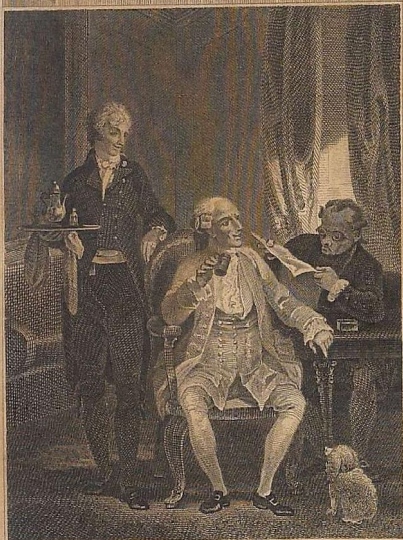


CLAUDESTINE MARRIAGE



LORD DELBY. — COME, READ IT, CANTON, WITH
GOOD EMPHASIS AND GOOD DISCRETION.
ACT III. SCENE I.

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THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY G. COLMAN AND D. GARRICK, ESQRS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON :

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REMARKS.

This play, independent of its own worth, claims respect from its joint authors. The one, a scholar, a man of general and acknowledged talents, and—not among the least of his honours—the father of Colman the younger.

The other is a well known name, as affixed to the greatest actor that ever appeared on the English stage, and the stage's best reformer.

Colman was a near relation to the Earl of Bath, and, on the death of that nobleman, came into possession of a considerable annuity. Previous to that event he studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar; but no sooner did he find himself master of a fortune, and of his own leisure, than he quitted the employment of the law, for the more alluring pursuits of the drama.

Garrick was the son of a captain in the army, and becoming in his youth a pupil of Dr. Johnson, who taught the classics to a certain number of young gentlemen in the town of Litchfield, a mutual regard, in consequence of their intimacy, quickly subsisted between him and his tutor; and, weary of the hopeless prospect from a country life, they both took the resolution to forsake their home.—On the very same day these two remarkable men came to London, on the very same errand—to seek their fortune.

It was to the honour of both Johnson and Garrick, that, through life, they were fond of each other's company. That Johnson could enjoy Garrick's lively sallies of whim and humour, shows, that his wisdom was neither gloomy nor austere;—and that Garrick should love Johnson's moral sentiments, and revere his religious scruples, proves, that the actor's hilarity was neither mixed with vice nor with folly.

It is said of Garrick, that he never had any feeling either on or off the stage—yet he is allowed to have been a great actor and a good man. Art produced the first character; principle the second. He was strictly parsimonious in his own expenses, yet was often generous to others. But, as a consciousness of duty, rather than a sensation of tenderness, seemed to influence his charity (a motive which increased its merit) he seldom was beloved even by those, on whom he bestowed his best services.

His reputation, as a man, may perhaps be much easier supported than his credit as a performer. Morality is a fixed star; taste changes with the moon. While present taste is found to be inconstant and fallacious, who can rely on that which is past? Did the poet's works die with his body, like the actor's art, Shakspeare, from the erroneous judgment of many auditors, had been reported to succeeding times as a secondary author, beneath Beaumont, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson.

Those *visible* marks, then, of dramatic talents, which Garrick has left behind him, can alone be judged with true precision.—As a writer, he has

evinced much theatric skill. All he wrote, or altered of others writings, were favourably received. Acute observation, and nice attention to the propensities of the public, governed his pen. The favour, in which he was held by the town, made them attribute to his genius (and Colman never came forth to deny such conjecture) the most popular character in this play—Lord Ogleby. But it is rather to be suspected, that Garrick did no more as a writer to the work, than cast a directing hand and eye over the whole; a task he was much better able to perform for the advantage of an author, than to produce any one efficient part.

Though the Clandestine Marriage may rank as a modern comedy, yet it is pleasanter to *read* than to *see*. The characters are well drawn; but the speeches are too long for the attention of a listener, though not for a reader. A London audience are become a very impatient multitude; and tragedy alone has the prerogative of being tedious.

Lord Ogleby, once the most admired part in this comedy, is an evidence of the fluctuation of manners, modes, and opinions:—forty years ago, it was reckoned so natural a representation of a man of fashion, that several noblemen were said to have been in the author's thoughts when he designed the character: now, no part is so little understood in the play; and his foibles seem so discordant with the manly faults of the present time, that his good qualities cannot atone for them. Mr. Sterling, and his sister

Heidelberg, who are neither of them governed by fashion, will survive a thousand Lord Oglebys*.

