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FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA

The Acting Edition.

To THE
GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY:

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS,

BY J. S. JONES, 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.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page
Amateur Dramas, Comedies, etc....	32	How to "Make-up".....	48
Amateur Operas.....	42	How We Managed our Private Theatricals.....	36
Articles Needed by Amateurs.....	45	Irish Plays.....	36
Beards, Whiskers, Mustaches, etc....	47	Juvenile Plays.....	40
Bits of Burlesque.....	38	Lacy's Costumes.....	26
Bound sets of Plays.....	14	Magnesium Tableaux Lights.....	45
Bulwer Lytton's Plays.....	24	Make-up Box.....	48
Burlesque Dramas.....	42	Miscellaneous Books.....	25
Barnet Cork.....	45	Miscellaneous Editions of Plays.....	24
Charade Plays.....	38	Miscellaneous Plays.....	13
Colored Fire and Tableaux Lights.....	45	Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works.....	24
Comic Dramas for Male Char. only.....	42	New Plays.....	14
Costume Books.....	25	Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches.....	40
Cumberland's Edition.....	19	Parlor Magic.....	41
Dirkey Dramas.....	39	Parlor Pantomimes.....	44
Dramas for Boys.....	42	Pieces of P. ascuitiv.....	38
Drawing Room Plays.....	25	Plays for Male Characters only.....	37
Elocution Reciters and Speakers.....	44	Round Games.....	41
Ethiopian Dramas.....	39	Scenes for Amateurs.....	25
Evening's Entertainment.....	40	Scriptural and Historical Dramas.....	42
Fairy Plays.....	40	Sensation Dramas.....	38
French's Edition.....	2	Serio-Comic Dramas.....	42
French's English Operas.....	42	Shadow Pantomimes.....	43
French's Italian Operas.....	37	Shakespeare's Plays.....	37
French's Standard Minor Drama.....	14	Sheet Music.....	43
French's Parlor Comedies.....	41	Tableaux Vivants.....	37
Frobisher's Popular Recitations.....	45	Temperance Plays.....	23
Guide Books for Amateurs.....	41	Theatrical Face Preparations.....	46
Grand Army Dramas.....	36	Vocal Music of Shakespeare's Plays.....	43
Grease Paints.....	48	Wigs.....	47
Home Plays for Ladies.....	41		

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THE

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

A Comedy. — In Two Acts.

BY

J. S. JONES, Esq.,

Author of "Surgeon of Paris," "Zafari," "Carpenter of Rouen," "Moll Pitcher,"
"Stephen Burroughs," "People's Lawyer," "Bride of Jonah," "Siege
of Boston," "Old Job and Jacob Gray," "Liberty Tree,"
"Last Days of Pompeii," "Silver Spoon,"
etc. etc.

*With Original Casts, Costumes, and all the Stage Business, as marked
by Mr. J. B. Wright, Stage Manager of the Holiday Street
Theatre, Baltimore.*

NEW YORK

Samuel French & Son,
PUBLISHERS,
No. 122 Nassau Street.

LONDON.

Samuel French,
PUBLISHER,
89 STRAND.

JOHN S. CLARKE

Was born in the city of Baltimore, in 1833. At an early age he evinced a predilection for the stage, and was, with our distinguished young tragedian, Edwin Booth, the "head and front" of a little band of juvenile Thespians, — the two lads enacting opposite parts in tragedy, which Clarke conceived at the time to be his particular *forte*.

By the earnest desire of his mother (his only surviving parent), young Clarke entered a lawyer's office, for the purpose of preparing himself for the legal profession; but preferring Shakspeare and the Drama to musty parchments and the acts of the Revised Statutes, he determined to adopt the stage as a profession. Having obtained an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, he made his first appearance on the 7th of March, 1851, as Frank Hardy, in the comedy of "Paul Pry." He subsequently, in 1852, joined the company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, then in its palmy days, where he remained until 1854, when he again returned to Baltimore, as first low comedian of the Front Street Theatre. The complimentary benefit which was given to him in the fall of 1854 will be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present as one of the greatest ovations ever awarded to native talent in the country. In August, '55, he became a member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he has been ever since, as the leading comedian, and for the last three years as joint manager with Mr. Wheatley. His occasional "starring" visits to the Southern cities are always greatly successful. In the profession, and by all out of it who enjoy his acquaintance, he is esteemed highly for qualities that render manhood doubly attractive when combined with those of the artist. As an indication of his present extreme popularity in Philadelphia, it may be stated that at his last benefit the throng was so great that the stage was partly given up to spectators.

We have in his comedy the first grand essential. This is affluent, spontaneous, natural humor. For this quality it is impossible to substitute the graces and clever forms and modes that education brings.

It is this bounteous gift that runs the artist into dangers. Criticism mistakes simple excess of humor for extravagance, as Dickens is always reminded by those most sensible of his vivid nature, that he puts life under a magnifier, and travesties its incidents and emotions. We know no comedian who is so thoroughly appreciative of the ludicrous as the subject of this notice. His fun is like a perennial fountain, clear, and sparkling, and gushing. It refreshes all alike. We have seen old and care-tried men, youths without a care, the educated and refined, and the rough and unlettered, given up literally to its strength and stir. We have repeatedly seen "old stagers" overcome by the fun of a single look, or tone, or attitude, and interrupted in their labors for an unregretted space. Sympathy is the signet of genius, — sympathy, or that subtle, close communion with universal nature which, for the sake of distinguishing it from acquired knowledge of the human character, we call intuition. Without this delicate sense no deep impression can be made by the public performer, whether religious or secular. Mr. Clarke's power with an audience is wonderful, — magnetic, — because he has its pulse in his hand, and its heart beating close to his own.

We are all the time seeing how Art is measuring and controlling the gift of humor with which Mr. Clarke has been endowed. All of his delineations are suggestive of intelligent effort to realize the best functions of the stage. In the fresh parts he has played within the past twelve-month there has been as little exaggeration as the stage will allow. (It clearly will not allow any precise and unvarying method ; since nature is mysteriously various.)

Versatility distinguishes this comedian eminently. In his brief practice of his profession he has covered a wide range. We have seen him as "Toodles," the embodiment of the grotesque and low comical ; as "Bob Acres," the half-genteel braggart ; as "Farmer Ashfield," the type of the pathetic domestic man ; as "Bob Tyke," the man of fierce passions and original good sympathies ; as "Tilly Slowboy," the awkward, honest creature ; as "Major De Boots," the familiar type of eccentric ardor unsustained by vital force. In all these characters, and many more as widely contrasted, we think Mr. Clarke has shown the conception of a general artist, and a power of expression which no living comedian possesses in the same degree.

October, 1860.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in TOMKINS' House, 2 G. — Table and two chairs on L. C. — ELLEN discovered, reading.*

Ellen (throwing down book). I can read no more. I have felt no interest in the subject for the last half hour. Truly mine's an enviable situation. While other girls are sedulous to secure the affections of one lover, I have a fresh one offered me every week, by my provident father; all of which have been duly refused. An odd catalogue of aspirants is mine, to be sure: Merchants, who have so annoyed me with long stories of drafts — upon my patience. Drafts indeed; — advances — failures — shipments — clearances. — No clearance of them all afforded me so much pleasure as their own. Lawyers, with their latin and logic — arguments — pleas — which displeased me, — and suits in which they were nonsuited. Physicians, who have amused me with the same means that made their patients miserable, — a medley compound of love and fevers, drugs and blisters — to draw my attention; and to end the list, I have a lord, — a sprig of nobility, — an exotic lover. (*Knock L. H.*) O! who's there?

Enter JOE SHAKESPEARE, L. H. 1 E.

What's amiss, Mr. Joseph?

Joe. You are, and do not know it, as my namesake used to say. I'm very ill at these numbers. Your father —

El. Is he ill? I'm sure I heard his voice but now.

Joe. Much worse; — he is in his tantrums, miss.

El. Pray explain. I do not understand you.

Joe. Then to speak more poetically, he is in a devil of a passion.

El. And is that all? You must be used to his quick temper, by this time. 'Tis very soon over again, you know.

Joe. Yes, after a storm there's a calm; but to speak by delusion, when the storm has wrecked a ship, of what use is the calm to those who have gone to the bottom; hey, miss?

El. True, Mr. Joseph. To what circumstance am I indebted for this early visit of yours?

Joe. For half a dozen reasons I appear before you. Let one suffice. — Your father is incensed against us ; — I for bringing a book, and you for reading it. He is coming here to scold you. I thought it my duty to inform you. Have you any commands for me, Miss Ellen ?

El. Yes ; see if there are any letters for me, Mr. Joseph ; and go to the library, and bring me the last new novel. Be careful ; let no one see it.

Joe. I'm faithful. I am love's ambassador. I wish I was Cupid, with a bow and arrow. I know whose heart I'd shoot my shaft into, and make it stick there too. I'll do thy bidding ; "yet 't is hard, I find ; I must be cruel only to be kind." [Exit, L. H. 1 E.]

