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FONTAINBLEAU;

A COMIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. **INCHBALD**.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, BEES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-BOW.

1822.

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REMARKS.

The title of this play gives a sensation of both pain and pleasure.—Fontainbleau was a favourite residence of a number of the French kings, and the spot where the princes of the blood

resorted, with all the nobility of the land, when the sports of the field, or the course, were the particular objects of their pastime. Pastime is a word no longer used in the vocabulary of the court of France—Every moment has now its impending cares, and teems with the fate of empires!

At the time this opera was written, (in 1784) the late Duke of Orleans frequently visited England, and was remarkable for his passionate attachment to British modes and manners. The character of Colonel Epaulette, in this drama, was supposed to be founded on this, his highness's extravagant partiality. There is that trait, indeed, of the duke's propensity, in Epaulette; but in all other respects, the colonel neither soars, nor grovels, with his royal archetype, in any one action of notoriety.

The author would not take the liberty to characterise a foreigner, without dealing, at the same time, equally free with one of his own countrymen. The part of Lackland was taken more exactly from life, than that of Epaulette, from a gentleman well known abroad by every English traveller; and whose real name is so very like the fictitious one here adopted, that a single letter removed, would make the spelling just the same.

The reader will observe in this Lackland, so much of debased nature, and of whimsical art; so much of what he has probably met with upon journeys, or amongst common intruders at home, that he will regret, that the author, in his delineation, swerves now and then from that standard of truth, to which he, possibly, at first meant to adhere; and for the sake of dramatic effect, has made this hero, in effrontery, proceed somewhat too far beyond its usual limits.

The family of the Bulls, especially Miss Bull and her father, are likewise portraits rather too bold; but they are humorous pictures, and, no doubt, perfect copies of such citizens, as inhabited London a few centuries past.

Squire Tallyho gives, like them, some idea of former times; for his manners do not exactly correspond with those of the modern gentlemen of the turf.

Lapoche is, perhaps, an exact Frenchman of the time in which he was drawn; and, as such, the most agreeable object for an Englishman's ridicule. The mistakes which occur, to both Mr. and Mrs. Bull, in respect to this insignificant, and that pompous man, Epaulette, are incidents of very rich humour, though they place the opera more in that class of the drama, which is called farce, than in that of comedy. Such is the incident, but more excellent in its kind, of Lackland's courtship of Miss Dolly, and her equal affection for her three suitors.

The real lovers, in this piece, would all be extremely insipid, but that they all sing; and music is called, "the voice of love."

When music had fewer charms for the British nation, operas were required to possess more of interesting fable than at present is necessary—for now, so rapturous is the enjoyment derived from this enchanting art, even by the vulgar, that plot, events, and characters of genuine worth, would be cast away in a production, where music had a share in bestowing delight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD WINLOVE	<i>Mr. Waddy.</i>
SIR JOHN BULL	<i>Mr. Incledon.</i>
COLONEL ÉPAULETTE	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>
SQUIRE TALLYHO	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
LACKLAND	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
HENRY	<i>Mr. Bellamy.</i>
LAPOCHE	<i>Mr. Melvin.</i>
LADY BULL	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>
ROSA	<i>Miss Bolton.</i>
MISS DOLLY BULL	<i>Miss Waddy.</i>
CELIA	<i>Miss Davies.</i>
MRS. CASEY	<i>Mrs. Dibdin.</i>
NANNETTE	<i>Mrs. Liston.</i>

FONTAINBLEAU.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I

A Town.—Sign on one Side, the Lily of France, on the other, the British Lion.

Bells ring.—Enter MRS. CASEY and First WAITER.

Mrs. Casey. Come, Bob, what are you about, boy? The company tumble in upon us like smoke; quick, all the cooks at work, do you hear me now?

[*Bell rings.*

1 Waiter. Yes, ma'am. Coming, coming.

[*Exit.*

Lackland. [*Within.*] You scoundrel, I'll teach you to talk to a gentleman!

2 Waiter. [*Within.*] Oh, very well, very well, sir.

Mrs. Casey. Hey day!

Enter Second WAITER, stumbling in.

What's the matter now?

2 Waiter. Only Mr. Lackland, ma'am; you know you ordered me to keep the Globe for the large company; there, he takes possession of it; and though I told him it was bespoke, he would dine no where else:—orders a bottle of champagne, and because I did'nt fly with it, kicked me down stairs, though I cried coming up, sir.

Mrs. Casey. Champagne, and not a Louis in his pocket!—d'ye hear, tell Mr. Lackland, it's my desire he'll quit my house.

2 Waiter. Your desire! Ecod, ma'am, he said he'd make you bounce.

Mrs. Casey. Make me bounce! A shabby, spunging—though without a second coat, the fellow's as proud as a Galway merchant.—Make me bounce in my own house!—pretty well, that, upon my honour!

Lack. [*Within.*] What! house!

Mrs. Casey. Run, don't you hear?

Lack. [*Within.*] Where is that infernal——

2 *Waiter.* Infernal! that's you, ma'am, he's calling.

Mrs. Casey. Hush! here he is. [*Exit Second WAITER.*] Because I'm a lone woman, he thinks to impose upon the house.

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Landlady, your attendance is shameful!

Mrs. Casey. Why, the truth is, sir, my waiters have enough to do if they properly attend on folks who have money to pay for what they call for.

[*Takes out her Snuff Box.*]

Lack. [*Takes a Pinch.*] And even your snuff, is execrable!

Mrs. Casey. Lookye, Mr. Lackland, that you're a gentleman every body knows; and you've a good estate, only it's all gone; and you're allowed to be a six bottle man, and a choice companion. Ah! the beginning of a good song at the latter end of a bottle is a capital thing for a house—Now, here, during the race time, I'll give you your board at the table d'hôte, and money in your pocket to pay the reckoning, if you'll only be a good jolly fellow, and encourage the company to drink, by a funny song, or a comical story.

Lack. What! live by entertaining a company?

Mrs. Casey. Yes; that's what I call earning your bread like a gentleman.

Lack. Make me your decoy-duck? *Mrs. Casey,* you're a widow, you'll oblige me if you'll marry somebody immediately.

Mrs. Casey. And why so, pray?

Lack. Madam, that I might have the superlative honour of twisting your husband by the nose.

[*Bows gravely.*]

Mrs. Casey. Well, upon my honour, you're a very mannerly fellow! but I wish I had a husband, for your sake—Oh, I wish I had a husband!

Enter GAGGER.

Gag. Madam, there's a Paris chaise stopped, and the master of the Lily of France has got hold of them already.

Mrs. Casey. Then he shall soon quit his hold, that he shall, as sure as my name is Casey.—
Bob, do you go and try to bring them this way, and I'll go see the rooms prepared myself. [*Goes to the Door.*] Ah, my deeree, I wish I had a husband!

[*Exeunt* MRS. CASEY and GAGGER.

Lack. [*Looking.*] An English officer.

[*Retires.*

Enter HENRY and FRENCH POSTBOY.

Henry. There—[*Throws Money into the BOY's Hat, who is discontented.*] never satisfied!

Postb. Monsieur, c'est toût poste royale, de Paris jusqu'a Fontainbleau.

Henry. Oh, double postage for the horses! Ay, ay, if we approach a mansion of the grand monarque, we must pay for it.—Seven posts.

[*Gives more Money.*

[*Exit* POSTBOY.

Lack. [*Comes forward.*] By Heaven, my old college chum, Harry Seymour!

Henry. Pray, friend, can you direct me to the best—[*Stops, and looks attentively on LACKLAND.*] Is it possible? but I heard something of this—Can you be Charles Lackland?

Lack. How d'ye do, Harry?

Henry. My poor fellow! [*With Concern.*] But how has all this come about?

Lack. Eh?

Henry. I feel for you, sincerely!

Lack. What d'ye mean? Oh, my—[*Looking at his Clothes.*] Pshaw! never mind a man's outside; I've a heart within, equally warm to an old friend, in snow, or sunshine.

Henry. That I have passed so many happy, happy days with!

Lack. Have—ay, and will again.

Henry. All gone?—Play, I suppose?

Lack. Ay, my dear fellow! play, and pleasure, and—but what the devil, musty melancholy! Come to sport here at the races, eh? flush?

Henry. Why, 'faith, Lackland, as to cash, my affairs, at present, are little better than your own.

Lack. Ahem! Egad, that's rather unlucky for us both.

Henry. But my mind, my dear Charles! I am this moment the most unhappy—in a word, you see me here an exile, fled from the hands of justice!—You remember my sister Rosa?

Lack. What, little romping Rose, that used to steal our fish, and throw our cards in the fire? Eh, did I dream, or wasn't there a match talked of, between her and Lord Winlove?

Henry. All over, my dear Lackland! guided only by the weakness of her sex, and the art of ours, she was prevailed on by Lord Winlove to take the road to the Continent; I overtook them at Rochester, demanded reparation of my sister's character by an instant marriage—I was violent—my lord's pride, hurt at a charge, which, perhaps, he did not deserve—a pistol was the umpire—he lost his life, and, in apprehension that a verdict might endanger mine, I was compelled to assume the disguise of a woman, to effect my escape.

Lack. Bravo! shot a lord! I wing'd a marquis yesterday—poor Rosa! where is she now?

Henry. I have lodged her in the convent of Villeneuve.

Lack. And have taken the races of Fontainbleau in your way back to Paris?

Henry. I'll tell you frankly, though you'll say, rather inconsistent with my present situation; I'm drawn hither purely by the hopes of meeting an amiable young lady, who engaged my conversation at the Sunday opera, in Paris.

Lack. Her name?—Good family, eh?

Henry. I'm a total stranger to both—talks of her brother's having horses to run, and of their intention of being there at the races.

Lapoche. [*Without.*] Je n'y manquerai pas.

Lack. [*Aside.*] This cursed tailor! now I shall be dunned and pestered!

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. Monsieur Lackland, I ville no longer wait for my——

Lack. [*Apart to him.*] Hush! I'll make your fortune—A customer, rolling in money. Captain, if you're unprovided with neat lodgings, and a good tailor, here's your man, and there's his house.

Lap. Oh, de new customer! bon—speak de goot vort for me.

Lack. He has good apartments.

Lap. Oh, very goot—Speake more.

Lack. I will. [*To LAPOCHE.*] This ill-looking little rascal—[*To HENRY.*

Lap. Much obligé to you.

Lack. [*Apart to HENRY.*] If you are slack in cash, [*Loud.*] you'll find his lodgings convenient.

Lap. Very convenient, because——

Lack. [*Apart.*] Because when he asks for his money, you may kick him down stairs.

Lap. Much obligé to you, sir.

[*Bows to LACKLAND.*]

Lack. [*Apart.*] My way of doing things. [*Loud.*] Wasn't I a good customer, Lapoche?

Lap. Oui, it does a tradesman's heart goot to see you—[*Aside.*]—outside of his door.

Lack. I paid you eight livres a week, wasn't it?

Lap. Oui, monsieur, you did—[*Aside.*]—promise me dat.

Lack. [*Looking.*] Ladies! Must attend where beauty calls—[*Pulls down his Ruffles.*] My dear Henry, at your time, I am yours; from a beef steak to a bottle of burgundy—can't stay now—you know I was always a Philander among the ladies. [Exit.]

Lap. Always great gander among the ladies.

Henry. Poor Lackland!

Lap. Lately from Londres, monsieur? I was vonce great man in Londres; but now I am anoder man.

Henry. Another man! what, then, my motley friend, I suppose you have a character for every country?

Lap. Oui, I have appear in many character, but Londres vas my grand theatre—Ah! England is de great field of battle for us soldiers of fortune; and ven I could no longer fight my vay——

Henry. Why, then you——

Lap. Oui, I ran away. Ah, monsieur! in England, I vas high, and I vas low—I vas dit, and I vas dat—I vas cook, parfumeur, maître de langue, juggle, and toos drawer—in short I vas every ting.

Henry. And pray, my good friend, what are you now?

Lap. I am now myself, in my true caractere—A tailor, à votre service.

Henry. A tailor! what, and come here to the races of Fontainbleau, to sport your Louis d'ors upon the jockeys of France?

Lap. Non, monsieur, but I am come here to sport de pretty jacket upon de jockeys of France.

Ah! I vill show so fine de green jockey, de blue jockey, and de red jockey!—dey may talk of vip and spur, but de beauty of de race come from my shear and timble.

