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The English Merchant.

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THE ENGLISH MERCHANT. *)

Act. II. Scene VII-XII.

Freeport and Mrs. Goodman.

My best friend! Welcome to London! When did you arrive from Lisbon?

Free. But last night.

Mrs. Good. I hope you have had a pleasant voyage?

Free. A good trading voyage — I have got money, but I have got the spleen too. — Have you any news in town?

Mrs. Good. None at all, Sir.

Free. So much the better. The less news, the less nonsense. — But what strange lady have you had here! I met her as I was coming up: she rushed by like a fury, and almost swept me down stairs again with the wind of her hooppetticoat.

Mrs. Good. Ah! jealousy! Jealousy is a terrible passion; especially in a woman's breast, Mr. Freeport.

Free. Jealousy! Why, she is not jealous of you, Mrs. Goodman?

Mrs. Good. No; but of a lodger of mine.

Free. Have you any new lodgers since I left you?

Mrs. Good. Two or three, Sir; the last arrived but to-day; an elderly gentleman, who will see no company.

Free. He's in the right. Three parts in four of mankind are knaves or fools, and the fourth part live by themselves. — But who are your other lodgers?

Mrs. Good. An author and a lady.

Free. I hate authors. Who is the lady?

Mrs. Good. She calls herself Amelia Walton; but I believe that name is not her real one.

Free. Not her real one! Why, sure she is a woman of character?

Mrs. Good. A woman of character! She is an angel. She is most miserably poor; and yet haughty to an excess.

Free. Pride and poverty! A sad composition, Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Good. No, Sir; her pride is one of her greatest virtues; it consists in depriving herself of almost all necessaries, and concealing it from the world. Tho' every action speaks her to be a woman of birth and education, she

*) A Comedy, by George Colman. Lond. 1767. 8.

she lives upon the work of her own hands without murmur or complaint. I make use of a thousand stratagems to assist her against her will; I prevail on her to keep the money due for rent for her support, and furnish her with every thing she wants at half its prime cost; but if she perceives or suspects these little artifices, she takes it almost as ill as if I had attempted to defraud her. In short, Sir, her unshaken virtue and greatness of soul under misfortunes, make me consider her as a prodigy, and often draw tears of pity and admiration from me.

Free. Ah! women's tears lie very near their eyes. I never cried in my life; and yet I can feel too; I can admire, I can esteem, but what signifies whimpering? Hark ye, Mrs. Goodman! This is a very extraordinary account you give of this young woman; you have raised my curiosity, and I'll go and see this lodger of yours; I am rather out of spirits, and it will serve to amuse me.

Mrs. Good. Oh, Sir, you can't see her; she neither pays visits nor receives them, but lives in the most retired manner in the world.

Free. So much the better. I love retirement as well as she. Where are her apartments?

Mrs. Good. On this very floor, on the other side of the staircase.

Free. I'll go and see her immediately.

Mrs. Good. Indeed you can't, Sir. It is impossible.

Free. Impossible! where is the impossibility of going into a room? Come along!

Mrs. Good. For heaven's sake, Mr. Freeport!

Free. P'haw! I have no time to lose, I have business half an hour hence.

Mrs. Good. But won't it be rather indelicate, Sir? Let me prepare her first!

Free. Prepare her — With all my heart — But remember that I am a man of business, Mrs. Goodman, and have no time to waste in ceremony and compliment.

(Exeunt.)

Amelia's apartment.

Amelia at work, and Molly.

Amel. No, Poly! If Lord Falbridge comes again, I am resolved not to see him.

Molly. Indeed, Madam, he loves you above all the world; I am sure of it; and I verily believe he will run mad, if you don't hear what he has to say for himself.

Amel. Speak no more of him.

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Enter

Enter *Mrs. Goodman.*

Mrs. Goodman!

Mrs. Good. Pardon me, Madam! Here is a gentleman of my acquaintance begs you would give him leave to speak with you.

Amel. A gentleman! who is he?

Mrs. Good. His name is Freeport, Madam. He has a few particularities; but he is the best-hearted man in the world. Pray let him come in, Madam!

Amel. By no means; you know I receive visits from nobody.

Enter *Freeport.*

Bless me! he's here. This is very extraordinary indeed, *Mrs. Goodman.*

Free. Don't disturb yourself, young woman; don't disturb yourself!

Molly. Mighty free and easy, methinks!

Amel. Excuse me, Sir; I am not used to receive visits from persons entirely unknown.

Free. Unknown! There is not a man in all London better known than I am. I am a merchant, my name is Freeport; Freeport of Crutched-Friars; enquire upon Change!

Amel. *Mrs. Goodman!* I never saw the gentleman before. I am surpris'd at his coming here.

