

ONLY A CLOD.

Comic Drama,

IN ONE ACT.

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

" *Poor Cousin Walter,*" " *That Odious Captain Cutter,*"
" *Without Incumbrances*" " *Marco Spada,*"
" *Ranelagh,*" " *Heads or Tails,*" &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

*First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,
on Tuesday, May 20th, 1851.*

Characters.

HARRY THORNCOTE	Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS.
SIR CYRIL BEAUMORRIS	Mr. BELLINGHAM.
BABBLETON	Mr. ROBERT ROXBY.
OWLET	Mr. SUTER.
GRACE THORNCOTE	Miss M. OLIVER.

MODERN COSTUMES.

THORNCOTE—Rough drab great coat, shooting coat, dark trowsers
leather overalls.

SIR CYRIL—Overcoat; fashionable walking dress.

BABBLETON—Overcoat; walking dress ; white waistcoat, marked
with black spots.

OWLET—Short smock-frock; fastlan trowsers, half boots.

GRACE—Plain but fashionable silk dress, black silk apron,



ONLY A CLOD.

SCENE.—*A Room in a Farm House, simple, but comfortable—In flat, two windows—Snow on all the objects seen through windows—Doors R. and L.—A fire-place R. 3 E., with looking glass—Sofa near the fire-place, table and chairs—A sideboard between the windows, over the sideboard, among whips and guns, a pair of foils, a piano, L.—The dusk of the morning—A lanthorn is burning on the table—OWLET discovered sleeping on a chair, placed before the door, L.*

Enter GRACE THORNCOTE, R.

GRACE. (*without seeing OWLET*) The morning advances. Sir Cyril is probably already stirring; and Owlet, who has been doing sentry-duty all night, in this wretchedly cold weather, may be told that he can come into the house, poor fellow! (*crossing she perceives OWLET*) "Why, he is here, asleep! (*shaking OWLET*) Owlet! Owlet, I say!

OWLET. (*still half asleep*) Eh! hah! It's no use—the Barrow night is not here, I tell you.

GRACE. Hush! silence, silly fellow.

OWLET. Why! its Ma'am Thorncote, my missus; and I thought she was long Bob of the police. (*rises*)

GRACE. IS it thus that you keep guard at the farmgate?

OWLET. Axing your pardon, ma'am, I only just came in a bit—and just sat down a bit—just to think a bit—

GRACE. And sleep a bit. If rest was so needful, you should have let me know. Are you not aware that Sir Cyril Beaumorris, lies concealed here, and may at any moment be arrested?

OWLET. Yes, yes, though I do blink a bit, I can see with half an eye for all that. I's cotched up all about his duel, and how his friend Mr. Babbleton, who was his second

is forced to make himself scarce too, and is playing at hide and seek, up at the Hall there, at Ma'am Verdant's, and how the Barrow knight came to conceal himself here at mayster's farm.

GRACE. Unfortunately, in the absence of my husband, so that upon me alone rests the responsibility of his safety.

OWLET. You needn't be frightful, missus. Nobody hasn't no idea of nothing. I've been on the watch all night; and not a rat could have stirred but I'd cotched sight of his tail.

GRACE. And yet I found you——

OWLET. A turning matters over in my mind a bit.

GRACE. With your eyes shut.

OWLET. Just not to be disturbed when a thinking. You'd always find that the best way, missus, if you tried.

GRACE. You are aware then, that Sir Cyril is not stirring yet.

OWLET. Stirring ? nay, nay! in course I should have known it. (Sir CYRIL *appears at the door L.*) I'm a cute'un, though may be I don't look it; and if he had stirred never so little a bit, I must have seen him.

SIR C. (*advancing L.*) Then, why didn't you say you did ?

GRACE. Ah ! Sir Cyril.

OWLET. (*astonished*) What! you've been out of the house, Sir ?

SIR C. As you see—since day-break.

GRAGE. (*to OWLET*) Do you call that watching?

SIR C. Don't scold the poor fellow. Homer himself nodded, and yet he was a "cute'un" too. (*to OWLET*) Now go and look after my horse. I left him at the gate covered with foam.

OWLET. I'm a going, Sir. They've cotched me out a bit. But I can see with half an eye for all that.

Exit L. taking the lanthorn with him.

GRACE. How imprudent, thus to leave the house, to expose yourself to the risk of being met.

SIR C. What matter'd when so sweet a task lay before me ? (*aside*) And besides nobody knows me here. (*aloud*) Did you not speak last night of your love for flowers ? Before day-break, then, I was in the stable, saddled my horse myself, rode over to the Hall, woke up the gardener,

bribed him to make a *bouquet* of his best camelias, galloped back, and now place in your hands this proof of my desire to fulfil your slightest wish (*presents a bouquet of camelias*) (*aside*) Pretty hard work though, it has been.

GRACE. (*with the bouquet*) It was for me ? How kind ! But, indeed, you should not——

SIR C. Pshaw ! it is only a slight return for the many nosegays of cowslips and daisies you picked for me as a child.

GRACE. Yes! when your kind mother took me, her steward's daughter, into her house, not only to be your little playmate, but to profit also by your masters.

SIR C. (*gaily*) The profit certainly was all on your side.

GRACE. (*smiling*) Not so !

SIR C. Yes, indeed! In music, French, German, all, you soon ran ahead of hair-brained Master Cyril, who cared for nothing, I remember, but rehearsing Paul to your Virginia, and had no other dream but of inhabiting a desert island, with you as his man Friday.

GRACE. A desert island, which you afterwards sought for in Paris, Vienna, London, and other impossible places.

SIR C. While you were married here in another part of England to a mere farmer—to find your education, accomplishments, genteel breeding, all thrown away upon——

GRACE. (*hastily interrupting him*) I have no reason to complain of my lot.

SIR C. Well! I have no doubt that this Thorncote is all very well in his own proper sphere. I'll admit he has not flung your books out of the window, or broken up your piano for firewood; but, after all, he is is nothing but a clod-hopper. (*movement of GRACE*) And for my pretty Grace I had better hopes. (*taking her hand*) Must I again recall to your memory our former affection ?

GRACE. You have no reason, I am sure, to doubt of my gratitude to your mother—my friendship for yourself.

SIR C. But it was not only friendship we felt for each other in those happy days. (*movement of GRACE*) Was it not on account of a passion, I could no longer dissemble, that my mother forced me to leave for the Continent with my tutor ?

