

**The patron [The devil upon two sticks.--The maid of Bath.--The bankrupt]  
/ [Samuel Foote].**

**Contributors**

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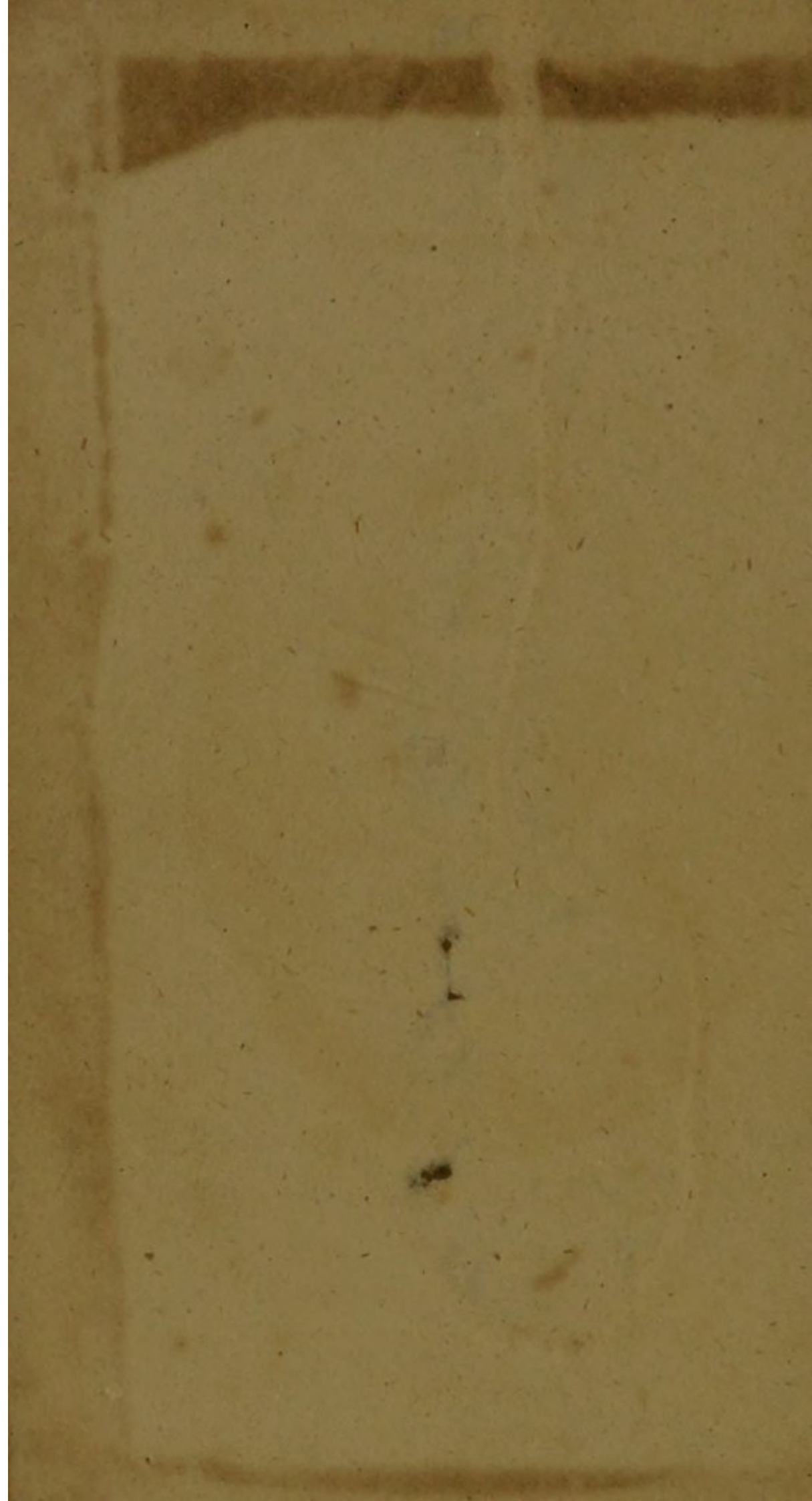




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PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



M<sup>RS</sup> WELLS.

# THE PATRON.

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A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET.*

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The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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London :

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PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,  
FOR J. PARSONS, NO 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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1794.



THE PATRON

—

A COMPTON

OF THE MEDICAL HISTORY

OF THE MEDICAL HISTORY

OF THE MEDICAL HISTORY



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## THE PATRON.

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*THIS Comedy was performed, for the first time, at the Little Theatre, Hay-Market, in the season of 1764.*

*To Marmontel the author is indebted for his hint. The hero of the scene is held up as a child of fortune and fashion, enveloped in self-conceit, and a dupe to those whose interest it is to flatter him into a belief, that he is in the possession of every virtue, and every talent that can adorn and dignify elevated life.*

*This dramatic shaft was said to be levelled at a noble lord, whose name we forbear to mention. In his patron, Mr. Foote indulges his vein for irony at the expence of the antiquarians. To expose this race appears to be his favourite task, and it must be allowed to be well executed in the present production; for a character more ludicrous than that of Rust was never exhibited on the English stage.*

*His West India merchant, Sir Peter Pepperpot, is a too faithful picture of bloated prosperity, where cruelty and oppression have attained wealth and situation, destitute of mind or sense to bestow lustre on the one, or weight on the other.*

*The poet and the bookseller come in for their share of applause; keep up the ball of humour, point, and character: and although The Patron has not been performed for many years, for its author's sake, we trust it will be welcomed by our friends.*



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## Dramatis Personae.

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### HAY-MARKET.

#### *Men.*

Sir Thomas Lofty,	}	MR. FOOTE
Sir Peter Pepperpot,		
Dick Bever,	-	MR. DEATH
Frank Younger,	-	MR. DAVIS
Sir Roger Dowlas,	-	MR. PALMER
Mr. Rust,	-	MR. WESTON
Mr. Daetyl,	-	MR. GRANGER
Mr. Puff,	-	MR. HAYES
Mr. Staytape,	-	MR. BROWN
Robin,	-	MR. PARSONS
John,	-	MR. LEWIS.
Two Blacks,	-	

#### *Woman.*

Miss Juliet,	-	MRS. GRANGER.
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## THE PATRON.

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### ACT I.

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#### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.*

*Younger.*

NO, Dick, you must pardon me.

*Bev.* Nay, but to satisfy your curiosity.

*Young.* I tell you, I have not a jot.

*Bev.* Why then to gratify me.

*Youn.* At rather too great an expence.

*Bev.* To a fellow of your observation and turn, I should think, now such a scene a most delicate treat.

*Youn.* Delicate! Palling, nauseous, to a dreadful degree. To a lover, indeed, the charms of the niece may palliate the uncle's fulsome formality.

*Bev.* The uncle! ay; but then you know he is only one of the group.

*Youn.* That's true; but the figures are all finish'd alike. A *maniere*, a tiresome sameness, throughout.



*Bev.* There you will excuse me; I am sure there is no want of variety.

*Youn.* No! then let us have a detail. Come, Dick, give us a bill of the play.

*Bev.* First, you know, there's Juliet's uncle.

*Youn.* What, Sir Thomas Lofty! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell you,) the Pollio, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider of merit, chief justice of taste, and sworn appraiser to Apollo and the tuneful Nine. Ha, ha! Oh, the tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb!

*Bev.* Nay, now, Frank, you are too extravagant. He is universally allow'd to have taste; sharp-judging Adriel, the muse's friend, himself a muse.

*Youn.* Taste! by whom? underling bards that he feeds, and broken booksellers that he bribes. Look ye, Dick; what raptures you please when Miss Lofty is your theme, but expect no quarter for the rest of the family. I tell thee once for all, Lofty is a rank impostor, the Bufo of an illiberal mercenary tribe: he has neither genius to create, judgment to distinguish, nor generosity to reward; his wealth has gain'd him flattery from the indigent, and the haughty insolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. *Voila le portrait de votre oncle!* Now on to the next.

*Bev.* The ingenious and crudite Mr. Rust.

*Youn.* What, old Martin the medal-monger?

*Bev.* The same, and my rival in Juliet.

*Youn.* Rival! what, Rust? why, she's too modern for him by a couple of centuries. Martin! why he



likes no heads but upon coins. Marry'd! the mummy! Why 'tis not above a fortnight ago, that I saw him making love to the figure without a nose in Somerset-gardens: I caught him stroaking the marble plaits of her gown, and asked him if he was not ashamed to take such liberties with ladies in public?

*Bev.* What an inconstant old scoundrel it is!

*Youn.* Oh, a Dorimont. But how came this about? what could occasion the change? was it in the power of flesh and blood to seduce this adorer of virtù from his marble and porphyry?

*Bev.* Juliet has done it; and, what will surprise you, his taste was a bawd to the business.

*Youn.* Prythee explain.

*Bev.* Juliet met him last week at her uncle's: he was a little pleased with the Greek of her profile; but, on a closer inquiry, he found the turn-up of her nose to exactly resemble the bust of the princess Pompæa.

*Youn.* The chaste moiety of the amiable Nero?

*Bev.* The same.

*Youn.* Oh, the deuse! then your business was done in an instant.

*Bev.* Immediately. In favour of the tip, he offered *chart-blanche* for the rest of the figure; which (as you may suppose) was instantly caught at.

*Youn.* Doubtless. But who have we here.

*Bev.* This is one of Lofty's companions, a West Indian of an overgrown fortune. He saves me the trouble of a portrait. This is Sir Peter Pepperpot.



*Enter Sir PETER PEPPERPOT, and two BLACKS.*

*Sir Pet.* Careless scoundrels! harkee, rascals! I'll banish you home, you dogs! you shall back, and broil in the sun. Mr. Bever, your humble: Sir, I am your entirely devoted.

