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T. HORTON, DEL.

THE OMNIBUS.

Tom. Lauk, uncle, where are you going to?

Ledger. [Slapping on his hat, and seizing Julia's arm, which he draws within his own.] To a convenient distance! one of the most remote settlements on the Swan River!

Act I. Scene I.

THE MINOR DRAMA

No. XXVI.

THE OMNIBUS.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

Henry B. Phillips

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

— Pococke, Isaac —
~~~~~

NEW YORK :

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*Henry A. Murray*

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## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

“THE OMNIBUS, OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE,” is an adaptation from an old and once popular farce called “Cherry Bounce,” and was produced during the zenith of Power’s fame, with his alterations, at Drury Lane Theatre.

The original cast of this trifle was what might have been called, in theatrical parlance, a strong one—comprising the names of W. Planchard as *Ledger*, Bartley as *Mr. Dobbs*, Little Keeley as his hopeful, free-and-easy son and heir, *Tom Dobbs*, and the gifted Power as *Pat Rooney*—and it required all this latter talented artist’s powers to make the blundering, good-natured, mischief-making, impertinent domestic, the *feature* of the farce.

In this country there have been, and are several delineators of Irish character, who occasionally figure as *Pat Rooney*. Among the best, we must class John Brougham and Barney Williams—the one, an established and well-deserved favorite; the other, a talented, industrious, popular, and fast-rising actor.

The Omnibus, well played, will always furnish most “excellent food for mirth,” and is likely to retain its position among the best modern acting farces of the day

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                            | <i>Ches., Phil., 1833.</i> | <i>Park, 1837.</i> | <i>Park, 1848</i> |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Pat Rooney</i> .....    | Mr. Power.                 | Mr. Power.         | Mr. Brougham.     |
| <i>Mr. Ledger</i> .....    | " Faulkner.                | " Fisher.          | " Bridges.        |
| <i>Mr. Dobbs</i> .....     | " Watson.                  | " Povey.           | " Povey.          |
| <i>Master Tom Dobbs</i>    | " Hadaway.                 | " Placide.         | " W. Chapman.     |
| <i>FARRIER'S BOY</i> ..... | " Eberle.                  | " Russell.         | Master Eustace.   |
| <i>Julia Ledger</i> .....  | Mrs. Walstein.             | Miss Turnbull.     | Miss Miles.       |
| <i>Mrs. Dobbs</i> .....    | " Thayer.                  | Mrs. Durie.        | Mrs. Barry.       |
| <i>Miss Damper</i> .....   | " Broad.                   | " Archer.          | Miss Flynn.       |
| <i>Miss Jem'a Damper</i> , | Miss Lopez.                | " Conway.          | Mrs. Burrows.     |

## COSTUMES.

**ROONEY.**—A gray coat, red waistcoat, white or gray pantaloons, very short, striped stockings, shoes and buckles, close cut wig.

**LEDGER.**—Brown coat, satin embroidered waistcoat, black breeches, light stockings, shoes and buckles.

**DOBBS.**—Drab old man's coat, flap waistcoat, top boots, hat, and cane.

**TOM.**—Scarlet round-about jacket, buttoned close, boy's frilled shirt over his shoulders, nankeen trowsers, rather short, buttoned over his jacket.

**FARRIER'S BOY.**—Dirty gray jacket, waistcoat, breeches, shoes and stockings, leather apron.

**JULIA.**—White frock, red sash.

**MRS. DOBBS.**—Respectable old lady's dress, bonnet, and shawl.

**TWO MISS DAMPERS.**—Genteel ladies' street dresses, bonnets and shawls.

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

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

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.



Henry B. Phillips

THE OMNIBUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in a country box, which serves as the apartment in general use. The road, with a patch of garden in front, is seen through glazed folding doors. There are lateral doors on the right and left 3d E. A buffet, on one side, is open, displaying some ornamental china, books, packets of papers, &c.; on the top are some pasteboard boxes, variously labelled, "Bills," "Receipts," &c. A cheffionier and table stand opposite the buffet; on the table are pens, ink, and paper; inside the cheffionier is a plum cake, already cut. Another table stands in the centre of the apartment, upon which lie a clothes-brush and long-handled feather duster—on each side is a chair.*

*Enter LEDGER, c., at the garden gate, followed by JULIA.*

*Ledg. (L.)* I won't: it's no use talking to me, Julia—Pat Rooney is a stupid, blundering blockhead! Try him again, indeed!

*Jul. (R.)* Only for a week, sir.

*Ledg.* Not an hour! I'm plagued enough as it is, without him. Didn't I buy this cottage *ornée*, as you call it, to enjoy myself in peace and comfort? Brought down my books and papers from the counting-house, and set up a gig to drive about and see the country?

*Jul.* Well, sir, has it not answered your expectations?

*Ledg.* No! Talk of retirement—I might as well live in 'Change alley: I never sit down to settle my accounts but ring goes the bell, and it's "How do ye do?" "How

are you?—couldn't pass the door without giving you a call!"

*Jul.* Why, we live at such a convenient distance, sir—

*Ledg.* Ha! that's the word—convenient distance. Devilish convenient! One would think I kept an ordinary.

*Jul.* But you like to see your friends, sir?