Henry. Pray, which is your best hotel here?

Lap. Hotel! Ah, monsieur, vy no lodge in my house? So convenient for de single gentilhomme!—[*Aside.*] I will not tell him of de lady, my lodger, because I love her myself.

Henry. Well, I don't know but private lodgings, at this time, may be preferable to the noise and bustle of an hotel.

Lap. Eh bien, monsieur, vill you look at my lodgment?

Henry. With all my heart.

Lap. Je vous attend.—[*Calls.*] Nannette!—And if you like them, you may send your baggage and little ting after you.—Nannette! prepare for de new lodger. [Exeunt.]

Enter GAGGER, and MRS. CASEY, from Tavern.

Gag. This way, Sir John—this way, your honour! Madam, it's Sir John Bull, and Lady Bull, and Miss Bull, and all the family.

Sir John. [*Without.*] I wish, my Lady Bull, you'd let Robin have rolled us up to the door.

Mrs. Casey. Ha! upon my honour, it is Sir John Bull and his lady—this is the truth of an English family.

*Enter SIR JOHN and LADY BULL, FRENCH INN-KEEPER,
Four FRENCH PORTERS, with small Band-boxes,
&c.*

Mrs. Casey. Sir John, you are welcome from Paris.

Sir J. B. Welcome from Paris! [*Mimicking.*]—Where the devil are you taking us? Such a way, to walk over your damned pavement!

Lady B. Oh fie, Sir John! Do you consider where you are? When English gentlemen come to France, they should leave their dammes at Dover.

Sir J. B. I wish I had left you, or myself there, damme!—what are these fellows doing with the things?

Lady B. Don't you see, the gentlemen are porters, Sir John?

Sir J. B. Porters! pickpockets—paid by the ounce: One Thames Street porter, would take the whole seven and their bundles on his knot; here's a proof—

Enter ROBIN, with a very large Trunk.

My trunk, Robin?

Rob. Yes, your honour; four of the monsieurs trying to carry it, dropped it in the dirt, yonder.

[*Puts it down.*]

Lady B. Robin, you must immediately find Colonel Epaulette's lodge, and let him know we are arrived.

Sir J. B. Yes, when you've taken care of the trunks:—and, d'ye hear, Robin, you'll find Squire Tally-ho there, tell him that I'm come, and that Dolly's longing to see him. [*Exit ROBIN.*] But where is she?

Lady B. Ay, where's Dolly Bull?

Enter MISS DOLLY BULL.

Miss Dolly B. Here I am, mamma. [*To MRS. CASEY.*] Ma'am, pray which is the inn?

Lady B. Inn! Hotel, miss, if you please.

Miss Dolly B. Miss! Mademoiselle, if you please, ma'am.

Sir John B. Aha! well said Dolly—there was French upon French.

Lady B. Dear sir, which is the hotel?

[*To FRENCH INNKEEPER.*]

Sir J. B. How cursed polite, to a waiter too! only because he's French. [*Aside.*]

French Innk. Dis vay, mademoiselle—I keep de Lily of France. [*Bowing.*]

Sir J. B. Let's in, I'm plaguy hungry.

French Innk. Ah, monsieur, de nice Vermecelle-soup, de bon ragout, and de grande salade.

Sir J. B. Ragouts! Pshaw!

Mrs. Casey. D'ye hear, George, carry that big piece of roast beef up to the Lion.

Sir J. B. [*Goes to her.*] Ay, and carry me up to the Lion, I like to dine in good company:—Who are you madam?

Mrs. Casey. I'm Mrs. Casey, at your service, sir; and I keep this house, the Lion of England.

Sir J. B. And are you English?

Mrs. Casey. Yes, that I am, born in Dublin; an honest Irish woman, upon my honour.

AIR.—MRS. CASEY.

*The British Lion is my sign,
A roaring trade I drive on,
Right English usage, neat French wine,
A landlady must thrive on.
At table d'hôte, to eat and drink,
Let French and English mingle,
And while to me they bring the chink,
'Faith, let the glasses jingle.
Your rhino rattle,
Come men and cattle,
Come all to Mrs. Casey.
Of trouble and money,
My jewel, my honey!
I warrant, I'll make you easy.*

*Let love fly here on silken wings,
His tricks I shall connive at;
The lover, who would say soft things,
Shall have a room in private:
On pleasures I am pleas'd to wink,
So lips and kisses mingle,
For, while to me, they bring the chink,
'Faith, let the glasses jingle,
Your rhino rattle, &c.*

Sir J. B. Bravo, Mrs. Casey!—introduce me to your roast beef.

[*Exeunt* LADY BULL, DOLLY, and PORTERS.]

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Sir John Bull, I think they call him, from the city—[*Aside.*] Monsieur, Je vous veux parler—

Sir J. B. Don't vow parley me, I am English.

Lack. You are?—Your pardon, I see it in your honest face.

Sir J. B. Well, what have you to say to my honest face?

Lack. Say? me!—Damme, if I have any thing to say—but, only—how d'ye do?

Sir J. B. Why, pretty well; how are you?—A damned impudent fellow! [*Aside.*]

Lack. And how have you left all friends in a—a—a—Throgmorton Street?

Sir J. B. Throgmorton Street!

Lack. That is—I mean—You're come to Fontainbleau, and just arrived:—my heart warmed at the sight of my countryman, for I'm English too,—a little unfortunate, but——

Sir J. B. You're poor, eh?

Lack. Why, sir,—I have had money—

Sir J. B. And what did you do with it?

Lack. Sir, I laid it out in experience.

Sir J. B. Oh! then, I suppose, now, you're a very cunning fellow.

Lack. I know the world, sir—I have had rent rolls, lands, tenements, hereditaments, mansions, arables, pastures, streams, stewards, beasts, tenants, quarter-days, and such other incumbrances.

Sir J. B. What, and you've got rid of them all?

Lack. Oh, yes.

Sir J. B. You're a devilish clever fellow:—but couldn't you have got your teeth drawn at the same time?—I suppose, now, you've little use for them.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! very clever—smart and clever!—Oh, you vile dog! [*Aside.*] As you're English, I feel an attachment;—harkye—a damned sharpening place, this—you may profit by my advice; avoid strangers, particularly our own countrymen;—all upon the sharp—they'll introduce themselves, intrude their conversation, amuse you with some flam of their families, and spending fortunes, and losses; and the story generally ends in borrowing money from you, that is, if you are fool enough to lend it.—Now, my dear sir, 'tis my pleasure to warn a gentleman, like you, of the tricks and deceptions, of these sort of fellows.

Sir J. B. I'm very much obliged to you—give me your hand—will you eat a bit of mutton with us?

Lack. Sir, I should be proud of the honour, but something awkward—this dishabille!—and as I understand you have ladies, you know, they expect a man—the fellow here over the way, detains a handsome suit of mine, only for—sir, if you could oblige me with a guinea, I should

repay you with many thanks.

Sir J. B. What, when the arables come back!—A guinea—well, I don't mind as far as—distress in a strange country, is—what's your name?

Lack. Lackland, at your service.

Sir J. B. A guinea, you say—there, Mr. Lackland—

[*Gives a Guinea.*]

Lack. Sir, I am eternally obliged to you.—I fancy I may pass in these clothes, eh?

Sir J. B. Yes, yes, you may pass—[*Aside.*]—for a shoplifter.

Lack. Waiter! [*Calling.*]—If you'll give me leave, I'll treat you with a flask of most excellent champagne.

[*Goes to Tavern.*]

Sir J. B. Treat with champagne! my own money too!—champagne! and I doubt if the fellow has got a shirt to his ruffles.

Lack. Upon my soul, you're a very fine old gentleman!—mind my advice—I warn you against our countrymen—they'll only borrow your money, and laugh at you after!—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! So they'll laugh at me after! Ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Now you know their tricks; mind you keep your hand on your cash.

Sir J. B. Yes, yes; the moment they talk of Throgmorton Street, you may be sure I will, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! very well—Ha! ha! ha!—Bless your jolly face, how a laugh becomes it! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. My jolly face!—good—Ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! I'm thinking how surprised you'll be, when I pay you this guinea to-morrow!

Sir J. B. I shall be surprised, indeed!

Lack. Ay, I have bought my experience by wholesale.

Sir J. B. Yes, and you now retail it out at a guinea a dose.

Lack. My dear sir, I shall always acknowledge myself your debtor.

Sir J. B. I dare say you will.

Enter second WAITER.

Lack. Show a room, scoundrel! and change for a guinea.

[*Exeunt, laughing.*]

SCENE II.

*A Chamber at LAPOCHE'S House.—Folding Doors
a little open.*

Enter ROSA, *reading.*

Rosa. *Canst thou forget, what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell!
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale.*

Poor Eloisa in her cloister, spoke my sentiments!—I begin to repent my elopement.—By this time the abbess has heard of my departure from the convent.—Heigho! I wonder if Lord Winlove has got my letter—I wish he was come!

AIR.—ROSA.

*Oh, ling'ring time! why with us stay,
When absent love we mourn?
And why so nimbly glide away,
At our true love's return?*

*Ah, gentle time! the youth attend,
Whose absence here I mourn;
The cheerful hours, in pity, send,
That bring my love's return!*

*I feel my heart with rapture beat,
No longer shall I mourn;
My lover soon, with smiles I'll meet,
And hail his dear return.*

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Madam, here's a gentleman wants——

Rosa. My Lord Winlove himself!—Why didn't I wish sooner?

[*Exit* NANNETTE.]

Enter LORD WINLOVE.

Lord W. My charming Rosa!

Rosa. Oh, my lord!

Lord W. My dear creature! how could you think of Fontainbleau, of all places—and at such a time too! so full of English, and fifty people that may know both you and me! Safer, as I advised you, waiting for me at Villeneuve, and, by a cross route, got to Paris.

Rosa. Nay, don't be angry with me! if I had remained at all in the village, the abbess might have discovered my retreat; for, though in my noviciate, I dare say, she's highly incensed at my escape.

Lord W. Your letter says, you got out of the convent in boy's clothes, ha! ha! ha!

Rosa. Yes; and I was e'en obliged to change them before I reached Fontainbleau. Oh, my lord! this is a wicked step of me!

Lord W. The impiety was mine, my love! to rob Heaven of an angel—But how unlucky! here, my dear, you've got into the house of this Lapoche—the most busy little coxcomb!

Rosa. I wish, indeed, I had been any where else!

Lord W. Well, we may get from hence to-night: my death, from that rencontre with your brother, is every where believed.

Rosa. My dear lord! now only yours—I know no guide but your opinion.

Lord W. My sweet Rosa! though I wasn't to be threatened into a marriage, by the young Chamont, your brother, when he overtook us at Rochester; on my return to England, I shall, with pride, acknowledge my sweet Rosa to be Lady Winlove.

AIR.—LORD WINLOVE.

*Flow'rs their beauties all surrender,
When the sun withdraws his ray;
Now they shine in borrow'd splendour,
Painted by the beam of day.
With each good fair Eden planted,*

*Ev'ry sweet that sense could move,
Passion, sighs, though all is granted,
No enjoyment without love.
Dearest maid! thy smiles bestowing,
Bright and gay, my hours shall be;
By this heart, with rapture glowing,
Thou art light and love to me.*

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Oh, madam! madam! here my master has brought in a new lodger with him; the charmingest, beautifullest young officer—our countryman too!—

Lord W. Young officer!

Nan. I ask pardon, sir; I didn't see you.

Lord W. Then I see the necessity for our immediate departure: I'll instantly order a chaise, and remove you, my love, out of this group of jockeys, grooms, peers, and pickpockets. [Exit.]

Nan. Ah, madam! See all the men in the globe, give me an Englishman after all!—This pretty officer—[*Opens the folding Doors wider*—HENRY discovered asleep on a Sofa.]—Dear madam, look! asleep—yes, he complained to my master, that he had been up all night.

[*Makes Signs to ROSA, to go and kiss him.*

Rosa. Oh fie, Nannette!—D'ye hear, Nannette, when that gentleman returns, you'll call me to him. [Exit.]

Nan. Lud, how nice we are!—then I'll win the gloves myself—[*Stealing softly towards him*—HENRY stirs.] Oh lud! he's awake!

Henry. [*Coming forward.*] This travelling by night—thought to have slept in the chaise; but, not a wink—

Nan. Did you call, sir?

Henry. Who are you, my little countrywoman?