GRACE. (*embarrassed*) Ah, Sir Cyril, why recall all this? (*crosses L.*)

SIR C. (*aside*) She is moved! another touch of the romantic then, with an extra-dose of the sentimental—(*aloud, with feigned sentiment*) Why recall all this say you, ah! you have forgotten those happy moments; but in *my* heart, they still live and burn.

GRACE. Sir Cyril!

SIR C. (*as before*) Could you think, then, that separation and distance could make me forget those tender dreams of other days? Could you suppose that, when abroad—in town—I plunged into all the dissipation of the gay world, the feeling of my heart was one of pleasure?

GRACE. No?

SIR C. No, Grace, no, it was of despair, dissimulated deep despair.

GRACE. (*moved*) Could it be?

SIR C. Yes, I will deceive you no longer. I sought to cure myself of this ardent passion; my efforts were in vain, nay, only served to plunge the dart more deeply in my bosom.

GRACE. (*aside*) Poor young man!

SIR C. Your form pursued me everywhere; the thought of you, remained the mainspring of my life, my every action—(*aside*) Ah! an inspiration! (*aloud*) Yes! my every action; for even this duel, the cause of my concealment, was on your account.

GRACE. Ah! how?

SIR C. He, whom I wounded, when I spoke of my love—but without naming you, Grace, I swear to you—dared to ridicule my passion and my constancy.

GRACE. It was for me then.

SIR C. But now I bless this sad passage of my life, since it has again let me to you, Grace, to you, who cannot surely, be coldly insensible to an attachment so enduring and so true.

GRACE. Sir Cyril, I beseech you—

SIR C. Yes, yes, I will believe it, you cannot have seen me again without emotion; even now you are agitated, you tremble; hear me then, I entreat you, hear me.

Enter BABBLETON, L.U.E.

BAB. Ah! ten thousand pardons.

GRACE. (*snatching her hand from* SIR CYRIL) Mr. Bableton!

SIR C. Pshaw! I was expecting you.

BAB. Indeed! with impatience doubtless, and found the moments of expectation long. (*shaking hands with* SIR CYRIL) Excellent friend; and only in order not wholly to loose your precious time—(*seeing* GRACE *moving away*)—but if my presence drives away the lady, I retire

GRACE. No, I am about to give orders to Owlet, to admit no strangers. *Exit* R. 1 E.

BAB. Ah, ah! we are getting on, it seems.

SIR C. (*with vexation*) Without advancing one step.

BAB. Ha, ha, ha! Like Billy Button, at Astley's, who gets on, with his face to the horse's tail.

SIR C. (*as before*) Thanks to you, who came blundering in at the moment I was about to force from her an avowal of her love.

BAB. What! you've been here these three days, and made no further progress than that—you, the Don Juan of Belgravia! humph, I begin to suspect that, if you are so long running down your game here, you must be on another scent elsewhere; you used to pay most suspicious attention to Mrs. Verdant not long ago, and, since you have been at the farm, you are always sneaking up to the hall.

SIR C. To see you.

BAB. For which reason you always choose the hours I am not there! (*SIR CYRIL, laughs*) Now, my dear fellow, I understand a joke as well as any one. I can always play one off at another's expense; but, between friends, it isn't the right thing. Fair play if you please; you have your stake, I've mine; you the farmer's wife, I the widow and her consols.

SIR C. Pshaw! your jealousy is no more than a fancy dress, to deck out your vanity; since you don't succeed with "the widow and her consols," you wouldn't be sorry to imagine that you must have a rival.

BAB. But I have a rival, another, an avowed one, young Hardy the Squire, close by, (*SIR CYRIL laughs*) who is for ever up at the Hall, while I, who am afraid of my retreat

being known, am always obliged to keep out of the way.

SIR C. (*laughing*) While he has fair field to make love to "the widow and her consols." Ha, ha, ha, ha!

BAB. That's quite enough! that'll do! you are getting positively hysterical with your (*mimicking with vexation*) ha, ha, ha!

SIR C. (*trying to check his laughter*) Well! no offence. I have no doubt that your eloquence will prevail at last with the widow and her consols too—the eloquence of a rising young Templar, although without a brief.

BAB. The brief has nothing to do with it. I flatter myself, I am getting into note. I have a spanking reputation with the Surrey hounds, a name at the clubs for my pistol shooting, and a "positive blaze of triumph" among the ballet department at the Opera.

SIR C. (*smoking near the fire-place*) To say nothing of debts that "cry aloud to heaven."

BAB. That's my best trumpet. I *must* make a noise in the world. And when I do come forward, I feel then I have got wit, talent, *aplomb*, spirit, animation, all—all, that can shed a halo around my—my—confound it! I haven't got any cigars!

SIR C. There. (*gives him a cigar*)

BAB. Yes, I have within me the fire of an Erskine—the true spark of genius—it burns within. Can't you give me a light?

SIR CYRIL *gives him a light, laughing. They smoke before the fire.*

Enter THORNCOTE L.U.E., dressed in a farmers rough costume, with a stout whip.—He is covered with snow—He is followed by OWLET—SIR CYRIL and BABBLETON turn their backs, and do not see him.

HARRY. (*to OWLET*) And Sir Cyril has been here for some days you say?

OWLET. Yes, mayster, look! there he is with t'other gentleman.

HARRY. I see. Go and tell your mistress I am arrived.

OWLET. That's the way night and day now. They never leave a poor fellow a moment, to sleep a bit, or eat a bit, or think a bit, or—I'm a going. *Exit OWLET, R. 1 E.*

BAB. (*turning*) Hah !

HARRY. (*taking off his hat*) Gentlemen.

SIR C. (*turning*) Somebody here !

BAB. No, no, nobody—only a clod.

(SIR CYRIL and BABBLETON *turn away, and talk before the fire, without paying any heed to HARRY.*)

HARRY. I am sorry to disturb you, gentlemen, but having heard that there was company I——(*the others continue to talk without seeing him, turning their backs*) They don't appear to see me. Short-sighted probably—a defect people are apt to get by the habit of not looking beyond self. (*he approaches them*) Gentlemen, I have again the honour of wishing you a good morning.

SIR C. (*without turning*) Good morning, good morning.

BAB. (*turning*) Well, my good friend, what the deuce do you want ?

HARRY. What the deuce do I want ?

BAB. (*with his eye-glass*) Not so bad a specimen of the genus "clod-hopper." It seems my fine fellow, you are in the enjoyment of the most robust health.