El. A little Cupid, with a bow and arrow ! Rather an antique. So, father is coming. A lecture on lords and titles comes with him, I dare say.

Enter TOMKINS, L. H. 1 E.

Good morning, father. I hope you are not ill.

Tomkins, L. I never was better in all my life. I am not in my usual mild, good humor. That scoundrel Joe, with his rhyme and reason, had very nearly put me in a passion. I shall be hung for him, yet. I know I shall murder him !

El. You might discharge him, and get another man in his place.

Tom. No, I can't do that. He's been with me so long I could n't do without him. But he always will have his way, and be damned to him. Never mind, my dear ; sit down. I have made up my mind, at last. The result will make you so happy.

El. I am glad of that. What is it ? — I am impatient to learn.

Tom. I told your aunt you would be ; I told Joe you would be ; I told 'em all so. Next Monday you will be eighteen.

El. Is that all, sir ? I am aware of that.

Tom. Four weeks from that day you are to be married. What do you think of that ?

El. Married, sir ? — who married ?

Tom. Who ? why you, to be sure. Your husband will be here to-day.

El. But indeed, sir, I can't be married so soon. I have no wish to be married at all, sir.

Tom. Yes you have. Pooh ! I know better. That's just what your mother said a week before she made a happy man of me. His lordship will be here to-day, and he has assented to my wish, and you are to be made Lady Montague. What a pretty sound it has !

El. Sounds give no happiness.

Tom. Well, you will have his lordship, and his name into the bargain. If that won't make you happy I don't know what will.

El. The man I love.

Tom. The man I love ! Yes, to be sure ; that's he.

El. No ; Cousin Edward Merston, sir.

Tom. Flints and steel ! What ! without my consent ? Here's mutiny ! I'll send you to a nunnery, if there's one in the country that will receive you ; if not, I'll build one at the bottom of my garden. You shan't see man or boy, — sunshine or moonshine, or any

other kind of shine. This comes from novels and plays. I'll lock you up till you are married; and I'll have every book in the house destroyed, except the Cook's Oracle and the Almanac. (ELLEN laughs.) Don't you laugh at me. O dear! I never shall be a great man, nor have a lord for a son-in-law. [Exit, R. H. 1 E.

El. I'm so vexed; and yet I don't know why I should be. They may force me to church; — they cannot force me to speak, when I'm there

Enter JOE, L. H. 1 E.

Well, Mr. Joseph, what brings you back so soon?

Joe. Business, Miss Ellen. I hope you are not angry.

El. No, not with you, Mr. Joseph; but you have scarcely been absent long enough to have gone to the library.

Joe. No, miss; I only went half way.

El. Then why did you return?

Joe. Why, I returned because I came back; and I came back because I did n't go no further. I met Bill Brown, the hostler. Bill is a patron of mine. He's a judge of poetry, too. I wrote verses to his sweetheart for him. Her earthly name is Dinah, but I personifies her as the beautiful Cleopatra.

El. (aside). I cannot endure his nonsense now. You said that you had business with me.

Joe. Look at me, Miss Ellen; conceive me to be the messenger of joy. Conception is a blessing, as my namesake says; and therefore your blessing conceive me.

El. I'm in haste, Mr. Joseph.

Joe. Miss Ellen, if you have no objection I should prefer to be called Joe. There's more symphony in it. It's more poetical, and better responds to my feelings as an author. Here, this is for you. (Gives a letter.)

El. For me? From whom, pray? (Opens and reads) "To the most adorable of her sex. Miss Tomkins, I pen this en deshabelle. I shall not begin my toilette. As soon as I am cleansed from the horrid dust accumulated upon my person, on my way to throw myself at your feet, I shall do myself that honor. Adieu, with all love's et ceteras. Montague." 'Tis certain, then, he will be here to-day. What's to be done? Ah! as I expected; here comes my aunt.

Enter MISS SQUEAMISH, R. H. 1 E.

Miss Squeamish. Good morning, child. Why, Mr. Shakspeare, I am astonished. Leave the room. (Miss SQUEAMISH crosses c.) So much do I loathe your sex I cannot converse with ours in the presence of a man freely as I wish.

Joe. Yes, my dear Miss Squeamish.

Miss. S. Don't dear me, you wretch. Go. Ah, my fascinating Romeo!

Joe Exchange one glance, you venerable Venus.

"Ah, that those eyes were in heaven!
They'd through the hazy region shine so bright
That cocks would crow, and think it were the morn."

[Exit, L. H. 1 E.

Miss S. Now, miss, we are alone, listen to my good advice. Open your ears. I am told you read naughty books. Now I have too much respect for your morals—

El. To think so, ha? Who told you I read naughty books, my good, dear aunt?

Miss S. Your father, miss impudence. It is not right.

El. And why do you read them? I have not forgotten the title-page of the book I found under your pillow, one morning.

Miss S. You are too young to understand them. Now, I understand them perfectly.

El. I always thought so, aunt.

Miss S. Hold your tongue, miss, and hear me. It is the wish of your father that you should be united in marriage with a man—

El. I should hope so, if I am to be married at all.

Miss S. Although I hate the sex myself, I can give advice to younger maidens, when so desired by their friends. Now, my advice—

El. I don't desire your advice; and you need n't think because you pretend to hate the men—

Miss S. Pretend, miss pert! I do not pretend. When a man even looks at me it offends my sight.

El. Take off your spectacles, and you will not see them.

Miss S. What do you mean, miss?

El. O, I have watched you;—as soon as a man appears, old or young, if your glasses happen to be off, on they go directly.

Miss S. That's because I do not wish their eyes to meet mine. Do you dare to think, miss, I can see better with them than without them? No; I do not wear them to improve my sight, but because they give one an air of age and respectability, that's all.

El. I'm sure there is no need of that. Your old age shows itself plain enough.

Miss S. How dare you use such language to your old—I mean your own aunt?

El. If it does not please my own old aunt, I am sure she is under no obligation to stay. You can leave me.

Miss S. I shall not leave you till I have given you a serious lecture. Where are all the naughty books? Give them to me.

El. For you to read at midnight. O no; I have too much respect for your morals, aunt.

Miss S. I tell you, miss impudence, I'll not put up with this language. Give me the books, I tell you.

El. I tell you I shall do no such thing.

Miss S. Sit down and hear me, miss. This marriage—

El. I had much rather not. I wish to be alone; and as you are so fond of lectures, I'll leave you to lecture by yourself. [*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*]

Miss S. I declare she has absolutely left the room. Here's pretty treatment! The girl has been ruined by too much indulgence. When I was a very young girl, I would not have acted so; and that's why I am a single woman now. Well, I hope it is all for the best. There's Mr. Shakspeare, now; if in some of his poetic moments he would but ask my hand, I believe I should say Amen, with a fluttering heart, and become Mrs. Shakspeare. [*Exit, R. H. 1 E. — Clear stage.*]

SCENE II. — *A Garden, 5 G. — Landscape flats, 5 G. — Iron railing across stage, 4 G. — Gate C. — Set house R. II. 3 E. — Garden-stool on L. H.*

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. U. E., through gate; a School Grammar in his hand.

Jedediah. Wal, I swow this grammar's awful hard stuff to larn. I've been trying all the morning to parse chowder. Now, clam is a noun, third person spoken of.

Enter TOMKINS, from house, R. II.

Singular (*sees TOMKINS*); yes, and damned singular, too.

Tom. (not noticing JEDEDIAH). Now I am in the air I can scarcely keep myself cool. First that rhyming rascal puts me in a passion; and when I get a little over that, that wench Ellen, with her disobedience, pipes me hot again. Something must be done. I'll report Ned's death, and then I may carry my point; for I believe she would prefer any husband rather than a dead one. This is just about the time his cruise is up, too. That's unlucky. I must consult her aunt about it. (*Sees JEDEDIAH.*) Who's this? A country lad sent by Bustle, I presume. I hope he does n't read novels and make poetry. At all events he looks stupid enough.

Jed. How de du, major? Du you live here?

Tom. I do live here, and this is my house. I'm sure my money paid for it.

Jed. That is a nice house of yourn, really, major; but you ought to give it a new coat of paint last spring.

Tom. (aside). What the devil does the fellow mean?

Jed. Major, I understood you wanted to hire a chap; I s'pose a rare cute one. A sample stands afore you.

Tom. Yes, I do. Well, what may I call your name?

Jed. You may call it the Great Mogul, or the King of the Cannibal Islands, if you're a mind tu; but it ain't. I say, major, I wonder if we can agree about wages?

Tom. Well, what can you do to make yourself of service to me?

Jed. Wal, I can do nothing just as easy as anything, now; but I tell you, when I lived at hum, dad used to work me like Jehu. You don't know our place, I guess. I tell you, we can raise more pumpkins, and young uns, and blue-nosed potatoes than we can harvest, a darned sight.

Tom. But you did n't tell me your name.

Jed. Wal, you see my dad's first wife was a second cousin to Ben Hannerferd's daughter Jerusha, — she that married Ike Armstrong; and arter they'd had four children, — two gals, one boy, and a cripple, — she died, one day, eating artichokes when she had the chicken-pox, and left all the children on Ike's hands. But he seems to get along purty well, and I guess they don't want for nothin'.

