



PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY Mr. MURRAY.

POETS have oft' declared, in doleful strain,
That o'er dramatic tracks they beat in vain,
Hopeless that novelty will spring to sight;
For life and nature are exhausted quite.
Though plaints like these have rung from age to age,
Too kind are writers to desert the stage;
And if they, fruitless, search for unknown prey,
At least they dress *old game a novel way*;
But such lamentings should be heard no more,
For modern taste turns Nature out of door;
Who ne'er again her former sway will boast,
Till, to complete her works, *she starts a ghost*.
If such the mode, what can we hope to-night,
Who rashly dare approach without a sprite?
No dreadful cavern, no midnight scream,
No rosin flames, nor e'en one flitting gleam.
Nought of the charms so potent to invite
The monstrous charms of terrible delight.
Our present theme the German Muse supplies,
But rather aims to soften than surprise.
Yet, with her woes she strives some smiles to blend,
Intent as well to cheer as to amend:
On her own native soil she knows the art
To charm the fancy, and to touch the heart.
If, then, she mirth and pathos can express,
Though less engaging in an English dress,
Let her from British hearts no peril fear,
But, as a STRANGER*, find a welcome here.

* Hamlet.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

BARON WILDENHAIM	Yates
COUNT CASSEL	<i>Rushworth</i>

ANHALT *Edmund Bertram*
FREDERICK *Henry Crawford*
VERDUN *the* BUTLER *Tom Bertram*
LANDLORD
COTTAGER *Tom Bertram*
FARMER
COUNTRYMAN
Huntsmen, Servants, &c.

WOMEN.

AGATHA FIRBURG *Maria*
AMELIA WILDENHAIM *Mary Crawford*
COTTAGER'S WIFE *Mrs Grant*
COUNTRY GIRL
SCENE, Germany—Time of representation one day.



ACT I.

SCENE I. *A high road, a town at a distance—A small inn on one side of the road—A cottage on the other.*

The LANDLORD of the inn leads AGATHA by the hand out of his house.

Landlord. No, no! no room for you any longer—It is the fair to-day in the next village; as great a fair as any in the German dominions. The country people with their wives and children take up every corner we have.

Agatha - MARIA. You will turn a poor sick woman out of doors who has spent her last farthing in your house.

Landlord. For that very reason; because she *has* spent her last farthing.

Agatha - MARIA. I can work.

Landlord. You can hardly move your hands.

Agatha - MARIA. My strength will come again.

Landlord. Then *you* may come again.

Agatha - MARIA. What am I to do? Where shall I go?

Landlord. It is fine weather—you may go any where.

Agatha - MARIA. Who will give me a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger?

Landlord. Sick people eat but little.

Agatha - MARIA. Hard, unfeeling man, have pity.

Landlord. When times are hard, pity is too expensive for a poor man. Ask alms of the different people that go by.

Agatha - MARIA. Beg! I would rather starve.

Landlord. You may beg and starve too. What a fine lady you are! Many an honest woman has been obliged to beg. Why should not you? [*Agatha sits down upon a large stone under a tree.*] For instance, here comes somebody; and I will teach you how to begin. [*A Countryman, with working tools, crosses the road.*] Good day, neighbour Nicholas.

Countryman. Good day. [*Stops.*]

Landlord. Won't you give a trifle to this poor woman? [*Countryman takes no notice, but walks off.*] That would not do—the poor man has nothing himself but what he gets by hard labour. Here comes a rich farmer; perhaps he will give you something.

Enter FARMER.

Landlord. Good morning to you, Sir. Under yon tree sits a poor woman in distress, who is in need of your charity.

Farmer. Is she not ashamed of herself? Why don't she work?

Landlord. She has had a fever.—If you would but pay for one dinner—

Farmer. The harvest has been indifferent, and my cattle and sheep have suffered distemper. [*Exit.*]

Landlord. My fat, smiling face was not made for begging: you'll have more luck with your thin, sour one—so, I'll leave you to yourself. [*Exit.*]

[*Agatha rises and comes forward.*]

Agatha - MARIA . Oh Providence! thou hast till this hour protected me, and hast given me fortitude not to despair. Receive my humble thanks, and restore me to health, for the sake of my poor son, the innocent cause of my sufferings, and yet my only comfort. [*kneeling*] Oh, grant that I may see him once more! See him improved in strength of mind and body; and that by thy gracious mercy he may never be visited with afflictions great as mine. [*After a pause*] Protect his father too, merciful Providence, and pardon his crime of perjury to me! Here, in the face of heaven (supposing my end approaching, and that I can but a few days longer struggle with want and sorrow), here, I solemnly forgive my seducer for all the ills, the accumulated evils which his allurements, his deceit, and cruelty, have for twenty years past drawn upon me.