*Ledg.* Yes—at other people's houses.

*Jul.* You breathe the pure country air, sir.

*Ledg.* No, I don't! Never open my mouth but I swallow a cloud of dust!

*Jul.* You observe the progress of vegetation.

*Ledg.* Not I: I've watched the holly-bush in front of the house every morning for a week, and hang me if it has grown an inch!

*Jul.* But we were talking of Rooney, sir.

*Ledg.* I know it: do you want him to knock up another horse, and stuff another poll parrot with mealy potatoes?

*Jul.* Those were accidents, sir.

*Ledg.* But he's so devilish saucy, and so provoking: does mischief without end, and tells me *I'm* the cause of all his blunders! Cries out, when he has done some damned mischief, "There *you* go, again!"

*Jul.* I grant he is a little too familiar, but he does not mean to be impertinent; he's as simple and unsophisticated as a child, and honest as he's light-hearted.

*Ledg.* Well, he shall stay, then, upon trial, and I'll practise patience. But, Julia, my dear, you must break fast by yourself this morning; I'm going to be very busy—balance my books, write letters, and so forth.

*Jul.* And Rooney?

*Ledg.* Oh, he may appear—I forgive him: he may show his cursed, impudent, grinning, Irish face, as soon as he pleases.

*Jul.* Thanks, my dear father; many, many thanks.

[*Exit Ledger, L. S. E.*]

ROONEY stretches his head from 1st wing, L., watching Ledger off.

*Jul.* You may come in, Rooney.

*Roon.* Och! Miss Juli, the blessings of a poor hapless orphan be upon you! May you live this hundred years,

and never want a friend, or a husband at your back, either. How nate you coaxed him!

*Jul.* No easy matter, I can tell you, Rooney, to coax him.

*Roon.* Coax a cat from a herrin'.

*Jul.* But be careful, Rooney: if you make him angry again you will certainly lose your place.

*Roon.* Never fear, Miss Juli, never fear; I'll kape the ould boy plazed, if I can.

*Jul.* I should be sorry to lose you, Rooney; so pray be careful with my father for my sake. [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

*Roon.* Hoo! I'm hired agin! If the gray mare wasn't off her stomach the master would have nothin' to complain of this day, I'll engage; and if she was well, I'd have nothin' else to trouble me. ~~✗~~ [*The bell at the gate rings.*] If they're in a hurry they'll ring again. ~~✗~~ [*Bell rings.*] Och, burn the bell! that sets him wild intirely. [*Going, meets Farrier's Boy, at c. gate, who enters with a pint bottle.*] Who's outside?

*Boy.* Me.

*Roon.* (c.) Yis, but who was that pullin' the bell?

*Boy.* (L.) Why, me, to be sure.

*Roon.* So, it's yourself, is it? Is it for the like of you to be pullin' at gate bells? I think you might have got over the wall, nor have dirtied your face.

*Boy.* I've brought the physic for the gray mare.

[*Gives it.*]

*Roon.* The what—the physic? Now, are you sure you've made no blunders, and that it wasn't intinded for a gray horse?

*Boy.* No, no; I tell you it's all right, but plaguy strong. Don't let your master see it, or he'll think the gray mare is at death's door.

*Roon.* But where d'ye get it?

*Boy.* Where did I get it? Why, master makes it, and I takes it.

*Roon.* You take it, do you? Do you take much of it?

*Boy.* Ah! you fool—ha! ha! ha! Good-bye, Paddy—good-bye, Paddy! Ha! ha! Paddy from Cork!

*Roon.* Paddy! Get out, you dirty raff you! [*He seizes the feather du. ter from the table to strike the Boy, who runs off at c. gate, mocking him.*] Only to think o' the black-

guard comin' to the front gate! By the powers, here comes the masher! What'll I do with the bottle of the gray mare's physic? [*Pretends to busy himself about the buffet, and slips the bottle into it.*] He'll ask me no questions, and I'll tell him no lies.

*Enter LEDGER, L. S. E.*

Poor ould boy, I'll not be over hard on him: he seems ashamed of himself.

*Ledg.* So, there he is, and afraid to look me in the face.

*Roan.* [*Looking round.*] Poor man! He sames mighty sorry for what he has done, and ashamed to spake.

*Ledg.* I must encourage him.—Come here.

*Roan.* What, you're there, are ye?

*Ledg.* Come here, poor fellow.

*Roan.* I don't know that I will, after all the tricks you've been about playin' me.

*Ledg.* Well, Rooney, think no more of what's past.

*Roan.* I don't bear malice for trifles.

*Ledg.* But only let us endeavour to understand each other in future.

*Roan.* That's enough, sir—that's enough: it isn't dacent for the likes o' you to be askin' my pardon all day.

*Ledg.* I ask your pardon!

*Roan.* I forgive you, sir, with all my heart.

*Ledg.* You forgive me!

*Roan.* Out an out! right on end! Och, I'm not the boy to bear malice; so make your mind asy, sir, and don't say another word about it.

*Ledg.* Well, I've determined not to be ruffled, if I can help it: but if this is what Julia calls being unsophisticated, I shall hardly put up long with it.—Rooney, endeavour to be a little more careful, and continue to keep my room in this nice order, and I shall always keep my temper.