Nan. Nanny, sir, at your service: [*Courtesies.*]—Master will call me Nannette, though, in the French fashion.

Henry. Oh, you're the little English fille de chambre to Monsieur Lapoche, the French tailor?

Nan. At your service, sir.

AIR.—NANNETTE.

*Indeed, I'll do the best I can
To please so kind a gentleman,
You lodge with us, and you shall see,
How careful poor Nannette will be:
So nice, so neat, so clean your room,
With beau-pots for the sweet perfume!
An't please you, sir,
When you get up,
Your coffee brown,
In China cup,
Dinner, desert,
And bon souper,
Sur mon honneur,
At night you be,
With waxen taper light to bed
By poor Nannette, your chambermaid.*

*Enter LAPOCHE, gets round, and turns NANNETTE
from HENRY.*

Lap. Ah! here is fine doings in my house!—And you come here vid your vaxen taper, and your caper; your smile and your smirk, on dis English boy—Pardi! I vill knock his head against de—[*Turns to HENRY.*] Hope you had a good sleep, sir. [*To NANNETTE.*] Get you down stair—I vill tump his nose flat; allez, allez! [*Exit NANNETTE.*] I hope you find every ting agreeable, sir—hope nobody disturb you, and dat you like your appartements;—here you have all conveniency; here you may have two course and desert; S'il vous plait, you may invite your English friend to drink de bon vin—here in my house you may all get so merry, and so drunk, and laugh and roar, and sing, and knock your fistes against von anoder's head, so friendly, à la mode de Londres—Aha!—you please to valk dis vay, sir; I vill show you your chambre à manger.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Here is——

Lap. Go, get you gone. Vat, you come again here, peeping at de men.

Nan. Monsieur, I only want——

Lap. You vant! Oui, I know vat you vant. Allez, allez! Begar, I shall have no girl to myself——

all de girl in my house vill come after dis jolie garçon!

Nan. Sir, you won't let me tell you, that Colonel Epaulette has sent to know if his new liveries are finished; and the great English squire, Mr. Tally-ho, has sent for his hunting frock.

Lap. Colonel Epaulette and Squire Tally-ho, monsieur, dese are my great customer; dey match de two horse to run on de race to-morrow: Dat Squire Tally-ho is fine man. Ah! I do love to vork for Milor Anglaise!—dis vay, s'il vous plait, monsieur—you vill excuse a me—[*To NANNETTE.*] Come, he vill excuse a you too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room at LAPOCHE'S.

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. I wonder what can keep Lord Winlove! I wish we were once upon the road!—this anxiety is tormenting; I long, though why desire, to see England, when all I love, is here?

Enter NANNETTE.

Oh, Nannette, is the gentleman come?

Nan. No, ma'am, but I desired the boy to show him to this apartment.

Henry. [*Without.*] What! is the lady this way?

Nan. The devil take the blockhead! may I die, if it isn't the young English officer, he's sending up here.

Rosa. Shut the door, I'll be seen by nobody—Undone! my brother Henry!—

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Is it possible? can it be!—My dear, will you step down a moment? [*Exit NANNETTE.*] My sister Rosa!

Rosa. What shall I do?

Henry. Escaped from the convent, I suppose?—Tell me, Rosa, what—lost to every sense of virtue! to fly from the only place that could afford an asylum for your shame?

Rosa. My dear brother! though appearances are against me, yet, when you are acquainted with certain circumstances, which prudence forbids me, at present, to account for——

Henry. Talk of prudence, and your fame blemished—your character departed with its destroyer.—But, of your Lord Winlove's memory, let me be tender, as his life has answered for

his share in your offence.

Rosa. [*Aside.*] He does not know yet of my lord's being alive—I dread his return—their meeting again must, indeed, be fatal.

Henry. Tell me, Rosa, why would you quit the convent?

Rosa. [*Aside.*] I must get Henry out of the house before my Lord Winlove comes back! how shall I?—Come, take me, I'll go with you there this instant—do forgive me; come, dear brother!

Henry. Yes, yes; I'll lodge you once more:—yet how perplexing! if I quit Fontainbleau at this juncture, I may lose my wished-for interview, with the unknown charmer that brought me hither.

Rosa. [*Aside.*] Ruin! I think I hear—if it should be Lord Winlove!—Come, Henry, I have but little preparation, and will immediately attend you.

Henry. Be assured I won't part with you now, untill I again deliver you to the Lady Abbess, with a strict charge, that she'll strengthen your spiritual chains. [*Aside.*] And yet the sympathy of my own heart, inclines me to excuse the weakness of my sister's.

DUETT.—HENRY and ROSA.

*Brooks, to your sources, ah, quickly return!
Tear drop on tear, and give life to the urn;
Truth and virtue pass away,
Ere I for another my true love betray.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Course.—A Shouting within.

Enter TALLYHO and JOCKEY.

Tall. Huzza! Ecod, Dick, my boy, you did the thing nicely!

Jockey. Didn't I, your honour? I said I'd win for you—Huzza!

Tall. Huzza! we've banged the monsieurs. Hey for Yorkshire! d'ye hear—See Whirligig well rubbed down, and give her a horn of egg, milk, oil, and saffron; and while you lead her down the course in triumph, let the French horns play, *Britons strike home*. [Sings.] *Merry be the first of August*.—Let's see, besides the fifteen thousand from this French Colonel Epaulette,—ay, I shall win twenty thousand by the day; and then my slang match to-morrow—Eh, Dick?

Jockey. Ay, sir; Whirligig and old England against the Globe—Huzza! [Exit.]

Enter ENGLISH WAITER.

Eng. Wait. Sir, my mistress would be glad to know how many she must provide dinner for.

Tall. Eh! Dinner!—true: Tell old Moll Casey to knock her whole house into one room, and to roast, boil, bake, and fricassee, as if she hadn't an hour to live—we're a roaring, screeching party—

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Yes, tell your mistress we're a numerous party—I've left my name at the bar. [Calling out.]
[Exit WAITER.]

Tall. Yes, I dare say they have your name in the bar—I see, by his grin, he wants to come Captain Borrowman, but 'twon't do. [Aside.]

Lack. Ah, Tallyho, my dear fellow, I give you joy—Upon my honour I never saw finer running in the whole course of—

Tall. I won't lend you sixpence.

Lack. Sir!

Tall. It's a fine day.

Lack. Why, sir, as to the—ha! ha! ha! Upon my soul, you are the most—

Tall. So I am, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I have you, ha! ha! ha!

Tall. No, you han't, ha! ha! ha! Nor you won't have me, ha! ha! ha! I'm not to be had—know a thing or two—up to all—if you're flint, I'm steel.

Lack. Well, but don't strike fire to me—reserve your flashes of wit or—

Tall. You will catch them, as your coat is a kind of tinder, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Sir, I desire you will find some other subject for your jokes.

Tall. True, your coat is rather a thread-bare subject, ha! ha! ha!—touching the cash makes a body so comical, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Cash; ay, your wit is sterling to-day, Tallyho, and as you carry your brains in your pocket, I wish you'd change me a twenty pound joke.

Tall. Ha! ha! ha! Ah, well, Lackland, you're so full of jokes, that you even laugh at the elbows, ha! ha! ha! that is the best humoured suit of clothes—

Lack. [*Calmly.*] Sir, if you were any body else, upon my honour, I'd knock you down!

Tall. Hold, if you raise your arm, you'll increase the laugh—Come, don't be angry, [*Looks out.*] and I'll help you to a graver sort o'coat, that's not quite so much upon the broad grin, ha! ha! ha! Hush! I'll introduce you to Colonel Epaulette yonder.

Lack. [*Looking.*] That, ay, a right Frenchman; one might guess by his mirth that he has lost to-day.

Tall. True; but I keep up the old saying, ha! ha! ha! they may laugh that win.

Lack. I've heard the most unaccountable stories of his attempt at our style of doing things.

Tall. Yes, I'm his tutor; I teach him all our polite accomplishments.

Lack. Polite! then I suppose he can drink, swear, play at cricket, and smoke tobacco.

Tall. Yes, he comes on, but I'll give him up to you—or you to him, to get rid of you.

Lack. Yet, I am told this French gentleman has a most benevolent heart—a man of much worth. [*Aside.*]

Tall. Yes, he is worth twenty thousand a year.

Lack. I like a man of twenty thousand a year—hem! tell him who I am.

[*With great Consequence.*]

Tall. I'll tell him, you're a wrangling mastiff, pointer-made—he thinks so highly of our courage, with him, the boldest bully, is the bravest Briton, ha! ha! ha!—he's so fond of our English customs, ha! ha! ha! why, he'd introduce himself to a duchess, with a zounds; and thinks if he can come out with a dozen dammes or so, he speaks very good English.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE, singing.

Colonel E. *Rule Britannia, Britannia rule de vay.* Ah, my victorious squire—[*Sings.*] *If you should like, De Yorkshire tyke, an honest lad behold me.*

Both. Tol lol de rol, &c.

Colonel E. I lose five thousand to you on dis match—Dere is one thousand on de Paris bank, two de bank of England, von Drummond, and von Child.

[*Gives Notes.*]

Lack. Tallyho, as I have none of my own, I'll adopt that child.

Colonel E. [*Looks at LACKLAND with Admiration.*] Ha! ha! ha! Le drole!

Tall. Oh yes, it's a very good joke. [*Puts up Notes.*] Colonel, this here is Squire What d'ye call him—Squire, that there is Colonel Thing-o-me, and now you know one another, shake fists.

Lack. Sir, your most obedient.

Tall. Colonel, this is an honest fellow, and a finished gentleman; a jig or allemande—Robin Gray or Mallbrook—he'll whip you through with a small sword, or break your head with a cudgel.

Colonel E. I'm much oblig'd to him, but is he fond of play?

Tall. Play! He'll pull the longest straw for a twenty pound joke, or run with you in a sack for a gingerbread hat.

Lack. Sir, my friend Tallyho is rather lavish in his recommendations—I have the honour to be known, and, indeed, live with some persons, not of the lowest order, in this, and—every country.

Tall. Yes, he has so many great acquaintances, and so polite himself—look at his hat—he has almost saluted away the front cock.

Lack. I hate ceremony, but one must be civil, you know.

Tall. Says so many good things too!—A capital bon motter.

Lack. Hang it!—no, Tallyho, my wit is rather o' the—sometimes, indeed, comes out with a little sally, that—

Colonel E. Sir, I should be proud to be introduced to your little Sally.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! You shall, Colonel—my little Molly, and my little Jenny, and—ha! ha! ha! you see what I am, Colonel—rather an ordinary fellow, [*Conceitedly.*] but the ladies do squint at me, now and then, ha! ha! ha!—overheard a most diverting confab amongst that group of ladies yonder, as I passed them—Oh, dear! look at him, says one—at who? says another—that smart gentleman, says a third—I vow, a monstrous pretty fellow, says a fourth—but who is he? perhaps he's the English ambassador—oh, madam, not he, oh, not him, no, no—but at last they all concluded, from a certain something in my air, that I can be no other than—the Emperor, incog.—ha! ha! ha!

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Tall. Well said, Master Emperor! ha! ha! ha! but I will new robe your Imperial Majesty. [*Apart to LACKLAND.*] I'll touch him for a coat for you—A man of high taste in our modes. [*Apart to the COLONEL.*] I'll try and get him to change a suit with you.

Lack. Why, I must say, I'm somewhat partial to the Newmarket style.

Colonel E. I tink his coat look de Oldmarket style.

Tall. Yes, but from your coat, and your feathered head, he took you for a drummer.

Colonel E. Sacré Dieu! he did not—Zounds—Damme!

Tall. [*To the COLONEL.*] Yes; but he's such a shot, he'd snuff a candle on your head!

Colonel E. Sir, I will snuff my head myself; and I will snuff my nose myself, in spite of any body.

[*Takes Snuff in a hasty manner.*]

Lack. Colonel, without offence to your nose, lend me your little finger.

Tall. Do, he'll give it you again.

Colonel E. [*Shaking Hands with LACKLAND.*] Ah, I see he is de true Englishman; for he has de courage to fight, and de good nature to forgive.—Mr. Lackland, vill you dine vid me to-morrow?

Lack. Dine! my dear fellow, I'll breakfast with you—I'll stay a whole month in your house.

Colonel E. [*With Joy.*] Indeed!

Tall. Yes, and you'll find it cursed hard to get him out of it, he's so friendly.