*Bev.* You seem mov'd; what has been the matter, Sir Peter?

*Sir Pet.* Matter! why, I am invited to dinner on a barbicu, and the villains have forgot my bottle of chian.

*Youn.* Unpardonable.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, this country has spoil'd them; this same Christening will ruin the colonies.—Well, dear Bever, rare news, boy; our fleet is arriv'd from the West.

*Bev.* It is?

*Sir Pet.* Ay, lad, and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brighthelmstone; I nick'd the time to a hair; thin as a lath, and a stomach as sharp as a shark's: never was in finer condition for feeding.

*Bev.* Have you a large importation, Sir Peter?

*Sir Pet.* Nine; but seven in excellent order: the Captain assures me they greatly gain'd ground on the voyage

*Bev.* How do you dispose of them?

*Sir Pet.* Four to Cornhill, three to Almack's, and the two sickly ones I shall send to my borough in Yorkshire.

*Youn.* Ay! what, have the Provincials a relish for turtle?



*Sir Pet.* Sir, it is amazing how this country improves in turtle and turnpikes; to which (give me leave to say) we, from our part of the world, have not a little contributed. Why formerly, Sir, a brace of bucks on the Mayor's annual day was thought a pretty moderate blessing. But we, Sir, have polish'd their palates: Why, Sir, not the meanest member in my corporation but can distinguish the pash from the pee.

*Youn.* Indeed!

*Sir Pet.* Ay, and sever the green from the shell with the skill of the ablest anatomist.

*Youn.* And are they fond of it?

*Sir Pet.* Oh, that the consumption will tell you. The stated allowance is six pounds to an alderman, and five to each of their wives.

*Bev.* A plentiful provision.

*Sir Pet.* But there was never known any waste. The mayor, recorder, and rector, are permitted to eat as much as they please.

*Youn.* The entertainment is pretty expensive.

*Sir Pet.* Land-carriage, and all. But I contriv'd to smuggle the last that I sent them.

*Bev.* Smuggle! I don't understand you.

*Sir Pet.* Why, Sir, the rascally coachman had always charged me five pounds for the carriage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook going at the same time into the country, I made him clap a capuchin upon the turtle, and for thirty shillings put him an inside passenger in the Doncaster fly.

*Youn.* A happy expedient.



*Bev.* Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

*Sir Pet.* Yes; but the frolic had like to have prov'd fatal.

*Youn.* How so?

*Sir Pet.* The maid at the Rummer, at Hatfield, popp'd her head into the coach, to know if the company would have any breakfast: ecod, the turtle, Sir, laid hold of her nose, and slapp'd her face with his fins, till the poor devil fell into a fit. Ha, ha, ha!

*Youn.* Oh, an absolute Rabelais.

*Bev.* What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the 'squire?

*Sir Pet.* Yes; I extremely admire Sir Thomas: you know this is his day of assembly; I suppose you will be there? I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

*Bev.* Am I?

*Sir Pet.* He says your natural genius is fine; and, when polish'd by his cultivation, will surprise and astonish the world.

*Bev.* I hope, Sir, I shall have your voice with the public.

*Sir Pet.* Mine! O fie, Mr. Bever.

*Bev.* Come, come, you are no inconsiderable patron.

*Sir Pet.* He, he, he! Can't say but I love to encourage the arts.

*Bev.* And have contributed largely yourself.

*Youn.* What, is Sir Peter an author?



*Sir Pet.* O fie! what, me? a mere dabbler; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true. Some sonnets, that have not been thought wanting in salt.

*Bev.* And your epigrams.

*Sir Pet.* Not entirely without point.

*Bev.* But come, Sir Peter, the love of the arts is not the sole cause of your visits to the house you are going to.

*Sir Pet.* I don't understand you.

*Bev.* Miss Juliet the niece.

*Sir Pet.* O fie! what chance have I there? Indeed if Lady Pepperpot should happen to pop off—

*Bev.* I don't know that. You are, Sir Peter, a dangerous man; and were I a father or uncle, I should not be a little shy of your visits.

*Sir Pet.* Psha! dear Bever, you banter.

*Bev.* And (unless I am extremely out in my guess,) that lady——

*Sir Pet.* Hey! what, what, dear Bever?

*Bev.* But if you should betray me——

*Sir Pet.* May I never eat a bit of green fat if I do.

*Bev.* Hints have been dropp'd.

*Sir Pet.* The devil! Come a little this way.

*Bev.* Well-made: not robust and gigantic, 'tis true; but extremely genteel.

*Sir Pet.* Indeed!

*Bev.* Features, not entirely regular; but marking, with an air now, superior; greatly above the—you understand me?



*Sir Pet.* Perfectly. Something noble; expressive of—fashion.

*Bev.* Right.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, I have been frequently told so.

*Bev.* Not an absolute wit; but something infinitely better: an *enjouement*, a spirit, a——

*Sir Pet.* Gaiety. I was ever so from a child.

*Bev.* In short, your dress, address, with a thousand other particulars that at present I can't recollect.

*Sir Pet.* Why, dear Bever, to tell thee the truth, I have always admir'd Miss Juliet, and a delicate creature she is: sweet as a sugarcane, straight as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

*Bev.* Poetic, but true. Now only conceive, Sir Peter, such a plantation of perfections to be devoured by that caterpillar, Rust.

*Sir Pet.* A liquorish grub! Are pine-apples for such muckworms as he? I'll send him a jar of citrons and ginger, and poison the pipkin.

*Bev.* No, no.

*Sir Pet.* Or invite him to dinner, and mix rat's-bane along with his curry.

*Bev.* Not so precipitate: I think we may defeat him without any danger.

*Sir Pet.* How, how?

*Bev.* I have a thought—but we must settle the plan with the lady. Could not you give her the hint that I should be glad to see her a moment.

*Sir Pet.* I'll do it directly.

*Bev.* But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.



*Sir Pet.* Never fear. You'll follow?

*Bev.* The instant I have settled matters with her; but fix the old fellow so that she may not be miss'd.

*Sir Pet.* I'll nail him, I warrant; I have his opinion to beg on this manuscript.

*Bev.* Your own?

*Sir Pet.* No.

*Bev.* Oh oh! what something new from the Doctor, your chaplain?

*Sir Pet.* He! no, no. O Lord, he's elop'd.

*Bev.* How!

*Sir Pet.* Gone. You know he was to dedicate his volume of fables to me: so I gave him thirty pounds to get my arms engrav'd, to prefix (by way of print) to the frontispiece; and, O grief of griefs! the Doctor has mov'd off with the money. I'll send you Miss Juliet. [Exit.

*Bev.* There, now, is a special protector! the arts, I think, can't but flourish under such a Mæcenas.

*Youn.* Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool.

*Bev.* True; but then, to justify the dispensation, From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed; Fortunes to booksellers, to authors bread.

*Youn.* The distribution is, I own, a little unequal; And here comes a melancholy instance; poor Dick Dactyl, and his publisher, Puff.

*Enter DACTYL and PUFF.*

*Puff.* Why, then, Mr. Dactyl, carry them to somebody else; there are people enough in the



trade. But I wonder you would meddle with poetry; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

*Dac.* And how can one help it, Mr. Puff? genius impels; and when a man is once listed in the service of the muses——

*Puff.* Why, let him give them warning as soon as he can. A pretty sort of service indeed, where there are neither wages nor vails! The muses! And what, I suppose this is the livery they give? Gad-zooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

*Bev.* The poet and publisher are at variance! What is the matter, Mr Daëtyl?

*Dac.* As Gad shall judge me, Mr Bever, as pretty a poem, and so polite; not a mortal can take any offence; all full of panegyric and praise.

*Puff.* A fine character he gives of his works. No offence! the greatest in the world, Mr Daëtyl. Panegyric and praise! and what will that do with the public? why who the devil will give money to be told, that Mr. Such-a one is a wiser or better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire now, well powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party; that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level; there, there, we are pleased; there we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crowns on the counter.

*Dac.* Yes, and so get cropp'd for a libel.

*Puff.* Cropp'd! ay; and the luckiest thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give twopence for an author that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing, is (as I may say), Mr Daëtyl, a sort of



warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a scar. Why, zooks, Sir, I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the royal exchange.

*Bev.* Indeed!

*Puff.* No, no; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills, and of Helicon! romantic and fabulous stuff. The true Castilian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnassus.

*Dac.* Ay, to you, indeed, it may answer; but what do we get for our pains?

*Puff.* Why what the deuse would you get? food, fire, and fame. Why, you would not grow fat! a corpulent poet is a monster, a prodigy! No, no; spare diet is a spur to the fancy; high feeding would but founder your Pegasus.

*Dac.* Why, you impudent, illiterate rascal! who is it you dare treat in this manner?

*Puff.* Heyday! what is the matter now?

*Dac.* And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me? But no matter; the world, the world, shall know what you are, and how you have us'd me.

*Puff.* Do your worst; I despise you.

*Dac.* They shall be told from what a dunghill you sprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith in a sinner, that fellow owes every shilling to me.

*Puff.* To thee!

*Dac.* Ay, sirrah, to me. In what kind of way did I find you? then where and what was your state? Gentlemen, his shop was a shed in Moorfields; his kitchen, a broken pipkin of charcoal; and his bed-chamber under the counter.



*Puff.* I never was fond of expence ; I ever minded my trade.

*Dac.* Your trade ! and pray with what stock did you trade ; I can give you the catalogue ; I believe it wont overburden my memory. Two odd volumes of Swift ; the life of Moll Flanders, with cuts ; the Five Senses, printed and coloured by Overton ; a few classics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charter-house ; with the trial of Dr. Sacheverel.