Free. Pooh! Prithee; *Mrs. Goodmann* knows me well enough. (*Mrs. Goodman talks apart with Amelia.*) Ay! that's right, *Mrs. Goodman.* Let her know who I am, and tell her to make herself easy.

Mrs. Good. But the lady does not chuse we should trouble her, Sir.

Free. Trouble her? I'll give her no trouble; I came to drink a dish of tea with you; let your maid get it ready, and we will have it here instead of your parlour. — In the mean time I will talk with this lady; I have something to say to her.

Amel. If you had any business, Sir —

Free. Business! I tell you I have very particular business; so sit down, and let's have tea.

Mrs. Good. You shou'd not have followed me so soon, Sir.

Free. Pooh, prithee!

Exit. Mrs. Goodman.

Molly. This is the oddest man I ever saw in my life.

Amel.

Amel. Well, Sir, as I see you are a particular acquaintance of Mrs. Goodman — But pray what are your commands for me, Sir! *(they sit.)*

Free. I tell you what, young woman; I am a plain man, and will tell you my mind in an instant. I am told that you are one of the best women in the world; very virtuous, and very poor; I like you for that: but they say you are excessively proud too; now I don't like you for that, Madam.

Molly. Free and easy still, I see.

Amel. And pray, Sir, who told you so?

Free. Mrs. Goodman.

Amel. She has deceived you, Sir; not in regard to my pride, perhaps, for there is a certain right pride which everybody, especially women, ought to possess! and as to virtue, it is no more than my duty; but as to poverty, I disclaim it; they who want nothing, cannot be said to be poor.

Free. It is no such thing: you don't speak the truth; and that is worse than being proud. I know very well that you are as poor as Job, that you are in want of common necessaries, and don't make a good meal above once in a fortnight.

Molly. My mistress fast for her health, Sir.

Free. Hold your tongue, hussy! what, are you proud too?

Molly. Lord, what a strange man!

Free. But however, Madam, proud or not proud, does not signify two pence. — Hark ye, young woman! it is a rule with me (as it ought to be with every good Christian) to give a tenth part of my fortune in charity. In the account of my profits there stands at present the sum of two thousand pounds on the credit side of my books; so that I am two hundred pounds in arrear. This I look upon as a debt due from my fortune to your poverty — Yes, your poverty I say, so never deny it. There's a Bank note for two hundred pounds; and now I am out of your debt. — Where the deuce is this tea, I wonder?

Molly. I never saw such a man in my life.

Amel. I don't know that I ever was so thoroughly confounded (*apart.*) — Sir! (*to Freeport.*)

Free. Well?

Amel. This noble action has surpris'd me still more than your conversation, but you must excuse my refusal

of your kindness; for I must confess, that if I were to accept what you offer, I don't know when I should be able to restore it.

Free. Restore it! why, who wants you to restore it? I never dreamt of restitution.

Amel. I feel, I feel your goodness to the bottom of my soul; but you must excuse me. I have no occasion for your bounty; take your note, Sir, and bestow it where it is wanted.

Molly. Lord, Madam! you are ten times stranger than the gentleman. — I tell you what, Sir; (*to Freeport*) it does not signify talking; we are in the greatest distress in the world, and if it had not been for the kindness and good-nature of Mrs. Goodman, we might have died by this time. My lady has concealed her distress from every body that was willing and able to relieve her; you have come to the knowledge of it in spite of her teeth; and I hope that you will oblige her, in spite of her teeth, to accept of your generous offer.

Amel. No more, my dear Polly; if you would not have me die with shame, say no more! Return the gentleman his note with my best thanks for his kindness; tell him, I durst not accept of it; for when a woman receives presents from a man, the world will always suspect that she pays for them at the expence of her virtue.

Free. What's that! what does she say, child?

Molly. Lord, Sir, I hardly know what she says. She says, that when a gentleman makes a young lady presents, he is always supposed to have a design upon her virtue.

Free. Nonsense! why shou'd she suspect me of an ungenerous design, because I do a generous action?

Molly. Do you hear, Madam?

Amel. Yes, I hear; I admire; but I must persist in my refusal: if that scandalous fellow Spatter were to hear of this, he would stick at saying nothing.

Free. Eh! what's that?

Molly. She is afraid you should be taken for her lover, Sir.

Free. I for your lover! not I. I never saw you before. I don't love you; so make no scruples upon that account; I like you well enough, but I don't love you at all; not at all; I tell you. — If you have a mind never to see my face any more, good byet'ye! — You shall never see me any more. If you like I should come back again, I'll come back again; but I lose time, I have business; your servant. (*going*)

Amel.

