

THE
LITTLE SAVAGE



A FARCE

IN

ONE ACT

BY

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AUTHOR OF

Lend Me Five Shillings—Three Cuckoos—My Precious Betsy—Where there's a will there's a way—John Dobbs—A most unwarrantable Intrusion—Dying for Love—Your Life's in Danger—Midnight Watch—Box and Cox—Trumpeter's Wedding—Done on Both Sides—Poor Pillicoddy—Old Honesty—Young England—King and I—My Wife's Second Floor—Who do they take me for—Double Bedded Room—The Milliners's Holiday—Wedding Breakfast—Brother Ben—Attic Story—Who's the Composer—Who's my Husband—Slasher and Crasher—Prince for an Hour—Away with Melancholy—Waiting for an Omnibus—Betsy Baker—Who stole the pocket-book—Two Bonnycastles—From Village to Court—Going to the Derby—Rights and Wrongs of Women—Sent to the Tower—Our Wife—Irish Tiger—Ticklish Times—Take Care of Dowb—Muleteer of Toledo—Game of Romps—Away with Melancholy—How Stout You're Getting—A Prince for an Hour—Aunt Charlotte's Maid—Thirty-three Next Birthday, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market

LONDON.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE.

*First performed at the Strand Theatre,
November 1858.*

MAJOR CHOKER	Mr. BLAND.
MR. JOHN PARKER	Mr. SWANBOROUGH.
MR. LIONEL LARKINS	Mr. CLARKE.
JONATHAN, <i>the Majors Servant</i>	Mr. TURNER.
LADY BARBARA CHOKER	Mrs. CHARLES MELVILLE.
KATE DALRYMPLE	Miss M. WILTON.

SCENE.—Interior of a Country House at Bagshot.

MODERN COSTUMES.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE.



SCENE —*A Handsomely Furnished Apartment, at Major Choker's—door, C, with open French window on R. tide, showing garden beyond—doors, R. and L.—table sofa, R. chairs,—all very handsome. At L. U. E., a fireplace, with looking glass over it.*

MAJOR CHOKER *discovered, in his morning gown, tying his cravat, before the glass—JONATHAN in the Major's livery, seated on sofa, reading the paper—the Major's coat hanging over the back of a chair.*

MAJOR. (L., *finishing tying his cravat*) There, that will do very well, *{turning round and showing a very red face, and a very high stiff white cravat}* Not quite starch enough perhaps, but it will do. Now, Jonathan, help me on with my coat, *{taking off morning gown and holding out his arm? for the coat}*

JONATH. (R., *spelling paper*) Y-o-r-k—York.

MAJOR. Jonathan! I asked for my coat!

JONATH. Ees, zur! R-a-c-e-s—York Races!

MAJOR. *{turning and seeing JONATHAN on the sofa}* Well! 'pon my life, what next I wonder? So, sir, I'm to stand shivering here in my shirt sleeves, while you are reading the paper! Get up directly!

JONATH. NOW, don't 'ee speak unkindly to me, zur, 'cause when a man has been in better sarcumstances—

MAJOR. There—there's the old story! I suppose I'd better make up my mind at once to groom my own horse, brush my own clothes, and polish my own boots and shoes,

because you happen to have been in better sarcumstances, as you call it. Help me on with my coat!

JONATH. Ees, zur ! (*helping MAJOR to put on coat*)

MAJOR. Halloa! didn't I order you to take this coat to the tailor's to have it fresh lined ?

JONATH. Ees, zur, you did.

MAJOR. And you haven't done so ?

JONATH. No, zur, I han't.

MAJOR. Psha! idiot!

JONATH. NOW don't 'ee speak unkindly to me, zur, 'cause when a man has been in better sarcumstances—

MAJOR. Hold your tongue, and get out of my sight!

JONATH. Ees, zur. (*going—returns*) Please, sir, what answer be I to give to the lad as brought the letter for 'ee just now ?

MAJOR. What lad?

JONATH. Why, Mr. Larkin's servant!—he be a waiting outside in the garden all this time, and must be almost fruz.

MAJOR. " Fruz ! " Didn't I tell you to show the young man into the kitchen ?

JONATH. Ees, zur, you did.

MAJOR. Then why the devil didn't you?

JONATH. Well, zur, I'm sure I don't know—but you see, when a man has been in better sarcumstances—

MAJOR. Oh, lud! Oh, lud! (*takes letter out of his pocket*) I'm sure I don't know what answer to give my old friend Larkins.

JONATH. I do, sir, if I understand the rights of it—and I pumped it all out of the young man over a mug of your honor's strong ale.

MAJOR. I thought I told you never to touch my strong ale again, without my permission,

JONATH. SO you did, zur.

MAJOR. Then how dare you disobey me ?

JONATH. Well, zur, I'm sure I don't know—but, you see, when a man has been in better sarcumstances—

MAJOR. (*shouting*) Hold your infernal tongue about your sarcumstances!

JONATH. Better hear what I've got to say, zur. Well, if I knows the rights on it, your old friend Larkins —

MAJOR. *Mr. Larkins, if you please !*

JONATH. Mr. Larkins, if you please, wants you to let his son, Master Larkins, come a courting to your niece, Miss Kate.

MAJOR. Exactly.

JONATH. Then, my advice is, let 'em come and do it.

MAJOR. HOW the deuce can I, when here's Mr. John Parker, the nephew of an equally dear friend, actually in the house for the same purpose, and with my permission, too ? I confess I wish he was out of it.

JONATH. SO do I, zur. He and his London servant have turned the house quite topsy turvy, upside down, and everybody in it—missus especially—one might as well live in a nest of wapses.

MAJOR. *{disgusted}* Wapses! Where is Mr. Parker now ?

JONATH. Gone a shooting! and I'll take short odds he brings down more dogs than partridges, *(gunfire, L. U. E.)* There he be ! *{running to window}* And what do you think he be at ? Shooting at the little soldier a-top of the pigeon house !

MAJOR. Shooting at a soldier on the top of my pigeon house!

JONATH. Ees, zur, the weathercock, *(gunfires again L. U. E.)* Darned if he arn't knocked it clean off !

LADY BARBARA. *(without, L. C.)* This is intolerable, unbearable, insufferable!

Enter LADY BARBARA, C. from L., and KATE from door, R.

MAJOR. (L. C.) What's the matter, Lady Barbara?

KATE. (R.) Yes, Aunt Barbara, what's the matter ?

LADY B. (C.) Matter—Mr. John Parker's the matter! —*your* Mr. John Parker, he's not only blown the weathercock to atoms, but he's killed three of my favourite pigeons! pouters every one of them ! You hear, Major, pouters every one of them !

JONATH. (L.) YOU hear, Major, pouters every one of them!

MAJOR. Hold your tongue! I'm sure I'm very sorry, Lady Barbara, but after all, pouters are but pouters!