*Puff.* Malice.

*Dac.* Then, sirrah, I gave you my Canning ; it was she first set you afloat.

*Puff.* A grub.

*Dac.* And it is not only my writings ; you know, sirrah, what you owe to my physic.

*Bev.* How ! a physician ?

*Dac.* Yes, Mr. Bever ; physic and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both : *Opiferque per orbem dicor.*

*Puff.* His physic.

*Dac.* My physic ! ay, my physic. Why, dare you deny it, you rascal ! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities ?

*Puff.* No.

*Dac.* My cosmetic lozenge and sugar-plumbs ?

*Puff.* No.

*Dac.* My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my pregnancy-drops, with my paste for superfluous hairs ?

*Puff.* No, no ; have you done ?

*Dac.* No, no, no ; but I believe this will suffice for the present.



*Puff.* Now, would not any mortal believe that I  
ow'd my all to this fellow?

*Bev.* Why, indeed, Mr. Puff, the balance does  
seem in his favour.

*Puff.* In his favour! why you don't give any cre-  
dit to him? a reptile, a bug, that owes his very be-  
ing to me.

*Dac.* I, I, I!

*Puff.* You, you! What, I suppose you forget your  
garret in Wine-office-court, when you furnish'd  
paragraphs for the Farthing-post at twelvepence a  
dozen.

*Dac.* Fiction.

*Puff.* Then did not I get you made collector of  
casualties to the Whitehall and St. James's? but that  
post your laziness lost you. Gentlemen, he never  
brought them a robbery till the highwayman was  
going to be hang'd; a birth, till the christening was  
over; nor a death, till the hatchment was up.

*Dac.* Mighty well!

*Puff.* And now, because the fellow has got a little  
flesh, by being puff to the play-house this winter,  
(to which, by-the-bye, I got him appointed) he is as  
proud and as vain as Voltaire. But I shall soon have  
him under, the vacation will come.

*Dac.* Let it.

*Puff.* Then I shall have him sneaking and cring-  
ing, hanging about me, and begging a bit of trans-  
lation.

*Dac.* I beg, I, for translation!

*Puff.* No, no, not a line; not if you would do it



for two-pence a sheet. No boil'd beef and carrot at mornings ; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my shop.

*Dac.* Your shop ! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

*Bev.* O fie, Mr. Daëtyl !

*Puff.* Let him alone.

*Dac.* Pray, gentlemen, let me do myself justice.

*Bev.* Younger, restrain the Publisher's fire.

*Youn.* Fie, gentlemen, such an illiberal combat : it is a scandal to the republic of letters.

*Bev.* Mr. Daëtyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—

*Dac.* Sir, I am calm ; that thought has restor'd me. To your insignificancy you are indehted for safety. But what my generosity has saved, my pen shall destroy.

*Puff.* Then you must get somebody to mend it.

*Dac.* Adieu !

*Puff.* Farewell ! [ *Excunt severally.*

*Bev.* Ha, ha, ha ! come, let us along to the squire.

Blockheads, with reason, wicked wits abhor ;

But dunce with dunce is barb'rous civil war.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.*

*Younger.*

POOR Daetyl! and dwells such mighty rage in little men? I hope there is little danger of bloodshed.

*Bev.* Oh, not in the least: the *gens vatum*, the nation of poets, though an irritable, are yet a placable people. Their mutual interests will soon bring them together again.

*Youn.* But shall not we be late? The critical senate is by this time assembled.

*Bev.* I warrant you, frequent and full; where  
Stately Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill,  
Sits like Apollo on his forked hill.

But you know I must wait for Miss Lofty; I am now totally directed by her; she gives me the key to all Sir Thomas's foibles, and prescribes the most proper method to feed them; but what good purpose that will produce——

*Youn.* Is she clever, adroit?

*Bev.* Doubtless. I like your asking the question of me.

*Youn.* Then pay an implicit obedience: the ladies, in these cases, generally know what they are about.  
The door opens.



*Bev.* It is Juliet, and with her old Rust. (*Enter Frank.*) you know the knight, so no introduction is wanted. (*Exit Younger.*) I should be glad to hear this reverend piece of lumber make love; the courtship must certainly be curious. Good manners, stand by; by your leave, I will listen a little.

[*Bever retires.*]

*Enter JULIET and RUST.*

*Jul.* And your collection is large?

*Rust.* Most curious and capital. When, Madam, will you give me leave to add your charms to the catalogue?

*Jul.* O dear! Mr. Rust, I shall but disgrace it. Besides, Sir, when I marry, I am resolv'd to have my husband all to myself: now for the possession of your heart I shall have too many competitors.

*Rust.* How, Madam? were Prometheus alive, and would animate the Helen that stands in my hall, she should not cost me a sigh.

*Jul.* Ay, Sir, there lies my greatest misfortune. Had I only those who are alive to contend with my assiduity, affection, cares, and caresses, I might secure my conquest; tho' that would be difficult: for I am convinc'd, were you, Mr. Rust, put up by Prestage to auction, the Apollo Belvidere would not draw a greater number of bidders.

*Rust.* Would that were the case: Madam, so I might be thought a proper companion to the Venus de Medicis.



*Jul.* The flower of rhetoric, and pink of politeness. But my fears are not confined to the living; for every nation and age, even painters and statuary, conspire against me. Nay, when the pantheon itself, the very goddesses, rise up as my rivals, what chance has a mortal like me?—I shall certainly laugh in his face. [*Aside.*

*Rust.* She is a delicate subject.—Goddesses, Madam! Zooks, had you been on mount Ida when Paris decided the contest, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

*Jul.* Extravagant gallantry!

*Rust.* In you, Madam, are concenter'd all the beauties of the heathen mythology: the open front of Diana, the lustre of Palla's eyes——

*Jul.* Oh, Sir!

*Rust.* The chromatic music of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebe, the imperial port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

*Jul.* I see, Sir, antiquity has not engross'd all your attention: You are no novice in the nature of woman. Incense, I own is grateful to most of my sex; but there are times when adoration may be dispens'd with.

*Rust.* Ma'am!

*Jul.* I say, Sir, when we women willingly wave our rank in the skies, and wish to be treated as mortals.

*Rust.* Doubtless, Madam; and are you wanting in materials for that? No, Madam; as in dignity you surpass the heathen divinities, so in the charms of



attraction you beggar the queens of the earth. The whole world, at different periods, has contributed to several beauties to form you.

*Jul.* The deuse it has! [ *Aside.*

*Rust.* See there the ripe Asiatic perfection, join'd to the delicate softness of Europe. In you, Madam, I burn to possess Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemnestra, the Roman nose of the empress Popæa.

*Jul.* With the majestic march of queen Bess. Mercy on me, what a wonderful creature am I!

*Rust.* In short, Madam, not a feature you have, but recalls to my mind some trait in a medal or bust.

*Jul.* Indeed! why, by your account, I must be an absolute olio, a perfect salamogundy of charms.

*Rust.* Oh, Madam, how can you demean, as I may say, undervalue——

*Jul.* Value! there is the thing; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Rust, in that word value lies my greatest objection.

*Rust.* I don't understand you.

*Jul.* Why, then I'll explain myself. It has been said, and I believe with some shadow of truth, that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre; now I am afraid, when you and I grow a little more intimate, which I suppose must be the case if you proceed on your plan, you will be horribly disappointed in your high expectations, and soon discover this Juno, this Cleopatra, and princess Popæa, to be as arrant a mortal, as Madam your mother.

*Rust.* Madam, I, I, I—



*Jul.* Your patience a moment. Being therefore desirous to preserve your devotion, I beg, for the future, you would please to adore at a distance.

*Rust.* To Endymion, Madam, Luna once listened.

*Jul.* Ay, but he was another kind of a mortal; you may do very well as a votary, but for a husband—mercy upon me!

*Rust.* Madam, you are not in earnest, not serious?

*Jul.* Not serious! Why, have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddess?

*Rust.* I should hope—

*Jul.* And what should you hope? I find your devotion resembles that of the world: when the power of sinning is over, and the sprightly first-runnings of life are rack'd off, you offer the vapid dregs to your deity. No, no; you may if you please, turn monk in my service. One vow, I believe, you will observe better than most of them, chastity.

*Rust.* permit me——

*Jul.* Or if you must marry, take your Julia, your Portia, or Flora, your fum-fam from China, or your Egyptian Osiris. You have long paid your addresses to them.

*Rust.* Marry! what, marble?

*Jul.* The properest wives in the world; you can't choose amiss; they will supply you with all that you want.

*Rust.* Your uncle has, Madam, consented.

*Jul.* That is more than ever his niece will. Consented! and to what? to be swath'd to a mould'ring mummy; or be lock'd up like your medals, to can-



ker and rust in a cabinet! No, no; I was made for the world, and the world shall not be robb'd of its right.

*Bev.* Bravo, Juliet! gad, she's a fine spirited girl.

*Jul.* My *profile*, indeed! No, Sir; when I marry, I must have a man that will meet me full face.

*Rust.* Might I be heard for a moment?

*Jul.* To what end? You say you have Sir Thomas Lofty's consent; I tell you, you can never have mine. You may screen me from, or expose me to, my uncle's resentment; the choice is your own: if you lay the fault at my door, you will doubtless greatly distress me; but take the blame on yourself, and I shall own myself extremely oblig'd to you.

*Rust.* How! confess myself in the fault?

*Jul.* Ay; for the best thing a man can do, when he finds he can't be belov'd, is to take care he is not heartily hated. There is no other alternative.

*Rust.* Madam, I sha'n't break my word with Sir Thomas.

