornenst the city.

Enter SLAP, *with card, which he gives* DEUTERONOMY, *who reads it.*

Deu. That's as clear as flour starch; you hev'nt got a gun or nothin', hev you—I must get a shootin' iron of some sort.

Enter BETTY B. F. L. H.

Bet. Massa Deuteronomy, Missus like to see you a few minutes, 'spose you at leisure.

Deu. Tell her I'm goin' to fight a duel or two, and if I get back any way hullsome, I'll come.

Con. And I'm the second.

Bet. Missus says she want to see you tickler business immediately.

Deu. Twelve o'clock this chap says; why it only wants a quarter of that now—what an almighty hurry he's in, but the lady must be attended to first by all means; Golumby do you go over to Hubuken and tell them I'll be thar in about an hour at farthest.

Con. I can't leave the house, here's the major—maybe he'll go.

Enter BOB, L. H. *with a glass of brandy.*

Deu. Here blackee, I'll give you two shillins' if you'll go over to

Hubuken, and tell a gentleman you'll find waitin' thar for me, I'll be thar in an hour.

Bob. Two shillings—where are dey ?

Deu. But, I say, won't you take one and ten pence ?

Bob. Yes massa, I'll go.

Con. Give me my cruisken !

Bob. Let me taste him first.

[*Drinks all, gives empty glass to* GOLUMBY, *who kicks him off*, L. H.

Con. Bad manners to you—may the divil go wid you and a drum, and then you'll want neither company nor music.

Bet. Now you come to Missus, sir !

Enter AMANDA, D. F. L.

Ama. Betty, what has detained you. [*Down* R.] Have you delivered my message! oh, here is the gentleman. I beg pardon for the liberty I have teken, but I perceive you are not alone ?

Deu. Oh, yes, I am particularly alone, except the Irishman, you and the nigger. Golumby, carry that gold.colored lump of humanity into the cellar.

Con. Faith will I.

Bet. Why, you drunken wretch, touch me, I wool you !

Ama. Let Betty remain.

Con. [*Going.*] Och, if you should find them both one too many for you, whistle, and I'll come to your assistance.

[*Exit* GOLUMBY, L. H. *Exit* BETTY *into No.* 2.

Ama. I have just learnt from Betty, with alarm, that you have been challenged, both by my father and Captain Oakley, and I have sought this interview to entreat you to forego any intentions you may have entertained of answering them.

Deu. Let down, won't you ? Why should'nt I answer them ?

Ama. Oh, sir, can you coolly ask me why ? Will not your meeting either of them in all probability cause bloodshed ?

Deu. Conglomerate the fools ! What made them challenge me then ?

Ama. Oh, sir, be generous—do not sacrifice to a false notion of honor—lives so dear to me ! My father's life—my lover's—I mean your own, sir !

Deu. The hevens ! my life ! By scrumsky ! she's in love with me —I kwow'd it all along. How could she help it ? Well Miss Amanda, since I have riz the muscles of your heart !

Ama. Done what, sir ?

Deu. Roused the ramifications of your rampant sensibilities, ma'am.

Ama. Upon my life, sir I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning.

Deu. Why, in plain words, then, since I've been lucky enough to rouse up your sanguine sensations—since I found out you love me as you do—

Ama. Love you, sir ?

Deu. Need't blush 'bout it—'cause I respect your feelings—chop me into live oak fence rails, if I don't.

Ama. Sir, you have strongly misconceived; I only—

Deu. Yes I know you did'nt like to speak of it plain outright, at first, but you flew round and round the subject like a chicken-hawk, but you folded up your wings—pinted your bill—and darted down, slap-dash on me at last! Well, Miss Mandy, since things have gone so far between us, and my life is so precious to you, why, I'll not answer the challenge, but will content myself with lickin' that old captain like smoke, for sendin' it.

Ama. Oh, no sir, do not molest him—'twill cause further danger—for my sake don't!

Deu. Well, I won't for your sake. Hokey! for your sake, I'd do anything on airth—I'd almost swear never to eat no more clam chowder! On one condition, though—that we bring our business immediately to the conclusion that it must eventually arrive at. I'm every way a match for you—my family is good, none better in Vermont. My grandfather was one of the first settlers in our part of the country—bought up pretty nighly one third of the hull country. He was sent to our State Legislature—old Michael Dutiful—you must a'heern on him—he was my grandfather. Well, Mike, he married old Squire Holliday Harrindon's daughter, Harrietta, as like a gal as ever drove a pair of oxen, so they say that seed her when she was young and spry, but when I seed her, her face was furrowed like a new plowed cornfield. She had only one eye and two teeth, or two eyes and one tooth, I don't know which, but Harriet brought suthin' considerable to the old man when he married her; she had an all-sufficient quantity of quilts and blankets—in fine, I hearn say she warn't short of body clothes, nyther.

Ama. I haven't a doubt of the respectability of your family, sir, but to return to the subject of our conversation.

Deu. Oh, yes, certainly—return to our marriage, you mean. Well, you see, I haven't got time to make a long courtship of it, because my business is all out o' kilter, and has to go on in Vermont without me; besides, this seems to be a pretty dear tavern, and you know every dollar I spend in staying here courting you, is so much out of your pocket after I marry you, for I swan, if you don't marry me right away, I'll charge the extras to you—I will—honor bright.

Ama. Marry you, sir? You surely jest, ha, ha, ha!

Deu. Jest! you been jesting with me all this time? [*Rises.*] Then I've no more time to waste with you, for I must go and blow them ere fellows to the land of nod. [*Going.*

Ama. Stay, sir. [*Aside.*] How shall I prevent this duel? I have it. I'll practice a little innocent deception on my impudent friend here; it will at least gain time, and that may prevent the mischief. You are very hasty in your determination, Mr. Dutiful. Do you ever hope to obtain a wife, if you take her first refusal as decisive?

Deu. Eh! oh! Ay, ay; it's well you spoke, or I should have been off like a long-nine at the end of a port-fire. Such matches as I am are not to be 'lighted on every day. Well, now, as we have agreed

the thing shall be done, let's have it done as quickly as possible; we'll run away to-night.

Ama. Oh, Mr. Dutiful! impossible, to-night. Really, it cannot be accomplished; my father is so vigilant, and the captain so suspicious, we should be detected. My father's chamber is so immediately between mine and the street, that I could never pass it unobserved. However, a plan has struck me—but I fear you will think me forward.

Deu. Never, unless you go backwards. What is your plan?

Ama. I might disguise myself in my servant maid's clothes, and so pass without suspicion.

Deu. What, put on that mulatto gal's clothes? That will do, all but the face not being the same color.

Ama. A vail thrown over it would prevent the color being seen.

Deu. Swampy! that's true. I'll have a coach at the next corner; I'll come here to escort you to it, and then, Heliogabulous! we'll drive to the parson's and get grafted.

Ama. We had better perhaps fix eight o'clock for the expedition. When the clock tolls the hour, knock at my door, softly, and on the wings of love fly with your prize.

Deu. The wings of love wouldn't carry us far, but the wheels of the coach shall roll us to the parson's. Well, rather guess I've made some marks on her heart. She's almighty rich, and she can talk like a hornet in a buckwheat patch. [*Exit* AMANDA.

Enter CON GOLUMBY, *with a bottle—endeavors to conceal it from* DEUTERONOMY.

Con. Are you safe? The divil take me but I was afeard the young woman would play some trick upon you. She has the divil's own look out of her eye.

Deu. Then I shall marry the divil's tricks, her eyes and herself with them, for I'm going to marry her this night.

Con. That's cool.

Deu. I want you to help me.

Con. To marry her? I don't belong to the clargy.

Deu. No, guess I'll make out to marry her without your help—all I want of you is to help me to get her out of the house.

Con. To run away wid her. Oh, shame! I never run away wid a young woman since my father run away wid my mother.

Deu. If we get along pretty sharp in this business, I shall take her to Varmont. You see I'm a wool-dealer, and I sell notions o' all sorts by hullsale.

Con. I like wholesale stores.

Deu. I shall want a man to qualify my liquors.

Con. I'll qualify liquors, by the wholesale, with any man.

Deu. Well, I want you to keep watch till I return here with a hack at eight o'clock—it wants a few minutes of it now—and when I appear at the end of the passage, you tap at the door No. 2, and say, "All's ready;" then the young lady will come out, dressed in Betty the yel-

low gal's clothes; you hand her to me, and we'll drive off together like Jehu.

Con. You've the devil's own cunning. She'll be disguised in the mulatto gal's clothes?

Deu. Now I s'pose that captain chap is waitin' for me. Well, may be we'll have time enough to get over to Hubbuken and put him out of his misery afore eight o'clock. No, I'll marry the gal first, and then, if he sends me a challenge, I'll squeeze him till he ain't got no more wind in him than there is in the gizzard of a snappin' turtle.

[*Exit. Darken stage gradually.*

Con. [*Drinking and singing.*]

Oh! the oily Irishoun
It's down my throat is going;
It warms the very blood of my heart;
It's like water to a mill,
Or to a pig its swill,
Or grease to the wheels of a cart.

Enter BETTY, D. F. L. H.

Bet. Massa Golumby, missus send me to tell you you mustn't make such a noise.

Con. My singing disturb a lady, aveneen! Out of that, you squaw papoose! [*Sings, introducing song. Exit* BETTY, D. F. L. H.

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLEY *and* WADDLE, L. H.

Wad. Well, sir, but having given the business into your hands, it behooved you to forward it. You undertook the conduct of the affair and therefore should have brought it to an issue.

Cap. But, sir, you will not hear me—if you reflect a moment, you must remember that I did not engage myself on your behalf; on the contrary, the same rascally Yankee had undergone my challenge before he had insulted you. The cowardly knave has deceived us both—instead of meeting me, he sent a negro to excuse him; I thought the fellow was a gentleman.

Con. [*Sings.*]

Let the Dutchman bolt his schnapps,
'Till his eyelids do callapse.

Wad. Silence, fool!

Con. Faith, if you knew all, 'twould be soon seen which is the fool. If I am a fool, my folly is confined to myself, but your hallucination is shared equally by yourself and daughter.

Wad. My hallucination! and shared by my daughter, you impertinent bootjack, what do you mean?

Con. I mean that your daughter is going to run away wid a Yankee man this very night, at eight o'clock—ha! ha! ha! Now then, which of us is the fool? [*Recollects himself.*] By St. Patrick, I've let the cat out of the bag—oh! I'll be kilt.

Wad. What do you say? my daughter running away with a man? how? when? what for? what man?

Cap. A Yankee? I'll annhilate the villain—speak! what are their plans?

Con. I'm bound not to tell—honor—

Wad. Here! [*Gives money to* GOLUMBY.] How is my daughter to escape from the house?

Cap. Speak the truth, [*Gives money*] and instantly.

Con. The cherrybims could'nt concale the truth, under all the circumstances. [*Looks at money.*] Your daughter is to change her garments with the yallow gall, and pass out with the Yankee as Betty, with a vail over her face.

Wad. We'll prevent it and detect the undutiful jade in the very act of elopement—I'll then secure her under lock and key, until we leave this city, this hot bed of intrigues; at eight o'clock, you say—'tis now the time. My young friend, dispose yourself near the door, and when she appears instantly, seize her—do *you*, remain where you are—sir, I'll prevent your giving assistance to the intrigueing parties.

Deu. [*Re-enter.*] I've got the coach at the next corner; now if that Irisher is any way spry, there won't be no trouble 'bout it—Golumby!

Con. I'm here. [*Business.*

Wad. Silence you villain.

Con. [*Starts to go—they stop him.*]

Cap. Hush!

Deu. Is all fixed?

Con. I'm fixed.

Enter BETTY *and* AMANDA, S. H. D. BETTY *vailed.*

Ama. Betty, my cloak you say is in the parlor; go and get it. [*Exit* AMANDA, L. H. D.

Deu. There she is, sure enough—upwards of a few voices sounding somewhere along here.

Wad. A trick to blind any one who may be listening. She comes. [*Business. Steals towards* BETTY, *seizes her.*

[BETTY *advances*, R. H. WADDLE *and* CAPTAIN *seize her, she screams.*

Deu. Don't you holler or you'll wake up the wrong passenger.

Wad. Lights there! lights! So madam, you are caught pretty innocent. [*Lights up as* SLAP *comes on.*

Enter SLAP, *with lighted candle*, L. H.

Cap. Why, this is not your daughter, sir!

Wad. Eh!

Deu. Why, it's the saffron colored nigger, you got hold on in the dark—why old man at your time of life.

Wad. Then this fellow has been telling a falsehood all the time—how dare you say my daughter was disguised as this girl?

Con. I tould the truth; that's the young lady disguised.

Deu. I swow, maybe she's soaked her face in a pitch pine gum.

Enter BOB.

Oh, no, here comes the rale white feminine specious herself. Come along, my productive aboriginal! Golumby, hold on to the old man.

Slap. Hold, madam. [*Takes vail off* Bob.] What, Bob—ha!

Con. It's the nager boy!

Deu. I'm rather flummixed.

Enter Amanda, L. H. D.

Ama. What means all this noise?

Wad. Amanda, you have come in good time to join in the laugh against the gay seducer. How dare you presume to write letters to my daughter, and then attempt a shallow stratagem to elope with her?

Cap. A cowardly scoundrel, who accepted a challenge, not having courage to answer it.

Deu. I'll whip the hull boodle of you at once. [*Skipping.*] Make me mad, and I'll lick a thunder-storm!

Con. So can I.

Deu. Want to use fire weapons, I'll fight you with rifles loaded to the muzzles with three cornered slugs, and rammed into each other. Get my Ebenezer riz, and you'd think somebody was a blowin' rocks! I've the almightiest notion to pick up this awful nigger and knock out somebody's brains with his shin! [*Walks the Stage.*

Con. So have I too.

Deu. Git my dander up, and you'd think it was the Cape Cod sea sarpant in convulsions.

Con. Yes, we're all in convulsions. [*Hiccups.*

Ama. [*Advances to* Deuteronomy.] What's the price of wool, sir?

Deu. It's riz considerable—black in perticklar.

Cap. What says the lovely Amanda to my suit?

Deu. I'll sell you a woolen suit, cheap.

Ama. Captain, my father consenting, there's my hand.

Deu. You she catamount, didn't you promise to cut stick along with me?

Ama. Do what, sir? I made use of your vanity to punish his jealousy. I have no doubt you have left a score of sighing damsels—victims to their passions for you, in Vermont. Oh, you look like an American Blue Beard!

Deu. Blue Beard? So you thought you'd give me an American Black Beard? Don't you think, Miss Mandy, that you've used me a leetle damned scurvy?

Ama. Perhaps your disappointment has been a little greater than you deserve, but forgive me, sir, this time, and I give you my word never to promise to elope with you again.

Deu. I reckon I shan't come swooping round you any more. You're going to marry her, captain—to prove I can laugh at a joke, though at my own expense, I'll stand the champagne to-night, till all's blue again. I bought six baskets everlastin' cheap, and it's the shockinest nice liquor ever you masticated, and having completed my sales in wool, I shall depart for hum to-morrow, trusting that some amusement has been derived by friends from the visit to New York of the Vermont Wool-Dealer.

THE END.

6

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No CLXX.

HIRAM HIREOUT;

OR,

FOLLOWED BY FORTUNE.

A Farce, in One Act.

BY H. J. CONWAY, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

Cast of the Characters.—[Hiram Hireout.]

Chicago, 1852.

Hiram Hireout, (Followed by Fortune,).....Mr. McVicker.
Doctor Iodyne, (Trying to keep a Fortune,).....Mr. Archer.
Washington Jackson Iodyne, (to be Married to a Fortune,).....Mr. Wilson.
Harry Rocket, (does Marry a Fortune,).....Mr. Warwick.
Horatius Rare, (Tries to Cheat Fortune,).....Mr. Myers.
Teddy Malone, (a Son of Misfortune,).....Mr. Parker.
Parson, (don't speak,).....

Miss Penelope Iodyne, (without much Fortune,).....Mrs. Lilbert.
Emily Richly, (with $20,000 Fortune,).....Mrs. McVicker.
Hannah, (in hopes of better Fortune,).....Mrs. Rice.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Center.* L. C. *Left Center.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Center Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

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

HIRAM HIREOUT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DOCTOR'S *House.—Table set, with supper for two.*—DOCTOR IODYNE *and* MISS PENELOPE *discovered at table.*

Doctor. Sister! sister! sister! you'll drive me mad. I know that young scapegrace, Harry Rocket, is after my ward, and you wish to make me believe you are the object of his adoration. If I wasn't so angry I could laugh at your folly. Pooh! pooh! pish!

Miss Penelope. Laugh at *my folly!* Brother! brother! rather repine at your own want of penetration. I really am ashamed of your exposing your ignorance of the world. One way or the other, I will force you to confess yourself wrong. If, as you will persist in affirming, your plan of treating your ward, Miss Emily, as a child, has succeeded in convincing her she is one, and everybody else, how do you reconcile what you foolishly assert, that Mr. Rocket (a young man of his experience, too) has fallen in love with her, a perfect child? How do you reconcile these contradictory opinions?

Doct. Pooh! pooh! pish! How do I reconcile these ideas? How can any man reconcile impossibilities? and yet does not this infernal thing they call love do it? You know as well as myself, sister, that Emily is no longer a child, but will be to night eighteen years old, and by her father's will is to be considered of age, and although my plan is an excellent one, and has so far succeeded to my wish (for she has not the slightest idea she will so soon be qualified to take possession of her fortune), if this infernal Mr. Harry Rocket (I wish he were a sky-rocket, and would go off) had not been encouraged by you to visit here, I have no doubt I might keep her ignorant of her age, until my son, Washington, was old enough to marry her, and keep the fortune in the family. But now, although she denies it, I am convinced this young jackanapes has been making love to her, and this all comes through your folly. A woman of your age having danglers after you! pooh! pooh! pish!

Miss P. I do not understand you, sir. A woman of my age, indeed! My age! Thank heaven, men of a certain age think differ-

ently. And as for danglers, as you vulgarly term the poor young men who cannot help seeing with other eyes than yours, brother, and choose to tell me so, I shall encourage or discourage them, as I see fit, as my maiden modesty dictates.

Doct. Right, sister, right! I applaud you. Act according to the dictates of your maiden modesty. I'm sure if age begets experience, and is capable of giving advice, your maiden modesty may well dictate; for 'pon my soul it's old enough. Pooh! pooh! pish! Maiden modesty! a maiden fiddlestick! But do as you please, sister. I shall also act as my mature wisdom dictates, and prevent any of the sparks who wish to get the blind side of you, and whom you foolishly choose to encourage, from having any intercourse with my ward. Pooh! pooh! pish! Don't tell me. I know the world.

Miss P. [*Bridling during his speech.*] And if you do know the world, brother, I am sorry you profit so little by your knowledge, as to use such language to the delicate and susceptible ears of a sensitive female. Get the blind side of me, indeed! Believe me, both my eyes are open, and I hope to use them in such a way as will relieve you of my presence, and keep them open to conduct an establishment of my own. Blind side of me, indeed. [*Exit*, R. H.

Doct. Pooh! pooh! pish! If you want to make a fool of yourself, go and make a fool of yourself. Who the devil hinders you? But remember, an old fool is the worst kind of fool! "The delicate and susceptible ears of a sensitive female!" Curse me if I don't believe she has been studying the dictionary for appropriate words for a *young* lady to use when first under the influence of the *tender passion.* Ha! ha! ha! Whoever is foolhardy enough to marry you must have a pretty *tough* passion, and a strong imagination to think he passes a honeymoon! [*Rings bell several times.*] Where the devil can that fellow, Hiram, be? [*Rings.*] Curse the fellow!

[*Rings very loud.*

Enter HIRAM, L. H.

Hiram. Well, what is't?

Doct. Am I to ring here all night?

Hir. Well, I reckon you are boss here, and can do just as you're a mind to.

Doct. Pooh, pooh, pish! I say am I to ring the bell fifty times for you?

Hir. Ring the bell fifty times *for me?* If it's my work I understand it. I want to know if you hired me to ring the bell?

Doct. Hiram, don't put me in a passion. I want to know how many times I am to ring the bell for you, before you attend to it?—that's plain, ain't it?

Hir. Well, squire, I guess it won't want much cyphering, but I want to know what in all natur, I'm to ring that bell for?

Doct. Pooh, pooh, pish! Hiram, yon have been recommended to me, as a smart, cute lad, one that would just suit my purpose, and I have no doubt you will. However, you don't exactly comprehend

me at present. It is customary when a bell is rung, to answer it immeadiately.

Hir. Answer the bell? Du tell! Well, let the bell put a question to me—reckon I shan't flummax, no how.

Doct. [*Aside.*] Now is this stupidity or impertinence? Understand me—answering a bell, means to come to the person who rings it, and hear what that person has to say.

Hir. Du tell! Well, then, it means a darned sight more than it says—but I'm on hand, squire.

Doct. I already told you partly what I wished you to do. Remember, no person must pass in or out of this house without your seeing them—any one that calls to see my sister—you know—Miss Penelope?

Hir. What, that ere dried up, yaller-lookin' critter?—she looks like the last of pea-time on a pole!

Doct. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughs aside.*] poetical, truly. Why, Hiram, I suppose you mean a lady, not very young or handsome—as I was saying, should any person call to see her, you must show them to *her* apartments, you understand?

Hir. Sartin.

Doct. If any one calls to see me, carry them to my study.

Hir. Carry 'em into your study? If they don't heft more than 350 and they ain't too constipatious.

Doct Pooh, pooh, pish! I don't mean to carry them literally, but by figure of speech.

Hir. Guess I left school afore I came to that figuring.

Doct. You comprehend me now—and in case you do not, this will probably tend to impress it on your mind. [*Going to give money.*

Hir. What's that for?

Doct. I give you this as earnest of what I intend should you please me.

Hir. You give it to me in earnest, do you, and I take it in earnest. [*Pockets it.*] That's a fair trade, any how—I please you—you please me, by Judas!

Doct. I am going out, should any one call and want me, say I shall be in very soon.

Hir. Say you're gone out, and you'll be back when you come in.

Doct. Pooh, pooh, pish! I shall be back in a short time. [*Asid* I must try this chap, but he can't impose on me. [*Exit* L. H.

Hir. I have heerd of such things being in story books, as our si ter Nance used to read out of on nights. Once upon a time, an o man had three sons, (dad's got nine) the youngest one, and the han somest—that's me—went to seek his fortune—and so on—and so c —and so forth. But what on airth is a comin now? I hai'nt had chance to seek my fortin—fortin seeks me. Well, 'taint much wo der, as I heerd tell she was a woman.

Enter Miss Penelope, R. H.

Miss P. Young man, are you the person the Doctor has engaged lately?

Hir. Well, should'nt wonder if I was.

Miss P. I like your countenance.

Hir. [*Aside.*] She likes my countenance—she's in love with me tu a certainty. If she makes love to me, I shall huckleberry right out!

Miss P. And I wish you to understand I may have it in my power to be of service to you.

Hir. [*Aside.*] What'll sister Nance say? This beats all creation!

Miss P. I am aware I am placing myself in an awkward situation, and perhaps exposing myself—

Hir. Don't du it—don't! [*Turns away.*] I shall split!

Miss P. To my brother's ridicule. However, I think you will not betray me?

Hir. [*Looks around.*] I never betrayed a lady. This must be leap year, by matrimony—but I'm o'er young to marry yet, as the Hungarian sings.

Miss. P. The fact is there is a person I expeet will call—a young gentleman, to see *me.* He might possibly ask for Miss Emily. I wish you to show him up to *my apartment.* I would not wish him to see Miss Emily. She is too young to receive visits from young gentlemen, and—

Hir. [*Aside.*] You're too old to be afraid of 'em.

Miss P. And I do not approve of such very young ladies receiving visits from gentlemen.

Hir. It's bad for them. Joe Bullit commenced settin' up along with Sarah Ketchem, when she was only fifteen, and she died of the measles two weeks arter.

Miss P. So you will please show him up to my apartments, that is if Mr. Rocket calls.

Hir. Mr. Skyrocket?

Miss P. No, Mr. Harry Rocket.

Hir. I'll try if her head's as soft as her heart. [*Aside.*] First cousins, I reckon; I never knowed any of the family but Squire Congreve Rocket, and he left our place in a pesky huff, and nobody ha'n't seen anything of him since—

Miss P. What caused him to leave in such a manner?

Hir. Well, 'twarn't much, anyhow. You see, 'twas fourth of July, and Josh Higgins, Seth Sprague, and Horseb, and Hemlock, and a hull lot o' chaps, got on a kind o' spree, down at Uncle Josh's. Guess you know Uncle Josh—everybody knows Uncle Josh—he is a leetle the darndest, cutest critter you ever hearn tell on. May be you've heern of Uncle Josh's dog—got three of the greatest curiosities any canine ever had: his tail curls so tight his hind legs can't reach the ground; fever and ague wouldn't hang to him—he was too lazy to shake; and he's so like Uncle Josh's t'other dog, you can't tell t'other from which.

Miss P. Most singular, indeed!

Hir. Quite odd it's so singular, ain't it?

Miss P. But to return to the subject of the sudden departure of Mr. Congreve Rocket; I am interested by the name.

Hir. Oh, yes; to return to the subject, as the doctor said when he finished his cocktail, and cut off t'other leg.

Miss P. Oh, shocking!—what a singular simile! But go on.

Hir. Go on, as the tiger said to the man that poked a stick in his eye; "go on," said he, then he chawed his head off. Well, 'twas last fourth of July, Uncle Josh comes down right early in his wagon, and calls a reg'lar meeting. Well, everybody knowed Uncle Josh's notions were just about as big as Boston notions, and no town meetin' ever was so chuck jam (just as full as a gallon of cider with a pint of gin in it) as that meetin' tu hear what Uncle Josh had tu say. Well, Uncle Josh he gets up, and you never heerd such a noise to get silence afore; I guess they hollered more than a hull hour after they got silence; Uncle Josh he sat down till they made out to holler silence the last time, when he gets up. Says he, "Gentlemen," says he, "I never heerd so much silence afore; and now, for fear this should be too good to last long, like a pair of four dollar boots, I'll take advantage of it. Well," says he, "I reckon you all kind o' expect I've got suthin' uncommon to tell you." "Well, guess we do," says all on them. "Well, you sha'n't be disappointed," says he. "You've all hearn about sich a thing as a balloon, ain't ye?" "Well, guess we have," says all on 'em but Deacon Doubtful, and the Deacon gave a kind o' grunt. Says Uncle Josh, "What in all creation do you mean by such hoggish behavior afore this 'ere meetin', on such a day as this?" You see, Uncle Josh was a deacon himself, and kind o' stuck up for their dignity. "Well," says Deacon, "I mean if you ain't got nothin' else to tell us but what we have hearn on afore, and some on us don't believe, why I guess I move that we move off." "Deacon," says Uncle Josh, lookin' at him as hard as a stone wall, "Deacon, you ain't got a right to a motion in this meetin', no how, and you know it; so shet up, and hear me out." Then Uncle Josh he looked round, and gently waved his hand—graceful like. "Well," says he, "I hev brought down with me one of the lights of the age—one of that family as has riz higher in science"—now I'm coming to the p'int.

Miss P. Yes, yes, the family.

Hir. "Riz higher in science, and throwed out more rays of light—"

Miss P. Yes.

Hir. "——than any professor, lecturer, phrenologer, astrologer, or any other ologer of these or any other times." "Where is he?" says a hull lot. "What's he going to du? Du tell!" "Hold on," says Uncle Josh, "all you've got to du is to enjoy yourself reasonably, and don't none on you get so sowed up that you can't see; and at nine o'clock you must all on you come down to the four-acre piece each side of my barn, and I'll introduce all on you to Squire Congreve Rocket, as I said afore, the greatest light of the age, and if he don't go a little ahead of all your expectations, I'll give up. He'll show you an air railroad, and a new patent locomotive, and mount clear out of sight on his own hook, and Deacon Doubtful, you shall shake hands with the squire just afore he starts."