Enter a COUNTRY GIRL with a basket.

Agatha - MARIA . [*near fainting*]. My dear child, if you could spare me a trifle—

Girl. I have not a farthing in the world—But I am going to market to sell my eggs, and as I come back I'll give you three-pence—And I'll be back as soon as ever I can. [*Exit.*]

Agatha - MARIA . There was a time when I was as happy as this country girl, and as willing to assist the poor in distress. [*Retires to the tree and sits down.*]

Enter FREDERICK—He is dressed in a German soldier's uniform, has a knapsack on his shoulders, appears in high spirits, and stops at the door of the inn.

Frederick - HENRY C . Halt! Stand at ease! It is a very hot day—A draught of good wine will not be amiss. But first let me consult my purse. [*Takes out a couple of pieces of money, which he turns about in his hand.*] This will do for a breakfast—the other remains for my dinner; and in the evening I shall be home. [*Calls out*] Ha! Halloo! Landlord! [*Takes notice of Agatha, who is leaning against the tree.*] Who is that? A poor sick woman! She don't beg; but her appearance makes me think she is in want. Must one always wait to give till one is asked? Shall I go without my breakfast now, or lose my dinner? The first I think is best. Ay, I don't want a breakfast, for dinner time will soon be here. To do good satisfies both hunger and thirst. [*Going towards her with the money in his hand.*] Take this, good woman.

[*She stretches her hand for the gift, looks steadfastly at him, and cries out with astonishment and joy.*]

Agatha - MARIA . Frederick!

Frederick - HENRY C . Mother! [*With astonishment and grief.*] Mother! For God's sake what is this! How is this! And why do I find my mother thus? Speak!

Agatha - MARIA . I cannot speak, dear son! [*Rising and embracing him.*] My dear Frederick! The joy is too great—I was not prepared—

Frederick - HENRY C . Dear mother, compose yourself: [*leans her against his breast*] now, then, be comforted. How she trembles! She is fainting.

Agatha - MARIA . I am so weak, and my head so giddy—I had nothing to eat all yesterday.

Frederick - HENRY C . Good heavens! Here is my little money, take it all! Oh mother! mother! [*Runs to the inn.*] Landlord! Landlord! [*knocking violently at the door.*]

Landlord. What is the matter?

Frederick - HENRY C . A bottle of wine—quick, quick!

Landlord [*surprised*]. A bottle of wine! For who?

Frederick - HENRY C . For me. Why do you ask? Why don't you make haste?

Landlord. Well, well, Mr. soldier: but can you pay for it?

Frederick - HENRY C . Here is money—make haste, or I'll break every window in your house.

Landlord. Patience! Patience! [*goes off.*]

Frederick [*to Agatha*]. You were hungry yesterday when I sat down to a comfortable dinner. You were hungry when I partook of a good supper. Oh! Why is so much bitter mixed with the joy of my return?

Agatha - MARIA . Be patient, my dear Frederick - HENRY C . Since I see you, I am well. But I *have* been very ill: so ill, that I despaired of ever beholding you again.

Frederick - HENRY C . Ill, and I was not with you? I will, now, never leave you more. Look, mother, how tall and strong I am grown. These arms can now afford you support. They can, and shall, procure you subsistence.

[*Landlord coming out of the house with a small pitcher.*]

Landlord. Here is wine—a most delicious nectar. [*Aside.*] It is only Rhenish; but it will pass for the best old Hock.

Frederick [*impatiently snatching the pitcher*]. Give it me.

Landlord. No, no—the money first. One shilling and two-pence, if you please.

[Frederick *gives him money.*]

Frederick - HENRY C. This is all I have.—Here, here, mother.

[*While she drinks Landlord counts the money.*]

Landlord. Three halfpence too short! However, one must be charitable. [*Exit Landlord.*]

Agatha - MARIA. I thank you, my dear Frederick—Wine revives me—Wine from the hand of my son gives me almost a new life.

Frederick - HENRY C. Don't speak too much, mother.—Take your time.

Agatha - MARIA. Tell me, dear child, how you have passed the five years since you left me.

Frederick - HENRY C. Both good and bad, mother. To day plenty—to-morrow not so much—And sometimes nothing at all.

Agatha - MARIA. You have not written to me this long while.