*Roan.* I'm mighty glad to hear you say that, sir, for, by my soul, there's great need of it. [*He takes the clothes brush, and brushes Ledger's coat while speaking.*]

*Ledg.* What's that, sir?

*Roan.* Always ballyragging his servants.

*Ledg.* I ballyrag my servants, fellow?

*Roan.* Cursin' and swearin'.

*Ledg.* What, I curse and swear ?

*Roon.* Like a drunken hussar.

*Ledg.* Why, you infernal—

*Roon.* There ye go again—where have ye been ?

*Ledg.* What's that to you ?

*Roon.* Och ! it's a sad thing to see an ould gintleman fly out and disgrace himself before his servants. You shall have no cause to complain of me, sir, whatever you may do of yourself. [*Brushes the curls of Ledger's wig.*

*Ledg.* Eh, what now—what the devil !

*Roon.* A cobweb, sir ; only a cobweb sticking to your best wig, sir : that's a sure sign of luck all the world over.

*Ledg.* A sign of luck !

*Roon.* Yes, sir ; I'll be bail you'll have plinty o' money in your pocket this day, and all your friends and relations about ye.

*Ledg.* Friends and relations—the devil take 'em ! I hope not. [*Crosses to R.*

*Roon.* It's such a convanient distance, sir—just tin miles from London ; so, if two of 'em walk down at once it will be only five miles a piece.

*Ledg.* Confound it, I never thought of that.

*Roon.* Then the coaches, sir—think of the coaches and the omnibuses, sir ; think of the omnibuses, sir ! as long and as full as the wards of a hospital ! Och, we'll have the house as full as a tick !

*Ledg.* Rooney, if any one rings at that infernal bell to-day, don't let 'em in : say I'm not at home.

*Roon.* Not at home ! Are you going out ?

*Ledg.* No matter ; say I'm not at home.

*Roon.* Where are ye going ?

*Ledg.* I'm not going anywhere, booby !

*Roon.* Och, fie ! would you tache an innocent young creature to be telling lies ? And the house like a lantern, too—they can see every sowl that's in it.

*Ledg.* Augh ! that's true enough. Well, well, go and take in my daughter's breakfast.

*Roon.* She's had her breakfast.

*Ledg.* No, she has not had her breakfast.

*Roon.* But she has, though.

*Ledg.* Why, you impudent—

*Roon.* I took it myself.



*Ledg.* Why, I certainly heard her bell ring. How came her bell to ring.

*Roon.* Pullin' at it.

*Ledg.* But what did she want, pulling at it?

*Roon.* Why, I 'spose she wanted me.

*Ledg.* Then, why the devil don't you go to her?

*Roon.* I've been to her, half an hour ago: she wants some coffee for her tay.

*Ledg.* Then why don't you take her coffee for her tay, and be damned to you?

*Roon.* There ye go again! How can I, if ye keep me palaverin' here?

*Ledg.* Well, only go—that's all. [*Sits R. of table.*] Oh, dear!—Stop: bring me my toast and milk at the same time—do you hear?

*Roon.* I do: [*Leaning over table, L.*] ye want your toast and milk for your sop?

*Ledg.* What is it to you? Bring my jug of milk and dry toast.

*Roon.* Dry toast—won't you sop it?

*Ledg.* Why, you tormenting, stupid—you—

*Roon.* Asy, now!—And no butter on it?

*Ledg.* Exactly—toast without butter, and my jug of new milk.

*Roon.* Any thing else?

*Ledg.* No—yes—here, take away these things.

*Roon.* Is it the brush?

*Ledg.* Yes, and this—take it away too.

*Roon.* Ye'll want it to kill flies wid.

*Ledg.* I don't want to kill flies to-day—so take it away.

*Roon.* I'm bothered! I don't know what to do.

*Ledg.* Rooney, I want to write.

*Roon.* Well, I've no objection—write away.

*Ledg.* But where are my pens, ink, and paper?

*Roon.* There they are, all on that table.

*Ledg.* But, if you please, I'll have them on this table.

*Roon.* Well, bring 'em when you want 'em.

*Ledg.* Will you bring them here, rascal?

*Roon.* You always write on this table.

*Ledg.* I know; but now I'll write on this table.

*Roon.* At the same time?

*Ledg.* Nonsense!—Eh, who has been arranging my books and boxes?

*Roon.* Myself, sir. [*Places ink and paper before Ledger; on the quire of paper are two loose sheets.*] Myself it was—Och, Pat's the boy for nateness, any how.

*Ledg.* Well, I'm glad to see this: you have turned over a new leaf, indeed.

*Roon.* Indeed then I have, sir: I turned over plenty o' laves before I'd done wid 'em. You left all your papers bottom over top, like a litter of pigs, and work enough I had to set 'em to rights.

*Ledg.* Set 'em to rights! My papers?