Miss P. Wonderful!

Hir. Warn't it? Well, night come, and Uncle Josh's four-acre piece had a pretty considerable scattering of heads with bodies tu 'em, I reckon, all of 'em looking right straight up at a platform agen the barn, where stood Uncle Josh with Squire Congreve Rocket, a ra'al tall, bunkum looking chap, dressed like a minister. "Well," says Uncle Josh, "the squire is going to show you right off how he travels. He would make a speech to you, but he don't speak our language. Come up here, Deacon Doubtful, and shake hands with the squire, and if he don't astonish you, 'tain't no matter." So Deacon he gets up, pulls off his hat, and bows to Squire Rocket, and Uncle Josh he puts their hands together. "How de du, squire?" says Deacon; "glad to see you; when do you start?" The squire said nothin', but just then Uncle Josh clapped fire to his locomotive, and whiz, bang, let him drive, and away went the squire, with a tail of fire as long as a bean pole, and Deacon Doubtful lands about a rod on the folks below. "Hurrah!" shouts everybody, and that's the last we see of Squire Congreve Rocket. It's powerful astonishing how they du get steam so quick on these locomotives.

Miss P. Bless me, you quite astonish me. Do you mean to say he ascended in the air?

Hir. Yes, right on eend. Why, these ere Rocket chaps are dreadful peert; they'd ascend on anything. They're almighty fiery-tempered.

Miss P. Yes, yes, but generous to a degree. Harry is full of the fire of chivalry.

Hir. Well, I calculate they are all of 'em monstrous full of the fire of deviltry I should be most afeerd this Mr. Harry had a locomotive about him, and would go off some of these times.

Miss P. Oh, you need not be alarmed, I assure you. He is a very gentlemanly young man.

Hir. Well, guess he won't scare me, any how; but I hope he'll come in the day-time.

Miss P. Why so?

Hir. Oh, I ain't scared any, but it's at night these rockets are kind o' dangerous, and I feel scared on your account.

Miss. P. I repeat, I know there is no danger at any hour. You are quite an entertaining, modest, well-behaved young person, and I hope you will accept this for my sake. [*Gives money.*] Mind, for my sake, and I again assure you there is no danger. I declare, quite a conversible person, and very considerate. [*Exit* R. H.

Hir. [*Bows* MISS PENELOPE *off with much ceremony.—looks at purse.—Pockets it.*] That ole woman's soft enough to be peddled out for mush! I shall watermellon! ha, ha, ha! Squire Congreve! Well, goul darn it, if this don't beat all natur! Why, she must be a natral fool—nature's done too much for her—made her too natral altogether. Hello! [*Looking out.*] She's a coming back—wants to buy another Yankee story, I reckon. Well, guess I can accommodate her at the same price. [*Goes up.*

Enter HANNAH, R. H.

Hannah. [*Not seeing him.*] What a life I do lead! Heigho! cooped up in that nursery, as it is called, from night till morning, and from morning till night. I declare it is too bad! I shall entirely ruin my complexion, and not be fit to be seen. And really it is too ridculous —altogether too ridiculous to keep grown up people, I may say, like children all the days of their lives. Miss Emily, now, must be a matter of eighteen or nineteen years old—yes, that she must—she must be as old, or nearly as old as me, and I was twenty-one—last —let me see—last

Hir. Last grass.

Han. Let me see—

Hir. Well, see. [*Coming down*, L. H.] You can see—them eyes warn't made for nothin.

Han. [*Screams.*] Oh, lud, how you startled me! Confined has made me quite nervis, I declare, and—

Hir. Confinement made you narvos? I shouldn't wonder if it did. Use Townsend's Sarsaparilla and a body brace, and you'll get strong about the time the breth's out of you.

Han. Really, I—I [*Looks at him.*] Quite a decent figure. I suppose you are the young man as is just come?

Hir. Reckon I am just come in time to see you. Well, I swow, you are a little the prettiest critter ever was raised, if you ain't I wish I may wear soap locks.

Han. I declare he's quite agreeable! [*Curtseys.*

Hir. [*Aside.*] This ain't bad tu take. Say you, I should like to be at a real huskin with you?

Han. Should you? I hope it's nothing improper. What's a huskin?

Hir. Why—get out—why you—now you don't—what's a huskin?

Han. Yes, I want to know.

Hir. Du tell—you want to know? Why, where in Noah's ark was you raised?

Han. Where was I raised? Do you mean where was I born and brought up?

Hir. Shouldn't wonder if I did.

Han. Why in England—in the old country.

Hir. Oh, that accounts for it. How long have you been here?

Han. Only two months.

Hir. Well, 'taint no wonder you don't know what a huskin frolic is—some of your folks that write books, stay here more than two years, and don't know what a Yankee is—they don't know what to make on us. You see, we kind a like to *make* ourselves, and don't want other folks to make anything of us, anyhow—we can hang on our own hook, I reckon.

Han. But what's a huskin?

Hir. Wish to patience we was at one now. Well, 'taint no use tellin what a huskin is—but, I say you—what's your name?

Han. Hannah!

Hir. Hannah?

Han. Yes.

Hir. And mine's Hiram—and, oh Cupid! I say you, if you'll go, I'll carry you to a huskin' next week?

Han. If there's no harm.

Hir. Harm! No, I can show you the worst on it now, if you ain't scared.

Han. Oh, it's something to see, is it?

Hir. Guess 'tis. Well, do you see at a huskin', if I'm more spry than you are and husk my corn first, I does just so!

[*Kisses her.*

At the same moment, enter, R. H., *riding a toy stick horse,* MASTER WASHINGTON JACKSON.—*He runs against* HANNAH, *and seeing her kiss* HIRAM, *lets fall his horse and bursts out into a bellowing cry. Dressed in short trowsers, short-tailed coat, pinafore, &c., &c.*

Washington. [*Crying.*] T—t—there, now, see if I don't tell my pa!

Han. Dear me, I declare I'm so narvis—I am all of a fluster—I don't know what to do. There, now, Master Washington, don't cry so—I didn't go to do it—I couldn't help it. [*Looking at* HIRAM.

Wash. I know you didn't go to do it; but you let him do it; ah! you ugly thing, you. [*Making faces at* HIRAM.

Han. Why, master Washington, how could he do it? He wasn't near you; you ran against me and threw your horse down.

Wash. Ah! you think I don't know, do you? but I do though.

Hir. [*Aside.*] That's a raal bunkum gal, and no mistake.

Han. I'm very sorry. There, there, take your horse again.

[*Picks it up.*

Wash. I shan't and I won't ride any more, and I don't care, and I'll tell my pa, yes, and ever so much more besides that I know about you; yes, I will; if ever you let that man kiss you again, or if you let anybody kiss you, I will, that's what I will, and I'll kick his ugly legs, I will. [*Crosses to* HIRAM, *and is going to lay hold of him.* HANNAH *holds him—he struggles.*] Let me go! let me go.

[*She coaxes him.*

Hir. What in all creation is the world a comin' to? It must be near at an eend. What sort of a critter is that, any how? I calculate natur's been forward with him, tu! Like our last year's squash—outgrowed themselves—all outside—nothin' in 'em! Here, you Hannah!

[HANNAH *stops, seems to pacify* WASHINGTON, *and comes down.*

Hir. If you'll come down stairs to night, I calc'late I shall be round, and I'll show you t'other part of the huskin'; it's amazin' sight better than the first. It'll go down as slick as a gallon of rum at a temperance meeting. Mind—say, what do you call that critter there?

Han. That's master Washington Jackson Iodyne!

[WASHINGTON *trips himself up, falls, and roars out crying. As* HANNAH *turns to look at him,* HIRAM *kisses her.*

Hir. Sweet as butterfly's breath, by Cain. [*Exit* L. H.

[HANNAH *runs to* WASHINGTON, *who sits on the floor, and continues crying.*

Wash. There—you done it—you did—you— I don't like you any more.

Han. I did it? How did I throw you down? Come—get up—now do!

Wash. I shan't, and you did throw me down. If you had'nt a gone to that feller, and played with me, this plaguey rope would'nt have thrown me down.

[*Jumps up and throws down the skipping-rope and stamps upon it*

Han. Now come, don't be vexed, there's a dear.

Wash. I will be mad if I like—I'm mad with you, I am.

Han. Mad at me?

Wash. Yes, and if you don't let me do what I want to, I'll tell pa about you, I will, see if I don't.

Han. Well, what do you want to do, pray?

Wash. Shall I show you?

Catches hold of HANNAH, *and is about to kiss her as* EMILY *enters,* R. H.

Emily. So, so, Master Washington, I've caught you, have I? Oh! fye, fye, fye! Well, there, never mind—I won't say anythnig about it though you are to be my husband.

Wash. [*Aside.*] But I won't, though!

Em. There, go now, go up stairs, and Hannah will be with you presently, and bring you something good.

Wash. Hannah, will you come soon? [*Picks up his playthings.*] And what'll you bring me?

Han. I'll bring you a gingerbread wife—and then when you're tired of her, you can eat her up, you know.

Wash. Yes, so I can; let her be a good big 'un—I don't like little wives. Mind what I told you, Hannah, you know—and come soon—won't you? [*Exit* L. H., *riding horse.*

Em. Why, Hannah, I declare you have got him into quite a good humor, and as for myself, I feel as if I could dance with joy. See, see here, Hannah! [*Takes a colored note from her bosom.*] Oh! the dear, sweet little letter, how it does smell! So nice—only smell, Hannah. But that's not the best of it—only look, see here—here's pretty writing—and such nice, dear, dear, sweet words from my Harry! Shall I read them?—only listen. [*Reads.*] "My own dearest Emily: I have formed a scheme that will enable me to have an interview with you alone, to-night. If you come to the Doctor's study this evening, by nine o'clock, I will be there (don't be alarmed) in a sack. Hannah can come with you, and let me out. I have much to say. your own—HARRY ROCKET." [*Kisses the letter and laughs*] Only think, Hannah, Harry in a sack! Will you be afraid to go to Guardy's study at night, Hannah?

Han. No, not if you go with me, and we carry a light. I don't

think I shall—that is, not very much afeard—perhaps a little narvis or so, but you know miss, I'll do anything for you and Master Harry.

Em. Heigho! [*Very long sigh.*

Han. Why, bless us, and save, us, what is that doleful, deep drawn sigh for?

Em. I wish I was older. I feel ashamed at being in love so much already. Why only think, Hannah, if I feel so much in love now, while I'm only such a girl, how bad I shall feel when I am quite a woman?

Han. Quite a fiddlestick! I don't know how old you are, but I'm quite sure you're old enough to love a husband with all your heart, and you can't love much more than that, you know, miss, can you?

Em. No indeed, and I know I do love with all my heart. Oh! how I do long for nine o'clock. I wish Harry may run away with me, that I do.

Han. Well, I dare say he will. We must manage to keep the Doctor employed—out of the way—and Miss Penelope, too—if we can.

Em. Yes indeed! I shall scold Harry, now I think of it, very much, for stopping so long with Miss Penelope, when he was here before. If he had'nt been so long with her, the ugly old thing, Guardy would'nt have caught him with me. I was just going to scold him, when in pops Guardy. Gracious goodness! how he did stare! And, oh my, what a fib Harry did tell him. Guardy, drawing himself up, and putting on an air of great offense, says: [*Mimicking.*] "Sir, what am I to understand by this intrusion?" Then Harry, quite unconcerned, bowing, answers: "My dear sir, I beg you will not call my presence here an intrusion—but an accident—purely accidental, I assure you—purely a mistake. I only opened the wrong door. I was going into the apartments of your excellent sister, Doctor, and was about apologizing to this *pretty little* miss (winking at me) when you entered. Nothing more, my dear sir, nothing more, on my veracity, I assure you." Then Guardy: "You opened the wrong door, I perceive sir, allow me sir, to open the *right* door," opening my door, "and now, sir, you will particularly oblige me, by walking out of the door, and also out of my house—you will indeed, sir, upon my veracity;" and so Guardy bowed out poor Harry, but not before he gave me a look as much as to say—never mind, I'll contrive some means to see you, and that soon, too.

Han. Bless us, and save us, Miss Emily, how you do run on. How in the name of patience, could Master Harry say all that, by one look?

Em. Oh! very easily, when I catch the idea. But come Hannah, there's a dear, and just help me to put up a few things, in case Harry should be very obstinate indeed, and insist on carrying me off, whether I will or no. Come! [*Exit,* R. H.

Han. He'll have a very difficult job, poor young man!

[*Exit,* R. H.

SCENE II.—*Front street.—Door of* DOCTOR'S *house in flat.—Brass plate on door,* "DOCTOR IODYNE."—*partly dark.*

Enter HARRY *and* HORATIUS, R. H., *laughing.*—HORATIUS *very grave, with spectacles.*

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! "Was ever woman in this fashion wooed—was ever woman in this fashion won?" It is an excellent idea, is'nt it, my most grave sage, and to be, reverend friend? The idea of being carried to your soul's adored, tied up in a sack, is original is'nt it, eh? Damme! why don't you laugh?

Horatius. The subject is too serious.

Har. The subject? Yes, it would be devilish serious indeed, if I was to be made a real subject for the old Doctor; but I promise you I shall be anything but a serious subject. All I'm afraid of is, I shall spoil all by laughing outright in the cursed sack.

Hor. Your levity shocks, and surprises me. In the first place, I cannot, for a moment, coincide with you, in thinking the means you use to continue your correspondence with Miss——What's her name?

Har. Miss Emily Richly—and what is more than her name—she is a devilish rich Miss Richly!

Hor. [*Aside.*] I know she is. You are unreasonable in your rhapsodies. All rhapsodies are. If you are determined to prosecute your suit and to carry off this young lady without the consent of her guardian in itself an outrage on—

Har. Horatius Rare, Esquire, *that is* the Reverend Horatius Rare, *that is to be!* I most particularly solicit you will wait until that *is to be*, arrives, and then, perhaps, I may listen to a homily. But now you must excuse me. I have asked you to assist me in this adventure as a friend. Come, damn it! cast off that hypocritical look, and say yes or no.

Hor. You wrong me. I have no hypocritical look to cast off, I had intended as a friend, to dissuade you from this undertaking, [*Aside.*] That I might carry the girl off myself.

Har. I thought you knew me better—dissuade me, indeed! King never had a greater difficulty to contend with, and about as much chance of success, when he commanded the waves of the ocean to retire from his illustrious footstool during a spring tide. No, I am as determined as the waves, and will on, so—

Enter HIRAM, *from house.*

Egad, here's the old Doctor's young man. I'll see what's to be made of him. A fine night, my friend?

Hir. [*Looking up.*] Yes, guess it is, pretty good, considerin'.

Har. Considering what?

Hir. Considerin' we ain't got no almanacs this year.

Har. [*Aside.*] This is a genius. I'll humor him. How, no almanacs?

Hir. Why, you see last year the weather and the times were so all-fired bad that the almanac makers, I heard, come to the conclusion

that there wouldn't be any weather this year at all, and wouldn't make no almanacs!

Har. Ha! ha! ha! You're an original.

Hir. Shouldn't wonder if I was. I'm first of three twins, and it ain't every one that is quite as original, any how!

Har. I concede the point, and now I wish to talk to you.

Hir. Oh! you do! then this mess of gab you don't call talkin'? Well, go ahead; I'm all eyes, ears, and attention.

Har. You belong to this house?

Hir. Don't know; dad used to say I belonged to him, but since I've been a seekin' my fortune, guess I belong to myself.

Har. Of course, but you are engaged to the owner, Dr. Iodyne?

Hir. Engaged to the Doctor! what for, to be married?

Hor. You are not very quick of comprehension.

Hir. Amen! where did you preach last?

Hor. You must understand, he means you are engaged to serve the Doctor.

Hir. Want to know! Takes two on you to tell what one means! Why, may I be teetotally doubly distilled into a double-breasted downright done-up!

Har. Let me talk to this oddity alone for a few minutes. I'll meet you at Taft's, and there mature our plans.

Hor. I will be there. [*Aside.*] Mature *our* plans. If I mistake not, yours is like an over-ripe fig—'twill fall to pieces in the plucking; mine is of another complexion. We shall see. Adieu. [*Exit*, R. H.

Har. I perceive you are a very cute, discerning dog.

Hir. Can't say; guess I've studied human natur' some, but calculate I ain't been a puppy long enough to be called a dog yet.

Har. Confound the fellow! I mean, you are smart, and will suit my purpose.

Hir. What, you wan't to trade, do you? Ain't my purpose worth considerin'? There's two on us to be suited this hitch, I guess, squire.

Har. I can't say I understand much about trade—but one thing I know, it can't be properly carried on without some capital; so that's to begin with. [*Gives him a purse.*

Hir. [*Pockets money.*] Fortune's took a shine to me, by Judas! Well, squire, you do understand what they call the *fund*amental principle. There's only two branches of business that I ever heern on that don't want any capital but brass, and that's banking and diary writing, as they calls it; most of 'em that sets up in the last line, like Captain Marryatt and them sort, ought to be called dairy writers.

Har. How so?

Hir. Because they're mostly a precious set of milksops. Would you believe it, one day when I was tu hum at dad's, down in Hopkinston, a-doing a mess of chores among the green sarce in the garden, I see one of these diary chaps a-comin', so I begins a-pullin' up some of the beans, which in the course of natur' always grows up with the bean atop, and plants t'other eend down. So Diary looks over the fence, and says he, "Young man, what are you employed about there

so busily ?" "Well," says I, "I calc'late I'm plantin' these here darned cantankerous beans right eend down. Don't you see, every one of 'em has come up wrong eend first ?" With that Diary laughs, pulls out a pocket-book and pencil, and marks it down, "Yankees don't know beans"—and this is the way such chaps gets the correct idee of Yankee characters and customs. Now, squire, what sort of business is this of yourn ? But you needn't waste any of your capital telling me, as I can guess—it's love.

Har. Right in your guess. What do you mean by my wasting capital ?

Hir. Git out, squire ! I've done business myself in that line. What do I mean ? Why, you can't make love without words, can ye ? Making love begins with words, and sometime ends with words ; they are your capital, I reckon. You see I've been there, squire ; I know natur's natur'.

Har. The fact is, I am at present in want of your assistance. I have made an appointment with a lady in that house this evening ; it is very necessary I should keep it, and not be seen by the Doctor, or, indeed, any other person in the family. As I did not anticipate finding so good a friend to assist me, meaning you—

Hir. Go ahead, squire ; you've got the right sort of capital—flummery—so make the wool fly.

Har. And you are the right sort of fellow. Well, to continue. Now I find you have promised to assist me—

Hir. Hold on ! hold on ! I promised ?

Har. That is, as I see you intend to assist me—

Hir. That amendment is put in and carried, as Uncle Josh says at town meetin'. I like you, squire, I do, by golly.

Har. I feel flattered, I assure you. You must know I have altered my plan. You saw that reverend-looking gentleman that just now left us—I'm not quite sure that I ought to have trusted him with my plans—he's a sly dog—therefore, I have determined to alter them, and instead of being carried in a sack, with your assistance I can walk in the usual way.

Hir. Make love in a sack ! Mighty close squeezing, I reckon, as the old potato said to the young one that growed so fast he shoved him out of the ground. Enough said, squire. [*Takes out a key.*] Now look out. You know the house, don't you ? Don't go tumbling round and making a fuss ; and mind the old woman don't catch you with the young 'un ; if she does, her back will be up, I tell you, so look out for squalls.

Har. [*As he goes in.*] You're my guardian angel. A perfect Mercury !

Hir. I wish I may caterpillar right on the spot if this ain't going the whole hog. The old woman calls me quite an entertaning, modest, well-behaved young person ; the young 'un, Hannah, declared I was quite agreeable, and now the squire calls me his guardian angel. Guess I'm the first in the family that ever was called angel before. A considerable of an angel I am , must be suthin' uncommon taking about

me. [*Taking purse out of each pocket and shaking them.*] Shouldn't wonder if there was. Go it, if you split your waistcoat!

[*Exit into house.*

SCENE III.—*The* DOCTOR S *Study. Set doors,* R. *and* L. C. *Glass doors opening on to a balcony with balustrades. Trap open behind balcony. Clock case (practicable, hands to work). Half dark. As scene opens, a ladder is seen gradually coming up from below, to rails of balcony.* HORATIUS *slowly ascends, carrying a sack, which he puts down. Table with writing-desk on it, closed. Chairs. Couch on* R. H.

Hor. So far, my plan succeeds; I have gained an entrance into the house. Let me but have ten minutes' conversation with Miss Emily alone, and from what her maid has told me, I have vanity enough to suppose I can overcome all her scruples to matrimony, and marry her immediately, before Harry arrives. If I can't manage an interview before he comes, I must trust to the sack. Now to find her maid, Hannah. [*Is going,* R. H., *when*

HIRAM *enters suddenly.*

The devil!

Hir. The devil? guess I am. But what do you want? Two of a trade, you know, never agree.

Hor. How cursedly unfortunate! I have it, my friend.

Hir. The devil's your friend, is he? Well, what is it?

Hor. You see—you see—I am here to—to—

Hir. Well, and I am here too. Squire, I guess you made a wrong entry. [*Pointing to window.*

Hor. Not if you don't betray me. Will you carry this note to Miss Emliy? I only wish a few moments' conversation. Will you do it? I shall be eternally indebted to you.

Hir. I calc'clate this is a cash business. You may be eternally indebted to the devil, but not to me, by Satan.

Hor. Curse his stupidity! [*Gives him purse.*] There, now, I am sure you won't hesitate.

Hir. [*Aside.*] Damn your assurance! No, I won't hesitate. [*Pockets it.*] Now just keep quiet in that room, and I'll bring the lady to you in less than no time.

Hor. Thanks! thanks! In here? [*Pointing to* L. H. D.

Hir. Yes. [HORATIUS *goes in.* JUBAL *looks down.*] Darned skunk! I don't half like him, anyhow, and may be I'll fix him. He can't get out without I choose. [*Looks at note.*] I swan, if he ain't forgot to address it. Hold on; something strikes me on the head, as the man said when the brick fell on it. Signed R. H.—all right. [*Goes to door, opens it.*] I say, squire, I snickers—I du feel a kind—a somehow—I don't know howish about this. You must promise me one thing.

Hor. [*At door.*] More money, I suppose. [*Aside.*] Well, what?

Hir. Have you got a parson all ready?

Hor. I have; he is waiting near here, at a friend's.

Hir. Well, then, you seem to be a generous, good sort of, open-hearted, friendly, [*aside*] deceitful skunk, and wouldn't like to get me into a scrape, or deceive a friend—as I partly promised to do a good turn for *your* friend, you know—you must promise to marry the lady in the dark, so that you can say you took her for somebody else, and I can bear witness to it.

Hor. I promise—only bring her here—I promise, upon my Honor.

Hir. Enough said. I'll fix you straight up and down like a bean-pole. Now in with you; mind, now, in the dark.

[*Locks door, and is going,* R. H.

Enter HANNAH, R. H., *with lighted candles, which she puts on table. Lights up.*

Han. Bless us and save us! I'm glad I've found you. Oh, dear me! I'm in such a fright! I'm so narvis!

Hir. Well, then, get out of the fright as soon as you can. What in all thunder is the matter?

Han. Oh dear, it's dreadful! The little villain! You know, Master Harry has been trying to see Miss Emily, and so I thought I would keep Master Washington quiet a few minutes in my room, and I gave him a bottle of cherry brandy to taste, and what do you think?

Hir. Why, he drinked it.

Han. Every drop; and— [WASHINGTON *sings outside,* R. H.] Oh dear, here he comes!

Enter WASHINGTON, R. H., *tipsy, with a bottle.*

Wash. Hannah, my darling little nurse, I love you better than a hoop or a horse, and better—no, not better than this. Come here and kiss me. This bottle has had a wonderful effect on me, and I feel all—all—

Hir. Almighty well sewed up!

Wash. Give me my nightcap.

Hir. I guess you've got a considerable heavy, double-twilled one on now.

Wash. I'm going to bed. Put out the light. I'm going—

[*Falls on couch.*

Hir. You're goin'! You're pretty darned well gone, I reckon. But see here, Hannah, let him bunk in there; cover him up with suthin'. I'll be back in a brace of shakes. [*Exit,* R. H.

Han. What a horrid-looking object he has made of himself!

[*Covers him with table-cloth and sack.*

Wash. Tuck me up, and give me my gingerbread wife.

[*Drops bottle.*

Han. Wife, indeed! [*Picks up bottle.*] I declare, the little monster has drunk every drop! [*Puts bottle behind couch.*

Enter HIRAM, R. H.

Hir. Squat down, squat down where you are, and hold your yawp, or you'll never have me for a husband.

Han. What is the matter? I'm so narvis!

Hir. Shut up, and you'll see.

[*Blows out light, and* HANNAH *hides behind couch. Dark stage.*

Han. Bless us and save us! he's put out the lights. Oh, my nerves!

Enter MISS PENELOPE, *cloaked and vailed,* R. H.—*the note* HORATIUS *gave* HIRAM *in her hand.*

Miss P. Oh, how my heart palpitates! I am fearful I'm going beyond the bounds of virgin prudence for the sake of my dear H. R.

Hir. Well, 'tain't no matter; nobody sees nothin'. I feel for the delicacy of your situation, and the ceremony will take place in the dark. Now I'm going to bring him to you.

[*Brings down* HORATIUS *and places* MISS PENELOPE'S *hand in his.*

Miss P. Oh dear.

Han. Oh, my stars! A man in that room!—Mr. Horatius Rare! Oh, my nerves!

Hir. [*Bringing* HORATIUS *forward.*] Now, squire, she's all your owl. Be spry—mind your promise—speak low—be as mum as a thousand of brick!

Hor. [*Under-tone—kissing* MISS PENELOPE'S *hand.*] Oh! my charming, kind, dear, delicious creature, let us not lose a moment.

Miss P. [*Low voice.*] I am all your own. [*Embrace.*

Hir. Natur's natur, by gosh!

Hor. On the wings of Hymen, then, I bear my precious gift.

[*Leads her off,* L. H.

Enter HARRY *and* EMILY, *with a light,* R. H.—*Lights up.*—HANNAH *comes forward.—All laugh.*

Hir. On the wings of Hymen you'll wake up and find the wings of an old hen, I reckon.

Har. Egad, Dominie, you're caught in your own snare.

Em. [*Laughing.*] Oh! foor fellow! I pity him.

Har. Come, come, pity is akin to love; you must pity me first. 'Tis nearly ten o'clock; by this time our convenient friend must be waiting to tack us together.

Em. Well, I'm quite ready. [HIRAM *is listening* L. H. *door.*

Har. Let us fly!

Hir. By all patience, this is too all-killing bad. There comes the old man, and I do believe he's ketchin' the wings of Hymen.

Doct. [*Outside,* L. H.] What's this! no light in the entry, and the door open!

Hir. We are all busted up now, and no mistake.

Han. He's coming up! oh! my nerves!

Har. Emily, can't you get down this ladder? try, quick.

Em. I can't, I can't, indeed. Oh Harry! Harry! Shan't I be married, after all?

Hir. Here, squire, be quick. [*Gives him a candle, and puts them into a room,* L. L.] And you, Hannah, get in; keep quiet as coons

till I come to you—I'll fix this job up—guess I know what's o'clock. [*Gets into clock-case, leaving one lighted candle on table.*

Enter DOCTOR, L. H.