Colonel E. [*To LACKLAND.*] Gi' me your hand—You're a most hospitable fellow! Zounds! Damme!

Lack. Oh, pray, Tallyho, isn't that your sister Celia?

Tall. [*Looking.*] Yes, that's sister Celia.

Lack. Haven't seen her some time—A fine girl, indeed!

Tall. I wish I'd left her behind, in Paris.—Badger'd—pestered with petticoats, when one has their betts and their business to mind.

Colonel E. I will vait on de lady.

Lack. Yes, we'll all wait on the lady.—I shall engage her hand at the ball to-night.

Tall. Lackland, be quiet: she has a fortune.

Lack. Well, has her money spoiled her dancing?

Tall. No; but I am her guardian, Master Emperor.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! then, by Heaven! I'll attack Miss Buffalo, or what is that—the grocer's——

Tall. What, then you have thrust your copper face into Sir John Bull's family?

Lack. Bull! ay, I thought it was some beast or other.

Colonel E. Oh, my Lady de Bull—Oh, dat is she, dat is recommend to me by a noble duke in Paris.

Tall. The daughter Doll is a fine filly—We start for matrimony, on our return to Paris.

Lack. After dinner, I'll challenge him in pint bumpers of Casey's burgundy.

Colonel E. And I sall shake an elbow, and set de merry caster.

Tall. Very well, very well, gentlemen, have at you both—yoicks—hurrah!

AIR.—TALLYHO.

*I'm yours at any sort of fun,
My buck, I'll tell you so;
A main to fight, a nag to run,
But say the word, 'tis done and done,
All's one to Tallyho.*

*Upon a single card I'll set
A thousand pound, or so.
But name the thing, I'll bind the bet,
And, if I lose, I'll scorn to fret;
All's one to Tallyho.*

*Suppose you challenge in a glass,
Sweet Doll, my pretty Doe;
And think your love could mine surpass,
I'd swallow hogsheads, for my lass,
All's one to Tallyho.*

[Exeunt.]

Enter CELIA, calling after them.

Celia. Brother! why, brother! was there ever such a mad mortal! Lud, I wish he'd left me in Paris. I wish I hadn't left England—Fontainbleau!—better to have shone on the Steyne, at Brighton—Bless me! I wish I had only one dear beau, if but to keep me out o'the way o'the coaches—talk of French gallantry, and attention to the ladies! I protest, we've quite spoiled them—No, I find I have no chance here, while rivalled by Eclipse, Gimcrack, and Whirligig—Now, if love would but throw the handsome officer in my way, that entertained me so agreeably at the Sunday opera, at Paris.

Enter HENRY and ROSA.

Henry. [*Seeing CELIA.*] Yes, 'tis she, 'tis my charming unknown.

[*Aside.*]

Celia. Is that lady with him? [*ROSA takes HENRY's Arm.*] takes him by the arm!—I wonder women haven't some regard to decency, in public! [*Exit, singing.*]

Rosa. [*Agitated, and looking about.*] If Lord Winlove follows me,—death to him, or my brother, must be the consequence. [*Aside.*] Henry, if you design to take me to the convent to-night, we shall be too late—the gate's shut at vespers.

Henry. [*Looking after CELIA.*] 'Sdeath, if I lose her now, difficult, perhaps, to meet again—and, if I quit Rosa, she'll——

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. Ah, Mademoiselle Rosa! I'm glad you have escape from dat cruel rogue of a—[*HENRY turns.*] my dear friend, I am so overjoyce I overtake a you—I did vash you all over dis great horse field—I did ask a for you all de littel jockeyboy, and I vas vip, and push, and kick, and tump about, from dis a post, to dat a post—

Henry. Well, pray what did you want with me?

Lap. Only in your hurry, I did forget to give you de receipt for your lodging money.

Henry. Oh, I forgot to pay you, that's it; but I wasn't gone.—[*Looking out.*] If she mixes in that crowd, I shall certainly lose her—may I venture to leave Rosa in this fellow's care? [*Aside.*] Lapoche, I want to speak to a person yonder, you'll oblige me exceedingly, if you'll not quit this lady till I return.

Lap. [*Apart.*] I varrant I vil stick close.

Henry. Rosa, I shall be back in a few minutes.

[*Exit.*]

Lap. [*Aside.*] Ah, dat you may never come back, except to pay a me.

Rosa. Cruel Henry! so severely to censure me for a passion, of which, your own heart is so susceptible!

Lap. Oh my dearest, sweetest——

Rosa. Tell me, have you seen the gentleman since?

Lap. De pretty gentilhomme dat love a you? Oui.

Rosa. Where?

Lap. Dis morning, in my looking glass.

Rosa. How perplexing! Tell me, man—I mean the gentleman that—has that gentleman been to inquire for me since?

Lap. Ah, sly coquin—I have hear all about you—You, 'scape from de convent in man's coat, to de gentleman—den here you run away vid de captain from de gentleman, and now, I see it in your eye, you vant to run back to de gentleman again.

Rosa. You're not much out there.

Lap. I see she love me ver much. [*Aside.*] I vill go see vere de captain is got—hush you little devil of a sly pretty rogue! [*Exit.*

Rosa. How perverse! by loitering here, Lord Winlove and Henry must certainly meet, and I have the worst to dread from their violence of temper.

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. All is safe—your captain is facing up to anoder lady—come to my house vid me.

Rosa. 'Tis certainly the surest, and speediest means of seeing my lord again—then the necessity of relieving him from the anxiety, into which, my absence must have thrown him—I'm strongly tempted, notwithstanding the impertinence of this fellow.

Lap. She ver fond of me, vonce I have her in my power, if she be unkind—up I lock her for de Lady Abbess. [*Aside.*] Oh, you pretty pattern for a tailor's wife—I do adore de dimple of your chin—your hand soft as Englis broad cloth—your lip, Genoa velvet, and your eye bright as de Birmingham button.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Course.

Enter CELIA and HENRY.

Henry. Charming creature! since the joy inspired by your conversation at the opera, and the grief of such a hopeless parting, to the instant of this lucky meeting, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace.

Celia. You think this a lucky meeting, sir; I congratulate you on your good fortune, and leave you to the enjoyment of your happiness.

[*Courtesies and going, he takes her Hand.*]

Henry. One moment, my love!

Celia. Very fine, this; so here my captive presumes to make his conqueror a prisoner of war!

Henry. I am your captive, your slave—thus I kiss my chain; [*Kisses her Hand.*] and thus on my knee—

Celia. Stop, you'll soil your regimentals.

Henry. Dear, charming—[*Aside.*] I wish I knew her name.

Celia. Ha! ha! ha! do forgive me.

Henry. I am enchanted with your gaiety, charmed with your beauty—

Celia. 'Pray, were you ever enchanted, or charmed before?

Henry. But never lov'd till now.

Celia. Oh, if you're serious, I must—Come, come, come, I'll talk no more to you; walk that way, and I'll walk this way.

Henry. Nay, but my angel—

Celia. Well, well, I know all that, but if you really expect to meet me in the field again, you must send me a challenge by my brother—Eh—but I'll not tell you, for you seem to be conceited enough already.

AIR.—CELIA.

*No hurry I'm in to be married,
But if it's the will of my brother,
I'd much rather stay,
Yet, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.*

*A strange custom this, to be marry'd,
Though follow'd by father and mother,
The grave and the gay,
But, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.*

*A prude, though she long to be marry'd,
Endeavours her wishes to smother,
I'd give you her nay,
But, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.*

[Exit.

Henry. Charming woman!

Tallyho. [*Without.*] Yoics! I'll bring in the stragglers—I'm the boy to fill the rooms, and empty the bottles.

Henry. Oh, here's Tallyho—as this brother she speaks of, is a man of the turf, probably he knows him—I'll just ask him, and—then for my sister Rosa.

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. I'm an excellent whipper-in for the bottle—Oh, ho! [*Looking at HENRY, then takes him under the Arm.*] Come along.

Henry. Where?

Tall. To get drunk, to be sure—You wear his Majesty's cloth, and go to bed sober, when my English Whirligig has beat the mounseers!—Such a pack of jolly dogs! such burgundy!—won't you come and get drunk with us?

Henry. Certainly, my boy—but, pray, Tallyho, can you tell me—you saw the young lady that parted from me now—admirably handsome!—

Tall. Handsome! Yes, every body says she's like me.

Henry. I shall soon call her mine.

Tall. The devil you shall!

Henry. I have some hopes; the only obstacle is a brother—but, perhaps, you know him—one of our stupid, thick-headed fellows, without an idea, beyond a cock, or a horse.

Tall. For fifty pounds, I have as many ideas as you.

Henry. You!

Tall. Yes, Mr. Captain; who gave you commission to talk o' my thick head?

Henry. What a blunder! [*Aside.*] But, really, Squire, is that young lady your sister?

Tall. Celia? yes, to be sure she is my sister, and that's your share of her too. [*Snaps his Fingers.*] She has a great fortune, and you captains are damned poor—but, huzza! I have it, *tol de rol lol!*—[*Sings and capers.*] You shall fill your pockets with French gold—Louis d'ors, sous and souces, you damned son of a—give me your hand.

Henry. Now, what—what is all—

Tall. You shall go halves in my slang match to-morrow. Colonel Epaulette has matched his Black Prince, to run against my Kick-him-Jenny—it's play or pay.—You shall back his Black Prince, take all the odds—I will get my jockey to lame Kick-him-Jenny; and, to give a colour for her not being able to run, I've mounted Sir John Bull to take an airing on her, ha! ha! ha!—I warrant she plays him some prank or other, so, as he's a bad horseman, I'll lay her accident upon him—she can't run—pays forfeit—you sweep the field—touch them all—and when you've gathered in the cash, we'll meet privately, and divide it, even, fair and honest, in our pockets—Damme, there's our snug ten thousand a piece with a twopenny nail!

Henry. And this, perhaps, you call honour?

Tall. Yes, 'tis good turf honour.

Henry. What! to be a scoundrel?

Tall. Oh, very well; if you're so nice—ay, now, you're a very delicate chicken! But, harkye, the next time you see sister Celia, don't look at her. [*Going.*]

Henry. Stop, Tallyho—I think I'll punish my knowing one. [*Aside.*] On second thoughts, I will join with you in this roguery.

Tall. Then you're a cursed honest fellow—my sister's yours.

Henry. Ay, with her consent—

Tall. Her consent! if we make the match, what has her consent to do with it?—but I'll settle that—come, you shall have it from her own mouth, this instant.

Henry. But what shall I do with Rosa?

[*Aside, and looking out.*]

Tall. What, are you making a set, my pointer? Come, and be merry with us—Why, I'll get drunk to-night, though I'm in love up to the saddle girls—Oh, my darling Dolly!

Henry. Oh, Miss Bull—Ay, we shall soon have you a bridegroom too.

Tall. Yes, ha! ha! ha! I shall soon be a happy bull-calf.

DUETT.—HENRY *and* TALLYHO.

Tall. *Your hand,*
Henry. *Your hand,*
Tall. *My hero,*
Henry. *My buck,*
Tall. *No more words;*
Henry. *No more pother!*
Tall. *My sister is yours,*
Henry. } *Your sister is mine,*
Both. *And the bargain is struck,*
Tall. *My brother!*
Henry. *My brother!*
Both. *The field round,*
Tall. *We'll slang 'em,*
Henry. *We'll slang 'em,*
Tall. *And if they complain, the captain shall bang 'em.*
Henry. *In this and that, and every nation,*
 Every rank, and every station,
Tall. *All, all declare,*
 That cheating is fair,
Henry. *If it takes but the knowing one in.*
 Miss Polly, how coy!
 With her amorous boy,
Tall. *Cries, dear sir! Oh fie, sir! and bridles her chin;*
 You impudent man, you,
 How can you? how can you?
Henry. *'Tis all*
Tall. *'Tis all*
 To take the knowing one in;
Both. *For all declare,*
 That cheating is fair,
 If it takes but the knowing one in.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Hotel.

Enter SIR JOHN BULL, *with a large Patch upon his Forehead,* and FRENCH WAITER.

