

The Quaker

By

Charles Dibdin

Freeditorial 

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

STEADY

BY Mr. BANNISTER.

EASY

Mr. WRIGHTEN.

LUBIN

Mr. VERNON.

SOLOMON

Mr. PARSONS.

WOMEN.

CICELY

BY Mrs. LOVE.

FLORETTA

Miss WALPOLE.

GILLIAN

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

COUNTRYMEN &c.

THE QUAKER.

1. ACT I.

1.1. SCENE I.

An irregular Hill carried quite to the Back of the Stage, so situated, that *Lubin*, who comes from it during the Symphony of the Duet, is sometimes seen and sometimes concealed by the Trees. A Cottage on one Side, near the Front.

LUBIN and CICELY.

AIR and DUET.

LUBIN.

'MIDST thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales,
Whose songs are echo'd from the vales,
Trudging along through thick and thin,
Thank Fate, at last I've reach'd the door.
How pleas'd they'll be to let me in!
I've walk'd amain,
And yet, ne'er leaving her before,
Hast'ning to see my love again,
I thought each furlong half a score.—
They're long, methinks—

CICELY.

[At the window.] —Who's there, I trow?

LUBIN.

Look out, good mother, don't you know?
'Tis Lubin. How does Gillian do?
And Hodge, and Margery, and Sue?

CICELY.

Not a whit better, Sir, for you.

LUBIN.

Why, what's the matter? Why d'ye frown?

CICELY.

You shall know all, when I come down.

LUBIN.

What is the meaning of all this?

Oh, here she comes.— [*Enter Cicely.*]

CICELY.

—Well, what's amiss?

Who are you, making all this stir?

If to come in you mean,

You may as well be jogging, Sir,

While yet your boots are green.

LUBIN.

I'm perfectly like one astound,

I know not, I declare,

Whether I'm walking on the ground,

Or flying in the air.

This treatment is enough to quite

Bereave one of one's wits.

CICELY.

Good lack-a-day! and do you bite,

Pray, ever, in these fits?

LUBIN.

But you are jesting—

CICELY.

—Think so still.

LUBIN.

Where's Gillian?—

CICELY.

—She's not here:

She's gone abroad, Sir, she is ill,

She's dead, you cannot see her.

She knows you not, did never see

Your face in all her life:

In short, to-morrow she's to be
Another person's wife.

I tell you we know nothing at all about you.

LUBIN. You don't! Why then may happen my name 'en't Lubin Blackthorn, and 'tis likely I did not set out six months ago to see my father down in the west, and ask his consent to my marriage with your daughter Gillian; and I warrant you I did not stay till my father died, to take possession of his farm and every thing that belonged to him; nay, you'll want to make me believe presently that I 'en't come now to settle affairs, and take her back into the country with me.

CICELY. Don't make a fool of yourself, young man: get back to your farm, and graze your oxen. You won't get a lamb out of our fold, I promise you.

LUBIN. Well, but in sober sadness, you 'en't serious, are you?

CICELY. Serious! Why don't I tell you, Gillian's to be married to another to-morrow?

LUBIN. Where is she? I'll hear it from her own mouth.

CECILY. I believe about this time she is trying on her wedding suit.

LUBIN. And who is this she is going to be married to? I'll see him, and know what he has done to deserve her more than I have.

CECILY. Done to deserve her!

LUBIN. Yes, done to deserve her. You forget, I suppose, when I've carried her milk pail for her, or taken her share of work in the hay-field, how you us'd to say, that I was a true lover indeed: but I don't desire to have any thing to say to you—you'll repent first.

CECILY. Poor young man!

LUBIN. Nay, but don't you think you have us'd me very ill now?

CECILY. I thought you said you would not speak a word to me?

LUBIN. Nay, but Dame Cicely—

CECILY. Your servant. If you have a mind to be a brideman, we shall be glad to see you. [Exit.

1.2. SCENE II.

LUBIN. A very pretty spot of work this! And so I have come a hundred miles to make a fool of myself, and to be laughed at by the whole village.

AIR.

I.
I lock'd up all my treasure,
I journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.

II.
My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.

III.
But this delight was stifled,
As it began to dawn,
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.

1.3. SCENE III.

Enter EASY.