Amel. Stay, Sir! do not leave me without receiving the sincerest acknowledgments of my gratitude and esteem; but, above all, receive your note again, and do not put me any longer to the blush!

Free. The woman is a fool.

Enter *Mrs. Goodman.*

Amel. Come hither, I beseech you, Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Good. Your pleasure, Madam!

Amel. Here! take this note which that gentleman has given me by mistake; return it to him, I charge you, assure him of my esteem and admiration; but let him know I need no assistance, and cannot accept it. (*Exit.*

Manent *Freeport, &c.*

Mrs. Good. Ah! Mr. Freeport! you have been at your old trade. You are always endeavouring to do good actions in secret; but the world always finds you out, you see.

Molly. Well; I don't believe there are two stranger people in England than my mistress, and that gentleman; one so ready to part with money; and the other so unwilling to receive it; — but don't believe her, Sir, for between friends, she is in very great need of assistance I assure you.

Mrs. Good. Indeed I believe so.

Free. O, I have no doubt on't, so I'll tell you what, Mrs. Goodman; keep the note, and supply her wants out of it without her knowledge; and now I think of it, that way is better than t'other.

Molly. I never saw such a strange man in my life. (*Exit.*

Mrs. Good. I shall obey your kind commands, Sir; poor soul; my heart bleeds for her; her virtue and misfortunes touch me to the soul.

Free. I have some little feeling for her too; but she is too proud. A fine face, fine figure; well behaved; well bred; and I dare say an excellent heart! — But she is too proud; tell her so, d'ye hear? tell her she is too proud. I shall be too late for my business — I'll see her again soon — It is a pity she is so proud. (*Exeunt.*

Act, III. Scene VII-X.

Sir William Douglas, Amelia.

Enter *Owen* hastily.

Ha! Owen! thou art come at a happy moment. I have found my daughter. This is your young mistress, the paragon of her sex, my dear, my amiable Amelia.

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Owen.

Owen. Oh, Sir, this is no time for congratulation. You are in the most imminent danger.

Sir W. What is the matter?

Owen. The officers of government are at this instant in the house. I saw them enter; I heard them say they had authority to apprehend some suspected person, and I ran immediately to inform you of your danger.

Amel. Oh, heaven! My father, what will you do?

Owen. Do not be alarmed, Sir; we are two; we are armed; and we may perhaps be able to make our way through them; I will stand by you to the last drop of my blood.

Sir W. Thou faithful creature! Stay, Owen; our fears may betray us; till we are sure we are attacked, let us shew no signs of opposition!

Enter *Molly*, hastily.

Molly. My dear mistress! we are ruined; we are undone for ever.

Amel. There are officers of justice in the house; I have heard it; tell me, tell me this instant whom do they seek for?

Molly. For you, Madam; for you; they have a warrant to apprehend you, they say.

Amel. But they have no warrant to apprehend any body else?

Molly. No, Madam; nobody else; but I will follow you to the end of the world.

Amel. My dear Polly, I did not mean *you*. Retire, Sir! (to Sir William.) For heavens sake leave me to their mercy; they can have no facts against me; my life has been as innocent as unfortunate, and I must soon be released.

Sir W. No, my child; I will not leave thee.

Molly. My child? This is Sir William Douglas then, as sure as I am alive!

Sir W. Besides, retiring at such a time might create suspicion, and incur the danger we would wish to avoid.

Molly. They will be in the room in a moment; I think I hear them upon the stairs; they would have been here before me, if Mr. Freeport had not come in and stopt them.

Sir W. Courage, my dear Amelia!

Amel. Alas, Sir! I have no terrors but for you.

Owen. They are here, Sir.

Molly.

Molly. Oh, lord! here they are indeed; I am frighted out of my wits.

Enter *Mrs. Goodman, Freeport, and Officer.*

Free. A warrant to seize her? a harmless young woman? it is impossible.

Officer. Pardon me, Sir; if the young lady goes by the name of Amelia Walton, I have a warrant to apprehend her.

Free. On what account!

Officer. As a dangerous person.

Free. Dangerous!

Officer. Yes, Sir; suspected of disaffection and treasonable practices.

Amel. I am the unhappy object of your search, Sir; give me leave to know the substance of the accusation.

Officer. I cannot tell you particulars, Madam; but information upon oath has been made against you, and I am ordered to apprehend you.

Mrs. Good. But you will accept of bail, Sir; I will be bound for all I am worth in the world.

Officer. In these cases, Madam, bail is not usual; and if ever accepted at all, it is excessively high, and given by persons of very large property, and known character.

Free. Well; my property is large enough, and my character very well known. My name is Freeport.

Officer. I know you very well, Sir.