Sir J. B. Ah, see when they catch me upon a race horse again!—That scoundrel, Tallyho, did it to break my neck—Above all the beasts o'the field, to mount me upon Kick-him-Jenny! But I must get something to this cut—Have you no 'pothecaries here in France? [*WAITER bows, and cringes.*] I say, get me a doctor—[*WAITER bows and cringes.*]—I want a surgeon. [*Loud.*

Waiter. Oui, you be Sir John— [*Bows, &c.*

Sir J. B. D'ye understand?—I was riding, and Tallyho's mare threw me—[*Roaring, WAITER bowing, &c.*] You scoundrel! what, d'ye stand grinning at me? Get somebody to dress my head.

Waiter. Oui, monsieur. [*Exit.*

Sir J. B. Oh dear, oh dear! get me once out of France—Then my wife and daughter! such a pair of mademoiselles, as they are making of themselves, to receive this great French Colonel Epaulette—— Egad, here they come, in full puff!

Enter LADY BULL and DOLLY, *extravagantly dressed.*

Sir J. B. [*Bows ridiculously.*] A-la-mode de Paree!

Miss Dolly B. Bless me, papa, what's the matter?

Lady B. What, have you been fighting, Sir John?

[*Looking at his Forehead.*

Sir J. B. Fighting! no, my Lady Bull—I got upon Kick-him-Jenny, she threw me off, and broke my head.

[*Eying them curiously.*

Lady B. What is he at now?

Sir J. B. Eh, nothing. [*Looking, and smothering a Laugh.*] George, get me a pipe.

Miss Dolly B. La, papa, let's have no piping here!

Lady B. Pipes! what man, d'ye think you're at Dobney's bowling-green?

Miss Dolly B. Consider, we are now at Fontainbleau, in France, papa, the very country seat of the beau monde.

Sir J. B. Oh, very well—Mrs. Casey, get me yesterday's Ledger.

Lady B. Ledger! Oh, now, he's got to Garraway's—I tell you again, you are not at Margate, raffling for twopenny toys.

Miss Dolly B. Or dancing in your boots, at Dandelion, papa—La now, do, pa, get into the mode, like us!

Sir J. B. Thank you, daughter, but I'm not quite so modish.

Lady B. But, consider, my dear, if Colonel Epaulette does us the honour of a visit, how he'll be shocked at your appearance!

Sir J. B. Thank you, thank you, wife; but I don't think I'm quite so shocking.

Lady B. Then, if he does introduce us to the prince—Sir John, to tell you a secret, I have already sent for one Mr. Lapoche, a celebrated French tailor, to make you a new suit of clothes for the occasion.

Sir J. B. A French tailor for me!—very well, very well, ladies.

Enter FIRST WAITER.

Waiter. Mr. Lackland, madam; would you chuse to see him?

Sir J. B. Ay, ay, let the poor devil come up.

[*Exit* WAITER.]

Lady B. Mr. Lackland! ay, here's more of your—a pretty thing, to come all the way to France, to pick up English acquaintances! and then, such a paltry—shabby——

Enter LACKLAND, *elegantly dressed in* COLONEL
EPAULETTE'S *Clothes.*

Lack. Ladies, your most obedient—How d'ye do, Bull?

Sir J. B. [*Looking at him with Surprise.*] Shabby!—Eh!—Why, in the name of—Oh! ho!—Ha! ha! ha!—recovered the arables, or another old fool from Throgmorton Street?

Lack. Oh, pray don't let my presence disconcert any body—Ladies, I dined with my friend Tallyho, and Colonel Epaulette; the colonel understanding that I admitted Sir John here, to some share of my notice, begged I'd make his respects, and that he'd wait on you immediately.

Lady B. Now, Miss Bull, summon all the graces.

Miss Dolly B. Oh, lud! and the powder's all—the duchess's barber must titivate me up directly.

Lack. Miss, don't mind me—people say I'm particular—but I'm the most condescending—Bull, be seated.

Sir J. B. Bull! I will not be seated.

Lack. Yes, she is a fine girl, indeed.

Sir J. B. Who, Doll? Yes, Doll's a dev'lish fine girl, and I shall give fourscore thousand pounds with her.

Lack. What!—[*Aside.*] This may prove a good hit—but such a vulgar family!—Hearkye—pray—[*With Haughtiness and Contempt.*] You've kept shop?

Sir J. B. Fifteen years—the Grasshopper, on Garlick Hill.

Lack. And you sold raisins, and—

Sir J. B. Yes, I did, and figs too.

Lady B. D'ye hear him?

Lack. [*Aside.*] Hem! Yes, I'll marry her—a dowdy—he's a seller of figs—yet, fourscore thousand—

Sir J. B. And yet, do you know——

Lack. [*Puts him back gently.*] Softly—Ma'am, [*To MISS DOLLY BULL.*]—upon my soul, you're a very fine creature!

Miss Dolly B. Sir! [*Aside.*] Lord, I like him, vastly!

Lack. I say, ma'am, I—but, hold—I had best begin with a compliment to the mother though—Ma'am,—[*Looks first at LADY BULL, then at SIR JOHN.*]—Figs! [*Stifling a Laugh.*] Ma'am, your dress is extremely elegant—admirably fancied—and——

Sir J. B. Yet if I was to advise——

Lack. [*Puts him back, without looking at him.*] Be quiet, Bull—with so many native charms—difficult to say, whether ornaments grace the person, or the person ornaments the dress.

Miss Dolly B. He's vastly well bred, mamma.

Lady B. Yes, but speaks English too plain for a gentleman.

Lack. Miss Bull's spirit and good humour, is the emblem of English liberty, and your ladyship, [*Bows.*] the Ninon de l'Enclos of Britain.

Sir J. B. [*Aside.*] Ninon-don—talks French—I lent him a guinea too—well!

Lack. I presume, ladies, you go to the ball to-night—if disengaged, miss, I should be proud of the honour of your hand.

Miss Dolly B. Yes, sir, with all my heart, sir.

Sir J. B. Your heart, hussy! didn't you promise Squire Tallyho?

Miss Dolly B. True, papa; but then, I hadn't seen this gentleman.

Lady B. Haven't I hopes of Colonel Epaulette, for you?

Miss Dolly B. Ay, but none of us have ever seen the colonel—he mayn't like me, and, perhaps, I mayn't like him.

Lady B. Dolly, you're too ready with your yes.

Lack. Consider, if your ladyship had always cruelly said no, Miss Dolly could never have been the admiration of the Court of Versailles.

Sir J. B. Yes, and I dare say——

Lack. Softly, my honest fellow.

Sir J. B. [*Stamping.*] What d'ye mean, friend—honest fellow! I don't believe you know who you're talking to!—[*Aside.*] Oh, oh! Tallyho is likely to be jockeyed here—[*Calls out.*] Bob, if Squire Tallyho comes, show him——

Lady B. Show him out of the house.

Miss Dolly B. What! the Squire?

TALLYHO *sings without.*

*At six in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode to Kilruddery, in search of a fox. Tol de rol lol.*

Lack. Here comes Tallyho—Yes, Casey's burgundy has quite done him up.

Lady B. Fontainebleau! one might as well be at Ascot Heath.

Enter TALLYHO, drunk, and singing.

Tall. Or, I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all, tol de rol—Ha! ha! ha! Sir John, I am so sorry you should be hurt by that fall!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I see you are very sorry.

Tall. But how is your leg?

Sir J. B. My leg! it's my forehead.

Tall. Ah! ha! my old prize fighter!

Sir J. B. I've been fighting your battles here.—

[LADY BULL *looks scornfully* at TALLYHO.]

Tall. Right, Sir John—[*Observing her.*] for I see, if the grey mare's the better horse, I lose the filly.

Lady B. I can't stay with this savage.

Lack. Will your ladyship honour me—Miss Dolly, your lily hand—

[*Takes her Hand.*]

Tall. [*Interposing.*] No matter whether her hand is a lily, or a tulip, or a daffydowndilly—by your leave, neighbour—

[*Gets between DOLLY and LACKLAND.*]

Lack. Sir, you know I am always ready to correct insolence; if a man insults me, 't isn't his fortune can protect him—[*Turning to SIR J. BULL.*] pr'ythee, Bull, step and ask if I left my snuff-box in the bar below. Mr. Tallyho, when you're inclined to quarrel, I am always ready to go out with you.

Tall. My Lady Bull will go out with you, and I wish her much joy of her company.

[*Bows very low.*]

[*Exit LACKLAND, leading LADY BULL.*]

Sir John, I am so hurt that my mare should—how is your collar bone now?

Sir J. B. Pshaw! don't you see it's my forehead—Go out with him! isn't that one of your sword and pistol terms?

Tall. Oh yes, at those amusements, in a small room, that gentleman is, indeed, pretty company.

Miss Dolly B. Lord, he must be charming company, in a small room! [*With great Glee.*]

Sir J. B. An impudent dog! to send me out for his snuff-box too.

Miss Dolly B. I do like him monstrously!

Tall. Like him! why, Doll, you're a fox upon a double ditch—none can tell which side you'll leap—ho, ho! what, am I thrown out here, old Hurlo-thumbo?

Sir J. B. Me—I don't know what this fellow has been about here, among them, with his snuff, and his feathers—but where have you been, Tallyho? I tell you, if you'd have Doll, you must

stick to her, my boy.

Miss Dolly B. Ay, that you must, indeed, my boy—Lord, Squire, what has made you so tipsy?

Tall. Love and burgundy—swallowing your health, my sweet Dolly Douse—

Sings. *Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,
 And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.*

When you come across my noddle—tipsy-gipsy—I get upon the half cock, and then—a dozen bumpers makes me—tol de rol lol—ha! ha! ha! old dad—how cursed comical you looked, when Kick-him-Jenny flung you over her ears, ha! ha! ha! damme, you came upon all fours, like a tom cat with a parachute, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, what a rare fellow you are, ha! ha! ha!—what fine game you do make of my father! ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. Game o'your father! why, you confounded jade—

Tall. Sir John, I am sorry my mare broke your nose.

Sir J. B. Zounds! don't you see it's my forehead?—but, however, I forgive you, since—ha! ha! ha!—I'm so pleas'd at your winning the race to-day, and beating the mounseers, that, if I'd twenty daughters, and each with a plumb in her mouth, you should have them all.

Tall. [*Looking at his Tablets.*] Plumb! Oh, true, Sir Jackey, my lad, I have you down here, for a fifty.

Sir J. B. How?

Tall. That you owe me.

Sir J. B. Me? I never borrowed sixpence of you, in my life.

Tall. No, but you lost fifty pounds though.

Sir J. B. [*Alarmed.*] Lost! oh, lord! I had a fifty pound note in my pocket book—[*Takes out his Pocket Book.*] No, 'faith, here it is.

Tall. Then you may as well give it me, Jackey.

Sir J. B. Give it you! for what?

Tall. Why, don't you know you laid me fifty pounds upon the colonel's Joan of Arc, and didn't my Whirligig beat her?

Sir J. B. Damn your Whirligig!

Miss Dolly B. Oh, lord, father! how can you damn his Whirligig?

Tall. Come, fifty pounds here—down with your dust!

Miss Dolly B. Ay, papa, down with your dust!

Sir J. B. You hussy! I'll dust your gown for you!

Tall. Why, didn't you lay?

Sir J. B. Lay! I remember, I said, I thought the brown horse run the fastest.

Tall. Yes, but when I laid fifty he'd lose, didn't you say done?

Sir J. B. And so you come the dun upon me—pho, pho! none of your jokes, man.

Tall. Jokes! you shall pay me in earnest.

Sir J. B. Pay you—what the devil, do you think I'll give you fifty pounds, because one horse thrusts his nose out before another? Doll, that's a rogue!

Tall. Rogue! Cut while you're well—I'll make no more words—that bet was done and done, and if you don't pay me, I'll post you at Tattersal's—indeed, I will, Sir Jackey, my lad.

Miss Dolly B. Never mind old Fogrum—run away with me.

[*Apart to TALLYHO.*]

Sir J. B. Oh, very well—there—[*Gives a Note.*] by winning fifty pounds, you lose my daughter, and fourscore thousand; and now post that at Tattersal's, Tally, my lad—Dolly, child, go to your mamma.

Miss Dolly B. I won't—I won't go to my mamma—I'll meet you, bye and bye, at the Colonel's.

[*Apart to TALLYHO.*]

Sir J. B. You won't—you shall, hussy!

Miss Dolly B. I won't—I won't—[*Crying and sobbing*] Oh, the cruelty of old tough fathers, to force young, tender maidens, away from the sweet, amiable swains, that so dearly love them! oh! oh! oh!