KATE. Yes—and think, dear aunt, what a delicious pie they'll make!

LADY B. Pshaw ! But that's not all, for while I was upbraiding Mr. John Parker for his cruelty in slaughtering my pouters, my poor dear, harmless, innocent, little lapdog, flew at his leg, upon which the inhuman Parker kicked poor little Pompey into the middle of the fish pond!

JONATH. *{with a horse laugh}* Ha, ha, ha !

MAJOR. Hold your tongue !

KATE. Well, aunt, I think a cold bath will do Pompey a world of good. And as for the old weathercock, uncle, I'm sure that was of no use whatever—for no matter in what quarter the wind was, it always pointed in the same direction—you know it did. *{goes up to R. table}*

JONATH. Ha, ha, ha !

MAJOR. Will you be quiet? Go and bring in the breakfast!

JONATH. Ees, zur!

MAJOR. *{angrily}* Why the devil don't you go?

JONATH. I be going ! But don't 'ee speak unkindly to me, zur, 'cause when a man—

MAJOR. Get out!

Exit JONATHAN, L. D.—KATE comes down, C.
Depend upon it, my dear girl, that Mr. John Parker is not the husband for you. Let me ask you, does he ever pay you proper attention ?

LADY B. (R.) Whenever *you* sit down to play the piano, doesn't *he* immediately begin playing with the eat?

MAJOR. Yes ! And when you propose taking a walk, doesn't he invariably prefer taking a nap ? A girl with ten thousand pounds in her pocket has a right to something better than Mr. John Parker!

KATE. (C.) Well! but after all, these are only little trifling defects of which you could easily correct him, if you'd try.

MAJOR. Pooh! not I, indeed!

LADY B. Nor I!

KATE. NO! Not for my sake: (MAJOR *and* LADY

BARBARA *turn away*) my sake! (*gently turning both round*)

MAJOR. Ah, Kate, you rogue, there's no resisting you. (*kisses her*)

LADY B. NO, that there is not! (*kisses her*)

MAJOR. SO we'll give Mr. John Parker a few days more fair trial, and if that fails, I'll send off for young Larkins at once.

KATE. Young Larkins! And pray, uncle, who may young Larkins be ?

MAJOR, Who ? Ha, ha, ha ! (*knowingly*) Why a certain young gentleman who is anxious to pay his addresses to a certain young lady.

KATE. Indeed!

MAJOR. Yes. His uncle, whose nephew, by-the-bye he is, tells me he's a fine, dashing fellow, and very accomplished—has been in the army—is a bit of a poet—a bit of an artist—a bit of a—in short a bit of everything.

KATE. Well, of course I needn't say that its a matter of perfect indifference to me whether I marry Mr. Parker, or Mr. Larkins. or neither, or both.

(goes up R., and looks out window.

PARKER. [*without,*] Ha, ha, ha ! here's a fuss about a trifle!

PARKER *enters C. from L., with his back towards the Audience*
He is in a shooting costume, and carries a game-bag over his shoulder, and a double-barrelled gun.

wrap him up in flannel and lay him before the fire, and if that won't do, pop him in the oven.

LADY B. (R.) Mercy on us ! Pop who into the oven!

PARK, (C.) Your unhappy little dog. His cold bath dosen't seem to have agreed with him, for he's gone into a sort of fit.

LADY B. A fit! Pompey ?

PARK. I have just left him making frantic efforts to bite off his own tail! I'm afraid it's all over with poor Pompey.

LADY B. Was there ever such a brute !

PARK. That's what I say! How you could ever take a liking to him I can't imagine!

KATE. (R. C. *aside to PARKER.*)! Ahem ! (*pointing to his hat, which he still wears.*)

PARK, (*aside, not understanding her*) Humph ?

KATE. Your hat.

PARK. What's the matter with it ?

KATE. Take it off!

PARK. Eh ! Oh, yes of course, (*takes off his hat*) Famous shower just now, Major—almost wet me through. [*shaking hat over LADY BARBARA, R. and the furniture*]

LADY B. What are you about, sir ?

PARK. Beg pardon, I'm sure, (*puts his hat on polished table—KATE hastily snatches it off*)

KATE, (*aside to him*) Why don't you say something to uncle ?

PARK. I will, (*aloud*) Major!

MAJOR. Well, sir!

PARK. HOW are you ? (*taking his game-bag off and throws it on sofa—KATE hastily snatches it off—MAJOR crosses to R. to LADY B.*) By the bye, Major, has that gamekeeper of yours been long with you ?

MAJOR, (R.) Ever since he was a boy. He's a capital fellow, and I wouldn't part with him on any account.

PARK. I'm sorry to hear that.

MAJOR. Why?

PARK. Because I've just shot him !

LADY B.

MAJOR. } Shot him!

KATE.

PARK. Don't be alarmed—I haven't killed him! Oh dear no! merely lodged a few shots in his left leg—skin deep, that's all. I'll tell you how it happened—I was one side of the ditch, he on the other—for instance, I'm here, (*to MAJOR*) you're the ditch, and Lady Barbara the gamekeeper—well, I was carrying my gun so—(*pointing the muzzle of his gun at MAJOR'S body*)

MAJOR. Be quiet, will you ? (*KATE snatches the gun out of PARKER'S hands and puts it down*)

PARK. However, I sent him off to the doctor, and gave him a ten guinea note into the bargain (*crosses to L.*)

KATE (*down C.—aside to MAJOR*) Ten guineas! There, uncle doesn't that show what a kind heart he's got?

MAJOR. (*to PARKER*) You've not breakfasted, of course ?

PARK. NO, not exactly breakfasted—I had a snack before J started—the remains of a pheasant pie, which I found in the larder.

LADY B. (*aside*). *And* which I had especially reserved for my breakfast.

PARK. You'll excuse me while I change my coat? I shan't keep you a minute.

Going L., meets JONATHAN, who enters C. from L, carrying a tray with breakfast—the teapot is knocked off, and broken to pieces.

LADY B. (R.) There ! there goes my favourite Dresden-china teapot;

PARK. (*to JONATHAN*.) Don't you hear what her ladyship says—there goes her favourite Dresden teapot, (*to MAJOR*.) I shouldn't be surprised if he said it was my fault!

MAJOR. (*significantly*) No more should I.

JONATH. (*to PARKER*) It be all your fault.

PARK. There, there—what did I say, eh? Ha, ha, ha! (*giving the MAJOR a poke in the ribs—to JONATHAN*) Well, what do you stand staring there for ? Why don't you pick up the bits ?

KATE. (*kindly, crossing at back, to JONATHAN*) Yes, Jonathan, why don't you pick up the bits ?

LADY B. What an awkward, clumsy creature !

PARK. (*to JONATHAN, who is picking up the bits*.) You hear what your mistress says, Jonathan ? you're an awkward, clumsy creature! But we mustn't lose our breakfast.

LADY B. I shall breakfast in my own room.