Free. I'll answer for her appearance; I'll be bound in a penalty of five hundred pounds, a thousand, two thousand, or what sum you please.

Officer. And will you enter into the recognisance immediately?

Free. With all my heart, come along! (going.)

Officer. And are you in earnest, Sir?

Free. Ay, to be sure. Why not?

Officer. Because, Sir, I'll venture to say there are but few people that place their money on such securities.

Free. So much the worse; he who can employ it in doing good, places it on the best security, and puts it out at the highest interest in the world. (Exit. with the Officer.)

Manent *Sir William Douglas, &c.*

Sir W. I can hardly trust my eyes and ears; who is this benevolent gentleman?

Mrs. Good. I don't wonder you are surpris'd at Mr. Freeport's manner of proceeding, Sir; but it is his way.

He is not a man of compliment; but he does the most essential service in less time, than others take in making protestations.

Molly. Here he is again; heaven reward him!

Re-enter *Freeport*,

Free. So! that matter is dispatched; now to our other affairs! this is a busy day with me — Look-ye, Sir William; we must be brief; there is no time to be lost.

Sir W. How! am I betrayed then!

Free. Betrayed! no; but you are discovered!

Owen. What! my master discovered! (*offers to draw.*)

Free. (*to Owen*) Nay, never clap thy hand to thy sword, old trusty! your master is in danger, it is true; but not from me, I promise you. Go, and get him a post-chaise; and let him pack off this instant; that is the best way of shewing your attachment to him at present. — Twenty years, Sir William, have not made so great an alteration in you, but I knew you the moment I saw you.

Mrs. Good. Harbour no distrust of Mr. Freeport, Sir; he is one of the worthiest men living.

Amel. I know his worthiness. His behaviour to the officer but this moment, uncommonly generous as it appeared, is not the first testimony he has given me to day, of his noble disposition.

Free. Noble! p'rhaw! nonsense!

Sir W. (*to Freeport*) Sir; the kind manner in which you have been pleased to interest yourself in my affairs, has almost as much overpowered me, as if you had surprised me with hostile proceedings. Which way shall I thank you for your goodness to me and my Amelia?

Free. Don't thank me at all; when you are out of danger, perhaps I may make a proposal to you, that will not be disagreeable; at present think of nothing but your escape; for I should not be surprised, if they were very shortly to make you the same compliment, they have paid to Amelia: and in your case, which is really a serious one, they might not be in the humour to accept of my recognisance.

Mrs. Good. Mr. Freeport is in the right, Sir; every moment of delay is hazardous; let us prevail upon you to depart immediately! Amelia being wholly innocent, cannot be long detained in custody, and as soon as she is released, I will bring her to you, wherever you shall appoint.

Free.

Free. Ay, ay, you must be gone directly, Sir! and as you may want ready money upon the road, take my purse!
(*offering his purse.*)

Sir W. No, thou truest friend, I have no need of it With what wonderful goodness have you acted towards me and my unhappy family!

Free. Wonderful! why wonderful? Would not you have done the same, if you had been in my place?

Sir W. I hope I should.

Free. Well then, where is the wonder of it? Come, come, let us see you make ready for your departure!

Sir W. Thou best of men!

Free. Best of men? Heaven forbid! I have done no more than my duty by you. I am a man myself; and am bound to be a friend to all mankind, you know. (Exeunt,

Act. V.

A Hall.

Lord Falbridge and Molly meeting.

Molly. Oh, my Lord! I am glad to see you returned.

L. Fal. Where is your mistress? (eagerly.)

Molly. In her own chamber.

L. Fal. And where is Sir William Douglas?

Molly. With my mistress.

L. Fal. And have there been no officers here to apprehend them?

Molly. Officers! No, my Lord. Officers! you frighten me. I was in hopes, by seeing your Lordship so soon again, that there were some good news for us.

L. Fal. Never was any thing so unfortunate. The noble persons, to whom I meant to make application, were out of town; nor could by any means be seen or spoken with, till to morrow morning: and to add to my distraction, I learnt that a new information had been made, and a new warrant, issued to apprehend Sir William Douglas and Amelia.

Molly. Oh dear! What can we do then?

L. Fal. Do! I shall run mad. Go, my dear Polly, go to your Mistress, and Sir William, and inform them of their danger. Every moment is precious, but perhaps they may yet have time to escape.

Molly. I will, my Lord!

(going.)

L. Fal.

L. Fal. Stay! (*Molly returns.*) My chariot is a the door; tell them, not to wait for any other carriage, but to get into that, and drive away immediately.

Molly. I will, my Lord. Oh dear! I never was so terrified in all my life. (*Exit.*)

Lord *Falbridge* alone.