HARRY. Why, I'm pretty well, thank you, my fine fellow. How are you ?

BAB. What do you mean by that familiar tone ?

HARRY. You called me your good friend; and so intimate an acquaintance, I thought, warranted the familiarity.

SIR C. Come, come, Sir, tell us at once what you want.

HARRY. (*shaking his hat*) Just now, to get rid of some of this snow.

SIR C. It is snowing again? (*goes to window in F.*)

HARRY. As you see.

BAB. (*with his eye-glass at HARRY*) True! the fellow is covered. As I said he is a most inimitable specimen. Just turn round, and let us see you to the greatest advantage.

HARRY. (L.C.) Certainly, if you think my greatest advantage is to turn my back on you.

SIR C. (C.) He would make an excellent sketch.

BAB. (R.C.) A capital thought! and you have a talent that way.

HARRY. Very flattering, certainly, to serve as a model

to such accomplished gentlemen ; but if you would allow me——(*who takes out a small sketch book and pencil*) Just hand me over that chair.

HARRY. Just hand you over——

SIR C. That chair there, didn't you hear ?

HARRY. (*bringing the chair to R.C.*) I'm not aware of any defect in any one of my senses ; and if I can be of service——

BAB. (*taking off his hat*) You may just put down my hat at the same time.

HARRY. Put down your——(*checking himself*) True! I have no objection to *put down*; and besides gentlemen don't keep on their hats when they mean to be polite. (*aside*) Free and easy enough, upon my word!

THORNCOTE *places his hat upon the table.* SIR
CYRIL *sits before fire, drawing*—BABBLETON
*leans on the mantle-piece, observing with his eye-
glass.*

SIR C. (*to HARRY*) Stop where you are—don't stir—There, that will do. (THORNCOTE *proceeds to shake the snow off his coat*) No don't shake off the snow. I want the effect; it adds to the picture.

HARRY. But not to my warmth.

SIR C. What you are cold, are you ?

HARRY. Very. (*aside*) Though to my fancy you are cool enough too.

BAB. (*warming his back at the fire*) Cold! pooh! nonsense ! the weather is much warmer now.

HARRY. I dare say it is, since you've got your back to the fire—a very common effect in the laws of nature ; (*taking a chair to approach the fireplace*) and if you would have the kindness to make room for another there——

SIR C. (*drawing*) Don't stir, don't star ! wait till I've done, and then you may go into the kitchen; there's a capital chimney corner there.

HARRY. Oh! there is, is there ? (*aside*) Most decidedly I am out of place in my own house, but I'll see if places are not to be changed with these good gentlemen.

SIR C. (*drawing*) Such a figure on horseback now, with a snow landscape, would have a striking effect. (*to THORNCOTE*) Did you ride over here ?

HARRY. I drove over, but I stopped on my way, at young Squire Hardy's. I couldn't see him though; for as magistrate for the county, he was issuing a warrant.

SIR C. A warrant ?

HARRY. It's in the hands of long Bob of the rural police, a dashing fellow, the terror of all the blackguards of the country ; you are acquainted with him perhaps.

BAB. Mr. Long Bob ! you don't say so ?

HARRY. He has another fellow with him, who is just as sharp a hand.

BAB. (*aside*) The devil!

SIR C. (*aside*) This looks confoundedly suspicious.

HARRY. But that cannot have any thing to do with you gentlemen of course.

BAB. No, no, of course not—which way were they going ?

HARRY. This way, just past the farm.

BAB. Past the farm.

SIR C. This way !

HARRY. Oh, they won't be long—(*pointing to the window*)—perhaps you may see them already.

SIR C. True. From these windows there is a view of the road. (*hastens to L. window, BATTLETON to the R.*)

HARRY. (*placing his back to the fire, and stretching out his legs comfortably aside*) Now, there is no need to go into the kitchen to the chimney corner there.

SIR C. (*at the window*) Do you see any thing ?

BAB. (*at the other*) Do you ?

SIR C. I see nothing.

BAB. Nor more do I.

HARRY. (*warming himself*) If the gentlemen will but stop till the men go past, they may have an excellent opportunity of studying snow effects upon figures on horseback.

SIR C. (*taking BATTLETON L.C.*) If this fellow is right, there's a warrant out against us after all. I begin to apprehend——

BAB. Now don't use the word apprehend, please. It's not comfortable.

SIR C. I'll question the good man.

BAB. Do, and then I will throw in a stiff cross-examination.

HARRY. (*to SIR CYRIL, who advances*) So, you've given up your (*makes signs of drawing*) striking effects!

SIR C. Yes, yes. But tell me, my good fellow, what did you hear about that same warrant?

HARRY. Why, only that there after two runaways. (*pulls off his great coat*) If you would just have the kindness to take that away—sorry to incommode you. (*SIR C. puts it down at back*)

BAB. (*advancing*) Two gentlemen, perhaps?

HARRY. Whether they are gentlemen or not is a doubtful point; but I heard it was on an account of an affair— (*taking off his thick gloves*) You may just put down my gloves at the same time. (*BABBLETON puts down his gloves*)

SIR C. (*advancing*) An affair? an affair of honour, perhaps?

HARRY. The honour is always another point on such occasions. (*taking off his neck-wrapper*) Sorry to incommode you again. (*SIR C. takes it angrily up to table at back*)

BAB. (*advancing*) You think, then, that they are not likely to get—

HARRY. Of course that must depend on whether they deserve— (*giving his whip*) My whip! that's all!—you are really too obliging. (*BABBLETON puts it down, as before*)

SIR C. (*apart to BABBLETON*) If we remain here we may be arrested.

BAB. (*apart to him*) But where are we to go? (*aloud*) The snow is pelting down more heavily than ever. What infernal weather!

HARRY (*standing comfortably before the fire*) You think so? Astonishing! How remarkable that we should have changed our minds. For I'm quite of your opinion now, that the weather *has* got much warmer.

SIR C. 'Pon my word, I should almost fancy the fellow was laughing at us.

BAB. It looks uncommonly like it, must own.

Enter GRACE, R., followed by OWLET, who crosses and exit L

GRACE. (*on entering, to OWLET*) Why did you not tell me at once?

HARRY. (*going to embrace GRACE*) How's my own dear little wife ?

SIR C. (L.) By jove, 'tis the farmer himself.