Exit, R. D., with a withering look at PARKER.

MAJOR. (*crossing to L.*) And I shall do—ditto.

Exit L. D., looking at PARKER.

KATE. (*following the MAJOR to door*) But uncle—dear uncle!

JONATH. (*after picking up pieces, is going out, C. to L. half bellowing*.) It warn't me as broke the teapot.

PARK. That's right, Jonathan ! Stick to it, Jonathan ! Go along, sir!

JONATH. Now, don't speak unkindly to me, 'cause, when a man has been in better sarcumstances.

Exit, C. to L.

PARK. *(falling into chair)* Ha, ha, ha! famous! capital! Nothing could be better! ha, ha, ha!

KATE. *{stopping at door, L., and overhearing}* What can he be laughing at ?

PARK. I've got rid of them all. *{seeing KATE}* Zounds! no I havn't! The old birds have flown, but the young one remains—so, egad, then, I must beat a retreat!

{about to go out C. D.

KATE. Mr. Parker !

PARK. *(stopping)* Yes, miss!

KATE YOU seem to be in a violent hurry.

PARK. NO—but, as everybody seems to be going—

KATE. *I am not going.*

PARK. Ain't you ? Very well, *(going., C.)*

KATE. Stay! I want to speak to you.

PARK. With me ?

KATE. *(taking a chair, L.)* With you—so take a chair.

PARK. Very well! *{laying hold of a chair}* Where shall I take it to ?

KATE. *(aside)* How stupid he is, to be sure, *(aloud)* Bring it here, close to mine.

PARK. Very well—there!

(putting down chair, with a bang, close to KATE.

KATE. *(impatiently)* Well, sit down.

PARK. Very well! *{sits down}*

KATE. *(aside)* His vocabulary seems limited to two words—"Very well." *{seeing PARKER, who has taken up a cup and ball from table— as he tosses it, and is spinning the ball, KATE snatches it out of his hand, and puts it into her pocket—PARKER begins to whistle in an under tone}* Don't whistle!

PARK. *(smiling)* Very well

KATE. *(aside)* "Very well" again, *{as she turns her head, she meets PARKER'S eye, who immediately looks up at the ceiling}* I am given to understand, Mr. John Parker, that your object in coming here was to make yourself agreeable to me.

PARK. Yes, I believe that's what I was sent for.

KATE. Then, allow me to tell you, Mr. John Parker, that you have not exactly taken the right road.

PARK. I beg your pardon—if I hadn't taken the right road I shouldn't have got here.

KATE. I mean, Mr. John Parker, the right road to please me.

PARK. NO ? Oh, very well.

KATE. (*aside*) Those " very wells " of his are irritating in the extreme. (*aloud*) In the first place, when you *did* arrive here, three days ago, the first thing you asked was to be shown to your room.

PARK. I was tired.

KATE. And you had no sooner swallowed your dinner, than you fell fast asleep.

PARK. I was tired.

KATE. And, in the evening, out you went for a stroll, and you didn't return until supper time.

PARK. Well, what was I to do ? Your uncle and aunt were playing at backgammon,

KATE. But I wasn't playing at backgammon. I could have shown you the garden—uncle's splendid celery, especially, that he's so proud of—and my carnations, which I flatter myself are the most beautiful in the county.

PARKER. I'm sure if I had known— (*aside*) She's really a nice little sort of a girl enough!

KATE. And then, Mr. Parker, instead of paying uncle and aunt, those little attentions which old people expect and are entitled to, you really seem to me to do all you can to annoy and vex them—this morning for instance!

PARK. Come, I'm sure I've done nothing this morning.

KATE. Oh, dear, no—nothing at all. You've only half drowned a dog, and shot a gamekeeper—that's all! I call that pretty well for one morning. And then, let me ask you, how did you come into the room just now ?

PARK. HOW ? I walked in!

KATE. Yes, with your hat on, instead of taking it off as you entered, and bowing to my aunt, as you ought to have done.

PARK. Oh! I ought to have bowed to the old lady ? This sort of thing ? (*bowing*)

KATE. Lower than that. (*he bows*) That's better. Now, you'll remember this another time, won't you, for my sake ?

PARK. (*in an altered tone and manner*) For your sake, i'll do anything, (*takes her hand*)

KATE. (*aside*) There, he's improving already, rapidly improving. I knew he would. (*PARKER kisses her hand*) Oh! dear, he's improving a great deal too rapidly! (*withdrawing her hand*)

PARK. (*aside*) As I said before, she's a remarkably nice little sort of a girl. Can I have been deceived—imposed upon ?

(*loud noise of voices disputing heard without L. U. E.*)

JONATH. (*without*) Don't tell me, I saw 'ee do it!

JONATHAN *enters hurriedly C. from L. at the same moment*

LADY BARBARA *also hurries on, R. D.*

KATE. What's the matter now, Jonathan ?

LADY B. Yes ! what's the matter !

JONATH. Pigs is the matter ?

KATE. (L.)

LADY B. } Pigs !

PARK.

JONATH. (*to PARKER*) Yes, your saucy jackanapes of a servant has let all the pigs into the garden, and there they be grubbing up master's *salary*, and your *tarnations* ! (*to KATE—goes up c.*)

KATE. My poor, beautiful flowers ? (*trying to restrain her tears*) But no matter! (*forcing a smile*)

PARK. (*to KATE eagerly*) I'm sorry—very sorry, indeed I am—the scoundrel! I'll discharge him this instant! (*going—returns*) Say you forgive me ! I'll kill him on the spot! Where is he ? *Rushes off C. to L.*

Enter MAJOR, L. D., hurriedly.

MAJOR. He's come! he's come!

LADY B. (R.) Who?

MAJOR. Young Larking!

KATE. (C.) Then I'll go!

MAJOR. (*stopping her*) No, no, I was just writing to Larkins, senior, to defer the visit of Larkins, junior, for a

few days, when in the young gentleman walked, pleaded the natural impatience of a lover, and all that sort of thing. In short, as I said before, he's come!

KATE. Then, as *I* said before, I'll go ! (*about to go*)

MAJOR. Nonsense (*stopping her*) here he is!

Enter LIONEL LARKINS, L. D., *he is in a modern fashionable costume, rather outre, and has on a light drab paletot, the back of which is smeared with mud, KATE hastily takes up her crochet and begins working with great earnestness, at table c.*

LIONEL. (*L. seeing MAJOR*) Oh, there you are! not very civil of you, Major, to run away from me the moment I arrived as if had been a wild bullock! I repeat, it was not civil of you Croaker.

MAJOR. Choker!

LIONEL. Choker—but I see how it is—you come to announce my arrival to the ladies (*crosses to C. bows to LADY BARBARA, then to KATE, bowing to her—she looks up, and stares at him, and then quietly goes on with her work—aside*) She's working a black and white poodle, or rather pretending to work a black and white poodle (*aloud*). Yes, Major, you came to announce me to the ladies—to prepare them for the shock, I mean the pleasure—quite right Smoker!

