

The Grinding Organ

Maria Edgeworth

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The Grinding Organ

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PREFACE.

This compilation of Dramas for the drawing-room, which I have made at the request of the publishers, contains some pieces of acknowledged merit, that have been pushed aside by new works of the kind, but which are still dear to the memory of parents, though they are almost unknown to their children. They are, I think, better than those that have taken their place. Mrs. Jameson's "Much Coin, Much Care," Miss Edgeworth's "Old Poz" and "Dumb Andy," Miss Aikin's "Alfred," are still as attractive as ever to old and young, and have only waited to be presented in a new dress to take their place again in the happy Home Drama of youthful life.

From the later plays I have selected some of those that seemed to me to have the fewest faults and the most beauties. Had the limits of the volume allowed, I would gladly have taken in others of great merit, which I have reluctantly omitted. The two plays from Berquin's Children's Friend will, I think, be gladly welcomed for Auld Lang Syne, by the parents, and I hope by the children for their own sake.

"Mrs. Peck's Pudding" is simply a little story dramatised, that was published in Hood's Magazine many years ago. The wit and fun were already at hand, and have received little addition. The plot, if a conclusion so simple may be called a plot, is nearly all that is original in the little comedy.

In the Charade "Partington," I have been aided by two friends. It has been acted once with great success,

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provoking repeated shouts of laughter from the audience.

If the "Home Dramas" should be so fortunate as to add some thing to the cheerfulness and blessedness of Home, that sacred place where we first learn of Heaven, and where Heaven begins, my humble but earnest efforts will be well rewarded.

Eliza Lee Follen.

Brookline, April 11th, 1859.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Bess.

Bess. [Bess]

I wish little Lucy would make haste and bring the basket of flowers, that we might fill mamma's flower-pots. I do love to do anything for mamma, she is so good; and papa, too, he is very good-natured, though he is angry sometimes with aunt Ross, but then that is because she is , I must say it, though she is my own aunt, she is a very great scold; and cousin Priscy is just like my aunt, always cross. If it was not for that, we should all be so happy!

SCENE II.

Enter Lucy, with a basket of flowers.

Lucy. [Lucy]

Look, look, sister Bess, look what pretty flowers I have gathered.

Bess. [Bess]

Very pretty! Bring me the flower-pots; there they are on that table; take care, bring one at a time, else you'll break them. (*They begin to put the flowers into the flower-pots.*) I hope Priscy won't come to take away our pretty flowers; peep out, and look if she is coming.

[*Lucy goes to the door, and peeps out; then returns to Bess.* *Lucy.* [Lucy]

Oh! here she is coming. Take care of the flowers, and take care of me! Oh! take care of me.

SCENE III.

Enter Priscy.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Now, Miss Lucy, I've found you out. Why did you run away from me just now, when I asked you for some of

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your flowers? Tell me that. Why wouldn't you give me the rose I wanted? Answer me that.

Lucy. [Lucy]

Because the rose is for mamma. I told you that, cousin Priscy; and I spoke very civilly, and you were very cross, and this was the face you made; and you began to cry.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Cross! I say I will be cross if I like it, and I will cry if I like it (*beginning to cry. Lucy with her own pocket handkerchief attempts to wipe Priscy's eyes.*) Don't, don't, I have a pocket handkerchief of my own, I can wipe my own eyes. I have fourteen pocket handkerchiefs, and you have only three.

Lucy. [Lucy]

Have done crying. (*Lucy takes a rose out of her basket.*) Look at this pretty rose, smell it; smell it, Priscy!

Priscy. [Priscy]

Give it me, give it me this minute.

[*Tries to snatch it.*]

Lucy. [Lucy]

No, no, cousin Priscy, I can't give it to you; I will keep it for mamma.

Priscy. [Priscy]

I will have it, I say.

Bess. [Bess]

Fie! fie! This rose, Priscy, is not yours, you know.

(*Takes the rose.*) *Priscy* [Priscy] (*stamps*).

I'll tell mamma, and she shall scold you both with a vengeance; and then how will you look, eh! Miss Crop, the conjuror! How came you to cut your hair all off your ugly forehead? tell me that! And you, Mrs. Decorum, when did you swallow the poker? tell me that. Aye, aye, you find I have a tongue as well as mamma; so give me the rose, or I'll scold you again and again.

Bess. [Bess]

No, indeed, I will not, for scolding. Papa says, scolds should have nothing good, but a good ducking.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Then I'll roar till I make all our town hear me. Give me the rose! the rose! the rose!

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(Snatches the rose, tears it to pieces, and runs off.)

[Exit.

Bess. [Bess]

Oh, fie! for shame! Priscy.

SCENE IV.

Enter Farmer Haynes.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Why Bess, I say, where are you? Where is your aunt Ross, and her cross daughter Priscy, hey? Why didn't you go for your aunt, when I bid you, eh?

Bess. [Bess]

Papa, I did go, and I've been back this half hour.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Well, go again, and bring your aunt, and your mamma, and all of them here quick.

Bess. [Bess]

Yes, papa, I'll be very quick.

[Exit Bess.

SCENE V.

Farmer, solus.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Aye, this is always the way when a parcel of women are to be got together. One's out o' the way, and t'other's out o' the way. Patty runs to look for Bess, and Bess for Patty, and Lucy for them both. And then they have some jingumbob to put on, or some rag to finish, whilst I'm kept kicking my heels.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter Bess.

Bess. [Bess]

SCENE IV.

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Oh! I have run run run myself so out of breath. I am hardly able to speak.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Well, well, take breath, take breath, child. Thee hast run, indeed; and it's thee that always runs for them all, but thee beest the best natured gipsey in the world. Well, be they coming? What did they say?

Bess. [Bess]

Mamma said, "I'll come this minute, love;" aunt Ross said, "Well, child, go about your business;" and Priscy said, "La! what's the mighty matter?" and Lucy would have come, but Priscy would not let her stir without her.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Aye, aye, the old trade; all think of themselves, and nobody thinks of me. Well, then, I'll not think of nobody.