Doct. Very extraordinary! No lamp lighted in the entry! [*Looks at clock.*] Half-past nine o'clock, and the door open! I hope all is safe in the house. I feel a little alarmed, and I fancied I heard something in the entry like a person breathing hard, but it must have been fancy, as I felt all over the passage, and have carefully locked the door. [*Shows key.—Puts it in his pocket.—Goes to table.—Opens desk.—Examines papers.—Sits.*] All is right here. Let me see—to-day is the tenth of September, and at ten o'clock this night, my ward, Emily Richly, will be exactly seventeen years old, the time appointed by her father's will here, for her to take possession of his vast property. [*The hands of the clock are seen to move to ten.—He turns and looks at clock, at the same time knocks the will off the table to floor.*] It can't want more than twenty-five minutes to the time. Eh! how's this? Surely my eyes deceive me! Ten o'clock! yes indeed it is. I must have made a mistake when I looked before. If I can manage to keep her in ignorance of her age three years longer, my son Washington will be nineteen years old, and then I can make it a match, and all my troubles will end. [*Locks up desk.*] Now to see if all the rest of the house is safe. I have not much confidence in that fellow, Hiram. [*Exit*, R. H.

Hir. [*Coming from clock-case.*] There ain't much confidence wasted between us. You're a nice old man, I don't think. That's a pretty looking husband, kivered up with a sack there, for a young lady of fortun'. [*Picks up will.—Opens door.*

Enter HARRY.

Squire, I'm going to give you a marriage portion. Look here! [*Opens will.*

Har. "Will of Jacob James Richly." What's this?

Hir. Only makes your wife worth twenty thousand a year, at ten o'clock to-night—that's all.

Har. Fall—lal—lal! [*Dances.*] I am the luckiest dog alive! [*A whistle from below* C. *window.*] By Jupiter! there's Ned Knottie, my friend, the parson—that's his signal.

Hir. Is it, by Cupid? [*Both run to window and look out.*] Say you, Mr. Minister, walk up Hymen's ladder, will you?

PARSON *comes up ladder to balcony.*

Har. You dog, Ned, just in the nick of time. Come, Hiram, you must give me away.

Hir. I'm on hand, squire, go ahead.

[*Takes lights from tables.—All exeunt into* L. H. D. U. E.—*Lights down.—At the same moment,* TEDDY *puts his head up ladder, with his lantern and rattle.*

Teddy. Ladders don't walk without legs, 'cepting when they're carried on a cart. When I passed fornenst the Doctor's here, on my bate, not half an hour since, the divil a bit of a ladder was there here at all, at all. [*Gets over into room and nearly falls.*] Whistle, Teddy, whistle! Be aisy, it's your legs that isn't used to the likes of these aiqual floors thev have in gintlemen's houses. [*Looks around with his lantern.*] I should'nt be at all surprised to find the whole family kilt. [*Sees* WASHINGTON.—*pulls off table cover.—Starts back.* Och! murder and ouns, but here's a murdered body!

Wash. [*Trying to sit up.*] Give me my wife—I want my wife, and I will have her!

Ted. By the powers, I should have thought you'd cried out for your mother! But I must raise the police, anyhow—there's bloody murder on my bate. [*Goes to balcony—springs rattle—calls murder.*

DOCTOR *rushes in* R. H.—TEDDY *collars him.*

Och! I have one of the murtherin' villains safe enough. Murder! Murder! [*Loud knock,* L. H. D.

Enter HIRAM, *from* R. H. D., *with a light.—Lights up.*

Hir. What in all creation is to du now?

Ted. [*Points to* WASHINGTON.] Here is a murdered gintleman crying out for his wife, and I have succeeded in detecting and sazing the culprit. Did you ever see such a villainous countenance before? Oh! you'll be hanged for this, you will. [*Knock at* L. H. D.

Hir. Watchman, I guess you've ketched the wrong coon this time. Don't you see it's the Doctor himself?

Ted. By the powers, and so it is the ould gintleman himself! [*Releases* DOCTOR.

Doct. Watchman, I charge you open the street door, [*Gives key,*] and bring up the police. I fear I'm robbed, ruined, undone. [TEDDY *takes key and goes off* L. H.] Where is Miss Emily, my ward, Hiram?

Hir. Don't be in such a pesky passion, Doctor. Here's your ward that was, Mrs. Harry Rocket that is.

Enter EMILY, HARRY, *and* HANNAH, L. H. D. U. E.

Em. Dear Guardy, we crave your blessing, and if you refuse it, why, Guardy, we shall not break our hearts, as I am now mistress of 20,000 blessings a year—ain't I Harry?

Har. [*Holding up will.*] Ecce signum! Ha, ha, ha! and myself makes 21,000 blessings!

Doct. I'm thunder-struck!

Hir. Be you, though—I guess you ought to be, and struck all of a heap, too! Look here, here's a nice, neat article for a young lady of fortune's husband! [*Bringing forward* WASHINGTON.

Wash. I won't be any young lady's husband—Hannah's my wife.

Han. Your wife, indeed! you nasty, tipsy thing, you—the very sight of you makes me nervous.

Hir. Git out! [*Takes* HANNAH'S *arm*, R. *corner.*] This is better than a huskin', by gravy!

Enter HORATIUS *and* MISS PENELOPE, *still vailed*, L. H.—EMILY *is up Stage with* HARRY, *back to* HORATIUS.

Hor. Harry Rocket, my first apology is due to you—but you know friendship gives way to all-powerful love. Doctor Iodyne, I am sorry to take from you so great a solace and comfort, but the fates have so decreed it. So honorable have I been in all this transaction, that I have even kept my promise to my friend there, and actually married my charmer in the dark. Now, my angel, remove the cloud that obscures those radiant charms, and let all behold and reverence the [*She unvails.*] the devil!

Hir. The devil! that's me, squire—reverence me! I swiggell, Doctor, I'm a kind a sorry for you, but human natur's human natur. So forget and forgive—make the young folks happy. [*All laugh.*—DOCTOR *joins the hands of* EMILY *and* HARRY.] Now all that remains for me, is to ask the same good feeling here.

Followed by fortune!
Cheer'd by your smiles—
All fears from our minds we chase;
To give pleasure to all
Assembled here,
In our minds shall have a first place.

THE END.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.....No. XCII.

THE STAGE-STRUCK YANKEE.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

WRITTEN BY

O. E. DURIVAGE, Esq

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
128 WASHINGTON STREET, (CORNER OF WATER)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Eagle, Boston, 1845.	*Federal St., Boston,* 1847.	*Lyceum, Boston,* 1850.	*National, N. Y.,* 1853.
DOUGLAS DOUBLE, (a Travelling Manager,)	Mr. T. M'Cutcheon	Mr. J. Brougham	Mr. F. H. Hodges	Mr. Siple
CAPTAIN CHUNK, (a Captain of Militia, and Selectman,)	" G. E. Locke	" S. D. Johnson	" Munroe	" Herbert
CURTIS CHUNK, (his Son, stage-struck,)	" O. E. Durivage	" D. Whiting	" S. D. Johnson	" G. E. Locke
RICHARD, (a Servant,)	" Adams	" Adams	" Meer	" Rose
MISS FANNY MAGNET, (an Actress,)	Mrs. J. B. Booth, Jr.	Mrs. W. H. Smith	Mrs. Western	Mrs. W. G. Jones
JEDIDAH, (a Yankee Girl,)	Miss Coombs	Miss Wagstaff	Miss Graham	Miss Barber

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — Forty-six minutes.

COSTUMES.

DOUBLE. — Double-breasted blue body coat; check vest; gray pants and black gaiters, hat, stock.

CAPTAIN CHUNK. — French gray trousers; dark coat and vest; black hat and black stock; gray head of hair.

CURTIS CHUNK. — Long-tail drab coat; showy vest; red, white, and blue checked trousers; bell hat; fancy cravat; long flaxen wig and large dickey.

RICHARD. — Plain citizen's clothes.

MISS FANNY. — *First Dress.* Muslin. — *Second Dress.* Flowered tuck-up; blue petticoat; check apron; thick shoes; red wig, part in papers. — *Third Dress.* Same as first.

JEDIDAH. — Long sleeve cotton frock; printed cotton pinafore; high comb; black shoes and sandals; white stockings.

THE

STAGE-STRUCK YANKEE.

SCENE I.—*A room; breakfast laid for three; chairs, &c., around.* JEDIDAH *discovered.*

JED. Oh dear, oh dear, I haven't slept a wink all night, and all for thinking of that good-for-nothing Curtis Chunk. What a state he was in when he came home last night, or rather this morning, for it was after twelve when I let him in, and only think, that, although I'd saved his supper hot, he wouldn't speak a word to tell me where he had been, but kept talking of murdering, and killing, and such stuff, and then he'd laugh and tell me what a beautiful cretur he'd seen, and how he loved her—the brute. This to me, when to-morrow we are to be married. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced he's been down to that plaguey theatre, that's been showing in Squire Josh's barn. What would his father say—he'd be the death of him. But I won't put up with such treatment; I won't have a word to say to him till he makes everything as plain as the nose on his face. But here's his father. Oh, Curtis Chunk! Curtis Chunk!

Enter CAPTAIN CHUNK, L. H.

CAPT. Ah, Jedidah, good morning, but how's this? you look as sad as a tombstone. This is no day to be sorrowful, to-day makes my son *my* partner, and to-morrow, he's your partner for life. But what is the matter?

JED. I—I—didn't sleep well last night.

CAPT. No, I'll be sworn, thinking of the happy day, eh? You sat up late with Curtis, too—ha! ha! Courting, eh?—ha! ha! Well, Curtis takes after his father. Just before I was married, the way I courted my gal was ridiculous. But where is Curtis?

JED. I believe he's not up yet.

CAPT. The lazy rascal!—but 'tis all your fault, what did you keep him up so late for, last night, eh?

JED. Will you have your coffee turned out, sir?

CAPT. Yes, "out with it," as the father said to his boy when he swallowed the nutmeg grater. (*Sits* L. *of table.*) Ah! here comes Curtis, I hear the clatter of his cowhides. But where's the boy's voice, he commonly begins the day with Yankee Doodle, and ends with Sally in our alley, or rather Jedidah in our kitchen. Eh? ha! ha!

Enter CURTIS CHUNK, L. H.

CUR. "Who see the sun to-day?"

CAPT. Not you, I'll be bound, until 'twas two hours high.

CUR. Ah! I've had such dreams.

CAPT. Dreams, oh! come, wake up, you are dreaming now; come, rub your eyes and come to your breakfast.

CUR. It was only jest a dream, but then such an awful one, such a horrible one, oh! (*Falls into chair*, R.)

CAPT. I believe you've got the nightmare now,—give him a cup of tea. Come, come, partner of mine, you must wake up. Why you ought to have been stirring at daybreak, and down at the river to see if the sloop sailed. Do you think she's off, hey?

CUR. "I'm busy."

CAPT. Busy! you're crazy. Tell me, will the sloop Polly go this morning?

CUR. "Begone, thou troublest me."

CAPT. Troublest! Why, have you turned Quaker or a fool? Curtis, Curtis, you've been taking your habituals this morning, your breath smells of wormwood. Now tell me if you are sober, and which way the wind is?

CUR. "I'm not in the vein." (*Takes out playbill.*)

CAPT. I'm getting wrathy! But no, it's enough to turn the poor boy's head—partner one day, and husband the next. Curtis, you may talk nonsense till after breakfast, but then we must commence performing our business seriously.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "The performance to commence with the tragedy of—"

JED. He's raving—distracted.

CAPT. Yes, and you've helped to make him so. But I must bustle; here, Richard,—I suppose now, that rascal is out of the way,—Richard, I say! (*Enter* RICHARD L. H. *with boots.*) Why, you pimp, I had to call you three times, Richard.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Richard three."

CAPT. Ah! you've brought my boots, that's all I wanted; now go out, or I'll throw the boot-jack at your head, and will—

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Conclude with the death of Richard."

[*Exit* RICHARD, L. H.

CAPT. Oh! go on with your jargon, I'll make you sing another song after breakfast.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "After which a comic song."

CAPT. Jedidah, pass the fool the bread and butter.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Butter, and cheese, and all."

CAPT. That's right, now you've come to your senses, we'll eat our breakfast, and though you may feel perplexed, I hope, for the rest of the day, you'll conclude to act with a laughing face.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "The whole to conclude with a laughable farce."

CAPT. But come, move your jaws, and leave that account till after breakfast. A memorandum, I suppose, of the auction sales yesterday. By-the-bye, what did those boxes of sugar fetch?

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Boxes—fifty cents."

CAPT. Don't lie, Curtis, that's no joke. Think of the punishment of liars, the bottomless pit.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Pit—twenty-five cents."

CAPT. You are mad or drunk. Never mind, marriage will sober you—it did me, and I was happy—so you will be, when you have been married a year or two.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Children, half-price." (*Puts up bill.*) Ha! ha! ha! Oh! dad, you'd ought to have been there. Oh! dad, I see such sights last night.

CAPT. Pshaw!

CUR. Yes, you're right there, at the show. Was you ever at a show, dad?

CAPT. Yes, I went out to Brighton Cattle-Show.

CUR. But did you ever see anything acted right out?

CAPT. If you don't talk common sense, you'll see yourself kicked out.

CUR. Oh! you'd ought to seen that show down to Squire Josh's barn. I was there last night. It only cost me 25 cents. I sot in the pit.

CAPT. (*Starting.*) What! you go to see the play-actors? Can I believe my ears? And do you dare to tell your father that you were present at their diabolical abominations?

CUR. Oh! dad, you don't know once—I never see such handsome sights. There was a bloody tyrannical sojer, King Richard 3, that made nothing of chopping off heads by the dozens. But then he got rowed up Salt Creek at last, for there was another chap, that must have been a *Colonel* or a Major, tackled him, and fit like murder, and bime-by, he run his sword right through his body, so that it stuck out on t'other side, and that ere was the death of King Richard three.

CAPT. Zounds and the devil! I see it all, and this accounts for your conduct. But I'll never forgive you, you shan't sleep another night under this roof; I'm done with you forever, and you shan't have Jedidah.

CUR. Look here, dad, you don't know as much as a farrow hen. As for Jedidah, she's been marked at for more than her heft. I used to think that she went ahead of everything on the road, but I see a gal last night that cut Jedidah right out of her swathe.

JED. (*Rises and comes forward*, c.) Oh! dear! I can hold no longer. You good-for-nothing perjured villain! (*Cries.*)

CUR. Well, that's pretty fair; but you don't cry so natural as they did at the show, there they squaked right out.

CAPT. I shall go mad. (*Crosses to* c.) Are you my son? Is your name Curtis Chunk?

CUR. Yes, Curtis Chunk—called for short, Cur. Chunk.

CAPT. Out of my way, you rascal; out of my sight, or I'll be the death of you. I'll strangle you, you dog!

CUR. Dad, you'd be a first rate hand to act out King Richard Three. You're jest about as round-shouldered as him; got jest such bandy legs.

CAPT. Out of my sight, sir!

JED. (*Crosses to* C.) And out of *my* sight, sir, if you don't want me to drop right down a stiffened corpse, for you'll be the death of me. But if I die, I declare and vow I'll haunt your bedside.

CUR. And, Jedidah, you'd do to act one of them women King Richard was so sassy to, for they did nothing but bulloch and beller, and jaw, and blow their noses. But oh! in the fuss, that ere splendifferous angel—oh! Jedidah! wasn't she a buster?

CAPT. Oh, miserable boy!

CUR. Dad, I reckon you've got the janders. I aint miserable no how you can fix it. I aint done nothing but laugh all night. You'd ought to have seen the clown there; his name was Gregory. He was a real green one; but he made such sport. He sot out to set the table, and I'll show you how he done it. (*Takes crockery.*)

CAPT. Oh! he's beside himself. Put down the waiter! Where the devil is he carrying it to? (*Follows* CURTIS, *and* JEDIDAH *follows* CAPTAIN CHUNK.)

CUR. Yes, that's right! now you're acting it right out. Clear the coast. (*Turns round, runs against* CAPTAIN CHUNK, *crockery falls and breaks,* JEDIDAH *screams.*)

CAPT. I shall go mad! Oh, you scoundrel!

CUR. Yes, that's the idee! ha, ha! Then all the people laffed, and hurra'd, and clapped, and I couldn't stand it, so I snorted right out, and laffed so much I tore my trowsers, and my shirt. But why don't you laugh, dad?

CAPT. Laugh! I've made up my mind you shall have a strait jacket and go to the Insane Hospital, and as for these miserable play-actors, their license shall be stopped, and bag and baggage they shall leave the town.

CUR. Well, I've made up my mind too: if they leave the town I'll go along with them. They are a fine honorable set of fellows. After the play I took all hands into our store and treated 'em, and they said they'd make a play-actor of me. And as for that 'ere gal I see'd, I'm desperate in love with her, and I'll marry her right off. Miss Fanny Magnet is her angelliferous name; I'm going to see her to-day, but first I'm going to write her a love-letter, to let her know how savageously I dote on her. So, Jedidah, you needn't shine up to me any longer.

JED. Oh, dear! oh, dear!! (*crying.*)

CAPT. I'll go instantly and see this she-devil. (*Puts on his boots.*) Richard! (*Enter* RICHARD, L. H.) Saddle my horse directly.

RICH. What horse will you have, sir?

CAPT. Saddle the sorrel. [*Exit* RICHARD, L. H.

CUR. As Richard Three says, "Saddle the white sorrel for the field to-morrow."

CAPT. Go to the devil, you rascal. (*Throws slipper at him.*) And do you, Jedidah, go to your room; don't remain in the company of this madman. I'll soon give matters a new turn. Oh, Curtis, Curtis Chunk! [*Exit* L. H.

CUR. "Toot away, trumpets, beat the big base drums,
And make these women hold their tongues."

JED. I'll go and hang myself behind the door in the kitchen. Oh, Curtis Chunk! Curtis Chunk!

[*Cries bitterly, and exit*, R. H.

CLE. Well, she does take on desperate bad, but I can't help it. What's she, compared to that angelic and splendiferous Fanny? But I mustn't lose no time! I'll write a love-letter and send it right off, and she'll read it while I'm dressing in my Sunday clothes. I'll put on my yaller vest and stiffest shirt collar, and if my rig-out don't take her fancy, then she's fire-proof. (*Sits at table.*) I don't know hardly how to begin. I never wrote a love-letter. I suppose it must be in poetry. Gol darn it, this pen is as blunt as a rolling pin. (*Whittles it with a case-knife.*) Now for it. (*Writes.*)

"I write, dear Fanny, for to tell,
How in love with you I fell.
Except Jedidah, you're the fust
That ever made my heart to bust.
Jedidah, I have quit and cussed her,
All for you, you little buster!
Your eyes, like lightning bugs, do glitter,
You most consummate beautiful critter.
And I shall be in tarnal torture
Till you let me come and court you.
I guess you'll find a lad of spunk
Is Curtis, called for short Cur-Chunk."

Them's um.

"Miss Fanny Magnet, this side up with care." Richard!

Enter RICHARD, L. H.

Here, Richard, carry this letter down to—to the Columbian Hotel, where the show-folks stop. Give it to the bar-keeper, and tell him to give it, right straight off, to Miss Fanny Magnet, according to the direction. Now away, away! (*Exit* RICHARD, L. H.) I'll walk right through you if you longer stay. By mighty, I feel kind-o'-curious; I aint felt so since last Fourth of July, when I got so swizzled on gin and molasses. I'm afeard to see Miss Fanny. I shan't durst to say half as much as I've written in that letter—though when I get my best clothes on, I feel darned fierce. I hate most to see Jedidah take on so. I must be an everlasting loss to her. I hope she aint got no real notion of committing susanside. If I find her hanging up anywhere round the house I'll cut her down, by hookey! Then she talks about haunting my bedside—darn it, that would be worse than bed-bugs! I've heard of such things!

[*Introduces song, and exit* R. H.

SCENE II.—*Room in a Tavern.*

Enter DOUGLAS DOUBLE *and* FANNY MAGNET, R. H.

DOUB. It's clear that something must be done. We' on the "*Road to Ruin*," and there's "*The Devil to Pay.*" k but of "*Raising the Wind*," and I'm the man "*Who s a Guinea.*" The landlord has grown as crusty as his c ouldy bread, and I can't get credit at the bar even for a .

FAN. Well, I've done all I could. You know onsented to be called Miss Fanny Magnet, when in fact I'm rs. Double, and you've called me a great attraction. Now, I should like to know how much I attracted last night?

DOUB. Six dollars, seven shillings, and four pence.

FAN. Well, we've done worse than that—hope for the best.

DOUB. Hope! so I do keep hoping. Havn't I been lingering here day after day? Monday was our last night; Tuesday—*positively* the last night; Wednesday—*definitively* the last night; Thursday—the ultimate performance. All depends upon my benefit to-night, when, if you really prove a *great attraction*, we shall quit the town with flying colors.

FAN. How are you going to play the endless variety of pieces you've advertised? Why you've put up half a dozen.

DOUB. Cut 'em, cut 'em. Cut and come again, my maxim. Ah! to-night I'll astonish them; show them what versatility of talent is! "Richard,"—"Bombastes,"—"Sylvester Daggerwood,"—"Caleb Quotem,"—Hornpipe,—Song, 'Jim Crow,' —I'll do it all.

FAN. Well, I was so much amused at a country youth who sat in the Pit. I think he was smitten with me, or else he had never been to a theatre before, for every word I spoke he cried out "encore," "encore."

DOUB. Damn him!

FAN. What! "Is he Jealous?"

DOUB. No! no! no!

FAN. Well, I think you may count upon his patronage, to-night, for fifty cents.

DOUB. No, twenty-five; he sits in the Pit.

CAPT. (*Without* L. H.) I tell you I will come up; offer to stop me and I'll knock you down.

DOUB. Eh! what's the meaning of this noise upon the stairs?

FAN. I say, Double, if it's any one to see me, I'm not at home, you know.

DOUB. It may be somebody for tickets—business is business. [*Exit* R. H.

FAN. Well, well, I cannot easily forget the comical actions of that yankee. Ah! who comes here?

Enter CAPT. CHUNK, L. H.

CAPT. (*Aside.*) Ah! there she stands, the sarpent. I can't bear to look upon the critter, for I never was in such company before. I dare say she's some old harridan, all paint and wrin-

kles. (FANNY *turns to him.*) Why she's as likely a looking gal as Jedidah. I thought I'd blaze away the moment I saw her, but somehow my spirit is leaking away as fast as it can. Oh! I'm so tender-hearted!

FAN. To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?

CAPT. (*Aside.*) I'll put myself into a bit of a passion.

FAN. Pray be seated. (*They sit.*)

CAPT. (*Aside.*) Dear me, how very polite! However, she can't fool me. (*Aloud.*) Pray, madam, is your name Fanny Magnet?

FAN. Yes, sir, that's my name—at your service.

CAPT. (*Aside.*) Yes, and anybody else's I suppose. (*Aloud.*) Pray, ma'am, do you know my son?

FAN. Why, what a strange question! I don't even know you.

CAPT. My name is Chunk, old Captain Chunk. I'm selectman and captain of militia. My son, a good-for-nothing fellow, came to see you act out last night.

FAN. Well, sir, I trust he was pleased with the performances?

CAPT. Pleased, ma'am! why the boy's as crazy as a coot. He has done nothing but holler and scream all the forenoon, and call for his horse, and talk about Richard, and Catesby, and the devil knows who.

FAN. Ha, ha! this must be the youth of last night. Well, sir, is this all?

CAPT. No, ma'am—it isn't all, ma'am. He has engaged to marry Jedidah Pratt, his cousin, ma'am, and till last night he liked her very well, but since he's seen you he's treated poor Jedidah shamefully, and talks of nothing but Miss Fanny Magnet.

FAN. La, sir, what could he see in my face to admire?

CAPT. Well, I don't know what, ha, ha, ha! You're not so bad looking, after all. Now I look at you again, you're a smart nice gal. But don't try to get Curtis away from Jedidah—it would break her heart.

FAN. My dear sir, I could not do it. (*Smiles.*)

CAPT. I don't know that; egad, if you smiled on him as you did on me just now, it would be all over with him. You pretty little—I mean, Miss Fanny Magnet.

FAN. Well, now, I declare, you're a nice old gentleman!

CAPT. Am I though? Well, perhaps I am, though I never found it out.

FAN. Yes, you are; and if your son is only half as well bred, and as good—

CAPT. Come, now, none of that, Miss Fanny Magnet, or you'll make me wrathy again. But between you and I, I should very much like to know what you did to tickle Curtis so last night? What did you act out?

FAN. Why, first, I spouted, for instance, and then I danced, and then I sang a little.

CAPT. Sang! what, can you sing? I dare say you can, you little rogue. I beg your pardon, ma'am. I love singing, and as far as Old Hundred goes, I'm something of a fist at it myself. Pray, let's hear you.

FAN. (*Sings.*) "An old man will never do for me,
For May and December can never agree."

CAPT. Why, will nothing but a young man serve your turn? Egad! you sing like a bobalink. You've made me feel so merry, I verily believe I could dance.

FAN. So could I, you dear old man. (*Sings "Buy a Broom," and waltzes him round the stage.*)

CAPT. Dear me, young woman, how improper. I declare you've set my head whirling, and my brain keeps whizzing like the in'ards of a clock in a quinsy. You've absolutely turned my head. If you acted out so with my son, no wonder he came home last night as crazy as a coot.

DOUB. (*Without*, R. H.)
"Limbs do your office, and support me well,
"Bear me but to her, then fail me, if you can."

FAN. There's my manager! for heaven's sake, go, old man—if he sees you here he'll be in a dreadful passion.

CAPT. Well, well, I'll be gone. I can't find it in my heart to scold you—but just try, and don't love Curtis Chunk. I know it's hard to resist him, for he takes after me—but now, don't spile him. I'm off. Think about Jedidah—I'm going—it will be the death of her—I'm gone. [*Exit* L. H.

FAN. Well, this is truly whimsical.

Enter DOUBLE, R. H.

DOUB. "The sun of heaven methought was loath to set." Pray, Fanny, who was that tiresome old man? and what were you talking about? Your conversation was full five lengths.

FAN. He's the father of the youth I captivated last night, so now you know the secret.

DOUB. The deuce he was! Here, there came a letter to you, which I assumed a husband's privilege of reading. It contains a request to see you, enclosing the following verses. (*Reads and laughs.*)

FAN. Oh! do let me see them.

DOUB. When he comes I'll kick him out.

FAN. No, Double, don't play the farce of "*Turn out*"; leave him to me, and I'll show him how to play the "*Double Dealer.*"

DOUB. What! trust you with a fascinating young man?

FAN. Yes, you must, Double. "Believe me for mine honor, and have respect for mine honor, that you may believe so."
[*Exit* R. H.

DOUB. Devilish fine woman, though I say it that shouldn't. In the metropolis she'd draw—she'd be a great attraction. So should I, I'm sure. We'd have a smashing benefit, and when we were called out before the curtain, I should take her by the hand, and, advancing to the footlights, say,—Ladies and Gentlemen, we return you our most sincere thanks for your patronage this evening, and believe us when we say—

Enter CURTIS CHUNK, L. H.

Who the devil are you?

CUR. By Jehoshaphat! It's Richard Three!

DOUB. Douglas Double, at your service,—Manager of the Eagle Circuit Company.

CUR. And I'm Curtis Chunk; called, for short, Cur-Chunk. By becswax, I'm glad to see you! You acted out that ere tyrant first rate; but you got an almighty thrashing at last. If that ere feller with the tin coffee-pot on his head, and the pot-kiver on his arm, didn't walk into you with that ere ironspit, then it aint no matter.

DOUB. "A sweeter, and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt quite royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford."

CUR. Bravo! Bravo! Hurrah for Richard Three!