Frederick - HENRY C. Dear mother, consider the great distance I was from you!—And then, in the time of war, how often letters miscarry.—Besides—

Agatha - MARIA. No matter now I see you. But have you obtained your discharge?

Frederick - HENRY C. Oh, no, mother—I have leave of absence only for two months; and that for a particular reason. But I will not quit you so soon, now I find you are in want of my assistance.

Agatha - MARIA. No, no, Frederick; your visit will make me so well, that I shall in a very short time recover strength to work again; and you must return to your regiment when your furlough is expired. But you told me leave of absence was granted you for a particular reason.—What reason?

Frederick - HENRY C. When I left you five years ago, you gave me every thing you could afford, and all you thought would be necessary for me. But one trifle you forgot, which was, the certificate of my birth from the church-book.—You know in this country there is nothing to be done without it. At the time of parting from you, I little thought it could be of that consequence to me which I have since found it would have been. Once I became tired of a soldier's life, and in the hope I should obtain my discharge, offered myself to a master to learn a profession; but his question was, "Where is your certificate from the church-book of the parish in which you were born?" It vexed me that I had not it to produce, for my comrades laughed at my disappointment. My captain behaved kinder, for he gave me leave to come home to fetch it—and you see, mother, here I am.

[*During his speech Agatha is confused and agitated.*]

Agatha - MARIA. So, you are come for the purpose of fetching your certificate from the church-book.

Frederick - HENRY C. Yes, mother.

Agatha - MARIA. Oh! oh!

Frederick - HENRY C. What is the matter? [*She bursts into tears.*] For heaven's sake, mother, tell me what's the matter?

Agatha - MARIA. You have no certificate.

Frederick - HENRY C. No!

Agatha - MARIA. No.—The laws of Germany excluded you from being registered at your birth—for—you are a natural son!

Frederick [*starts—after a pause*]. So!—And who is my father?

Agatha - MARIA. Oh Frederick, your wild looks are daggers to my heart. Another time.

Frederick [*endeavouring to conceal his emotion*]. No, no—I am still your son—and you are still my mother. Only tell me, who is my father?

Agatha - MARIA. When we parted five years ago, you were too young to be intrusted with a secret of so much importance.—But the time is come when I can, in confidence, open my heart, and unload that burthen with which it has been long oppressed. And yet, to reveal my errors to my child, and sue for his mild judgment on my conduct——

Frederick - HENRY C. You have nothing to sue for; only explain this mystery.

Agatha - MARIA. I will, I will. But—my tongue is locked with remorse and shame. You must not look at me.

Frederick - HENRY C. Not look at you! Cursed be that son who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so.

Agatha - MARIA. Then listen to me, and take notice of that village, [*pointing*] of that castle, and of that church. In that village I was born—in that church I was baptized. My parents were poor, but reputable farmers.—The lady of that castle and estate requested them to let me live with her, and she would provide for me through life. They resigned me; and at the age of fourteen I went to my patroness. She took pleasure to instruct me in all kinds of female literature and accomplishments, and three happy years had passed under protection, when her only son, who was an officer in the Saxon service, obtained permission to come home. I had never seen him before—he was a handsome young man—in my eyes a prodigy; for he talked of love, and promised me marriage. He was the first man who ever spoken to me on such a subject.—His flattery made me vain, and his repeated vows—Don't look at me, dear Frederick!—I can say no more. [*Frederick with his eyes cast down, takes her hand, and puts it to his heart.*] Oh! oh! my son! I was intoxicated by the fervent caresses of a young, inexperienced, capricious man, and did not recover from the delirium till it was too late.

Frederick [*after a pause*]. Go on.—Let me know more of my father.

Agatha - MARIA. When the time drew near that I could no longer conceal my guilt and shame, my seducer prevailed upon me not to expose him to the resentment of his mother. He renewed his former promises of marriage at her death;—on which relying, I gave him my word to be secret—and I have to this hour buried his name deep in my heart.

Frederick - HENRY C. Proceed, proceed! give me full information—I will have courage to hear it all. [*Greatly agitated.*]

Agatha - MARIA. His leave of absence expired, he returned to his regiment, depending on my promise, and well assured of my esteem. As soon as my situation became known, I was questioned, and received many severe reproaches: But I refused to confess who was my undoer; and for that obstinacy was turned from the castle.—I went to my parents; but their door was shut against me. My mother, indeed, wept as she bade me quit her sight for ever; but my father wished increased affliction might befall me.

Frederick [*weeping*]. Be quick with your narrative, or you'll break my heart.