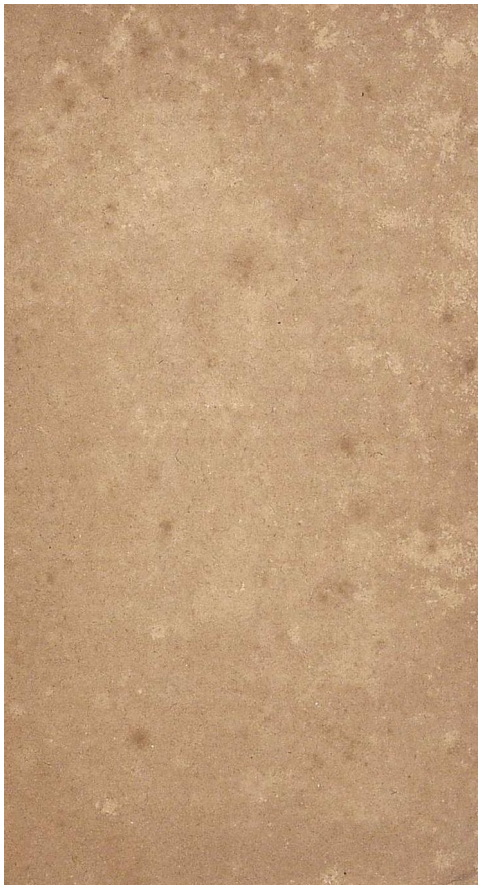
The play has not an atom of wit, but it has some humour.—The plot is an interesting one, and the events are natural and forcible; particularly the incident in the last scene, where almost all the persons of the drama are called from their beds, to bring about the catastrophe.

The union of interest between Colman and Garrick did not long continue after this play was produced. Mr. Colman soon purchased a share of the proprietorship of Covent Garden Theatre; and now, he and Garrick having adverse views, something like hostility existed between them, till they each retired, from their opposite theatres, into private life.

On this occurrence they once more became friends,—but their renewed friendship had no duration; for Garrick, soon after his retirement from the stage, quitted also the stage of life.—He died in 1779.

Colman lived near twenty years after him, but was, for some time previous to his decease, afflicted with a severe illness, which excluded him from all society.

* Some difference may have been caused in respect to the impression made by this character, from King, the admired Lord Ogleby, having first performed it in his manhood, and after, in his old age. When misfortune forces an actor on the stage beyond a certain time of life, he does not appear to more disadvantage in representing a young, than an old man—a cheerful audience love to see advanced age but in mimicry.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
LORD OGLEBY	<i>Mr. Bernard.</i>	<i>Mr. Cherry.</i>
SIR JOHN MELVIL	<i>Mr. Farren.</i>	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
STERLING	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>	<i>Mr. Dowton.</i>
LOVEWELL	<i>Mr. Holman.</i>	<i>Mr. Bartley.</i>
SERGEANT FLOWER	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
TRAVERSE	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>	<i>Mr. Lee.</i>
TRUEMAN	<i>Mr. Evatt.</i>	<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>
CANTON	<i>Mr. Cubitt.</i>	<i>Mr. Wewitzer.</i>
BRUSH	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
MRS. HEIDELBERG	<i>Mrs. Webb.</i>	<i>Miss Pope.</i>
MISS STERLING	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>	<i>Miss De Camp.</i>
FANNY	<i>Mrs. Esten.</i>	<i>Mrs. Mathews.</i>
BETTY	<i>Mrs. Martyr.</i>	<i>Miss Mellon.</i>
CHAMBERMAID	<i>Miss Stuart.</i>	<i>Mrs. Scott.</i>

THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Room in STERLING'S House.

MISS FANNY and BETTY, meeting.

Betty. [Running in.] Ma'am! Miss Fanny!
Ma'am!

Fanny. What's the matter, Betty?

Betty. Oh, la! ma'am! as sure as I am alive, here is your husband—I saw him crossing the court yard in his boots.

Fanny. I am glad to hear it.—But pray, now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again, on any account. You know, we have agreed never to drop any expressions of that sort, for fear of an accident.

Betty. Dear ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of

the earth, than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave—and if it is never told till I tell it, it may remain untold till doom's-day for Betty.

Fanny. I know you are faithful—but in our circumstances we cannot be too careful.

Betty. Very true, ma'am! and yet I vow and protest, there's more plague than pleasure with a secret; especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fanny. Do but keep this secret a little while longer, and then, I hope, you may mention it to any body.—Mr. Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible.