BAB. (L.C.) The husband! by all that's amazing!

HARRY (*tenderly to GRACE*) How happy I am to see you again, my sweet girl. I burned with impatience to give you a good smack; but these gentlemen received me, on my arrival, in so friendly a manner, and thought me so picturesque in my great coat and etceteras, that I really could not stir.

SIR C. It's Mr. Thorncote then, that I have the honour—ah hem—I am positively distressed not to have recognised you.

HARRY. Oh ! that often happens, when people never saw each other before.

BAB. And even *my* perspicuity was at fault; really there are days when one is uncommonly dull of comprehension.

HARRY. Those days are common enough with some people; besides you are not the first who has thought farmer Thorncote's hide a rough one.

GRACE. (*with a deprecating movement*) Ah!

HARRY, (*after pressing his wife's hand, and re-assuring her with a smile*) He is not so rough, however, as to forget the obligations his dear little wife owes to the mother of Sir Cyril Beaumorris, or his desire to be of any service to her son.

SIR C. And yet you alarmed me just now.

HARRY. I beg your pardon, you alarmed yourself, and very needlessly.

BAB. So Mr. Long Bob, and the other sharp hand——

HARRY. Are sent in search of two housebreakers.

BAB. After two housebreakers, are you sure ?

HARRY. I don't wonder at your astonishment; the police are not too vigilant now a'days. However, it will be my duty to watch over your safety, Sir Cyril. I shall not loose you out of my sight.

SIR C. Indeed!

BAB. (*laughing aside*) That's pleasant, ha, ha !

SIR C. Really, Mr. Thorncote, I cannot think of thus monopolising your precious time.

HARRY. It's my duty as your host. I shall commence

at once. A few orders to give about the farm, and I am at your service.

BAB. (*apart to SIR CYRIL*) Hollo! that's agreeable, isn't it?

HARRY. (*before going, taking GRACE round the waist*) All's right again now, my girl.

SIR CYRIL *makes a movement of annoyance.*

GRACE. (*removing THORNCOTE'S arm*) What are you doing?

HARRY. Ah, true! It's thought vulgar, I suppose, for a husband to show attentions to his wife; your fashionables leave that to others. And I dare say there are plenty ready to take the trouble off his hands.

BAB. (L.C., *laughing*) Plenty!

GRACE. (R., *uneasy*) Thorncote.

HARRY. Never mind, a clodhopper doesn't need to stand on ceremony. (*kisses GRACE*)

BAB. (*ironically*) Of course, he doesn't need to fear being ridiculous.

HARRY. Certainly, for you must be aware 'tis a disease one doesn't die of. Gentlemen, excuse me, I shall be back directly.

HARRY. Never fear. I shall not be far off.

Exeunt THORNCOTE, L.U.E., GRACE, R. I E.

SIR C. The husband, the devil!

BAB. An agreeable surprise, ha, ha, ha!

SIR C. 'Tis you are now getting positively hysterical (*mimicking*) with your ha, ha, ha! It's no laughing matter to me I can tell you.

BAB. That's the very thing that makes me laugh.

SIR C. What, just as all my hopes are crushed?

BAB. You thought it a capital joke, that I should be done out of the widow and her consols by the young Squire. To my mind, having the husband forced on you, as a guardian genius, is a better joke still.

SIR C. At the very moment I was on the point of triumphing. She was agitated—touched, just now; another interview had brought about a confession; now all's lost.

BAB. Pshaw man! you are easily discouraged.

SIR C. But how obtain a *tête-a-tête*, when that cursed clod-hopper will be ever on my heels.

BAB. Is this my Don Juan of Belgravia? What your wit already at a stand still?

SIR C. I should like to see you in my place.

BAB. Me! why, I'd get rid of the clodhopper in half an hour?

SIR C. Just try then.

BAB. YOU think I can't?

SIR C. I doubt it.

BAB. You defy me to do it.

SIR C. Prove to me that I am wrong.

BAB. I will. You shall see how I'll manage the follow.

SIR C. You'll keep off the farmer, while I——

BAB. Obtain a rendezvous of the wife, I'll answer for the rest.

SIR C. Bravo, I'll answer for the rendezvous.

BAB. Hush, here he comes.

Enter THORNCOTE, L., followed by OWLET, who crosses with some packages, and exit R.

HARRY. (*speaking off*) Take those things to your mistress. Your pardon, gentlemen, I have just despatched to my wife's room all her new music, and ribands and gewgaws. Bir! how cold it is, we'll have a glass or two of flip to warm us; it will have all the effect of the sun on the barometer, make the spirits mount to "set fair."

BAB. (*who has approached the sideboard*) What's here? a pair of foils.

HARRY. I have them to keep my hand in. (*to OWLET, who enters R., with music*) Where are you going?

OWLET. Missus told me to put this down on her piainy.

HARRY. Where is she?

OWLET. In the green parlour, putting up her books a bit. *Exit L.*

HARRY. She mustn't fatigue herself.

SIR C. I fly to assist her.

HARRY. I follow you.

SIR C. No, no, I beg you won't put yourself out of the way.

HARRY. By no means, I know my duty.

BAB. (*stopping him*) What! you fence farmer?

HARRY. A trifle! though I've not much time for such amusements.

BAB. (*as before*) I should like to see you at it. (*aside, with a sneer*) A clod hopper with a pair of foils! Ha! ha!

SIR C. (*taking one of the foils hastily*) Farmer, you said, you wanted to keep your hand in. Now's your time, my friend. Babbleton is your man. (*puts a foil into BABBLETON'S hands*) Come on!

BAB. (*flourishing his foil with an air of the utmost confidence*) I'm ready! I shouldn't be sorry to have a lesson of Master Thorncote there. (*laughing aside*) Poor devil!

HARRY. (*to whom SIR CYRIL is presenting the other foil*) Nothing could be more flattering. But I shall only display my awkwardness.

SIR C. (*forcing his foil upon him*) But a pass or two to while away the time. Come.

HARRY. If it really gives you so much pleasure, and your friend Mr. Babbleton.

BAB. (*conceitedly*) I have no doubt that such a fencer as Mr. Thorncote, is sure to be, will show me a trick or two. (*aside*) Won't I pepper him.

HARRY. Since you insist!—(*taking the foil*)

SIR. C. I'll leave you, then.

HARRY. Be kind enough to tell my wife, that I cannot quit Mr. Babbleton.

SIR. C. Oh, never fear!