Tom. (aside). I shall have his whole history directly. My lad, jump over your family, and let me know who you are.

Jed. My name's Jedediah Homebread, — called Jed for short, — allowed to be the smartest chap at a huskin' or log-rozlin' in our parts, besides knowin something about grammar.

Tom. (aside). I like this young man. I fancy he will do just as I wish him. He is rather talkative, but I can break him of that. Well, young man, I think you will suit me. I'll make trial of you, at any rate. You can read and write, I presume? — you have been to school I dare say a good deal.

Jed. Wal, I used to go to school in the winter, a spell, — that is, I hauled wood one month, split rails one month, went tu mill part o' the time, and tu school about two weeks.

Tom. Say no more, young man; I'll hire you; but you must remember, I am very particular. What I say in my house is law; and above all I must never be contradicted. It puts me in a passion directly.

Jed. But what wages are you going to give me?

Tom. If you suit me I don't mind what I pay you. We shan't quarrel.

Jed. Wal, all right. I say, tell me your name.

Tom. Tomkins; you must call me Squire Tomkins.

Jed. Wal, I will. Why did n't you tell us that afore?

Tom. Come into the house with me. I'll find a room for you; and to-day is a busy day. I dare say they'll find something for you to do.

Jed. May be they'll want me to larn 'em grammar.

Tom. Nonsense; put your grammar away. I'll find something else for you to do.

[*Exit into house, R. H. U. E.*

Jed. (looking at book). I is a personal pronoun; square's a noun. Pronouns go before nouns. I don't sec how that can be; 'cause the square he went off fust—

Enter WILKINS through gate, from R. H. — Comes down R. H.

Wilkins. This is the house. I think my letters must have strengthened the old man's good opinion of me. 'T is a bold push; but I'm in for it now, and must go on. Thirty thousand is worth a little hard work. I think I am not indifferent to the lady; I believe she loves me; so all is safe that way. I want her money; the old man wants my title— Who's here? One of the servants, I presume. I must begin my new character. Who are you?

Jed. I is a personal pronoun—

Wil. Yes, I dare say; but who are you?

Jed. I say, you got out of the stage, yonder, did n't you?

Wil. A damned inquistive Yankee. Yes, I did get out of the stage; what then?

Jed. O, nothin'.

Wil. Come, sir, show me to my master.

Jed. Do you mean my master, the squire?

Wil. If you will show me the way—

Jed. What do you do for a livin'?

Wil. Curse the fellow's impudence! But I cannot find my way without him. Go to the gentleman, sir. I presume you can parse that.

Jed. Yes, I can parse that. Go is an unsartin irregular verb, sulky mood, imperfect tense; first person go, second person go it, third person no go; made to agree with old dad's bay horse Diok.

Wil. Ha! ha! Now parse gentleman.

Jed. Gentleman is a distracted noun, ridiculous mood, past tense, and governed generally by feminine gender—

Tom. (*in house*). Jedediah!

Jed. There, that's the squire's voice.

Wil. It is, indeed. Now for it.

Enter TOMKINS, from house.

Ha! my dear sir, I am glad to see you. How is my charming Ellen, your daughter?

Tom. O, my lord, I'm proud to take you by the hand.

Jed. Lord! I wonder if he's a lord. Squire, introduce me.

Tom. Hold your tongue, Jedediah. (*To WILKINS*) That's a young man I hired to-day to assist me, as I expected you. Go in, Jedediah.

Jed. Yes, I will. (*Aside*) He a lord! He don't look as though he knowed enough to enjoy the Christian era. [*Exit, into house.*]

Wil. Mr. Tomkins, now that we are alone, let me squeeze your hand in friendship; though in my own country it would be considered degrading, and beneath the dignity of nobility, to be thus familiar with a commoner.

Tom. Thank you for your condescension. Come, walk into the house. [*Exeunt, ceremoniously, into house.*]

SCENE III. — *A Room in TOMKINS' House, 2 c. — Door in F., used. — Two chairs sent on.*

Enter MISS SQUEAMISH, R. H.

Miss S. (*reading a slip of paper*).

*Daphne, Dian, you are all that's chaste,
If flour and water boiled makes paste;
And I do love thee, venerable Venus;
And naught but love shall go between us.*

O, the dear, poetic man! I declare this Mr. Shakspeare is a divinity, — a Jupiter, — a Bacchus! I do not let him know all my feelings. When he is with me I am all indifference, as a prudent virgin should be; and when he is away I melt in anticipated raptures.

Enter JOE, L. H. 1 E.

Joe. Miss Squeamish, I come to know if you will dine to-day with nis lordship, at the family table?

Miss S. I do not know, Mr. Shakspeare. There will be men there I like not their company.

Joe. O, more's the pity! I wish you did, Miss Squeamish. Why can't you? All men would be your admirers, and I the chief.

Miss S. I know you say so; but how am I to know it is so? You seducing men! you snare a maiden's heart.

Joe. (*aside*). Ah! now's the time. I'll take her by storm. I'll pour forth rhapsody and poetics.

*O angelic maiden! by your love I'm struck;
I bleed like an ox, when the butcher's stuck —*

And there I stick. O, for inspiration!

Miss S. For what, Mr. Shakspeare?

Joe. For inspiration, to breathe out my life, and expire at your feet in ecstasy!

Miss S. You must n't stay any longer. I shall melt! Why don't you go?

Joe. I can't. I'm detained by supernatural means.

Miss S. I don't understand you.

Joe. That's because you will not. Love detains me; not fatherly love, nor motherly love, nor sisterly love; but lover-like love, as my namesake says.

Miss S. O, that namesake of yours was an angelic mortal! and so are you. Go now. After dinner we may meet in the diamond bower; and there we can "waste our sweetness on the desert air," as your namesake says. But go, now, I implore you!

Joe. I can't go. (*Kneels.*)

Your image haunts me, awake or asleep,
And makes me baa like a woolly sheep.
I am a sheep; you must my shepherd be,
And I'll bleet and baa alone for thee.

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 E. — JOE rises.

Jed. Joe, what on airth are you doin'? The squire and me have been huntin' arter you all over creation. He said he sent you somewhere, but you'd been gone so long he'd forgot where he sent you.

Miss S. I am glad you came in, young man. He would have staid all day, reading his poetry. I shall inform his master of him. (*Aside to JOE*) Ah! this is lover's artifice, my dear. I do not mean what I say. O, my fluttering heart! [*Exit, S. H. 1 E.*]

Joe. I'm satisfied. All is right.

Jed. Why Joe, what in thunder was you and that old critter doing? You was clus enough together to make a pair o' Siamese Twins.

Joe. Young man, don't talk to me. I'm a scholar.

Jed. Wal, that's nothing. So be I tu.

Joe. What does your scholarship consist of?

Jed. Why, larnin' generally. I don't pretend to doctor larnin', or lawyer larnin', or preacher larnin'; but for the rale genuine grammar larnin' I am a six-horse team and a big dog under the waggon.

Joe. You have tried the poetics, I suppose?

Jed. No, I never tried him, — not as I knows on.

Joe. Did you never try at all?

Jed. O yes, I've helped try out often, and sweat like a butcher all the time.

Joe. May I know the subjects of your labor?

Jed. O yes; hog's lard, beef fat, and taller.

Joe. That's not what I mean. I mean classic —

Jed. Sick! no none of us ever got sick; but it was plaguy greasy work, I can tell you. I'll never forget the trying scrape we had when we killed our old black and white sow. O! she was the awfulest fattest old critter you ever did see. I know Aunt Eunice Lovejoy was up to our house, that day; and I recollect I was busy studying syntax, and I did n't want to lay down my book; so I took one hand

and throwd a hull lot of shavings under the pot, that made it bile over so quick it all went on our Eunice; and I declare if she did n't look worse than a scalded shoat, on the last day o' hog-killin' Uncle Jonah told her he 'd give me a lickin' for it; but I knew he would n't, 'cause he hated the old critter worse than a skunk. But look here, Joe, — I like to forget it, — the square says that we must clean out the best room.

Joe. I 'll see to it. I 'll go to the garden first, and get some vegetables for dinner. [Exit, L. H. 1 E.]

Jed. I guess I 'll have the old man give me the situation to oversee Joe. The square thinks my clothes ain't good enough to be round here with. I wish he 'd keep thinking so; maybe he 'll get me a new suit. Wal, I 'll go down and see if Joe is getting any sarce for dinner. If he don't quit making poetry for that old woman, and tend to his chores better than he has done lately, I 'll have the square discharge him quicker than s'cat. The critter has got so industriously lazy lately he has to git up about twelve o'clock every night, and rest his hands and face on the head-board. [Exit, L. H. 1 E.]

Enter ELLEN, C. D.