*Roon.* Every sowl of 'em—many thanks to myself for the trouble.—But Miss Juli wants her tay, poor thing! I'll be wid you again wid the speed o' light. [*Exit, L.*]

*Ledg.* Now, that fellow means well; but it's devilish hard that I'm to be the victim of his over caution. [*Looking up at boxes which are placed on top of the buffet, and reading labels.*] Bills—receipts—letters; ha! I thought so: the box I'm always most in want of, stuck on the very top of that buffet. This comes of his careful setting to rights! I'd need have a ladder to reach it [*Mounts a chair,*] without spraining my back, or getting the cramp in my-legs. [*He reaches on tiptoe to get down the box—a tray, covered with china, which stood on the top of it, slides over his head, and is strewed upon the floor.*] What, the devil! does it rain cups and saucers? Rooney! [*Gets off the chair.*] If this isn't another of that fellow's precautions, I'll be hanged! Rooney—Rooney, I say! Twenty pounds gone crash—oh, dear! Rooney!

*Enter ROONEY, L., with a small coffee-pot, cup and saucer, jug of milk, dry toast, &c., on a tray.*

*Roon.* Don't interrupt me, sir—Miss Juli has ordered coffee for her tay, and it'll be as cowld as my grandmother!

*Ledg.* Come here, you torment—come here directly!

*Roon.* [*Setting down toast and jug on table.*] Wait till I put down your toast and milk, sir. What'll I do with the things?

*Ledg.* Put them down.

*Roon.* Put 'em down, where?

*Ledg.* Any where—on the floor—oh, dear!

*Roon.* What's the matter?

*Ledg.* Come here, you rascal! Tell me, where did you put that invaluable set of china that I purchased last week as a present for my daughter?

*Roon.* What, the infallible cups and saucers? Och, don't be uneasy, sir: it would take a longer pair o' shanks than you ever stood upon to raich where I put 'em.

*Ledg.* And where did you put 'em?

*Roon.* Safe and snug, sir, on the top o' the buffet.

*Ledg.* You did? then go and find 'em! Twenty guineas gone in the twinkling of an eye!

*Roon.* [*Crosses to R., turning, and seeing the pieces.*] Och, what, you've been at it again, have you? [*Laughs.*] I couldn't have made a better smash of it myself.—What the devil came over you?—Here you are again—ho! ho!

*Ledg.* Blockhead! how could you stick a set of china up there?

*[Bell rings at back.]*

*Roon.* Och, murther! Company at the door, and we taken at a nonplush! Hurry, sir, hurry, now, and help me to pick up the splinters. *[Bell rings again.]* Coming, you divils! There! bad luck to the chany! Coming, coming! [*Ledger walks about, agitated. Rooney pushes the tray, with fragments, under the table, as the bell rings again, and runs off, L. U. E., as a voice calls "Holtoa!"—A dog barks.*]

*Ledg.* Oh, dear, oh, dear! This is all simplicity, I suppose. It's no use to grumble—I must endure it: but if I haven't a straight waistcoat on before night—

*Enter ROONEY, L. U. E.*

Well?

*Roon.* (R.) It's your nevy, sir—it's Masther Tom, sir.

*Ledg.* (L.) My nephew! What, Tom Dobbs?

*Roon.* That same, sir, come a courtin' to Miss Juli, I 'spose.

*Ledg.* Courting, indeed—a mere child! What the devil brought him here?

*Roon.* His own carriage, sir—as ugly a little pair o' legs as ever ye clapped your good-looking eyes on. [*Stepping back, he upsets breakfast things.*] There! you see what you've made me do, now! For fear you'll be making more mischief, I'll take 'em into Miss Juli's room at once.

*[Exit, with tray, R. S. E.]*



*Ledg.* Now, I must be civil to this boy, or his mother will be offended.

~~X~~ *[Dog barks without.]*

*Enter TOM, L. U. E., alarmed, looking behind him, down R.*

*Tom.* (R.) What a devil of a dog! He's like a wild beast.—Oh, uncle, I'm so glad to see you!

*Ledg.* (L.) Are you?

*Tom.* Yes, very; but I don't like that dog.

*Ledg.* Oh, you needn't be afraid of him—he wouldn't harm a child.

*Tom.* Wouldn't he! But he tried, though—caught me just here by my best nankeeners. What a nice house you have got, and at such a convenient distance, too. Do you know, I walked it quite easy. But I'm so hungry! I haven't had a bit o' breakfast, except three twopenny rolls and a pint o' rum and milk at Hammersmith, just to stay my stomach.

*Ledg.* [*Aside.*] Here's a precious interruption!—Well, Tom, you shall breakfast with your cousin Julia, in the next room. I'm going to be very busy, and wish to be alone.

*Tom.* Oh, you needn't stand upon ceremony with me, uncle; I'll make myself quite at home.

*Ledg.* Indeed!

*Tom.* Mamma said you'd be delighted to see me.

*Ledg.* Did she?

*Tom.* Yes; and that you'd be affronted if I didn't come while the strawberries were in.

*Ledg.* [*Aside.*] This will never do: I must go ten miles further down the road.

*Tom.* I hope Julia won't be affronted too, for I shall soon be big enough to be married, and then we can live so comfortably with you, uncle—can't we? You mean to leave us all you have, you know, when you hop the twig!

*Ledg.* Hop the twig—leave you all I have! And who told you so, Master Tom?

*Tom.* My mamma.

*Ledg.* Pleasant, upon my soul!

*Tom.* But, uncle, I don't want you to die just yet: I can't bear a house where there has been a funeral—it makes things so uncommon uncomfortable.