LUBIN. Here comes her father. I don't suppose he had much hand in it; for so he had his afternoon's nap in quiet, he was always for letting things go as they would. So, Master Easy, you have consented, I find, to marry your

daughter to another, after promising me over and over, that nobody should have her but me.

EASY. My wife desired me.

LUBIN. Your mind is strangely altered, farmer Easy. But do me one piece of justice however—tell me, who is it you intend for your son-in-law?

EASY. 'Tis a rich one I assure you.

LUBIN. And so you have broke your word, and all for the lucre of gain. And, pray now, don't you expect to be hooted out of the village?

EASY. I can't say I do.

LUBIN. Then they're a vile pack of wretches, and I'll get away from them as soon as I can. Go on, go on—let me know all.

EASY. You are in a passion, child, so I don't regard what you say: but I think I should have been out of my wits to have refused Mr. Steady, the rich Quaker.

LUBIN. What, is it he then?

EASY. It is.

LUBIN. What, he that you are steward to; he that does so much good all about; and he that gives a portion every May-day to a damsel, as a reward for her sweetheart's ingenuity?

EASY. The same. You have seen the nature of it—that villager who can boast of having done the most ingenuous thing, claims a right to demand a farm, containing sixty acres, rent free for seven years, and a hundred pounds to stock it, together with whatever maiden he chooses, provided he gains her consent: and it is a good custom; for the young men, who formerly us'd to vie with one another in the feats of strength, now, as I may say, vie with one another in feats of understanding.

LUBIN. And so he is to marry your daughter?

EASY. Things are as I tell you. And for that purpose he has taken Gillian into his own house, had her taught music, and to say the truth, she is a different thing to what she was when you saw her last.

LUBIN. She is indeed! for when I saw her last, she told me, that all the riches in the world should never make her forget me.

EASY. But since she has changed her mind; and it so falls out, that tomorrow is May-day, you would do well to study some ingenuous thing, and get this portion for a more deserving damsel.

LUBIN. No, farmer Easy; her using me ill is no reason why I should do any thing to make me angry with myself; I swore to love her for ever, and I'll keep my word, tho' I see she has broke hers.

EASY. Do what you please, I must be gone.

LUBIN. Nay, but tell me one thing—did Gillian herself consent to this?

EASY. You'll know all in good time. [Exit.]

1.4. SCENE IV.

LUBIN.

AIR.

Women are Will-o'the-Whisps 'tis plain,
The closer they seem still the more they retire;
They tease you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of shelter,
Ding-dong, helter-skelter,
Thro' water and fire:
And when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may banish,
And you're near the possession of what you desire,
That instant they vanish,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.
By some they're not badly compar'd to the sea,
Which is calm and tempestuous within the same hour;

Some say they are Syrens, but take it from me,
They're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that have power,
His person, his heart, nay his reason to seize,
And lead the poor creature wherever they please.
[Exit.

1.5. SCENE V.

A Room in the Quaker's House, with Glass Doors in the Back.
Enter FLORETTA and GILLIAN.

FLORETTA. Pooh, pooh, you must forget Lubin.

GILLIAN. How can you talk so, Floretta? I won't tho', and none of them shall make me; they all frightened me, by saying it was a bad thing not to obey my parents, and so I consented to marry this Quaker-man; but there's a wide difference between marrying him and forgetting Lubin.

FLORETTA. And so you would be silly enough to prefer being the homely wife of a clown, to rolling about in your own coach, having your own servants to wait on you, and, in short, leading the life of a fine lady?

GILLIAN. Oh, lord! I am sick at the thoughts of being a fine lady! But what's the reason, Floretta, that my friends want to make me so unhappy? I am sure I'd do any thing rather than vex them.

FLORETTA. Why you know that Mr. Steady's will is a law to us all; and as he had desired your friends to consent to this marriage, how could they refuse?

GILLIAN. Well, but you know he is a very good-natured man; and I dare say, if I was to tell him how disagreeable he is, and that I can't bear the sight of him, he'd let me marry Lubin.

FLORETTA. Suppose you try.

GILLIAN. So I will.

FLORETTA. But how are you sure this Lubin you are so fond of, is as fond of you?

GILLIAN. I've tried a thousand ways.

AIR.

I.

A kernel from an apple core,
One day on either cheek I wore,
Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge bespeak.
Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,
Sure token that his love's unsound;
But Lubin nothing could remove,
Sure token his is constant love.

II.