If I can but save them now, we may gain time for mediation. Ha! what noise! Are the officers coming! Who's here?

Enter *La France*.

La Fr. Milor, Monf. le Duc de — —

L. Fal. Sirrah! Villain! You have been the occasion of all this mischief. By your carelessness, or treachery, Lady Alton has intercepted my letter to Amelia.

La Fr. Lèdy Alton?

L. Fal. Yes, dog; did not I send you here this morning with a letter?

La Fr. Oui, Milor.

L. Fal. And did you bring it here, rascal!

La Fr. Oui, Milor.

L. Fal. No, sirrah. You did not bring it; the lady never received any letter from me; she told me so herself; whom did you give it to? (*La France hesitates.*) Speak, sirrah; or I'll shake your soul out of your body. (*shaking him.*)

La Fr. I giv it to — —

L. Fal. Who, rascal?

La Fr. Monsieur Spatter.

L. Fal. Mr. Spatter?

La Fr. Oui, Milor; he promis to giv it to Mademoiselle Amelie, vid his own hand.

L. Fal. I shall soon know the truth of that, Sir, for yonder is Mr. Spatter himself: run, and tell him I desire to speak with him!

La Fr. Oui, Milor; *ma foi*, I vas very near kesh; I never was in more *vilain embarras* in all my life. (*Exit.*)

Lord *Falbridge* alone.

My letters falling into the hands of that fellow, accounts for every thing. The contents instructed him concerning Amelia. What a wretch I am! Destined every way to be of prejudice to that virtue, which I am bound to adore.

Re-enter *La France* with *Spatter*.

Spat. Monsieur la France tells me, that your Lordship desires to speak with me; what are your commands, my Lord?

(*pertly.*)

L. Fal.

L. Fal. The easy impudence of the rascal puts me out of all patience. *(to himself.)*

Spat. My Lord!

L. Fal. The last time I saw you, Sir, you were rewarded for the good you had done; you must expect now to be chastised for your mischief.

Spat. Mischief, my Lord?

L. Fal. Yes, Sir; where is that letter of mine, which La France tells me, he gave you to deliver to a young lady of this house?

Spat. Oh the devil! *(apart.)* Letter, my Lord?

(hesitates.)

L. Fal. Yes, letter, Sir; did not you give it him, La France?

La Fr. Oui, Milor!

Spat. Y—e—e—s, yes, my Lord; I had the letter of Monsieur La France, to be sure, my Lord; but — but —

L. Fal. But what, firrah? give me the letter immediately; and if I find that the seal has been broken, I will break every bone in your skin.

Spat. For heaven's sake, my Lord! *(feelling in his pockets.)* I—I—I have not got the letter about me at present, my Lord; but if you will give me leave to step to my apartment, I'll bring it you immediately. *(offering to go.)*

L. Fal. *(stopping him.)* No, no; that will not do, Sir; you shall not stir, I promise you. — Look ye, rascal! tell me, what is become of my letter; or I will be the death of you this instant. *(drawing.)*

Spat. *(kneeling.)* Put up your sword, my Lord; put up your sword; and I will tell you every thing in the world. Indeed, I will.

L. Fal. Well, Sir; be quick then. *(putting up his sword.)*

Spat. Lady Alton —

L. Fal. Lady Alton! I thought so; go on, Sir.

Spat. Lady Alton, my Lord, desired me to procure her all the intelligence in my power, concerning every thing that past between your Lordship and Amelia.

L. Fal. Well, Sir; what then?

Spat. A little patience, I entreat your Lordship. Accordingly, to oblige her Ladyship — one must oblige the Ladies, you know, my Lord — I did keep a pretty sharp look-out, I must confess: and this morning, meeting Monsieur La France, with a letter from your Lordship

ship in his charge, I very readily gave him five guineas of her Ladyship's bounty - money, to put it into my hands.

La Fr. O Diable! me voilà perdu! (aside.

L. Fal. How! A bribe, rascal? (to *la France*.

La Fr. Ah, Milor! (on his knees.

Spat. At the same price for every letter, he would have sold a whole mail, my Lord.

La Fr. Ayez pitié de moi! (holding up his hands.

L. Fal. Betray the confidence I reposed in you?

Spat. He offered me the letter of his own accord, my Lord.

La Fr. No such ting, *en verité*, Milor!

Spat. Very true, I can assure your Lordship.

L. Fal. Well, well; I shall chastise him at my leisure. At present, Sir, do you return me my letter.

Spat. I — I have it not about me, my Lord.

L. Fal. Where is it, rascal? tell me this instant, or —

La Fr. Lèdy Alton —

L. Fal. (to *Spat.*) What! has she got it? speak, Sirrah!

Spat. She has indeed, my Lord.