El. Well, now what am I to do? My father insists on my marrying this lord. If I remain obstinate I know he will lock me up; and then if Edward should come I should n't see him — A lucky thought, — I will pretend I do love him, and acquiesce in all my father says. Then I shall not be restrained from walking out alone; and when Edward comes I 'll elope with him. Lucy! I 'll make Lucy my confidant, and prepare for his arrival.

Enter LUCY, R. H. 1 E.

Lucy. Did you call me, miss?

El. Yes, I believe I did; I called you because I heard you say, the other day, what a pretty ring I had on my forefinger. I make you a present of it, Lucy. (*Gives ring.*)

Lu. Thank you, miss. Is this all you called me for?

El. Yes; but as you are here I want to ask you a question. Did you ever run away, Lucy?

Lu. Me! Run away? Bless me! no. Whoever thought of such a thing?

El. Yes, run away. I heard you were in love once. Is it true?

Lu. (*aside.*) I wonder who told her. Me! O no, miss; no!

El. Ah! there is a young man I know. Now, if he would marry you, and your father objected, would n't you do so too?

Lu. Do so too! Do what, ma'am?

El. Why, I told you. Run away with him, to be sure.

Lu. O no, not I, miss! Run away! for what?

El. How dull you are! My father would force me to marry one man, and my wish is to marry another. Now, I'm going to make believe love him, till Cousin Edward comes.

Lu. Make believe love, miss! I never heard of such a thing. I should never know how to begin —

El. Now, if Cousin Edward comes he will not be allowed to enter

the house ; so if somebody could contrive to happen to see him for me —

Lu. Well, miss ? So ; I see how it is —

El. And then I should happen to see him, too, and he should happen to carry me off, — why, I could n't help that, — you shall go too, *Lucy* —

Lu. Me ! O no ! I can't do that. I shall lose my place.

El. Only a little way, till I get used to it ; then you may come back again.

Lu. But perhaps, — I only say perhaps ; — you told me, the other day, that your cousin had been gone five years. That 's a long time for a man to keep in one mind. He might have run away with somebody else, before now.

Wilkins (without, L. H. 1 E.) O ! thank you ; show me the door, and I 'll find the room myself.

El. Did n't I hear somebody speak, on the stairs ?

Lu. I thought so.

El. Don't mention to my aunt a word of what I have told you ; and if Edward comes you promise to assist me.

Lu. Yes, miss, I will.

El. Go to my chamber, and take as many of my jewels as you please. If they won't suit you I 'll give you money to get new ones ; but keep my secret.

Lu. O, never fear me, miss.

[*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

El. 'Tis Montague. Now for my pretended change.

Enter WILKINS, L. H. 1 E.

Wil. So, my angel, your father informs me your indifference to your devoted was unreal. Is it so ?

El. Why, sir, I did n't choose that you should know my real sentiments ; nor did I expect he would have informed you. But since it is so —

Wil. I am happy to hear it. I have a volume of conversation in store for you. I signified to your father my willingness to raise you to a title, in earnest of how much I love you ; although I believe it is anti-fashionable to say so.

El. I duly appreciate the honor to be conferred. I am aware of the great condescension on your part, and am grateful for the interest you take in our family.

Wil. (aside). You will not be so grateful for the interest I shall take out of it. Will Miss Tomkins so far honor her devoted slave and obsequious admirer as to allow me her arm, for a walk in the garden. (*Aside* I must keep it up.

El. (aside). I suppose I must. With pleasure, sir. I 'll just step out and arrange my dress, and be with you directly.

Wil. I shall wait for you at the gate. [*Exit ELLEN, R. H. 1 E.*]

Enter TOMKINS, C. D.

Tom. I have been standing with my ear to the door. I heard it all. I knew how it would be. Where are you going ? Stop !

Wil. I must be excused. Ellen expects me. Don't detain me.

Tom. Detain you! no; but as things are going, can't you call me something more than squire? I want to be called Lord Tomkins, or Sir Jonas, or something that sounds noble and great.

Wil. (*aside*). The old fool anticipates his honor. O yes, Sir Jonas, I can give you a title, *pro tem*. When we arrive at home the king will give his sanction. Kneel Mr. Tomkins (*TOMKINS kneels. — WILKINS touches him with cane on shoulder*); rise Sir Jonas Tomkins. *[Exit, R. H. 1 E.*

Tom. He said it! How it sounds! — Sir Jonas! They shall call me nothing but Sir Jonas. Here, Jedediah! This is all I wanted. Now I am happy. (*Dances and capers about.*)

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 E.

Jed. What's the matter, squire? You got the spring halt.

Tom. Where are all my servants, Jedediah, and my family?

Jed. Wal, I don't know. I guess they're all purty busy doing something. But I say, ain't it purty nigh dinner time? I'm getting awful hungry, squire.

Tom. Squire! Don't call me squire, sir.

Jed. Why, that's what I agreed to call you.

Tom. Yes; but things are changed now. Tell Joe when he meets me to call me Sir Jonas; and you call me Sir Jonas too. Tell the cook-maid, and chamber-maid, the ostler and the cow-boy, all to call me Sir Jonas. I'll tell the rest myself. Jedediah, why don't you change your clothes?

Jed. Why, you see, squire, — I mean Sir Jonas, — I hain't got anything only what I got on.

Tom. Come along with me; I'll find some for you to-day; and to-morrow you shall have a new suit from the tailor. *[Exit, R. H. 1 E.*

Jed. Ha, ha! its all right. I knew when I called him Sir Jonas I was good for the toggery. Now I'll go and dress up. I expect I shall look almighty fierce. Maybe I'll see Lucy. Lucy is a proper nice gal. The only objection I got to her is she snores so distressin' loud. She snored so loud the other night she was obliged to go to the neighbors to sleep, to keep from waking herself up. *[Exit, R. H. 1 E.*

SCENE IV. — *Garden, as in Scene II.*

Enter WILKINS from house, R. H.

Wil. To avoid that staring servant, I left the gate; and now I have missed the lady. I wish I could hurry this business a little; four weeks is so long. I am in no very easy situation here; every moment in fear of detection. If I could get the old man to advance something, and I should be detected in any of my little swindling speculations, I might avoid Justice, who stumbles over nothing so soon as money, in her blind march. A young officer entering the gate. A stranger. — He does not appear acquainted with the premises.

Enter EDWARD, C., from L.

Edward (*down L. H.*) Good day, sir. I presume I address the lord of this mansion?

Wil., R. (*aside*). So, he has heard of me, then. Yes, I am the lord of this mansion. Proceed, young man, with your business.

Ed. I received your polite invitation, and have done myself the honor of waiting upon you.

Wil. Oh ho! I am glad to see you. Pray, by what name is your family designated?

Ed. My card, sir, will inform you. (*Gives card.*)

Wil. (*aside*). Merston! The devil; that name! The very name of— I dare say there are many of the name. You are in the navy, I presume?

Ed. I am, sir. (*Aside*) This must be some mistake.—I was told he was an old gentleman.

Wil. Well, Merston, I am glad to see you. I hope you will like me so well as to stay till I am married. 'T will be shortly; and here comes the angel to whom I am to be united.

Enter ELLEN, from house, R. H.

El., R. H. My lord, I am sorry I have kept you waiting.

Ed. What do I see?—Ellen!

El. Edward! What a situation! And now I cannot explain.

Ed. So, it's my Ellen, after all.

Wil., C. Why, what's the matter with the people? I suppose you wait for a formal introduction. Mr. Merston, Miss Tomkins—

Ed., L. Tomkins! Am I in my senses? Miss Ellen, what am I to understand by this?

El. What shall I say? Edward—

Ed. I see,— five years may change the most constant.

El. But Edward, his lordship—

Ed. It appears, then, sir, you are not the master of this house. Whoever you may be, I care not. Be pleased to explain how and why I find that lady here; and by what right you call her Tomkins.

Wil. Young man, when you address me you are to suppose you address Lord Montague, sir, of Romney Castle, as per card. (*Hands one.*) As to any particulars as regards this lady, if they in the least concern you, ask them of herself.

Ed. No; with her I will not exchange a word. You are to be married. I will be present at the ceremony. I promised that, and I will keep my word. She knows it. (*ELLEN retires up C.*) I shall be glad to hear from you, in answer to my question.

Wil. Young man, your conversation does not please the lady. Mr. Tomkins, this lady's father, will explain everything to your satisfaction. Here he comes, sir. (*Aside*) Curse this fellow; 'tis her cousin. (*Goes up to ELLEN.*)

Enter TOMKINS, from house, R. H.

Tom. Odds! flints and steel! I'm so happy! There they are, billing and cooing, as fond as turtle doves.

Ed. Sure I know that voice. My dear uncle!

Tom. Who's that? Ned! (*Crosses to him.*) How d'ye do?— I'm glad to see you. Look there!— there is your little Cousin Ellen.

Ed. I had found that out before you came, sir.

Tom. She 's going to be married — to a lord ! There, Ned, that 's his lordship.

Ed. I had found that out too, sir. Before I went to sea, you had promised her to me. I loved her then.

Tom. Pooh ! nonsense ! Now I remember. Out of my house, directly !

Ed. I am not in your house, sir.