To find the man who loves me best,
"Fly," said I, "south, north, east and west."
The lady-bird is westward flown,
For westward is my Lubin gone.
Last Valentine, at break of day,
Before the stars were chas'd away,
I met, or may he faithless prove,
Lubin, my Valentine, my love.

III.

Last May I sought to find a snail,
That might my lover's name reveal;
Which finding, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the embers spread:
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L.
Oh, may this omen lucky prove,
For L's for Lubin and for Love.

1.6. SCENE VI.

Enter STEADY.

STEADY. Verily, thou rejoicest me to find thee singing and in such spirits.

GILLIAN. I was singing to be sure; but I cannot say much about being in spirits.

STEADY. No! Why do not thy approaching nuptials lift up, and as it were exhilarate thee?

FLORETTA. Lord, Sir! there's no persuading her; nothing will get this Lubin out of her head.

STEADY. And why, young maiden, wilt thou not listen unto me? Have I not, for thy pleasure, given into all the vanities in which youth delights? I tell thee, that altho' my complexion be saturnine, my manners are not austere; why therefore likest thou not me?

GILLIAN. I should like you very well if you were my father, but I don't like you at all for a husband.

STEADY. And wherefore, I pray thee?

GILLIAN. Oh, there are reasons enough.

STEADY. Which be they?

GILLIAN. Why, in the first place, I should want you to change your cloaths, and to have you as spruce as I am.

STEADY. Rather do thou change those thou wearest, unto the likeness of mine. The dove regardeth not the gay plumage of the gaudy mackaw; and the painted rainbow delighteth our sight, but it vanishes away, yea, even as a vapour. What more?

GILLIAN. Why, in the next place, I should want to change your age, and have you as young as I am.

STEADY. She speaketh her mind, and I esteem her. Therefore why then, since it is necessary unto my peace, that thou shouldst become bone of my

bone, and flesh of my flesh, and thou canst not fashion thy disposition unto the likeness of mine, I will make it my study to double thy pleasure, until that which is now gratitude, shall at last become love.

GILLIAN. Ah! you'll never see that day, so you had better take no trouble about it.

STEADY. Thou art mistaken, and when thou beholdest the gambols to-morrow on the green—

GILLIAN. I shall long most monstrously to make one amongst them.

STEADY. And so thou shalt. Goodness forbid that I should withhold from thee those pleasures that are innocent.

AIR.

I.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

II.

Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,
With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bow'r,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one:
Whilst the lads, &c.

III.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
While the lads, &c. [*Exit Steady.*]

1.7. SCENE VII.

GILLIAN. What an unfortunate girl am I, Floretta!

FLORETTA. What makes you think so?

GILLIAN. Why, what would make you think so too, if you was in my place.

FLORETTA. Well then, I own I do think so; and if you'll promise not to betray me, I'll stand your friend in this affair.

GILLIAN. Will you? Oh law! And what must be done, Floretta?

FLORETTA. Why—But see yonder's a lover of mine; I'll make him of use to us.

GILLIAN.

Lord! what's Soloman your lover? I hate him with his proverbs and his formality. What the deuce do you intend to do with him?

FLORETTA. What women general do with their lovers, my dear, make a fool of him.—Mr. Soloman!

1.8. SCENE VIII.

Enter SOLOMAN.

'SOLOMON. I listened, when lo! thou calledst me: and as the voice of the shepherd is delightful unto the sheep in his fold, so even is thy voice delightful unto me.

FLORETTA. There's a lover for you! Why the spirit moves you, Mr. Solomon, to say abundance of fine things.

SOLOMON. According unto the proverb, love maketh a wit of the fool.

FLORETTA. Yes, and a fool of the wit. But do you love me?

SOLOMON. When thou seest one of our speakers dancing a jig at a country wake; when thou beholdest the brethren take off their beavers, and bow their bodies, or hearest them swear, then believe I love thee not.

FLORETTA. A very pompous speech, upon my word.

SOLOMON. An ill phrase may come from a good heart; but all men cannot do all things; one getteth an estate by what another getteth an halter; a foolish man—

FLORETTA. Talks just as you do now. But will you do a little favour I have to beg of you?

SOLOMON. Slaves obey the will of them who command them.

FLORETTA. There is a young man who has been us'd ill—

SOLOMON. 'Tis very like; kind words are easier met with than good actions; charity seldom goeth out of the house while ill-nature is always rambling abroad.