L. Fal. Are not you a couple of villains?

La Fr. Oui, Milor.

Spat. Yes, my Lord!

} both speak at once.

L. Fal. (to *Spat.*) But hold, Sir? a word more with you! As you seem to be Lady Alton's chief agent, I must desire some further information from you.

Spat. Any thing in my power, my Lord.

L. Fal. I can account for her knowledge of Amelia by means of my letter; but how did she discover Sir William Douglas?

Spat. I told her, my Lord.

L. Fal. But how did you discover him yourself?

Spat. By listening, my Lord.

L. Fal. By listening?

Spat. Yes, by listening, my Lord! let me but once be about a house, and I'll engage to clear it, like a ventilator, my Lord. There is not a door to a single apartment in this house, but I have planted my ear at the keyhole.

L. Fal. And were these the means, by which you procured your intelligence?

Spat. Yes, my Lord.

L. Fal. Impossible.

Spat.

Spat. Oh dear! nothing so easy; this is nothing at all, my Lord! I have given an account of the plays in our Journal, for three months together, without being nearer the stage than the pit-passage; and I have collected the debates of a whole session, for the Magazine, only by attending in the lobby.

L. Fal. Precious rascal! — Ha! who comes here? Lady Alton herself again, as I live!

Spat. (*apprt.*) The devil she is! I wish I was out of the house.

Enter Lady Alton.

L. Alt. What! still here, my Lord? still witnessing to your own shame, and the justice of my resentment?

L. Fal. Yes, I am still here, Madam; and sorry to be made a witness of your cruelty and meanness; of your descending to arts, so much beneath your rank; and practices, so unworthy of your sex.

L. Alt. You talk in riddles, my Lord!

L. Fal. This gentleman shall explain them. Here, Madam! here is the engine of your malice, the instrument of your vengeance, your prime Minister, Mr. Spatter.

L. Alt. What have I to do with Mr. Spatter?

L. Fal. To do mischief; to intercept letters, and break them open; to overhear private conversations, and betray them; to —

L. Alt. Have you laid any thing of this kind to my charge, Sir? (*to Spatter.*)

Spat. I have been obliged to speak the truth, though much against my will, indeed, Madam.

L. Alt. The truth! thou father of lies, did ever any truth proceed from thee? What! is his Lordship your new patron! A fit Mæcenas for thee, thou scandal to the *belles Lettres!*

L. Fal. Your rage at this detection is but a fresh conviction of your guilt.

L. Alt. Do not triumph, monster! you shall still feel the superiority I have over you. The object of your wishes is no longer under your protection; the officers of the government entered the house at the same time with myself, with a warrant to seize both Amelia and her father.

L. Fal. Confusion! Are not they gone then? La France! villain! run, and bring me word!

La Fr. I go, Milor.

(*Exit.*)

L. Alt. Do not flatter yourself with any hopes; they have not escaped; here they are, secured in proper hands.

L. Fal.

L. Fal. Death and distraction! now I am completely miserable.

Enter Sir *William Douglas, Amelia, Owen,*
and *Officers.*

L. Alt. Yes, your misery is complete indeed; and so shall be my revenge. Oh! your servant, Madam! (*turning to Amelia*) You now see to what a condition your pride and obstinacy have reduced you. Did not I bid you tremble at the consequences?

Amel. It was here alone that I was vulnerable. (*holding her father's hand.*) Oh, Madam! (*turning to Lady Alton*) by the virtues that should adorn your rank, by the tenderness of your sex, I conjure you, pity my distress! do but release my father; and there are no concessions, however humiliating, which you may not exact from me.

L. Alt. Those concessions now come too late, Madam. If I were even inclined to relieve you, at present it is not in my power. (*haughtily.*) Lord Falbridge perhaps may have more interest. (*with a sneer.*)

L. Fal. Cruel, insulting woman! (*to Lady Alton.*) Do not alarm yourself, my Amelia! — Do not be concerned, Sir! (*to Sir William.*) Your enemies shall still be disappointed. Altho' ignorant of your arrival, I have for some time past exerted all my interest in your favour, and by the mediation of those still more powerful, I do not despair of success. Your case is truly a compassionate one; and in that breast, from which alone mercy can proceed, thank heaven, there is the greatest reason to expect it.

Sir W. I am obliged to you for your concern, Sir.

L. Fal. Oh, I owe you all this, and much more — But this is no time to speak of my offences, or repentance.

L. Alt. This is mere trifling. I thought you knew on what occasion you came hither, Sir. (*to the Officer.*)

Officer. Your reproof is too just, Madam. I attend you, Sir. (*to Sir William.*)

L. Fal. Hold! Let me prevail on you, Sir, (*to the Officer*) to suffer them to remain here till tomorrow morning. I will answer for the consequences.