Sir J. B. Go in there, you jade! [*Forces her off.*] how cunning you look now, Tally, my lad!

[*Exeunt MISS BULL and SIR JOHN.*]

Tall. Don't force her away from her beautiful swain—[*Looks disappointed, and whistles.*] So, here's a pretty commence! but if Doll meets me at the Colonel's, I'll whip her off; and if Captain Henry has laid the betts upon my slang match, I shall roll in rhino—first, marry Doll, in private—then, London—hey for a wedding, in full cry, and, then for the dear delights of London!

AIR.—TALLYHO.

*In London, my life is a ring of delight;
In frolics, I keep up the day and the night,
I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later;
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter;
"Your honour," says he, and he tips me a leg;
He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
For tea in a morning's a slop I renounce,
So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.*

With swearing—tearing!

Ranting—jaunting!

Slashing—smashing!

Smacking—cracking!

Rumbling—tumbling!

Laughing—quaffing!

Smoking—joking!

Swagg'ring—stagg'ring!

*So thoughtless, so knowing, so green, and so mellow!
This—this is the life of a frolicsome fellow.*

*My phaeton I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
I handle my reins, and my elbows I square;
My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily!
Through Pallmall I spank it, and up Piccadilly;
Till, losing a wheel, egad, down I come, smack!
So, at Knightsbridge, I throw myself into a hack,
At Tattersal's, fling a leg over my nag;
Then visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.*

With swearing, &c.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Town.

Enter FIRST WAITER.

1 Waiter. Here, you, George!—I say, George!

Enter SECOND WAITER.

2 Waiter. What the deuce a bawling do you keep!

1 Waiter. What d'ye mean running about the streets, with your hands in your pockets, at such a time, and the house full of company, and——

2 Waiter. Why, didn't mistress desire me to look for Captain Huff, in order to see if he could bully this here Mr. Lackland out of the house; as there's no chance of his ever being able to pay his bill here?

1 Waiter. Bully him out! I don't think the captain and his whole regiment can do that.

LACKLAND *and* MRS. CASEY *without.*

Mrs. Casey. Mr. Lackland, I desire you'll leave my house.

2 Waiter. See, what a woman's tongue can do!—here he comes, and my mistress at his heels.

Lack. Upon my honour, Mrs. Casey, I'm amazed that any gentleman would enter your doors!

Mrs. Casey. Upon my honour, Mr. Lackland, you may take yourself out of my doors!

1 Waiter. She's done it—here comes the poor beau!

Enter LACKLAND *and* MRS. CASEY.

Mrs. Casey. Why, I tell you, Sir Harry Bisque's valet has locked up all his master's baggage in it, and you can have that chamber no more.

Lack. I'll ruin your house—no more carriages—I'll bring no more coronets about your doors, to inquire after me, madam—by Heaven, I'll ruin your house!

Mrs. Casey. Ay, my house may be ruined, indeed, if I haven't money to pay my wine merchant. I'll tell you what, my honest lad, I've no notion of folks striving to keep up the gentleman, when they cannot support it; and when people are young and strong, can't see any disgrace in taking up a brown musket, or the end of a sedan chair, or—a knot—[*Looking at his Shoulders.*] any thing better than bilking me, or spunging upon my customers, and flashing it away in their old clothes.

Lack. See when you'll get such a customer as I was! Haven't I left the mark of a dice box upon every table?—was there a morning I didn't take a sandwich? or a day passed, without my drinking my four bottles?

Mrs. Casey. Four bottles! But how many did you pay for?

Lack. Never mind that, that's my affair—By Heaven, madam, I'll ruin your house!—d'ye hear?
[*Calling.*] Carry my baggage over to the Lily.

Mrs. Casey. Ay, take his baggage upon a china plate, for it's a nice affair.

Lack. Hey, my baggage! [*Calling.*

Mrs. Casey. Ah, man, what signifies your conceit?—such a bashaw! here you come and call, like a lord, and drink like a lord, and there you are in my books six whole pages, without a scratch, like a lord. Ogh, you've run up a thumping bill, and, I warrant, you'll pay it like a lord.

[*Courtesies ironically.*]

Lack. That I shall, ma'am; produce your bill.

[*Takes out a Purse, and chinks it.*]

Mrs. Casey. Oh, miracles will never cease—well, I said all along, that your honour was a prince. [*Courtesies.*]

Lack. Madam, my bill!

Mrs. Casey. Lord, your honour, what need your honour mind the bill now? sure your honour may pay it any time. [*Courtesies.*]

Lack. Very true, Mrs. Casey, so I can.

[*Puts up the Purse.*]

Mrs. Casey. But, however, since your honour insists upon paying it now, you shall see it—Here, Bob! [*Calling.*] Squire Lackland's bill—then Heavens save your handsome face, and your handsome hand, and your handsome leg—pretend to be without money!—Oh dear, how jokish these gentlemen are!—Here, Bob, Squire Lackland's bill—quick, quick!

[*Exit MRS. CASEY and SERVANTS.*]

Lack. I am sure, I'm vastly obliged to Colonel Epaulette, for this recruit of finance, if 'twas only to rescue me from this Irish harpy—Come, I do very well—Oh, lucky, lucky cards!—after paying her bill, I shall have as much as will set me up at the faro bank—Dem it, I mustn't—cannot think of this grocer's daughter—vile city bulls and bears—no, no, Tallyho may have her—Oh, here he comes!

Enter TALLYHO, crossing quick, and singing.

Oh, Tallyho!

Tall. Couldn't stop to speak to a duke—not even a clerk of the course.

Lack. I'll bet you fifty guineas, you stop with me though.

Tall. But my little doe Doll waits for me at Colonel Epaulette's—a word—she's going off with me—so I must leave my match in the hands of my jockeys—Soho, puss! [*Going.*]

Lack. A word.

Tall. What the devil, d'ye think people of business can stand gabbling—lose time with people that's got no money—this is a place of sport, and those that can't—

Lack. What d'ye mean, sir—gabbling!—Can't sport!—Sir, I have spirit, and ability—
[*Shows the Purse.*]

Tall. Spunk and rhino!

Lack. Gabble—can't sport—there—[*Gives him the Purse, and takes out a Pack of Cards.*] the highest card against that, if you dare—Can't sport!—You shall find me spunk.

Tall. You're spunk—tol de rol lol—At you, my merry harrier.

Lack. [*Cutting the Cards.*] Trey.

Tall. [*Cutting.*] His nob.—I have won!

[*Mimicking LACKLAND, and puts up the Purse.*]

Lack. Damnation! [TALLYHO *sings, going.*] Tallyho, you'll never miss it—return me the purse.

Tall. The purse—to be sure, my dear boy, you shall have it—there's the purse.

[*Takes out the Money, and throws him the empty Purse.*]

Sings.] *"Then he leap'd over Lord Anglis's Wall,
And seem'd to say, little I value you all."*

[Exit, singing.]

Lack. Perdition seize cards, dice—every cursed tool of fortune—that infernal—blind—partial hag! Oh here comes Mrs. Casey, with her sedan chair, and brown musket, upon me—what—what shall I do?

Cook. The cook, your honour?

Boots. Your honour won't forget Jack Boots?

Lack. Jack Boots too!—Scoundrels—saucy—impertinent—insolent——

[*Drives off* WAITER, COOK, &c.]

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. Monsieur Lackland, I hear you have hooked up some cash; so, before it's all gone, pay me my money.

Lack. You too!—you little infernal miscreant, I'll pay you!

[*Beats him.*]

Lap. Ah misericorde! Ah pauvre moi!

[*Exit.*]

Lack. In spite of figs, raisins, canvass sleeves, and moist sugar, have at Miss Bull, of Garlick Hill, and her fourscore thousand!

[*Exit.*]

Enter LAPOCHE, *peeping.*

Lap. Vat, is he gone? [*Softly.*] 'Tis vell for him he is gone; Monsieur Lackland, you be von damned scoundrel, villain of de rogue—rascal! [*Vaunting.*] and I vould break your——

Enter ROBIN, *from* MRS. CASEY'S *House.*

Robin. I say, master——

Lap. [*Starts, much frightened.*] Heigho! Oh, if it had been Monsieur Lackland, how I vould—hem!—vat you vant, Monsieur? [*Imperiously.*]

Robin. What do I want? I want you, if you're the French tailor.

Lap. Oh, I must not affront my customer—[*Aside.*] Vel, sir, I be de tailleur, a votre service.

[*Bows.*]

Robin. Then, my master, Sir John Bull, is ever so impatient for you.

Lap. Oh, Sir John Bull—Ah, to take measure of him, for de new clothes—malpeste! I ave as much business as de grand financier.

Robin. Will you come?

Lap. Apres vous, monsieur.

Robin. What?

Lap. After you, monsieur.

Robin. Oh!

[*Exeunt, LAPOCHE, ceremoniously.*]

SCENE II.

SIR JOHN'S *Apartments in the Hotel.*

Enter FIRST WAITER, *introducing* COLONEL
EPAULETTE *in an English Dress.*

Colonel E. Only tell Sir John and my Lady de Bull, dat Colonel Epaulette is come to vait on dem.

Waiter. Sir!

Colonel E. Dat Colonel Epaulette is come to vait on dem.

Waiter. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Colonel E. By all I can hear, de must be vile bourgeois, but on account of my lord's recommendation, I must show dem some civility, and Squire Tallyho tells me, dey have a fine daughter too—Ay, my English dress is lucky upon de occasion—dey must be vonderfully pleased vid it. Lapoche, my tailleur, has not been in London for noting, and I am much oblige to Mr. Lackland for his advice in my affairs—I hope dey did tell my Lady de Bull too, dat I was coming to vait on her. [Retires.]

Enter SIR JOHN BULL, *in a Passion, and* ROBIN.

Sir J. B. You've been, sirrah, but where have you been?

Robin. Why, wasn't I sent for the French tailor?

Sir J. B. The French tailor! Oh, to take measure of me—well, where is he?

Robin. I don't know, he came into the house with me.

Sir J. B. Very well; since it must be so, go, and send him here.—[*Exit* ROBIN.] Ha! ha! ha! any thing to please mademoiselle my wife, since I must be a jackanapes, and have a French tailor, ha! ha! ha! Oh, 'gad here he is!

Colonel E. Oh, dis must be Sir John—[*Aside.*] Sir, I am your most obedient servant.

Sir J. B. Servant, friend!

Colonel E. I presume, you are Sir John de Bull.

Sir J. B. Ay.

Colonel E. Sir, I have receive a lettre, from my friend de Duke——

Sir J. B. His friend the Duke—what a grand tailor it is!

[*Aside.*]

Colonel E. I ave great reason to tink I am dear to him, and he recommend you to me in de highest terms.

Sir J. B. Sir, if you are dear to your friends, no doubt but your terms will be high to me.

Colonel E. Sir!

Sir J. B. However, since my wife will have it so—out with your shears.

Colonel E. Sir!

Sir J. B. Let's see your book of patterns.

Colonel E. Pattern!

Sir J. B. Yes, to chuse my colour.

Colonel E. I carry de colour! vat, you take me for an ensign?—but I excuse, as de custom of your country gives a privilege—

Sir J. B. I can't answer for my country, but you shall have my custom—Now, pray, friend, how many men may you have?

Colonel E. About a tousand.

Sir J. B. [*Aside.*] A thousand journeymen! must have great business.

Colonel E. About a tousand in my regiment.

Sir J. B. Oh, you work for a regiment?

Colonel E. Vork! I no understand vat he mean—Sir, de ladies——

Sir J. B. You understand the work for the ladies!

Colonel E. Monsieur, in compliance vid the lettre of his grace, I shall show every civilite, and, if you please, will ave de honour of introduce my Lady de Bull, and mademoiselle, her daughter, to de prince.

Sir J. B. You! My Lady Bull introduced by a tailor!

Colonel E. Tailor! Aha! Sir, if you were not an Englishman, your life—your life, sir, should answer for this affront—but from my respect to your country, I pardon you.

Sir J. B. Affront! What! are you above your business, you proud monkey, you?

Colonel E. You are under some gross error, or you are a person void of manners—if de former, you are a fool by nature; if de latter, a clown by habit—and as both is beneath my resentment, I shall look to my noble friend for an explanation of this affront offered to Colonel Epaulette.