MAJOR. (*L. impatiently*) Choker! (*introducing ladies*) Lady Barbara, Mr. Lionel Larkins—Mr. Lionel Larkins Lady Barbara !

LIONEL. Your ladyship's most obedient.

MAJOR. (*introducing KATE, who rises unwillingly.*) My niece, Miss Kate Dalrymple.

LIONEL. (*bows*) Oh dear no ! that won't do, Croaker—

MAJOR. (*shouting*) Choker! *That* won't do ? *What* won't do ?

LIONEL. Why this can't be your niece, because my father told me that I should find her decidedly good looking—now she's nothing of the sort (*MAJOR, LADY BARBARA. and KATE astonished*) No! she's an angel.

LADY B. (*aside to KATE*) There, Kate, there's a compliment ! that's more than Mr. John Parker would have said to you. (*contemptuously*)

KATE. For Mr. John Parker's sake, I hope it is.

LIONEL *{aside}* I've been studying that speech for the last three hours and a half, and she doesn't take the slightest notice of it, but sticks to her black and white poodle, as if her life depended on it. Perhaps she's hard of hearing.

MAJOR. Well, and how is your father, my old friend Larkins *(slaps LARKINS sharply on the shoulder, he winces)*

LIONEL. Thank ye—he's hearty *(slapping MAJOR on shoulder)*. Indeed, to use a strong expression, I may say, he's jolly! *(giving MAJOR another violent slap on the shoulder.)*

MAJOR. Well, I hope you won't be dull here! for certainly Bagshot is rather an out of the way place.

LIONEL. YOU may say that—for on leaving the train at Woking, I found myself under the disagreeable necessity of hiring a horse, and as I had got a carpet bag in front of me, a portmanteau behind me, an umbrella under one arm, and a hat-box under the other—I wasn't sorry when the journey was over, especially as about half way here my horse took it into his head to commence a series of evolutions of the most extraordinary, and I may, say painful description, concluding his performances by suddenly standing bolt upright on his hind legs !

MAJOR. I dare say he heard the fox hounds—they were to throw off, there this morning,

LIONEL. I don't know where the hounds threw off. but I can show you the exact spot where my horse threw off, because I left a full length impression of my figure in the mud *{turning round and showing his back covered with mud.*

MAJOR. Ha. ha! But egad, you must be hungry after your ride.

LIONEL. Hungry! you forget. Smoker, that I have been feasting on a delicious banquet of grace and loveliness for the last quarter of an hour *(with an admiring look at KATE, who again looks at him, and then goes on with her work—aside)* She is either a deafy, or that black and white poodle monopolises her entire mental faculties.

MAJOR. True ! and what is a little privation after all? Nothing ! and you'd say so if you had been a soldier.

LIONEL. I *have* been a soldier !

MAJOR. Have you, my hero ? (*slapping him on back*)

LIONEL. (*wincing—then giving the MAJOR a terrific slap on the back*) Yes, my Trojan! in the militia! and remarkably well I looked in my regimentals, at least so the ladies said, (*pointedly to KATE, who looks up at him again, and then quietly resumes her work—aside*) If ever that black and white poodle falls in my clutches, Til tear him piecemeal, (*aloud.*) But you'll allow me to retire, and make myself a little more presentable. Lady Barbara, (*bowing*) your most obedient; Miss, (*to KATE, bowing*) your most devoted (*KATE looks up, and then goes on quietly with her work*), she seems to me to be not only a deafy, but a dummy, (*going L., stops*) By the bye, I met the postman coming towards the house, so I took charge of the letters (*presenting them to LADY B.*)

LADY B. Oh, thank ye. (*to KATE*) For you my dear, (*giving her a letter*) Why don't you thank Mr. Larkins ?

LIONEL. Oh dear, no! (*KATE looks up at him, and again goes gently on with her work*) she's decidedly a dummy. (*crosses to L.*)

MAJOR. (*to LARKINS as he is going*) You won't be long, Larkins ! (*slapping him on the shoulder*)

LIONEL. (*wincing again and giving the MAJOR a thundering slap on the shoulder*) Decidedly not, Smoker.

MAJOR. (*forcing a laugh, and rubbing his shoulder*) Ha, ha, ha! (*at side*) Damn the fellow, how hard he hits. (*aloud*) Lady Barbara! (*crossing to LADY B.*) Allow me, (*offering his hand to her*) Good bye Kate. I don't wish to influence you, the least little bit in the world, but Larkins is a trump!

LADY B. (*disdainfully*) Yes, rather a superior article to Mr. John Parker !

Exeunt MAJOR and LADY BARBARA, R.

KATE. Poor Mr. Parker! he's not at a premium with uncle and aunt, that is very clear! he may be reserved and shy, and not polished—in short he may not be a *trump* like Mr. Larkins, not that I know what a trump is, but for all that, if I—pshaw, let me read my letter. The London post mark!—from my dear cousin, Jane Lorimer, I declare (*opens it—reads*) " Dearest Kate, I have found the inclosed amongst my brother's papers,

{shewing note} and as its contents materially concern yourself, I lose no time in forwarding it." *{looking at the note—reads}* "Dear Tom" and signed "John Parker." Then he knows Jane's brother ! Oh! what nice writing, to be sure ! as straight as a line, and not a " t" or an " i" that isn't crossed and dotted ! I shan't be sorry to judge of his style—especially as he, most probably says something about me. *{reads}* " Dear Tom, when you receive this I shall be on my way for Bagshot; but you'll never guess the object of my journey to that outlandish place." Outlandish, indeed! I'm sure it is nothing of the sort, "we've a circulating library—one ensign, and twenty-seven men of the Surrey Militia quartered in the town, and a Hunt Bali once a year! *{reads}* " But you'll never guess," &c. &c. &c. " I'll tell you, in a word then, I am ordered to Bagshot, by my uncle, who insists on me marrying the niece of an old friend of his, a certain Major Choker, residing there. A very likely matter, eh, Tom ? that I shall give up my bachelor life, and bury myself alive at Bagshot, with a little simpleton of a country Miss for a wife!" Well I'm sure, *{reading again}* " some rustic beauty, no doubt, all dimples and freckles with very rosy cheeks and red elbows." What impertinence ! and whom I most cordially detest already *{stops, and reads again with emotion, which she endeavours to conceal.—reads}* "whom I most cordially detest already"—*{sighs, then forcing a laugh}* Ha, ha, ha ! *{reads}* " No! I have hit upon a plan to make myself unpopular with the grotesque old Major," (poor dear uncle) " and his pompous old wife, (poor dear aunt) " and thus escape the honor of a union with their niece, the little" (what's that ?) "the little savage of Bagshot." That's me!—so then, his rough uncouth language and awkward manners are only assumed, and while I was kindly endeavouring to correct them—he was laughing at me all the while—Ha, ha, ha ! *{with an hysterical laugh}* How very absurd ! *{seeing the MAJOR and LADY B. coming}* My uncle and aunt! *{hastily hides the letter and assumes a cheerful countenance,*

up C.