*Jul.* Nor I with myself. So there's an end of our conference. Sir, your very obedient.

*Rust.* Madam, I, I, don't—that is, let me—But no matter. Your servant. [Exit.

*Jul.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter BEVER from behind.*

*Bev.* Ha, ha, ha! Incomparable Juliet! how the old dotard trembled and totter'd! he could not have been more inflam'd had he been robb'd of his Otho.



*Jul.* Ay; was ever goddess so familiarly us'd? In my conscience, I began to be afraid that he would treat me as the Indians do their dirty divinities; whenever they are deaf to their prayers, they beat and abuse them.

*Bev.* But after all, we are in an awkward situation.

*Jul.* How so?

*Bev.* I have my fears.

*Jul.* So have not I.

*Bev.* Your uncle has resolv'd that you shall be marry'd to Rust.

*Jul.* Ay, he may decree; but it is I that must execute.

*Bev.* But suppose he has given his word?

*Jul.* Why, then let him recal it again.

*Bev.* But are you sure you shall have courage enough—

*Jul.* To say *no*? That requires much resolution indeed.

*Bev.* Then I am at the height of my hopes.

*Jul.* Your hopes! Your hopes and your fears are ill-founded alike.

*Bev.* Why, you are determined not to be his.

*Jul.* Well, and what then?

*Bev.* What then! why, then you will be mine.

*Jul.* Indeed! and is that the natural consequence; whoever won't be his must be yours? Is that the logic of Oxford?

*Bev.* Madam I did flatter myself—

*Jul.* Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr. Bever; you should ever guard against flattering



yourself; for of all dangerous parasites, Self is the worst.

*Bev.* I am astonish'd!

*Jul.* Astonish'd! you are mad, I believe! Why, I have not known you above a month. It is true, my uncle says your father is his friend; your fortune, in time, will be easy; your figure is not remarkably faulty; and as to your understanding, passable enough for a young fellow who has not seen much of the world: but when one talks of a husband——Lord, 'tis quite another sort of a—Ha, ha, ha! Poor Bever, how he stares! he stands like a statue!

*Bev.* Statue! Indeed, Madam, I am very near petrified.

*Jul.* Even then, you will make as good a husband as Rust. But go, run, and join the assembly within: be attentive to every word, motion, and look of my uncle's; be dumb when he speaks, admire all he says, laugh when he smirks, bow when he sneezes; In short fawn, flatter, and cringe; don't be afraid of overloading his stomach; for the knight has a noble digestion, and you will find some there who will keep you in countenance.

*Bev.* I fly. So then, Juliet, your intention was only to try——

*Jul.* Don't plague me with impertinent questions; march; obey my directions. We must leave the issue to chance; a greater friend to mankind than they are willing to own. Oh, if any thing new should occur, you may come into the drawing-room for further instructions. [*Exeunt severally.*]



SCENE, a room in Sir Thomas Lofty's House.

Sir THOMAS, RUST, PUFF, DACTYL, and others,  
discovered sitting.

*Sir Tho.* Nothing new to-day from Parnassus?

*Dac.* Not that I hear.

*Sir Tho.* Nothing critical, philosophical, or political?

*Puff.* Nothing.

*Sir Tho.* Then in this disette; this dearth of invention, give me leave, gentlemen, to distribute my stores. I have here in my hand a little smart, satyrical epigram; new, and prettily pointed: in short, a production that Martial himself would not have blush'd to acknowledge.

*Rust.* Your own, Sir Thomas?

*Sir Tho.* O fie! no sent me this morning, anonymous.

*Dac.* Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

*All.* By all means; by all means.

*Sir Tho.* To PHILLIS.

Think'st thou, fond Phillis, Strephon told thee  
true,

Angels are painted fair to look like you:

Another story all the town will tell;

Phillis paints fair to look like an angel.

*All.* Fine! fine! very fine!

*Dac.* Such an ease and simplicity!

*Puff.* The turn so unexpected and quick!

*Rust.* The satire so poignant!



*Sir Tho.* Yes ; I think it possesses in an eminent degree, the three epigrammatical requisites ; brevity, familiarity, and severity.

Phillis paints fair to look like an an-gel.

*Dac.* Happy ! Is the Phillis the subject, a secret ?

*Sir Tho.* Oh, dear me ! nothing personal ; no : an impromptu ; a mere *jeu d'esprit*.

*Puff.* Then, Sir Thomas, the secret is out ; it is your own.

*Dac.* That was obvious enough.

*Puff.* Who is there else could have wrote it ?

*Rust.* True, true.

*Sir Tho.* The name of the author is needless. So it is an acquisition to the republic of letters, any gentleman may claim the merit that will.

*Puff.* What a noble contempt !

*Dac.* What greatness of mind !

*Rust.* Scipio and Lælius were the Roman Lofty's. Why, I dare believe Sir Thomas has been the making of half the authors in town ; he is, as I may say, the great manufacturer ; the other poets are but pedlars, that live by retailing his wares.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha ! well observ'd, Mr. Rust.

‘ *Sir Tho.* Ha, ha, ha ! *Molle atque facetum*. Why, to pursue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Lofty was to call in his poetical debts, I believe there would be a good many bankrupts in the Muses's Gazette.

‘ *All.* Ha, ha, ha !

‘ *Sir Tho.* But, a propos, gentlemen ; with regard to the eclipse : you found my calculation exact ?



‘ *Dac.* To a digit.

‘ *Sir Tho.* Total darkness, indeed! and birds going to roost! Those philomaths, those almanack-makers are the most ignorant rascals—

‘ *Puff.* It is amazing where Sir Thomas Lofty stores all his knowledge.

‘ *Dac.* It is wonderful how the mind of man can contain it.

‘ *Sir Tho.* Why to tell you the truth, that circumstance has a good deal engag’d my attention; and I believe you will admit my method of solving the phenomenon philosophical and ingenious enough.

‘ *Puff.* Without question.

‘ *All.* Doubtless.

‘ *Sir Tho.* I suppose, gentlemen, my memory, or mind, to be a chest of drawers, a kind of bureau; where, in separate cellules, my different knowledge on different subjects is stor’d.

‘ *Rust.* A prodigious discovery!

‘ *All.* Amazing!

‘ *Sir Tho.* To this cabinet, volition, or will, has a key; so when an arduous subject occurs, I unlock my bureau, pull out the particular drawer, and am supplied with what I want in an instant.

‘ *Dac.* A Malbranch!

‘ *Puff.* A Boyle!

‘ *All.* A Locke!

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Mr. Bever.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Tho.* A young gentleman from Oxford, recommended to my care by his father. The university



has given him a good solid Doric foundation ; and when he has receiv'd from you a few Tuscan touches, the Ionic and Corinthian graces, I make no doubt but he will prove a Composite pillar to the republic of letters. (*Enter Bever*) This, Sir, is the school from whence so many capital masters have issued ; the river that enriches the regions of science.

*Dac.* Of which river, Sir Thomas, you are the source ; here we quaff : *Et purpureo bibimus ore nectar.*

*Sir Tho.* *Purpureo !* Delicate, indeed, Mr Dacetyl ! Do you hear Mr. Bever ? *Bibimus ore nectar.* You, young gentlemen, must be instructed to quote ; nothing gives a period more spirit than a happy quotation, nor has indeed a finer effect at the head of an essay. Poor Dick Steel ! I have oblig'd him with many a motto for his fugitive pieces.

*Puff.* Ay ; and with the contents too, or Sir Richard is foully belid'd.

*Enter SERVANT,*

*Serv.* Sir Roger Dowlas.

*Sir Tho.* Pray desire him to enter. (*Exit Servant.*) Sir Roger, gentlemen, is a considerable East-India proprietor ; and seems desirous of collecting from this learned assembly some rhetorical flowers, which he hopes to strew with honour to himself and advantage to the company, at Merchant-Taylors Hall. (*Enter Sir Roger Dowlas.*) Sir Roger be seated. This gentleman has, in common with the greatest orator the world ever saw, a small natural infirmity ; he stutters a little : but I have prescrib'd the same



remedy that Demosthenes used, and don't despair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have you digested those general rules :

*Sir Rog.* Pr—ett—y well, I am obl—g'd to you Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Have you been regular in taking your tincture of sage, to give you confidence for speaking in public?

*Sir. Rog.* Y—es, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Did you open at the last general court?

*Sir Rog.* I attem—p—ted fo—ur or fi—ve times?

*Sir Tho.* What hinder'd your progress?

*Sir Rog.* The pe—b—bles.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, the pebbles in his mouth. But they are only put in to practise in private; you should take them out when you are addressing the public.

*Sir Rog.* Yes; I will for the fu—ture.

*Sir. Tho.* Well, Mr. Rust, you had a tete-a-tete with my niece. A-propos, Mr. Bever, here offers a fine occasion for you; we shall take the liberty to trouble your Muse on their nuptials: O Love! O Hymen! here prune thy purple wings; trim thy bright torch. Hey, Mr. Bever?

*Bev.* My talents are at Sir Thomas Lofty's direction; tho' I must despair of producing any performance worthy the attention of so complete a judge of the elegant arts.

*Sir Tho.* Too modest, good Mr. Bever. Well, Mr. Rust, any new acquisition, since our last meeting to your matchless collection?

*Rust.* Why, Sir Thomas, I have both lost and gain'd since I saw you.



*Sir Tho.* Lost! I am sorry for that.

*Rust.* The curious sarcophagus, that was sent me from Naples by Signior Belloni—

*Sir Tho.* You mean the urn that was supposed to contain the dust of Agrippa?

*Rust.* Supposed! no doubt but it did.