DOUB. You seem to be a lover of dramas?

CUR. No, I'm a lover of Jedidah's; and as for drams, I don't make it a practice to, though I do get swizzled Fourth of July, and muster, regular as a tea-pot.

DOUB. I mean, you're fond of shows?

CUR. I want to know if I aint? though father keeps one up so darned tight, I can't get a lick at 'em once in a hundred years. Last night was the first time I ever seen a play acted right out. At first I thought you were all swizzled, and you might have heard me sing out "Tomatoes, do they act so daytimes, or are they all tight?" But bime-by I began to see through it. Come to think, it wasn't the fust big show I ever see, 'cause I carried Jedidah to see the Mammoth Caravan,—and wasn't that a snorter! (*Tells story.*)

DOUB. Ha! ha! ha! You are no greenhorn.

CUR. I want to know if I am not. No, no, not I! Don't I know a thing or two? I rather guess I do. I can manufacture cat-skin into outer kids, and turn half a dozen wooden bacon hams in an hour, and, 'twixt you and I, if I could act out as you do, I shouldn't wonder.

DOUB. Nor I, upon my soul, you have a noble figure for the stage.

CUR. I've a darned good mind to go along with you. What wages do you give a green hand?

DOUB. Well, that depends upon circumstances.

CUR. Try before you buy, that's father's maxim. Well, I don't think I could act without a little practice. Guess I could go Richard three, arter I'd learned the lesson. (*Strikes an attitude.*) A hoss! a hoss!

DOUB. Bravo! bravo! you could do it very well.

CUR. And then, when it came to the fightin' part—by mighty! wouldn't I jump around and lick everybody I come across. I wouldn't let that tarnal Richmond lick me like he did you. I'd have that old skewer out of his hand, and kicked him out darned quick.

DOUB. But, as you say, you couldn't have done it, without practice or study. Now, I'll be your instructor. Come, let's rehearse a speech or two. I'll spout a line and you repeat it. Are you ready? Now, you must take the stage.

CUR. Where to, tarnation?

DOUB. Pshaw! observe me.

CUR. Go ahead, I'll follow you. Give us something solid now.

(DOUBLE *speaks, and* CURTIS *repeats every line.*)

DOUB. "A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance your standards! Set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, Good St. George!
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Charge!"

CUR. By gosh! this is as hard work as hoeing corn. I'm all out of breath. But I tell you what, I want you to introduce me to that splendifferous critter, Miss Fanny Magnet. I'll shin up to her like a hero! court her like I did Jedidah, and if she don't surrender, then it aint no matter. Go ahead!

DOUB. "Was ever woman in this humor wooed?"

[*Exeunt* L. H.

SCENE III.—*A room meanly furnished, chairs, table, tumbler of water, band-box with bonnet, shoe brushes, men's shoes, theatrical dresses scattered about in disorder.* FANNY *discovered. Dress similar to "Nelly's" in "No Song no Supper"; pipe in her mouth, brushing a man's shoe.*

FAN. Well, I think this disguise will somewhat disgust my ardent lover. At any rate he'll not think me so beautiful as when he saw me on the stage last night. I shouldn't wonder if the scene between us would be worth dramatizing; but, eh! he is here! (*Puts pipe in her mouth and brushes shoe.*)

Enter CURTIS CHUNK, L. H.

CUR. How d'ye do?

FAN. Who are you?

CUR. My name is Curtis Chunk; called for short, Cur-Chunk.

FAN. Well, you can squat down, I 'spose?

CUR. Well, I can't stop, not now; I come to see Miss Fanny Magnet.

FAN. Say, you're her sweetheart, aint you?

CUR. I love her most extemporaneously. You're her servant gal, aint you?

FAN. Say, you bean't afeard of me, be you? (*Smuts her face.*)

CUR. I ain't afeard of no white gal, or nigger either, and your face is six of one and about half a dozen of t'other.

FAN. Say, don't give me no sass.

CUR. I thought you might like to know you've got a gob of blacking on it.

FAN. Say, did you come to see Miss Fanny Magnet?

CUR. Yes, that lovely, all thunderin' fine gal.

FAN. Take hold and brush that shoe, then.

CUR. Darn it, I just washed my hands, and I shall spatter my trousers all over.

FAN. Them's Miss Fanny's shoes.

CUR. These ere, go along.

FAN. Yes, they are, why not?

CUR. Why, darn it, they'd fit me, and my foot's a foot and a half.

FAN. Don't you know who I am?

CUR. Yes, you're the ugliest white gal I ever see.

FAN. Well, I'm Miss Fanny Magnet.

CUR. You git out.

FAN. Is this your love for me?

CUR. Love for you? Why you're no more like Miss Fanny Magnet, than a sowbug's like a woodchuck.

FAN. Will you just examine my face?

CUR. I can hardly see through that coat of Day & Martin. Why, no!—yes!—it is, by golly!—I'm blamed if it aint!

FAN. Are you satisfied?

CUR. Yes, ma'am, I hope I see you fine.

FAN. If you are my sweetheart, just take my hand and kiss it.

CUR. Oh, Miss Fanny, that would be taking too extravagant a liberty. (*Aside.*) I don't fancy the taste of Day & Martin.

FAN. Why don't you take hold?

CUR. Well, here goes. (*Kisses her hand. Aside.*) It's Japan blacking, and I've got a mouthful.

FAN. Ha! ha! ha! You are a proper nice man. (*Falls on his neck.*)

CUR. No I aint, by a jugful.

FAN. Yes! you are a dear man.

CUR. Hollo! this is more than I bargained for. Damn it! you'll smother me!

FAN. What! do you disdain me?

CUR. No, I don't want nothing to do with you.

FAN. Didn't you write me a letter telling me how much you loved me?

CUR. Yes! but I've rather concluded pretty much to change my mind.

FAN. Oh! I shall faint right off.

CUR. Now, don't you, it will make such a muss.

FAN. I will! Oh, you deceiver! oh! oh!

CUR. Here's a flare up. What on earth shall I do? Here's some water. I reckon that will fetch her to. (*Brings down tumbler of water*, FANNY *takes it, chases him round the stage, and finally throws it in his face.*) Darn your picter! what are you about? You've taken all the stiffening out of my dickey, and now I shall tumble right through my shirt.

FAN. You traitor, won't you marry me?

CUR. I'll see you darned first. (FANNY *takes broom and chases him round stage*, CURTIS *crying,*) Help! murder! take her off!

Enter DOUBLE, R. H., *with sword.*

DOUB. Ha! what do I see? (*Strikes attitude.*)

FAN. Douglas! save me! save me!

DOUB. Villain! let go thy hold! (*Rushes forward and*

throws FANNY *round to* L. H., *strikes another attitude.*) Base ravisher! draw, and defend thyself!

CUR. Draw! why I aint got nothing to draw.

DOUB. Ha! coward! then die the death of a dog! (*Drives* CURTIS *round the stage, thrusting at him; he defends himself with band-box.*)

FAN. Oh! I'm ruined! undone!

DOUB. And you shall be avenged! I demand satisfaction!

CUR. Why look here, King Richard, I never tackle no woman, nor wild cats neither, but I aint a mite afeared of you; but put down that spit, and I'll plough and harrow you in less than no time.

JED. (*Without*, L. H.) I tell you I'll see her face to face, and I'll tear her all to pieces.

DOUB. The plot thickens; here is one of the legitimate wild cats.

JEDIDAH *rushes in* L. H.

JED. Where is the minx? Where is this Fanny Magnet?

CUR. I tell you what, Jedidah, you'd better keep clear of her. She'll walk right through you, like soap-suds down a sink.

JED. Stand out of the way, you perjured wretch. Where is Fanny Magnet, I say?

FAN. Here she is. What have you got to say?

JED. Be you she? and did you forsake your true love for this wretch, Curtis Chunk?

FAN. Yes, he has—and what have you got to say to that?

JED. I came here to give you a piece of my mind.

FAN. He promised to marry me, and marry me he shall, and if you aint careful what you say, I'll slap your face.

JED. If you do, I'll scratch your eyes out.

FAN. Take that then. (*Slaps her face.*)

JED. And you take that, and that. (*They fight.*)

DOUB. Ladies! pray don't expose yourselves.

JED. I'll be the death of her.

CUR. I say, King Richard three, we must choke them off. (JEDIDAH *and* FANNY *try to fight each other.* DOUBLE *holds* FANNY, CURTIS *holds* JEDIDAH, *who turns and beats him.*) Hollo! thunder and lightning!

FAN. Oh! if I could but get at her!

JED. Let me go, you vile deceiver.

CUR. No, you don't! by thunder!

DOUB. Fanny, my dear, retire and compose yourself.

FAN. I will, dear Double, but if there's law in the land I'll have it,—I'll sue for a breach of promise. [*Exit* R. H.

CUR. Good riddance, too! Now look here, King Richard three, these women have raised my dander, I've been so jofiredly—

DOUB. Beaten, bobbed and thumped.

CUR. Exactly so. Come on, King Richard three, and I'll lick you pretty darned suple.

DOUB. No, it must not be. The lady has shown you the

preference, and I'll resign all claims. You'll marry her, of course?

CUR. If I do, may I be drained through a saw-mill and converted into slabs. She talks of damages though, and I 'spose she can recover, though I didn't make her any decided offer of marriage. But then a chap in York State had to pay three hundred dollars just for dreaming he promised to marry a gal, but I wouldn't marry her, not if she was a conglomeration of specie.

JED. You wouldn't?—sartin true? and do you love me?

CUR. Tremendously!

JED. And will you marry me?

CUR. Sartin, you little domesticated wild cat. Kiss me and make up.

JED. Ain't you ashamed?

CUR. Not a mite—now don't be squeamish. (*Kisses her.*) There wasn't no Day & Martin about that. That was the raw material. Darn it, let's have another squeeze. (*Kisses her again.*)

Enter CAPTAIN CHUNK, L. H.

CAPT. That's right! keep at it! keep at it! Tol lol. (*Dances.*)

CUR. Hollo, dad! have you got the spring-halt?

CAPT. No, but I'm the happiest old fellow alive. That is, if my eyes don't deceive me. You've come to your senses. You'll have Jedidah, won't you?

CUR. Yes, dad, I reckon I've come to my oats. But I ain't got off so easily. This ere Fanny swears she'll marry me whether I will or no, or else she'll sue me for a breach of promise. Now I don't like the idea of going to law. Damages would make considerable of a hole in our specie, partner.

CAPT. Never mind,—what can't be cured must be endured! but, perhaps, we can compromise. Can't you give us a word of advice in the matter, Mr. Manager?

DOUB. I think I can. I have a little interest in the lady in question. The fact is, since we opened our establishment for the gratification of your enlightened community, we have met with considerable opposition from many who asserted that our performances were of an immoral tendency.

CAPT. A parcel of bigoted boobies. I was one, but my eyes are open.

DOUB. Well, sir, our receipts have been so uncomfortably small that we are in considerable arrears. Now, one crowded house would set us afloat, and if, through your influence—

CAPT. I understand, and I'll patronize you. I'll take every ticket, and pay you cash, and Jedidah shall come and see the beautiful rival.

JED. Beautiful! she's as homely as sin.

DOUB. Jealousy! nothing but jealousy! But don't be alarmed—Miss Fanny Magnet will give you no further cause for uneasiness.

CAPT. That's right. But, Curtis, you had a narrow escape. It's lucky you didn't see Miss Fanny; it would have been all over with you.

CUR. Well, I have seen her, and she was pretty nigh the death of me.

CAPT. She's most angelical.

CUR. She's most diabolical.

CAPT. Come, come, Curtis, you shan't slander her. She's an angel, I say! Such languishing eyes, such ruby lips, such polished skin—

CUR. Yes, polished with Knapp's Japan blacking.

DOUB. Hey-day! here's playing at cross purposes with a vengeance. But here comes the lady to decide the dispute.

Enter FANNY, *in her first dress*, R. H.

CUR. I hope she's cooled off a bit.

FAN. Am I a welcome visitor here, or shall I make my courtesy and retire?

CUR. This is her, in right down earnest, I swow!

CAPT. Well, is she diabolical!

CUR. No! she's angelical as when I first see her. Then that *was* your servant gal I see?

FAN. (*Imitating.*) Here, take hold of that shoe and brush it, can't you? and as for you, minx, I'll slap your face, I will.

CUR. By mighty! how cute!

JED. And then it *was* you, and in fun all along?

CUR. Yes, Jedidah, she was acting out.

FAN. Yes, and now, dear girl, let us embrace in token of friendship. (*They embrace.*)

CUR. I rather guess that was a little tenderer than you embraced jest now. Now, what do you think, Jedidah? Aint she a buster! By mighty! I love her jest as bad as ever!

FAN. My friend, were I ever so much inclined to favor your suit, it is not in my power. My hand is not at my disposal, I am not single.

DOUB. No, you are *Double.* Ladies and Gentlemen, (*taking her hand,*) Mrs. Fanny Double, wife of Douglas Double, Esquire.

CUR. What! married? Dad, I guess we are walked into rather scrumptiously.

DOUB. Not so, as some deception has been practised, you are at liberty to withdraw your liberal offer.

CAPT. No, I shan't, I won't grudge a cent of it. Gad! I'd be willing to double it, to have the pleasure of hearing that charming creature sing, with fal-lal-lal. (*Dances.*)

CUR. And I'd give twenty-five cents extra, to rip out once more, A hoss! a hoss!

DOUB. Thanks, generous friends! And now may fortune favor us, and grant that our unceasing efforts to please, may indeed prove

A GREAT ATTRACTION

CURTAIN.

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. LXXXVIII.

THE IRISH YANKEE:

OR,

THE BIRTH-DAY OF FREEDOM.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AS FIRST REPRESENTED AT THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,—(The Irish American.)

	St. Chas. Theatre, N. Orleans.	*National Theatre, Boston.*	*Broadway Theatre, N. York.*
General Washington,	Mr. Ayling,	Mr. John Gilbert,	Mr. Howard,
General Warren,	Foster,	C. Thorne,	Canoll,
Edward Stanton,	I. Field,	H. Henkins,	Grosvenor,
Harry Stanton,	Weston,	E. Arnold,	T. E. Morris,
Mr. Rutland,	G. Farren,	Cartlitch,	B. Williams,
Ebenezer O'Donald,	Brougham,	Brougham,	Whiting,
Jasper Slack,	S. D. Johnson,	Logan,	Price,
Sergeant Blunt,	R. Russell,	T. Price,	
General Lord Howe,	Uhl,	Adams,	
Jacob Slink,	Merrifield,	Thompson,	Vincent,
Goosey,	Edwards,	L. Mestayer,	Henry,
General Putnam,	Stanton,	Toomer,	Wright,
General Lee,	Stevens,	Keatch,	Charles,
General Gates,	Johnson,	Curtis,	Watson,
General Ward,	Thompson,	Smith,	Collins,
Orderly,	Martin,	Richards,	Bensall,
Sentinel,	Saunders,	Lavette,	Allen,
Emma Rutland,	Mrs. Farren,	Miss Gann,	Mrs. Hough,
Blanche Rutland,	Miss Logan,	Mrs. Adams,	Nagle,
Lyddy Jinks,	Randolph	Miss Ayres,	B. Williams.

Costume.—(The Irish American.)

WASHINGTON—Costume as in Leutz's painting of the crossing of the Delaware.

WARREN—See plate of the Battle of Bunker Hill, cloak and slouched hat, in his first scene.

EDWARD STANTON—dress of continental officer.

HARRY STANTON—British officer's uniform.

MR. RUTLAND—Brown suit, of the time.

O'DONAHOO—Striped pantaloons, buff vest, canvass jacket.

JASPER SLACK—Old-fashioned Yankee dress.

JACOB SLINK—Dark old-style dress, beadle's gown and staff.

GOOSEY—Black coat, vest, and breeches.

LORD HOWE—General officer's uniform, (British.)

PUTNAM AND GENERALS—Continental uniform.

EMMA—Slate-colored silk gown, cap, and white kerchief.

BLANCHE—Drab silk gown, cap, and white kerchief.

LYDDY JINKS—Striped bodice and tuck, red petticoat, cap, and white kerchief.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

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

THE IRISH YANKEE:

OR,

THE BIRTH-DAY OF FREEDOM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment handsomely furnished.*

MUSIC.—BLANCHE, RUTLAND, *and* EMMA *discovered*, L. H.

Em. A penny for your thoughts, sister.

Bla. No, Emma, 'twould be receiving money under false pretences. They are not worth it.

Em. Indeed! Then I know the poor subject—a certain good-for-nothing individual, called Henry Stanton.

Bla. Upon my word, you are very impertinent to think anything of the kind. Had I been thinking of Harry——

Em. Your thoughts would have been worth considerably more than a penny.

Bla. Now, don't teaze me, Emma. I'm cross.

Em. Because it is about eight minutes and a half after the time an exceedingly love-sick swain promised to see a young damsel, pretty similarly situated.

Bla. Don't provoke me, Emma, or I shall retaliate. You know I can. [*Come forward.*

Em. You mean my partiality for his brother; I own it; more than that, I am proud of it; for my part, I don't think that woman worth loving at all, who does not glory in the object of her attachment. Nor do I consider that man worth wasting a sigh for, who is afraid to show his affection, but filches his little endearments, groans in secret, and if he *be* detected in winging a shaft of Cupid on a tender glance, casts down his eyes and blushes like the sun in a fog.

Bla. Oh! but Harry does not blush.

Em. Indeed! Thank you for the information.

Bla. Now, Emma, you're too bad.

Em. And you're a little worse.

Bla. Do be quiet, they'll both be here presently, and how can I look Harry in the face, if you make me color up so.

Em. Poor thing, I really pity, and shall do all I can to relieve your embarrassment, to show what sacrifices I can make for you. As soon as Edward comes I shall make him take me out for a walk, and then you and Harry can blush together cozy and comfortable.

Bla. Thank you, you are too disinterested; but, dear Emma, to speak seriously, have you not noticed recently a sort of reserve, almost amounting to coolness, between Harry and Edward?

Em. Edward and Harry certainly do not appear to be on such friendly terms as I should wish.

Bla. Can you guess the reason?

Em. I think I can. Papa don't like to speak on such matters before us; but have you not observed that the aspect of political affairs has looked gloomy of late?

Bla. 'Tis true, I have; but what have women to do with such matters?

Em. Everything, Blanche, everything. Women have more power than even they themselves are aware of, and should they not, within the sacred precincts of home, counsel and stimulate their husbands, fathers, brothers, to protect the hearths of their ancestors, if a good and holy cause demands their energies, is it not woman's duty to cheer them on to deeds of immortality. [*Crosses to* R. H.

Bla. You are right, sister. You have more of the heroic in you than I have.

Em. Now, by the spirit of my patriot fathers, I do believe if men were insufficient to obtain our freedom, I would rouse up my own sex to assist them, head them myself, and look on death as less than nothing to the glory of yielding life for such a cause. But here comes Harry and I'm nothing but a trembling girl again.

Bla. He would not have you other, I'll warrant.

Enter HARRY STANTON, *British uniform*, L.

Har. Dear, dear Blanche. [*Crosses.*] Emma.

Em. (R.) Don't mind me. I approve—but where's Edward?

Har. (C.) I don't know: 'tis with a sad heart I have to tell you that he has quitted his father's home I fear for ever.

Em. Good Heaven!—the cause?

Har That, which at this moment is severing the dearest ties; my father is of English birth.

Em. But Edward is not.

Bla. Nor you, Harry.

Har. Neither of us. My father, as is natural to suppose, looks with alarm upon the startling indications of insurrection which surround us. He and I have accepted commissions in His Majesty's service.

Bla. (L.) You, Harry!

Em. And Edward——

Har. I grieve to say, has joined the insurgents.

Em. May Heaven's blessing greet him and his glorious cause.

Har. Blanche, why do you turn from me?—surely loyalty to my sovereign is not a crime in your eyes.

Em. Loyalty, Henry Stanton, is a courtly phrase, the plain rendering

of which you would not like to hear. Mr. Stanton, are you not an American?

Har. I am!—and glory in the name.

Bla. (L.) You do not, you cannot, Harry,—I mean Mr. Stanton.

Har. (C.) Blanche, this is cruel.

Em. (R.) Bear witness, Heaven, I would rather live upon the thought of my Edward's glory, with but the remembrance of his love buried in my heart, than share a palace with an enemy to freedom. It may seem strange, Henry Stanton, to hear me, a woman, speak in such a strain, but it may serve to show what a spirit is abroad, pervading every condition, animating all ages. Ponder on this, Henry Stanton, and take my word the mercenary hirelings of oppression have never yet prevailed over those who have battled for the right, nor will they now.

[*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Har. [BLANCHE *crosses to* R. H.] Stay, dearest Blanche, do not you leave me without hope of mercy.

Bla. Harry, I shame not to say, that with my whole heart I love you, —nay, hear me out—'tis union of thought alone can form a mutual love —we cannot meet while you oppose the dearest wishes of my soul. Harry, dear Harry, we meet to think alike, or else we meet no more. May Heaven direct you to the right [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Har. Cruel alternative!—death to honor, or to love—and can a soldier hesitate!—No! Beloved Blanche, farewell for ever. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*Kitchen.* EBENEZER O'DONAHOO, L., *cleaning knives.* LYDDY JINKS, *making dumplings*, R. C.

EBENEZER *sings.*

Lyd. I think it would be more becoming in you to mind your knife-cleaning, and not be making such an awful noise.

Eben. Noise is it, now that's what I call the heighth of an iligant insult; but you know you've got a mighty tight grip of my affections, or you wouldn't be saying that.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ho! ho! you're a nice sort of an individual.

Eben. I'm obleeged to you for the compliment, but I know it, and if it comes to that, how the devil can I help it. Sure that small fragment of national bashfulness that I inherited from my father, doesn't prevint me from estimating the personal beauty which descended to me from my maternal mother.

Lyd. She must have been a charmer.

Eben. Bedad you may say that, my purty puddin'-maker; sure a'n't you the *flour* of beauty at this moment yerself—up to the elbows any way—be the powers you use my heart just in the same way that you sarve that paste. You thump and whack it about, and can twist it into any form you please; but, you've baked it in the oven of love until it 's scorched to a very cinder.

Lyd. Why, you're full of your nonsense this morning.

Eben. Well, I know I am; but then it 's soft nonsense, and that 's always excusable. [*Knock*, D. F.] Come in.

Door opened. Enter JASPER, SLACK, *and* WARREN, *disguised as Pedlars.*

Slack. [*Looks on.*] Anything wanted in my way?

Lyd. No, sir, thank you. I can't afford to want.

Eben. Ah, do—want something, Lyddy, and let me have the pleasure of wishing you may get it.

War. Suffer me and my partner to show you some of our new dresses.

Eben. Don't let the huxtherin' vagabone in, he only wants to have a talk with you.

Lyd. Do you think so? You may come in, sir.

Eben. There 's a coquetting basilic for you. I 've a great mind to give him a punch he won't like the flavor of.

Enter JASPER *and* WARREN, D. & F.

Jas. (L.) Well, and how do you du! This is the house, I know. [*To* WARREN. EBEN. *Sings and cleans knife.*

Lyd. (L. C.) Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Slack.

Jas. And how 's—— [EBEN. *sings*, R. H.

Lyd. Don't mind him; he 's only jealous.

Jas. Well, I swow, if you don't look so confusing pretty this morning, just like—— [EBEN. *sings.*

Lyd. Oh! Mr. Slack, you compliment.

Jas. I don't, I scorn it; I mean every thing I say. You do look exactly like,— [EBEN. *sings.*] damn it, I wish that fellow had half a pound of good fat sassengers down his throat—oh! miss— [EBEN. *sings.*] damn that Irisher, he 'll get my dander up directly. I'm a'most as riley as an equinoctial a'ready. There, what do you say to that? a'n't that as purty as a hull bed of flowers in June? Now, Miss Lyddy, if you 'd only do me the favor to wear that, I'll— [EBEN. *sings louder.*] I say, I 'll— [EBEN. *sings very loud.*

Lyd. What did you say, Mr.——

Jas. [*Crosses to* EBEN.] I was goin' to say— [EBEN. *sings.*] Now, look here, mister, if you 've got anything agin me, why spoke it out like a man, and don't keep settin' a fellow's teeth on edge with them 'tarnal knives.

Eben. Why, then, if it comes to that, my bowld snip seller, I have something to say, and when I 've spoke it you 'll know it.

Jas. Well, and what may the totting up amount to?

Eben. To just this, that I think you have some other meaning in coming here than to sell tape and bobbins. JASPER *and* WARRED *start.*

Jas. How on earth did you find that out?

Eben. I 've got my sinses about me, I may look a mighty great fool in your eyes, but I can see as far through a millstone as any other blind man.

Jas. I 've no doubt but you can, Mr. ——, what might your name be?

Eben. My name, sir, is O'Donahoo; how do you like it?

Jas. Well, I think there 's a real good potato flavor about the name.

Eben. Well, and didn't the potatoes emanate from yourselves, if it

comes to that? Didn't ould Sir Walter Really come all the way to America for the first potaty, eh?—don't tread upon your own corns, if you please.

Jas. Oh! the name 's a good name—Don't-know-who, might throw a sort of doubt upon one of your forefather's father, that 's all.

Eben. Well, then, there 's just half a chance that I 've got gentleman's blood in my veins, and that 's betther than to crawl through the world behind a name that couldn't have had anything else but a vagabone for its originator, and bedad it 's mighty well you seem to support the dignity of your family.

Lyd. Ebenezer, don't you be so bumptious!

Jas. What 's his name?

Eben. Ibanazer—have you anything to say agin that?

Jas. No, I like that; where did you get it?

Eben. Here, in my native country.

Jas. Why, you don't mean to say you were born in America?

Eben. Why, the circumstance has slipped my own memory, but they towld me so.

Jas. Why, you speak like an Irishman.

Eben. You 're right, sir, I do. I speak like my father, and he was strongly suspected of being an Irishman.

Jas. One would suppose it to be your mother tongue.

Eben. Bedad they wouldn't be far out if they did; it was my mother's tongue and my father's, both of them had the softest way of rowling the syllables round the inside of their mouths, as fine a pair of brogues as ever was manufactured in ould Ireland, which inasmuch as they had no other property, descended to me.

Jas. Then, you really are an American?

Eben. As far as breathing its air for some four-and-twenty years and loving every square inch of its ground can make me one.

Jas. Then, brother Yankee, give me your hand. [*Crosses to him.*

Eben. There it is, with my heart in it, if you promise not to come soothering my Lyddy, here.

Jas. I promise. I but brought her a small present, in consideration of a certain favor I wish her to do for me.

Lyd. What is it, Mr. Slack?

Jas. Just conduct my partner to an apartment where he can see your master, without the presence of strangers. Nobody likes, you know, to make bargains before people.

Lyd. [*Crosses to* R.] He is in his library; now is the very time. You can follow me, Mr. —— [*Exit* LYDDY, *and* WARREN, R. 1 E.

Jas. And now, Mr. Donahoo, I want to have some talk with you.

Eben. Fire away!

Jas. Are you particularly fond of cleaning knives?

Eben. No. I can't say that I pride myself much upon the knives, any fool can clean a knife, but a fork 's the toucher; the two pronger is easy enough, but three puts a fellow to his mettle.

Jas. Just put 'em down for one minute; now come here; have you any objection to fight?

Eben. Is it me? By the powers of pewter I 'd live on the smell of a

salt herring for six weeks, if I thought there was going to be a decent shindy at the end of it—do you want to try!

Jas. Not yet.

Eben. Oh! murder, Mr. Slack, is there any chance of a ruction? Do you know I'm getting blue mouldy for want of a larropping.

[*Small bell*, R. H.