Agatha - MARIA. I now sought protection from the old clergyman of the parish. He received me with compassion. On my knees I begged forgiveness for the scandal I had caused to his parishioners; promised amendment; and he said he did not doubt me. Through his recommendation I went to town; and hid in humble lodgings, procured the means of subsistence by teaching to the neighbouring children what I had learnt under the tuition of my benefactress.—To instruct you, my Frederick, was my care and delight; and in return for your filial love I would not thwart your wishes when they led to a soldier's life: but my health declined, I was compelled to give up my employment, and, by degrees, became the object you now see me. But, let me add, before I close my calamitous story, that—when I left the good old clergyman, taking along with me his kind advice and his blessing, I left him with a firm determination to fulfil the vow I had made of repentance and amendment. I *have* fulfilled it—and now, Frederick, you may look at me again. [*He embraces her.*]

Frederick - HENRY C. But my father all this time? [*mournfully*] I apprehend he died.

Agatha - MARIA. No—he married.

Frederick - HENRY C. Married!

Agatha - MARIA. A woman of virtue—of noble birth and immense fortune. Yet, [*weeps*] I had written to him many times; had described your infant innocence and wants; had glanced obliquely at former promises—

Frederick [*rapidly*]. No answer to these letters?

Agatha - MARIA. Not a word.—But in time of war, you know, letters miscarry.

Frederick - HENRY C. Nor did he ever return to this estate?

Agatha - MARIA. No—since the death of his mother this castle has only been inhabited by servants—for he settled as far off as Alsace, upon the estate of his Wife.

Frederick - HENRY C. I will carry you in my arms to Alsace. No—why should I ever know my father, if he is a villain! My heart is satisfied with a mother.—No—I will not go to him. I will not disturb his peace—I leave that task to his conscience. What say you, mother, can't we do without him? [*Struggling between tears and his pride.*] We don't want him. I will write directly to my captain. Let the consequence be what it will, leave you again I cannot. Should I be able to get my discharge, I will work all day at the plough, and all the night with my pen. It will do, mother, it will do! Heaven's goodness will assist me—it will prosper the endeavours of a dutiful son for the sake of a helpless mother.

Agatha [*presses him to her breast*]. Where could be found such another son?

Frederick - HENRY C. But tell me my father's name, that I may know how to shun him.

Agatha - MARIA. Baron Wildenhaim.

Frederick - HENRY C. Baron Wildenhaim! I shall never forget it.—Oh! you are near fainting. Your eyes are cast down. What's the matter? Speak, mother!

Agatha - MARIA. Nothing particular.—Only fatigued with talking. I wish to take a little rest.

Frederick - HENRY C. I did not consider that we have been all this time in the open road. [*Goes to the Inn, and knocks at the door.*] Here, Landlord!

LANDLORD *re-enters.*

Landlord. Well, what is the matter now?

Frederick - HENRY C. Make haste, and get a bed ready for this good woman.

Landlord [*with a sneer*]. A bed for this good woman! ha, ha ha! She slept last night in that pent-house; so she may to-night. [*Exit, shutting door.*]

Frederick - HENRY C. You are an infamous—[*goes back to his mother*] Oh! my poor mother—[*runs to the Cottage at a little distance, and knocks*]. Ha! hallo! Who is there?

Enter COTTAGER - TOM B.

Cottager - Tom B. Good day, young soldier.—What is it you want?

Frederick - HENRY C. Good friend, look at that poor woman. She is perishing in the public road! It is my mother.—Will you give her a small corner in your hut? I beg for mercy's sake—Heaven will reward you.

Cottager Can't you speak quietly? I understand you very well. [*Calls at the door of the hut.*] Wife, shake up our bed—here's a poor sick woman wants it. [*Enter WIFE*]. Why could not you say all this in fewer words? Why such a long preamble? Why for mercy's sake, and heaven's reward? Why talk about reward for such trifles as these? Come, let us lead her in; and welcome she shall be to a bed, as good as I can give her; and our homely fare.

Frederick - HENRY C. Ten thousand thanks, and blessings on you!

Wife - MRS GRANT. Thanks and blessings! here's a piece of work indeed about nothing! Good sick lady, lean on my shoulder. [*To Frederick*] Thanks and reward indeed! Do you think husband and I have lived to these years, and don't know our duty? Lean on my shoulder. [*Exeunt into the Cottage.*]

End Act I



ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in the Cottage.*

AGATHA, COTTAGER, *his* WIFE, and FREDERICK *discovered*—AGATHA *reclined upon a wooden bench*, FREDERICK *leaning over her*.