*Sir Tho.* I hope no sinister accident to that inestimable relic of Rome?

*Rust.* 'Tis gone.

*Sir Tho.* Gone! oh, illiberal! what stolen I suppose by some connoisseur?

*Rust.* Worse, worse; a prey, a martyr, to ignorance; a housemaid that I hir'd last week mistook it for a broken green chamber-pot, and sent it away in the dust-cart.

*Sir Tho.* She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun!

*Dac.* The Vandal!

*All.* The Visigoth!

*Rust.* But I have this day acquir'd a treasure that will in some measure make me amends.

*Sir Tho.* Indeed! what can that be?

*Puff.* That must be something curious, indeed.

*Rust.* It has cost me infinite trouble to get it.

*Dac.* Great rarities are not to be had without pains.

*Rust.* It is three months ago, since I got the first scent of it; and I had been ever since on the hunt, but all to no purpose.

*Sir Tho.* I am quite upon thorns till I see it.

*Rust.* And yesterday, when I had given it over, when all my hopes were grown desperate, it fell into my hands by the most unexpected and wonderful accident,



*Sir Tho.* *Quod optanti divum promittere nemo  
Auderet,volvenda dies en attulit ultro.*

Mr. Bever, you remark my quotation?

*Bev.* Most happy. Oh, Sir, nothing you say can be lost.

*Rust.* I have brought it here in my pocket; I am no churl; I love to pleasure my friends.

*Sir Tho.* You are, Mr. Rust, extremely obliging.

*All.* Very kind, very obliging indeed.

*Rust.* It was not much hurt by the fire.

*Sir Tho.* Very fortunate.

*Rust.* The edges are soil'd by the link, but many of the letters are exceedingly legible.

*Sir Rog.* A li—ttle roo—m, if you pl—ease.

*Rust.* Here it is; the precious remains of the very North-Briton that was burnt at the Royal-Exchange.

*Sir Tho.* Number Forty-five?

*Rust.* The same.

*Bev.* You are a lucky man, Mr. Rust.

*Rust.* I think so. But gentlemen I hope I need not give you a caution: hush—silence—no words on this matter.

*Dac.* You may depend upon us.

*Rust.* For as the paper has not suffered the law, I don't know whether they may not seize it again.

*Sir Tho.* With us you are safe, Mr. Rust. Well, young gentleman, you see we cultivate all branches of science.

*Bev.* Amazing, indeed! But when we consider you, Sir Thomas, as the directing, the ruling planet, our wonder subsides in an instant. Science first saw



the day, with Socrates in the Attic portico ; her early years were spent with Tully in the Tusculan shade ! but her ripe, maturer hours, she enjoys with Sir Thomas Lofty near Cavendish-square.

*Sir Tho.* The most classical compliment I ever receiv'd ! Gentlemen, a philosophical repast attends your acceptance within. Sir Roger, you'll lead the way. (*Exeunt all but Sir Thomas and Bever.*) Mr. Bever, may I beg your ear for a moment ? Mr. Bever, the friendship I have for your farther, secured you, at first a gracious reception from me ; but what I then paid to an old obligation, is now, Sir, due to your own particular merit.

*Bev.* I am happy, Sir Thomas, if—

*Sir Tho.* Your patience. There is in you Mr. Bever, a fire of imagination, a quickness of apprehension, a solidity of judgment, join'd to a depth of discretion, that I never yet met with in any subject at your time of life.

*Bev.* I hope I shall never forfeit—

*Sir Tho.* I am sure you never will ; and to give you a convincing proof that I think so, I am now going to trust you with the most important secret of my whole life.

*Bev.* Your confidence does me great honour.

*Sir Tho.* But this must be on a certain condition.

*Bev.* Name it.

*Sir Tho.* That you give me your solemn promise to comply with one request I shall make you.

*Bev.* There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can ask that I shall not cheerfully grant.



*Sir Tho.* Nay, in fact it will be serving yourself.

*Bev* I want no such inducement.

*Sir Tho.* Enough. But we can't be too private.

(*Shuts the door.*) Sit you down. Your Christian name, I think, is—

*Bev.* Richard.

*Sir Tho.* True; the same as your father's: come let us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick, acknowledged that the English have reach'd the highest pitch of perfection in every department of writing but one—the dramatic.

*Bev.* Why, the French critics are a little severe.

*Sir Tho.* And with reason. Now to rescue our credit, and at the same time give my country a mode, (*shows a manuscript*), see here.

*Bev.* A play!

*Sir Tho.* A *chef d'œuvre*.

*Bev.* Your own?

*Sir Tho.* Speak lower. I am the author.

*Bev.* Nay, then there can be no doubt of its merit.

*Sir Tho.* I think not. You will be charm'd with the subject.

*Bev.* What is it, Sir Thomas?

*Sir Tho.* I shall surprise you. The story of Robinson Crusoe. Are not you struck?

*Bev.* Most prodigiously.

*Sir Tho.* Yes; I knew the very title would hit you. You will find the whole fable is finely conducted; and the character of Friday, *qualis ab incepto*, nobly supported throughout.

*Bev.* A pretty difficult task.



*Sir Tho.* True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearsal at Drury-Lane Play-house, and this night is to make its appearance.

*Bev.* To-night.

*Sir Tho.* This night.

*Bev.* I will attend, and engage all my friends to support it.

*Sir Tho.* That is not my purpose; the piece will want no such assistance.

*Bev.* I beg pardon.

*Sir Tho.* The manager of that house, (who, you know is a writer himself), finding all the anonymous things he produc'd (indeed some of them wretched enough, and very unworthy of him) plac'd to his account by the public, is determin'd to exhibit no more without knowing the name of the author.

*Bev.* A reasonable caution.

*Sir Tho.* Now, upon my promise (for I appear to patronise the play) to announce the author before the curtain draws up, Robinson Crusoe is advertis'd for this evening.

*Bev.* Oh, then you will acknowledge the piece to be yours:

*Sir Tho.* No.

*Bev.* How then?

*Sir Tho.* My design is to give it to you.

*Bev.* To me!

*Sir Tho.* To you.

*Bev.* What, me the author of Robinson Crusoe?

*Sir Tho.* Ay.

*Bev.* Lord Sir Thomas it will never gain credit: so complete a production the work of a stripling!



Besides Sir, as the merit is yours, why rob yourself of the glory?

*Sir Tho.* I am entirely indifferent to that.

*Bev.* Then why take the trouble?

*Sir Tho.* My fondness for letters, and love of my country. Besides, dear Dick, though the *pauci & selecti*, the chosen few, know the full value of a performance like this, yet the ignorant, the profane (by much the majority) will be apt to think it an occupation ill suited to my time of life.

*Bev.* Their censure is praise.

*Sir Tho.* Doubtless. But indeed my principal motive is my friendship for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determin'd to fix your fame on an immoveable basis.

*Bev.* You are most excessively kind; but there is something so disengenuous in stealing reputation from another man.

*Sir Tho.* Idle punctilio!

*Bev.* It puts me so in mind of the daw in the fable.

*Sir Tho.* Come, come, dear Dick, I won't suffer your modesty to murder your fame. But the company will suspect something; we will join them, and proclaim you the author. There, keep the copy; to you I consign it for ever; it shall be a secret to latest posterity. You will be smother'd with praise by our friends; they shall all in their bark to the play-house; and there,

Attendant sail,

Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale. [*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

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*Enter BEVER, reading.*

SO ends the first act. Come, now for the second. "Act the second, showing,"—the coxcomb has prefac'd every act with an argument too, in humble imitation, I warrant, of Mons. Diderot—"Showing the fatal "effects of disobedience to parents: "with, I suppose, the diverting scene of a gibbet; an entertaining subject for comedy. And the blockhead is as prolix; every scene as long as an homily. Let's see how does this end? "Exit Crusoe, and enter some savages dancing a saraband." There's no bearing this abominable trash. (*Enter Juliet.*) So, Madam; thanks to your advice and direction, I am got into a fine situation.

*Jul.* What is the matter now, Mr. Bever?

*Bev.* The Robinson Crusoe.

*Jul.* Oh, the play that is to be acted to-night. How secret you were! Who in the world would have guess'd you was the author?

*Bev.* Me, Madam!

*Jul.* Your title is odd; but to a genius every subject is good.

*Bev.* You are inclin'd to be pleasant.

*Jul.* Within they have been all prodigious loud in the praise of your piece? but I think my uncle rather more eager than any.