Officer. Pardon me, my Lord! we should be happy to oblige you; but we must discharge the duty of our office.

L. Fal. Distraction!

Sir W. Come then! we follow you, Sir! Be comforted, my Amelia! for my sake, be comforted! Wretched as I am, your anxiety shocks me more than my own misfortunes. (*as they are going out, Enter Freeport.*)

Free.

Free. Heyday! what now! the officers here again! I thought we had satisfied you this morning. What is the meaning of all this?

Officer. This will inform you, Sir. (*giving the warrant.*)

Free. How's this? Let me see! (*reading.*) This it to require you — um um — the bodies of William Ford and Amelia Walton — um — um — suspected persons — um — um — Well, well! I see what this is: but you will accept of bail, Sir.

Officer. No, Sir; this case is notailable, and we have already been reprimanded for taking your recognizance this morning.

Sir W. Thou good man! I shall ever retain the most lively sense of your behaviour: but your kind endeavours to preserve the poor remainder of my proscribed life are in vain. We must submit to our destiny. (*all going.*)

Free. Hold, hold! one word, I beseech you, Sir! (*to the Officer*) a minute or two will make no difference — Bail then, it seems, will not do, Sir?

Officer. No, Sir.

Free. Well, well; then I have something here that will perhaps, (*feeling in his pocket.*)

L. Fal. How!

L. Alt. What does he mean?

Free. No, it is not there. — It is in t'other pocket, I believe. Here, Sir William! (*producing a parchment.*) Ask the gentleman, if *that* will not do. — But first of all, read it yourself, and let us hear how you like the contents.

Sir W. What do I see! (*opening and perusing it.*) My pardon! the full and free pardon of my offences! Oh heaven! and is it to you then, to you, Sir, that I owe all this? — Thus, thus let me shew my gratitude to my benefactor! (*falling at his feet.*)

Free. Get up, get up, Sir William! Thank heaven, and the most gracious of monarchs. You have very little obligation to me, I promise you.

Amel. My father restored! Then I am the happiest of women.

L. Fal. A pardon! I am transported.

L. Alt. How's this? a pardon!

Free. Under the great seal, Madam.

L. Ali. Confusion! what! am I baffled at last then? Am I disappointed even of my revenge? — Thou offi-

cious fool! (*to Freeport.*) May these wretches prove as great a torment to you, as they have been to me! As for thee, (*to Lord Fabridge*) thou perfidious monster, may thy guilt prove thy punishment! May you obtain the unworthy union you desire! May your wife prove as false to you, as you have been to me! May you be followed, like Orestes, with the furies of a guilty conscience; find your error when it is too late; and die in all the horrors of despair! (*Exit.*)

Free. There goes a woman of quality for you! what little actions! and what a great soul! — Ha! Master Spatter! where are you going?

(*to Spatter, who is sneaking off.*)

Spat. Following the Muse, Sir! (*pointing after Lady Alton.*) But if you have any further commands, or his Lordship should have occasion for me to write his Epithalamium —

L. Fal. Peace, wretch! sleep in a whole skin, and be thankful! I would solicit mercy myself, and have not leisure to punish you. Be gone, Sir!

Spat. I am obliged to your Lordship — This affair will make a good article for the Evening-Post to-night, however. (*Aside, and Exit.*)

Sir W. How happy has this reverse of fortune made me! — But my surprise is almost equal to my joy. May we beg you, Sir, (*to Freeport*) to inform us how your benevolence has effected what seems almost a miracle in my favour?

Free. In two words then, Sir William, this happy event is chiefly owing to your old friend, the late Lord Brumpton.

Sir W. Lord Brumpton!

Free. Yes; honest Owen there told me, that his Lordship had been employed in soliciting your pardon. Did not you, Owen?

Owen. I did, Sir.

Free. Upon hearing that, and perceiving the danger you were in, I went immediately to the present Lord Brumpton; who is a very honest fellow, and one of the oldest acquaintance I have in the world. He, at my instance, immediately made the necessary application; and guess how agreeably we were surpris'd to hear that the late Lord had already been successful, and that the pardon had been made out, on the very morning of

of the day his Lordship died. Away went I, as fast as a pair of horses could carry me, to fetch it; and should certainly have prevented this last arrest, if the warrant to apprehend you, as dangerous persons, had not issued under your assumed names of William Ford and Amelia Walton, against whom the information had been laid. But, however, it has only served to prevent your running away, when the danger was over, for at present, Sir William, thank heaven and his majesty, you are a whole man again; and you have nothing to do but to make a legal appearance, and to plead the pardon I have brought you, to absolve you from all informations.