Eben. That 's for me—is it thrue you speak? Are we going to have a ruction!—Coming?

Jas. True.

Eben. Give us your fist.

Jas. You are all Americans in this house?

Eben. Every mother's son of us, down to the last batch of kittens. [*Bell*, R. 1 E.] Oh, bad luck to the bell! I wish I didn't hear it. Don't go away till I have a chance of knowing when the fun 's a going to begin; but if you disappoint my expectations and there won't be no scrimmage, I 'll take my vengeance out of your carcass. I will, by the ghost of Moll Kelly. [*Large bell*, R. *Exit*, R. H. 1 E.

Jas. Hum! Plenty of courage, but no brains; useful but dangerous; we can only trust him with the hard fighting. [*Exit*, D. F.

SCENE III.—*Library of* MR. RUTLAND. *Side door*, L. H., *to open on Stage. L. Tormenter closed to open on Stage Table pushed on*, D. 2 E.

Rut. Yes, Edward, the crisis has arrived at last. Roused by continued acts of injustice, the people, not a few factious individuals, who for personal aggrandizement would feign an ardor which they did not feel, but the bone, muscle, and sinew of the country—the *people* begin to feel, to know, and to deliberate.

Ed. Heaven be thanked, they do at last. With what an inward thrill of joy I gaze upon determined faces, as I pass along, look into eyes whose meaning shows itself, though yet unspoken, meet the stern grasp, instead of the easy careless salutation; proofs, cheering proofs, that one secret, but overwhelming thought, pervades all hearts; but, I grieve to say my father still adheres to his original opinion.

Rut. Honor him for it: ours is a cause that requires no forced converts. How does he regard your conduct?

Ed. As an indulgent parent; he seeks not to alter my resolutions, knowing the sincerity of my motives, and acknowledges the heart's instinctive prompting to be before parental will.

Rut. Well, Edward, now is the time to brace the nerves up and prepare for the coming storm: the thunder cloud grows denser day by day, and no man knows when battle's lightning may flash around.

Enter EBENEZER.

Eben. Did you ring, sir?

Rut. Who was that speaking to you in the kitchen?

[*Crosses* C. *to* L. H.

Eben. Bedad, you may say that—who was he?

Rut. That 's exactly what I want to know

Eben. Have you any suspections of him?
Rut. What 's that to you? Answer my question.
Eben. A'n't I answering it? You want to know who he is.
Rut. I do.
Eben. Are you good at riddles?
Rut. Confound it, give me a direct answer.
Eben. I will, sir.
Rut. Well, do.
Eben. Directly.
Rut. You stupid fellow, who is this man?
Eben. I don't know; but here he comes. You 'd better ax him your self.

Enter LYDDY, *showing in* WARREN, L. 1 E.

Lyd. There 's master, sir. [*Exit,* L. H.

WARREN *motions to dismiss* EBENEZER.

Rut. You needn't wait.
Eben. Eh?
Rut. You needn't wait.
Eben. I a'n't a going.
Rut. But you'd better go.
Eben. Where?
Rut. Down stairs.
Eben. Oh! thank you, I know what you mean, that 's the genteel for a hot corner. That fellow's a spy, so can I be on occasions, there 's a pretty good sized keyhole. [*Exit,* L. H.
Rut. Now, sir, your business; why this secrecy?
[WARREN *removes hat and great coat.*
Rut. Warren! [*Music.*
War. (L.) My old friend Rutland—well, well met!
Rut. Mr. Edward Stanton, a portion of my very self.
[*They shake hands. A pause.*
War. Why dissimulation! why the semblance of restraint, when this nervous grasp, like an electric touch, declares our hearts to beat in unison. Our country's cause——
Rut. } To the death.
Ed. }
War. Aye, to the death! What luxury of life compares with such a glorious destiny—to die for liberty. Heaven grant it may be mine! To my beloved country I have devoted every thought; let me but seal her freedom with my blood, and 'twill be happiness to die. My friends, I need not tell you what a hungering for liberty is now abroad; in yonder disguise I have visited all ranks, and find an unanimity of purpose now steadily resolving upon action, (c.)
Ed. Glorious intelligence; the joyous blood leaps upward from my heart at the anticipation.
War. Now to my mission. You know that our sapient ministers, foiled most signally in their stamp scheme, still obstinately determine to

enforce the tea tax, the most obnoxious of them all. However, I rather imagine that matter will be finished in a very summary way. What I particularly require now is some trustworthy, daring fellow, who will undertake to convey some secret instructions to our friends in Delaware.

Rut. (L.) I think I have just the man. With whom do you wish to communicate?

War. With one, who, if his present promise be at all an earnest of his future greatness, will achieve a name whose glories will overshadow e'en the brightest. Modest in deportment, reserved in manner, an enemy to ambition, uniting in a curious degree the opposites of prudence and energy; cautious in deciding, but prompt in action. I am much mistaken, or his deeds will keep his memory fresh in the hearts of his countrymen from age to age, till time itself beholds the wreck of all.

Rut. And his name is——

War. George Washington!! 'Tis to him I wish the information transmitted.

Rut. I shall send O'Donahoo.

[*Opens door;* EBENEZER, *pistol in hand, falls in.*

Ed. A spy!

War. Treachery! Die! [*Pointing pistol.*

Eben. Howld hard—don't shoot, or you'll be the death of me. By the ghost of Moll Kelly's mother-in-law I thought you were a spy yourself. If you don't believe me, look at this gun's child I brought up, to smash you to smithereens with.

War. How came you to keep on listening?

Eben. (R. C.) Ah! thin, sure I listened as little as I possibly could, sir; and if it comes to that, haven't I the heart to feel for my country's wrongs, too; and by the same token, havn't I got the hand to show it?

War. Oh! I forgot; you are an American.

Eben. Bad luck to this mother's tongue of mine, how it sticks to me. I never can open my mouth without putting my foot in it. However, thanks be, the master knows me, and so does Mr. Stanton, though he did call me a spy a while ago.

Ed. I shall make amends for it. I acknowledge you were only listening, but will vouch for your truth and fidelity.

War. Enough. And now, O'Donahoo, think you that you can find means to convey that letter safely and secretly to its destination?

Eben I'll do it.

War. 'Tis for Colonel George Washington.

Eben. Very good, sir. Washington—I think I've heard that name before.

War. Likely, and will again; 't will be the world's talk ere long. But how do you intend to convey the letter?

Eben. Bedad, I was just thinking. I have it! Just write me a fictious one, as like this as you can, and just consider the matter settled. But I hope you won't want me to start until after to-morrow.

[*Crosses to* L. H.

Ed. Why after to-morrow?

Eben. Why don't you know, there's going to be a taste of a scrimmage. Myself and a few more boys are going to goosify a little blaggard of a tax man. His interior is all goose already, and so we 're going to make his externals correspond. After that, wid a blessing, we'll give the fishes a treat they havn't had before, I 'm a thinking.

War. Indeed! How, pray?

Eben. Only just by turning Boston Harbor into a big tay-pot. The fishes can sweeten it with salt; it 's just as wholesome, and a deal more convenient to them. [*Exit.*

War. My friends, it works; the spirit is abroad; the flame will soon burst forth, unquenchable; a flame wherein our country shall cast off the foul dross of tyranny and come forth pure as thrice refined gold! [*Music*, R. 1 E.

SCENE IV.—*Front Scene.*

Enter JACOB SLINK *and* GOOSEY, L. 1 E.

Jac. Come along, and don't be a fool. What en earth are you afraid of?

Goosey. I ain't afraid; I 'm only dubersome about the result. Those Bostonians will never let that tea be landed.

Jac. Nonsense. I know them. They'll make a noise and a fuss; but when I show my nose, armed by the royal authority, just wait till you see how they'll scamper.

Goosey. I 'm sorry to differ in opinion with you, but I don't think they will.

Jac. What, am I not clothed with the thunder of the law? Doth not the strength of the entire judicature of Great Britain proceed from my mouth? Do I not represent in my own proper person the majesty of the United Kingdom.

Goosey. I acknowledge that you do.

Jac. Then why prate to me about such rebellious nonsense? Come, give me the permit, I'll land it all myself, by the bones of Achilles. I'm a small man—I may say a very small man—but wrapped up in the dignity of my constabular and tax-collecting capacities, I laugh the vox populi to scorn. Give me the document, and bring after me the drays. Away, lily-livered Goosey. You are not worthy to be a follower of mine. [*Exit* GOOSEY, 1 L.] And now for this tea; see if I don't land it, every spoonfull. [R., *Enter* EBENEZER *as Indian; blanket and red hose.*

Eben. Go which an dhorg avic.

Jac. Hallo! who are you?

Eben. Don't you see I'm an Indian?

Jac. An Irish Indian, eh!

Eben. Yes, sir, upon the high pressure principle.

[*Shakes hands*—JACOB *winces*

Jac. What the devil do you want?

Eben. I'm come to take tay with you. Permit me——

[*Snatches permit.*

Jac. Come, I say, give that up. I 'll soon make you. [*Goes off, meets* JASPER *in blanket also. Enters* L. H.] Halloo, who are you?

Jas. Don't you see, stranger, I 'm an Engine?
Jac. Oh! here's a Yankee Indian! What do you want?
Jas. Come to take tea with you.

Enter several others.

Omnes. And so am I—and I—and I.—&c.
Eben. By the mortial souchong, we'll have a mighty snug tay-party presently. Come and do the honors.
Jac. No. [*Shouts.* U. E. R.
Eben. Now that's very inhospitable. Well, boys, may be we can manage to pour it out by ourselves.
Jac. No infringement of the law. I represent his most gracious majesty.
Jas. Then you 'll do nothing without a crown.
[*Puts old bonnet on his head.*
Jac. Murder! murder!! I call upon all good citizens to respect the dignity of the law.
Eben. Howld your prate; ain't we going to put on your coronation garments? But allow me first to ask you a question of importance. Is there anything at all offensive to your olfactories in the smell of tar, or have you any choice in the way of feathers?
Jac. Why, you don't mean——
Jas. Yes, but we do.
Eben. Which would you prefer the duck feather or the goose? If you 're at all aristocratic in your notions, we can accommodate you with swan's down.
Jac. I protest against this foul outrage.
Jas. You won't decide; then we must put it to the vote. Which is it to be?
Eben. I vote for goose.
All. Goose—goose. [*They hurry him off* L. H.
Eben. Hurrah! here's the devil to pay and plenty of pitch. [*Exit.*
[*Re-enter* Goosey, 2 *and off* R.

SCENE V.—*Boston Harbor—Bow of Vessel practicable.*

Goosey *discovered looking out* (*on ship*).

Goosey. Well, the valiant tax-man doesn't seem to be coming. [*Shout.*] Bless my soul, what's that? [*Shout.*] Eh! Can I believe my eyes? Why there's a troop of Indians ill-using my illustrious friend. Gracious me. I think I ought to go to his assistance. [*Shout.*] On second thoughts, I don't think I will.
[*Slopes off opposite side,* R. H.—*Music.*

Shout L. *Enter Party, with* Slink *tarred and feathered.*

Eben. Ha! there's a fine feathery bantam for you. Now, boys, for the tea.
Jas. I wonder will the fish drink it?
Eben. How the devil can they till they pay the tax; they 're not such darn fools as to do that.

Jac. Oh! let me go home—let me go home. Sacred dignity of man, how art thou outraged. Let me go.

Eben. Devil a bit. You must help us to pour out the tea.

Jac. Oh! wait till I get an opportunity.

Eben. If you'd take my advice, you'd keep a civil tongue in your head. You never looked so well in your life. Come and help us. You won't; then you'll have to overlook the work, that's all. Up with him.

[*Rope having been fastened round his waist, he is hoisted up.*

Eben. How do you like dancing on nothing? Give him a tune, boys; one he 'll remember—while we 're taking our tea.

[*Music.—Yankee Doodle played; party go up to boat, break tea chest, and upset it into the sea. Three cheers, as curtain descends.*

ACT II.

Bivouac of the British Army.—SERGEANT BLUNT *and several private soldiers discovered.—Music.*

Serg. B. Halt! Front. You go and keep a good look out from yonder hill. If you see about double our number, keep quiet, and return; if more, fire and run. [*Exit sentinel,* R. 1 E.

Enter HARRY, L. H.

Har. Well, sergeant, any news from our scouts?

Serg. None.

Har. Egad, this obstinate skirmish at Lexington has given our leaders a better opinion of Jonathan's courage.

Serg. Never doubted it.

Har. I begin to think we shall have tight work to reduce them to subjection again.

Serg. Ha! ha!

Har. Why do you laugh?

Serg. It can 't be done.

Har. Can 't?

Serg. Can 't.

Har. I 'm sorry to hear you speak thus.

Serg. Wouldn't to the men; do to you. Can 't be done.

Har. But why?

Serg. Too few of us.

Har. But we may be reinforced.

Serg. Whole army of England too few

Har. What do you mean?

Serg. Speak from experience; seen some service. We could lick any amount of army; but when every man's a soldier—pooh!—ridiculous—can t be done.

Har. The Americans seem to have a deal of your sympathy, sergeant.

Serg. Like them.

Har. Why do you fight against them, then?

Serg. Paid for it.

Har. Mercenary excuse.

Serg. Very. Can't help it.
Har. Why?
Serg. Poor.
Har. Were you rich, then, you would assist them?
Serg. Yes.
Har. This is rather insubordinate.
Serg. Know it. You shouldn't have asked the question.
Har. Doubtless, you regret the speech.
Serg. No! [*Walks away.*

Enter Sentinel, R. H.

Har. Well, any news.
Sen. Saw a suspicious movement on the enemy's right flank.
Har. Sergeant, can I depend upon you?
Serg. Ha! ha! [*Shows medal.*
Har. I am reproved. Accompany the men, and report to me.
Serg. Right face—march. Depend on me? ha!
[*Exit with men.—Music.*

Har. This honest fellow's observations give me much uneasiness, he may be correct—may be!—does not my own heart whisper that he is? No sophistry can conceal the fact that these colonists have the strong shield of right upon their side, and no force can combat against that. [*Sentinel without.* R.] A spy! a spy!
Ed. [*Outside,* R] Use me not roughly, I will follow.
Har. Great Heaven! that voice.

Enter EDWARD, *with four British soldiers,* R. H.

Ed. Harry!
Har. Edward! Ah! this is indeed hard!
Ed. Brother, I am your prisoner, but no spy.
Har. I know it, Edward. Oh! that I was ever born to look upon this day—his noble bearing makes me feel worse than coward. Edward, I know my punishment, but shall brave it. You are free! Go! Though armed against each other, let our hearts be still the same. Farewell! The password is—Renown!
Ed. Harry, you shall not suffer upon my account, here will I stay. I may be exchanged. This difference may soon be at an end; till then, I am your prisoner, brother.
Har. That cause must prosper, which has such supporters. Corporal let—I cannot speak the order.
Ed. This is your guardhouse, I presume?
Har. Brother! one moment—Blanche——
Ed. Loves you still. But——
Har. Ah! I know—condemns my loyalty.
Ed. Loyalty to a bad cause is the worst of folly.
[*Music.—Exit into guardhouse,* L. 3 E.
Har. Oh! terrible consequence of this unnatural conflict—a brother armed against a brother's life. Yet, must I yield no kindly feeling up to sterner duty. [*Exit,* L. H.

Eben. [*From above*, L. 3 E.] By the powers of war they 've caged him sure enough, if there was only that sojering chap there, I 'd soon cook his turkey for him; but there 's a squad coming, so I must use a thrifle of stratagem. Stop, let me call a council of war. I'm sent upon an expedition, I ought to go straight a head, to be sure I ought; but ought I to leave Mr. Edward in these blaggards' hands without a thry to release him, to be sure I oughtn't; it 's a duty I owe to my Boss to go of his message, but it 's a duty I owe to myself to stay and help my friend out of trouble—I 'm satisfied, here they come. Now for a quick drunk! Arrah whiskey my vourneen—— [*Sings.*

Enter BLUNT *and party*, R. H., *form up*, R. H.

Serg. B. What on earth savage yell is that?

Eben. [*Sings and comes down.*] Hollo! what 's here?—treachery and insurrectionation—disperse, I say disperse, ye rebel villains, or I 'll surround ye's, and take every mother's son of ye's prisoners of war.

Serg. B. Peace, drunken fool, don't you see we 're regulars.

Eben. Regulars, is it regulars? Well, bedad, ye's are the most unregular regulars I ever came across.

Serg. B. What brought you here?

Eben. Do you wish particularly to know?

Serg. B. I do.

Eben. Then listen, for it 's mighty surprisin'—you 'd hardly believe it—but it 's just exactly what brought yourself.

Serg. B. And that is?

Eben. My legs, for the want of a better pony.

Serg. B. Pshaw! no prevarication. Have you any information?

Eben. Eh?

Serg. B. Have you any information to communicate?

Eben. Well, betune you and me I just have.

Serg B. What is it?

Eben. Come away from these fellows and I 'll tell you; but bedad it 's a great secret, entirely, and out of respect for me and consideration for my character, I hope you'll keep it to yourself.

Serg. B. Well, what is it?

Eben. I'm getting mighty drunk.

Serg. You fool, that 's no secret.

Eben. Do I show it?

Serg. Where do you come from?

Eben. From a good ould Milesian stock.

Serg. Where are you from now?

Eben. From Darby Fin's whiskey store. Don't I carry a fine certificate of the strength of his spirits in my head.

Serg. Where are you going?

Eben. Anywhere, if you're inclined to treat.

Serg. Of course you know the pass word?

Eben. To be sure I do.

Serg. What is it?

Eben. Eh?

Serg. What is it?

Eben. Whiskey punch.

Serg. Indeed it is not.

Eben. I most sincerely wish it was.

Serg. If you don't give the pass word, you must be flogged.

Eben. Well, but how the devil can I when it 's left me brains? You see when I came out, I had the pass word in my head, snug enough, but the devil take me but I must be putting some whiskey punch in along with it. There was not room for both, do you mind, so the whiskey punch being the strongest, pitched the pass word smack out, and took entire possession.

Serg. Very logical, but unsatisfactory—to the halberts with him!

Eben. Oh! I have it—it 's floating about me brains, but the drink has drownded it altogether; if I could only just hear it, I 'd recollect it in a minute It wasn't——

Serg No! you don't know it—away with him.

[EDWARD *says to* EBENEZER, "*Renown*"—*Soldiers are dragging him away*, L. 3 E.

Eben. Stop a bit, it 's coming, I'm beginning to find it. It 's Re—I have it—Renown!

Serg. Right.

Eben. I should think it was.

Serg. Your hand.

Eben. There you are. I have a most unreasonable thirst on me, have ye's no comfort for a dry throat? Come, as we 're all friends, let us have a jollification. Make it properly worth my while, and I 'll sing ye's a tasty sort of a ditty, my ould father used to delight in. Bedad he had the coaxingest voice that ever came out of a Christian's head, the very birds would stop short to listen to him.

Sen. Bravo! let 's have the song—out with the table.

[*They bring table, with bottles, goblets, &c., table laid.*

Serg. It 's decidedly irregular, but songs are scarce.

Eben. And after the song I 'll tell ye's a quare bit of a story about that very box, it 's no ways a remarkable box to look at, but I 'll be bail it 'll astonish ye's before it's many minutes older.

Sen. Well, but the song.

Eben. What a mighty hurry you 're in, can't you wait till I clear my pipes.

Serg. I say, my friend, excuse me, but you 've got very sober all of a sudden.

Eben. Well, so I have; but don't you see the reason of that?

Serg. No.

Eben. Why, when the pass word come back into my head, the whiskey was obliged to leave it, of coorse. But now for the ditty. [*Sings, Fine ould Irish gentleman—all the Soldiers 'bravo.'*] Now for the story.

Eben. Well, I 'll tell yees, but you're mighty afear'd of the drink Here, try a little of this bury-me-decent. I brought it all the way from Kilamanaisy Ballinasquash. What do you think of that! Ain't it like sucking the morning dew off of the rose-buds. Holloo, why there's some poor devil in the guard-house.

Serg. Never mind that.

Eben. Oh, it's no affair of mine, to be sure, but I wouldn't like to trust anybody there without a key.

Serg. Without a key? Look here. [*Showing large key.*] But come, what's this story about the box?

Eben. Oh! aye! Bedad I was forgetten my box. Look at the box; it's no way a conceited box, and yet such is the power of that box it can answer any question put to it.

All. No!

Eben. I say yes. My grandfather's ancestors, by the mother's side, was magicians, and the very height of their skill was spent upon contriving that box. It has the wonderful power of predicting past circumstances. It make people dance and sing in spite of themselves. Come, as you're all decent fellows, I'll give yees a taste of its powers. Now mark, box, did you hear that? Is there anything remarkable going to happen? Yes. Did you hear it say yes?

Serg. I think I did.

Eben. What is it? Did you hear it? Something mighty surprising

Serg. I didn't hear.

Eben. Murder! what ears you must have. Now listen hard, every one of yees. Box, make them dance.

[*Dashes snuff in their faces—they dance about—sneeze—blinded.*

Eben. Ha! ha! That's a mighty strong box, isn't it? It won't hurt; it's only a little Irish blaggard. Give us the key. I've got a gun; if one of ye stirs, I'll shoot ye all. Come, Mr. Edward, you'll be more use out of that dog-hole. I've got great news for you. Good-bye boys. I'll be bail you won't easily forget the snuff-box jig. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Chamber—Enter* MR. RUTLAND *and* EMMA, *carrying belt which she fastens on him*, R. H.

Emma. There, father, in such manner did the women of olden time arm their knights, but never for so glorious a conflict. Strange, that all natural and duteous apprehension should merge in this one absorbing thought. Oh! that I were a man, to show what I would dare in such a cause. [*Knock.*

Enter WARREN, *armed*, L. H.

Rut. Welcome, my friend, welcome. How speeds the work?

War. As our best friends could desire. Concession is at an end, and now, by our own energies alone must we stand or fall. [*Knock.*

Enter JASPER, L. H.

Rut. Well, Jasper, what news have you gleaned?

Jas. Glorious! By the beard of Moses, glorious! We shall have a brush to-morrow, or sooner. An attack is determined on.

War. Well, we are prepared, notwithstanding the poverty of our armament. Willing and enthusiastic hearts must make up for the lack of arms. We have no rifles.

Jas. But our chaps are mighty good shots with a musket, as many a gold epaulet will find out, I reckon. But I tell you, you must be stirring; there's some red work cut out. Pigot and Howe, alarmed at the rapid rise of fortifications, are to attack simultaneously; while Gage is to take possession of Charlestown—if they let him.

War. Good fellow—how did you obtain this valuable information?

Jas. Cheaply enough. It cost me a gown piece, a pair of side-combs and a cambric handkerchief, to an insatiate sergeant's wife.

[*Drum, distant.*

Rut. Ha! the enemy is in motion; would that Edward were here. We need all our friends. [*Drum louder.*

Jas. The fellow that invented drums knew something about human nature. I'm a man of peace, myself; but by the shield of Bellona, there's something about that darned sheepskin that echoes through a fellow's heart in a most surprising way.

Rut. My child, had you not better retire?

Em. Dear father, suffer me to remain. I love to hear this inspiring discourse, and only wish that I were entitled to join in it, and by deeds prove the deep sympathy of my heart.

EBENEZER *sings without*, L.

Rut. 'Tis O'Donahoo

Enter EBEN. L. H.

Eben. Bedad, you may say that; just in time for a jolly shindy, I 'm told.

War. Did you find means to deliver the letter.

O'Don. Bedad, I did, and there's your answer. The colonel's a general, they tell me. Ah, my Yankee friend, is it there you are, and Miss Emma, too—blessings on your pretty face. As my magical snuffbox says, you'll be mightily surprised presently.

Em. O'Donahoo, is it true, that I've just been told—is Edward a prisoner?

Eben. I wouldn't take upon me to say; you'd better ax himself.

Enter EDWARD, L.—*runs to* EMMA, R.

Em. Edward, dear Edward, have you been in danger?

Ed. A prisoner of war, but only for a short time—relieved by the ready assistance of my faithful friend.

Eben. Come come, Mr. Edward, I've a character for modesty; don't attack it too savagely.

War. You have arrived in time, Edward. We are on the eve of what may prove to be a sanguinary conflict. The very ground we stand on, in after ages may be spoken of as the Thermopylæ of freedom!

Eben. Is there going to be a fight?

Jas. Yes.

Eben. What! a real, right-down, regular ruction? I'll be in it, with a blessing. You havn't got a spare fowling-piece, or pitchfork, or any convenient slaughtering tool? [*Drum near.*

War. Our drum—the call to arms—as I live, the enemy is in sight.

Eben. Where's a gun? Give us a gun. [*shot.*) Hurroo! they're at it.

Enter Orderly.

Ord. For General Warren.

War. Sooner than I anticipated. My friends, our country calls. Now for a life of freedom or a glorious grave. [*All exit*, L. H.

Eben. Hurrah! Now for glorious freedom, or a lively grave. That's the chat.

Jas. I must, I really believe I must!

Eben. Do you belong to any regiment?

Jas. No, not yet.

Eben. Then let us do a bit of independent fighting on our own account. [*Drum.*

Jas. I must! I must! my dander 's up; the milk of humanity is scorched by warlike heat—trade of peace lie there. [*Laying down pack.—takes gun.*] Mighty Mars, don 't suffer this old gun to burst; come along!

Eben. In with you, if I live to be shot mind and bury me decently. [*Exeunt*, L. H.—*Shots, noise, row.*

[EMMA *watches intently from window—noise continues—Enter* BLANCHE, *frightened, she runs to* EMMA.]

Blanche. Oh! dear sister, how I tremble.

Em. Tremble! rather say how glorious—see, see, how they advance upon that unyielding and determined phalanx of freemen—one instant and they meet; patriots be firm, remember 'tis for your homes ye battle! Heaven! what do I see? Harry Stanton leads the foremost of the enemy.

Blanche. Where! where!

Em. See! as yonder smoke clears off—ah! he 's borne away upon the surging waves of battle—oh! 'tis a fierce and glorious sight; my soul yearns to be in the very midst.

Blanche. Do you see Harry?

Em. No, nor Edward—though I—great Heaven! he 's shot.

Blanche. Who! who!

Em. Harry; Edward forces his way to him; he takes him in his arms; he bears him this way; look up, dear Blanche, perhaps he is only wounded.

Blanche. Ah! no, my heart tells me he is lost to me forever

Em. Bear up, dear Blanche, they are here.

[*Enter* EDWARD *and another, bearing* HARRY, *wounded and dying*, L. H. 1 E.]

Harry. Blanche! beloved Blanche! this is indeed happiness, to breathe my last sigh in your presence.

Ed. You may live yet, Harry.

Harry. No, brother, nor do I wish. life's current is fast ebbing from me. I have done my duty; dear Blanche, despise not my memory. Whatever course may best befriend my country—Heaven prosper and promote it. A mist is gathering o'er my eyes. Blanche, dear Blanche—farewell. I die faithful to my love, and loyal to my duty! [*Dies.*

SCENE III.—*Front wood—noise—Enter* O'DONAHOO, *soldier's cap, tired.*

O'Don. Hurrah! murder and turf, I wish I had time to be tired, but

I hav 'nt; there 's that fellow Jasper, as cool as an iced sallymander, while I 'm roasting away like snow in the dog days. There 's nothing will serve me but to be in the thick of the fuss, welting away like a cobbler upon a new shoe. My blessed arms are nearly shook off my shoulders, while that blaggard pedler quietly shoots his man a minute as regularly as a clock ticks—hurroo! there they 're at it again. I wonder which side is getting the worst of it. At any rate it 's the finest gunpowder concert I ever played an instrument in, and if I can only manage to cheat ould memento mori, to-day, I 'll say that I 've got through my work well, like ould Teddy Hannagen the glazier, when he fell through the sky-light—[*Enter* JASPER, *pointing gun.*]—Hallo! shoot easy, till your hand comes in, ain't you mighty hot?