Frederick - HENRY C. Good people have you nothing to give her? Nothing that's nourishing.

Wife - MRS GRANT. Run, husband, run, and fetch a bottle of wine from the landlord of the inn.

Frederick - HENRY C. No, no—his wine is as bad as his heart: she has drank some of it, which I am afraid has turned to poison.

Cottager - Tom B. Suppose, wife, you look for a new-laid egg?

Wife - MRS GRANT. Or a drop of brandy, husband—that mostly cures me.

Frederick - HENRY C. Do you hear, mother—will you, mother? [*Agatha makes a sign with her hand as if she could not take any thing.*] She will not. Is there no doctor in this neighbourhood?

Wife - MRS GRANT. At the end of the village there lives a horse-doctor. I have never heard of any other.

Frederick - HENRY C. What shall I do? She is dying. My mother is dying.—Pray for her, good people!

Agatha - MARIA. Make yourself easy, dear Frederick, I am well, only weak—Some wholesome nourishment—

Frederick - HENRY C. Yes, mother, directly—directly. [*Aside*] Oh where shall I—no money—not a farthing left.

Wife - MRS GRANT. Oh, dear me! Had you not paid the rent yesterday, husband—

Cottager - Tom B. I then, should know what to do. But as I hope for mercy, I have not a penny in my house.

Frederick - HENRY C. Then I must—[*Apart, coming forward*]—Yes, I will go, and beg.—But should I be refused—I will then—I leave my mother in your care, good people—Do all you can for her, I beseech you! I shall soon be with you again. [*Goes off in haste and confusion.*]

Cottager - Tom B. If he should go to our parson, I am sure he would give him something.

[*Agatha having revived by degrees during the scene, rises.*]

Agatha - MARIA. Is that good old man still living, who was minister here some time ago?

Wife - MRS GRANT . No—it pleased Providence to take that worthy man to heaven two years ago.— We have lost in him both a friend and a father. We shall never get such another.

Cottager - Tom B . Wife, wife, our present rector is likewise a very good man.

Wife - MRS GRANT . Yes! But he is so very young.

Cottager - Tom B . Our late parson was once young too.

Wife [to Agatha - MARIA .] This young man being tutor in our Baron's family, he was very much beloved by them all; and so the Baron gave him this living in consequence.

Cottager - Tom B . And well he deserved it, for his pious instructions to our young lady: who is, in consequence, good, and friendly to every body.

Agatha - MARIA . What young lady do you mean?

Cottager - Tom B . Our Baron's daughter.

Agatha - MARIA . Is she here?

Wife - MRS GRANT . Dear me! Don't you know that? I thought every body had known that. It is almost five weeks since the Baron and all his family arrived at the castle.

Agatha - MARIA . Baron Wildenhaim?

Wife - MRS GRANT . Yes, Baron Wildenhaim.

Agatha - MARIA . And his lady?

Cottager - Tom B . His lady died in France many miles from hence, and her death, I suppose, was the cause of his coming to this estate—For the Baron has not been here till within these five weeks ever since he was married. We regretted his absence much, and his arrival has caused great joy.

Wife [addressing her discourse to Agatha - MARIA .] By all accounts the Baroness was very haughty; and very whimsical.

Cottager - Tom B . Wife, wife, never speak ill of the dead. Say what you please against the living, but not a word against the dead.

Wife - MRS GRANT . And yet, husband, I believe the dead care the least what is said against them— And so, if you please, I'll tell my story. The late Baroness was, they say, haughty and proud; and they do say, the Baron was not so happy as he might have been; but he, bless him, our good Baron is still the same as when a boy. Soon after Madam had closed her eyes, he left France, and came to Waldenhaim, his native country.

Cottager - Tom B . Many times has he joined in our village dances. Afterwards, when he became an officer, he was rather wild, as most young men are.

Wife - MRS GRANT. Yes, I remember when he fell in love with poor Agatha, Friburg's daughter: what a piece of work that was—It did not do him much credit. That was a wicked thing.

Cottager - Tom B. Have done—no more of this—It is not well to stir up old grievances.

Wife - MRS GRANT. Why, you said I might speak ill of the living. 'Tis very hard indeed, if one must not speak ill of one's neighbours, dead, nor alive.

Cottager - Tom B. Who knows whether he was the father of Agatha's child? She never said he was.

Wife - MRS GRANT. Nobody but him—that I am sure—I would lay a wager—no, no husband—you must not take his part—it was very wicked! Who knows what is now become of that poor creature? She has not been heard of this many a year. May be she is starving for hunger. Her father might have lived longer too, if that misfortune had not happened.