Betty. The sooner the better, I believe: for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fanny. Fie, Betty.

[*Blushing.*

Betty. Ah! you may well blush. But you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms—

Fanny. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you.

Betty. Angry—Bless the dear puppet! I am sure I shall love it, as much as if it was my own—I meant no harm, Heavens knows.

Fanny. Well, say no more of this—It makes me uneasy—All I have to ask of you is, to be faithful and secret, and not to reveal this matter, till we disclose it to the family ourselves.

Betty. Me reveal it!—If I say a word, I wish I may be burned. I would not do you any harm for the world—And as for Mr. Lovewell, I am sure I have loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-waiter's place for my brother—But let me tell you both, you must leave off your soft looks to each other, and your whispers, and your glances, and your always sitting next to one another at dinner, and your

long walks together in the evening.—For my part, if I had not been in the secret, I should have known you were a pair of lovers at least if not man and wife, as——

Fanny. See there now! again. Pray be careful.

Betty. Well—well—nobody hears me.—Man and wife.—I'll say no more—what I tell you is very true for all that——

Lovewell. [*Calling within.*] William!

Betty. Hark! I hear your husband——

Fanny. What!

Betty. I say, here comes Mr. Lovewell—Mind the caution I give you—I'll be whipped now, if you are not the first person he sees or speaks to in the family. However, if you choose it, it's nothing at all to me—as you sow, so you must reap—as you brew, so you must bake.—I'll e'en slip down the back-stairs and leave you together. [*Exit.*]

Fanny. I see, I see I shall never have a moment's ease till our marriage is made public. New distresses crowd in upon me every day. The solicitude of my mind sinks my spirits, preys upon my health, and destroys every comfort of my life. It shall be revealed, let what will be the consequence.

Enter LOVEWELL.

Lov. My love!—How's this?—In tears?—Indeed this is too much. You promised me to support your spirits, and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience. For my sake, for your own, be comforted! Why will you study to add to our uneasiness and perplexity?

Fanny. Oh, Mr. Lovewell; the indelicacy of a secret marriage grows every day more and more shocking to me. I walk about the house like a guilty wretch: I imagine myself the object of the suspicion

of the whole family ; and am under the perpetual terrors of a shameful detection.

Lov. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick sensibility, only serve to make you unhappy.—To clear up this affair properly to Mr. Sterling, is the continual employment of my thoughts. Every thing now is in a fair train. It begins to grow ripe for a discovery ; and I have no doubt of its concluding to the satisfaction of ourselves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fanny. End how it will, I am resolv'd it shall end soon—very soon. I would not live another week in this agony of mind to be mistress of the universe.

Lov. Do not be too violent neither. Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion !—I have brought letters from Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling. They will be here this evening—and, I dare say, within this hour.

Fanny. I am sorry for it.

Lov. Why so ?

Fanny. No matter—Only let us disclose our marriage immediately !

Lov. As soon as possible.

Fanny. But directly.

Lov. In a few days, you may depend on it.

Fanny. To-night—or to-morrow morning.

Lov. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fanny. Nay, but you must.

Lov. Must ! Why ?

Fanny. Indeed you must.—I have the most alarming reasons for it.

Lov. Alarming, indeed ! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them—what are they ?

Fanny. I cannot tell you.

Lov. Not tell me ?

Fanny. Not at present. When all is settled, you shall be acquainted with every thing.

Lov. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!—What can this mean! Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fanny. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assur'd, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be it what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Lov. You put me upon the rack—I would do any thing to make you easy.—But you know your father's temper.—Money (you will excuse my frankness) is the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence, can ever make him forego—and these he thinks his money will purchase.—You know too your aunt's, Mrs. Heidelberg's, notions of the splendour of high life; her contempt for every thing that does not relish of what she calls quality; and that from the vast fortune in her hands; by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family. Now if they should come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might, perhaps, be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fanny. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Lov. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fanny. As easy as I can, I will.—We had better not remain together any longer at present.—Think of this business, and let me know how you proceed.

Lov. Depend on my care! But, pray, be cheerful.

Fanny. I will.

Enter STERLING, *as she is going out.*

Sterl. Hey day! who have we got here?

Fanny. [*Confused.*] Mr. Lovewell, sir?

Sterl. And where are you going, hussy?