FLORETTA. His name is Lubin, and I want you to enquire him out, and appoint him to meet me to-morrow morning very early, in the row of elms at the bottom of the garden.

SOLOMON. But shall I not in this offend my master?

GILLIAN. Never mind him; suppose if he should find us out, and scold us a little—

SOLOMON. True—high words break no bones. But wilt thou give me a smile if I do this for thee?

GILLIAN. Ay, that she shall, Mr. Solomon, and I'll give yon another.

SOLOMON. But wilt thou appoint the spousal day?

FLORETTA. You are so hasty, Mr. Solomon—

SOLOMON. And with reason; a man may catch cold while his coat is making. Shall it be to-morrow?

FLORETTA. Must I promise?

SOLOMON. Yea, and perform too; 'tis not plumbs only that maketh the pudding.

FLORETTA. Well, well, we'll talk about it another time.

SOLOMON. No time like the time present.

FLORETTA. Nay, now but go, Soloman.

SOLOMON. An egg to-day is better than a chicken to-morrow.

FLORETTA. Pray now go.

SOLOMON. Yea, I will. A bush in the hand is better than two in the bird.
[Exit.

GILLIAN. What a fright of a creature it is! How good you are, Floretta.

FLORETTA. I could not bear to see you us'd in such a manner; and when I reflected on it, it went to my heart.

AIR.

I.

I said to myself, now, Floretta, says I,
Supposing the case was your own;
Would you not be the first ev'ry method to try,
To get rid of this canting old drone.
You well know you wou'd, and you're worse than a Turk,
If one minute you hesitate whether
In justice you should not your wits set to work,
To bring Lubin and Gillian together.

II.

To be certain, old Formal will frown and look blue,
Call you baggage, deceitful bold-face,
With all manner of names he can lay his tongue to
And perhaps turn you out of your place.
What of that? Let him frown, let him spit all his spite,
Your heart still as light as a feather,
With truth shall assure you, 'tis but doing right,

To bring Gillian and Lubin together. [Exit.

1.9. SCENE IX.

GILLIAN. I wonder what they plague us poor girls so for? Fathers and mothers in this case are comical folks; they are for ever telling one what they'll do to please one, and yet when they take it into their heads, they make nothing of desiring us to be miserable as long as one lives. I wish I could be dutiful and happy too. May be Floretta will bring matters about for me to marry Lubin with their consent; if she does, lord how I shall love her!

AIR.

The captive linnnet newly taken,
Vainly strives and vents its rage;
With struggling pants, by hopes forsaken,
And flutters in its golden cage.
But once releas'd, to freedom soaring,
Quickly on some neighbouring tree,
It sings, as if its thanks 't were pouring,
To bless the hand that set it free. [Exit.

1.10. SCENE X.

A Wall at the Back of the Quaker's Garden. *Lubin*; afterwards *Steady* and *Easy*; then *Solomon*; and last *Gillian* and *Floretta*, who look over the Garden Wall.

LUBIN. 'Tis all true, 'tis all true; there's not a soul in the whole village that has not had something to say to me about it. Some pity me, others laugh at me, and all blame me for making myself uneasy. I know, if I did as I ought to do, I should get me back, and think no more concerning of them:

but instead of that, here am I come creeping to the garden-gate, to see if I can get a sight of her. Who comes yonder?—Oh, 'tis her father and the old Quaker. I'll listen, and hear what they are talking about.

Enter STEADY and EASY.

STEADY. Friend Easy, hie thee home to thy wife, tell her to hold herself ready for to-morrow, and say unto her, that when the youth who gains the customary dower, shall receive from me the hand of his bride, I will from thee receive the hand of thy daughter.

LUBIN. Why I must be turned fool to hear all this and not say a word.

STEADY. Get thee gone, friend. [*Exit Easy.*]

Enter SOLOMON.

STEADY. Where art thou going?

SOLOMON. The truth is not to be spoken at all times. Into the village about a little business for Mrs. Floretta.

STEADY. Verily I do suspect thee to be in a plot against me. I will not have thee therefore do this business: stay here by me. [*Floretta and Gillian look over the Garden Wall.*]

FLORETTA. I wonder whether Solomon is gone?

GILLIAN. Oh, dear Floretta, as sure as you're alive, yonder's Lubin?

FLORETTA. So there is. And see on the other side the old fellow talking to Solomon.