BAB. (*apart to SIR CYRIL*) Now, off with you to the wife. You may take your time. I'll keep the clod-hopper pinned to the end of my foil like a big moth on a cork.

HARRY. (*to SIR CYRIL*) I'll let you know when the flip is ready. *Exit SIR CYRIL, L., laughing aside.*

BAB. Yes, yes. We'll let you know. (*laughs aside*) Now, farmer, come on! you mean to put us on our mettle, do you? Ha, ha!

HARRY. (*aside*) It seems, my gentleman has a mighty opinion of his own prowess. We'll see.

BAB. (*flourishing*) Are you ready?

HARRY. But I'm afraid that I stand no chance. You are, doubtless, a first-rate hand.

BAB. (*conceitedly*) No, no, no. A little experience that's

all. Now, farmer, be on your guard! (HARRY *puts himself on his guard, with an air of careless ease*) Have at you! there, one—two—parry. (HARRY *hits him*) Ah! I really could have almost fancied you hit me.

HARRY. (*sneeringly*) You really could *almost* fancy?

BAB. Upon my soul! (*they fence*) However, that happens sometimes, when one has to deal with a man who has no school. One isn't prepared for an awkward thrust, out of all rule. (HARRY *hits him again*) Hah!

HARRY. Another awkward thrust, out of all rule, perhaps?

BAB. No, no, I was a little absent, that's all. Besides I was not touched.

HARRY. I could have sworn it was "a hit! a palpable hit."

BAB. I tell you it was no hit. I'm positive—I think I ought to know. But you hold yourself so ill, you put me out.

HARRY. Very well! (*goes to the fire-place and blackens the end of his foil in soot*)

BAB. What are you about?

HARRY. With your permission I was just blackening the end of my foil to be sure of a mark, in case you should be "a little absent," again.

BAB. Absurd!

HARRY- Country people will get absurd notions. But now there can be no fear of any more mistakes, as we shall see, I trust.

BAB. Yes, yes, we'll see, my good fellow. Ha, ha! I shall be down upon you now. (*unbuttons his coat, and takes his stand with much pretension and attitude, C, with his back to the audience*)

HARRY. (*stands before him, up the stage, with an easy careless air, fencing*) Now then! That's a weak guard! you must try a better—or—my next lounge—(*hits BABBLETON*) There you see a hit.

BAB. Ah'

HARRY. And you even stand a good chance of a second, (*hits him again*) There! I told you—and perhaps by a half-thrust and a feint—(*hits him a third time*) There? what did I say? a third!

BAB. Ah, ah! (*he retreats keeping on his guard*) It's re-

markable, but 'tis a fact! the fellow is positively fencing. *(he receives another hit)* Oh! why! farmer, you are positively—*(another hit)* Oh!

HARRY. *(hitting him again)* I am—positively! Don't break ground in that way. There's nothing worse. It weakens your parry, and allows me—there!—there! You see, every thrust tells.

BAB. Every thrust? No.no, there I protest——But Sir, I'm up to your style now, and I shall soon show you a little difference.

HARRY. You think so?

BAB. You shall just see. *(HARRY strikes his foil out of his hand)* Oh!

HARRY. *(ironically presenting the foil)* Resume your weapon, my dear Sir.

BAB. *(shaking his hand and rubbing his wrist)* Confound it, what a hand the fellow has got.

HARRY. *(turning him round to the audience)* Let's just see how many awkward thrusts I've made, out of all rule.

BAB. What? *(he looks down at his white waistcoat, which is covered all over with black spots)* The devil!

HARRY. *(examining the waistcoat)* Capital! That's an old fashioned way we have of scoring up accounts in the country, in black and white. There's no mistake in the reckoning then.

BAB. *(buttoning up his coat with vexation)* You need not stand staring there; that will do; I'll have my revenge another time.

HARRY. *(presenting foils again)* At once if you wish.

BAB. *(hastily)* No, no, that's enough for to day.

HARRY. *(aside)* I rather think it is—*(aloud)* As you please. *(goes to put down the foils on the side board)*

BAB. *(aside)* And I took the fellow for a clumsy bungler, he should have told me beforehand. Ah! Beau-morris may manage matters as he can. I'm not going to stand here to be poked at like a dummy all day.

Enter OWLET with jug, glasses, &c, and tray, R.

HARRY. Come! here's the flip. *(he places the table near the fire, and motions to OWLET to set down the jug on it)* You must excuse our vulgar rustic drinks, Mr. Babbleton,

You would turn up your nose at the mere name of them, at your clubs.

BAB. My good fellow, when at Rome—you know the proverb—not that we mean to have anything to do with Rome, just now; but in the country we can afford to rusticate. What says Horace? " *Vilem potabis Sabinum.*"

HARRY. I beg your pardon " *vile.*"

BAB. What?

HARRY. *Vile—e—e—e!*

BAB. No!

HARRY. " *Sabinum*" is neuter. " *Vile potabis Sabinum cantheris.*" Excuse the correction.

BAB. (*astonished*) What! you know latin? (*aside*) the clod hopper knows latin.

HARRY. That is to say I have learnt it; but there is a wonderful difference between learning and knowing, as you are aware. (*to OWLET*) Tell Sir Cyril we shall be glad of his company. You'll find him in the green parlour with your mistress.

OWLET. No he beant, mayster. When missus saw him come in, she said she'd other fish to fry, and went away. So the Barrowknight's in his own room.

BAB. (*aside*) Turning her off a *billet doux*, without a doubt.

HARRY. I'll call him down.

BAB. (*stopping him*) No, no, it's not worth while; he's busy!

HARRY. Indeed!

BAB. (*sneeringly*) Particular business, I can assure you. Cloddy yonder, can let him know, by and bye,

OWLET. Cloddy! then 'tis no matter o'mine. Cloddy, cant't mean me; but I'll think it over a bit. *Exit R.*

BAB. (*aside*) I'll give the lover time to take his measures, while I fuddle the husband. Glorious! (*aloud*) Come, let's sit down, farmer. And now I'll have my revenge. Let me tell you that I once drank three Dutchmen under the table.

HARRY. Then I should like to see you have a bout with young Squire Hardy, he, you know, who is always up at Hall. They say he's going to marry the widow. Fill your glass!

BAB. (*drinking*) Marry the widow!—no, no, farmer, no, no. There's a likelier man in the field. You would lose if you were to back the Squire. (*drinks*)

HARRY. You don't say so ! fill your glass! The widow is a fine woman !