Fanny. To my sister's chamber, sir! [*Exit.*]

Sterl. Ah, Lovewell! What! always getting my foolish girl yonder into a corner?—Well—well—let us but once see her eldest sister fast married to Sir John Melvil, we'll soon provide a good husband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Lov. Would to Heaven, sir, you would provide her one of my recommendation!

Sterl. Yourself! eh, Lovewell?

Lov. With your pleasure, sir!

Sterl. Mighty well!

Lov. And I flatter myself, that such a proposal would not be very disagreeable to Miss Fanny.

Sterl. Better and better!

Lov. And if I could but obtain your consent, sir——

Sterl. What! you marry Fanny?—no—no—that will never do, Lovewell!—You're a good boy, to be sure—I have a great value for you—but can't think of you for a son-in-law.—There's no stuff in the case; no money, Lovewell!

Lov. My pretensions to fortune, indeed are but moderate; but though not equal to splendour, sufficient to keep us above distress.—Add to which, that I hope by diligence to increase it—and have love, honour——

Sterl. But not the stuff, Lovewell!—Add one little round 0 to the sum total of your fortune, and that will be the finest thing you can say to me.—You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to serve you—any thing, on the footing of friendship—but——

Lov. If you think me worthy of your friendship, sir, be assured, that there is no instance in which I should rate your friendship so highly.

Sterl. Psha! psha! that's another thing you know.—Where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

Lov. But where the happiness of a daughter is at stake, you would not scruple, sure, to sacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Sterl. Inclinations! why, you would not persuade me, that the girl is in love with you—eh, Lovewell?

Lov. I cannot absolutely answer for Miss Fanny, sir; but am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends entirely upon her.

Sterl. Why, indeed, now if your kinsman, Lord Ogleby, would come down handsomely for you—but that's impossible—No, no—'twill never do—I must hear no more of this—Come, Lovewell, promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

Lov. [*Hesitating.*] I am afraid, sir, I should not be able to keep my word with you, if I did promise you.

Sterl. Why, you would not offer to marry her without my consent! would you, Lovewell?

Lov. Marry her, sir! [*Confused.*]

Sterl. Ay, marry her, sir!—I know very well, that a warm speech or two from such a dangerous young spark as you are would go much farther towards persuading a silly girl to do what she has more than a month's mind to do, than twenty grave lectures from fathers or mothers, or uncles or aunts, to prevent her. But you would not, sure, be such a base fellow, such a treacherous young rogue, as to seduce my daughter's affections, and destroy the peace of my family in that manner.—I must insist on it, that you give me your word not to marry her without my consent.

Lov. Sir—I—I—as to that—I—I—beg, sir—Pray, sir, excuse me on this subject at present.

Sterl. Promise then, that you will carry this matter no farther without my approbation.

Lov. You may depend on it, sir, that it shall go no farther.

Sterl. Well—well—that's enough—I'll take care of the rest, I warrant you.—Come, come, let's have done with this nonsense!—What's doing in town?—Any news upon 'Change?

Lov. Nothing material.

Sterl. Have you seen the currants, the soap, and Madeira, safe in the warehouse! Have you compared the goods with the invoice and bills of lading, and are they all right?

Lov. They are, sir.

Sterl. And how are stocks?

Lov. Fell one and a half this morning.

Sterl. Well, well—some good news from America, and they'll be up again.—But how are Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil?—When are we to expect them?

Lov. Very soon, sir. I came on purpose to bring you their commands. Here are letters from both of them. *[Giving Letters.]*

Sterl. Let me see—let me see—'Slife, how his lordship's letter is perfumed!—It takes my breath away. *[Opening it.]* And French paper too!—with a slippery gloss on it that dazzles one's eyes.—*My dear Mr. Sterling*—*[Reading.]* Mercy on me! his lordship writes a worse hand than a boy at his exercise.—But how's this?—Eh!—*With you to-night*—*[Reading.]* *Lawyers to-morrow morning*.—To-night!—that's sudden, indeed—Where's my sister Heidelberg? She should know of this immediately.—Here, John! Harry! Thomas! *[Calling the SERVANTS.]* Harkye, Lovewell!

Lov. Sir.

Ster. Mind now, how I'll entertain his lordship and Sir John—We'll show your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city—They shall eat gold—and drink gold—and lie in gold.—Here, Cook! Butler! *[Calling.]* What signifies your birth,

and education, and titles!—Money, money!—that's the stuff that makes the great man in this country.

Lov. Very true, sir.