[Agatha faints.]

Cottager - Tom B. See here! Help! She is fainting—take hold!

Wife - MRS GRANT. Oh, poor woman!

Cottager - Tom B. Let us take her into the next room.

Wife - MRS GRANT. Oh poor woman!—I am afraid she will not live. Come, cheer up, cheer up.—You are with those who feel for you. [They lead her off.]



SCENE II. *An apartment in the Castle.*

A table spread for breakfast—Several servants in livery disposing the equipage—BARON WILDENHAIM enters, attended by a GENTLEMAN in waiting.

Baron -- YATES. Has not Count Cassel left his chamber yet?

Gentleman. No, my lord, he has but now rung for his valet.

Baron -- YATES. The whole castle smells of his perfumery. Go, call my daughter hither. [Exit Gentleman.] And am I after all to have an ape for a son-in-law? No, I shall not be in a hurry—I love my daughter too well. We must be better acquainted before I give her to him. I shall not sacrifice my Amelia to the will of others, as I myself was sacrificed. The poor girl might, in thoughtlessness, say yes, and afterwards be miserable. What a pity she is not a boy! The name of Wildenhaim will die with me. My fine estates, my good peasants, all will fall into the hands of strangers. Oh! why was not my Amelia a boy?

Enter AMELIA—[She kisses the Baron's hand.]

Amelia - MARY C Good morning, dear my lord.

Baron -- YATES. Good morning, Amelia. Have you slept well?

Amelia - MARY C Oh! yes, papa. I always sleep well.

Baron -- YATES . Not a little restless last night?

Amelia - MARY C No.

Baron -- YATES . Amelia, you know you have a father who loves you, and I believe you know you have a suitor who is come to ask permission to love you. Tell me candidly how you like Count Cassel?

Amelia - MARY C Very well.

Baron -- YATES . Do not you blush when I talk of him?

Amelia - MARY C No.

Baron -- YATES . No—I am sorry for that. *aside*] Have you dreamt of him?

Amelia - MARY C No.

Baron -- YATES . Have you not dreamt at all to-night?

Amelia - MARY C Oh yes—I have dreamt of our chaplain, Mr. Anhalt - EDMUND B .

Baron -- YATES . Ah ha! As if he stood before you and the Count to ask for the ring.

Amelia - MARY C No: not that—I dreamt we were all still in France, and he, my tutor, just going to take his leave of us for ever—I 'woke with the fright, and found my eyes full of tears.

Baron -- YATES . Psha! I want to know if you can love the Count - RUSHWORTH . You saw him at the last ball we were at in France: when he capered round you; when he danced minuets; when he——. But I cannot say what his conversation was.

Amelia - MARY C Nor I either—I do not remember a syllable of it.

Baron -- YATES . No? Then I do not think you like him.

Amelia - MARY C I believe not.

Baron -- YATES . But I think it proper to acquaint you he is rich, and of great consequence: rich and of consequence; do you hear?

Amelia - MARY C Yes, dear papa. But my tutor has always told me that birth and fortune are inconsiderable things, and cannot give happiness.

Baron -- YATES . There he is right—But of it happens that birth and fortune are joined with sense and virtue——

Amelia - MARY C But is it so with Count Cassel?

Baron -- YATES . Hem! Hem! *Aside.*] I will ask you a few questions on this subject; but be sure to answer me honestly—Speak truth.

Amelia - MARY C I never told an untruth in my life.

Baron -- YATES . Nor ever *conceal* the truth from me, I command you.

Amelia - MARY C [*Earnestly.*] Indeed, my lord, I never will.

Baron -- YATES . I take you at your word—And now reply to me truly—Do you like to hear the Count spoken of?

Amelia - MARY C Good, or bad?

Baron -- YATES . Good. Good.

Amelia - MARY C Oh yes; I like to here good of every body.

Baron -- YATES . But do not you feel a little fluttered when he is talked of?

Amelia - MARY C No. [*shaking her head.*]

Baron -- YATES . Are not you a little embarrassed?

Amelia - MARY C No.

Baron -- YATES . Don't you wish sometimes to speak to him, and have not the courage to begin?

Amelia - MARY C No.

Baron -- YATES . Do not you wish to take his part when his companions laugh at him?

Amelia - MARY C No—I love to laugh at him myself.

Baron -- YATES . Provoking! *Aside.*] Are not you afraid of him when he comes near you?