"There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
He worked and sung from morn till night, who was so blithe as he?
And still the burthen of his song for ever did use to be,
I cares for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me."

I wanted to have them all here whilst I read this here letter (*takes a letter out of his pocket*); but as they do'na choose to come, when I do call them, they shall none of them have a glimpse of it this fortnight, so crack goes the seal!

Bess. [Bess]

Oh, papa! won't you wait for mamma one minute? You know she's always ready, except this once.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Hands off! hands off! no coaxing; I'll not stand here like a fool for nobody, not I.

Bess. [Bess]

Here's mamma, just in time.

SCENE VII.

Enter Mrs. Haynes.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes] (*with a covered dish in her hand.*)

My dear, I am sorry I've kept you so long waiting.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

So am I, my dear!

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Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

But your dinner was not quite ready, which to be sure was my fault; but I hope it is good now. Set the table, Bess.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Pshaw! pshaw! I don't want my dinner; it's a strange thing that a woman can never come when she's called, but must always wait for something or other. I didn't want my dinner. I won't have it, I say.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Well, well, don't fret about it at any rate, and I'll be sure and come the minute you call me another time. Bess, take these things away.

[*Exit Bess, taking away the dish.*]

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

What's the matter with that there hand that you've got wrapped up there?

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Only a scald I gave myself in my hurry.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

A scald! and on account of me! What a hasty fellow I am! What man like me, would have such a wife as this, that he can never scold with any reasonable satisfaction; but must find himself in the wrong at last! I should have been buckled to such a dame as widow Ross. Aye, it would not hurt a man's conscience to scold her, for she could give him back his own, and to spare.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Hush! hush! here she comes. Now don't quarrel with her, love.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

No, no, I'll be as tame as a lamb; you shall see how pretty behaved I'll be.

[*Mrs. Haynes puts by the table.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Mrs. Ross.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Mrs. Ross, you're welcome.

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Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Mrs. Ross, you're welcome. I've been here waiting for you with the patience of Job.

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

Waiting, indeed! and if you have been waiting, I could not come, not I, any sooner. There was not any man ever born, could wait a minute for anybody. And, after all, pray, what is it you want of me in such a hurry? If you have anything to say, Mr. Haynes, say it, and let me go.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Very true; there never was a woman born that could wait a minute for anybody.

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

What's that you say, Mr. Haynes? It's not very polite to repeat people's words to their face, Mr. Haynes! But what should some people know of politeness? I can tell you, cousin Haynes, it's your own fault that you stand like mumchance there, and that your husband is so ill-mannered; I'd teach him better manners, if I was his wife; but if a woman can't speak for herself, I want to know who'll speak for her; and if she won't fight for herself, who'll fight for her?

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

I neither want to fight for myself, or to have anybody fight for me.

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

Indeed! that's your maxim, is it? I made my husband, poor dear Mr. Ross, understand quite another thing before we were married twenty-four hours; and if you'd listen to me, Mrs. Haynes, I'd teach you secrets worth knowing; but you've had a larn'd education, and I should not presume to talk to you; yet I'd be glad to know, cousin Haynes, what's the use of an education, if it does not teach us to have the upper hand?

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

I don't want to have the upper hand, but to make myself and my husband happy, if I can; and, as you upbraid me with my education, I must say that I have learned from it, that *she* is the best wife

"Who never answers till a husband cools,
And if she rules him, never shows she rules." *Farmer.* [Farmer Haynes]

Aye, widow, wife's in the right; and here am I all alive and kicking to say so. And now, Mrs. Ross, as thee has said all thee hast to say, let me read you this here letter from our cousin, Captain Brown.

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

Bless me! let's have it. They say he's grown a great man, and very rich.

Farmer [Farmer Haynes] (*reads a letter*).

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"My dear cousin Haynes, as I have received a legacy left me by my rich uncle, I have quitted the army since the peace, and mean to spend the rest of my life in retirement among my friends in my native village. I have provided all that can be wanting in the way of furniture to make a house comfortable; you will therefore be so good as to look out for a lodging for me, which I will pay for handsomely."

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

Oh la! he shall come to my new house! No house so suitable as mine; 'tis the best in the whole village; and as it is not quite furnished, this arrangement will *shute* all parties.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

I'm sure our house is not good enough for Captain Brown; I wish it was.

Farmer [Farmer Haynes] (*goes on reading*)

"Pray take care, and don't engage for me to lodge with any scolding woman, or cross children, for such I cannot abide." Humph!

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

Read on, Mr. Haynes, if you please.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

It may not be so agreeable; but if you desire it cousin,

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

I do desire it, sir; and insist upon it.

Farmer [*Farmer Haynes*] (*reads on*).

"It is many years since I saw either of my cousins, your wife or Mrs. Ross. I remember when we were children, I used to call one Concord, and the other Discord; but people change as they grow up, and they may, for all I know, be both in harmony.

"Yours, &c.

"R. Brown."

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

No doubt! No doubt, we shall be all in harmony.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Oh, she can be as sweet as anybody when she do choose.

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SCENE IX.

Enter Bess, running.

Bess. [Bess]

Oh! pa, and ma, and aunt Ross, the wagon is come in, and is quite full of chairs and tables, and beds, and chests of drawers, and iron pots, and tin kettles, and boxes, and hampers. The waggoner says they are all directed to you and Mrs. Ross; and one hamper, with *china* written on it, is directed to you, papa.

Widow Ross. [Mrs. Ross]

They shall all be taken to my new house. We'll go and see all these fine things.

[Farmer and Mrs. Ross *exeunt.*

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

I would rather see my cousin himself, than all these fine things! Bess! do you stay here, child, and take care of the house till I come back. Here are the keys.

[*Exit.*

Bess. [Bess]

I wonder what keeps Patty! And Lucy ought to be back from school before this time.

SCENE X.

Enter Lucy and Priscy.

Bess. [Bess]

Well, Lucy! where's Patty?

Lucy. [Lucy]

I don't know what is become of her.

Bess. [Bess]

And what brings you here, Priscy?

Priscy. [Priscy]

I hear, Miss Bess, that you are left in care of the house; I want to see what kind of a housekeeper you'll be. Will you be so obliging as to give me some of the raspberry jam your mother made last summer?