Sterl. True, sir!—Why then, have done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business should mind nothing but his business.—Where are these fellows?—John! Thomas!—*[Calling.]* Get an estate, and a wife will follow of course.—Ah, Lovewell! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe.—'Slife, man, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of a nabob.—Where are all my rascals?—Here, William!—

[Exit, calling.]

Lov. So—as I suspected.—Quite averse to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great displeasure.—What's best to be done.—Let me see—Suppose I get Sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention it to Lord Ogleby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it. I can open my mind also more freely to Sir John. He told me, when I left him in town, that he had something of consequence to communicate, and that I could be of use to him. I am glad of it: for the confidence he reposes in me, and the service I may do him, will ensure me his good offices.—Poor Fanny! it hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the cause adds to my anxiety.—Something must be done upon her account; for, at all events, her solicitude shall be removed.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

Enter MISS STERLING and MISS FANNY.

Miss Sterl. O, my dear sister, say no more!—This is downright hypocrisy.—You shall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond measure.—Well, after all, it is extremely natural—It is impossible to be angry with you.

Fanny. Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss Sterl. And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fanny. Not in the least.

Miss Sterl. And you don't in the least wish that you was just in my situation?

Fanny. No, indeed, I don't. Why should I?

Miss Sterl. Why should you? What! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot—There's that dear sweet creature Mr. Lovewell in the case.—You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fanny. Mr. Lovewell!—always Mr. Lovewell!—Lord, what signifies Mr. Lovewell, sister?

Miss Sterl. Pretty peevish soul!—O, my dear grave, romantic sister!—a perfect philosopher in petticoats! Love and a cottage!—eh, Fanny—Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!

Fanny. And why not a coach and six without the indifference?—But, pray, when is this happy marriage of yours to be celebrated? I long to give you joy.

Miss Sterl. In a day or two—I cannot tell exactly

—Oh! my dear sister!—I must mortify her a little :
[*Aside.*] I know you have a pretty taste. Pray, give me your opinion of my jewels.—How do you like the style of this esclavage ? [Showing Jewels.

Fanny. Extremely handsome, indeed, and well fancied.

Miss Sterl. What d'ye think of these bracelets ? I shall have a miniature of my father set round with diamonds, to one, and Sir John's to the other.—And this pair of ear-rings !—set transparent !—Here, the tops, you see, will take off, to wear in a morning, or in an undress—how d'ye like them ? [Shows Jewels.

Fanny. Very much, I assure you—Bless me, sister, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be the very queen of diamonds.

Miss Sterl. Ha, ha, ha ! very well, my dear !—I shall be as fine as a little queen, indeed.—I have a bouquet to come home to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixed—the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life !—The jeweller says, I shall set out with as many diamonds as any body in town, except Lady Brilliant, and Polly What-d'ye-call-it, Lord Squander's kept mistress.

Fanny. But what are your wedding clothes, sister ?

Miss Sterl. O, white and silver, to be sure, you know.—I bought them at Sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting Lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on purpose to mortify her.

Fanny. Fie, sister ! how could you be so abominably provoking.

Miss Sterl. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knights' ladies.—Did you ever observe the airs of Lady Lutestring, dressed in the richest brocade out of her husband's shop, playing crown whist at Haberdasher's Hall—Whilst the civil smirking Sir

Joseph, with a snug wig trimmed round his broad face, as close as a new-cut yew-hedge, and his shoes so black that they shine again, stands all day in his shop, fastened to his counter, like a bad shilling?

Fanny. Indeed, indeed, sister, this is too much—If you talk at this rate, you will be absolutely a byeword in the city—You must never venture on the inside of Temple Bar again.

Miss. Sterl. Never do I desire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promise you. Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor Square—far—far from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within!—my heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at Court!—gilt chariot;—pyeballed horses!—laced liveries!—and then the whispers buzzing round the circle—“Who is that young lady! Who is she?”—“Lady Melvil, ma’am!”—Lady Melvil! My ears tingle at the sound.—And then at dinner, instead of my father perpetually asking—“Any news upon ‘Change?”—to cry, “Well, Sir John! any thing new from Arthur’s?”—or, to say to some other woman of quality. “Was your ladyship at the Dutchess of Rubber’s last night!—Did you call in at Lady Thunder’s? In the immensity of crowd I swear I did not see you—Scarce a soul at the opera last Saturday—Shall I see you at Carlisle House next Thursday!” Oh, the dear Beau Monde! I was born to move in the sphere of the great world.