Enter MAJOR and LADY BARBARA, R.

MAJOR. *{crossing to L.}* AS I said before—Larkins is a trump! did you hear what he said of my celery ?

LADY B. And how he admired Pompey ?

MAJOR. Swore it was the largest he had ever seen!

LADY B. Vowed he had never seen anything so small before; (*to KATE*) depend upon it, my dear, he's the husband for you!

PARKER *enters unperceived at C.—advances.*

MAJOR. (L.) Yes, as Lady Barbara very properly observed just now, he's rather a superior article to Mr. John Parker—(*turns and finds PARKER on his R. C., face to face*)

LADY B. (R.) I should think so, indeed! What girl in her senses could reject so refined and accomplished a lover for the coarse, awkward, ungainly, and unpolished Park—(*turns to L. C. face to face with him*)

KATE. (*unseeing PARKER —aside*) He's here—so much the better, (*aloud, and with emphasis*) True, dear aunt, the gentleman you allude to is very agreeable indeed; and believe me, I appreciate his superior qualities quite as much as you do. (*aside*) There, I wonder how he likes that!

LADY B. (*delighted*) And you consent to marry him?

KATE. (*with another look at PARKER*) Most willingly, dear aunt!

PARK. (C, *astonished*) What do I hear?

MAJOR. Sufficient, I hope, Mr. Parker, to render any lengthened explanation unnecessary. In a word, our niece is about to be married.

PARK. Married! to whom ? (*violently to MAJOR, who retreats alarmed*)

KATE. TO one, sir, who thinks it no humiliation to ally himself to the family of Major Choker, and is content to bury himself alive at Bagshot, even with a little simpleton of a country miss for a wife, (*curtsies to PARKER, and going, R.*)

PARK. (*earnestly*) Stay, I beg! Major, (*violently to MAJOR, who retreats L.*) I appeal to you—you know that my good old uncle's most ardent wish is—

KATE. TO secure his nephew's happiness! he will, therefore, no longer insist on your wasting your time at so outlandish a place as Bagshot, when it may be so much more profitably and agreeably employed elsewhere.

(*going R.*)

PARK. Once more I beg—I entreat!

KATE. Sir! (*drawing herself up, and then making a formal and stately curtsey—aside*) That's over; and I feel so perfectly satisfied with myself—so, so happy—so very happy, that I'll go and lock myself up in my room and have a good cry. *Exit R. D.*

PARK. She's gone—without one word of regret, (*violently to MAJOR, who retreats*) This is your doing.

MAJOR. NO, no, Kate is her own mistress, I assure you. *(soothingly.)*

PARK. (*violently*) No such thing! (*suddenly grasping the MAJOR'S arm, and then LADY B.'S, looking at them alternately, to the great alarm of both*) You are prepared to assert, affirm, make oath, and declare, that in rejecting my suit, and accepting that of my rival, (*savagely*) whoever he is, your niece has followed her own unbiassed inclinations?

MAJOR. (L.) }
LADY B. (C.) } We are!

PARK. That's enough! (*violently letting go of MAJOR and LADY B., and sending them both spinning round*) I have no longer any business here; and I can only regret I can't leave this house this very moment.

MAJOR. SO do I—no, I don't mean that—unfortunately I've no conveyance, (*aside*) Egad! well thought of—there's Larkins' horse! the very thing! (*aloud*) By-the-bye, there's a horse in the stable!

PARK. Then go and saddle him this moment! (*pushing him towards C.*) Why don't you go and saddle him?

MAJOR. (*calling at C.*) Jonathan! (*louder*) Jonathan, I say!

JONATHAN *appears C. from L.*

JONATH. Ees, zur!

MAJOR. Saddle the horse this moment, and bring him round to the front door!

JONATH. Ees, zur, I will, when I've done my dinner.

MAJOR. Dinner! confound your dinner! do as I bid you, sir! (*furiously*)

JONATH. NOW, don't'ee speak unkindly to me, zur, 'cause when a man—

MAJOR. GO along!

Threatening him—he disappears C. to L.

PARK. (*aside*) After all, what right have I to complain ? I am only justly served ! (*to MAJOR, and taking his hand*) Major Choker, in leaving your house, I trust that time and occupation will efface from my memory the motives which led me here; I also hope that yourself and Lady Barbara will not bear in mind the many unpardonable follies and improprieties of which I have been guilty, and which, believe me, I regret and deplore from the bottom of my heart.

(*presses the MAJOR'S hand respectfully, kisses the hand of Lady B., then bows and exits, C. to L.*)

MAJOR. (L., *after a pause*) Lady Barbara !

LADY B. (R.) Major!

MAJOR. There's a change !

LADY B. A change ? it's a revolution, both in language and manners. Never mind! we've got rid of him, and Pompey is avenged.

MAJOR. Yes, and so is my celery ! Nevertheless, the young fellow quite affected me — he did, upon my life ! (*going, C.*) There he is—the horse is brought out—he jumps into the saddle, and he's gone.

Enter LARKINS, hastily, L. D., very much agitated, and excessively pale,

LIONEL. (L.) My eyes can't have deceived me—no, it was Parker I saw—John Parker I saw—John Parker, that I flattered myself was safe in London—second floor—forty miles off—Chancery Lane. Luckily he didn't see me !

MAJOR. (*comes down*) He's out of sight. Egad! and no wonder, considering the awful pace he started at. (*sees LARKINS, L.*) Holloa !

LIONEL. *He's* out of sight! *Who's* out of sight ?

MAJOR. Why, a young fellow that came down here to court our Kate, but it was no go!

LIONEL. *It was* no go ! *What* was no go ?

MAJOR. Why, *he* was no go ! She refuses him—yes, regularly snubbed him, and on your account, (*slapping him on the shoulder*)

LIONEL. Go along, Smoker! (*giving him a violent slap on the shoulder*)

MAJOR. Yes, Larkins, Kate consents to be yours —So, egad! the sooner the wedding takes place the better.

JONATHAN. *{without, L. C.}* Oh, dear! oh, dear!
Where's master? where's missus!

Enter JONATHAN, C. from L.

MAJOR. Well, what's the matter?

JONATH. Oh, sir, poor Mr. Parker!

LIONEL. Then it *was* he! *(aside)*

MAJOR. Well?

KATE appears at R. D.

JONATH. *(blubbing)* Well, sir, Mr. Parker scampers down the avenue on Mr. Larkins' horse.

LIONEL. Holloa—holloa! *my* horse!

JONATH. Ees; and 'cause the gate warn't open, he tries to clear it, when down he comes, and breaks both his knees!