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Bess. [Bess]

Cousin Priscy, you know it is not mine to give you. When mamma intrusted me with her keys, she took it for granted that I would not touch the sweet things.

Priscy. [Priscy]

La! you are so precise; you'll die an old maid!

Bess. [Bess]

If I do, my dear Priscy, I'll take care not to die a thief!

Priscy. [Priscy]

Thief! Do you call me a thief? It is none but poor wretches that are thieves; and I'd have you to know that I am no poor wretch, whatever you and your hard working sister Patty may come to. Well, miss, if you won't give me some raspberry jam, I know where to get some. My aunt Haynes put some on the shelf yesterday, and I'll have it.

[Goes towards the shelf, and Bess pulls her back; but Priscy pushes Bess down, and climbs up to the shelf, which falls, and all which is on it comes down with a great crash. Bess.] [Bess]

Oh! Priscy, what have you done?

Priscy. [Priscy]

I've done nothing, Miss Bess; I've undone something, if you please.

Enter Patty.

Patty. [Patty]

What's the matter? What's the matter? Oh! Priscy, what mischief is all this?

Priscy. [Priscy]

It's all Bessy's fault; she would not give me any raspberry jam, though I asked for it very civilly.

Patty. [Patty]

Well, let us take up the things, and tell mamma the truth. And I have some good news to comfort you; there's something coming that you'll like to see and hear.

Bess. [Bess]

What is it, sweet smiling Patty?

Priscy. [Priscy]

Why can't you tell at once?

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Patty. [Patty]

Such a delightful old man!

Priscy. [Priscy]

An old man! And is that all?

Patty. [Patty]

With something on his back.

Priscy. [Priscy]

A hump, I suppose.

Patty. [Patty]

No; but a wonderful box, which music comes out of when he turns the handle this way

(turning her hand). *Bess.* [Bess]

Oh! you mean a grinding organ. Here it comes.

SCENE XI.

Enter an Old Man [Old Man] playing on a grinding Organ, and singing.
SONG.

(To the air of Liber Augustin.)

"Come all the young hearts, to good humor in tune,
Come round me, my darlings, and I'll please you soon;
Come all that can dance, and come all that can walk,
Come all that can listen, come all that can talk."

(He stops and takes breath.)

Patty, Lucy, and Priscy exclaim in different tones.

Patty. [Patty]

Oh! go on!

Lucy. [Lucy]

Oh! go on!

Priscy. [Priscy]

SCENE XI.

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Go on!

Old Man. [Old Man]

Patience, my little dears, patience; I must take breath before I can go on. You who are young, can sing and run all day long. So could I once; but that is many, many a year ago, lackaday! Now I am old, and a little thing does tire me, and I have come a great way to-day; and this here box on my back is no help to me.

Bess. [Bess]

Here, rest yourself poor old man.

[Old Man *sits down.*

Patty. [Patty]

Here's a stool to set your box upon.

[*Pushes the stool towards him.*

Bess. [Bess]

Priscy, why do you stand there with your finger in your mouth?

Priscy. [Priscy]

I choose to stand here with my finger in my mouth. Well, what stops you, old man? Go on. Can't you sing any more?

Old Man. [Old Man]

Miss, I must take breath, if you be pleased to let me.

Patty. [Patty]

Oh, yes; let him take breath. Nobody can sing without breath; and he is *very* old, *pretty* old, I mean. It is rude to tell people they are very old. What white hair you have, old man; *pretty* old man, I mean, and what a long beard! (*Turning to Bess.*) But poor man, has he no razor! I'll ask him.

Bess. [Bess]

No, no, that would not be civil; he'll shave on Sunday, I dare say.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Come, come, what are you gabbling about there? Let the old fellow sing, if he can; he has as much breath now as he ever will have.

Patty [Patty] (*caressing him*).

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Will you be so good as to go on?

Old Man. [Old Man]

Yes, my pretty little civil miss, for *you*.

(Kisses her hand.)

(He sings.)

I.

"Come all the young hearts, to good humor in tune,
Come round me, my darlings, and I'll please you soon;
Come all that can dance, and come all that can walk,
Come all that can listen, come all that can talk.

II.

Come all that have ears, and come all that have none,
Come all that love music, and come all that love fun;
For lovers of music and lovers of noise,
I've a soul full of music and box full of joys.

III.

I've lungs that can compass each song you desire,
An organ can play till your little legs tire;
Come choose then your ditty, I know twenty score,
And when I've sung those, I can sing twenty more." *Bess and Patty.* [Bess, Patty]

Thank you, good old man.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Thank you for nothing, say I.

Patty [Patty] *to Bess.*

But what does he mean by "choose your own ditty?" What's a ditty?

Bess. [Bess]

A ballad a song. If I were to choose, of all things I should like the old ballad papa used to sing long ago to us

"O the golden days of good Queen Bess." *Old Man.* [Old Man]

I know it, miss, I know it; and you shall have it, my dear. I'll set my organ to it for you. *(Turns to the tune of "O the golden days of good Queen Bess.")* Is this it?

Bess. [Bess]

Yes, yes; the very thing!

Priscy. [Priscy]

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She asks for it, only because Bess is her own name; and I'm sure it will be some stupid thing; I'll not listen.

*[She stands sulkily; the Grinding Organ Man [Old Man] plays, and sings to the air of "Ally Croker." "Come listen, my good neighbors,
And deem it not a mystery,
If we jumble together
Music, poetry, and history.*

The times to display,
In the reign of Queen Bess, sir,
Whose name, and whose memory,
Posterity may bless, sir.

O the golden days of good Queen Bess!

Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess! Then our streets were unpaved,
And our houses all were thatched, sir,
Our windows were lattic'd,
Our doors only latch'd, sir;
Yet so few were the folks,
That would plunder or would rob, sir,
That the hangman was starving,
For want of a job, sir.

O the golden days, &c. Then our ladies with large ruffs,
Tied round about their necks, sir,
Would gobble up a pound of beefsteaks for their breakfast,
While a close quilted coif
Their noddles just did fit, sir,
And they trussed up as tight
As a rabbit for a spit, sir.