*Ledg.* [*Aside.*] Curse me, if this lout isn't more provoking than Pat Rooney!

*Enter ROONEY, R. S. E.*

*Roon.* [*R., suppressing a laugh.*] Oh, Masther Tom, I've got Miss Juli's compliments for you, and her sarvice in a cup of tay.

*Ledg.* (L.) Ay, ay, go in, Tom; and I'll have a letter for you to take back directly. I'll not keep you here a moment longer than I can help.

*Tom.* Don't hurry on my account, uncle; you may dine as late as ever you like.

*Ledg.* Dine?

*Tom.* Yes; but you must shut up that great dog, though.

*Ledg.* What, Tiger?

*Tom.* Because if he barks in the night, you know, I shan't get a wink of sleep.

*Ledg.* Sleep!

*Roon.* Slape is it?

*Tom.* Sleep! yes, to be sure. Do people that live in the country lie awake all night? Oh, my ma won't like that.

*Roon.* His mamma! Och, the poor little cratur! His mamma!

*Ledg.* But, Tom, this is a pleasure we didn't expect.

*Tom.* Oh, you needn't mind me, uncle; any snug room that's well aired, with a pleasant prospect, will do for me—so that I've a good bed and plenty of pillows. First come, first served, you know; and as this is Saturday, you'll have your house crammed full to-morrow.

*Roon.* The house full!—Didn't I say so! Och, it's myself that loves a power of company, and plinty o' good atin' and drinkin'—hoo! [*Sings and capers.*]

*Ledg.* [*Vexed.*] Rooney!

*Roon.* Ax pardon, sir—no offence: I'm covered all over wid blushes.

*Ledg.* Rooney! take my nephew into the next room; take him away directly, or I shall say something unpleasant—do something uncommon: I'm getting bilious.

*Roon.* Come along, my dear, and I'll take care of you

*Tom.* But stop a bit: I've got two letters for uncle.

*Ledg.* Letters?

*Tom.* Yes ; your clerk said there were fifty pounds in that.

*Roon.* Fifty pounds ! Och, the cobweb, sir—didn't I tell you the luck of it ?

*Ledg.* Do go along, and let me have five minutes to myself.

*Roon.* Five minutes—yes, sir. [*Ledger sits at the table.*] Now, my darlin', come wid me, and I'll show you the rabbits, and the ould gray mare, and the poll parrot, and all the rest of the lions.

*Tom.* Lions ! Oh, my ! does uncle keep lions ?

*Roon.* That he does ; and pigs, ducks, and other pet lambs, into the bargain. Don't you see miss Juli, waitin' for you in the next room ?

*Tom.* Lauk, so she is. How pretty she is—and what a nice plate of toast and butter she's got. How d'ye do, cousin Julia ?—I'm coming. [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

*Roon.* Och, the broth of a boy ! If Miss Juli takes up with such a bit of a husband as that, by my sowl she'll have little enough to boast of ! [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

*Ledg.* Now, then, let me see. [*Opens letter.*] Ha ! fifty pounds ! Just in time—I hadn't sixpence in the house. [*Lays money on writing paper.*] But who the deuce is this from ? Postmark, Bordeaux. [*Reads.*] “Sare—I presume”—what a cursed crow-quill hand ! I shall never be able to read it without my spectacles. Rooney !—But no—I'll go for them myself : that fellow would be sure to break them. [*Exit, L. S. E.*]

*Enter ROONEY, R. S. E.*

*Roon.* Here I am, sir ! Eh—there's more of his tricks ! Sure I heard him call. Oho, to take away, I suppose.— [*Approaching table and seeing note.*] Thunder and turf ! see to this, now : fifty pounds at the mercy of a high wind, and the garden door wide open ! As if he couldn't slip it into a shate of paper. [*Puts it between the first loose sheet.*] One would think he left his money about on purpose to get me into throuble. [*Sits L. of table.*]

*Enter LEDGER, with spectacles L. S. E.*

*Ledg.* A fine joke, truly—lend money to a man I never saw three times in my life ! “Pray enclose a remittance by return of post, &c., &c., John Jack Fripon.”

Never heard of such cool impudence since the hour I was born. [*Crosses to R.*] Rooney, take away those things, and bring me a candle.

*Roon.* (L.) A candle—lighted?

*Ledg.* (R.) To seal a letter.

*Roon.* Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] By my sowl, he keeps my tin toes on the trot from mornin' till night.

*Ledg.* Now, do make haste, will you? [*Writes.*]

*Roon.* I shall, sir; and I hope, sir, you'll think o' the shoe leather when you come to pay my wages.

[*Exit with jug, &c., L.*]

*Ledg.* [*Sits L. of table.*] Yes, yes, Moounseer, I'll answer you in two lines. "Very sorry, but can't oblige." [*Folds letter.*] There's nothing in the world I hate so much as lending money—except giving it. [*Directs it.*] "John Jack Fripon—Marchand—Bordeaux." There, I've settled that business to my mind, at all events. Rooney, the candle!

*Roon.* [*Without.*] Here they are, both safe.

*Enter ROONEY, with two lighted candles, L.*

*Ledg.* Why the devil did you bring two?