MAJOR. Whose knees? Mr. Parker's?

JONATH. NO, Mr. Larkins's horse's knees!

KATE. *(coming forward)* Never mind Mr. Larkins's horse!

LIONEL. (L.) But I beg your pardon—I've hired that animal, and I'm responsible for that animal.

KATE. Pshaw! what of Mr. Parker?

JONATH. He beant worth eighteen pence! *(going up C.)*

KATE. Mr. Parker?

JONATH. NO! Mr. Larkins's horse! Oh, here he comes.

LIONEL. My horse?

JONATH. NO! Mr. Parker!

LIONEL. The devil! he musn't see me!

Exit hastily L D.

MAJOR. *(looking out, L. C.)* There he is, poor fellow!

The MAJOR and JONATHAN meet PARKER, who is assisted in by a SERVANT. The MAJOR and JONATHAN help in depositing PARKER in an arm chair.

MAJOR. (L.) I hope your're not much hurt?

PARK. (C, *with a violent bound in arm chair*) Oh!

LADY B. (R.) Is it you head—or—your back, or—

PARKER. *(with another tremendous jump)* Oh!

MAJOR. We must send for a doctor. Jonathan! run for a doctor!

JONATH. (R., *of chair, very quietly*) E'es zar!

MAJOR. *(impatently)* Well, why the devil don't you go?

JONATH. Now dont'ee speak unkindly to me, zur!
'cause when a man—

MAJOR. GO along ! (*drives JONATHAN off, C. to L.*)

LADY B. Poor young man, he must be put to bed directly ! Major, wheel him into the next room, *{as the MAJOR is about to take hold of the chair—PARKER gives another violent plunge, keeping the MAJOR off}* Never mind—*(crossing to L.)* come with me, and get the room in order. Kate dear, stop where you are, we'll soon return ! now. Major, make haste ; how slow you are *(pushing MAJOR off before her, L. D)*

KATE. *going towards PARKER*) He's very quiet; perhaps he's fallen asleep! *{taking two or three steps on tiptoe towards PARKER, who suddenly jumps up, and runs to KATE who screams}* Ah, dont come near me! *(running back to R., very much frightened}*

PARK. Hush ! Don't be alarmed, I beg—

KATE. What arn't you dead?

PARK. *(smiling)* Not that I am aware of.

KATE. No bones broken?

PARK. Certainly not!

KATE. Nor even hurt?

PARK. Not in the least!

KATE. Then I've been frightened for nothing—how very provoking! *(pouting)*

PARK. Indeed ! Then all I can do, under circumstances, is to apologise to you for not having broken my neck.

KATE. NO, no ! but explain—what does it all mean ?

PARK. That I was determined to see you once more, and as nothing more simple or effectual suggested itself, than'a fall from my horse, I risked my neck to effect my object — Miss Dalrymple, this letter *{producing letter}* which, by your orders, was placed in my hand on leaving the house—

KATE. *{coldly}* Was written, I believe, sir, by you.

PARK. It was; but under circumstances which, I trust, will at least palliate, if not excuse the contents. An impudent coxcomb, whom, I am ashamed to say, I admitted to my friendship, and to whom I communicated my uncle's wish that I should marry you, had, doubtless for his own purposes, so foully misrepresented you and your worthy uncle and aunt, that smarting under the

irritation of the moment, I wrote that letter. It is true that I came here with the full intention of forcing you to reject me, by the assumption of a character which was foreign to me. It is also true that, in your kindly efforts to extenuate faults and correct defects that were only assumed, I first saw how grossly I had been deceived, and just learned, too late, perhaps, to love you. (*kneeling*) Kate—dear Kate, say you forgive me.

Enter JONATHAN, C. from L., running.

JONATH. (L.) Doctor be come, (*seeing PARKER on his knees*) Holloa !

PARK. (C, *jumping up and seizing him*) Silence!

JONATH. I won't silence! (*shouting*) Master, here be dead man come to life again !

PARK. (*shaking him*) Hush !

JONATH. I won't hush! (*looking out*) Ah, there be Mr. Larkins—I'll call 'un. Mr. Larkins—here !

PARK. Larkins!' (*throwing him aside*) Yes, 'tis he !

KATE. He—who ?

PARK. Who? why, the very identical coxcomb I was speaking of just now—he who imposed upon my credulity, by drawing such a remarkably flattering portrait of *you*.

KATE. Mr. Larkins! oh, impossible !

PARK. On the contrary, now that I know he is a suitor for your hand, his motive is at once made clear, evident, palpable—he hoped to prevent my coming here—the rascal! and thus secure a clear stage for himself—the villain!

KATE. I cannot believe what you say!

PARK. Will you believe Larkins, if Larkins himself confirms what I say of Larkins ?

KATE. (*quickly*) Yes, yes!

PARK. And then you'll reject him with the contempt he deserves ?

KATE. Oh, dear no! *he* must reject *me*—I have my plan.

PARK. Where?

KATE. " In my mind's eye, Horatio!"

PARK. He's here ! Quick into your room, and listen.

Exit KATE, R. D.

(*he takes hold of JONATHAN, and while speaking places him*

R. *of chair*) Now listen to me, Jonathan—far be it from me to alarm you, Jonathan, but if you dare to speak, move, think, or even wink, I'll break every bone in your body.

(falls into arm chair, C

LIONEL. *(peeping in, C.)* There he is! I'm not naturally of a ferocious disposition, but if, instead of breaking my horse's knees he had broken his own neck, it would not have broken my heart, *{down L.}* Who'd have thought of his coming down here after the description I gave him of Choker and Co. ? I must make some excuse or other for having humbugged him, or he'll be furious, *(advances, sees JONATHAN, and beckons to him)* Hist! hist!

JONATHAN *is about to go to him, when he is stopped by*

PARKER, *who shakes his fist at him.*

LIONEL. Is he asleep?

(in a loud whisper to JONATHAN, who is about to answer, when he is stopped by a threatening motion from PARKER—LARKINS advances cautiously, and peeps over the back of Parker's chair.

PARKER. *(with a violent start, and a tremendous bound in his chair)* Ah ! *(LARKINS runs away, dreadfully alarmed—PARKER starts from his chair and rushing after him, grasps him violently by the arm, looking earnestly in his face)* Yes, 'tis my long lost uncle! No, no, no! *{in a plaintive tone.*

LIONEL. *{aside}* He's delirious! *{in a soothing tone to him}* How do you feel now ?

PARK. Better—much better, since I have seen *you*, my mother. How is the Archbishop of Canterbury?

LIONEL. *{dreadfully alarmed, and imitating him}* Better—much better ! *{aside}* I wish I was well out of this !
{retreating, and looking anxiously at C. D.

PARK. *{suddenly, and with a violent exclamation}* Ah ! *{then quietly holding out his hand to him}* How are you, Larkins ?