QUINTETTO.

STEADY.
Regard the instructions, I say,
Which I am now giving thee—

SOLOMON.

—Yea.

STEADY.

Speed by times to friend Easy, and bid him take care,
The minstrels, the feasting, and sports to prepare.
He must keep away Lubin too.—

LUBIN.

—Can I bear this?

GILLIAN.

Won't you call out to Solomon presently?—

FLORETTA.

—Yes.

STEADY.

And do thou attend with thy dobbins of beer,
And see that our neighbours and friends have good cheer:
Make the whole village welcome, and—

FLORETTA.

—Solomon!

STEADY.

—Stay.

FLORETTA.

You blockhead, come here.—

STEADY.

—Dost thou notice me?

SOLOMON.

—Yea.

[Here as often as Solomon tries to speak to Floretta and Gillian, he is prevented by Steady.]

STEADY.

Stand still then.—

FLORETTA.

—Friend Solomon.—

LUBIN.

—Is it not she?

FLORETTA.

Mind the oaf.—

GILLIAN.

—Ha, ha, ha.—

LUBIN.

—They're laughing at me.

STEADY.

See that garlands are ready—

GILLIAN AND FLORETTA.

—Ha, ha, ha.—

LUBIN.

—Again.

Oh, Gillian! thou falsest of women, since when
Have I merited this?—

STEADY.

—so that when on the lawn—

LUBIN.

But I'll speak to her:—

GILLIAN.

—Look, look, he sees us!—

STEADY.

—Begone.

But, hark thee—

LUBIN.

—Oh, Gillian! how wicked thou art!

Thou hast fool'd me, betray'd me, and broke my poor heart.
But henceforth with safety in infamy reign,
For I never, no never, will see you again. [*Exit* Lubin.

GILLIAN.

He's gone! Now, lord, lord! I'm so mad I cou'd cry!

FLORETTA.

Here, Solomon!—

STEADY.

—Go where I told thee—

SOLOMON.

—I fly!

STEADY.

Well, do then, and tarry no where by the way.

FLORETTA.

Quickly run after Lubin.—

GILLIAN.

—Do, Solomon.—

SOLOMON.

—Yea.

STEADY.

What, Gillian, art there?—

GILLIAN.

—Yes, I am!—

STEADY.

—Why dost sigh?

When the hour of thy happiness waxeth so nigh.

GILLIAN.

Why, you know well enough.—

STEADY.

—Come, come, do not sorrow.

GILLIAN.

Go along! *Get away!*—

STEADY.

—By yea, and by nay,

Thy mind shall be easy, believe me, to-morrow. [Exit.

END of the FIRST ACT.

2. ACT II.

2.1. SCENE I.

A Garden.
Enter LUBIN.

LUBIN. WHAT-a-piague have they brought me here for! I am in a rare humour—they'd better not provoke me—they would not have set eyes on me again, if it had not been that I want to see how she can look me in the face after all this.

Enter FLORETTA.

FLORETTA. There he is.

LUBIN. She shall find that I am not to be persuaded into any thing.

FLORETTA. We shall try.

LUBIN. And if her father and all of them were at this minute begging and praying me to marry her, they should see—

FLORETTA. That you would consent to it with all your heart.

LUBIN. I'll just abuse her heartily; tell the Quaker what an old fool he is; call her father and mother all to pieces, for persuading her to marry him; then get me down to my farm, and be as careful to keep myself out of love, as I would to keep my wheat free from tares, a fox from my poultry, or the murrain from my cattle.

FLORETTA. If I should make you alter your tone now?

LUBIN. I remember the time, when 'twas who should love most: but what a fool am I to think of that now—No, no, she shall find I can forget her, as easily as she can forget me.

FLORETTA. That I firmly believe.

DUET.

FLORETTA taps his shoulder.
How! Lubin sad! this is not common;
What do ye sigh for?—

LUBIN.
—A woman.

FLORETTA.
How fair is she who on your brow
Prints care?—

LUBIN.
—Just such a toy as thou.

FLORETTA.
What has she done?—

LUBIN.
—For ever lost my love.

FLORETTA.
That's sad, indeed! And can no prayers move?