[*Exit.*

Sir J. B. Colonel Epaulette! Oh, the devil! what a blunder I have made!—[*Calls out.*] My lady—my Lady Bull!

Enter LADY BULL.

Lady B. What's the matter—what's the matter now with you, Sir John?

Sir J. B. The mischief to play—here has been Colonel Epaulette, and I unfortunately mistook him for the French tailor that I expected, to take orders for my new clothes.

Lady B. Sir John, why will you ever attempt to speak to persons of distinction? Take a Colonel of the Gendearmes for a tailor—how absurd!—[*Calls.*] Who waits?—Sir John, pray stay and explain this affair.

Sir J. B. Me!—damme, I wouldn't face him again for the pay of his whole regiment.

[*Exit.*

Lady B. [*Passionately.*] Who waits, I say?

Enter ROBIN.

Show that gentleman up stairs.

Robin. Who, madam?

Lady B. The tailor, as your master calls him.

Robin. The tailor—oh, here he comes, madam.

[*Exit.*

Lady B. Ay, here is the colonel, indeed—no regimentals—yes, I heard of his dressing entirely in the English manner.

Enter LAPOCHE.

[*Courtesies very respectfully.*] Sir, I almost blush to see you, and scarce know how to apologize for Sir John's mistake.

Lap. Madam, I wait upon Sir John, to——

Lady B. Really, sir, he's ashamed to appear in your presence, after——but he has contracted such unfashionable habits, that he——

Lap. Madam, I will equip him *vid de* fashionable habit, dat he need not shame to appear in de royal presence.

Lady B. Sir, you have had a loss to-day?

Lap. Oui, I lose my lodger.

Lady B. By this day's running?

Lap. Oui, they did run away.

Lady B. Sir, I mean the match.

Lap. Oui, dey make de match.

Lady B. But, sir, I wish better success to your Joan.

Lap. [*Aside.*] Success to my Joan!

Lady B. But, for all your turf amusements, I dare say, you are a great man in the cabinet—in committees—privy councils, and board of works.

Lap. Board of vorks! [*Aside.*] Ay, she mean my shopboard.

Lady B. And, I warrant, you are in all the deep French political secrets—you know all the ministers' measures.

Lap. Oui, I take all deir measures.

Lady B. We were informed, sir, in Paris, that you were much with the prince.

Lap. Oui, I am quite free in de family.

Lady B. And, when it suits you to introduce us to his highness——

Lap. Me? non!—de prince? I could introduce you to de head butler indeed——

Lady B. Introduce us to the butler!—Ay, ay, from Sir John's rustic behaviour, the colonel here, thinks us fit for no better company.

Enter SIR JOHN, LAPOCHE takes out Pattern-Book.

Oh, Sir John, I have been endeavouring to apologize for you, to the colonel here.

Lap. [*Looks about.*] Colonel!

Sir J. B. Egad, I fancy this is the tailor, indeed.

Lap. I am, at your service, sir.

Lady B. How!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! My lady, why will you pretend to speak to persons of distinction?—mistake a tailor, for a colonel, and a gendesarmes! ha! ha! ha!

Lady B. A tailor! then you're a very impudent little fellow!

Lap. Vell, miss, your moder voud not call me so.

Sir J. B. Her mother, you villain!

Lady B. Sir John, pray don't abuse the young man.

Sir J. B. Abuse! You little rascal, how dare you have the impudence to be taken for a colonel?—Get away, this instant, or, I'll crop you, with your own shears—Get along, you rascal.

[*Pushes out LAPOCHE.*]

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Madam, there's Miss Dolly gone off,—and Mrs. Casey says, it's upon some marriage scheme, or other.

Lady B. My daughter!

Sir J. B. My Doll!

Robin. And from what I can learn from Squire Tallyho's man, she's to meet his master.

Lady B. There's your honest Yorkshireman, Sir John Bull!

Robin. I think they say, sir, she's gone to Colonel Epaulette's lodge.

Sir J. B. Ay, there's your honourable Frenchman, my Lady Bull!—but, come along—I'll have my daughter!—Rob me of my child!—Oh, for a search warrant!—Oh, for an English jury! Come along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the COLONEL'S Lodge.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE and MISS DOLLY BULL.

Colonel E. Miss, I do congratulate my felicity in meeting of you.

Miss Dolly B. I'm sure, I'm much obliged to you, indeed, Colonel.

Colonel E. [*Aside.*] If I could get her, instead of my fille de opera, I should be up vid her fader, for calling me a tailor.

Miss Dolly B. [*Aside, looking out.*] Lord, I wonder what keeps Squire Tallyho!

Colonel E. Miss, vas you ever in love?

Miss Dolly B. Not above nine times, I thank you, sir.

[*Courtesies.*]

Colonel E. Hey!

Miss Dolly B. Nine! Yes, three times before I got out of my slips—twice at Hackney boarding school—I don't reckon my guitar-master—then Frank Frippery—Mr. Pettitoe—No, sir, only eight, for I never would listen to the handsome staymaker, of Duck Lane.

Colonel E. Miss, vill you be in love de ninth time, and run away vid me?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, sir, are you going to run away?

Colonel E. Oui, I vill scamper off vid you.

Miss Dolly B. Oh, now I understand you—but why scamper off, sir, when I'm sure mamma would consent?

Colonel E. Oui, consent—but dat is so mechanic!—

Miss Dolly B. True, sir, it does sound of Bow bell; and, as you say, scampering off is such a funny thing, he! he! he!—[*Aside.*] Ecod, I've a great mind, if I should, how Squire Tallyho would be surprised!

Colonel E. Allons, ma chere.

[*Going.*]

Miss Dolly B. Stop, will you excuse me afterwards to Squire Tallyho?

Colonel E. For vat?

Miss Dolly B. Because I promised to run away with him.

Colonel E. Indeed!

Miss Dolly B. Yes, but don't tell mamma—Sure, 'twas for that I came here to meet him.

Colonel E. Yes, but here I come first.

Miss Dolly B. True, sir, and first come, first served, as pa used to say, in the shop at home—he! he! he!

Colonel E. Come, then, my dearest angel!—Aha—Stay, mademoiselle, I will order my gentilhomme to pack up some poudre, and pomade, and my dancing pump, as von cannot tell vat may happen—den, hey for love and pleasure! [Exit.

Miss Dolly B. [Calling after him.] Colonel, make haste!

Tall. [Without.] Halloo, Doll! hip, my dainty Dolly!

Miss Dolly B. Squire Tallyho!—Oh, dear, what shall I do?

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. Well, Doll, are you ready, my sweet Gosling?—I've got a fine rosy, drunken friar here—but, when I get you over into Yorkshire, we'll be married over again—you remember my chaplain, honest Parson Thump?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, Squire, don't tell me of Parson Thump—what kept you so long?—here have I been crying my eyes out for you.

Tall. Crying—fudge—show—why, your eyes do look as if—Ah, come now, you've an onion in your handkerchief?

Miss Dolly B. No, indeed, as I hope for—he! he! he!

Tall. Now, now, there—now, what's that for?

Miss Dolly B. I was laughing, to think of our marriage.

Tall. I begin to think, marriage is no laughing matter, Doll—now, I tell you truly, I like you as well as any thing I ever saw—Good points—fancy, thirteen hands high, and, by my lady's account, rising nineteen years last grass—but I tell you some things you must learn, to be my wife.—My mother, you must know, was a fine lady, all upon the hoity-toities, and so, good for nothing—Says father to me, one evening, as the last whiff of his fourth pipe sighed to the tears of the third tankard—Gaby, my dear boy, never marry a woman that can't breakfast on beef—carve a goose—won't withdraw from table, before "King and constitution," and sing a jolly song at first bidding—and then, says he, [*Snores.*] take care o'the girls, Gaby—and dropping asleep—yes, father, says I, I'll take care o'the girls—and with that, I slipped a brace of yellow boys out of his purse, and, next day, bought Peggy Trundle, the housemaid, a pair of Bath garters, silver shoe-buckles, and a marquise pin, for her stomacher, he! he! he!

Miss Dolly B. I shouldn't ha' thought of your entertaining me with your old father's pipe, and Peggy Trundle's stomachers—if you're come here to run away with me, why, do the thing at once, and let's have no more talk about it.

Tall. True, Doll, such a fortune as yours, don't offer every day—I've a chaise at the door, and

a sulky for Father Dominic, and, as your dad may be for pursuing us, I won't depend upon those rascally French postboys—it's all crack, smack, jabber, grin, and bustle—great noise, and little work, with them—No, no, I'll put on a jacket and great boots—a good disguise too—I'll drive you myself, gee up, my queen—you'll see how we'll tatter the road—do it there, whipcord—shave the signpost—Ah, softly up hill, good Bully—bit of hay to cool their mouths—pint o' twopenny, and a new lash—then, spank the Unicorn slapdash—Gee up—once we're coupled, let Sir John come whistle for you—Gee up—Ah, Button—do it there—softly, my honies—gee-ah! ha!

[*Imitating.*

[*Exit.*

Miss Dolly B. Upon my word, this is clever—so, a gentleman can't go to be married, without his great boots! and t'other youth couldn't go without his dancing pumps—Ecod, if one of my old sweethearts was to step in now, I am so vexed, I should be strongly tempted to give them both the double.

Lackland. [*Without.*] Oh, the lady's this way.

Miss Dolly B. Who have we now? I protest, the sprightly, elegant gentleman, that sent papa for his snuff box—he's a vastly pretty fellow!

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. At last I have found her—I hate courtship—no occasion here, I fancy—so sans ceremonie—here goes—[*Aside.*] Ma'am, your most obedient—

Miss Dolly B. How d'ye do, sir?

[*A short Courtesy.*

Lack. Well, my dear, 'tis at last settled—

Miss Dolly B. Sir!

Lack. Yes, though with some difficulty; I am now determined to marry you.

Miss Dolly B. Marry me!

Lack. A fact—but don't let your joy carry you away.

Miss Dolly B. You'll carry me away!

Lack. I said I would, and I never break my word.

Miss Dolly B. Said! to who, pray?

Lack. To myself—and you know, if a gentleman breaks his word to himself, what dependence can the world have on him—You're a fine creature—but I would not tell a lie for all the women in France.

Miss Dolly B. [*Aside.*] What a high notion of honour!—a much handsomer man too, than

either Tallyho, or the colonel—Ecod, he's a charming, flashy beau!—I have a great mind——

Lack. [*Aside.*] Just as I thought—of fifty lovers with this young lady, I see, the last is the most welcome.

Miss Dolly B. I vow, I've a mind—but pa says you've no money.

Lack. Me! no money! pleasant enough that, 'faith, ha! ha! ha!—why, he might as well say I borrowed a guinea from him.

Miss Dolly B. Ecod, now I remember, he did say it too.

Lack. Oh, well, he was right—Why, what an old lying—but—he's your father, therefore let it be so, ha! ha! well, I have no money—[*With pretended Irony.*] I am the poorest dog in nature, ha! ha! ha! Well, that is very good, 'faith—such a joke——

Miss Dolly B. Joke? lord, I knew it was—I thought you must have been very rich, by your fine clothes.

Lack. Clothes—oh, I've only borrowed them from somebody, or other, you know—where could I get money to buy such clothes as these, ha! ha! ha!—well, this is excellent, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! I knew you must have a great estate.

Lack. Me!—Oh, I haven't an acre, nor, may be, a mansion in Herefordshire—nor, perhaps, I haven't a house in Portman Square.

Miss Dolly B. Portman Square!

Lack. Without a guinea in the funds—perhaps, at this moment, I haven't half a crown in the world, I'm such a miserable dog, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! Estate in Herefordshire!—Oh, Lud! then we can make, at least—ay, twenty hogsheads of cyder.

Lack. Make cyder—hem! Oh, you elegant——[*Aside.*] Garlick Hill!

Miss Dolly B. I've a monstrous mind—Now answer me one question, that's all—If I should consent to run off with you, would you leave me standing here, for great travelling boots, or your dancing pumps?

Lack. Me! Not for the Pigot diamond!

Miss Dolly B. No?—come along.

Lack. Where?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, don't you know?

Lack. If we had but a chaise, and a priest—

Miss Dolly B. One's in the house, and t'other's at the door below.

Lack. Indeed! My dear, you're young, and frank—I throw myself, and all my fortune, at your feet, in spite of figs, raisins, canvass sleeves, and moist sugar—Oh, you amazing fine creature!