Amelia - MARY C No, not at all.—Oh yes—once. [*recollecting herself.*]

Baron -- YATES . Ah! Now it comes!

Amelia - MARY C Once at a ball he trod on my foot; and I was so afraid he should tread on me again.

Baron -- YATES . You put me out of patience. Hear, Amelia! [*stops short, and speaks softer.* To see you happy is my wish. But matrimony, without concord, is like a duetto badly performed; for that reason, nature, the great composer of all harmony, has ordained, that, when bodies are allied, hearts should be in perfect unison. However, I will send Mr. Anhalt to you—

Amelia [*much pleased.*] Do, papa.

Baron -- YATES. —He shall explain to you my sentiments. [*Rings.*] A clergyman can do this better than—[*Enter servant.*] Go directly to Mr. Anhalt, tell him that I shall be glad to see him for a quarter of an hour if he is not engaged. [*Exit servant.*]

Amelia - MARY C [*calls after him*]. Wish him a good morning from me.

Baron -- YATES. [*looking at his watch*]. The Count is a tedious time dressing.—Have you breakfasted, Amelia?

Amelia - MARY C No, papa. [*they sit down to breakfast.*]

Baron -- YATES. How is the weather? Have you walked this morning?

Amelia - MARY C Oh, yes—I was in the garden at five o'clock; it is very fine.

Baron -- YATES. Then I'll go out shooting. I do not know in what other way to amuse my guest.

Enter Count CASSEL.

Count - RUSHWORTH. Ah, my dear Colonel! Miss Wildenhaim, I kiss your hand.

Baron -- YATES. Good morning! Good morning! though it is late in the day, Count - RUSHWORTH. In the country we should rise earlier.

[*Amelia offers the Count a Cup of tea.*]

Count - RUSHWORTH. Is it Hebe herself, or Venus, or—

Amelia - MARY C Ha, ha, ha! Who can help laughing at his nonsense?

Baron -- YATES. [*rather angry*]. Neither Venus, not Hebe; but Amelia Wildenhaim, if you please.

Count - RUSHWORTH. [*Sitting down to breakfast*]. You are beautiful, Miss Wildenhaim.—Upon my honour, I think so. I have travelled, and seen much of the world, and yet I can positively admire you.

Amelia - MARY C I am sorry I have not seen the world.

Count - RUSHWORTH. Wherefore?

Amelia - MARY C Because I might then, perhaps, admire you.

Count - RUSHWORTH. True;—for I am an epitome of the world. In my travels I learnt delicacy in Italy—hauteur, in Spain—in France, enterprize—in Russia, prudence—in England, sincerity—in Scotland, frugality—and in the wilds of America, I learnt love.

Amelia - MARY C Is there any country where love is taught?

Count - RUSHWORTH. In all barbarous countries. But the whole system is exploded in places that are civilized.

Amelia - MARY C And what is substituted in its stead?

Count - RUSHWORTH . Intrigue.

Amelia - MARY C What a poor, uncomfortable substitute!

Count - RUSHWORTH . There are other things—Song, dance, the opera, and war.

[*Since the entrance of the Count the Baron has removed to a table at a little distance.*]

Baron -- YATES . What are you talking of there?

Count - RUSHWORTH . Of war, Colonel.

Baron -- YATES . [*rising*]. Ay, we like to talk on what we don't understand.

Count - RUSHWORTH . [*rising*]. Therefore, to a lady, I always speak of politics; and to her father, on love.

Baron -- YATES . I believe, Count, notwithstanding your sneer, I am still as much a proficient in that art as yourself.

Count - RUSHWORTH . I do not doubt it, my dear Colonel, for you are a soldier: and since the days of Alexander, whoever conquers men is certain to overcome women.

Baron -- YATES . An achievement to animate a poltroon.

Count - RUSHWORTH . And, I verily believe, gains more recruits than the king's pay.

Baron -- YATES . Now we are on the subject of arms, should you like to go out a shooting with me for an hour before dinner?

Count - RUSHWORTH . Bravo, Colonel! A charming thought! This will give me an opportunity to use my elegant gun: the but is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. You cannot find better work, or better taste.—Even my coat of arms is engraved.

Baron -- YATES . But can you shoot?

Count - RUSHWORTH . That I have never tried—except, with my eyes, at a fine woman.

Baron -- YATES . I am not particular what game I pursue.—I have an old gun; it does not look fine; But I can always bring down my bird.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant . Mr. Anhalt begs leave——

Baron -- YATES . Tell him to come in.—I shall be ready in a moment. [*Exit Servant.*]

Count - RUSHWORTH . Who is Mr. Anhalt?