BAB. A superb woman! And I think I ought to know a superb woman when I see one. Experience, farmer ! *Experientia docet!* There's more latin for you. (*drinks*)

HARRY. And she has got a snug fortune. Fill your glass.

BAB. Her consols are no less superb than herself. (*drinks*—BABBLETON *continues to get more and more drunk during the scene, which follows, though evidently thinking he is making HARRY drunk.*)

HARRY. Yes; they would be a tit-bit for any young fellow, who is over head and ears in debt. What matters that young Hardy has loved her long and disinterestedly ? That need not stand in any one's way. A man may shake him by the hand, and wish him joy, and yet try to supplant him behind his back. That's the way of the world—hey, Mr. Babbleton ?

BAB. (*aside*) He's as drunk as a piper.

HARRY. There's nothing dishonourable in it, oh, no! " Honour among thieves" is a dirty proverb, and unfit for a fine gentleman. He may rob a man of his mistress, or seduce the affections of his wife; but he is no less a man of honour for all that. And if the lover or husband, who maybe has received him as a friend, should show himself aggrieved, as some fools are silly enough to loose their temper, why, he deserves to be laughed at that's all. It's the way of the world—hey, Mr. Babbleton ?

BAB. (*aside*) He's so drunk he doesn't know what he is talking about. (*aloud*) Come, no sermons my boy, I never could stand a sermon. Let's drink and be jolly. Drink away, man. (*helps HARRY and then himself*) Hollo! the jug is empty.

HARRY. We can have another.

BAB. I'll mix such a bowl of punch. That's a science we learn in the Temple. The Temple for ever ! Where's your rustic slavey ? Hollo ! Cloddy !

HARRY. Owlet !

Enter OWLET, R.

OWLET. You called, mayster ?

HARRY. The sugar, the rum. the bowl.

OWLET. Yes, mayster. (*goes to the sideboard*)

HARRY. Where is Sir Cyril ?

OWLET. (*putting sugar, rum, and bowl on the table*) The Barrowknight's a coming.

BAB. (*drunk*) No! you don't say so ? Is the *tête-a-tête* over already ?

HARRY. What?

BAB. Nothing, my boy, nothing. That's no business of yours—drink and be jolly. Ha, ha, ha! The Baronet means to give you a little surprise, that's all!

HARRY. Indeed ?

BAB. Never you mind what! (*hums the " Row Polka"*) Where's the hot water ? the farmer should have plenty of hot water—he's always in it—ha, ha, ha!

HARRY. (*to OWLET*) Fetch the hot water ! (*takes OWLET aside quickly*) Sir Cyril is in his room ?

OWLET. No, he just came down stairs and gave me that. (*shows an album*)

HARRY. An album !

OWLET. For Missus !

HARRY. (*taking it*) I'll take care of it.

OWLET. But he particularly told me to give it her, without nobody seeing nothing.

HARRY. He did—did he ?

BAB. (*who is preparing the punch*) Hollo, what are you about ?

HARRY. (*aloud to OWLET*) Didn't you hear ? I told you to fetch some lemons.

OWLET. (*confounded*) You told me to fetch some lemons, mayster ?—you never said one word——

HARRY. Do as I tell you.

OWLET. But you didn't tell me.

HARRY. Go—you've lost your head.

OWLET. (*aside, going*) His'n seem to be shaking a bit. If people would but shut their eyes a bit, afore they speak——*Exit R. muttering*

BAB. (*laughing aside*) They don't know what they are up to—the master's drunk. and the man s stupid.

HARRY. (*apart*) What may this album contain ? only drawings. (*turns over the leaves*) No—a note !

BAB. Are you coming, farmer!

HARRY. Directly, (*looking at the note*) Confound it! a language I don't understand ; it must be German.

BAB. What's that about German ? what you know German too ? (*aside*) The clodhopper knows——

HARRY. Unfortunately no ; there my education stops short.

BAB. (*aside*) The clodhopper doesn't. (*aloud*) 'Tis a pity my good friend, a monstrous pity, you might teach it to your oxen. 'Tis a language fit for such animals.

HARRY. Then you are probably acquainted with it ?

BAB. (*conceitedly*) I have a smattering. A pretty fellow, learns it of a fair Countess in Munich or Vienna. I was there with Sir Cyril; and I had my opportunities.

HARRY. Then you could understand the meaning of a little scrap of German, I have found in my wife's music—I mean the music she borrowed of Mrs. Verdant at the hall.

BAB. In my widow's music ?

HARRY. Perhaps you wrote it yourself, or Sir Cyril ?

BAB. I didn't write it, and Beaumorris—a note in German to the widow——

HARRY. Look! (*gives it*)

BAB. 'Tis his writing sure enough! (*reading*) " Zu sehr geliebetes, Wesenich musz mit Ihnen sprechen."

HARRY. You don't seem to comprehend the sense through.

BAB. Perfectly.

HARRY. (*putting on an air of doubt*) I shouldn't have thought it.

BAB. I don't—don't I ? I'll just show you. (*reads, translating*) " Too well beloved being, I must speak with you. The happiness of both depends upon this interview."

HARRY. Those words are there ?

BAB. Look yourself. Ah! I forget the clodhopper does not—(*continues to read, translating*)—" Since we might be interrupted in the house, I will expect you in the summer-house. Your *bouquet* of camelias, thrown from the window, will apprise me of your consent."

HARRY. A bouquet of camelias ?

BAB. Of camelias! There are none to be had for miles except at the hall. And Beaumorris! The traitor! He has deceived me—humbugged me. He wants to do me out of the widow and her consols, and has made me believe he was making love to the farmer's wife.

HARRY. The farmer's wife ?

BAB. Yes, yes, my good friend, your wife—and he took me in—and I lent him an helping hand.

HARRY. You did ?

BAB. That is to say no—yes—no—I thought it was only you—and it was me. But I'll be revenged—I'll catch them—surprise them.

HARRY. (*who has re-taken the note*) And there is no more ?

BAB. (*looking in drunken confusion for his hat*) Isn't that enough ? It's dishonourable in the highest degree.

HARRY. What did I tell you ? It's the way of the world.

BAB. Ah! that's all very well for clodhoppers ! But he attempts to play of his tricks on me! But he shall see what I am capable of, when my blood is up! Tremble, false perjured friend, tremble !