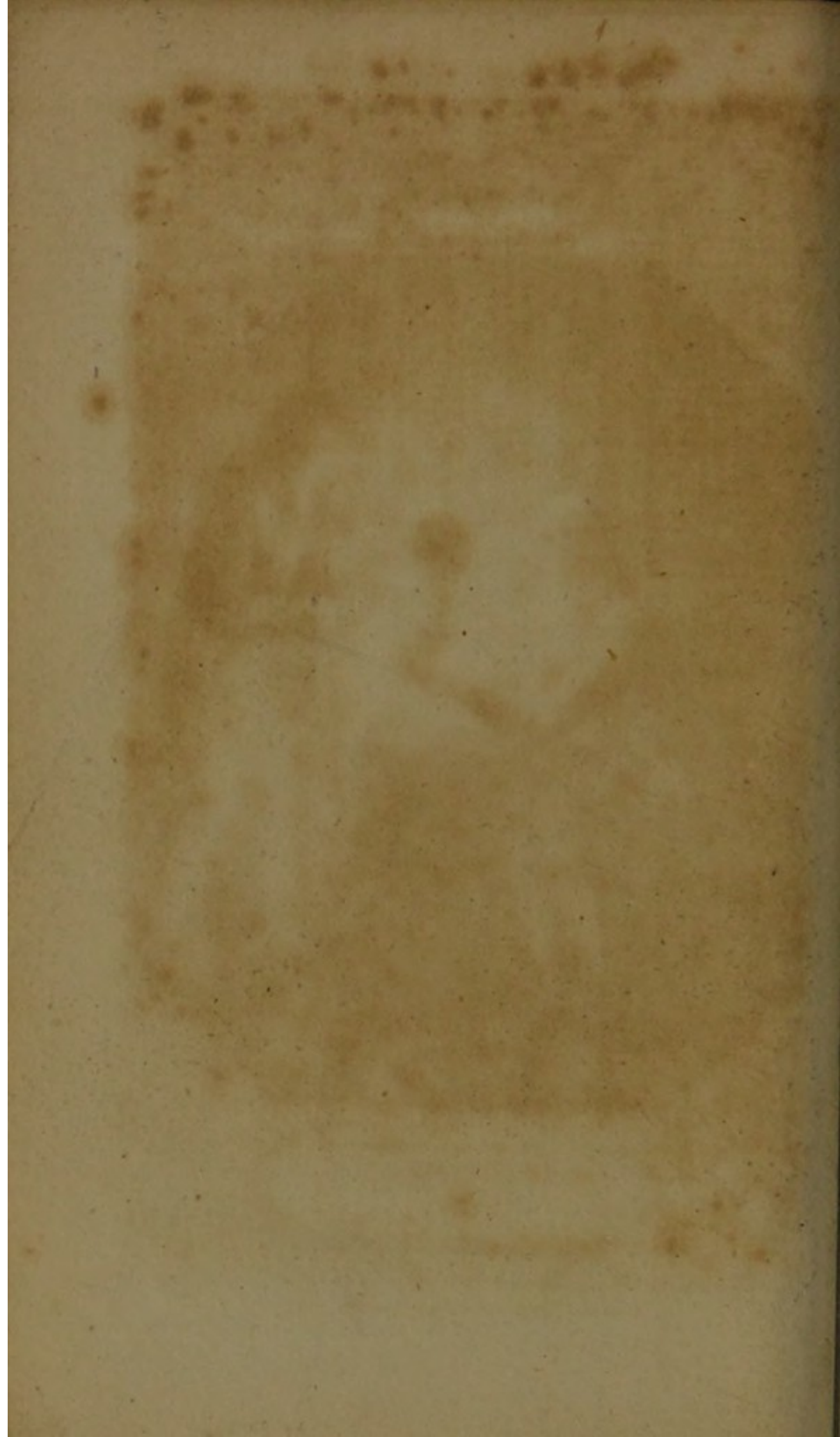




THE PATRON.

Act. 3.







*Bev.* He has reason ; for fatherly fondness goes far.

*Jul.* I don't understand you.

*Bev.* You don't !

*Jul.* No.

*Bev.* Nay Juliet, this is too much : you know it is none of my play.

*Jul.* Whose then ?

*Bev.* Your uncle's.

*Jul.* My uncle's ! Then how in the name of wonder, came you to adopt it ?

*Bev.* At his earnest request. I may be a fool ; but remember, Madam, you are the cause.

*Jul.* This is strange ; but I can't conceive what his motive could be.

*Bev.* His motive is obvious enough ; to screen himself from the infamy of being the author.

*Jul.* What, is it bad, then ?

*Bev.* Bad ! most infernal !

*Jul.* And you have consented to own it ?

*Bev.* Why, what could I do ? He in a manner compelled me.

*Jul.* I am extremely glad of it.

*Bev.* Glad of it ! Why, I tell you 'tis the most dull, tedious melancholy—

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* The most flat piece of frippery that ever Grub-street produc'd.

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* It will be damn'd before the third act.

*Jul.* So much the better.



*Bev.* And I shall be hooted and pointed at wherever I go.

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* So much the better! Zounds! so I suppose, you would say if I was a going to be hang'd. Do you call this a mark of your friendship?

*Jul.* Ah, Bever, Bever! you are a miserable politician: do you know, now, that this is the luckiest incident that ever occurred?

*Bev.* Indeed!

*Jul.* It could not have been better laid, had we plann'd it ourselves.

*Bev.* You will pardon my want of conception; but these are riddles.

*Jul.* That at present I have not time to explain. But what makes you loit'ring here? Past six o'clock, as I live! Why your play is begun; run, run to the house. Was ever author so little anxious for the fate of his piece!

*Bev.* My piece!

*Jul.* Sir Thomas! I know him by his walk. Fly; and pray all the way for the fall of your play. And do you hear, if you find the audience too indulgent, inclin'd to be milky, rather than fail, squeeze in a little acid yourself. Oh, Mr. Bever, at your return let me see you before you go to my uncle; that is, if you have the good luck to be damn'd.

*Bev.* You need not do but that.

[Exit.]



*Enter Sir THOMAS LOFTY.*

*Sir Tho.* So, Juliet; was not that Mr. Bever?

*Jul.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* He is rather tardy; by this time his cause is come on. And how is the young gentleman affected? for this is a trying occasion.

*Jul.* He seems pretty certain, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Indeed I think he has very little reason or fear. I confess I admire the piece, and feel as much for its fate as if the work was my own.

*Jul.* That I most sincerely believe, I wonder, Sir, you did not choose to be present.

*Sir Tho.* Better not. My affections are strong, Juliet, and my nerves but tenderly strung; however, intelligent people are planted, who will bring me, every act, a faithful account of the process.

*Jul.* That will answer your purpose as well.

*Sir Tho.* Indeed I am passionately fond of the arts, and therefore can't help—Did not somebody knock? No. My good girl, will you step, and take care that when any body comes, the servants may not be out of the way? (*Exit Juliet.*) Five-and-thirty minutes past six; by this time the first act must be over: John will be presently here. I think it can't fail; yet there is so much whim and caprice in the public opinion, that—This young man is unknown; they'll give him no credit. I had better have own'd it myself: reputation goes a great way in these matters;



people are afraid to find fault; they are cautious in censuring the works of a man who—Hush! that's he: no; 'tis only the shutters. After all I think, I have chosen the best way; for if it succeeds to the degree I expect, it will be easy to circulate the real name of the author; if it fails, I am conceal'd; my fame suffers—no—There he is. (*Loud knocking*) I can't conceive what kept him so long. (*Enter John*) So, John; well; and—but you have been a monstrous while.

*John.* Sir, I was wedg'd so close in the pit, that I could scarcely get out.

*Sir Tho.* The house was full, then?

*John.* As an egg, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* That's right. Well, John, and did matters go swimmingly? Hey?

*John.* Exceedingly well, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Exceedingly well. I don't doubt it. What, vast clapping and roars of applause, I suppose.

*John.* Very well, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Very well, Sir! You are damn'd costive, I think. But did not the pit and boxes thunder again?

*John.* I can't say there was over-much thunder.

*Sir Tho.* No! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Ay, attention; that is the true, solid, substantial applause. All else may be purchas'd; hands move as they are bid: but when the audience is hush'd, still, afraid of loosing a word, then—



*John.* Yes, they were very quiet, indeed, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* I like them the better, John; a strong mark of their great sensibility. Did you see Robin?

*John.* Yes, Sir; he'll be here in a trice; I left him list'ning at the back of the boxes, and charg'd him to make all the haste home that he could.

*Sir Tho.* That's right, John; very well; your account pleases me much, honest John. (*Exit John.*) No I did not expect the first act would produce any prodigious effect. And, after all, the first act is but a mere introduction; just opens the business, the plot, and gives a little insight into the characters; so that if you but engage and interest the house, it is as much as the best writer can flatt—(*Knocking without.*) Gadso! what, Robin already? why the fellow has the feet of a Mercury. (*Enter Robin.*) Well, Robin; and what news do you bring?

*Rob.* I, I, I——

*Sir Tho.* Stop, Robin, and recover your breath, Now, Robin.

*Rob.* There has been a woundy uproar below.

*Sir Tho.* An uproar! what at the play-house?

*Rob.* Ay.

*Sir Tho.* At what?

*Rob.* I don't know: belike at the words the play-folk were talking.

*Sir Tho.* At the players? How can that be? Oh, now I begin to perceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays: What, Robin, I suppose, hallooing, and clapping, and knocking of sticks.



*Rob.* Hallooing! Ay, and hooting too.

*Sir Tho.* And hooting!

*Rob.* Ay, and hissing to boot.

*Sir Tho.* Hissing! you must be mistaken.

*Rob.* By the mass, but I am not.

*Sir Tho.* Impossible! Oh, most likely some drunken disorderly fellows that were disturbing the house, and interrupting the play; too common a case; the people were right, they deserv'd a rebuke. Did not you hear them cry, Out, out, out!

*Rob.* Noa; that was not the cry; 'twas Off, off, off!

*Sir Tho.* That was a whimsical noise. Zounds! that must be the players. Did you observe nothing else?

*Rob.* Belike the quarrel first began between the gentry and a black-a-moor man.

*Sir Tho.* With Friday! The public taste is debauch'd; honest nature is too plain and simple for their vitiated palates! (*Enter Juliet.*) Juliet, Robin brings me the strangest account; some little disturbance; but I suppose it was soon settled again. Oh, but here comes Mr. Staytape my taylor; he is a rational being; we shall be able to make something of him. (*Enter Staytape.*) So, Staytape; what is the third act over already?

*Stay.* Over, Sir! no; nor never will be.

*Sir Tho.* What do you mean?

*Stay.* Cut short.

*Sir Tho.* I don't comprehend you.



*Stay.* Why, Sir, the poet has made a mistake in measuring the taste of the town: the goods, it seems, did not fit; so they return'd them upon the gentleman's hands.