LUBIN.
None: 'tis too late, that folly is o'er;
My love's turn'd to hate, and I'll see her no more.
The time has been, when all our boast
Was who should love the other most.
How did I count without my host!
I thought her mine for ever.
But now I know her all deceit;
Will tell her so whene'er we meet,
And was she sighing at my feet—

FLORETTA.
You would forgive her.—

LUBIN.
—Never.

FLORETTA.

Then I may e'en go back, I find:
To serve you, Sir, I was inclin'd;
But to your own advantage blind,
'Twou'd be a vain endeavour.
'Tis certain she does all she can,
And we had form'd a charming plan
To take her from the Quaker-man

LUBIN.

Nay, pr'ythee tell it.—

FLORETTA.

—Never.

2.2. SCENE II.

Enter GILLIAN.

FLORETTA. Here she is; now let her speak for herself.

GILLIAN. Oh, Lubin! why would you not hear me speak to you yesterday? I did not sleep a wink all night for thinking on't.

LUBIN. Why, had I not reason, Gillian, to be angry, when every one I met told me what a fool you had made of me.

GILLIAN. Why what could I do? Floretta here, knows that I have done nothing but abuse old Steady from morning till night about it.

FLORETTA. Come, come, don't let us dispute about what's past, but make use of the present opportunity; we have not a moment to lose. Get you to my master, make up a plausible story how ill you have been us'd by an old fellow, who has run away with your sweetheart; and tell him, that you come to complain to him, as you know 'tis a custom for every body to do when they are us'd ill.

GILLIAN. What a rare girl you are, Floretta. But are you sure he won't know him?

FLORETTA. No; I heard your father say, he never saw him in all his life.

LUBIN. That's lucky; leave me alone for a plausible story. [Exit.

2.3. SCENE III.

Enter SOLOMON.

FLORETTA. Here comes my formal messenger. Well, Solomon, where's your master?

SOLOMON. In the great hall, waiting your approach.

GILLIAN. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Solomon.

SOLOMON. Words cost us nothing. If I have done thee service, thank me by deeds.

GILLIAN. Oh, what you want me to coax Floretta to marry you?

SOLOMON. I do.

FLORETTA. Solomon has it very much in his power to make me love him.

SOLOMON. How, I pray thee?

FLORETTA. Why, I have said a hundred times, that I never would marry a man who had always a proverb in his mouth

GILLIAN. So you have, Floretta; I have heard you.

SOLOMON. And thou wouldst have me leave off mine—a word to the wise—thou shalt hear them no more.

FLORETTA. Why, that sounded something like one.

SOLOMON. It must be done by degrees. Word by word great books are written.

FLORETTA. Again!

SOLOMON. I pray thee to pardon me; I shall soon conquer them: but Rome was not built in a day.

FLORETTA. Oh! this is making game of one.

SOLOMON. I protest I meant no ill. I shall forget them, I say. 'Tis a long lane that hath no turning.

GILLIAN. Poor Solomon! He can't help it.

FLORETTA. Have you any desire to marry me?

SOLOMON. Ask the vintner if the wine be good?

FLORETTA. Because I will have my way in this; and I think it very hard you won't strive to oblige me.

SOLOMON. I protest, I strive all I can; but custom is second nature; and what is bred in the bone—Verily, I had like to have displeas'd thee again.

FLORETTA. Oh! what you found yourself out, did you? Then there's some hopes of amendment.

SOLOMON. It shall be amended. A thing resolv'd upon is half done; and 'tis an old saying—but what have I to do with old sayings?

FLORETTA. Very true.

SOLOMON. But I must attend on the green.

FLORETTA. Well, go; and by the time I see you next, take care that you get rid of all your musty old savings. I wonder how so sensible a man as you, could give into such nonsense.

SOLOMON. Evil communication corrupts good manners; and a dog—Pies on the dog! Well thou shalt be obeyed, believe me—Pies on the dog! [Exit.]

2.4. SCENE IV.

GILLIAN. For goodness sake, what excuse do you intend to make to him, when he has left off his proverbs?

FLORETTA. Why desire him to leave off something else; and at the rate of one in a month, he won't have parted with all his particularities in seven years.

GILLIAN. Well, how we do use men in love with us, when we take it into our heads!

FLORETTA. And yet they are fools to be used so by us. But I am sure you will never use Lubin ill—he will make you the happiest girl in the world.

AIR.

I.

The face which frequently displays
An index of the mind,
Dame Nature has her various ways
To stamp on human kind.

II.