Tom. Out of my grounds ! I won't have you in my territories till the wedding 's over ; and maybe not then. Ellen does n't want you now.

Ed. I know it, sir. She has, by her actions, told me so. She weds another. Well, farewell (*going L.*) ; my little frigate will soon again be ready for sea. I 'll jump on board, and as we stem the foaming billow, I may think of times past, and — O ! damme, Ned, this is too boyish. Good bye, Uncle Tomkins ! — I don't know how you got the name.

Tom., R. H. What ! dare you dispute my name ? It 's mine by act of Parliament, — no, I don't mean that ; by act of Court assembled. Hark 'e, Ned ; I don't remember ever giving Ellen to you ; so tell his lordship you don't love her. It may save him uneasiness.

Ed. Never, sir !

Tom. You are a disobliging young rascal, and you shan't stay in my company another hour. (*Goes up.*)

Ed. I shall not, indeed, sir ! nor in the same town. I leave you forever, and your finnikin lord and lady, there.

El. (down R.) I must undeceive him. Could he but know the feelings of my heart ! — If I knew his lodgings. — 't is a rash step, but I can think of no surer way. My lord, (*TOMKINS comes down C.*) this young spark has offended both you and me. His conduct demands atonement.

Wil. Yes, my love, it does. (*Aside*) I shall get myself into a pretty scrape here. I 'll bully him. Young man, where are you to be found, that I may chastise you, at a proper time, for your insult to me.

Ed. (advancing towards him, C.) Chastise me, sir ! I am here ! — No time like the present.

Wil. (aside). He 's not to be frightened. The presence of a lady —

Ed. Send the lady into the house.

Wil. No, sir ; your address, if you please.

Ed. For a few hours, I may be found at the hotel below.

El. (aside). I will send to him. He shall know my mind.

Tom., R. C. Come, come, I 'll have no fighting.

Ed. I shall be impatient till I hear from you. If I am to leave the town, I care not how soon. You will find me ready, sir.

[*Exit, L. H. I E.*

El. (aside). He did not even look at me. They must not have cause to suspect my design. I 'm glad he 's gone, father ; he 's so rude. How he has changed since he has been at sea !

Tom. But for all that, I 'll have no fighting.

Wil. (aside). Nor I, if I can help it.

El. No. My lord, I am sorry I urged you to it, to be shot at by

such a wild fellow. He may kill you. (*Aside*) I must prevent their meeting.

Wil. Give yourself no uneasiness, my dear. If he dares come out, I can shoot.

El. Father, let us retire into the house.

Tom. Take her in. [*Exeunt ELLEN and WILKINS, into house.* I'll send to Ned. There shall be no fight. Jedediah! I'll send him down to the hotel at once. Flints and steel! if I don't look out I never shall have a lord for a son. [*Exit, into house.*

SCENE V. — *A Chamber in TOMKINS' House, 1 G.*

Enter JEDEDIAH, dressed up in livery, J. H. 1 E.

Jed. (*admiring his dress*). Wal, now I guess I look about as piert as anybody that travels this section of the country; and I feel about as grand as a large-sized turkey-gobbler, when his hen is a settin'. (*Looks off R.*) Hello! here comes Luey. Now for a little courtin' scrape.

Enter LUCY, R. H. 1 E.

What do you think o' me now, Luey?

Lu. I don't think on you at all, you stupid country booby.

Jed. Wal, I guess you wish to consider me in the objective case.

Lu. You had better go and take off your master's clothes.

Jed. Now look here, you need n't go to blackguardin'. They're bran new; — he jest bought 'em. But you better go and take off your mistress' calico gown. She gave it tu you, I know she did.

Lu. Mistress' gown, indeed! I bought it, and paid for it, with my own money, so I did.

Jed. Come, Luce, don't let us quarrel. Tell you, I know'd a chap as kissed a gal once. Give me a kiss, Luce, and I'll give you ninepence in silver.

Lu. Saucy, impudent blocklead! Ninepence, indeed!

Jed. O, you need n't turn up your nose at ninepence. Afore I've been here long you'll be glad to let me kiss you for nothin', and give me something to boot, tu.

Tom. (*without, R.*) Lucy!

Jed. There's the square callin' on you — Sir Jonas, I mean.

Enter TOMKINS, R. H. 1 E.

Well, Sir Jonas, how will I do now?

Tom. Lucy, Ellen wants you.

(*To JEDEDIAH*) Here, take this to the hotel. [*Exit LUCY, R. H. 1 E.* (*Gives letter.*)

Jed. (*taking it*). What's in it?

Tom. What's that to you? Did n't I tell you to do as I bid you, and never to ask me any questions. If he asks any questions of you, say I was resolved; and stiek to your story.

Jed. Stick to my story! I always could do that; but old Uncle Jonah, he used to be the darndest old critter to tell stories you ever did see. He got surprised, though, one day; — he had a black hen, and she laid a white egg.

Tom. Ha! ha! ha!

Jed. Uncle Jonah and I we had twenty cows, between us. He had nineteen, and I had one; — mine was a calf.

Tom. Ha! ha! ha! one of the cows was a calf!

[Exit R. H., laughing heartily.]

Jed. Wal, I've got the sqare in a good humor again. Maybe he'll give me another suit of clothes; so I'll go right down with this letter. (Goes L.)

Enter LUCY, with letter, R. H. 1 E.

Lu. Stop, Mr. Jedediah. Where are you going?

Jed. Going down to the tavern with a letter, for the square. I'm in an awful hurry!

Lu. Take this down, too. (Offers letter.)

Jed. You got to give me a kiss, then, or I won't du it. (Takes letter.)

Lu. (aside). I suppose I must, for Miss Ellen's sake. There. (JEDEDIAH kisses her. — She runs off R. H. 1 E. — He looks after her; dances off, L. H. 1 E., singing "Hail Columbia," &c. — Quick Drop.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Hotel Yard, 1 G. — Door L. H. F., practicable.*

Enter SANDFIELD, from D. F. L., muffled in a cloak.

Sandfield. The landlord informs me there has been but one stranger arrived at his house who did n't pass through with the stage, except Edward and myself.

Enter EDWARD, L. H. 1 E.

Young man, why so soon returned?

Ed. Why, sir, I could n't very well stay longer, as I was turned out of the house.

Sand. What mean you, sir?

Ed. Why, sir, this Mr. Tomkins proves to be no less a person than my uncle.

Sand. Indeed! What cause have you given for such harsh treatment?

Ed. I was somewhat astonished to find my uncle here, whom I left in the city, but more so to find my Cousin Ellen about to be married to a Lord Montague; so I merely mentioned a promise he had made to me to give me his daughter, and he bade me go about my business. I spoke my mind pretty freely. It did not suit his lordship, nor her ladyship, and now I expect a challenge from him immediately.

Sand. I must see this Montague.

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 E.

Jed. How de du? (To EDWARD) I want to ask you one ques-

tion ;— be you the chap that was up to the squire's, a little while ago?

Ed. The hour of meeting, I suppose. I was there, sir.

Jed. Wal, so I thought. Here 's a letter for you. (*Gives it.*)

Sand. Young man, do nothing without my advice.

[*Exit into house, L. D. F.*

Ed. (*opening and reading letter.*) "*Ned, don't you fight; if his lordship pulls your nose, don't you fight him. You may kill him; and then Ellen will never be a lady, nor I have a lord for a son. If you want money, send for it. His lordship would meet you tomorrow morning, but I am determined it shall not be; so you had better mind your Uncle Tomkins.*"

Jed. What do you think of it?

Ed. It requires no answer, sir.

Jed. Yes it does; squire said it did. Wal, ain't you goin' to ask me any questions. The squire said you would, and told me what to say.

Ed. What did he tell you to say?

Jed. Why, to say that he was resolved; and to stick to my story. Now, if you want me to tell you a story, I'll—

Ed. No, sir. Leave me!

Jed. Why, what a pucker he's in! Good by, sir. [*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*

Ed. I am quite at a loss to understand the drift of this epistle. Why did I not hear from the party himself?

Reënter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 E.

Well, sir, what now?

Jed. Why, darn it, I was goin' off without doin' what I came for.

Ed. Well, sir, what is it?

Jed. Why, here 's another letter for you. (*Gives it.*)

Ed. Well done, stupidity. A fair hand. — 'Tis Ellen's. (*Opens and reads*) "*Dear Edward, I love you, as I ever have and ever shall. Heed not what passed in your presence. It was but to deceive my father, who would force me to marry that coxcomb Montague, for his title. I was obliged to have recourse to the stratagem of the meeting with Montague, that I might ascertain your lodgings, and inform you of this, as you said you should immediately leave town. If you had done so, and in ignorance of my feelings towards you, what would have become of me? Act as you think fit. With full confidence in your honor, I will act as you direct. I will take care there shall be no duel. Let me hear from you by the bearer of this. Adieu, till we meet. Truly yours, Ellen.*" Can I believe my eyes, — my senses? Yes, 'tis real. How shall I act?