*Sir Tho.* Rot your affectation and quaintness, you puppy! speak plain.

*Stay.* Why, then, Sir, Robinson Crusoe is dead.

*Sir Tho.* Dead!

*Stay.* Aye; and what is worse, will never rise any more. You will soon have all the particulars; for there were four or five of your friends close at my heels.

*Sir Tho.* Staytape, Juliet, run and stop them. Say I am gone out; I am sick; I am engag'd: but whatever you do, be sure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr——

*Stay.* Sir, they are here.

*Sir Tho.* Confound——

*Enter PUFF, DACTYL, and RUST.*

*Rust.* Aye, truly, Mr. Puff, this is but a bitter beginning: then the young man must turn himself to some other trade.

*Puff.* Servant, Sir Thomas; I suppose you have heard the news of——

*Sir Tho.* Yes, yes; I have been told it before.

*Dac.* I confess, I did not suspect it; but there is no knowing what effect these things will have till they come on the stage.



*Rust.* For my part, I don't know much of these matters; but a couple of gentlemen near me, who seem'd sagacious enough too, declar'd, that it was the vilest stuff they ever had heard, and wonder'd the players wou'd act it.

*Dac.* Yes: I don't remember to have seen a more general dislike.

*Puff.* I was thinking to ask you, Sir Thomas, for your interest with Mr. Bever, about buying the copy; but now no mortal would read it. Lord, Sir, it would not pay for paper and printing.

*Rust.* I remember, Kennet, in his Roman antiquities, mentions a play of Terence's, Mr. Daetyl, that was terribly treated; but that he attributes to the peoples fondness for certain *funambuli*, or rope-dancers; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town: Sir Thomas, have you?

*Sir Tho.* How should I? do you suppose I trouble my head about tumblers?

*Rust.* Nay I did not.

*Bev.* (*speaking without.*) Not to be spoke with! Don't tell me, Sir; he must, he shall.

*Sir Tho.* Mr. Bever's voice If he is admitted in his present disposition, the whole secret will certainly out. Gentlemen, some affairs of a most interesting nature makes it impossible for me to have the honour of your company to-night; therefore I beg you would be so good as to——



*Rust.* Affairs! no bad news? I hope Miss Julé is well.

*Sir Tho.* Very well; but I am most exceedingly—

*Rust.* I shall only just stay to see Mr. Bever: poor lad! he will be most horribly down in the mouth! a little comfort won't come amiss.

*Sir Tho.* Mr. Bever, Sir! you won't see him here.

*Rust.* Not here! why, I thought I heard his voice but just now.

*Sir Tho.* You are mistaken, Mr. Rust; but—

*Rust.* May be so; then we will go. Sir Thomas, my compliments of condolence, if you please, to the poet.

*Sir Tho.* Ay, ay.

*Dac.* And mine; for I suppose we shan't see him soon.

*Puff.* Poor gentleman! I warrant he won't show his head for these six months.

*Rust.* Ay, ay; indeed, I am very sorry for him; so tell him, Sir.

*Dac. and Puff.* So are we.

*Rust.* Sir Thomas, your servant. Come, gentlemen. By all this confusion in Sir Thomas, there must be something more in the wind than I know; but I will watch, I am resolv'd. [Exeunt.

*Bev. (without.)* Rascals, stand by! I must, I will, see him.



*Enter BEVER.*

So, Sir; this is delicate treatment, after all I have suffer'd.

*Sir Tho.* Mr. Bever, I hope you don't—that is—

*Bev.* Well, Sir Thomas Lofty, what think you now of your Robinson Crusoe? a pretty performance!

*Sir Tho.* Think, Mr. Bever! I think the public are blockheads; a tasteless, stupid, ignorant tribe; and a man of genius deserves to be damn'd who writes any thing for them. But courage, dear Dick; the principals will give you what the people refuse; the closet will do you that justice the stage has deny'd: Print your play.

*Bev.* My play! Zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

*Sir Tho.* Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!

*Bev.* Oh, Sir Thomas, you may be easy enough; you are safe and secure, remov'd far from that precipice that has dash'd me to pieces.

*Sir Tho.* Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you: the critics, the real judges, will discover in that piece such excellent talents——

*Bev.* No, Sir Thomas, no. I shall neither flatter you nor myself; I have acquir'd a right to speak what I think. Your play, Sir, is a wretched performance; and in this opinion all mankind are united.

*Sir Tho.* May be not.



*Bev.* If your piece had been greatly receiv'd, I would have declar'd Sir Thomas Lofty the author; if coldly, I would have own'd it myself; but such disgraceful, such contemptible treatment! I own the burden is too heavy for me; so Sir, you must bear it yourself.

*Sir Tho.* Me, dear Dick! what to become ridiculous in the decline of my life; to destroy in one hour, the fame that forty years has been building! that was the prop, the support of my age! Can you be cruel enough to desire it?

*Bev.* Zounds, Sir! and why must I be your crutch? Would you have me become a voluntary victim? No, Sir, this cause does not merit a martyrdom.

*Sir Tho.* I own myself greatly oblig'd; but persevere, dear Dick, persevere; you have time to recover your fame; I beg it with tears in my eyes. Another play will—

*Bev.* No, Sir Thomas; I have done with the stage, the muses and I meet no more.

*Sir Tho.* Nay, there are various roads open in life.

*Bev.* Not one where your piece won't pursue me: If I go to the bar, the ghost of this curst comedy will follow, and hunt me in Westminster-hall. Nay, when I dye, it will stick to my memory, and I shall be handed down to posterity with the author of *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

*Sir Tho.* Then marry: You are a pretty smart figure: and your poetical talents—



*Bev.* And what fair would admit of my suit, or family wish to receive me? Make the case your own, Sir Thomas; would you?

*Sir Tho.* With infinite pleasure.

*Bev.* Then give me your niece; her hands shall seal up my lips.

*Sir Tho.* What, Juliet? Willingly. But are you serious? Do you really admire the girl?

*Bev.* Beyond what words can express. It was by her advice I consented to father your play.

*Sir Tho.* What, is Juliet apprized? Here, Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an instant.

*Bev.* You are mistaken; she is wiser than you are aware of.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Sir Tho.* Oh, Juliet! you know what has happen'd?

*Jul.* I do, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Have you reveal'd this unfortunate secret?

*Jul.* To no mortal Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Come, give me your hand. Mr. Bever, child, for my sake, has renounced the stage, and the whole republic of letters; in return, I owe him your hand.

*Jul.* My hand! what to a poet hooted, hissed, and exploded! You must pardon me, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Juliet, a trifle! The most they can say of him is, that he is a little wanting in wit; and he has so many brother writers to keep him in countenance, that now-a-days that is no reflection at all.



*Jul.* Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr. Rust.

*Sir Tho.* I have found out the rascal : he has been more impertinently severe on my play than all the rest put together ; so that I am determined he shall be none of the man.

*Enter RUST.*

*Rust.* Are you so, Sir ? what, then, I am to be sacrific'd, in order to preserve the secret that you are a blockhead : but you are out in your politics ; before night it shall be known in all the coffee-houses in town.

*Sir Tho.* For heaven's sake, Mr. Rust !

*Rust.* And to-morrow I will paragraph you in every newspaper ; you shall no longer impose on the world : I will unmask you ; the lion's skin shall hide you no longer.

*Sir Tho.* Juliet ! Mr. Bever ! what can I do ?

*Bev.* Sir Thomas, let me manage this matter. Markee, old gentleman, a word in your ear ? you remember what you have in your pocket ?

*Rust.* Hey ! how ! what !

*Bev.* The curiosity that has cost you so much pains.

*Rust.* What, my Æneas ! my precious reliëf of Troy !

*Bev.* You must give up that or the lady.

*Jul.* How, Mr. Bever ?

*Bev.* Never fear ; I am sure of my man.

*Rust.* Let me consider. As to the girl, girls are plenty enough ; I can marry when I will : But my peer, my phoenix, that springs fresh from the flames, that can never be match'd—Take her.



*Bev.* And as you love your own secret, be careful of ours.

*Rust.* I am dumb.

*Sir Tho.* Now, Juliet.

*Jul.* You join me, Sir, to an unfortunate bard; but, to procure your peace——

*Sir Tho.* You oblige me for ever. Now the secret dies with us four. My fault. I owe him much.

Be it your care to show it;

And bless the man tho' I have damn'd the poet,



BUCKS, HAVE AT YE ALL;

OR

THE PICTURE OF A PLAY-HOUSE.

*By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.*

YE social friends of claret and of wit,  
Where'er dispers'd in merry groups ye sit;  
Whether below ye gild the glittering scene,  
Or in the upper regions oft have been;  
Ye bucks assembled at your Ranger's call,  
Damme, I know ye—and have at you all!  
The motive here that sets our bucks on fire,  
The generous wish, the first and last desire;  
If you will plaud its echo to renown,  
Or, urg'd with fury, tear the benches down;  
Tis still the same—to one bright goal we haste,  
To show your judgment and approve your taste.  
Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet:  
No, demme, bucks exist but in a riot.  
For instance now—to please the ear and charm th'  
admiring crowd,  
Four bucks o' the boxes sneer and talk aloud:  
To the green box next with joyous speed you run,  
Tilly-ho! ho! my bucks! well, damn it, what's the fun?  
Tho' Shakespeare speaks—regardless of the play,  
We laugh and loll the sprightly hours away:  
Nor to seem sensible of real merit,  
No, damme, 'tis low, 'tis vulgar beneath us lads of spirit.  
Four bucks o' the pit are miracles of learning,  
Who point out faults to show their own discerning;



And, critic-like, bestriding martyr'd sense,  
 Proclaim their genius and vast consequence.  
 The sidelong row, whose keener views of bliss  
 Are chiefly center'd in a favourite miss;  
 A set of jovial bucks who here resort,  
 Flush'd from the tavern, reeling, ripe for sport.  
 Wak'd from their dream, oft join the general roar,  
 With bravo, bravo—bravissimo, eh damme, encore!  
 Or, skipping that, behold another row,  
 Supply'd by citizens or smiling beau;  
 Addressing Miss, whose cardinal protection  
 Keeps her quite safe from rancorous detraction;  
 Whose lively eyes beneath a down-drawn hat,  
 Gives hint she loves a little—you know what.  
 Ye bucks above, who range like gods at large—  
 Nay, pray, don't grin, but listen to your charge—  
 You who design to change this scene of raillery,  
 And out-talk players in the upper gallery;  
 Oh there's a youth, and one o' the sprightly sort—  
 I don't mean you—damme you've no features for't—  
 Who slily skulks to hidden station  
 (While players follow their vocation)  
 Whistle off, off, off! Nosee, roast-beef—there's  
 education.