Miss Dolly B. Oh, you astonishing charming man!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE, speaks
as entering.*

Colonel E. All is ready—Allons, ma chere mademoiselle.

*Enter TALLYHO, in French Boots, &c.
speaks as entering.*

Tall. Well, Doll, here I am, booted and pistoled—[*Looks about.*] How!

Colonel E. Aha! de lady is gone.

Tall. Ay, where is she gone?

Colonel E. Oui, vere have you put her?

Tall. [*Resolutely.*] Yes, tell me what you have done with her.

Colonel E. Moi?—I did leave her here.

Tall. You mean, you found her here, master poacher.

Enter SIR JOHN BULL.

Tall. So, there, you wouldn't give your daughter to an honest Englishman, and now, she's whipped up by a poaching Frenchman!—I give you joy of your son-in-law, my old nag, ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. [*To COLONEL E.*] Where is Doll?

Colonel E. Ask dat gentleman dat did stole her.

Sir J. B. Hearkye, you Yorkshire bite, you sha'n't rob me of my child.

Tall. What, the devil, are you mad, old Holofernes! It's that there greyhound has whipped up little puss.

Sir J. B. I believe it.

Colonel E. Diable m'emporte—Zounds—Splutter and oons—it is no such ting.

Tall. It is.

Colonel E. It is not—You are as wrong in dis, as when you took me for a tailleur.

Sir J. B. Where have you hid my child? restore her, or, I'll Cressy and Agincourt you—I'll be a Black Prince to you. Why, Dolly Bull! [*Calling.* — *Exit.*

Colonel E. Nay, but, Sir John—

Tall. I am so vexed and perplexed—Oh, if I had you at Dover, I'd fight you—ay, with a pair of queen Anne's pocket pistols.

Colonel E. Monsieur, any thing to oblige you—I vil fight, or let it alone—all von to me—ma foi! Who's there? [*Calls.*] Hey! Le Fleche, Justine!— [*Exit.*

Tall. Oho! since I find I am jockeyed in this match, I must look sharp to my other matches—See what Captain Henry has been about—This French pony is now in his own stall, and let him stay there—A silly tit! to prefer monsieur, to such a tight lad as I!—but if I get once back to dear London, with a fob full of French gold, see, if I let the finest lady in the land fetter my gamarets.

SCENE IV.

LAPOCHE'S HOUSE.

Enter LAPOCHE, strutting.

Lap. Aha! 'tis certain dat I ave someting in my air dat is grande—I wrong my bon adresse and figure, to stick to dis tailleur trade; Oui, dat is de reason of Madame Rosa's scorn. If de Lady de Bull did take me for a colonel, dressed as I vas, vat must I be a-la-mode de noblesse?—Aha! I have a tought; I vill surprise Madam Rosa into de love for my person! [*Sings.*] Oui, le Marquis de Papillon clothes fit me exactement—how lucky I did not take dem home yesterday!—Aha! Oh, here come de Madame Rosa! [*Retires.*

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. Ah, could I again behold my dearest lord—every separation, from those we love, seems a chasm in existence—No danger, I think, from my brother Henry; he's now too busy with his own love, to give any interruption to mine: and, yet, I think, had his passion for this young lady but commenced previous to that of Lord Winlove's for me, Henry would not now lament the life, which, he imagines, he has taken.

Enter LAPOCHE in a tawdry Dress—Kneels before her.

Rosa. [*Not recollecting him.*] Pray, sir, if I may—

Lap. Heigho! Behold de gentilhomme dat love a you—throw your arms round my neck like solitaire, and give me kiss, my charming fair.

Rosa. Trifling—Impertinent!

Lap. Impertinent—Aha! [*Rises in a Passion.*] Do you know who you talk to, mademoiselle?—Impertinent!—You are great lady, indeed, but I vas just now, (little as you may tink of me) taken for a colonel, by my Lady de Bull, though, perhaps, not so great as you, but, by gar, she vas tree times as big—Impertinent!—See, I vill be revenge—may I never set a stitch, but I vill have satisfaction—I am enragé!

Enter NANNETTE.

You, Nannette, stand out of my valk, or I may put my feet upon you.

Nan. Oh, lud, what's the matter?

Rosa. Nannette, step with me into my chamber.

[*Exit.*]

Lap. Dere you may stay in your chamber—Aha! since you scorn me, Madame Runavay, I vill deliver you up to de Lady Abbess.

Nan. But Miss Rosa wants me.

Lap. I vant you, and I am your maître—[*Towards the Door.*] you vant a gentilhomme, do you?—but, dere, madam, you may play vid your pincushion—vantrebleu! Aha; I am so fine and clever, I must ave somebody—Nannette, you come and kiss me.

Nan. Pooh! Nonsense!

Lap. Comment!

Nan. Lud, sir, what signifies your strutting about there like a jackdaw, and there's the foreman waiting to take home that suit of clothes on you.

[*Exit.*]

Lap. So—I vas just now impertinent, and now I am jackdaw—fort bien!—de devil's in all de vomen about me to-day—[*Knocking without.*] Malpeste!—[*Looking.*] here is dat Lord Winlove returned again—By gar, he vill cut my throat—best hide a littel.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LORD WINLOVE.

Lord W. No, I cannot drive her from my heart—let me not condemn her too hastily—I'll first know to a certainty who accompanied her from this house yesterday morning—My death, from that rencontre with Henry, is everywhere believed, and even a reward offered for apprehending him—Well, one comfort, I'm a living witness of his innocence—But now for his lovely sister—Ah, see where she sits! dissolved in grief and tears.

[*Runs out to her.*]

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Here you, Lapoche! Where is this fellow?—what has he done with Rosa? 'Pray Heaven she ha'n't given him the slip! Now, with Tallyho's consent, and the amiable Celia's acceptance of my passion, I've no alloy to my golden delights, but the mournful memory of Lord Winlove, thus revived, in my unhappy sister's recent elopement.—Was she still in possession of her unsullied name, I, of my Celia's love, and the esteem of such a friend as Lord Winlove could have been—Fortune might do her worst.

AIR.—HENRY.

*Let Fame sound her trumpet, and cry, "To the war!"
Let glory re-echo the strain;
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
And heroes may smile on their pain.
The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about with his bowl,
On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.
Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh, give me the friend, that I know to be true,
And the fair, that I tenderly love!
What's glory, but pride? A vain bubble, is fame,
And riot, the pleasure of wine.
What's riches, but trouble? and title's a name;
But friendship and love, are divine.*

Enter LORD WINLOVE and ROSA.

Henry. Lord Winlove alive!

Lord W. Sorry to see me so, Henry?

Henry. I own, my lord, I am surprised, yet rejoice to find my hand guiltless of blood, and you still possessed of power to heal my honour, in doing justice to my unhappy sister. Forgive my former weakness, I now only appeal to your humanity.

Lord W. My dear Henry, I never looked upon your sister, but with the ardent wish, of an honourable connexion—a jealous honour hurried you to rashness, and the fondest love rendered me imprudent: thus, we see, the noblest principles, if guided only by our passions, may prove

destructive.

Enter CELIA, running.

Celia. Oh, my dear Captain! but I didn't know you had company—a thousand pardons—*[Courtesies round.]* but, upon my word, I don't know how to apologize for this strange intrusion of mine—Captain, don't be vain, if I make this horrible news of your danger, an excuse for my coming hither.

Henry. A thousand thanks for this kind solicitude!—My lord—Sister—give me leave to introduce a lady, who, I hope, will soon honour our family by the dearest tie.

Miss Dolly B. [Without.] Run, husband, or they'll catch us.

Enter LACKLAND and MISS DOLLY BULL.

Lack. Let's rally, and face the enemy.

Enter SIR JOHN and LADY BULL.

Sir J. B. So, you're a pretty jade! but I'll—— *[Advancing.]*

Lack. No abuse. *[Stops him.]*

Sir J. B. What! not my own daughter?

Lack. Nobody must abuse my wife.

Sir J. B. Wife! I shall go mad!—my daughter married to a fellow that I saw this morning in white shoes, and a black shirt?

Lady B. Ay, you would have English.

Sir J. B. I hope he's a rogue.

[LACKLAND bows.]

Henry. Your son-in-law!

Sir J. B. If he was myself—I hope he's a rogue—

Lady B. Tell me Dolly, how dare you take up with that person?

Miss Dolly B. Why, la, mamma! when the Colonel and 'Squire Tallyho left me, I was glad to catch at any body.

Lack. What's that you say, Mrs. Lackland?—I'm very much obliged to you—you have done me infinite honour!

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. Eh, what, have you all got about the winning-post here?

Miss Dolly B. Yes, and now, you may canter off to Newmarket.

Tall. Lackland, I give you joy of little Ginger, for she was never good, egg, or bird.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE.

Colonel E. How do you, good folks, damme? Ah, Miss Dolly coquin, run away!

Miss Dolly B. Yes, Colonel, and didn't even wait for my dancing pumps!

Colonel E. How is my good Lady de Bull? zounds!

Lady B. Sir, if you're a Frenchman, behave like one.

Colonel E. I will never behave myself, damme!

Tall. Oh, Captain, you made the betts against my mare—when do we share, my Trojan?

Henry. Sir, I don't understand——

Tall. Why, didn't I pay forfeit, and let the colonel's Black Prince walk over the course to-day?

Henry. And, seriously, did you dare to think that I'd join in such a scandalous affair?

Tall. Then you may fling your cap at Celia.

Henry. Hush! you laid me five thousand yourself—consent to my marriage with your sister, or I'll proclaim you, not only here, at Fontainbleau, but at every racecourse in England.

Tall. I'm had—yes, and tricked, choused, slanged, and banged! Celia, take him against the field—clever—has nicked me, that have nicked hundreds!

Henry. I fancy, the first real good ever produced by gaming; our winning is but a decoy, its joys, built upon the grief of others, and our losses stop but in ruin, or dishonour.

Tall. May be so; but, as I set out a young pigeon, I'll die an old rook.

Sir J. B. But how shall I get this rook [*To LACKLAND.*] out of my pigeon-house?

Colonel E. Ah, pauvre Lackland! I ave procure de commission for you, in my regiment.

Lack. Thank you, Colonel; but while I can raise the price of a drumstick, I'll never draw a sword against my country.

Sir J. B. What!—your hand, my Briton!—you shall never want a nail for your hat, in my parlour, at dinner time—you shall post my books, and take the whip hand of my lady's gig on a Sunday.

Lack. Drive a gig! My dear dad, you shall rattle up in your vis-a-vis, to the astonishment of all Garlick Hill.

Sir J. B. My deeree and I ride, side by side, in a vis-a-vis! ha! ha! ha!

Tall. Yes, and if you whip your gig down to Yorkshire, I'll mount her ladyship upon Whirligig, and, Sir Jackey, my lad, up you go again upon Kick-him-Jenny.

Sir J. B. I'll see you astride the dragon, upon Bow steeple, first—but now I'll invite you all to the British Lion, where French claret shall receive the zest of English hospitality—Eh, my Antigallican son-in-law?

Lack. Well said, Bull; but mind, I'll have no illiberal prejudices in my family—general national reflections, are unworthy the breast of an Englishman; and, however in war, each may vindicate his country's honour, in peace, let us not know a distance, but the Streights of Dover.

FINALE.

Lord W. *This patriot fire, within each heart,
 For ever let us nourish.*

Rosa. *Of Glory, still the golden mart,
 May England ever flourish!*

Henry. *Let fashion, with her glitt'ring train,
 Abroad, awhile deceive us;*

Celia. *We long to see dear home again,
 The love of England must remain,
 And that can never leave us.*

This patriot fire, &c.

Sir J. B. *My future range,
 The Stock Exchange,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces;
 Nor gig, nor nag,
 Jack Bull shall drag,
 To French, or English races,*

Lady B. *At feast, or ball,
 At Grocers' Hall,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces;
 Yet nothing keep*

*Me from a peep,
At French or English races;*

CHORUS.

*Now of each doubt and perplexity eas'd,
From Fontainbleau we prance,
In hopes with our errors our friends will be pleas'd,
As 'tis our way in France.*

THE END.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

Contemporary spellings have been retained, even when inconsistent. Only the name Lapoche (which in a few instances appeared as Lepoche and Lep.) has been regularised (along with its abbreviation) to prevent confusion.

The illustration has been moved to the appropriate place in the text.

[The end of *Fontainebleau* by John O'Keeffe]