*Roon.* For fear one of 'em should go out, sir. Besides, didn't you get two letters, and won't you be sailing both the answers?

*Ledg.* Augh! you're enough to vex a saint!

[*Seals letter.*]

*Roon.* There's no contintin' him, any how. I've a great mind to discharge myself.

*Ledg.* There, that must go directly, or it will be too late for the foreign post. [*Rooney takes letter.*] I have a dozen more letters to write, so don't let me be interrupted on any account whatever. [*An omnibus is seen to drive up gate bell rings—dog barks.*] Who the devil is that?

*Roon.* It's an omnibus as long as Sackville street, just stopped at the front gate.

*Ledg.* Don't let 'em in—don't let me see a soul! Say I can't see any one—I won't see any one! [*Rooney runs to the door, c. gate.*] I might as well keep the Star and Garter on Richmond Hill, as be pestered in this way. A man's never safe! I wish people would be a little more considerate. [*Rooney returns with handboxes, &c.*] Oh, something from town—is that all?

*Roan.* [*Putting them down.*] Not quite, sir. For Mr. Dobbs, sir. [*Runs back from c. gate.*]

*Ledg.* For Tom? Confound him, does he mean to stay here a month? Oh, I'll not suffer this—I'll send for the booby and tell him so. [*Rooney returns with a carpet bag, &c.*] Rooney, desire Mr. Dobbs to come here directly.

*Roan.* He's comin', directly he has paid the coachman.

*Ledg.* Paid the coachman! What, Tom?

*Roan.* No, sir; Master Tom's papa, sir.

*Ledg.* Augh! the devil! [*Walks about vexed.*]

*Enter DOBBS, c. gate.*

*Dobbs.* (c.) Now, you clumsy dog, don't be staring at me, but take those bundles up into my room.

*Roan.* Your room is it? That'll be the garret, I fancy.

*Dobbs.* Get out, you rascal, and do as you are ordered. Very familiar, 'pon my life! What, you never saw me before?

*Roan.* Can't say I did, sir; and the divil may welcome the stranger.

*Dobbs.* Why, you impertinent scoundrel!—

*Roan.* Manners—manners! It's not the polish for one gentleman to take liberties wid another.—Scoundrel! As many yards o' bad luck as will make you a coat, waist-coat, and breeches, Mr. Dobbs, and long life for you to wear 'em. Hoo! scoundrel! [*Exit, R.*]

*Dobbs.* 'Pon my life! most extraordinary fellow that.

*Ledg.* [*Advancing.*] I'm glad he's come alone, however.

*Dobbs.* Ah, Ledger, my old boy, how are you—how d'ye do? Glad to see you, with all my heart! You've a capital house here; but a cursed saucy servant, I must say. Well, and how's Julia? Nice house, indeed—delightful! Why, I never saw you looking so well, or in better spirits!

*Ledg.* D'ye think so? I never was more out of humour.

*Dobbs.* What, hyppish, eh? Ha, always the way with people that can't bear to be alone: but we'll cheer you up, my old boy. I saw a beautiful loin of veal go into the house just now, and know you have some capital Port.

*Ledg.* Yes—in London: I never drink wine in the country.



*Dobbs.* Don't you? Then we'll drink it for you.

*Ledg.* We?

*Dobbs.* Yes: Tom's here, isn't he?

*Ledg.* Oh, yes; and took care to come early enough.

*Dobbs.* That was right! Tell you how it was: your sister—my wife—Tom's mother—took a fancy in her head, last night, that a walk down the road would be of service to Tom, and that I should come after Tom from the Goose and Gridiron. Knew you'd be glad to see us—so here we are.—By the by, it's a most convenient distance, 'pon my life! Just enough to get an appetite without fatigue.

*Ledg.* [*Aside.*] I'll set fire to the house—I will—I must.

*Dobbs.* And then the omnibus—'pon my life, quite a luxury! Sets one down at the very door.—But do give me a biscuit and a glass of wine, will you? I'm almost famished: a ride after an early breakfast sets one's teeth on edge.

*Enter TOM DOBBS and JULIA, R. S. E.*

Ha! Tom, you dog—been making love to your sweet-heart, eh? How d'ye do, Julia? [*Shaking hands.*]

*Tom.* What, are you come without mamma, papa?

*Ledg.* [*Aside.*] There's no help for it? [*To Julia.*] Julia, bring two or three glasses, will you?—the smallest you can find. I must put the best face I can upon it; but if ever I live at a convenient distance again, may the devil be my first visitor.

*Dobbs.* Why, Julia, you're grown out of all knowledge—make two of Tom, 'pon my life! [*Julia brings glasses from buffet, and as Ledger brings cake from cheffionier, Tom takes a large piece as he passes.*]

*Ledg.* [*Aside.*] That boy's quite a hog!

*Dobbs.* Tom, don't be greedy: we shall have luncheon presently, and you'll spoil your appetite. Ha! this is just the thing—nothing I like better than plum cake.

*Ledg.* Well, Dobbs, I'm very glad to see—that is, I'm quite sorry you didn't bring your wife.

[*Tom and Dobbs eat greedily.*]

*Dobbs.* Thank you—knew you'd be delighted to see us!