Jed. Wal, what is it all about? Are you goin' to ask me any questions now? If you ain't, I'll ask you some.

Ed. Stay here till I return. This requires an answer, and shall have it. [*Exit into hotel, L. H. F.*

Jed. Melt my Ingy rubber shoes into sticky-plaster, if I don't think that chap's about half crazy! Maybe he's in love, though. Wal, that's about the same thing. Speakin' of love, I wish Luce was here. Swow, that gal is enough to make a feller break the tenth commandment, by Moses!

[*Exit, L. H. 1 E*

SCENE II. — *A Room in Tomkins' House, 2 G. — Door on R., used.*

Enter ELLEN, R. H. 1 E.

El. So, everything is prepared. If Edward will but come, I'll steal from the party, and —

Enter JOE, L. H. 1 E.

Well, Mr. Joseph.

Joe. O, Miss Ellen! behold Love's messenger. There's a tide in the affairs of men and women, as my namesake says. Here's a sheet of love for you, entrusted to my keeping by one who loves not wisely, but too well, as my namesake says.

El. Give it to me, then.

Joe. Not without some prelude. Great events are always preceded by —

Tom. (without, R. H.) Joe!

Joe. Here comes master. Take it, quick.

Enter TOMKINS, R. H. 1 E.

Tom. Come, dinner's ready. (*ELLEN drops letter, in receiving it.*) We are waiting for you. I saw a letter. — I saw it drop. Give it to me, I tell you!

El. 'Tis nothing. (*Aside to JOE*) This is all from your clumsy, stupid negligence. Now say something.

Tom. Why don't you give it me? Nothing! What do you call nothing? Folded and sealed. — I saw it.

Joe. (aside). I have it. (*Aloud*) Let him see it, miss. I am glad master is coming to the light.

El. (aside). The fool is not going to let him read it, surely. Joseph. 'Tis from Edward.

Joe. Give it me. (*Takes it from her. — Aside*) I'll bring you off. I'll read it to you. — 'Tis some poetry of mine, — some reasons.

Tom. O, damn your poetry and your reasons! Read it if you dare! It would take away my appetite. Go to the dining-room.

Joe. I will. Miss Ellen, here; if your father rejects, I know it's dear to you.

El. I'll read it at my leisure. In the mean time, should you be inspired, and have any more like *this*, let me have them.

Tom. Pooh! nonsense! don't you read them.

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 E.

What do you want?

Jed. Why, I came to tell you that the cook says dinner's on the table. I seed her carryin' on it up. It smokes like a chimney on fire; — more puddin' and pies than — I say, Sir Jonas, I want to ask you a question. It must cost you an awful sight to live the way you do. O! there's that bild turkey; the cook has stuek it all over with isters and biled eggs, and slobbered more'n a pound o' melted butter all over it. It's a wonder to me the critter has n't spiled it —

Tom. Come, Ellen, and you two remain within call.

[*Exeunt TOMKINS and ELLEN.*]

Jed. Say, Joe, du we set down at table 'long o' the rest?

Joe. No; but our bodies are quite as well filled.

Jed. But won't he want us to attend table?

Joe. No; master always likes to have the girls at table, till the cloth is removed. But I can't stand here talkin' to you; 'cause the old gentleman will be wantin' me to wait on him. Yet ere I leave these gay and festive scenes, — these halls of dazzling light, — I shall take the present opportunity to say —

Tom. (*without*, R. H.) Joe! you infernal rascal! where are you?

Joe. Coming, sir!

[*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.]

Jed. Wait on him! You can wait on him, if you like; but I shan't. I never was brought up to wait on anybody but myself. I'll go down in the yard, and play with the big yaller dog, till they're done dinner. That's the curiousest dog I ever did see. — I can't find out whether his tail is cut off or driv in.

[*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.]

SCENE III. — *A Wood*, 1 G. — *Dark.*

Enter JOE, L. H. 1 E., *with paper, pencil, bottle, &c.*

Joe. Here I am, alone! She does not come, and 'tis the hour. I am in suspense. — I have drank up all my liquor. Can she intend to play me false? If so, all my paper has been wasted, that I have filled with tender strains to her. All my throbbings have been in vain. Ah! what do I see? — the disguise. 'Tis she! — I'm bless'd. There's Miss Ellen just now left her. While she's in that disguise, I'll throw off all disguise, and throw myself into her arms. Propitious moment! she comes.

Enter EDWARD, R. H. 1 E., *muffled in a cloak.*

And thus, my dear Miss Squeamish, I hug you to my heart. Don't you feel it beat?

Ed. I'll be damned if I do any such thing, Joe. Why, Joe, did you take me for Miss Squeamish?

Joe. Blister my tongue for speaking the name! — my lips for uttering it!

Ed. But they did utter it. I heard it.

Joe. She promised to meet me in disguise.

O, she's false! "Come what, come may!
The cat may mew, the dog will have his day."

[*Exit*, in rage, L. H. 1 E.]

Enter ELLEN, R. H. 1 E.

El. We are near the path that leads to the gate.

Ed. All right. Your aunt was to have met Joe, in disguise; and now she dare not mention our elopement. Is there no passage but the gate in front that will take us into the road?

El. Yes, the one at the corner; but we must pass the gate in front, unless we can get over a large plat of bushes.

Ed. O, hang the bushes! I'll find a way through them. I'll go and have the chaise ready.

Enter SANDFIELD, L. H. 1 E.

Sand. How is it I find you here, sir? I have ordered the chaise home. I am informed you hired it. You have deceived me.

Ed. I confess it, sir. Forgive me; love impelled me to the act. The fear of losing Ellen determined me to hazard everything, even your displeasure, in securing her.

Sand. Away to your lodgings! If I need you, I'll send for you. You, miss, back to your home!

El. But, sir, what right—

Sand. Silence! I'll not hear a word!

Ed. It must be, Ellen. I cannot, I know not why, disobey his commands. [*Exeunt ELLEN, L. H. 1 E., and EDWARD R. H. 1 E.*]

Sand. Now to meet my brother. Ha! I see; yonder he is,—yonder is the villain Wilkins. He thinks himself secure. Ten years has he moved in splendor; while I—I cannot bear the thought—have been an outcast from home; my name mentioned not, except when coupled with infamy; recorded as a felon; a price set upon my head. But we shall meet, and my wrongs shall not go unrevenged!

[*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*]

SCENE IV. — *Chamber in TOMKINS' House, 3 G. — Tormentor-doors R. and L., used. — Table and two chairs L. C. — Candles lighted, wine, &c., on table. — TOMKINS and JEDEDIAH discovered.*

Tom. I tell you give me some more wine, Jedediah!

Jed. (*filling for him*). Sartin. Look here, Sir Jonas, if this wine upsets your apple-cart it's no fault of mine, you know; for as long as you pay for it, you have a right to get as drunk as a sow, if you want to. (*Drinks from bottle.*)

Tom. To be sure I have! Why not, you raseal? Drink more;—'tis good; I imported it myself. (*JEDEDIAH drinks.*) What are you doing?

Jed. Why, I wanted to see if it was all alike. Look here, square, if we don't look out we'll be a pair o' the drunkenest eusses in this section o' the eountry— (*Knock at door, L. H. 1 E.*)

Tom. Ah! Jed, see who's at the door.

Jed. Yes, I will. (*Exit, L. H. 1 E., and reënter immediately.*) It's some strange chap, Sir Jonas, wants to see you.

Tom. Well, why did n't you show him in?

Jed. Why, you see, I did n't know whether we were at home to him, Sir Jonas, or not.

Tom. Show him in, you raseal you.

Jed. Yes, I will.

[*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

Tom. I wonder who it can be. Some stranger just arrived. Been sent here by Bustle. I wish he had come sooner.

Enter SANDFIELD, in cloak, L. H. 1 E.

Sit down, sir. (*Aside*) I wonder who he is. Jedediah, leave the room.

Jed. Yes, sir. (*Going.*) I wonder who that critter is. He looks mysterious as though he'd committed suicide, and did n't know it.

[*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

Sand. Sir, my visit here is one of business ; not of pleasure. I am a man of but few words. I use no ceremony, and expect none. My name is Sandfield ; yours is Tomkins.

Tom. Yes, that 's my name.

Sand. Not the one your father gave you.

Tom. No, to be sure not ; but how did you know that ? I don't remember your face.

Sand. You have seen it often enough.

Tom. I never saw it in my life.

Sand. I have been intimate with you, and with your brother.

Tom. (*aside*). Strange fellow this. He'll persuade me directly he's a relation of mine. You knew my brother, then ?

Sand. And know why he left his native land.

Tom. Poor James ! he was unfortunate. Where is he now ? Have you lately seen him ?

Sand. Not two hours ago.

Tom. Is he in this town ?

Sand. He is.

Tom. Does he not fear detection ?

Sand. He does not. The crime he was accused of his accuser committed. He is not guilty.

Tom. Would it were so ! (*Bark of dog without, L. — JEDEDIAH rushes on C., from R.*)

Jed. Say, square ! there 's that there big yaller dog —

Tom. Leave the room, sir ! How dare you ? (*Drives him off C. D.*)

Sand. I repeat, it is so. — He is innocent !