Jas. No, I 'm as cool as a coocumber, but my gun *is.*

Eben. Here, take mine, I hav 'nt had time to shoot it, the but end of it is as good as any musket ball in my hands.

SCENE IV.—*Tableau—battle of Bunker's Hill—Charlestown in background, in flames.*

Warren. The destiny I have so ardently wished for, kind Heaven has vouchsafed me. Beloved country to thee and for liberty I pour forth this libation of my blood! fellow patriots! be firm, flinch not, behold your banners! That providence who so signally protected your pilgrim fathers, will not now desert their sons, while doing battle for the right—stand fast! stand fast: Heaven pardon my transgressions, protect my country and receive this erring soul. [*Dies.*

[*Music—"Star Spangled Banner"—slow.*

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Kitchen*—LYDDY JINKS *discovered sewing in rocking-chair.*

Lyd. Heigho! well, I do wonder what sensible people can see in wars and contentions, it 's most unreasonable and very unconvenient to be killing off all the decent young men, it makes the ordinary ones so saucy on account of scarcity, it 's no small risk now a-days to promise one's hand to a sweetheart when the very next hour he may have no hand to give in exchange. [EBEN. *sings outside.*] One of my swains hasn't lost his head at all events.

Enter EBEN., D. F.

Eben. The soldier tired of war's alarms,
Beats a retreat to beauty's arms!

Lyd. Does he, indeed; then he makes more free than welcome, that 's all I say.

Eben. Oh! Lyddy, lovely Lyddy, your true knight is mighty sick of glory.

Lyd. Degenerate youth! what, tired already?

Eben. Bedad, you may say that, if any body knew what glory really was, it isn't many would be cutting after her.

Lyd. Why, now, what is glory?

Eben. Is it glory?—well, it would puzzle any body to tell; but to my thinking, she's an individual that makes mighty bad bargains. Give her a leg or an arm, an' she lets you have a sprig of laurel; give her your life, and all you get in return is a mouthful of cowld earth, with maybe a big stone over you.

Lyd. To keep your memory alive, when others are forgotten.

Eben. Yes, that's all mighty fine; but, for my part, although it may be an unpoetical idea, I'd rather keep my own memory alive than bequeath it. I don't feel called upon to make any sacrifices for my posterity, it isn't much they'd do for me; but come, I want to ask you a very simple question.

Lyd. What is it?

Eben. Have you any objection to matrimony?

Lyd. None whatever.

Eben. Answered like a hero; let's get married and go into the vegetable line.

Lyd. Not so fast.

Eben. What's the matter?

Lyd. I don't like *you*, and I hate vegetables.

Eben. Well, we'll keep a dry-good store.

Lyd. You're too fond of drink.

Eben. I'll reform.

Lyd. I don't care whether you do or not.

Eben. Hard-hearted consumer of a man's affections, would you lacerate my innocent susceptibilities?

Lyd. You don't suit me.

Eben. You won't love me?

Lyd. No.

Eben. Then, like a deceived deserted swain, I'll rush upon destruction; I'll either fling myself into the heat of battle and perish a victim of unrequited love, or I'll take to heavy and expensive drinking; which shall I do?

Lyd. Perish! of course it would be so romantic—ha! ha!

Eben. I'll do it—don't laugh—I'm resolute—you shall see me bodily no where; but, if ghosts can use their legs, my spirit shall haunt you—cruel, fascinating, diabolical, unreasonable, jilting Jinks.

[*Exit*, D. F.

Lyd. Ha! ha! I don't know whether to laugh or be serious. Does he really mean to rush upon destruction? Oh, no! He wouldn't be such a fool. Just let me ask myself one question—do I care whether he does or not?—well, I confess I do, but it's only out of humanity; of course, I should like the poor wretch to live. Oh! these men, what plagues they are!

SONG—*O! 't is love!*

SONG.

Oh! these men, these men, these men!
What a fuss there is about them,
Again and again, and over again,
I 've wish'd we could do without them.
The wretches, they torment us so
It really is a sin,
And give themselves such airs, although
The best a'n't worth a pin.
Oh! these men, &c.

To hear them lie and flatter too,
Is enough to make me ill,
Whatever we say or whatever we do,
They lie and flatter still:
But we 're reveng'd upon such fools,
Who think that we 're so blind,
For tell me who the world rules
If 't be not womankind!
Oh! these men, &c.

And yet, I don't know why it is,
But since the world began,
Poor foolish woman, in spite of herself,
Just now and then thinks of man:
Though the creatures don't deserve such love
As credulous woman bestows,
'T is a ray divine from the skies above,
And a solace for all their woes.
Oh! these men, &c.

SCENE II.—*Chambers.—Music.*

Enter EDWARD STANTON *and* EMMA, L. H.

Ed. (R. H.) Short and hasty must my visit be, dearest Emma, the confusion of a camp renders it but a sorry place for compliment; but I cannot rest without assuring myself of your health and safety. I sincerely trust that the worst of our endurance will soon be past. One has come amongst us, the magic of whose name is of itself sufficient—a special instrument heaven sent to guide us through this momentous crisis.

Em. (R. H.) May you be protected through it, Edward; for the wild excitement, the hope of our country's welfare kindled in my heart, is nearly quenched by fear for your safety; my heart now yearns for quiet.

Enter RUTLAND, R.

Rut. Come, Edward, you have no time for such soft phrases yet. Our hope, the sole star of our destinies, Washington, has issued orders

for a council, You are specially invited: something of great importance is about to be brought forward.

Ed. Indeed, have you heard what?

Rut. I believe the British agents have directions to propose an amicable adjustment.

Ed. Indeed! Will they restore our ruined homes, reanimate our martyred relatives? 'Tis too late.

Rut. Come, we must be expeditious. (L. H.)

Ed. Adieu, dear Emma. Have no present fears. This will be but a war of words—a bloodless strife. I'll see you soon again.

Em. Heaven protect you. [*Music.*

[*Exeunt* EDWARD and RUTLAND, L. H., EMMA, R. H.

SCENE III.—*The Conference—Generals* LEE, WARD, GATES, *and others discovered. Enter* RUTLAND *and* EDWARD. *They seat themselves*, L. H. *Music.*

Enter Orderly.

Ord. General Washington.

Enter WASHINGTON, L. H. U. E.. *He sits at table*, C.

Wash. Gentlemen, I need hardly tell you that the annals of past history can scarcely parallel a period of time more important than is to us the present hour. The British general solicits—yesterday he demanded—a conference; and for what purpose? To propose an amicable adjustment of our differences. In other words, to make some specious pretext for delay. Perhaps some compromise of liberty may be offered. But shall we content ourselves with an instalment of freedom? admire the rose that decorates our chain, whose iron galls to very madness? No! the gage is thrown down; the Rubicon is passed; onward is the beacon light of liberty; behind, the dark gulf of tyranny. Honor, justice, and humanity forbid us tamely to surrender that freedom which we received from our gallant ancestors. Our cause is just; our union perfect; our resources great. What say you, gentlemen, shall we ignobly crouch beneath the foot of the oppressor, or, in defence of our dearest rights, resist unto the death?

All. No concession—resistance to the death!

Wash. Enough. Your souls speak through those flashing eyes. I know my course.

Orderly delivers letter to GENERAL WASHINGTON, L.

Wash. For whom is this intended?

Ord. For General Washington.

Wash. Let it be so directed, and I shall receive it. [*Returns letter to Orderly, who exits* L.] Pardon me, gentlemen. 'Tis not for myself, but to uphold your dignity, that I am thus punctilious.

Enter Orderly, gives letter, L.

Wash. This is not for me. Tell him who sent you, sir, that I must absolutely decline all letters addressed to me as a private person, while

in a public capacity. If he do not choose to recognize me as such, I decline all intercourse whatever. [*Exit Orderly*, L.] Again I must entreat your forbearance, gentlemen; but I deem it a duty to my country and its appointment, to insist upon at least the semblance of respect. We must take our own position; there are none to give it to us. [*Enter Orderly*, L.] This is correct. [*Opens letter.*] As I expected, gentlemen, the British envoy solicits an interview. Perhaps we had better hear what his instructions are. [*they nod.*] Admit him.

Enter General Howe, L.—*All rise.*

Wash. Pray be seated, General. [Howe *sits, all sit.*] We are prepared to hear you.

Howe. General Washington, and sirs all: I am led to believe that this is the last time ye can be addressed in the language of conciliation, it is not for me to recapitulate the arguments in favor of a prompt and immediate return to allegiance; it appears almost self-evident that it is the best, the only course to pursue, to prevent a long, bloody, and unnatural conflict, which must result in total annihilation; for 'twould be puerile to imagine that a handful of unskilled militia could compete for any time against the hardy, disciplined veterans of England. I implore ye to consider ere it be too late. Are we not the same people, of the same blood, from the same common stock; are ye not our own children, planted by our cares, nourished by our indulgence, protected by our arms?

Wash. Sir, there is too much of sophistry, and too little truth in those smooth, well rounded periods: "planted by your cares!" no! your oppression first planted us here; our victim fathers fled from persecution to a wilderness, enduring the direst hardships with religious patience, rather than return to ease and slavery. "Nourished by your indulgence!" they grew by your neglect; little recked ye whether they were weeds or flowers, but when ye found them useful, ye would fain gather for yourselves both fruit and blossom, leaving the trunk alone, to multiply for *your* advantage. "Protected by your arms!" just such protection as a pack of famished wolves would give to a flock of sheep, to keep all other beasts away, that they might prey alone. Have you aught else to say?

Howe. Nothing, sir, but that I grieve with my whole heart to find those who should exhort to a return to duty, fanning the flames of insubordination. Did I conceive this ill judged movement *could* be successful, and if successful, for the country's benefit, I would most cordially approve it, but as it is, I can only take my leave, firmly believing that a wise providence will order all things for the best.

[*Exit, all rise as he goes out.*

Wash. Now, gentlemen, our way is clear. Let us no longer be blinded by delusive artifice and pretended commiseration, only adopted to waste time and provoke discussion in our ranks. 'Tis evident that we have no hope from ministerial justice although whole provinces are feeding themselves upon the dainty food of reconciliation. There can be *no* reconciliation, it must be either resistance or slavery. Now is the time to free ourselves utterly from those chains which have so long en-

thralled us, to seize upon that rank in the scale of nations to which we are by nature's laws entitled, to enroll ourselves an independent people. We can lose nothing by the assumption; for, in the worst case, and adverse fate should make us yield at last, would it not be better to fall nobly, contending for freedom, than to sink back into still deeper degradation? Let us proclaim our independence to the world! What say ye, gentlemen?

All. Independence! No slavery!

Wash. Ye are already unenslaved. Remember, singly ye are powerless, together ye are invincible, and, when next we meet, 'twill be to hail our country's freedom, or sleep in glory with the patriot dead.

[*Flourish till change, music.*

SCENE III.—Kitchen—*Table cloth on table at back with flower box on it.*

Enter LYDDY, R.

Lyd. Heigh ho, I don't know what on earth makes me so melancholy. I really am almost afraid of my own thoughts.

Enter EBEN. *at back.*

Eben. There she is, a little darling, deceitful, devil of an angel. I wonder what she's thinking so mighty hard about

Lyd. It can't be because that stupid blockhead Ebenezer——

Eben. How affectionately she remembers me.

Lyd. Said he'd destroy himself—it can't be that, and yet, I've heard of such things. Law, it's very awful if his ghost should appear. I don't really know how I should behave.

Eben. Here goes to try, any way. [*Dresses ghostly.*]

Lyd. [*Sees him,*] ah! ha! Mr. Ghost. I'd try and not be very frightened, for after all, what is a ghost? [*Eben sits opposite,*] ah! I declare, there he is.

Eben. How are you, Lyddy?

Lyd. Is that you, Ebenezer?

Eben. Yes. I've kept my word.

Lyd. I see you have. Are you dead?

Eben. As a herring! I don't seem to make much impression on her. I must be more awful.

Lyd. How did you die, Ebenezer, do tell me?

Eben. When I left you, in consequence of your parfiduous cruelty, I sought the battle-field. I soon got run through the body with a baggonet; that was very nearly the death of me, but, to make sure, one fellow shot me through the heart and another cut my head off. Then I kicked——

Lyd. Enough to make you, I declare. How did you feel when your head was off, and how did it get on again?

Eben. Is it on?

Lyd. As natural as ever. Are you buried?

Eben. No; my bones are still 'cumbering the earth.

Lyd. Poor fellow! You shall be buried decently, if that will do you any good.

Eben. You are a good creature. Oh! Lyddy, won't you take pity on a poor devil?

Lyd. What now, Mr. Spirit?

Eben. Oh! I 'm terribly in love. Won't you marry me?

Lyd. What! marry a ghost?

Eben. I mean, if I was alive, would you marry me?

Lyd. Certainly not.

Eben. Oh, miserable ghost! then must I drown my griefs in ardent spirits. Farewell; my time is come.

Lyd. Don't go. You really are a most sociable ghost.

Eben. I can't stay; I scent the morning air!—or a very fine mutton chop. I know which would suit my complaint best. The glow-worm is in a hurry. Won't you let my body rest and give my soul some comfort.

Lyd. Well, if it will give you any consolation.

Eben. Yes.

Lyd. I unfortunately preferred some one else.

Eben. You did. Then to the devil I pitch my winding-sheet. I give up the ghost.

Lyd. Do: and wipe the flour off your face. You're a bad figure for the etherials.

Eben. You knew me then?

Lyd. Of course I did.

Eben. Lyddy, were you in earnest when you said you loved some one else!

Lyd. As much as you were, when you said your head was cut off.

Eben. Say you so, my charmer! then I've lit upon my legs at last; let us form an alliance offensive and defensive against the assaults of ould care, fortify a little cottage with munitions of comfort, hoist the flag of content, and live as happy as ducks in the mud.

DUET.

Eben. Now for comfort and for joy,
A fig for care and sorrow;
Lyd. And may no envious clouds destroy
The brightness of our morrow.
Eben. A cottage is the life for me,
With a little garden near you;
Lyd. Where I shall ever happy be
When I am by to cheer you.
Both. Now for comfort, &c., &c.

Lyd. A little work to pass the day,
And a little play to bear it;
Eben. A little love to make all gay,
And a little boy to share it.
Both. Now for comfort and for joy. [*Dance off.*

SCENE IV.—*Raised steps—entrance to house*—WASHINGTON *discovered with parchment, surrounded by officers.*

Wash. [*reads.*] "And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." [*Great row—"silence, hush," &c—cannon fired, shouts.*] Fellow Freemen! this auspicious day has given birth to the *American Republic*, liberated from foreign thraldom with our own hands, we register our country amongst the nations of the earth. *Free* and *Independent.* Let her arise, not to conquer and to devastate, but to re-establish the reign of peace, a living example to the world, an asylum where the unhappy may find solace, the persecuted meet repose, owning no masters, subject to no power. Within ourselves we contain the elements of success. May we, using them to our honorable advantage, make distinguished through the universe the name of an AMERICAN CITIZEN! [WASHINGTON *raises his hat,*] God prosper and protect our country.

[*"Hail Columbia" played—guns fired—general shout as scene changes Procession of the thirteen original States, with banners*—EBENEZER *and* JASPER *enter, the former with green banner, having harp and joined hands painted on it, surmounted by thirteen stars.*]

Eben. Now, boys, for a shout that will be heard across the water. Liberty all over the world, and where it is not given with a good will may it be taken by a strong hand.

[*Three cheers are given—joy bells rung—drums, and scene changes to the Temple of Liberty—clouds*—WASHINGTON *takes place on a low pedestal—curtain.*

THE END.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.....No. LXX.

YANKEE LAND.

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS.

By C. A. LOGAN, ESQ.,

COMEDIAN.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

128 Washington Street, (corner of Water.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Park, New York, 1834.	*National, Boston,* 1842.	*Providence, R. I.,* 1843.	*Tremont, Boston,* 1843.
SIR CAMERON OGLEBY,	Mr. Blakely	Mr. W. Taylor	Mr. W. H. Curtis	Mr. G. Haynes
LIEUTENANT OSTRAND,	" Harrison	" N. Johnson	" N. Johnson	" W. L. Ayling
HARVY ASHTON,	" J. Mason	" A. W. Fenno	" G. Howard	" G. Howard
MR. MALSON,	" Clarke	" J. G. Cartlitch	" W. M. Leman	" W. M. Leman
MR. OTTO MANIKIN,	" Rae	" C. Muzzy	" E. F. Keach	" C. Howard
SENIL,	" Fisher	" C. H. Saunders	" C. H. Saunders	" J. Greene
LOT SAP SAGO,	" J. H. Hackett	" Robinson	" G. G. Spear	" J. S. Silsbee
JOE,	.....	" D. Marble	" Daring	
JOSEPHINE,	Mrs. Sharpe	Miss E. Mestayer	Mrs. Webster	Mrs. W. L. Ayling
MISS STARCHINGTON,	" Wheatley	Mrs. Meer	" G. G. Spear	" J. Gilbert
MRS. ASHTON,	" Wallack	" C. Muzzy	.....	" J. Greene

		Walnut St., Phil., 1844.	*Federal St., Boston,* 1848.	*National, Boston,* 1854.
SIR CAMERON OGLEBY,	.....	Mr. D. Eberle	Mr. J. Byrne	Mr. B. Duffy
LIEUTENANT OSTRAND,	.....	" Henkins	" W. McFarland	" Morton
HARVY ASHTON,	.....	" Young	" H. Watkins	
MR. MALSON,	.....	" W. M. Leman	" J. B. Booth, Jr.	" P. C. Byrne
MR. OTTO MANIKIN,	.....	" Hackurt	" Currier	" G. Stoddart
SENIL,	.....	" Radcliffe	" W. F. Johnson	" W. H. Curtis
LOT SAP SAGO,	.....	" G. G. Spear	" G. G. Spear	" G. E. Locke
JOE,	.....	" Heath		
JOSEPHINE,	.....	Miss S. Cushman	Miss E. Mestayer	Mrs. Cunningham,
MISS STARCHINGTON,	.....	Mrs. W. Jones	Mrs. J. Reid	" Hield
MRS. ASHTON,	.....	" Thayer	" H. Cramer	" Marshall

YANKEE LAND.

COSTUME.

Sir Cameron — Brown coat; buff vest; brown breeches; brown overcoat; knee boots; broad-brimmed hat.

Lieut. Ostrand — Naval frock; blue trousers; naval cap; gray wig.

Harvy Ashton — Blue coat, gilt buttons; black velvet vest; gray or black trousers; black hat.

Mr. Malson — Plain gray coat; breeches and vest; gray stockings; shoes and buckles; black bald wig.

Manikin — Plaid shooting coat; plaid trousers and vest; shoes and gaiters; fancy cravat; white modern hat; fowling piece; shot belt; game bag, and powder flask. *Second Dress.* — *First Act.* Morning gown; handkerchief around head; fancy slippers. *Third Dress.* — Extreme of modern fashion.

Senil — Black coat, vest, and breeches; black stockings; shoes and buckles; gray wig.

Lot — Drab long tail coat; broad striped vest; eccentric striped trousers; straps and boots; yeoman crown hat; bright-colored cravat.

Joe — Shooting coat; red vest and drab trousers; drab wideawake.

Two Officers — Plain coats and trousers; hats.

Josephine — White muslin.

Miss Starchington — Gray gown; white handherchief pinned over chest and neck; demure white cap, mobbed.

Mrs. Ashton — Plain dress of merino.

YANKEE LAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Plain Apartment at* MR. OSTRAND'S, 1 G. *Table and two chairs on* R. H. *Cricket on* R. H.

Enter LIEUTENANT OSTRAND, R. H. 1 E.

Os. Why tarries my child? She should not leave me at a moment when my fate seems to urge me to despair. My stern oppressor refuses to defer his demand, even till the last remaining pittance of my wasted fortune can be transmitted from my agent in London.

Enter HARVY ASHTON, L. H. 1 E.

Har. Pardon me, sir, if I break upon your privacy; but my business requires your immediate attention. Malson, your inexorable landlord, bade me say, in answer to your solicitation, that he will wait no longer for his money. He now forbids, what but a week ago he so strongly urged, your removal. He hinted mysteriously that you not only had it in your power to discharge the debt, but also had the means of securing to yourself an indisputable title for life to the premises you occupy.

Os. The means I — Has he dared to asperse my honor? accuse me of a fraudulent design to evade the honest dues of a creditor? This instant shall he retract his insinuation, or by the honor of a soldier! — but no, no ——

Enter JOSEPHINE, R. H.

Har. Josephine!

Jo. Father!

Os. Have you returned at last? Why did you leave me for so long a time, Josephine, when your presence here was necessary?

Jo. My presence necessary? I did not know that, father, or I should have returned sooner. I met our landlord, Mr. Malson. He is rather mysterious, to be sure; but, no doubt, he will explain himself to you, for he says he intends seeing you on particular business.

Har. His errand may require privacy. If my sincere friendship can be of service to you, I respectfully trust that no mistaken feelings of delicacy will prevent your claiming its assistance. Perhaps, dear

sir, I speak freely; but when I see honorable poverty in one scale, and grasping cupidity in the other, the horse that carries me and the true rifle I carry shall be turned into dollars to make the griping rascal kick the beam. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Jo. Bless me, he never said good by. (*Runs to* L. H. 1 E.)

Os. Josephine, what did Mr. Malson say to you?

Jo. Nothing, father; that is, nothing worth repeating.

Os. Yet you said it was something mysterious.

Jo. Well, all that is strange is not worth repeating. Harvy went away without saying "good by" —that is strange; but that's not worth repeating. (*Knock*, 1 E. L. H.) Some one knocks. (*Knock*, 1 E. L. H.) The knock seems worth repeating. (*Goes to* L. H. 1 E.) It's Mr. Malson, father.

Enter MALSON, L. H. 1 E.

Os. Leave us.

Jo. Yes, father. — I trust he won't find his visit worth repeating. — (*Aside.*) And —— (*Exit*, R. H.)

Os. Mr. Malson, I will not for a moment affect ignorance of the object of your visit — you want money.

Mal. You are ignorant of the object of my visit. — I do *not* want money.

Os. What, then, has procured me the honor of this conference?

Mal. Hear me, sir. I am a straightforward personage, and use no more words than serve to express my meaning. I would marry your daughter.

Os. You marry my daughter?

Mal. Why not? She is poor — I am the richest man in the country. Why should she not, and you consider the match a good one?

Lot Sap Sago. (*Speaks outside*, 1 E. L. H.,) No; I guess you, all on ye, had better stay outside a spell. I want to talk to the lootenant. (*Enters*, 1 E. L. H., *with gun, game bag with rabbit, flask, shot pouch, and powder horn.*) Why, lootenant, how are ye? Hallo, Malson! you look rather riled; you an't got the cramp in your eyebrows, have ye?

Mal. Fool, what brought you here?

Lot. What brought me here? Why, the biggest skunk you ever did see. We chased that critter more than three miles and a half — at last he div into a swamp, and we couldn't see nothing on him arter that but the smell. (*Places the gun against the wing*, L. H.)

Mal. Launcelot, you had better withdraw. Lieutenant Ostrand and myself are conversing on a subject interesting to ourselves, but of no consequence to you.

Lot. O, that amounts to a kind of a hint that you want me to go. Why, now look here, Malson. You come this browbeaten purty strong to hum, and in your own house I don't like to say much about it. But the lootenant lives here; he and I are friends; so, if you've any thing to say, blaze away; and as that skunk give me a pretty loud run, I'll set down on this cricket and rest, for I've got a kind of a jumping colic in my knees. You needn't mind me none. (*Bone.*) I'll amuse myself demolishing this knuckle of ham. — Have

a bite, lootenant? — No — why, it's clean. I raised the shote myself, and killed it, and cured it tu — and now I'm going to eat it tu.

Enter JOSEPHINE, R. H.

Miss Josey, how de du? I seed you on the beach, hollered out to you to head that skunk — 'spose you didn't hear, though. If you'd a headed him he wouldn't a doubled, and I should a let slip, and may be I wouldn't a shot you.

Mal. Miss Ostrand, your father and myself have had some conversation of which you were the subject; he will detail to you the purport of it, and when I call again I hope to find your father reasonable, and you obedient. (*Exit* MALSON, 1 E. L. H.)

Lot. Hallo, Malson — if you meet that skunk you needn't tell him I'm here waiting for him.

Jo. Father, you look displeased. Have I offended you?

Os. (C.) You, my child? No, no. 'Tis nothing.

Lot. O, I'll go now. I never intrude on folks. I wasn't going to go 'cause that old Malson told me — if he did raise me — a purty kind of a raising it was tu — he says he found me in an apple orchard, and I wasn't no highern a corn cob. I wonder who on arth put me there — they must have thought I was fond of fruit. Malson says, when he found me, I was playing ninepins with the rotten apples. He made a kitchen maid of me till I got old enough to find out I was the wrong gender for such chores; and since that I've shot woodchucks enough, if they was all harnessed up, to work a steamboat — that is, if it went by horse power. (*Exit* LOT, 1 E. L. H.)

Os. (L. H.) Josephine, my child, I have news for you. Our landlord, Mr. Malson, has proposed for your hand.

Jo. (R. H.) Sir! Mr. Malson! O father, you are jesting with me! My hand! Excuse me, but positively, sir, I cannot help laughing at such an odd conceit. Ha, ha!

Os. Restrain your mirth, girl: the time's unfitting. Mr. Malson is wealthy; and in an alliance with him you would change the prospect of poverty and destitution for easy affluence.

Jo. And an aching heart. O sir, gladly would I relieve your distresses by any sacrifice; but this is full of bitterness! and I feel — I know you would spurn the relief purchased by the misery of your child.

Os. Then nothing would induce you to become the wife of Mr. Malson?

Jo. Nothing, sir, your commands alone excepted.

Os. Then never shall a father's authority seek to sway those sacred feelings in which the first blessings of life are compressed; but as with a parent's solicitude I watched and guided the footsteps of thy childhood, so will I shelter thy young hopes and affections from the disasters which have blighted mine. (*Exeunt*, R. H.)

SCENE II. — *A Room in* MALSON'S *House, 2 and 3 G. Set door,* R. 2 E.; *table and two chairs on* L. C.; C. *door practical, backed by chamber.*

Enter SENIL *and* MISS STARCHINGTON, L. H. 1 E.

Sen. (R. H.) Nay, nay, don't fly out so, Miss Starchington. I don't say for a certainty, I only surmise; from what I overheard, 'tis certain your master ——

Miss S. (R. H.) Master! Mr. Senil, let me inform you that I have no master. I am the mistress of this house — that is, I am the housekeeper; I have been these twenty years. It must be confessed the household was small at first, consisting of Mr. Malson, — and a personable sort of a man he was then, Mr. Senil, — a foundling boy, and myself. I was then a buxom lass, as fresh and as free as a trout in a stream.

Sen. And now you're as staid and as stale as a pickled mackerel.

Miss S. Your comparisons, Mr. Senil, are offensive. If you wish to make an impression on my susceptibility, comparing me to a pickled mackerel is not the way to succeed.

Sen. Nay, Miss Starchington, as to impressions, I thought that business was settled — you told me a month ago you would be mine.

Miss S. Why, Mr. Senil, now you mention the circumstance, I believe your ardent professions may have prevailed on my tender nature to accord you a smile; but then the agitation I should experience! How much did you say you had saved in the service of your mistress?

Sen. Upwards of four hundred pounds. With your earnings and mine we might buy a genteel farm.