Bangs his hat violently on his head, and exit L.D.

HARRY. (*alone*) There is no doubt; whatever that fellow may fancy—the note was intended for Grace—(*with indignation*) for my wife! While I received the man with kindness and hospitality, he was attempting the basest of treacheries. The cowardly villain! But I will soon shew him—(*stopping, and changing his tone*) Hold! what should I show him ? that I am a hot-headed fool—that I have no confidence in my wife, my own dear little wife—no, no, let me give her the best proof of my affection, trust in her, and she will love me all the better. But since the Baronet has commenced the game, I'll play it out with him ; and now that I have seen his hand I can play mine all the easier.

GRACE. (*without R.*) Are you quite sure ?

OWLET. (*without R.*) Quite sure missus.

HARRY. Tis Grace herself. Owlet's with her. I'll return when she is alone. *Exit L.*

Enter GRACE and OWLET, R.

GRACE. (*agitated*) Sir Cyril gave you the album ?

OWLET. Yes, to give to you, missus, without nobody knowing nothing ; but mayster would take it.

GRACE. (*aside*) Ah ! should it have contained anything.

OWLET. He snatched it out of my hand, hasty-like. (*putting back the table on which stands the tray*) And, lookey, missus, here lies the hidentical al—al—I've forgot a bit what you called it.

GRACE. Ah! (*takes the album, and hastily turns over the leaves*) No, no, it contains nothing, nothing! I breathe again. (*seeing OWLET staring at her*) You may go to your work.

OWLET. You don't want me no more for nothing, missus.

GRACE. No, go. (*impatiently*) Go, I tell you.

OWLET. Well, I'm a going. (*aside*) Mayster has lost his head, and missus don't much seem to know what she's up to. I'm the only cute 'un in the family. *Exit L.*

GRACE. (*turning over the leaves of the album again*) No, no, nothing but the sketches. How my heart beat. How I trembled. Sir Cyril has grown so audacious. He might have written to me, and had my husband read the letter——

Enter THORNCOTE, L.—He has changed his dress, and appears more elegant, but still as a gentleman farmer.

HARRY. (*humming a tune*) La, la, la!

GRACE. Ah ! (*she hastily closes the album, and puts it back on the table*)

HARRY. (*pretending surprise*) So you are there, my dear ?

GRACE. (*confused*) Yes, yes—I was—looking for you.

HARRY. Sorry to have been out of the way. I just went to change my dress a little.

GRACE. (*with some surprise*) Dress !

HARRY. Only a new coat I had made in town; because one is only a clod, 'tis no reason one should be a fright. You don't like it ?

GRACE. Quite the reverse. It becomes you well.

HARRY. You think so ? That's all right. But you too have dressed yourself to-day with unusual elegance.

GRACE. (*embarrassed*) Why—it was only—I thought that as we had company——

HARRY. You couldn't do better. And when one's dear little wife dresses for company, the husband has the pleasure and the profit also. You are charming. A bouquet too? Ah, pah! camelias!

GRACE. You don't like them?

HARRY. A mere silly fancy. These stiff waxy looking flowers, beautiful if you will, but without odour, put me in mind of your made-up town-bred ladies, with pretty faces, maybe, but not a grain of the perfume of sentiment, or affection. Such flowers do not suit my Grace.

GRACE. You think not?

HARRY. It's very foolish, I dare say, in a rough country man too; but really I can't abide the sight of them. Now, if you would be my own dear affectionate little Grace, you would not wear them.

GRACE. You insist?

HARRY. Insist? never. But suppose we make a swop?

GRACE. What do you mean?

HARRY. (*goes up and fetches a bandbox left on a chair behind them, looking through the window, aside*) The baronet is there waiting for the signal, (*aloud*) Look, this came among the other packages from town.

GRACE. (*about to take it*) Something for me, what is it?

HARRY. (*stopping*) Not so fast, I don't mean to give; I swop it as I told you, for your bouquet.

GRACE. Oh, take it, I don't really care for it.

HARRY. No, I can't touch the nasty thing.

GRACE. What would you have me do then? (THORNCOTE *makes a sign of throwing it out of the window*)
—Throw it out of the window?

HARRY. Yes—(GRACE *throws it*)—That will do.

GRACE. And now this mysterious box is mine? (*takes it*)

HARRY. 'Tis yours, (*apart, looking out at the window*)
Yes, he has picked it up. Oh! (*he springs aside, not to be seen*)

GRACE. (*undoing the bandbox*) I am so curious.

HARRY. (*at the window*) He makes off across the drive.

GRACE. (*who has opened the bandbox*) Ah! what a handsome muff and fur cloak.

HARRY. (*at the window*) He enters the garden—excellent!—there let him remain!

THORNCOTE *exit, L., and during the following, returns, triumphant, and closes the door, L. behind him.*

GRACE. They are charming, handsomer still than those of Mrs. Verdant at the hall; now delightful! they are just what I have been longing for! (*with a change of manner*) Naughty, naughty Harry, to go and commit such extravagances as that, and all for me; to punish you now, I really ought not to put them on, (*puts them on*) and never look at them again. (*places herself in cloak and muff before the glass on the chimney-piece*)

HARRY. (*who has re-entered, aside*) I have locked the garden door, the outer house door too; and, as the key of the summer house hangs on its peg within, the baronet may cool his heels at leisure.

GRACE. (*before the looking glass*) The effect is charming.

HARRY. (*advancing gallantly*) Because you give it.

GRACE. You are a dear, dear, naughty man! It's abominable, every time I express a silly wish, you must go and gratify it at any expense. I shall ruin you at last.

HARRY. Pshaw! the farmer may grumble; but he always contrives to make two ends meet very comfortably, to say nothing of superfluties; and if I can procure myself a happy welcome on my return——

GRACE. Nay, you wanted no present to ensure you that, Harry—surely the pleasure of seeing you again after a week's absence was enough.

HARRY. Yes a week—seven long days—of four and twenty hours each, long hours of sixty minutes, each minute of—I could not bear it any longer; I hurried through my business as quickly as I could, especially when I heard Sir Cyril was here. His cousin, who gave you away at our marriage, told me the whole affair.

GRACE. (*uneasy*) The whole affair? the cause of the duel?

HARRY. Every detail.

GRACE. (*aside*) Ah! then he knows——

HARRY. A sorry business altogether—on account of a little dancing girl.

GRACE. Oh no, you are wrong.