Purs'd brows denote the purse-proud man,
Intent on some new scheme;
Clos'd eyes the politician,
For ever in a dream.

III.

But features of ingenuous kind,
Which semblance bear of truth,
Display, methinks, in face and mind
The portrait of this youth. [Exeunt.]

2.5. SCENE V.

A Hall.

Enter STEADY and LUBIN.

LUBIN. Your servant, Sir.

STEADY. Thine, friend.

LUBIN. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse my rudeness?

STEADY. I don't perceive thee guilty of any.

LUBIN. May be not; but I made bold to ask, if I might not trouble your worship about a little affair, concerning my being sadly ill used.

STEADY. Speak freely.

LUBIN. Why, there's a covetous old hunks, and like your worship, that because he is rich, would fain take away a young woman that I was to be married to, without her consent or mine.

STEADY. Has the old hunks, thou speakest of, the consent of her friends?

LUBIN. They have no consent to give, and please you.

STEADY. And why, I pray thee?

LUBIN. Because as I take it, if any body gives a thing, 'tis not theirs any longer; and they gave me their consent long ago.

STEADY. Thou speakest the truth. But what wouldst thou have me do in this business?

LUBIN. Why, please you, Sir, I have often heard it said of your worship, that there were three things you'd never suffer in our village, if you could help it—The maidens to go without sweethearts—the industrious without reward—and the injured without redress—and to be sure it made me think, that if you were once acquainted with the rights of this affair, you would

not suffer it go on; for, says I, set in case it was his worship's own concern, how would he like to have the young woman taken away from him, that he is going to marry?

STEADY. There thou saidst it

LUBIN. Why yes, I thought that was bringing the case home.

STEADY. Well, attend on the lawn; make thy claim known, and if the parties concerned are present, deliver to them what I now write thee for that purpose. [Goes to the Table.

LUBIN. This is better and better still—How they'll all be laughed at—He little thinks he is signing his consent to part with Gillian.

STEADY. Do thou direct it; thou knowest to whom it is to be given.

LUBIN. Yes, I am sure the person will be upon the lawn.

STEADY. And fear not to tell him thy mind.

LUBIN. I shan't be sparing of that, I warrant you.

STEADY. Urge thy ill usage.

LUBIN. Never fear me.

STEADY. And tell him, that by endeavouring to prevent thy happiness, he hath done thee an injury he can never repair. For that riches are given us to comfort and not distress those beneath us.

AIR.

LUBIN.

I.

With respect, Sir, to you be it spoken,
So well do I like your advice,
He shall have it, and by the same token.
I don't much intend to be nice.

II.

There's something so comical in it,
I ne'er was so tickled by half;
And was I to die the next minute,
I verily believe I should laugh.

III.

Affairs happen better and better,
Your worship, but mind the old put,
When first he looks over the letter,
I say, what a figure he'll cut. [Exit.

2.6. SCENE VI.

Enter GILLIAN and FLORETTA.

FLORETTA. Yonder he goes—I wonder how he succeeded?

STEADY. Come, Gillian, I was anxious to see thee—the time draweth near,
and the sports will shortly begin upon the lawn.

GILLIAN. I long to be there as much as you do.

STEADY. I doubt it not—And when thou seest thyself the queen of such a
set of happy mortals, I know thou wilt consent that this shall be thy bridal-
day.

FLORETTA. Yes, Sir, if you'll consent to her having Lubin.

GILLIAN. And I can tell you he's to be there.

STEADY. Lubin, I'm sure, will not oppose what I decree.

GILLIAN. I'm sure he won't part with me quietly.

STEADY. Thou shalt see that he will not dare to murmur at my will and
pleasure. But come, we are expected. Verily, I find myself exalted even to
transport, in that I am going this day to make thee a bride.

AIR.

I.

In verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,
That my manners are simple and plain;
That my words and my actions, my lips and my mind,
By my own good-will never are twain.
I love thee—umph!
Would move thee—umph!
Of love to be partaker.
Relent then—umph!
Consent then—umph!
And take thy upright Quaker.

II.

Tho' vain I am not, nor of foppery possess'd,
Wouldst thou yield to be wedded to me,
Thou shouldst find, gentle damsel, a heart in my breast
As joyful as joyful can be.
I love thee, &c. [Exit.

2.7. SCENE VII.

GILLIAN. Why I don't see but that I am as bad off as ever, Floretta.