Miss S. And as I live, now I think of it, the farm occupied by the English officer, Lieutenant Ostrand, is for sale. I heard Mr. Malson say this morning that he meant to sell it over his head; and I doubt not, in consideration of my long services, Mr. Malson would let us have it cheap.

Sen. Sell the house tenanted by Lieutenant Ostrand! I heard nothing of this.

Miss S. 'Tis true; and this circumstance makes me discredit what you tell me of Mr. Malson's marrying the daughter of the lieutenant; and I think Mr. Malson would be mad to bring an ignorant young chit like that into a house where a woman of my experience has presided for twenty years.

Sen. Ah, Miss Starchington, there are soft places in a man's heart, even at Mr. Malson's age, which the bright eyes of Miss Josephine would not find impregnable, I warrant.

Miss S. When I was at her age, Mr. Senil, I was taught something else than looking after soft places in old men's hearts; but what can be expected of one who has been brought up among soldiers, who has seen no other society but twaddling drummers and drill sergeants?

Enter LOT, L. H. 1 E.

Lot. Hallo, Senil, my old codger. What! soft-soaping the old woman, hey?

Miss S. Soft soap! Launcelot, shall I never be able to teach you any thing?

Lot. No, you never have been. (*Round to* R.)

Miss S. (*Aside.*) Now that young bear has come: there's an end of all quiet and privacy. — Mr. Senil, good day. I shall be glad to see you again this evening (*Pushes* LOT.) Out of the way, you unmannerly porpoise. (*Exit,* 1 E. R. H.)

Lot. Whew! there she streaks it. So, old slow and easy, you've been bucking up to the old woman, have ye?

Sen. And what then, sir?

Lot. (R. H.) O, nothing, only she's a nice woman — ain't she?

Sen. Certainly — a very fine woman.

Lot. How long have you know'd her?

Sen. I have known her for several years.

Lot. O, I've know'd her most a fortnight longer than that. — She never was married, was she?

Sen. Of course not! I shall be the first happy man to press her maiden lips.

Lot. O, no, you won't! — Her maiden lips was pressed by a happy man twenty years ago.

Sen. Eh! what do you mean, Launcelot?

Lot. O, I can't tell you.

Sen. Do, for Heaven's sake, relieve my suspense. She surely was never married?

Lot. No, she never was — more's my misfortune.

Sen. Yours! What have you to do with it?

Lot. O, nothing now; but I rather guess I had something to do with it. — You know I'm a foundling.

Sen. Yes, I know — well.

Lot. I was found in an apple orchard.

Sen. I know. Well, Miss Starchington ——

Lot. She's my mother.

Sen. Wha—what?

Lot. She's my natural born mother.

Sen. She is — the devil!

Lot. No, she ain't — she's my mother.

Sen. (*In a passion.*) How came she your mother?

Lot. Don't know — never inquired how she come so.

Sen. I'll — I'll — I'll ——

Lot. I wouldn't, if I was you.

Sen. No, I won't. I'll — I'll —— (*Walks about,* LOT *following.*)

Lot. So I would.

Sen. O, faithless Miss Starchington!

Lot. She's my mother considerably.

Sen. Who the devil was your father?

Lot. Never had none. — I was found in an apple orchard. (LOT *follows* SENIL *across the stage.*)

Enter MALSON, C. D. L. H.

Mal. (*Down* C.) What's this disturbance?

Sen. (L. H.) Curse your apple orchard.

Mal. Are you mad?

Lot. (*On* R. H.) In a state of nudity.

Mal. (*Comes down and seizes* SENIL, *on* L. H.) You old scoundrel, what do you want?

Sen. Miss Starchington.

Mal. Leave the house, doting idiot. (*Pushes* SENIL *off*, 1 E. L. H. — *To* LOT.) Now, sir, a word with you. What was your business at the house of Mr. Ostrand to-day?

Lot. Hadn't no business, only stopped in to rest myself.

Mal. Seek another resting place in future, sir; visit that family no more, without my permission.

Lot. Why, look here, Malson; it don't look friendly to stop going to a house where a feller's been used to going. I like the lootenant, and I like his darter too.

Mal. What! like his daughter?

Lot. Yes; don't you? O, Deuteronomy, how I should like to marry that gal!

Mal. You marry! you — a foundling — a beggar.

Lot. I ain't a beggar — I never was one — never want to be — I never begged but once; that was when I took Ike Jasper for a moose, and plugg'd him through the shoulder, and then I begged his pardon.

Mal. Unthinking fool! what provision could you make for a wife?

Lot. Why, as for provisions, punkins is cheap, and peneryal you can get for nothing. But now you talk bout my being a foundling, — don't you never hear nothing about that rascally father of mine? nor my mother nuther?

Mal. How often have I told you not to speak on this subject!

Lot. Well, all I can say is, when they left me in that apple orchard they must have had hearts as hard as the rule of three; but I've been of some use to you ever since I was knee high to a tadpole. When I wan't bigger than a lump of cheese, you used to smear me all over with milk, and bait the rat traps with me; and when that saw mill catched fire, and you hadn't no bucket, didn't you souse me into the river, and squeeze me till the water squirted the fire out? And now I want to do suthing for myself, you won't let me. Last spring I wanted to go to the Banks of Newfoundland a-fishing, and you wouldn't give me a flannel shirt, and said I shouldn't go no how. You only give me four and sixpence, and I'll start off for Boston to-morrow morning.

Mal. No more of this. Press not rashly on a temper the dark points of which you have not seen, (*crosses* R.,) lest, being urged beyond control, you rouse a passion in which all former tenderness may be forgotten. (*Exit*, R. H.)

Lot. Dark pints — I hain't seen none of your light ones yet. (*Knock at* C. D. R. H.) What's the use thumping on the door? Why don't you open it?

Enter MR. OTTO MANNIKIN, C. D., *his dress the extreme of modern foppery, with hunting equipments and carrying a fowling piece, which he places against flat*, L. H.

Why, what in the name of the great sea sarpent is this?

Man. Young man, do you live here?

Lot. Yes. Do you?

Man. No — I'm lost.

Lot. Is there any reward offered for you?

Man. No. I'm one of a deputation who came, of our own accord, from Portland, to inquire into the merits of the boundary question; and, having a day's leisure, I set out on an expedition of discovery, in hopes to take home some specimens of zoölogy, ornithology, and conchology.

Lot. We've got some first rate clamology.

Man. I saw a little reddish animal, with a bushy tail. Supposing it to be a rare variation of the lizard genus, I ran after it, and the diminutive creature ran away, till it led me into a swamp, where I stuck; at last it got away, and I see I have spoiled one leg of my pants.

Lot. Why, the critter's a natural born fool. — Ha, ha! Take a chipmunk for a lizard, and chase him into the swamp. I suppose, as you took it for a lizard genius, you thought it was a young crocodile.

Man. Would you have the humanity to show me to the settlement?

Lot. Why, as you've been chasing that young crocodile a most five miles, you must be hungry.

Man. Five miles! Am I five miles from town? Have you a horse you could lend me?

Lot. No, but I've got a pair of oxen. You can get straddle the yoke, and they'll carry you through the swamp dreadful safe.

Man. I ride straddle of a yoke between two oxen? I, who used to sport my silk-reined tandem sulky in Broadway!

Lot. O, if you like to go tandem, you can get on Jehosaphat's back, and I'll put the old blind bull in the lead.

Man. Back! Blind bull!

Enter HARVY, C. D. L. H.

Har. Launcelot! quick! — get your rifle and some balls: there is a bear in the swamp.

Lot. A bear! and I left my rifle at the lootenant's. What on arth shall I do? Here, you crocodile hunter, lend me your fowling piece. (LOT *takes it.*)

Man. Don't take my gun.

Lot. Why, you can't make no use on't, and I don't know as I can, for it's a darn'd flimsy consarn: it ain't fit to shoot any thing but gallinippers. I say, lizard genius, you stay here, and I'll bring you a bear home for dinner. (*Exeunt* LOT *and* HARVY, C. D. L. H.)

Man. A bear for dinner! and one of my legs was in that same swamp where the bear now is. — Well, 'pon honor, instead of having a bear for dinner, I had like to have been a dinner for a bear. (*Gun fired without,* U. E. R. H.) They are discharging their firearms at the horrid creature. I begin to feel quite alarmed. Suppose the savage animal should take refuge in this house. Ah, what to do I see — a bed with blue and white drapery. Receive me in thy downy bosom, thou elysium of weary limbs — wrap me in thy fragrant purity, thou comfortable antithesis to a swamp with a bear in it. (*Exit,* D. R. H. 2 E.)

SCENE III. — *Same as Scene I.*

Enter JOSEPHINE, R. H. 1 E.

Jo. O, dear, I wish I was a man! then I should have been at the bear hunt to-day. — O, how I should like to have had a pop at him! to have seen him grinning and gnashing his teeth with pain and rage — then the deadly spring, the cracking of the rifles, the shouts of the victors — he reels — he falls — he dies. O, how I wish I was a man!

Enter LOT, L. H. 1 E.

Lot. Well, I'm a man. Won't I do?

Jo. You? no. You are fit for no human purpose. Now what, for instance, would you do, if that great bear, which has just been killed, was making towards you?

Lot. Du? what I dun jest now.

Jo. What was that?

Lot. Shoved a bullet through his head with such all-fired force that I driv the ball clean through, and picked it up behind him.

Jo. O Launcelot, my friend, that is stretching it too far, to send your bullet lengthwise through the body of a large bear.

Lot. Why, yes, I had to stretch considerable. — I had to gin the trigger an almighty hard pull.

Jo. Now, Launcelot, I am certain that you did not even shoot *at* the bear; for I know that when you were here this morning, you left your rifle standing in that corner. How could you shoot without a rifle?

Lot. I had a fowling piece, and the infernal machine never had a bullet in it afore, and its stomach seemed to turn agin it, for it squirmed and twisted so like the devil, that I was glad to fire it off to ease it.

Jo. Now, Launcelot, I know you don't own a fowling piece.

Lot. Well, I guess I borrowed one of a strange critter that's got hair enough on his upper lip to stuff a cart saddle.

Jo. Indeed. Who is he?

Lot. He's a lizard hunter.

Jo. A lizard hunter?

Lot. Yes; he takes red squirrels for crocodiles, and chases 'em into mud swamps.

Jo. Where did he come from?

Lot. New York, he says.

Jo. Where is he now?

Lot. Can't find him, high or low. I rather guess he must have melted away, and his whiskers have soaked up the fat.

Jo. Ha, ha! Come, Lot, tell me all about the chase. I heard the firearms, and I want to know the particulars and result.

Lot. Why, you see, there was nine of us, including your father, and we surrounded that animal. When he seed himself hemmed in, he wanted to sneak out the worst kind. He kept turning round and round, jest to make us think he wanted to chastise his tail; but he was

only looking for an opening to get out of. I know'd what was passing in that feller's mind; so I jest stretched out jest so. He come towards me, and I blazed away. I meant to hit him in the eyeball, but that crocodile hunter's gun was crooked, so I bored a new hole in his nose. That staggered him; and just then your father let slip, and that wound up his airthly affairs; and Harvy and I had him skun and slung on our shoulders before the sarpent know'd he was hurt. (JOSEPHINE *laughs and goes up.*) Now I've got her alone, I will — I swan I will — I'll spark her. Malson says I shan't, but I will. — Miss Josey.

Jo. (*Coming down.*) Well, Launcelot.

Lot. You — I — Malson says — that I — no — you — hem, have you got a rabbit?

Jo. Why, Launcelot, what ails you? You seem to feel like the bear; you want to sneak out the worst kind.

Lot. Why, Malson says I can't get no provision, and — but I calculate to go a-fishing next spring, and I'll bring home a hogshead of salted eels, and then you and I ——

Enter HARVY, L. H. 1 E., *and catches* JOSEPHINE'S *eye, who runs off,* R. H. HARVY *takes her place.*

will get pickled — married, I mean.

Har. Pickled will do, Lot.

Lot. A pretty kettle of chowder I've made on it.

Har. Salted eels! I heard you. Have you any pretensions to that young lady?

Lot. No — hain't got no pretensions. I was talking of provisions.

Har. Would you like to marry her?

Lot. She's a nice gal, ain't she? Her eye rolls up jest like that bear's when he wanted to get out. She squirled me all up one-sided.

Har. Here's her father. I'll urge your suit to him.

Lot. No, don't, Harvy; I can't stand it.

Enter LIEUTENANT OSTRAND, R. H. 1 E.

Har. I visit you, Lieutenant Ostrand, in behalf of my friend, Launcelot Sap Sago ——

Lot. No, no.

Har. Who has conceived ——

Lot. I hain't conceived.

Har. A violent attachment ——

Lot. Tain't violent.

Har. For your daughter.

Lot. It's out now.

Os. Sir! Harvy, what mean you? Launcelot, what is the drift of it?

Lot. Drift! I wish I was adrift on a hencoop. Why, you see, lootenant, Harvy was saying I had better make up to Miss Josey, and so I thought I'd better ask if —— How like thunder you did plug it into that bear right through the heart — didn't you?

Har. That's not to the purpose, Lot.

Lot. No; but I cal'late it settled his purpose — don't you?

Har. But you employed me to intercede in your behalf to Lieutenant Ostrand, and I will not have the discourse diverted from its intended object; therefore, as I have introduced the subject, it now becomes you to proceed with it. — Relate the conversation that passed between you and his daughter.

Lot. Why, lootenant, Malson told me that I shouldn't; so that's the reason I thought I would — so he said I had no provision, and salted eels, and chestnut burs to make pork pies.

Os. Very explicitly explained. Launcelot, listen to me. You are a boy whom I esteem.

Lot. Boy! where'll you find your young men?

Os. Pshaw! drive this nonsense from your head: you cannot marry my daughter. (*Retires up.*)

Lot. Come, Harvy, let's go home and get a beefsteak off that bear's rump.

Har. Stay, Launcelot — here comes Josephine.

Lot. I'm hungry. (*Exit* LOT, L. H. 1 E.)

Har. Have you received another visit from Mr. Malson yet, sir?

Os. No! He, perhaps, but defers the stroke that it may fall more heavily.

Har. Again, dear sir, I must entreat pardon for touching upon affairs of so delicate a nature; but suffer me to advance the sum required, accept it as a loan, and repay me at your leisure.

Os. Harvy, you have prevailed. With feelings like yours I need not blush for the obligation you would impose upon me. Should Mr. Malson again urge his claim, I will owe to you the means of satisfying him.

Har. Sir, you oblige me beyond measure. This pocket book contains the sum. (*Gives it.*) Farewell, sir. Now for a gallop over the heath. Will you not accompany me? (OSTRAND *declines.*) O, spring on the back of a spirited horse, and you will outstrip melancholy.

Os. Urge me not, my boy: I am not in the humor. — Farewell. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Har. On a bright, breezy morn, when the fields are smiling, the birds rejoicing, and all nature celebrating her matin jubilee, I, like my steed, am inspired with the scene; and, bounding o'er the plain, leave care and blue devils behind. (*Exit*, L. H.)

SCENE IV. — MALSON'S *House. Same as Scene II. Set door*, R. 2 E.; *table and chairs on* L. H.; *two chairs on* R. H.

Enter MISS STARCHINGTON, R. H. 1 E.

Miss S. The moments of expectation are as tedious as a rainy Sunday. Mr. Senil was beyond his time before. The more I reflect on his proposal, the more I am charmed with it; and, I do believe, I must allow him to fix the day. Ah, he is here! — the cords of my fluttering heart ——

Enter SENIL, L. H. 1 E.

Sen. I'll restrain my rage, and question her calmly. Miss Starchington — witch of Endor — Miss Starchington, I presume you have given the subject of our late conversation due consideration. (*They sit.*)

Miss S. I have, Mr. Senil, and have come to the resolution of blushingly yielding to you my virgin hand.

Sen. *Virgin!* (*Aside.*) — Miss Starchington, you have never made any disclosure to me respecting your earlier days. Will you allow me to ask if you ever had any love affairs on your hands in the days of your youthful bloom?

Miss S. Why, Mr. Senil, you must not suppose that a young woman of my appearance and education could have passed my youthful days without exciting admiration, and even love. There was Henry Taffrail went to sea on my account; George Picklesam took to drinking because I refused him my smiles; but I must confess that Reuben Rosy was such a sweet youth, and had such a seducing air about him ——

Sen. There, I knew it. (*Jumps up.*) I knew Reuben Rosy was the man — he's the father of young Apple Orchard.

Miss S. What do you mean, Mr. Senil? — Did you know poor, dear Reuben Rosy?

Sen. No; but you did. — Farewell, madam. (*Going,* L. H.)

Enter LOT, L. H. 1 E. — *runs against him.*

Here, you lad, here's your mother, and I have found your father — at least I know his name.

Lot. Well, what do they call the old man?

Sen. Reuben Rosy!

Lot. So, then, my name's Lot Sap Sago Starchington Reuben Rosy?

Miss S. What, you wretch! — I the mother of that cub? O, support me! (*Faints.*)

Lot. If you're my mother you ought to support me. (*Supports her.*)

Sen. Quick — get some salts.

Lot. There's some pork brine in the barrel.

Sen. Get some burnt feathers, then.

Lot. Here's a rabbit: singe his tail.

Sen. Get some vinegar.

Lot. Here's some new rum. (LOT *pours some rum down her throat from flask; she throws it at him.*)

Miss S. You wretch! would you poison me?

Lot. Pison — guess you indulge in a leetle of that sort of pison every day. Mind, it was cut glass tu. — I scored it myself with a clam shell.

Miss S. Mr. Senil, will you explain this business to me? Why am I treated in this manner? What did you mean by calling me the mother of that bear?

Lot. We call a bear's mother a dam ——

Miss S. What!

Lot. Dam if we don't.

Miss S. Did you say I was your mother?

Lot. I don't know nothing about it. I was found in an apple orchard. You don't think I growed there like a tree, do ye? — Something must have been done with me afore I got there any how, and you might as well had a hand in it as any body else, you know.

Miss S. Inform me, sir, what is your reason for thus injuring me in Mr. Senil's eyes?

Lot. I hain't done nothing to Mr. Senil's eyes.

Sen. Say no more, Miss Starchington — his malice falls pointless at the feet of virtue.

Miss S. Ah, well! — to renew our conversation. Launcelot, leave the room.

Lot. What for?

Miss S. You'll find something prepared for you to eat in the kitchen.

Lot. Don't wan't nothing to eat. — O, court away: don't mind me. (Miss S. *stamps her foot.*) O, well, if you're particular I don't care. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Miss S. I told you, my dear, that it was one of my youthful vanities to have my miniature painted. Until now I never beheld the man on whom my heart prompted me to bestow it — now it shall be yours. As a pledge of this reconciliation, the original will shortly follow it — 'tis in my bed chamber. — I'll go and fetch it.

(*Exit*, D. R. H. 2 E. *Screams, and rushes in.*)

Reënter Lot, L. H. 1 E.

Lot. Hullo! cats a-fighting.

Miss S. Save, save me — a man in my bed — a ghost in my bed room.

Enter, D. R. H. 2 E., Otto Mannikin, *with morning gown on, slippers on, his coat on his arm, boots in his hands.*

Man. 'Pon my honor, madam, I beg your pardon. — I didn't think I should have slept so long in your bed.

Lot. That must be Reuben Rosy, by all that's fatherly. I say, Mr. Crocodile-hunter, do you have any idea that you're my father?

Sen. O, you horrible old woman! (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Miss S. O, dear, this is a monstrous combination to undermine and destroy my character.

Lot. Don't you go to flummux agin — cause I hain't got no more rum to bring ye tu — cause you broke the bottle.

Miss S. Robbers! thieves! — Mr. Malson, Mr. Malson!

(*Exit*, R. H., *calling.*)

Man. (*Yawning.*) What ails that elderly lady?

Lot. She's been complaining all day of having the hickups in her elbows. — But how come you in her bed?

Man. I don't know. You took my gun away, and, as I was tired, I thought I had better find a bed till you murdered the bear. I observed a most inviting couch in that room, and threw myself upon it, and soon found I had not invoked the aid of Morpheus in vain. I was disturbed from my visions of bliss by that old lady. I started up, and she fled, dropping, in her flight, this miniature.

Lot. It's the old woman's pictur.

Man. 'Tis set in mother of pearl.

Lot. Yes; she's the mother, and I'm the pearl.

Man. Return her picture, and yoke up your oxen for me to get home on.

Lot. Come on. — I'll hitch 'em up. Can you ride double?

Man. Double! What do you mean? — Two men on one ox?

Lot. No — one man on two oxes. I tell you them critters of mine won't go single.

Man. Why not, fellow? (*Yankee story by* LOT.)

(*Exeunt* LOT *and* MANIKIN, L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE V. — *Apartment in the House of* OSTRAND, 1 G.

Enter MALSON, L. H. 1 E., *meeting* OSTRAND, R. H. 1 E.

Os. Mr. Malson, you would see me?

Mal. I called, sir, to renew a conversation that was yesterday interrupted — the subject was your daughter.

Os. My daughter will not marry you.

Mal. I have nothing, then, to hope from your intercession with your daughter?

Os. Nothing, sir. My daughter has distinctly stated her repugnance to a connection of the nature you allude to; and in a matter of so much importance, I shall neither bias her judgment nor control her inclination.

Mal. Then, sir, hear me. You have driven me to a disclosure, and its consequences must fall on your head — your fate, nay, your life is in my hand.

Os. Yours! What mean you?

Mal. Your name is not Ostrand.

Os. Ha! How know you that?

Mal. Lieutenant Melville, I saw you in England.

Os. In England?

Mal. Let me recall it. — 'Twas night; the gloomy purlieus of Westminster echoed to the crash of swords; two men were furiously engaged; one fell by the sword of his adversary; his accusing shriek of "murderer" came wildly on the air. But the other — a solitary lamp gleamed faintly on his countenance, pale, horror-stricken, and bloody! That man is now before me. (*Pause.*) Now shall I marry your daughter?

Os. Never, villain! What would you do?

Mal. I would convince you that if you refuse to receive me as a friend, I may prove a dangerous enemy.

Os. How did you arrive at a knowledge of that fatal transaction?

Mal. I was the steward of Cameron Ogleby, and a witness of his murder.

Os. Hush! Did he then perish, and by my hand?

Mal. Yes!

Os. So the hope I have clung to, through twenty years of anguish and remorse, is then destroyed; and the fearful conviction it has been my effort to shun is at last forced upon my shrinking senses. — I am a murderer!

Mal. I bore him in my arms to a tavern. He pronounced you, Lieutenant Melville, his assassin. The death throes were upon him when he despatched me to his mother, imploring her to witness his last moments. I executed his commission, and left England that night. Your secret still is safe on one condition — your daughter's hand.

Os. Never! Recollect yourself — a hireling — a menial — base-born and base-bred — you aspire to the daughter of ——

Mal. A murderer! yes! Nay, spare your rage: 'twill serve your purpose here but scantily.

Os. Leave my house, sir! — If I am an assassin, beware you brave me not!

Mal. And durst thou threaten? you a worm my slightest breath could crush? Well, since you will brave your fate —— (*Going*, L. H.)

Enter LOT, 1 E. L. H. — *runs against* MALSON.

Lot. Hullo! What's the row? What on airth you duin? See here, Malson, you've squashed the rabbit, and the essence of the animal is all running down, and greasing my boots inside.

Mal. Mr. Ostrand, I shall defer all proceedings in this case until my next visit, when we can with more calmness decide upon the most prudent course of action. Then I hope to be honored with your determination. Out of the way, fool! (*Pushes* LOT *aside, and exit*, 1 E. L. H.)

Lot. Fool! I say, Malson, if you're going hum I wish you would drive them pigs out of the turnip patch. I would ha done it myself, but one of the shotes begun to laugh at me.

Os. Launcelot, what relation are you to Mr. Malson?

Lot. None.

Os. In what capacity do you serve him?

Lot. Capacity? none. He told me this morning I hadn't no capacity.

Os. Tell Mr. Malson, then, that — But, no, no. — My child, must she be sacrificed? — Must she be the victim of my coward fears? — No! The dark, dishonored grave that awaits me were a thousand times more welcome. (*Exit*, R. H.)

Lot. What on airth is the matter with the lootenant? He fumes like a hooked skulpin.

Enter JOSEPHINE, L. H. 1 E.

Jo. I thought my father was here.
Lot. So he was till he went away.
Jo. Where have you been?
Lot. To hum.
Jo. Where are you going?
Lot. To hum.

Enter HARVY, L. H. 1 E.

Har. What are you going to do "to hum"? If you get no better treatment to hum than old Senil did, you had better stay this side of it.
Lot. Why, has any body been hunting the old man?
Har. I don't know what has happened to him: he came home in a sort of canine canter.
Lot. I think that would jingle a leetle better if you would say dog trot.
Har. He has been walking around the house, muttering to himself about some person he calls Reuben Rosy, and something about an apple orchard.
Jo. Rosy! apple orchard! Launcelot, what can he mean?
Lot. O, I don't know nothing about it.

Enter MANIKIN, L. H. 1 E.

Man. Can you, good people, direct me towards the village?
Lot. Well, if it ain't the crocodile hunter, there's no snakes.
Har. Walk in, sir. What village are you seeking?
Man. Castine. There was a young man put me astride of two gentlemen cows, with but one tail between them; but what the mutilated animal wanted in dorsal appendage he made up in horns. He took my foot for a great horsefly, and in endeavoring to transfix it, he nearly drilled a hole through my ankle bone.
Lot. Why, he's a natral born fool. He had only five miles to straight, and he's come du south: he must have druv through Slush Lane.
Jo. (L. C.) Sir, will you have any refreshments?
Lot. We've got some first rate squirrel pie and pitch pine sarce.
Man. (L. H.) Ah, are you there, my facetious friend? What do you call your tailless ox?
Lot. Sneezer. One advantage that ox has, is, he don't strain his spinal marrer jerkin his tail round.
Har. (R. C.) Launcelot, don't trifle with the gentleman. Take him to our stable, and lend him my horse to go to the village on. You can leave the horse at the hotel, sir.
Man. Sir, you are very much of a gentleman, and I should be happy to see you in New York.
Har. Perhaps we may meet there, sir. (*Goes up with* JOSEPHINE.)
Lot. Well, come on, Mr. Reuben Rosy. — O, well, if that ain't

your name, Mr. Chipmunk-chaser, you see this horse I'm going to put you on is a reglar snorter. When he fust starts, he goes mostly on his hind legs. When he gets tired of that mode of progressing, he jest sticks up to'ther end, takes the bit in his mouth, and streaks it. If he should get tu skittish, why, you'll have to haul on to one rein, and slew him round into the wood, and if the trees grow pretty thick, you can get him to stop cheap.

Man. A horse running away with me in the woods? Why, he'll break my neck.

Lot. You must let go of the bridle, hold on to the mane, stand on your knees, and put your legs up behind, and by the time you get through your journey, you'll look jest like a crumbled johnny cake.

(*Exeunt* LOT *and* MANIKIN, L. H.)

Har. (*Coming down with* JOSEPHINE.) And, therefore, I say ——

Jo. You have said enough: you had better let me say a few words now.

Har. Speak, my angel; the music of those coral lips ——

Jo. My lips are not coral, but pure flesh and blood. Now, all this time while you are weaving love meshes for me, and congratulating yourself on the facility with which I have been caught, you seem to have forgotten that two worthy, middle-aged gentle people, who may be supposed to have some interest in this matter, yea, "a voice potential double as the duke's" — Mr. Harvy, has the name of our parents chilled your rapture? Why, I declare, your mercury has fallen to zero.

Har. Ah, Josephine, however I may be depressed, however agitated by a lover's doubts and fears, the warm sunlight of those eyes can elevate me to fever heat; but be serious, Josephine.