HARRY. Why, some supposed it was about a singer; it wasn't exactly known; besides there was an actress too he was intimate with; and there was a suspicion that it was she perhaps. It's agreeable to have one's choice of conjectures.

GRACE. Is this true?

HARRY. You see, my dear, Sir Cyril has an artistic form of mind; and the encouragement he affords to the Muses, in various shapes, is by no means limited.

GRACE. (*aside*) And he would have made me believe it was for me. (*aloud*) It's abominable.

HARRY. Oh, if you expect your fine gentlemen to be like us country husbands, simple clodhoppers as they call us, living for one alone, dreaming of her and her affection only, thinking only how to gratify her every wish, you make a little error in judgment, my child, that's all.

GRACE. (*in a mortified tone*) And then they never reflect whether some of the women on whom they bestow their odious attentions, are not shocked, disgusted.

HARRY. Why for a farmer's wife, you seem to be pretty well up in fine gentlemen science.

GRACE. (*hastily*) No, no, but men of such habits, I do not like, I never can like, I don't wish to see; and I shall be glad when Sir Cyril goes.

HARRY. Well, I heard the affair was likely to blow over. Sir Cyril's cousin was to let me know; and then he is free to depart.

GRACE. So much the better; and we shall be alone together here, to love one another—happy——

HARRY. (*taking both her hands*) Yes, happy, in our *tête-a-tête* by our snug chimney corner. (*leading her to the fireplace*) (*Snow is seen falling thickly, through window.*)

GRACE (*smiling and sitting down*) Yes, very happy.

HARRY. (*sitting nearer her, and placing a footstool*) Your pretty little feet on your pretty little footstool, worked by your pretty little fingers.

GRACE. With my hands snugly placed in my new muff, when it is very cold.

HARRY. No, no, the hands I claim. (*taking them in his own and kissing them*) That's a loving husband's true hap-

piness. (*aside*) Particularly when he knows that the other is shivering in the garden.

GRACE. It is indeed pleasant, thus, by the fireside, when the snow is falling without.

HARRY. (*looking towards the window*) True, it is coming down, pretty heavily. (*aside*) I should like to know how the Baronet looks among the old celery beds. I hope he is not frozen to death. (SIR CYRIL *sneezes violently without*) No, he's still alive.

GRACE. And you won't leave me any more ?

HARRY. I promise you faithfully.

SIR C. (*opening the window, L.C., violently*) I can't stand it any longer. (*comes in through window*)

GRACE. (*rising*) Ah! Sir Cyril.

HARRY. Pray walk in Sir—I beg you'll walk in.

SIR C. (*shivering, with his nose very red, angrily*) I am distressed to disturb you.

HARRY. Never mind. We shall have plenty of time to resume our *tête-a-tête*. Shan't we Grace ?

GRACE. (*slightly embarrassed*) You were in the garden then ?

SIR C. (*walking about to warm himself*) The door of which was locked—the outer house door too; and I couldn't even get into the summer house—so, that I've been stamping about in the snow. (*shivering*) Hur!

HARRY. I can feel for you, my dear Sir, although I was here, quietly and comfortably by my fireside, with my own little wife. (*with his arm round her waist—SIR CYRIL who has come opposite him, turns his back angrily, and begins walking about again*) I am afraid all your usual ardour must have been singularly cooled, Sir Cyril.

SIR C. What do you mean ?

GRACE. (*hastily*) I'll make up the fire.

Enter BABBLETON L., *followed by* OWLET *with a letter, which he gives to* HARRY, *and exit* L.

BAB. (L.C.) It's abominable, abominable, I say.

HARRY. (*aside*) Ah! the other here, now.

BAB. And I won't bear it. (*to* HARRY) Well, farmer, I've been to the hall.

HARRY. (R.C.) Where you found nobody.

BAB. Yes I did, though, that eternal young Hardy, on his knees to Mrs. Verdant, who had just accepted him.

HARRY. Ah, ha! so the widow and her consols are gone.

BAB. And yet that German note was in the hand writing of Beaamorris, I'd swear it.

GRACE. (R., *aside*) What does he mean ?

SIR C. (L., *coming forward*) A German note ?

BAB. Yes, your note, Sir. The farmer gave it to me to read.

GRACE. Ah!

SIR C. So, he knew all then. (HARRY *bows*) I understand, and I have been the victim of a mystification by you both. (*pointing to GRACE*)

HARRY. I beg your pardon, you are obliged to me alone, for your garden stroll with all its striking effects.

SIR. C. It is to be seen. Sir, how I understand the obligation, I'm not wont to be mystified without making the mystifiers render me an account. And were you a gentleman—(*crosses L.C.*)

HARRY. A gentleman ! Perhaps you may think that Harry Thorncote, younger son of Sir Tyomas Thorncote, of Thorncote Hall, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, has some title to the name, even although he may have exchanged a younger brother's privilege of a red coat, a club window, a canter in Rotten Row, and a polka with the heiress of the season, for a more congenial sphere, in which he may prove a little more useful member of society. But I will not take my stand upon such adventitious claims ; as farmer Thorncote, I am ready to render you any account

GRACE. (*alarmed*) Harry!

HARRY. Be not alarmed. Sir Cyril will see that he was wrong. He has made a mistake in our positions, I believe the original mystification was meant for me. We have each played out our game, and I have won, that's all.

BAB. (*aside to SIR CYRIL*) You'd better leave him alone, I can tell you.

HARRY. What says my umpire? (*pulling GRACE to him*)

GRACE. That you are always right, Harry.

HARRY. You hear, Sir Cyril.

BAB. Decidedly you are distanced. You had better give in.

SIR C. (*with an effort*) Well, I acknowledge my error, and apologise. I can do no more.

HARRY. Tis well. I should be happy to show you every hospitality, gentlemen. But the pleasures of town, have doubtless greater charms for you. (*shows the letter*) And see, as I expected, a letter from your cousin, Sir Cyril declares that all danger has blown over. (*gives it*)

SIR CYRIL. (*looking at it*) It is true. Babbleton, shall we be off to town?

BAB. I've had enough of the coutry; and pretty work I've made of my ruralities.

HARRY. Be so good, however, in going, to acknowledge that even our clodhoppers now-a-days have  how become possessed of a little education, a little tact, and a little address; and that with our present march of intellect, even a baronet may meet with a teacher, where he may have thought to have found

"ONLY A CLOD!"