Amelia - MARY C Oh, a very good man. [*With warmth.*]

Count - RUSHWORTH. "A good man." In Italy, that means a religious man; in France, it means a cheerful man; in Spain, it means a wise man; and in England, it means a rich man.—Which good of all these is Mr. Anhalt?

Amelia - MARY C A good man in every country, except England.

Count - RUSHWORTH. And give me the English good man, before that of any other nation.

Baron -- YATES. And of what nation would you prefer your good woman to be, Count?

Count - RUSHWORTH. Of Germany. [*bowing to Amelia - MARY C*]

Amelia - MARY C In compliment to me?

Count - RUSHWORTH. In justice to my own judgment.

Baron -- YATES. Certainly. For have we not an instance of one German woman, who possesses every virtue that ornaments the whole sex; whether as a woman of illustrious rank, or in the more exalted character of a wife, and mother?

Enter Mr. ANHALT - EDMUND B.

Anhalt - EDMUND B. I come by your command, Baron——

Baron -- YATES. Quick, Count - RUSHWORTH.—Get your elegant gun.—I pass your apartments, and will soon call for you.

Count - RUSHWORTH. I fly.—Beautiful Amelia, it is a sacrifice I make to your father, that I leave for a few hours his amiable daughter. [*Exit.*]

Baron -- YATES. My dear Amelia, I think it scarcely necessary to speak to Mr. Anhalt, or that he should speak to you, on the subject of the Count; but as he is here, leave us alone.

Amelia - MARY C [*as she retires*]. Good morning, Mr. Anhalt - EDMUND B.—I hope you are very well. [*Exit.*]

Baron -- YATES. I'll tell you in a few words why I sent for you. Count Cassel is here, and wishes to marry my daughter.

Anhalt - EDMUND B. [*much concerned*]. Really!

Baron -- YATES. He is—he—in a word I don't like him.

Anhalt - EDMUND B. [*with emotion*]. And Miss Wildenhaim ——

Baron -- YATES. I shall not command, neither persuade her to the marriage—I know too well the fatal influence of parents on such a subject. Objections to be sure, if they could be removed—But when you find a man's head without brains, and his bosom without a heart, these are important

articles to supply. Young as you are, Anhalt, I know no one so able to restore, or to bestow those blessings on his fellow-creatures, as you. [Anhalt bows.] The Count wants a little of my daughter's simplicity and sensibility.—Take him under your care while he is here, and make him something like yourself.—You have succeeded to my wish in the education of my daughter.—Form the Count after your own manner.—I shall then have what I have sighed for all my life—a son.

Anhalt - EDMUND B. With your permission, Baron, I will ask one question. What remains to interest you in favour of a man, whose head and heart are good for nothing?

Baron -- YATES. Birth and fortune. Yet, if I thought my daughter absolutely disliked him, or that she loved another, I would not thwart a first affection;—no, for the world, I would not. [sighing.] But that her affections are already bestowed, is not probable.

Anhalt - EDMUND B. Are you of opinion that she will never fall in love?

Baron -- YATES. Oh! no. I am of opinion that no woman ever arrived at the age of twenty without that misfortune.—But this is another subject.—Go to Amelia—explain to her the duties of a wife and of a mother.—If she comprehends them, as she ought, then ask her if she thinks she could fulfil those duties, as the wife of Count Cassel.

Anhalt - EDMUND B. I will.—But—I—Miss Wildenhaim—[confused. I—I shall—I—I shall obey your commands.

Baron -- YATES. Do so. [gives a deep sigh. Ah! so far this weight is removed; but there lies still a heavier next my heart.—You understand me.—How is it, Mr. Anhalt? Have you not yet been able to make any discoveries on that unfortunate subject?

Anhalt - EDMUND B. I have taken infinite pains; but in vain. No such person is to be found.

Baron -- YATES. Believe me, this burthen presses on my thoughts so much, that many nights I go without sleep. A man is sometimes tempted to commit such depravity when young.—Oh, Anhalt! had I, in my youth, had you for a tutor;—but I had no instructor but my passions; no governor but my own will. [Exit.

Anhalt - EDMUND B. This commission of the Baron's in respect to his daughter, I am—[looks about]—If I shou'd meet her now, I cannot—I must recover myself first, and then prepare.—A walk in the fields, and a fervent prayer—After these, I trust, I shall return, as a man whose views are solely placed on a future world; all hopes in this, with fortitude resigned. [Exit.