LIONEL. *{half alarmed, at length gives his hand to him}* Pretty well, Parker—I hope you're dreadfully injured—I mean, I trust you're not much hurt.

PARK. Oh dear, no!

LIONEL. What a pity ! no, I don't mean that! *{aside}* He seems glad to see me—that's a good sign.

PARK. Ah, my dear Larkins, how refreshing it is to see something human and civilised in this outlandish place—

or as you very properly called it, this wretched hole
(*raising his voice, and looking at R room, the door of which
slowly opens—aside*) She's listening !

LIONEL. Not so loud!

(*pointing to JONATHAN, who appears astonished at
Parker's speech*)

PARK. Never mind him—he's deaf!

LIONEL. Deaf! (*aside*) It seems to run in the family

PARK. And as stupid as an owl, into the bargain,

LIONEL. He looks like it.

(*JONATHAN is astounded, and is about to speak, but is
kept quiet by a threatening look from PARKER.*)

PARKER. But insufferable as the place is, the people in
it are still more so, if possible—such a collection of curi-
osities—ha, ha ! old Choker, for instance—you might well
describe him " that dreadful old guy of a major—ha.
ha, ha! (*in a loud voice towards R. D.—JONATHAN looks
thunderstruck*)

LIONEL. NO, no! (*looking about him uneasily*)

PARK. Yes. you did! I remember your very words.
(*in a loud voice*) "You'll find that dreadful old guy of
a major," says you, "only surpassed in absurdity by his
stiff, formal, pompous, old frump of a wife," says you—
ha, ha, ha!

(*JONATHAN stands aghast, but is again kept quiet by
another look from PARKER.*)

LIONEL. Well—but you're sure he's deaf?

{*pointing to JONATHAN.*}

PARK. Deaf as a post.

LIONEL. I certainly did call the old lady a frump, and
you found her so, eh ? ha, ha, ha !

PARK. Yes, and then the young lady herself, eh ? If
she had sat to you for her portrait, you couldn't have
described her more to the life " a little, awkward, gawky,
sheepish, ignorant chit—in short, a perfect little savage."

LIONEL.(*in a fever*) No, no! I didn't!

PARK. I beg your pardon—those were your very words
when you proposed her health at the last supper I gave.
Don't you remember?

LIONEL. Yes, that is—you're quite sure he's deaf?

(*pointing to JONATHAN.*)

PARK. If he was inside Big Ben itself, he couldn't hear it strike ! " Gentlemen," you said—

LIONEL. "I beg to propose the health of Parker's intended—the Little Savage of Bagshot! " Ha, ha, ha !

PARK. Ha, ha, ha!

(JONATHAN *lifts up his hands, astounded.*)

LIONEL. Then what has brought you down here?

PARK. Because my uncle insisted upon it. And you ?

LIONEL. Because my father insisted upon it—on account of the lady's fortune.

PARK. (*very loud, and towards R. D.*) Oh ! I see, you came here to marry her for her *money*.

LIONEL. Yes—that's all!

PARK. Although she is a " Little Savage! " eh ?

LIONEL. Yes—ha, ha! (*the R. door is seen to close violently—JONATHAN, quite overcome, falls exhausted on sofa*)

MAJOR, (*without, L.*) Very well, doctor.

LIONEL. Here's the Major!

PARK. (*very loud*) The dreadful old guy—eh ?

LIONEL. Hush!

Enter MAJOR., L. D.

MAJOR, (*crossing to C.*) Well, my poor young friend, how are you ?

PARK. Better—much better!

MAJOR. But you must be bled, for all that—so come along, (*takes hold of PARKER*)

LIONEL. (L.) Of course, take him away and bleed him—bleed him profusely.

PARK. But I tell you—

MAJOR And I tell you you're to have a basin of gruel—put your feet in hot water, and go to bed!

LIONEL. Of course, give him a basin of hot water, and put his feet in gruel, by all means.

PARK. Nonsense!

MAJOR. (*forcing him off*) Pshaw! come along!

The MAJOR and JONATHAN force PARKER off, L. D.

LIONEL. Ha, ha, ha! Go and be bled, and put to bed, my dear friend, and stop there till I've wooed and won my charming Kate—not a little gawky, awkward, ignorant miss, as you believe her to be—but an elegant,

amiable, and accomplished young lady—at least, so my father says, (*here a prelude is heard on the piano, R.*) That's she! She's going to sing! Oh, what charming matrimonial duets we shall have! (*KATE singing without, very loud, and out of tune, and banging the piano violently*)

"It's the last rose of summer left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions are faded and gone."

LIONEL, (*making a wry face*) That's very beautiful.

Enter KATE, R., with a sheet of music, which she holds before her—a skipping rope over her arm—singing very much out of tune.

KATE. (*sings*) "No flower of her kindred—no rosebud"
Oh, bother (*tossing the music in the air*) I shan't practice any more—I'll have a skip! (*skips round the stage, till at length she throws the skipping rope over LIONEL, and finds herself face to face with him—looks stupidly at him, and then giggles*)

LIONEL. (*aside*) What an intellectual countenance!
(*makes KATE a low bow, she giggles again, and then bobs a curtsey—aside*) And what a graceful curtsey! (*aloud*) My dear Miss Kate! (*about to take her hand*)

KATE. (*suddenly snatches away her hand, and hitting LIONEL over the fingers with the handle of her skipping rope*)
Come, I say, hands off!

LIONEL. (*aside*) Playful trifler! (*aside, and rubbing his hand*) Rather a nuisance, (*aloud, and tenderly*) I'm delighted to see you alone.

KATE, (*giggling*) He, he, he!

LIONEL. Because I've something to say to you!

KATE. Oh, oh, oh! (*knowingly.*)

LIONEL. Something very particular!

KATE. Ah, ah, ah!

LIONEL. (*aside, and imitating*) He, he, he! Oh, oh, oh!
Ah, ah, ah! rather an original style of conversation, (*aloud*)
Of course you know what brought me here?

KATE. Yes, your horse—he, he, he! (*swaying the skipping rope round, almost within an inch of his nose; he retreats*)

LIONEL. Exactly—but my motive? I repeat my motive? (*very tenderly*)

KATE. Lor'! how should I know ? he, he, he! *{giggling}*

LIONEL. *{aside}* She seems to me to be slightly stupid. *{aloud}* In a word, your Uncle Choker, I mean Smoker, —never mind—tell me—

KATE. Hush ! don't move ! *{pretending to catch a fig on LIONEL'S cheek, he jumps aside}* I haven't got it—go on—you were saying something or other !

LIONEL. Yes, your uncle tells me you have dismissed my rival !

KATE. Oh, yes, and a very nice young man too—handsomer than you, by ever so much, *{swinging skipping rope round again to the great annoyance of LIONEL}* He, he, he ! you're frightened! Well, it wouldn't be pleasant to get a crack on the nose, would it!