O the golden days, &c. Thus renown'd as they lived
All the days of their lives, sir,
Bright examples of glory
To those who survive, sir,
May we their descendants
Pursue the same ways, sir,
That King George, like Queen Bess,
May have his golden days, sir.

And may a longer reign of glory and success,

Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen Bess."

Priscy. [Priscy]

Well! Is that all? I thought there would never be an end of it. Can't you sing any song, but one?

Old Man. [Old Man]

I have more songs, but I'm apt to forget the words.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Stupid! I hate people who can't remember the words of their songs.

Old Man. [Old Man]

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Ah! miss, don't hate me for the fault of my memory. My memory is failing me sadly; I'm growing very old.

Priscy. [Priscy]

So I see! But try and brush up your memory, and give us another song, or I'll give you no money; and I've a whole sixpence in my pocket.

Old Man. [Old Man]

I had a *ma-ny* songs once; but I've forgot them all.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Forgot them all! Dunce!

Old Man. [Old Man]

Young lady, I've forgot more songs in my life than you'll ever remember.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Saucy! Will you play, then, since you can't sing?

Old Man [Old Man] *to Patty.*

Little miss, come here, and I will show you how to play the organ.

[*Patty grinds; the Old Man pats her head.*]

Patty. [Patty]

Oh! how nice. Oh! hear me, hear me!

Priscy. [Priscy]

Let me do it; let me do it. I can do it fifty times better than you.

[*Priscy turns the handle the wrong way.*]

Old Man. [Old Man]

That's the wrong way, miss.

Priscy. [Priscy]

I tell you that's the right way; and I'll do it my own way.

Bess [Bess] (*stops Priscy's hand*).

You must not, indeed; you'll break it.

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Priscy. [Priscy]

And if I do, what will it signify?

Old Man. [Old Man]

It signifies a great deal to me, miss.

Bess. [Bess]

Yes, for do you know this poor man earns his bread by playing on this organ; and if you break it, he won't be able to earn any money, or get anything to eat. So, Priscy, my dear, come away. Let it alone, and don't break it.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Break it, indeed! And if I do break it, my mamma is rich enough to pay for it. Look yonder, old man, do you see that new house at the end of the village? That's to be our house, and mamma will have done with keeping a shop; for mamma can't abide the smell of the shop, nor I neither.

Old Man. [Old Man]

Very likely, miss.

Priscy. [Priscy]

So you see, if I break your grinding *thing*, I can pay for it.

Old Man. [Old Man]

Very likely, miss; but still I would rather you did not break it, if you please; so I must take it from you no offence!

Priscy [Priscy] (*stamps*).

Nasty, vile old man! I wish you were hanged and quartered.

Patty. [Patty]

Hanged and quartered! Oh, Priscy! do you know what it is to be hanged and quartered?

Bess. [Bess]

Fie, fie, Priscy! Hanged and quartered. Pretty words for a young lady! And how could you be so very naughty as to stamp at an old man? You know we should always be respectful to old people. Uncle John says so, and mamma says so.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Uncle John says so because he's as old as old as old King Cole; and your mamma says so because she's a goose.

Patty [Patty] (*lifting up her hands and eyes*).

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My mamma a goose!

Bess. [Bess]

Your own aunt a goose! But you're in a passion now, so I'll not be vexed with you.

Priscy. [Priscy]

I'm not in a passion (*stamps*); I'm not in a passion; I in a passion, indeed! I never was in a passion in my life! I'm no more in a passion than you are, Miss Saucebox.

Patty. [Patty]

Not in a passion! Oh! look at her, as red as a turkey-cock!

Bess. [Bess]

I wish I had a looking-glass to show her her own face.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Here's a basin of water, that will do as well. (*Throws water in Bess's face; then turns quickly, and gives Patty a box on the ear.*) I'll teach you to laugh at me, so I will.

Bess [Bess] (*wiping her face*).

She has washed my face nicely for me, and I love to have a clean face.

Patty [Patty] (*holding her hand to her ear*).

Such a box as she has given me on my ear!

Old Man [Old Man] (*aside*).

A rare vixen! and so young! Such a fury at five years old what will she be at fifteen? (*Aloud.*) Oh, fie! miss! But come, I'll sing you another song, to put you in good humor.

Priscy. [Priscy]

I don't want to hear any of your foolish songs; I dare say it will be abominably vulgar. But there's Patty, the ballad-singer, may stay and squall along with you, if she pleases. I shall go home to mamma, and drink tea in the parlor. So good evening, tag-rag and bob-tail.

[*Exit Priscy.*]

Old Man [Old Man] (*to Patty*).

Since you can sing, then, little miss, will you sing me a song; and I'll give you another, and teach it to you.

Bess. [Bess]

SCENE XI.

The Grinding Organ

O yes, she will; she always sings the minute she is asked.

Patty. [Patty]

What song shall I sing, Bess?

Bess. [Bess]

"Over the mountains, and over the moors."

(*Patty [Patty] sings.*)

"Over the mountains, and over the moors,

Hungry and barefoot, I wander forlorn;

My father is dead, and my mother is poor,

And I grieve for the days that will never return. Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,

Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;

Give me some food for my mother in charity

Give me some food, and then I'll begone." *Old Man.* [Old Man]

Thank you, my love I beg pardon for being so free thank you, little miss.

Patty. [Patty]

My name is not Little Miss; my name is Patty, and sometimes Little Patty. Now will you sing me and teach me the song you promised me?

Old Man. [Old Man]

And welcome, my smiling dear, if you'll let me take you on my knee.

(*Old Man takes Patty on his knee and sings.*)

"When first I slipt my leading strings

To please her pretty Poll,

My mother bought me at a fair,

A pretty waxen doll."

Now try it, miss.

[*He repeats the first line, and Patty sings it after him; then he repeats the two next, and Patty sings them.* *Old Man.* [Old Man]

That's not quite right, miss. (*He sings over again the two last lines, and she repeats.*) That's very well.

(*Goes on singing.*)

"Such sloe black eyes and cherry cheeks,

SCENE XI.