*Tom.* Oh, uncle, you musn't talk to him when he's eat-

ing ; the doctor says, we've both got such small swallows that it's quite dangerous to interrupt us at our meals.

*Ledg.* Indeed !

*Tom.* Yes—I'll tell you how it was : mamma's never ready in time, you know, so we left them to come by themselves.

*Ledg.* Them ! What do you mean by themselves ?

*Tom.* Oh, lauk ! I forgot to tell you that ma sent her love to you, uncle, and as the two Miss Dampers were staying at our house, she'd do you the pleasure of inviting them to come with us.

*Ledg.* How very kind !

*Tom.* Wasn't it !—This cake is uncommonly dry—how it sticks in my throat !

*Ledg.* [*Aside.*] I wish 'twould choke you !

*Dobbs.* Ledger, my boy, here's plenty of glasses, but nothing to drink.

*Tom.* We must have something to wash it down, uncle.

*Ledg.* Well, curse me if this isn't—but no matter. Julia, my dear, do bring me that bottle of Curaçoa from the buffet, will you ? It's the only bottle in there.

*Dobbs.* Curaçoa ! the best thing going—real Amsterdam ! Curaçoa is the best thing in the world for my complaint ! [*Julia goes to the buffet and brings bottle of physic.*]

*Ledg.* Ah, you'll not get such as this every day—cost me eighteen shillings a bottle. [*Aside.*] I shall grudge 'em every drop ! [*Tom takes a glass—Ledger fills it.*]

*Dobbs.* Looks very dark, upon my life—uncommonly dark. Monstrous powerful, I dare say. Mind what you're about, Tom—half a glass is quite enough for you.

*Tom.* I don't quite like the smell of it, uncle.

*Ledg.* Not like the smell ! Why, it's a perfect nosegay !

*Dobbs.* [*Having bolted his glass.*] Infernally strong, to be sure—augh !

*Ledg.* Yes, it soon warms the stomach.

*Tom.* [*Having drunk.*] Warms ! oh, dear—oh, lauk ! Why, it burns like fire !

*Dobbs.* Very odd flavour—got a sort of a twang that—eh !—[*Smacks.*]—can't say I quite approve.

*Tom.* Well, I never drank Curaçoa before ; but if it wasn't for the name, I should think, papa !

*Dobbs.* Tom!

*Tom.* What a queer taste it leaves in the mouth!

*Dobbs.* Horrid—shocking, upon my life—pah!

*Ledg.* Oh, this is throwing pearls to swine! You won't try another glass, then?

*Dobbs.* No, thank you; a little of that goes a great way. Bless my soul—hope I'm not going to have an attack of vertigo. Oh, dear, my head feels very odd!

*Tom.* So does my stomach—oh, dear, papa! Oh, lauk! I believe I'm going to faint—I am, too—oh!

*[He sinks into a chair—Julia holds her smelling bottle to him—gate bell rings—another omnibus appears—dog barks.]*

*Enter* ROONEY, R.

*Roon.* Another omnibus, sir; and the company rolling out as if they had upset a bushel o' potatoes. [*Exit, R.*]

*Dobbs.* Hope it's my wife—'pon my life—haven't made my will yet, and I—I really feel very uncomfortable.

*Tom.* So do I: I've got quite an all-overness.

*Ledg.* [*Looking at them.*]- What the plague, are they both going to be laid up? [*Exit Dobbs and Tom, R.*]

*Enter* ROONEY, followed by Ladies, c. gate, Ladies down R.

*Roon.* Mrs. Dobbs, sir—and Miss Damper, sir—and Miss Jemima Damper, sir.

*Mrs. D.* Well, brother, here we are—and in such spirits! I'm afraid we shall turn the house out o' window. Julia, my dear, I'm delighted to see you.

*Ledg.* Rooney, take these ladies' cloaks.

*[Bowing amazed.—As Mrs. Dobbs proceeds, Rooney takes the cloaks from the Misses Damper, staring at each as they turn.]*

*Mrs. D.* I know how you doat on a pleasure party, brother; so I prevailed on these dear girls to oblige us with their company for a few days.

*Ledg.* A few days!

*Mrs. D.* They can't stay longer than a week or a fortnight, I assure you.—Miss Damper, my brother, Mr. Ledger—brother, Miss Jemima Damper—two charming young women, indeed—so lively and so agreeable! Julia, my dear! [*The ceremony of introduction goes on between the ladies.*]



*Ledg.* Lively and agreeable !

*Roon.* Young and charming, are they ? By my soul, they look as dry as a couple o' cane-bottomed chairs, and as sour as if they lived upon lemons.

[*Dobbs returns and sits L. of table, groaning. Tom follows and leans against stage pillar, R.—Mrs. Dobbs runs to her son, sits R. of table, and takes Tom on her knee.*]

*Enter DOBBS, R.*

*Mrs. D.* Dobbs ! Dear me, what's the matter with Dobbs ? [*Running to him.*] My dear Dobbs !

*Dobbs.* Oh, Betsey, my love—that cursed Curaçoa !

*Mrs. D.* Curaçoa, at this time in the morning ! Curaçoa !

*Tom.* Oh, mamma, I'm very ill !

*Mrs. D.* And Tom, too ! Poor, dear child !—I'm surprised, brother, at your want of caution : give Curaçoa to an infant like this !