FLORETTA. I don't know what to make of it myself; but however, if the worst comes to the worst, you must downright give them the slip, and run away.

GILLIAN. I'cod and so I will! Lubin has got enough for us both.

2.8. SCENE VIII.

Enter LUBIN.

LUBIN. Gillian, I had just watched the old Quaker out, and slipped back to tell you that every thing goes well. I have got his consent under his hand, to marry the young woman.

GILLIAN. And does he know 'tis me?

LUBIN. Not a bit; but you know he never forfeits his word, so that we have him safe enough. But don't let us be seen together. I am going to the lawn—we shall have fine sport, I warrant you. [Exit.

AIR.

GILLIAN.

I.

Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly on its seat;
My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
In every pulse new pleasure beats.

II.

Upon my troubled mind at last,
Kind fate has pour'd a friendly balm;
So after dreadful perils past,
At length succeeds a smiling calm. [Exit.

2.9. SCENE the LAST.

A Lawn, with a Maypole. Steady, Easy, Lubin, Solomon, Gillian, Floretta, Cicely, Country Lads and Lasses.

STEADY. Friends and neighbours, it hath been my study, since I first came among you, to do whatever might procure me your love and esteem. I have instituted a custom, the salutary effects of which I view with great gladness; and each is well entitled to the reward he has received. I will now propose to you a question, to see which of you can make the most ready reply. What of all things in the world is the longest and the shortest, the

swiftest and the slowest, the most precious, the most neglected, and without which nothing can be done?

First COUNTRYMAN. The earth.

STEADY. No.

Second COUNTRYMAN. Ah, I knew you would not guess it. Light, and please your worship.

STEADY. Thou art as much mistaken as he, friend.

LUBIN. 'Tis my belief, 'tis time. Nothing can be longer, because 'twill last for ever—nothing can be shorter, because 'tis gone in a moment—nothing can go slower than it does, when one's away from her one loves, and nothing swifter, when one's with her. 'Tis an old saying, That 'tis as precious as gold; and yet we are always throwing it away. And, your worship, as a proof that nothing can be done without it, if the old gentleman we were a talking about to-day, had not had the opportunity of my absence, he could not have run away with a certain young damsel.

STEADY. Thou hast solved my question aright, and art indeed an ingenious youth. If thou goest on as thou hast begun, I foresee that thou wilt win the dower. Give me now your several claims, sealed up as usual, and go on with the sports while I peruse them. [*A DANCE here.*]

STEADY. Hast thou nothing to give, young man? [*To Lub.*]

LUBIN. Why yes, please your worship, I have.

STEADY. This is addressed unto me! Let me view the contents—How! my own hand!—Thou expectest, I find, to receive this damsel for thy wife; and thy plot, which thou didst so artfully carry on, was contrived to make my neighbours laugh at me.

LUBIN. No, with respect to your worship, 'twas to keep them from laughing at you.

STEADY. How is this?

LUBIN. Why, you know, you advised me to tell the old gentleman a piece of my mind.

STEADY. Thou shalt see the revenge I will take upon thee for this. I will comply with the contents of this paper to the utmost. Here, read this aloud. [To a Countryman.

COUNTRYMAN."If the youth Lubin—"

STEADY. Thou seest I knew thee then.

LUBIN. I am afraid I have been too cunning for myself.

STEADY. You see, neighbours, how I am treated; and I request of you to be witness how much it behoveth us to resent such injuries. Go on.

COUNTRYMAN."If the youth Lubin, will faithfully love and cherish the maiden, called Gillian, and make her a good help-mate, I do freely give my consent to her becoming his wife, and request her friends to do the same."

LUBIN. How is this!

STEADY. This is my revenge. By thy ingenuity thou hast won the dower; and by thy truth and integrity, my friendship.

LUBIN. Was ever the like?

GILLIAN. I never could abide you before, but now I shall love you as long as I live.

STEADY. Verily, my heart warmeth unto you both: your innocency and love are equally respectable. And would the voluptuous man taste a more exquisite sensation than the gratifying his passions, let him prevail upon himself to do a benevolent action.

CATCH.

Let nimble dances beat the ground;

Let tabor, flagelet, and fife,
Be heard from every bower;
Let the can go round:
What's the health?—Long life
To the donor of the dower.
FINIS.

Freeditorial 