Tom. I am glad of it ; but let 's talk of something else. I 'm going to marry my daughter —

Sand. To a villain !

Tom. No, bless you ; to a lord, — an English nobleman. He is here in the house now.

Sand. I forbid it.

Tom. The devil you do ! And by what right, I should like to know.

Sand. That 's my business.

Enter JEDEDIAH, R. H. 1 E.

Jed. Say, squire ! that yaller dog has broke his chain, and bit a nigger !

Tom. Get out, you scoundrel ! Begone ! [*Exit JED., R. H. 1 E.* My friend, I don't know who you are ; but it 's very plain, if you stay here any longer, we shall not part on very good terms.

Sand. I shall not leave your house till I have finished, and to my satisfaction, the business which brought me here.

Tom. Be pleased to make me acquainted with it.

Sand. Hear me, then, sir. — You have driven your brother's son from your house ; separated him from a woman he loved, and bestowed her upon a villain.

Tom. So so ; some friend of Edward's. And he sent you here, did he, to defame the character of his lordship — Lord Montague ?

Sand. No term, however vile, is defamation for the wretch you have just mentioned. See he does not leave the house.

Tom. I'll send for his lordship. He shall be confronted with you, in my presence.

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 E.

Jed. Square, your black hen has been and gone and laid a white egg!

Tom. You impudent scoundrel! dare to interrupt us again, and I'll break every bone in your body. (*Drives him off L. H. 1 E.*)

Sand. I will not have it so. I have business with him myself. He it was who caused your brother's ruin. This I can and will prove.

Tom. I cannot believe it.

Sand. In half an hour let him meet me here. You shall be concealed, hear our conversation, and yourself escape a deep-laid scheme of villainy.

Tom. It shall be so. Here, Jedediah! If it is so I shall be very much obliged to you for your information; and any service I can render you, name it, and 't is done.

Sand. Show me to a room where I may be quiet and alone. I have writing to do.

Tom. This way, sir.

[*Exeunt, R. H. 1 E. — Clear stage.*]

SCENE V. — *A Chamber in TOMKINS' House, 2 G. — c. doors, practicable.*

Enter TOMKINS and WILKINS, R. H. 1 E.

Wil. Inquiring for me. Did he not give his name?

Tom. He did — Sandfield.

Wil. I do not know him. There must be some mistake. However, if he calls again —

Tom. He is now here, in the house.

Enter McNAB, L. H. 1 E.

McNab. Gentlemen, how de do? Which is the master of this house?

Tom. I am, sir.

McN. Then I don't want anything to do with the likes of you. (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Wil. (aside). McNab! Ah! he recognizes me. I am lost, unless a bribe can save me!

McN. So, so! I am not deceived.

Wil. (aside to him). McNab, 'tis useless to deny my identity. — You know me; but yet let me escape, and two thousand dollars are yours.

McN. Hand it over, and I'll clear you.

Wil. I am to marry Tomkins' daughter. Wait till the ceremony is over; then I touch, and so shall you. Why do you hesitate?

McN. Because there is a little bit of doubt about the security. If he will become responsible for the surety —

Wil. Be quiet. You will ruin all.

McN. Be azy. (*To TOMKINS*) This gentleman says he is going to marry your daughter.

Tom. His lordship, there? yes, he is.

McN. His lordship! Yes — och, bother! that's true. At any rate he's goin' to be your son-in-law, you won't object to put your name to a bit of paper for him?

Tom. I'll put my name to anything, for his lordship. I'll step and get a pen and ink —

McN. No matter; I have a bit o' one here in my pocket.

Tom. (*writes on top of McNAB's hat*). There.

McN. But I want a bit of a witness.

Tom. Here, Jedediah!

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 E.

Jed. What's the row, Sir Jonas?

Tom. Here, Jedediah, I want you as a witness to my signature.

Jed. How do I know you writ it?

Tom. I tell you I did, and that's enough.

Jed. Wal, then I'll du it; but if I get in any scrape, you got tu back me, you know. (*Writes with a flourish.*) There, I guess anybody can read that without a telescope. [*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

McN. Now it's all right. What'll I do next?

Wil. Go!

Tom. I'll let you out. The door is locked. This way.

[*Exeunt TOMKINS and McNAB, C. D.*]

Wil. As things are now, my only chance is to fly while I have the power to escape. I dare not meet this Sandfield. I never heard the name before; yet I fear it.

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 F.

Jed. Where's the squire gone?

Wil. I don't know.

Jed. What's the reason?

Wil. Fool! find out —

Jed. By my larnin', as we say up home.

Wil. Leave the room. Would you have me tell you all I know?

Jed. Guess 't would n't take you long to do that, would it?

Enter SANDFIELD, wrapped in cloak, R. H. 1 E.

Sand. (*touching JEDEDIAH on shoulder*). Young man, go about your business.

Jed. I have n't got none to do.

Sand. Take this letter. — Deliver it to its address. (*Gives letter.*)

Jed. Yes, I will. (*Looking at them aside*) There's thunder brewing somewhere. I'll go and get my fighting clothes, and be on hand when the row commences. [*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

Sand. Sir, I would speak with you.

Wil. Well, sir. (*Aside*) Merston! All's lost.

Sand. Do you know me?

Wil. I do not. (*Aside*) I may escape.

Sand. 'Tis time you should. Look there, sir. (*Shows a printed handbill.*) You are this scoundrel!

Wil. Sir! I —

Sand. You have heard the name of Merston?

Wil. I do not remember it, sir. I'll go and search among my list of cards, sir. Perhaps —

Sand. Perhaps, villain! I'll freshen your memory. You are known to me, and your deeds. Merston! — disgrace and infamy were brought upon him by you! 'Twas you who under the mask of friendship first seduced him to the gaming-table; and he was there soon stripped of his fortune, and largely involved in debts of honor, with villains for his creditors! When your share of the spoil was spent in dissipation, or lost again among the sharpers of your gang, you forged a draft upon a banking house, promising a loan on receiving it. He believed it true; and his necessities, the effect of your arts, compelled him to accept the proffered assistance.

Wil. Well, sir, what's this to me?

Sand. The forgery was detected; — he arrested and imprisoned. You appeared against him in evidence; — perjured villain! your words convicted him!

Wil. Whoever you may be, sir, you must be aware —

Sand. I have not done. In my possession are documents to prove your share of the transaction. I have crossed the ocean, and have come from the Indies to establish his innocence, — to free my friend from the foul stain stamped by you upon his name! — to publish to the world your character; and when found, to give you up to justice. I am aware, sir, of your designs here, and shall prevent them.

Wil. Should he disclose! Sir, you are mistaken. My surprise was so great I did not before interrupt you. I am not the person you suppose. I forgive the mistaken zeal.

Sand. Wilkins, 't is in vain. If you have forgotten me, I have not forgotten you. You are so 'imprinted on my memory time cannot efface the recollection. I have followed you here. Ten years have I, with an almost frenzied heart, waited the arrival of an hour like this; and when I have thought of the home I left, madly I have cried for vengeance. 'T is come! — I am Merston! (*Throws aside cloak.*)

Wil. Merston! Have care! — I am soon to be united to one of this family. Go, while you are free! If you longer stay, to cross my purpose, I'll denounce you as a fugitive from justice. (*x to L. H.*)

Sand. I will not leave you. (*Detaining him.*)

Wil. (*aside*). I cannot force by threats; I must bribe him. I receive my intended bride's fortune, thirty thousand dollars, on my wedding day. Keep this secret till then, half of it shall be yours.

Sand. No; I have not poverty — that finger-post to vice — to urge me. When the father of the girl, whom you intended to reduce from home and happiness, to be the companion of a villain, should know it, — what would be his language to me? He is my brother!

Wil. Suffer me to fly! (*Aside*) Death and furies!

Sand. No, you stir not hence! I say no!

Enter TOMKINS, C., and down c.

Tom. I say no, too. You are a pretty rascal! Brother! What have you to say for yourself?

Wil., L. Nothing; if he has charges against me, let him prove them in a court of justice.

Sand. Yes ; 't is easily done. He has but now escaped from prison. This paper I hold in my hand is evidence of that fact.

Tom. 'Tis all true. Brother, I am ashamed of myself. I can hardly look you in the face. You infernal rascal ! how dare you ? But I shall not waste my breath talking to you. And Ned ; I turned him out of my house !

Sand. Edward has been sent for, who as yet knows me not as his father.

Enter McNAB, C., and down L. C.

McN. I have been listenin' at the door. So you have found out my friend there. I suppose I may take him to his friends now.

Tom. Take him where you please, so 't is out of my sight. — I care not. Why did you deceive me ?

McN. He promised to pay me for it ; and in default he stands committed. (*Crosses to L. H.*) Come along.

[*Exit, with WILKINS, L. H. 1 E.*

Enter JEDEDIAH, L. H. 1 E.

Jed. Edward's coming up like a loon's leg, Sir Jonas.