*Ledg.* Pooh ! he only swallowed a thimblefull. Julia, my dear, take these ladies into the drawing-room ; and Rooney, give me a glass of that liquor. One would think they had swallowed Hellebore, instead of the finest cordial that ever was drank.

*Roon.* [*Pouring out.*] And the ladies, sir—may be the ladies would like a small taste of the cratur ? [*He offers a glass to Miss Damper, who turns away disgusted, and exits.*] Eh ! Miss Jemima perhaps ? [*Jemima turns up her hands and follows her sister.—Exit Julia, R.*] Oh, are you thereabouts ? [*Mimics.*] I wouldn't trust it alone wid either of 'em, for all that. [*He gives the glass to Ledger, who sips at the same moment that Rooney puts the bottle to his mouth.*] So, here's good luck to myself—Och ! boo—oh ! U'm kilt !

*Ledg.* Pah ! gah ! [*Splutters.*] You infernal rascal, what have you put in that bottle ?

*Roon.* This bottle ?

*Ledg.* That bottle of Curaçoa that I left in the buffet ?

*Roon.* In the buffet, is it ? [*Looks round and misses bottle.*] Murder ! we're all poisoned ! [*Tom and Dobbs, who rouse themselves at the moment Rooney and Ledger take the tuff, advance.*]

*All.* Poisoned! poisoned!

*Roon.* Every scowl of us, outright intirely! Och, 'twas enough to poison a fire-eater and all his relations!

*Ledg.* Here's a pretty business! But I'll not believe it. Poisoned, indeed! With what?

*Roon.* Oh, masther, you've a dale to answer for—think o' murthering all the company wid the ould gray mare's physic!

*Dobbs.* What, mare's physic? A doctor, a doctor! Let me make my will! Oh, Betsey, my dear!

*Tom.* A stomach pump! oh!

[*Exeunt Dobbs, groaning, and Tom, crying, &c.*]

*Ledg.* You villain! where did you put the real Curaçoa that I left in the buffet?

*Roon.* Sure I took it down to the cellar, for fear the maid servants should get at it and misbehave themselves.

*Ledg.* Well, I'll take special good care *you* sha'nt misbehave again—I'll pay your month's warning, and get rid of you at once. Here, go and change this fifty pound note—eh! why, where is it? I left it on the table.

*Roon.* And if you look for it in the top shate o' paper you'll find it.

*Ledg.* The top sheet—why, I wrote my letter upon that!

*Roon.* You did! Divil fire me, then, if the note isn't gone to Bordeaux.

*Ledg.* To the very man I said I couldn't lend sixpence! Oh, you eternal meddler!

*Enter JULIA, R.*

Well, Julia, misfortunes never come alone—I guess how it is—Tom and his father both dead, I suppose?

*Jul.* Dead! Not they, indeed. Dreadfully frightened, to be sure; they didn't drink enough to do them any harm—but they are merry enough now.

*Ledg.* Come, that's one relief.—But I must really get rid of Rooney—he has worn me to a thread.

*Roon.* [*Aside.*] And a pretty tough thread it must be, if that's all that's left of you.

*Ledg.* Made me send fifty pounds to Bordeaux that I wanted to keep in my pocket.

*Jul.* What, in this letter, sir?

[ *Holding it up.*]

Ledg. Eh, how! [*Takes letter, opens it, and rejoices.*

Roon. Oh, the powers! has she been all the way to Bordeaux after it? That flogs the stamers!

Jul. Foreign letters must be post-paid—so this was returned.

~~Ø~~ [*Bell rings—omnibus appears.*

Roon. 'Pon my sowl, there's another omnibus.

Ledg. Another!

*Enter TOM, running, R.*

Tom. Oh, Julia, you'll be so pleased! Oh, uncle, such a lot o' little boys and girls! They'd have passed the door, only mamma has beckoned to 'em, and the omnibus will return to set them all down directly.

Ledg. Beckoned! To whom?

Tom. Lauks! don't you know? It's Mr. and Mrs. Wadd, and all the family.

Ledg. All the family—Zounds! they have thirteen children!

Tom. Yes, but they never come out more than ten.—What a jolly party we shall be! [*Runs to the door at back.*

Ledg. Julia, we'll leave the house—we'll fly the country! Rooney, when that omnibus returns, take two places to London—I'm off! Julia, my love, put on your bonnet. Rooney, get my hat and stick, and put the gray mare to the one-horse chaise—we'll all be off!

Roon. The poor gray mare's just dead, sir.

Ledg. Dead!

Roon. Yes—how could you expict otherwise—giving her physic to other people!

[*Exit, R.*

[*By this time the Dobbsses, Dampers, &c., are all assembled from R.*

Ledg. I'm sorry to leave so pleasant a party, but the country is too quiet for me.

Mrs. D. Why, brother, you don't mean to leave us?

Dobbs. Very odd, 'pon my life!

[*Rooney returns, and gives Ledger his hat and stick, R.*

Tom. Lauk, uncle, where are you going to?

Ledg. [*Slapping on his hat, and seizing Julia's arm, which he draws within his own.*] To a convenient distance!

one of the most remote settlements on the Swan River!

THE END.

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