The Grinding Organ

The smiling dear possess'd;
How could I kiss her oft enough,
Or hug her to my breast."

[Patty sings this stanza after him.

Bess. [Bess]

Very well, indeed, Patty; you've learnt this very quickly.

Patty. [Patty]

Now darling, pretty old man, sing another song.

Bess. [Bess]

Oh, no; consider he has travelled a great way to-day, and he must be tired and hungry. Let us go into the kitchen, and give him something to eat. Some of our suppers, at least, we can give him; can't we, Patty? I'll give him half mine.

Patty. [Patty]

And I'll give him half mine; I'll run for it directly. Come, my dear old man (*taking him by the hand*) but you can't run; we'll walk slowly with you, and show you the way.

Old Man. [Old Man]

Sweet children! What is so comfortable to the heart of an old man, as to have good children about him!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Farmer and his wife with a large hamper.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Wife, I'm afraid this hamper has been too heavy for you.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Oh, not at all. I'm able, and I'm sure I'm willing to do my share.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

If I had not looked sharp, the widow would have had the hamper. Did you hear how she scolded the waggoner about the furniture? And I could see no harm that was done to it; I ge'ed him a shilling to make him some amends. But where's the children, to see the china unpacked?

The Grinding Organ

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

I'll call them. Bess! Bess! Where are you? What are you about?

SCENE II.

Enter Bess.

Bess. [Bess]

Oh, mamma! there's been here a nice old man, with a grinding organ; and he has been playing and singing, and has taught Patty a pretty song. He's in the kitchen, mamma, where I took him, to give him some supper. I gave him half my milk, and Patty gave him half hers, and so did poor little Lucy.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

You did right, my dear.

Bess. [Bess]

He's going away to look for a bed.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Call him in, Bess.

SCENE III.

Enter Old Man, Bess, and Patty.

Old Man. [Old Man]

God save you, good madam and sir. Your dear sweet children have been very good to me; but though there was plenty in the larder, they said they had no right to give anything but their own supper.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Aye; and by what you say, I am sure you would not take anything from them but what they had a right to give. Sit down, while I unpack this here hamper. (*Mrs. Haynes makes the Old Man sit down.*) I'm sure my fists were not made for handling such things. Heaven send I may break none of these crinkum crankums.

Bess and Patty. [Bess, Patty]

Oh! mamma! what pretty things they are! Let me take out some more.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Hands off, you baggages! Go and set the table for tea. Wife, where shall I set these things? For thee knows best in all things.

The Grinding Organ

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

As you ask my advice, my dear, I advise you not to unpack any more, till cousin Brown himself comes; and then, if any be broke in the carriage, he will see it his own self.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Aye, so he will. Thee beest the prudentest wife; and then thee hast such a way of putting in thy word, one can't do other than as thee would'st have one. (*To the Old Man.*) Come, my good sir, your gray hairs shan't be sent out at this time o'night to look for lodging; that would not be what I call right or kind. So stay where you be.

Old Man. [Old Man]

Thank you, sir.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Bess and Patty; get the things ready for tea.

[*Bess and Patty prepare the things for tea.*]

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Let us see, my old friend, what tunes you can play.

Old Man. [Old Man]

But a very few, and please you. My organ here is none of the best, and can play none but very old-fashioned things.

[*Gives a list.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Widow Ross.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Farmer Haynes! I've lost the hamper of china.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Widow Ross! how can that be; for you never had it to lose?

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

I say, Mr. Haynes, I saw, with these eyes, the hamper of china at the crane with the ticket, china, on the outside o' the hamper.

The Grinding Organ

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Aye, Widow; but the hamper of china was directed to my care. And yonder it bees, touch it who dare.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

I dare, Mr. Haynes (*checking herself*) for I dare to say, cousin Haynes, if Captain Brown were here present his self, he would so order it by word of mouth; and, at any rate, your own good sense, cousin Haynes, must show you, that the china will be safer in my house than here, where you've no respectable place to keep it in; and where you've got all these heaps of children skeltering about.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Those children will do the china there no harm; for their mother there has taught them never to meddle with nothing as does not belong to them. Here the china is, and here it shall stay, Widow.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Now, husband, you're wrong, indeed; do, my dear husband, let her have the china. Though my cousin may be a little angry now and then, you should not be so hard with her; and as to the rest, we don't want the china, or anything cousin Brown has, except his good-will; and that, it's to be hoped, we shall have; because, no doubt, we shall try to deserve it. So set cousin a good example, dear husband, and don't be cross to her, but let her take the china, will'ee?

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Why, if she wasn't so cursed cross, I wouldn't be so stiff wi' her.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Oh, come now, my good cousin; I ask it as a favor, and I'm sure you can't refuse me.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

No, I'm sure you won't refuse cousin, husband. See how kind she looks at you now, husband.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Well, what say you? Sure you would not be disagreeable.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Now, she'd wheedle a bird off a bush, if it wasn't such an old bird as I; but old birds an't to be caught with chaff.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Oh, come now, husband; now it is your fault if you are not friends. You see how kind my cousin looks at you now. Come, come, don't plague her any more.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

SCENE IV.

The Grinding Organ

Yes, but I *wool*; for I don't like two faces under a hood. If you'd seen how cross she was wi' them poor waggoners just now; and it's always the way with her to them she's not afeard of. I have noticed the frowning face, and the cross voice, and the saucy toss she has for the poor souls, that do come in towards the close of the evening with their halfpence and their pence, (*mimicking* Mrs. Ross.) "We don't sell ha'porths; we don't sell ha'porths here, friend; go somewhere else." But if a rich man or a fine dressed lady do come in, how smooth our face does grow in a trice, all smiles and simpers: "Me'em, I should be so proud to serve you, Sir, if this don't *shute* your taste, Me'em be pleased to look at this anything in my power, Me'em, I should oblige you." But none but a woman could do it to the life.

Widow [Mrs. Ross] (*aside*).

Now I could beat him!