Fanny. And so, in the midst of all this happiness, you have no compassion for me—no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miss. Sterl. [*Affectedly.*] You?—You’re above pity.—You would not change conditions with me.—You’re over head and ears in love, you know.—Nay, for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortably, I dare say.—He will mind his business—

you'll employ yourself in the delightful care of your family—and once in a season perhaps you'll sit together in a front box at a benefit play, as we used to do at our dancing-master's, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the summer with some other citizens at Tunbridge. For my part, I shall always entertain a proper regard for my relations.—You sha'n't want my countenance, I assure you.

Fanny. Oh, you're too kind, sister!

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. Heidel. [*At entering.*] Here this evening!—I vow and pertest we shall scarce have time to provide for them—Oh, my dear! [*To MISS STERLING.*] I am glad to see you're not quite in a dish-abilie. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

Miss Sterl. To-night, ma'am?

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, my dear, to-night.—Oh, put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary ruffles!—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring.—Where is this dawdle of a housekeeper?

Enter MRS. TRUSTY.

Oh, here, Trusty! do you know that people of quality are expected here this evening?

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—Do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the family.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—but mind what I say to you.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. His lordship is to lie in the chintz bed-chamber—d'ye hear?—and Sir John in the blue damask room—his lordship's valet-de-shamb in the opposite—

Trusty. But Mr. Lovewell is come down—and you know that's his room, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—well—Mr. Lovewell may make shift—or get a bed at the George.—But harkye, Trusty!

Trusty. Ma'am!

Mrs. Heidel. Get the great dining room in order as soon as possable. Unpaper the curtains, take the kivers off the couch and the chairs, and, do you hear—take the china dolls out of my closet, and put them on the manile piece immediately, and mind, as soon as his lordship comes in, be sure you set all their heads a nodding.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Be gone then! fly, this instant!—Where's my brother Sterling?

Trusty. Talking to the butler, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Very well. [*Exit TRUSTY.*] Miss Fanny! I pertest I did not see you before—Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fanny. With me! Nothing, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Bless me! Why your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I vow and pertest.—And then you have drest yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the qualaty will be here by and by.—Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [*Exit FANNY.*] She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow and pertest.—This ridicalous love! we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect nataral of the girl.

Miss. Sterl. Poor soul! she can't help it.

[*Affectedly.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Well, my dear! Now I shall have an opportoonty of convincing you of the absurdity of what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

dragged but yesterday morning——There's carp and tench in the boat.——Pox on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he wou'd have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackrell.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and Sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Sterl. I warrant you.——But, pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be dressed to-morrow, and some venison—and let the gardener cut some pine-apples—and get out some ice.——I'll answer for wine, I warrant you——I'll give them such a glass of champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a duke's table.

Mrs. Heidel. Pray now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of qualaty. Take care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff; and that will keep you awake—And don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laughs. It is monstrous vulgar.

Sterl. Never fear, sister!——Who have we here?

Mrs. Heidel. It is Mons. Cantoan, the Swish gentleman, that lives with his lordship, I vow and pertest.

Enter CANTON.

Sterl. Ah, mounseer! your servant.——I am very glad to see you, mounseer.

Can. Mosh oblige to Mons. Sterling.—Ma'am, I am your——Matemoiselle, I am your. [*Bowing round*]

Mrs. Heidel. Your humble servant, Mr. Cantoan

Can. Kiss your hand, matam!

Sterl. Well, mounseer!—and what news of your good family!——when are we to see his lordship and Sir John?

Can. Mons. Sterling! Milor Ogleby and Sir Jean Melvil will be here in one quarter-hour.

Sterl. I am glad to hear it.

Miss Sterl. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But, indeed, ma'am, I cannot be persuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs. Heidel. Oh fie, my dear! I am perfectly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister! What you complain of as coldness and indifference, is nothing but the extreme gentility of his address, an exact picture of the manners of quality.

Miss Sterl. O, he is the very mirror of complaisance! full of formal bows and set speeches!—I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. Heidel. Jealous!—I say, jealous, indeed—Jealous of who, pray?

Miss Sterl. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am, and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord! d'ye think a man of fashion, as he is, cannot distinguish between the genteel and the vulgar part of the family?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child! It is all politeness and good-breeding. Nobody knows the quality better than I do.

Miss Sterl. In my mind the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and winks, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle of his old wizened face with comical expressions of tenderness. I think he would make an admirable sweetheart.

Enter STERLING.

Sterl. [*At entering.*] No fish?—Why the pond was