L. Fal. Thou honest excellent man! How happily have you supplied, what I failed to accomplish!

Free. Ay, I heard that your Lordship had been busy.— You had more friends at Court than one, Sir William, I promise you.

Sir W. I am overwhelmed with my sudden good fortune, and am poor even in thanks. Teach me, Mr. Freeport, teach me how to make some acknowledgement for your extraordinary generosity.

Free. I'll tell you what, Sir William. Notwithstanding your daughter's pride, I took a liking to her, the moment I saw her.

L. Fal. Ha! What's this!

Free. What's the matter, my Lord?

L. Fal. Nothing. Go on, Sir!

Free. Why then, to confess the truth, I am afraid that my benevolence, which you have all been pleased to praise so highly, had some little leaven of self-interest in it; and I was desirous to promote Amelia's happiness more ways than one.

L. Fal. Then I am the veriest wretch that ever existed.— But take her, Sir! for I must confess that you have deserved her by your proceedings; and that I, fool and villain that I was, have forfeited her by mine. (*going.*)

Free. Hold, hold! one word before you go, if you please, my Lord! You may kill yourself for aught I know, but you shan't lay your death at my door, I promise you. I had a kindness for Amelia, I must confess; but in the course of my late negotiation for Sir William, hearing of your Lordship's pretensions, I dropt all thoughts of her. It is a maxim with me, to do good wherever I can, but always to abstain from

doing mischief. — Now as I can't make the lady happy myself, I would fain put her into the hands of those that can. — So, if you would oblige me, Sir William, let me join these two young folks together, (*joining their hands*) and do you say Amen to it.

Sir W. With all my heart! — You can have no objection, Amelia. (*Amelia bursts into tears.*)

L. Fal. How bitterly do those tears reproach me! It shall be the whole buliness of my future life to atone for them.

Amel. Your actions this day, and your solicitude for my father, have redeemed you in my good opinion; and the consent of Sir William, seconded by so powerful an advocate as Mr. Freeport, cannot be contended with. Take my hand, my Lord! a virtuous passion may inhabit the purest breast; and I am not ashamed to confess, that I had conceived a partiality for you, till your own conduct turned my heart against you; and if my resentment has given you any pain, when I consider the occasion, I must own that I cannot repent it.

L. Fal. Mention it no more, my love, I beseech you! You may justly blame your lover, I confess; but I will never give you cause to complain of your husband.

Free. I don't believe you will. I give you joy, my Lord! I give you all joy. As for you, Madam, (*to Amelia*) do but shew the world that you can bear prosperity, as well as you have sustained the shocks of adversity, and there are few women, who may not wish to be an Amelia.

Verzeichniß
einiger
in diesem Buche vorkommenden
Wörter und Redensarten,
die
in den Wörterbüchern fehlen.

A.

Aborigines, Eingeborne, erste Einwohner eines Landes.

Absentee, wird bloss von Irländern gebraucht, die sich ausser ihrem Vaterlande aufhalten.

Ace, I was within an ace of doing it: Ich war auf dem Punkte, es zu thun.

Alligator, Art Krokodile, Caymán. (vom Spanischen El Lagarto, eine Eidexe.)

Animula Vagula, S. 201. Flüchtiges Seelchen, der Anfang eines lateinischen Liedes des Kaisers Hadrian an seine Seele.

An't please Your Honour. Mit Ihrer Gnaden Wohlnehmen: -- Ein Ausdruck gemeiner Leute gegen ihre Obern, Richter u. d. gl.

Architrave, Unterbalken, unterster Theil eines Hauptgesimses.

Area, Vorhof, Hofplatz.

Arthur's, die berühmteste Hoftaverne in London, wo stark gespielt wird.

Aver-eas. S. 138. Ein türkisches Wort: Confiscationen der Güter.

Authoritative injunctio, Machtspruch, entscheidender Befehl.

A-wel-o'day. Ein Ausruf — Gütiger Himmel! u. d. gl. wie *Alack o' Day*.

B.

Barrow - Bunter. Ein altes Weib, das Früchte auf einem Schiebkarren feil hat.

Bart, d. i. Baronet.

Battery. Kessel, und dergleichen Waaren, welche in Messings- und Kupferhämmern verfertigt werden.

Beetel. S. 239. Ein Kraut, womit in Ostindien starker Handel getrieben wird. Man vermischt es mit *Beetlenut*, oder *Arek*, (einer Art Nüsse, die auf einem Palmbaum wächst) wie auch mit Muschelkalk &c. (*Chunam*) und käuert es, wie die Matrosen Toback kauen.

X 3

Bills