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

But only see how she bears even your mimicking, husband. See; I'm sure she's not cross now.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

No, not this very 'dential minute. But now I'll engage, though she has a *pint* to gain, she couldn't keep in good humor for one half hour together.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Oh, my dear Mr. Haynes, such a thought!

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Oh, husband!

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Well, let us see, then; saying's one thing, and doing's another. Sit ye down here, Widow Ross, and let us see you keep in good humor for one half hour together; and you shall have the china, and my blessing. Now, there bees a fair challenge to a fair lady. (*Takes out his watch, and shows it to the Widow.*) There, see what it is by me one half hour, hey Widow!

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Ah, Mr. Haynes, you're a strange man, a'nt you? But you must have everything your own way. Well, I take you at your word.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Done, shake hands, then, Widow.

[*They shake hands.*]

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

The Grinding Organ

Aye, do be friends, and I'll make you a dish of tea in a minute; we'll set the tea things. Bess, run the kettle, love; and, Patty, bring the toasting fork, and toast us the toastesses.

Farmer [Farmer Haynes] (*puts on his spectacles*).

Where's the list of them tunes you can play, my good friend? Let me see, let me see.

[*Looks over the list, whilst Mrs. Haynes, Bess, and Patty set the tea things, and get the kettle and the toasting fork. The Widow comes forward, looking at the Farmer, who examines the list, and seems to be speaking to the Old Man. Widow.* [Mrs. Ross]

And does the fool think he can provoke me? No, no. I'll keep my temper, and win my wager, and win my china, and win Captain Brown, too, when he comes. That brute now fancies that he can make me expose myself for a vixen afore cousin Brown. No, no! I'm too many for him there; I can keep my temper like any angel when I please. What elegant furniture Captain Brown has sent by the waggon! And I conclude my cousin the captain will live in the most splendidest style, and sport a gig and me in it! and I'll drive! And then such dinners as we'll give! And I sitting behind my own turkey, and eating off china. Oh! the china! I must have the china in the first and foremost place; so now I defy the Farmer to put me off my guard.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Cousin Ross, the tea is ready; won't you sit down? Bess, set your aunt a chair. Cousin Ross, here's a seat.

Widow [Mrs. Ross] (*going to a chair, sees the Old Man*).

But what's this? Who have we here? Do you expect me to sit down to tea in the room with an old beggar-man?

Old Man [Old Man] (*rising*).

I humbly ask the lady's pardon. I'll go, miss (*to Bess*), my good little misses, if you'll show me the way to the kitchen.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

No, no, he shan't stir a foot; he's under my purtection, and he shall have my purtection, as well as the china, Widow.

Widow [Mrs. Ross] (*aside*).

China! Always harping on the china (*aloud*); but I only say it's very odd to take one's tea in the room with a strolling vagabond.

[*The children gather round the Widow, and beg for the Old Man. Patty.* [Patty]

Oh! aunt Ross, he's not a vagabond; he's my pretty old man.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Pretty nonsense!

SCENE IV.

The Grinding Organ

Bess. [Bess]

And look at his gray hairs, and his white beard.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Well, I do look at 'em; but one an't obligated to drink one's tea in the room with all the old men that has gray hairs in and out of the parish, is one?

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Oh! sit ye down, cousin, and be agreeable. (*Whispering Mrs. Ross.*) Else, if you don't, husband will say you've lost your wager by getting out of temper. (*Aloud.*) See, the poor old man's sitting back out of the way as well as he can, and he'll do us no harm.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Well, everybody's to do as they please, and rule the roast at their own tea-table, and I am quite agreeable; and you, Mrs. Haynes, that is so *petticklar* about your children, I'm only surprised you should let 'em consort with old beggar-men. But I'm quite agreeable, since it must be so.

(*Sits down.*) *Farmer.* [Farmer Haynes]

Aye, aye, you do well, Widow, to be upon the agreeable order.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Now we're all comfortable; and I'll give you some good tea, to make you all more agreeable. (*Mrs. Haynes pours out the tea.*) Cousin Ross, will you take your tea? Here's the cream; I put sugar in. Is it sweet enough? Is the tea strong enough? I hope I've made it to your mind?

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Oh, it's all mighty well; only it has no taste of tea. But I make no objections to nothing, not I. (*Mrs. Haynes calls for Bess and Patty, and gives them a dish of tea.*) Indeed, those children do crowd one up so, there's no room for one's motions.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

There, take your tea out yonder, Bess; and Patty, love, don't be troublesome, and don't lean on your aunt Ross's chair.

Patty. [Patty]

My aunt Ross is so touchy, there's no coming within a mile of her. I'm sure mamma will let me lean on her chair, and get up on her chair, (*gets up,*) and put my arms about her neck, and hang upon her, as I like and love to do.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

The Grinding Organ

Oh, but don't quite strangle me, love. (*Takes Patty's arms away, kisses her, and puts her down.*) Go, love, go to your sister Bess, and keep her company.

[*Here the actors and actresses may put in any extempore tea-table talk they please.*]

Farmer [Farmer Haynes] *to Old Man.*

Now, my good old fellow, let's see what you can do for us. Come, sit forwarder, and strike up and sing out. Here, this here song.

(Old Man [Old Man] *sings and plays.*)

"Mamma she would have me

To marry with Bell,

And awa with the lass,

That I canna love well. For though she is handsome,

She's cursedly cross;

And if I should have her,

I'd live by the loss. But oh! that I had sic a lassy as this,

And oh! that I had sic a lassy as this,

I'd kiss and caress her,

I'd love and embrace her,

And think myself happier

Than Jove in his bliss." [*Farmer joins in singing the last stanza, and the Widow keeps down her rising anger.*]
Farmer winks at Mrs. Haynes. Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Oh, fie! That's not fair.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Cousin Ross, how did you like that song?

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Oh! vastly fine. But it is as old as Paul's.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Well, gi' us somewhat that's newer, my honest friend. Let me look over the list for another to my mind.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes] (*looking over his shoulder*).

Here, let him sing,

"Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please." *Farmer.* [Farmer Haynes]

Thee should sing that thyself, wife! Yonder one knows nothing of that. Thee shall sing a song thyself to keep the Widow in tune.