Tom. Don't call me Sir Jonas !

Jed. Why, did n't you say you was fond of titles ?

Tom. Titles be damned ! I wish I'd never heard of such a thing.

Enter EDWARD and ELLEN, L. H. 1 E.

Tom. How dare you come before me, sir ? — with an accomplice, too ? You are a pretty couple !

Ed. Uncle, consider.

Enter JOE SHAKSPEARE and Miss SQUEAMISH, C. D.

Tom. Consider ! Ah, you young rogue ! You deceitful little Gypsey ! But I forgive you. There, Ned, there's Ellen ; and now ask your father if he likes the match.

Ed. My father ! What mean you ? — is *he* my father ? (*Embrace, and all retire up.*)

Jed. Wal, if things ain't goin' on funny, in this house, I'll give up. (*Turns and sees JOE and Miss S.*) Hello ! here's another arrangement. I wonder what critter that is with Joe. I'll see. (*Brings them down, R. H.*)

Joe. I publish it. — This is Mrs. Shakspeare that is to be.

El., L. O aunt ! fie ! I hate the men !

Tom. Why, can I believe my eyes ? I am not the only fool in the play, then, after all.

Joe. No, I guess you ain't, Sir Jonas !

Tom. Don't call me Sir Jonas, or anything again that sounds like title. At the next session of Parliament — damn Parliament — I mean next Court, my name shall be changed back again. Brother, sister, nephew, daughter, Joe, you may all get married in a lump ; and I'll make a nursery of every room in my house. I don't care how soon I'm a grandfather.

Joe. Will you go to church, and say yes ?

Miss S. Don't ask me, Mr. Shakspeare. Have everything your

own way. I have lived fifty years single, and had a will of my own
If I live fifty years more —

Jed. You'll be a hundred, by Daboll's arithmetic.

Tom. Marry her, and I'll give you a farm.

Jed. Sir Jonas, you must give 'em good title-deeds.

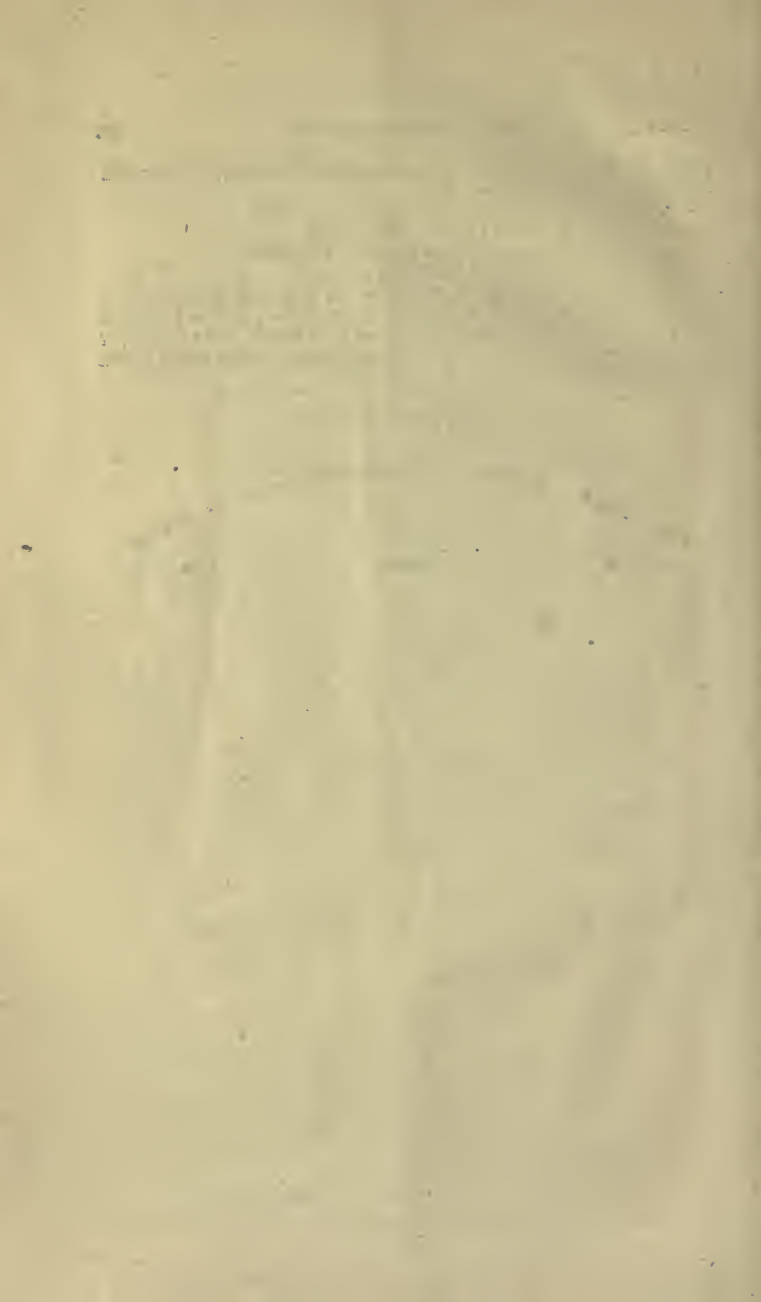
Tom. Damn your titles! Jed, say no more.

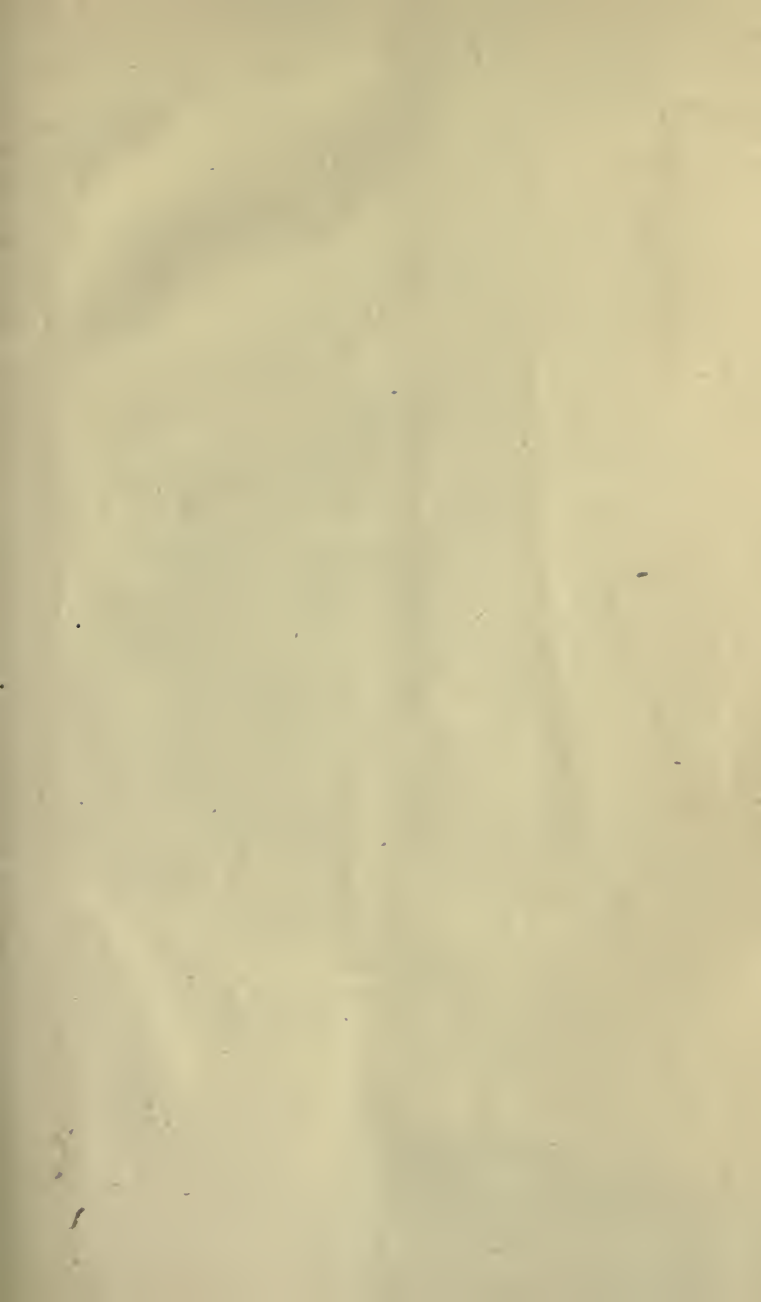
Jed. Only one thing more, square. — As I'm now about to leave
your employ, I may want a character, you know; and so I thought
I'd just ask the good folks here, after what has passed to-night, if
they'd have any objection to give their recommendation to the Green
Mountain Boy.

SITUATIONS.

MISS B. TOMKINS. JEDEDIAH. SANDFIELD. ELLEN EDWARDS

R. R. CURTAIN. L. E.





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Seven Shus
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False Alarm
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Parted
One in Hand, &c.
Little Sunshine

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Extremes Meet
Golden Plough
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