LIONEL. *{aside}* A crack on the nose! what a very peculiar phraseology. *(KATE has thrown away the skipping rope, and has taken the cup and ball from her pocket, and begins playing with it, LIONEL turns and sees her—aside)* Something else now! she must carry a toy-shop about her! *{aloud and conceitedly}* However, though he was such a " nice young man," you preferred me.

KATE. NO ! I didn't, it was all along of uncle!

LIONEL. *{aside}* What does she mean by " all along of uncle?"

KATE. *{who by this time has taken a large apple from her pocket out of which she takes a very large mouthful, and consequently speaking in the most unintelligible manner}*—Yes, you see ! uncle said to me, says he—

LIONEL. I beg your pardon; but I don't exactly hear what you say. *{imitating}*

KATE. It is not me—'tis the happle! *{almost choking herself}*

LIONEL. *{aside}* What can she mean by the " happle? ?

KATE. *{taking another bite}* Well then, as I was saying, says uncle to me, says he—take a bite ! *{offering apple.}*

LIONEL. NO, thank you.

KATE. You'd better, it is such a jolly one !

LIONEL. *{aside}* A jolly one! she certainly has a most vigorous style of expressing herself! *{aloud}* But—you were about to observe—says uncle to you—says he!

KATE. " I want you to marry young Larkins"—says

he—" All right," says I, " on condition," says I—don't move! *{again suddenly catching an imaginary fly on LARKIN'S cheeky and making him start violently}*—I've got it—He, he, he, he! *{jumping with joy}* Such a great big blue bottle, he, he, he !

LIONEL. *{aside}* She's half an idiot! I suspect that Parker is well out of this, and that I have taken *myself* in—*{aloud}* But you were saying you consent to marry me on one condition.

KATE. That you take me to concerts and operas, and all the Theatres !

LIONEL. *{aside and disgusted}* The-a-tres ! *{aloud}* Yes !

KATE. And balls—balls especially for I do love a dance, and *{beckoning LARKINS, who hesitates to approach her, she beckons again, stamping her fool impatiently—LARKINS approaches cautiously}* As you are to be my hubby, I don t mind telling you, *{in a loud whisper}* I can dance it.

LIONEL. Dance it! dance what?

KATE. Hush! *{in a very mysterious manner}* The Polka! yes. Ensign Griffin of the militia taught it me. he, he, he! he used to come here when uncle and aunt were gone to market, and gave old Sukey a new gown, not to say nothing to nobody—he, he !

LIONEL. *{aside}* I don't half like this! *{aloud}* And so you can dance the polka, can you ?

KATE. Can I—look here ! *{suddenly swinging LARKIN'S hands, and whirling him rapidly round the stage,—the mixes the Polka with other steps, sometimes stopping altogether—then suddenly starting off again, almost dancing LARKINS' off his legs}*

LARKINS. *{out of breath}* Stop, stop! *(KATE suddenly lets go his hands, and he staggers helplessly against the table, falling forward on it, and clinging to it convulsively—during the dance PARKER has appeared at c. and laughs at LARKINS—then takes advantage of LARKIN'S exhaustion, he suddenly advances, seizes KATE'S hand, kisses it, and again retreats behind the chair.)*

LIONEL. *{to KATE.}* YOU don't dance the polka right. Ensign Griffin was a muff. This is the way *(about to put his arm round KATE)*

KATE. Be quiet, sir.

LIONEL. But I tell you—(*about to repeat the action*)

KATE. Oh, you will, will you! Then, take that, and that, and that! (*slapping his hands violently*)

LIONEL. Come, I say. (*rubbing his hands*) I repeat, you can't dance the polka—you don't keep time.

KATE. That's right, (*beginning to cry*) find fault with me, do, you horrid ugly little creature you ! Oh, oh, oh! (*blubbing*)

LIONEL. Hash! (*soothingly*) Don't make such a row.

KATE. (*still crying*) I know i'm not as clever as Cousin Jane.

LIONEL. Cousin Jane ! Who's she ?

KATE. Uncle's other niece—though, I daresay, you wouldn't care about that, if I had ten thousand pounds as *she* has.

LIONEL. Ten thousand pounds! (*aside*) I see it all—my stupid old father has made a mistake, and proposed for the wrong niece, (*aloud*) And where does Cousin Jane live ?

KATE. Up in London.

LIONEL. Whereabouts ?

KATE. I don't know exactly—but it's either the British Museum, or Westminster Abbey.

LIONEL. Pshaw ! she's a perfect idiot.

KATE. An idiot ! Uncle! Aunt! Aunt! Uncle! (*shouting at the top of her voice*)

Enter LADY BARBARA, MAJOR, and JONATHAN, L., *who crosses to R.*

MAJOR. } Well, what's the matter ?
LADY B. }

KATE. Mr. Larkins says i'm an idiot.

LIONEL. No, no!

PARK. (*a, suddenly advancing*) You did, sir! I heard you, sir.

JONATH. Ees, and he called you, sir, (*to MAJOR.*) A dreadful "old Guy," and missus a ridiculous "old Frump."

LADY B. (*L. C.*) Let me get at him! (*advancing to LARKINS, R.*)

MAJOR. NO, no! (*pulling LADY B. round to L., and advancing to LARKINS, R.*) I'll have satisfaction!

PARK. *{pulling the MAJOR back, and taking his place}*
So will I, sir.

LADY B. (L.) And so will I, sir. (LARKINS gets behind
JONATHAN, R.)

KATE. *(interposing)* Nay, don't you see that it is only
a ruse on Mr. Larkins part,

MAJOR.

PARK. } A ruse ?

LADY B. }

LIONEL. *(eagerly)* Yes, of course, a roose, a roose!
{aside} What does she mean by a rooze ?

KATE. Yes, on discovering that his dear friend, Mr.
John Parker, was his riyal, he nobly determined, by a
pretended insult to you, uncle, to my dear aunt, and to
myself, to secure the rejection of his suit.

MAJOR. *(crossing to LIONEL, R., and shaking hands)*
Generous Larkins ! I thank you. *(back to L.)*

PARK. Magnanimous Larkins ! so do I!

(shaking hands, and back to L, C.)

LIONEL. *(with pretended emotion}* Don't thank me—I
am sufficiently rewarded already?

KATE. Then you shall be my partner for the first dance
at our bridal ball, *(giving her hand to PARKER)*

LIONEL. Thank you! but you've trod on my toes quite
enough already, *(imitating her style of dancing)*

KATE. Nay, if you refuse me, I shall fret and pine.

(singing with feeling and expression.

" Like the last rose of summed
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone."

LIONEL. *(aside)* Holloa!

KATE. At any rate, *this* I'm sure you'll do—you will
preside at the wedding supper, and drink health and hap-
piness to your friend, John Parker, and his bride— "The
Little Savage of Bagshot."

JONATHAN. LIONEL. KATE. PARKER. LADY B. MAJOR.

R

L.

CURTAIN.