Sing "At the Brow of the Hill." Thee used to sing that to me afore I was married.

SCENE IV.

The Grinding Organ

(Mrs. Haynes [Mrs. Haynes] *sings.*)

"At the brow of the hill a shepherdess dwelt,
Who the pangs of ambition or love ne'er had felt,
A few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn ere she eat her brown bread,
That to rise with the lark was conducive to health;
And to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth." *Old Man.* [Old Man]

Ah! mistress, if I could sing so sweetly, I need have no fear for my bread.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Come, my old fellow, can you sing "Daniel Cooper?"

Old Man. [Old Man]

No, master, I have not the words; but I can play it.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Play away, then, and I'll give ye words

[Farmer *sings and dances.* Mrs. Haynes *tries in vain to stop him.* " Was a lady had a tongue,
Didn't know how to guide it,
Ran so fast, and ran so long,
No mortal could abide it. Lady vow'd, and lady swore,
She *did* know how to guide it;
Tongue she'd hold for half an hour,
But tongue could not abide it." *Widow.* [Mrs. Ross]

But tongue *shall* abide it, Mr. Haynes.

Children [Children] (*cry out*).

Go on, go on, papa! that's very droll.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes] (*aside to the children*).

No, don't vex your aunt Ross.

(Farmer [Farmer Haynes] *dances again, and sings.*)

"Put a curb upon her tongue,
And bid the jade go rightly,
But the jade would still go wrong,
She held the curb too tightly. Curb that tongue had never known,
Didn't know how to wear it;
Tongue was old, and restive grown,

SCENE IV.

The Grinding Organ

In truth it couldn't bear it." *Widow* [Mrs. Ross] (*starts up angry*).

Mr. Haynes!

Farmer [Farmer Haynes] (*half bowing*).

Mrs. Ross!

[*Sings again.*

"In truth it could not bear it." *Widow* [Mrs. Ross] (*aside, glancing her eye upon the china*).

I will bear it. Yes, my temper I will keep; and I'll win my wager; I'll have the china!

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Widow, I'm waiting your pleasure.

Widow [Mrs. Ross] (*curtsying*).

Your most obedient, (*sits down again*); nobody can say that I'm not quite agreeable.

Enter Priscy (roaring).

Priscy. [Priscy]

Where's my mamma? Stand out of my way, children! I must see my mamma!

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Here I am, here I am. Who has affronted you, my child? I'll stand by you. Who has affronted you?

Priscy. [Priscy]

The bread and butter, mamma; there's no sugar upon it to-night, and I can't eat it; and you must come and give me some sugar, for it is locked up.

Widow [Mrs. Ross] (*aside*).

A fine excuse to get away. Then I'll wish you a good evening, cousins, and I'll send for the china.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Stay a bit; china, indeed! Stay a bit, madam; the half hour isn't over yet. (*Pulls out his watch.*) Ten minutes yet to run! So, Widow, be pleased to sit down again.

Priscy. [Priscy]

She can't stay; she shan't stay; she can't stay, I say.

SCENE IV.

The Grinding Organ

[Pulls and drags her by the arm.]

Widow [Mrs. Ross] *(aside)*.

But ten minutes longer, and then I'll burst out upon him.

(Priscy pulling still.) Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes] *(to Priscy)*.

Oh, don't pull your mamma so; she'll go with you this minute. Here's a bit of bread and butter for you.

Priscy. [Priscy]

I won't have it. *(Throws it away.)* It's not sugared.

Farmer [Farmer Haynes] *(picking it up)*.

What, throw my good bread and butter about this way! *(Takes Priscy by the arm.)* Do you know, Miss Priscy, I've a mind to give you what you deserve richly a good whipping.

Priscy [Priscy] *(frightened)*.

Let me go! let me go! Mamma! mamma!

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Oh! that I should live to sit quiet at this But I will have the china!

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

You'd best be quiet, Miss Priss, I say.

Patty. [Patty]

Do, Priscy; and the pretty old man will play a tune for us, and I'll sing for you.

Priscy. [Priscy]

I hate your pretty old man; and I don't want to hear him or you either. Mamma, don't let him play any more on that thing; he's a saucy vagabond, mamma. Why don't you speak, mamma? What's come to your tongue, mamma?

(Drags her mother's arm.) Widow [Mrs. Ross] *(aside)*.

Oh! how could I bind my tongue over to the peace. Now, sir, I tell you, he shall not play any more; I've won my wager; my time's out. And now, sir, let me tell you

Farmer [Farmer Haynes] *(takes out his watch)*.

Stay, stay, not so fast; you go by me; I've five minutes yet to the good. Sit ye still, Widow, or china stays here. He shall not play any more, hey! sha'nt he? I don't understand that, madam. In my house I'm the master. Play on, my good friend. *(During this speech, Mrs. Haynes keeps Priscy quiet, and Bess and Patty give her tea, and try to*

The Grinding Organ

please her.) Play this here, about the man who had a dumb wife, and who got the doctor to cut her chattering strings.

(Old Man [Old Man] *sings.*)

"Her faculties she tries,
She stuns the house with noise,
And rattles in his ears like a drum, drum, drum." *Old Man.* [Old Man]

Then he goes to the doctor "to ease
him of his woe." I forget what he says, but the doctor replies,

"But I'll tell you what you'll do
For to ease you of your woe,
Take the end of a hazle-berry rung, rung, rung,
Anoint her body round,
Till she makes the house resound,
And when the charm is over she'll be dumb, dumb, dumb." [*The Widow, during this song, makes sundry contortions of disdain, and writhes in the agony of suppressed rage.* *Farmer* [Farmer Haynes] (*joins in singing*),
"And when the charm is over she'll be dumb, dumb, dumb." *Widow* [Mrs. Ross] (*starts up furious*).

Now I'll bear this no longer! Flesh and blood can't bear it! Farmer Haynes, you're the rudest, most ungenteelest bear in the parish; the greatest bear in all England, and a savage into the bargain. No one but a savage could behave so to a lady like me in his own house. To go for to set such a fellow as that upon me, sir! To take a strolling grinding-organ ballad singer's part against me and my daughter Priscy, sir!