Jo. I am serious. Know, Harvy, that my hand and heart have already been laid siege to, and I'll venture to say how near you are to a defeat; but, perhaps, you may have some conception when I inform you that the besieger is no less a person than the youthful and interesting Mr. Malson!

Har. What! Malson love you? — It shall not be! By Heaven I'll prevent that instantly!

Jo. You'll prevent his loving me? Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps you could, with equal facility, induce me to love you. (*Laughs.*)

Har. Ah, Josephine, how can you indulge in these light humors when my heart is so sad?

Jo. Sad! and wherefore, Harvy?

Har. It pains me to hear the haughty objections of my mother.

Jo. How? Your mother's haughty objections! Do they refer to me, sir?

Har. Don't be offended. I'm sure her affection for me will ultimately control those prejudices which now oppose our union, and she will fondly welcome to her maternal heart that image now enshrined in mine.

Jo. Mr. Ashton, your advantage over me in having a mother claim your duty and direct your feelings I am now painfully compelled to acknowledge. The passiveness, perhaps the pleasure, with which I have listened to your addresses, has not superseded any sentiment of

respect I owe either to my father or myself; and I am indebted to you, sir, for an intimation which has recalled me to a sense of what is due to both. (*Crosses*, R.) Consult your mother's feelings, sir, and assure yourself that I resign, most willingly, any right to interfere with them. Mr. Ashton, we must meet no more. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Har. Thus runs the world away. My mother said, yesterday, she wished me to visit Europe. I hesitated, because I would not leave Josephine. Now she resigns me thus calmly, my mother shall be obeyed. I'll go — I'll go. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE VI. — *Parlor in the House of* OSTRAND, 3 *and* 4 G. *Table and two chairs on* L. H., *with books; sofa on* R. H.; JOSEPHINE *discovered,* L. H., *reading;* C. D. *practical, backed with chamber; window,* L. *flat, practical, backed with garden.*

Enter OSTRAND, R. H. 1 E.

Os. Josephine, an event has occurred, which renders it incumbent on you to open your heart to me, to declare whether it has not received impressions which would make it painful to quit this neighborhood.

Jo. No, dear father! To the end of the earth — this hour — this moment — to any place where these scenes may be forgotten.

Os. My child ——

Jo. No, no — not forgotten — but what is the cause of this abrupt removal?

Os. Listen to me, Josephine, and from the fate of your parents receive the first lesson of your life. Though the recital must wring my heart with shame and anguish, yet it is necessary you should become acquainted with the circumstances attending your birth. I first beheld your mother in an obscure village in England. We loved; she was simple, confiding, and devoted. She was betrayed: Josephine, you are the offspring of guilt.

Jo. I? — O father!

Os. Be calm, my child. I was called to join my regiment in a distant part of England. Obstacles, not necessary to be mentioned now, had prevented our marriage at that period; but it was my full intention to have the ceremony performed as soon as those obstacles could be removed. Of this your mother was aware, and seemed satisfied with the arrangement. Judge then my surprise and horror, when I read in a public newspaper the intended marriage of the honorable daughter of Sir George Forrester (your mother) to a Sir Cameron Ogleby! In a state of mind bordering, I fear, on insanity, I flew to London, and arrived at the porch of the church at the very moment the ceremony was concluded. I saw your faithless mother borne home the bride of another. Burning with my wrongs, I penned a challenge to Sir Cameron Ogleby: he sent a cold reply. He said he did not know me, had not injured me, and would not fight. I wrote again, declaring myself the affianced husband of his wife, disclosed the secret of your birth, proclaiming your mother's shame. To this no answer came. Lashed to madness, I rushed forth into the street, and

encountered him in the dark. He was skilful and collected. But what could skill or coolness do against the tiger fury of my assault? I shivered his useless weapon in his hand, and drove mine madly through his heart.

Jo. Horror! horror!

Os. I sought the cottage where your mother had left you, engaged your nurse to accompany us, and set off with you to the continent. I fixed my abode in a remote town in Switzerland, where, as you know, we lived, until two years ago we moved, for greater security, to this eastern wilderness.

Jo. And my mother — does she yet live?

Os. I know not; but, by an inscrutable ordination of my fate, this landlord — this villain Malson — proves to be the former servant of my rival, and a witness of our fatal encounter. He has threatened to denounce me to the laws of the country unless ——

Jo. Unless — what?

Os. Your misery should purchase my safety.

Jo. How? By what?

Os. (R. H.) He demands your hand in marriage.

Jo. (L. H.) He shall have it — he shall have it, though the grave should be my bridal couch.

Enter MALSON, L. H. 1 E.

O, agony!

Os. Mr. Malson, your visits are not attended with much ceremony.

Mal. I seldom use it with friends.

Os. Friends! — Leave us, child.

Mal. She had better stay: what we have to say concerns her nearly.

Os. Come near me, Josephine. (JOSEPHINE *on* L. H. — *crosses to* C.)

Mal. I now wait on you for your decision.

Os. Mr. Malson, I am conscious of the power you have to enforce your wishes; yet I trust, for the honor of humanity, for the respect due from man to woman, you will not urge me to drive my daughter into a connection which will imbitter her future days, without adding a happy moment to your own.

Mal. I come not here for this, sir! Shall I become the lady's husband?

Jo. (*Suddenly.*) My husband? Never!

Mal. Then, madam, your father's life shall answer it. (*Going*, L. H.)

Jo. Stay, stay.

Os. Nay, hold, my child. Go, sir, do your worst! Denounce me to the ministers of justice! My life is worthless when weighed against a daughter's peace. Hence, ruffian; pollute my house no longer with your presence!

Mal. Beware, sir: 'tis not a soldier's death you die. The murderer ends his life on a gibbet.

Jo. O father, I do consent! — I will — I will. (*Nearly fainting.*)

Os. Never! Villain, leave my house!

Mal. What! Will you, then, be dragged to a loathsome prison?

Who then shall tear your daughter from my arms? Manacled, as a felon *should* be, sent to England as the fugitive assassin, who for twenty years escaped his merited doom — the public trial, the merited condemnation, the gaping multitude, the fatal rope, the hideous gibbet! ——

Jo. I am yours — yours eternally! (*Faints in* OSTRAND'S *arms.* MALSON *attempts to cross to her, but is restrained by* OSTRAND.)

Os. Touch her not, accursed villain, or I will rend thee joint from joint. (*Music, hurried;* JOSEPHINE *recovers;* MALSON *grapples with* OSTRAND, *who throws him to* L. H. *corner;* OSTRAND *takes* R. H. *corner;* JOSEPHINE *rushes between them;* LOT *appears at window,* L. F., *levels his rifle at* MALSON.)

TABLEAU.

QUICK DROP.

LOT *at window,* L. F.

JOSEPHINE.

OSTRAND. R. H.

MALSON. L. H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of* MRS. ASHTON. *Table and two chairs on* C. MRS. ASHTON *discovered.*

Mrs. A. Time passes heedlessly on; he takes no note of tearful eyes or bleeding hearts! and his relentless footsteps have left but graves and blight to track his progress! Harvy shall learn from me the secret of his birth — shall learn that he is not my son; that my unhappy sister gave him being. I feel impatient for his return.

Enter HARVY, L. H.

Harvy, my child.

Har. Mother, dear mother! we spoke yesterday of the daughter of Lieutenant Ostrand, and, fearful of wounding cherished prejudices, I restrained the true expressions of my feelings; but now circumstances have made me desperate. I love that maiden: she is my heart's first passion. I love her with an energy that nothing can overcome. Beware, then, mother, of controlling events, which must impart their colors to my future life.

Mrs. A. Harvy, I will see the object of your affection; I will visit her father this day. If they are the persons you describe, I will not

oppose your wishes. I spoke freely, perhaps harshly — forgive me: 'twas the last flash of a lamp, whose light is now forever extinguished. The impulse that awakened those dying embers of family pride was followed by bitter self-reproach. On that rock, honor, reputation, hope were wrecked.

Har. Mother, what mean you?

Mrs. A. You are the child of my sister. Harvy, your father died by violence: your mother perished from a broken heart.

Har. O Heavens! — My poor mother and my father — he met a violent death. — Murdered?

Mrs. A. He was!

Har. Who — O, who was the accursed assassin?

Mrs. A. A challenge (conceived in error, and executed in madness) was found upon his person, and bore the signature of Lieutenant Melville.

Har. And the villain closed his coward life upon the scaffold?

Mrs. A. No; he fled.

Har. Fled! May an orphan's curse pursue! may his hated life be prolonged till ——

Mrs. A. Hold! curse him not: he was my husband ——

Har. Ha!

Mrs. A. My affianced husband! O, bitter recollections! Years have heavily rolled away since that fatal period. Passion was my monitor, and I became a wretch! That such passions may never darken your path, ought to be my first care. If your choice be sanctioned by your judgment, Harvy, my consent will confirm your happiness; but remember my friendly warning, nor let repentance come too late. (*Exit* Mrs. A., R. H. 1 E.)

Har. What horrid mystery is this! Can it be! — my poor, unhappy parents! — the knowledge of their sad fate will cloud the happiness I hoped to share with Josephine. But no; this should be a day of brightness. If brooding misery is to be my lot, I'll even defer it until to-morrow.

Enter Senil, 1 E. L. H.

Sen. I have mended up the posies and fed the pasture, madam. O, she is not here! I have been observing the happiness of those pigeons in our barn. All natural objects remind me of the unnatural conduct of Miss Starchington.

Har. Senil, my old friend, in soliloquy? Why, if your respectable age did not forbid such a profane inference, I should suspect you were in love.

Sen. No, sir; whatever my follies may have been, I have leisure to repent of them.

Har. Did I not hear the name of Miss Starchington? I hope that staid person is not comprehended in the follies you deprecate.

Sen. Miss Starchington may have mingled in my waking dreams. I do not profess to be without my share of human frailty; but it is unfortunate for me that the lady in question has a devilish deal more than her share of it.

Har. Come, come — this is a lover's quarrel, the offspring, no doubt, of some little fault!

Sen. No, it was the offspring of a very great fault; and, at the present time, a very great offspring he is too.

Har. Indeed! Has any thing come to light that ——

Sen. Yes, sir; Mr. Lot Sap Sago — Reuben Rosy — came to light.

Har. Why, my old friend, where is your brain wandering?

Sen. (*Abstracted.*) In the apple orchard.

Har. Indeed. How are you wandering there?

Sen. In a state of nudity. — Reuben Rosy — she's his mother.

Har. Who's his mother?

Sen. (*Turns.*) Miss Starchington; and I was just going to marry her.

Har. And why didn't you?

Sen. What! after her peccadilloing it in that manner? Cease, young man, cease. — I feel the blood chilling in my veins: my brain swims round. — O, Miss Starchington — Reuben Rosy — apple orchard — apple orchard. (*Rushes wildly off,* 1 E. L. H.)

Har. Poor Senil! One would have thought that, at his age, the heyday of his blood was cooler. — Now, then, to Josephine.

(*Exit,* L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE II. — *A Wood,* 1 G. *Half dark.*

Enter LOT, 1 E. L. H.

Lot. Well, if I hain't had trouble enough with that crocodile hunter; but I got him safe at Castine at last. As soon as the beast found the foolish critter astride on him, he knowed he had a simpleton on his back; so he give one loud snort, and set off full chisel. I headed the horse and stopped him, or it would have been all dickery with Reuben Rosy. I took off the saddle, and tied the fellow's legs under his belly with the surcingle; and when he got into town, he had no more sign of trousers on his legs than the horse had. I stowed him away in the bunk in the bar room at the tavern, and told the landlord there to give him a strong dose of pepper sarce and molasses, to settle his internals — that's the last we shall see of him. The old woman at the post office gin me this letter to give to Mr. Malson — had to pay ninepence and fourpence halfpenny for it. Malson shall pay me a quarter, or he shan't have it. Boston — I never knowed Malson to get a letter from Boston afore. I wonder what it's all about. Why, it's prying open at t'other end, and I do believe that old woman at the post office has been prying into it. The old critter ought to have her eyes turned inside out — trying to find out other folks secrets! "Be assured that I" — that *I* ain't got no dot over it — "I shall expect a full and satisfactory account of your conduct for the last twenty years." — That's an almighty reckoning, whoever's got to make it.

Enter JOE, R. H. 1 E.

Joe. Why, Lot, what are you doing here when we are going to have such a rousing dance to-night? We can't get on without you, no how.

Lot. Well, see here, Joe, as I'm considerable busy, you take this letter, and give it to Malson. Make him pay you a quarter for it, and you take the money and spend the hull on it for the ball: that will make the consarn magnificent. Run along, and be spry about it.

(*Exit* JOE, L. H. 1 E.)

Enter HARVY, R. H. — *crosses hastily to* L.

Why, Harvy, where on airth you streaking it tu?

Har. Lot, my boy, rejoice!

Lot. What for?

Har. I'm going to be married.

Lot. Du tell ——

Har. Rejoice!

Lot. I will.

Har. Exult!

Lot. I du.

Har. Shout.

Lot. Hullo!

Har. Wish me joy.

Lot. Sartin I du, everlastingly!

Har. Lot, I want you to ——

Lot. To what?

Har. Go to the devil. (*Exit* HARVY, 1 E. L. H.)

Lot. Well, lend us your hoss. — O, if you're going to be married you'll want him to go there yourself!

Enter SENIL, L. H. 1 E.

Sen. What an old fool I am! Notwithstanding I have the most positive proof of the youthful deviations of Miss Starchington, still do I find my stiff joints bearing me to her habitation. O, dear, I fear the dews of the evening will chill my old frame.

Lot. You ought to get your old frame glazed.

Sen. Ah, Mr. Launcelot, I am glad I have met you. I am going as far as your house, and shall be glad of your pleasant company through this piece of wood. (*Yankee story. Exeunt* LOT *and* SENIL, R. H.)

SCENE III. — *A Room at* MALSON'S *House*, 2 G. *Table and chairs on* L. H.; *lighted candle on* L. H.; MALSON *discovered reading letter.*

Mal. Is there a devil lying at watch to foil me of my purpose, to enfold me in the very meshes he bade me weave for the ruin of others? Let me once more peruse the hideous scroll. (*Reads letter.*)

"NEW YORK, JUNE 28.

"Mr. Malson: This letter will precede myself one day. On returning from Rome to England, I found you had transmitted no account of your stewardship to my London agent. After having managed so large an estate for so long a time, you have, no doubt, a consider-

able sum of money belonging to me in your hands. It will give me pleasure to learn a portion of the sum (however large) has been devoted to the education of my poor son. I shall expect a full and satisfactory account of your proceedings for the last twenty years.

CAMERON OGLEBY."

Is it not now a delusion? Did I not see him stretched livid and ghastly at my feet? Scarce had he breath to utter his commands; yet, after twenty years, he rises like a spectre from his grave, to blast me with his presence. He arrives to-morrow, (*referring to letter,*) may be to-night. He, doubtless, will travel alone, at least from the village to this house. It shall be so — he dies. (*Exit,* 1 E. R. H., *with lighted candle. Lights down.*)

Enter LOT, L. H. 1 E. *Lights up.*

Lot. I wonder where mother Starchington keeps her water bucket, for that cider and new rum blackstrap has made my throat as dry as punk: my tongue feels as dry as a baked corn cob. I've been dreaming that I was making believe to be a female bull-frog, and she was playing on the p forte-anna, "Love was once a little pollywog."

Enter MALSON, R. H. 1 E., *with lighted candle and two pistols.*

Mal. How far, my victim — What do you here? To bed — to bed.

Lot. To bed! Why, I've just got up. What the old boy are you doing with them pistols, Malson? You look as white as a miller; and your hand shakes tu. Where you going tu, Malson?

Mal. Hence to your bed: dare not pry into my purposes. If you come for more liquor, you will find it in the next room; but follow me, and your life shall answer for your temerity.

(*Exit* MALSON, L. H. 1 E.)

Lot. What can ail the old feller? He's been growling round all day, so that I shouldn't wonder if he intended to set himself up for a mark to shoot at. If he does intend murder on himself, I swow I'll have him put in jail arterwards for manslaughter. (*Exit,* L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE IV. — *A Wood,* 1 G. *Dark stage.*

Enter MALSON, L. H. 1 E.

Mal. This is the path: the darkness of the night may detain him at the village. If so, my scheme may be foiled. Here I'll wait till morning. — Hark! a voice — footsteps — it is he. (*Retires,* L. H.)

Enter SIR CAMERON OGLEBY *and* MANIKIN, R. H.

Sir C. Yet I think we could have got through the morass better with our horses.

Man. Sir, it is a swamp five feet nine inches deep. I have been

to the bottom of it. There is a bear's nest in one part of it; but perhaps the family have retired for the night.

Sir C. I should have preferred travelling over the road by daylight; but the small inn at the village was so crowded that I chose rather to grope my way to the house of Malson, where I am sure of a good supper and comfortable bed.

Man. Do you own the bear swamp, sir?

Sir C. I believe the estate includes this marsh.

Man. Then, sir, you should take some pains to improve the breed of the bruin community: they are a very uncivil family at present. The patriarch of the tribe was killed to-day; and now, I presume, the lady mother rules with gentle sway. But as the juvenile members of the bear family may be early risers, had we not better proceed?

Sir C. Certainly. Are you sure you know the house?

Man. Perfectly.

Sir C. Have with you, sir. (*Exeunt* SIR CAMERON *and* MANIKIN, L. H. 1 E. MALSON *comes forward.*)

Mal. A companion; it is unlucky; but it shall not save him. (*Cocking the pistol.*) But may I not turn this to account? Shall not this young man be branded as the murderer? Good! It shall be so. (*Going, stops.*) Hark! 'twas nothing but the distant surf upon the beach. The pale moon, as if conscious of my purpose, shrinks appalled, and draws her veil, as horror-stricken at the dreadful deed. Away with such weak fancies! Hark! his jocund laugh. I silence it forever. (*Exit,* 1 E. L. H.)

Enter LOT, R. H. 1 E.

Lot. Now, what can Malson be going to du, follering that old man and that crocodile hunter? and what could have brought that teetotal silly fool away from the village agin at this time of night? Hullo! Malson's raisin his pistol to fire at the old feller. Why, he's going to commit infanticide. — Stop, Malson; don't fire till I get up to you. (*Exit,* L. H. 1 E. *Two pistols fired without,* 1 E. L. H.)

SCENE V. — *Parlor in* OSTRAND'S *House,* 3 *and* 4 G. *Table and two chairs on* L. H.; *sofa on* R. H.; C. *doors practical, backed by chamber; two lighted candles on table.*)

SIR CAMERON *without,* C. D. R. H.

Sir C. Bring him along! bring him along!

Enter SIR CAMERON, *with* MANIKIN, *and* MALSON *in custody of two officers,* C. *doors,* L. H. *Enter* OSTRAND, 1 E. R. H.

Os. What is the meaning of this, sir?

Sir C. Sir, the urgency of the case must be our excuse for breaking in upon you so rudely. This villain here attempted my life, and this being the nearest house ——

Mal. (*In custody of officers.*) Release me, gentlemen: I had no design upon your life. The visit of a patron — a friend, whom I long thought dead — was a matter of joy to me. Would I then have sought his life? Your letter informed me you would arrive to-night. I apprehended you might attempt to pass the solitary road between the village and your house alone — perhaps unarmed. Ferocious bears have been this very day seen in the path you had to travel. Is it unaccountable, then, that I should have armed myself, not only for your defence, but my own, and have proceeded towards the village to meet and protect you?

Man. That's very natural, upon my honor. The bears about here are very ferocious. You are a very considerate gentleman; and had you met us before we had got to the swamp, you would have saved me a devilish deal of fear.

Sir C. But why did you fire?

Mal. My foot struck a mound, and my pistol discharged by accident.

Sir C. True, true, it must have been; for surely you could have no cause for the perpetration of such an act. — Malson, my old friend, forgive me. Does my son still live?

Mal. He does.

Sir C. (L. H.) Where is he?

Mal. (C.) At home, I presume.

Os. What! Ogleby? (*Crosses* R. H. *to* C., *looking intently upon him.*) Do my senses wander, or do I again behold Sir Cameron Ogleby?

Sir C. You certainly do, sir. And whom have I the honor of addressing?

Os. He lives — he lives, and I am not an assassin.

Sir C. Gracious Heavens! who are you, sir?

Enter HARVY *and* MRS. ASHTON, C. D. L. H.

Har. Lieutenant Ostrand, I bring my mother to visit you. (MRS. ASHTON *advances.*)

Os. (*Seeing* MRS. ASHTON.) What do I behold? Adelaide?

Mrs. A. Lieutenant Melville! (*She rushes towards him; he repulses her.*)

Har. Melville! the murderer of my father? (*Advances menacingly towards* OSTRAND.)

Sir C. (*Interposes.*) Hold! What would you do?

Os. O Adelaide, your treachery has broken the heart of your husband!

Mrs. A. My husband! Where?

Os. There, perjured woman! Sir Cameron Ogleby ——

Mrs. A. Fatal, fatal error. That deadly delusion has caused years of misery. He is not my husband. I have no husband.

Os. Did I not see him lead you from the altar?

Mrs. A. No, no: 'twas my twin sister — my ill-fated sister.

Os. Your sister! Can it be? Could my eyes have deceived me? Adelaide, forgive — O, forgive me! (*Embrace.*)

Mrs. A. But my child, my daughter, does she yet live? — O, lead me to her!

Os. She is within. Allow me to conduct you.
(*Exeunt* OSTRAND *and* MRS. ASHTON, 1 E. R. H.)

Enter LOT, C. D. L. H.

Lot. Well, old feller, I'm glad you're safe. Malson's bullet didn't hit hard — did it?

Sir C. I rejoice to say it did not hit at all. Mr. Malson had no intention of injuring me.

Lot. That's because he couldn't get a fair crack at you.

Mal. Hence, babbling fool!

Lot. Look here, Malson; you needn't come any of your conglomerated exhibitions of coadulated wrath round here: nobody cares nothin about it.

Har. What, Launcelot! You don't say that Mr. Malson attempted the life of this stranger?

Lot. Yes, but I du, though. He was just taking aim at that old codger there; but just as he was going to fire, I shied this jackknife at him; it struck him on the knuckle; so he fired a leetle sooner than he meant tu, and missed his man.

Mal. Ha! my finger —— (*Endeavoring to conceal it.*)

Lot. 'Tain't no use of your trying to hide it: it's bleeding now.

Mal. Villain! 'tis false!

Lot. False! Look here, Malson. I care nothin about your saying it's false; but if you was to just mention I lie, I would hit you such a poke under the short ribs, you wouldn't get sight of your breath again for half an hour.

Sir C. You told me your pistol went off by accident. What, then, caused the wound upon your hand?

Mal. 'Twas — 'twas ——

Lot. No, it wan't: 'twas that jackknife. When that old bumblebee begun to laugh, you said you'd silence it forever. Now, I don't like to see people stop laughing, cause I never seed a real hearty laugher that wan't an honest man; but I never seed you laugh in my life, and I think it's tu late for you to begin now.

Sir C. 'Tis too evident. Monster! ingrate! the finger of Heaven has brought this black design to light.

Lot. Yes, some — that and Malson's finger together.

Sir C. Let the doors be locked and guarded. (MALSON *moves towards* C. D.; HARVY *and* LOT *rush up to prevent him; he draws his remaining pistol, and stands on the defensive. Pause.*)

Lot. Darn me to darnation if he hain't got another pistol. Where's the chipmunk chaser's fowling piece?

Mal. "Who follows me dies." (*He moves towards the* C. D. *As* MISS STARCHINGTON *and* SENIL *come on,* C., *they run against* MALSON, *who drops the pistol.* LOT *seizes it, aims it at* MALSON, *and prevents him from flying. Tableau.*)

Lot. I guess you're rather flummuxed now.

Sir C. He must be detained till morning, when we will convey him to a magistrate. Young man, (*to* LOT,) who are you?

Lot. Nobody. — I was born in an apple orchard.

Sir C. In an apple orchard?

Lot. Yes, in a state of nudity. I was setting up corn cobs, and knocking 'em down, with juvenile crab-apples. I narrowly escaped being rammed into a cider press, and having my natural juice squeezed out of me. — O, it's true. Ask Malson: he raised me.

Sir C. Malson, speak! This is not ——

Mal. (*With a sneer.*) He is your son.

Sir C. My son! my son! (*Embracing him.*)

Lot. Why, you antediluvian old griffin, what on airth are you huggin me for?

Sir C. I am your father.

Lot. Du tell — you — Then I warn't found in the apple orchard?

Sir C. Even in this your villany is evident. Did I not, on what I thought my death bed, command you to educate this boy, and afford you the means of doing so?

Lot. But he never did, daddy. If it hadn't been for old mother Starchington, I never should have been a scholar.

Enter LIEUTENANT OSTRAND, MRS. ASHTON, *and* JOSEPHINE, R. H. 1 E.

Har. Josephine! heavens! she is the daughter of my father's murderer! (*Aside.*)

Sir C. Lieutenant Melville, one fatal error has involved us all in years of misery; but that shall not prevent us from being friends for the future. (*They shake hands.*)

Lot. Malson, you look rather riled. We can spare you. You can jest go down into the kitchen, where I have stationed two fellers with rifles, and they'll riddle your internals darned quick if you try to cut stick. — You can't get away, no how.

Mal. Lieutenant Melville, that my vengeance cannot reach you is not my sole regret; but if the last bitter maledictions of a ruined man can throw one shadow over your restored happiness, may mine cling to you forever. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E., *with officers.*)

Lot. I say, Malson, you'll be apt to go through a feat on the tight rope, only the rope will be perpendicular instead of horizontal, and the balance pole will be over your head. Harvy, I've got a daddy — nice old cock, ain't he? He han't got much hair jest here. Here, you whiskered hippopotamus, what will you take for hair enough off your upper lip to cover the old man's head?

Os. Your father, boy? Tell me, Sir Cameron, is this the son of Lady Ogleby?

Sir C. No; this poor boy is my natural son.

Lot. (*Down* L. C.) Yes, I'm a natural. — Why, fathers and mothers fly about here as thick as bonnyclapper. Are you sure you're my father?

Sir C. My hapless wife died of a broken heart, before I had recovered from my wounds. My cruel mother persuaded her that I was dead; and, to give color to the rumor, hurried me to Italy. My ill-fated wife never was a mother.

Mrs. A. She was. Harvy is the lawful son of Sir Cameron Ogleby.

Har. What! Is this my father? (*Kneels.*)

Sir C. My dear, dear son. (*Embrace.*)

Lot. What on airth agin — I say, old feller, are you going to father any more on us? Now here's the chipmunk chaser: 'twould puzzle you to father him, whiskers and all. Why, Harvy, you and I are kind of brothers — ain't we? (*All retire except* LOT. MANIKIN *comes down*, R.)

Man. Mr. Lot Sap Sago, will you allow me to trouble you for my fowling piece?

Lot. O, yes; I don't want the flimsy thing. Do you want to borrow Harvy's horse?

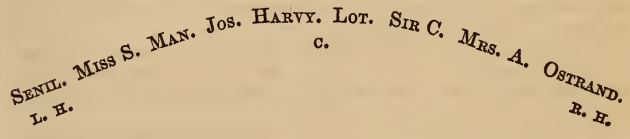
Man. No, nor your blind ox either.

Lot. That bull got blind looking cross-eyed. (*All come down.*)

Sen. Miss Starchington, I resign myself to love and you.

Lot. Well, old Senil, you've resigned at last; and, according to the way things stick up round here, you're all fathered but old crocodile here, and I don't know but I'd father him if it wan't for his whiskers; and, finally, I don't care if I do, if our friends present will stand father to our author's child, the YANKEE LAND.

SITUATIONS.



CURTAIN.