Farmer [Farmer Haynes] (*bowing*).

Have you done, madam? Then now, wife, you'll keep the china. Widow, look what the minute-hand says, slow and sure; you've fairly lost your wager.

[*Holds his watch to the Widow.*

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Have I so? I mind your watch as little as I do yourself.

[*Snatches the watch and dashes it to pieces.*
Farmer [Farmer Haynes] (*picking it up*).

So, so, so. The wisest man of us all can't foresee what a woman in a passion will do.

Priscy. [Priscy]

That's right, mamma, that's right; and I'll do as much for t'other fellow's grinding thing.

[*Priscy springs from Mrs. Haynes, and flies at the organ.* *Bess.* [Bess]

SCENE IV.

The Grinding Organ

Oh, Priscy, stop! stop!

(catching her.) Patty [Patty] *(running after her)*.

Oh, cousin! cousin!

(hangs upon Priscy.) [Priscy struggles, and tries to push them down, and at last throws down the organ. Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

There's a lass of spirit! There's my own daughter!

Old Man. [Old Man]

Oh! miss! miss! have mercy; you have broken it. It's my all! my all!

Bess. [Bess]

She has broken it! Oh! oh! oh!

Patty. [Patty]

Poor old man! What will you do? I wish I could mend it for you.

[Whilst the children are busy deploring and picking up the organ, and the Farmer kneels down trying to set it to rights, the Old Man pulls off his disguise, and shows that he is Captain Brown; appears in his uniform, and comes behind Mrs. Haynes and the Widow, whilst they are saying the two next sentences. Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Lord! what a noise about breaking a vagabond's organ.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Oh, but cousin Ross, it's his all, consider; and he's not a vagabond.

[Captain Brown claps the Widow and Mrs. Haynes on the shoulder, and tooks in the face of each without speaking. The Widow and Mrs. Haynes start back; Mrs. Haynes with a gesture of pleasure, Mrs. Ross of fear. Farmer rises suddenly; children start up; all stand for one instant silent and astonished. Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Cousin Brown! My dear cousin Brown!

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Captain Brown! May I believe my own eyes!

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Cousin Brown, you're welcome home; shake hands.

[Children crowd around Mr. Brown.

Bess. [Bess]

SCENE IV.

The Grinding Organ

Cousin Brown! But is it cousin Brown?

Patty. [Patty]

Is it really cousin Brown? Sir, are you cousin Brown?

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

So you don't know cousin Brown, when you see him!

Patty. [Patty]

But how did you come? Did you come by the waggon with the china and the furniture?

Bess. [Bess]

No, no; look, I've found out how he came. Look at these things!

Patty. [Patty]

So you're not my pretty old man! My goodness! and here's his white hair that I stroked, it's all a wig! only think! and his long beard. Oh! look, (*holds it before her chin,*) it was tied on so!

Bess. [Bess]

And his old coat! (*Holds it up.*) Well, I really took him for an old grinding-organ man.

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

So did I; lud forgive me!

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

So, Widow, this is the strolling vagabond you would not let sit in the room with you, the beggar-man you would not have the children consort with, hey! And he has heard all, Widow; and this is none o' my doing innocent as a lamb, wife all your own doing, Widow; as you brew, so must you bake.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Oh! don't taunt her now.

Widow [Mrs. Ross] (*not minding the Farmer, goes to Mr. Brown.*)

La! Captain, but I'm sure you're above taking offence or exceptions at anything as passed when I did not know you was my relative. I'm sure I did not know you from Abraham. Who'd have thought of you're being a gentleman, and a captain, and *petticklarly* Captain Brown, in that there queer disguise. And what could make you come upon us all in this strange sort of way?

Capt. Brown. [Capt. Brown]

The Grinding Organ

A very simple motive, Mrs. Ross; I wish to satisfy myself about the real tempers of those with whom I am to pass the rest of my days. And I am satisfied quite satisfied Mrs. Ross. Even in the finest new house in the village, and with the finest lady, I beg to be excused from living, since I see what sort of harmony I must expect. You know I declared I had a particular objection to crying children, Miss Priscy.

Priscy [Priscy] (*crying, hides her face with her mother's arm.*)

Oh! oh! oh!

Capt. Brown. [Capt. Brown]

So, cousin Discord, fare ye well. And now, my sweet cousin Concord, I hope you will let me live with you, and I will endeavor to add as much to your happiness, as I am sure you will add to mine.

Mrs. H. [Mrs. Haynes]

Oh, cousin Brown! we shall be glad to have you live with us. You were so kind to my children, too. I see you're as good-natured as you used to be, when you were a boy. well, my dear husband, we shall all be so happy; only I'm sorry our house is really not good enough for cousin Brown.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Cousin Brown, you see, my dear, is one that thinks more of the folks that's in the house, than o' the house itself; and I like him the better therefore.

Widow [Mrs. Ross] (*aside*).

La! how long will they go on palavering one another, all to fret and vex me. Oh! why didn't I find out that it was Captain Brown sooner! To lose furniture, and china, and gig, and husband, and captain and all? But I won't give that brute of a Farmer the satisfaction to see it. I'll put a good face on the matter to the last.

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

Where are you now, Widow?

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

Where am I now? Gone! gone! gone! never to set my foot in your hypocritical house again. Come along, Priscy.

Priscy. [Priscy]

Oh! mamma! It's all your fault; all your fault.

[*Exeunt Widow and Priscy*]

Widow. [Mrs. Ross]

My fault, saucebox!

(*slapping Priscy on the back.*)

Farmer. [Farmer Haynes]

SCENE IV.

The Grinding Organ

Now we shall have some chance of peace, and belike may hear our own ears again. Hark! What's cousin going to say to our Bess?

Capt. Brown. [Capt. Brown]

My dear good little children, in the whole course of my life I never ate a supper I liked so well as that you gave me. (*To the Farmer and Mrs. Haynes.*) From the first moment I saw your Bess, and Patty, and little Lucy, and compared them to Miss Priscy, I knew what their parents must be. Indeed, we may always judge of the parents by seeing their children.