Now I've explor'd this mimic world quite thro',  
 And set each country's little faults to view;  
 In the right sense receive the well-meant jest,  
 And keep the moral still within your breast;  
 Convinc'd I'd not in heart or tongue offend,  
 Your hands acquit me, and I've gain'd my end,







PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



*Engraved by Ridley from a Picture by Spicer.*

MR. CHARLES BANNISTER.



*The Devil upon Two Sticks.*

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A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET.*

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The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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London :

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PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,  
FOR J. PARSONS, NO 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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1794.



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# Dramatis Personae.

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## HAY-MARKET.

### *Men.*

Devil,	-	MR. FOOTE
Sir Thomas Maxwell	-	MR. GARDNER
Invoice,	-	MR. DU BELLAMY
Sligo,	-	MR. MOODY

### *Doctors.*

Broadbrim,	-	MR. THOMPSON
Osasafras,	-	MR. EGAN
Fingerfee,	-	MR. HUTTON
Camphire,	-	MR. FEARON
Calomel,	-	MR. LINGS
Diachylon,	-	MR. LEWIS
Habakkuk,	-	MR. PIERCE
	-	

Dr. Last,	-	MR. WESTON
Johnny Macpherson,	-	MR. HAMILTON
Julep,	-	MR. PALMER
Apozem,	-	MR. CASTLE
Forceps,	-	MR. STEVENS
Secretary,	-	MR. LOYD
Printer's Devil,	-	MR. JACOBS.

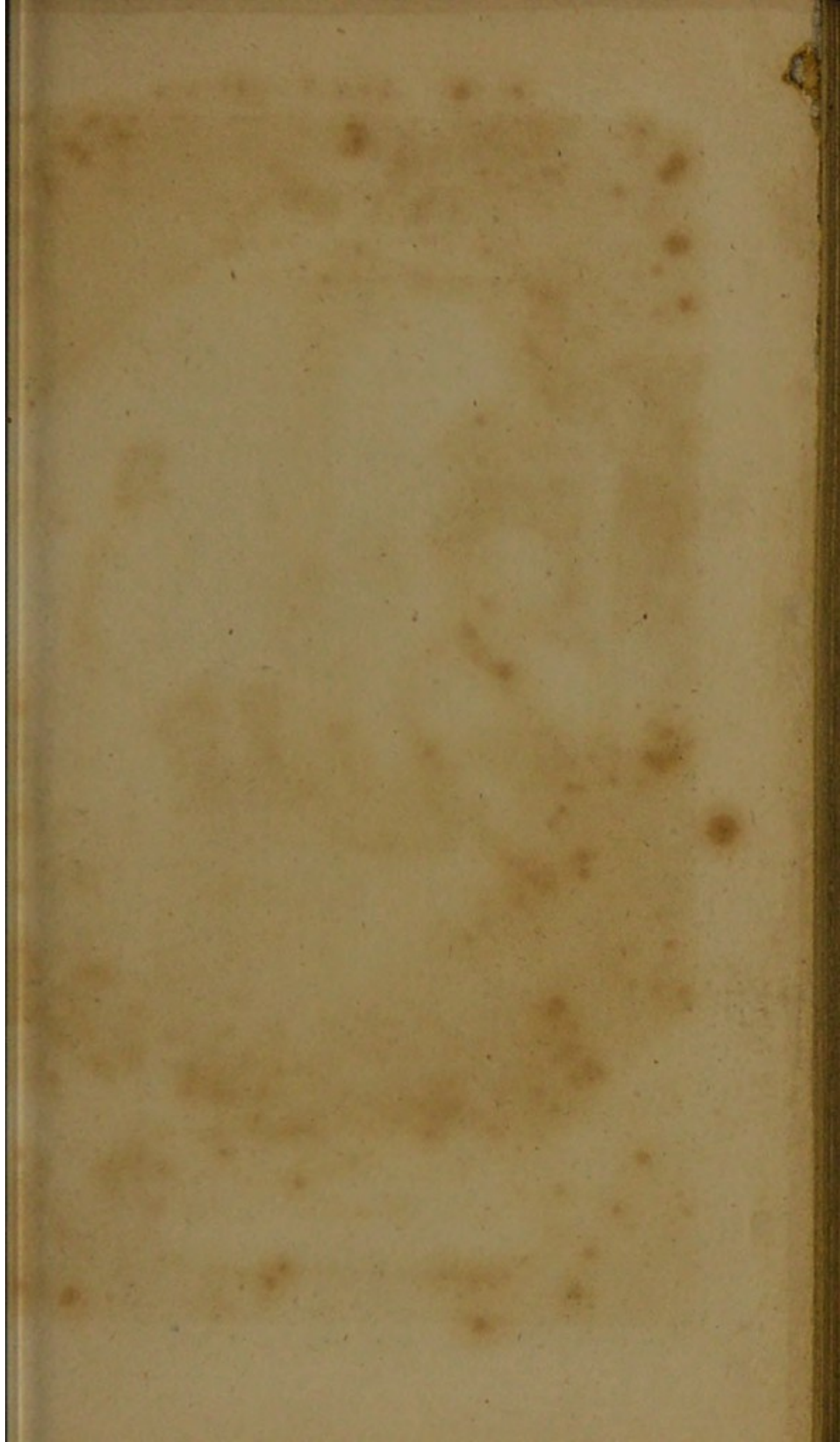
### *Women.*

Margaret,	-	MRS. GARDNER
Harriet,	-	MRS. JEWELL.

Servants, &c.

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PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS

Act I.





## *The Devil upon Two Sticks.*

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### ACT I.

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#### SCENE I.—*A Room.*

*Enter Sir THOMAS MAXWELL and MARGARET.*

*Sir Thomas.*

WHY, the woman is mad! these curs'd news-paper patriots have shatter'd her brains! nothing less than a senator of seven years standing can conceive what she means.

*Marg.* Why, Sir Thomas, my conversation is neither deficient in order, precision, or dignity.

*Sir Tho.* Dignity! and what occasion for dignity in the common concerns of my house? why the deuce can't you converse like the rest of the world? If you want money to pay off my bills, you move me for further supplies; if I turn away a servant, you condemn me so often for changing my ministry; and because I lock up my daughter, to prevent her eloping with the paltry clerk of a pitiful trader, it is



forsooth an invasion of the Bill of Rights, and a mortal stab to the great Charter of Liberty.

*Marg.* As Serjeant Second'em said in the debate on the corn-bill, "Then why don't you chuse better ground, brother, and learn to enlarge your bottom a little? Consider, you must draw the line of liberty somewhere; for if these rights be long"—

*Sir Tho.* Mercy on us!

*Marg.* But indeed, my dear brother, you are got quite out of your depth: Woman, I tell you, is a microcosm, and rightly to rule her requires as great talents, as to govern a state. And what says the Aphorism of Cardinal Polignac? "If you would not have a person deceive you, be careful not to let him know you mistrust him!" and so of your daughter.

*Sir Tho.* Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, bestow your advice where it is wanted! Out of my depth! a likely story indeed, that I, who am fix'd here in a national trust, appointed guardian of the English interest at the court of Madrid, should not know how to manage a girl!

*Marg.* And pray, Mr. Consul, what information will your station afford you? I don't deny your knowledge in export and import, nor doubt your skill in the difference between wet and dry goods; you may weigh with exactness the balance of trade, or explain the true spirit of a treaty of commerce; the surface, the mere skimmings of the political pot!

*Sir Tho.* Mighty well!

*Marg.* But had you, with me, traced things to their



original source; had you discovered all social subordination to arise from original compact; had you read Machiavel, Montesquieu, Locke, Bacon, Hobbes, Harrington, Hume; had you studied the political testaments of Alberoni and cardinal Richlieu——

*Sir Tho.* Mercy on us!

*Marg.* Had you analiz'd the Pragmatic Sanction, and the family-compact; had you toil'd thro' the laborious page of the Vinerian professor, or estimated the prevailing manners with the Vicar of Newcastle; in a word, had you read Amicus upon Taxation, and Inimicus upon Representation, you would have known——

*Sir Tho.* What?

*Marg.* That, in spite of the frippery French Salick laws, woman is a free agent, a noun substantive entity, and when treated with confidence——

*Sir Tho.* Why, perhaps, she may not abuse it: But still, my sage sister, it is but a *perhaps*; now my method is certain, infallible; by confining her, I can't be deceiv'd.

*Marg.* And pray, Sir, what right have you to confine her? look in your Puffendorff! tho' born in Spain, she is a native of England; her birth-right is liberty——a better patrimonial estate than any of your despotic countries could give her.

*Sir Tho.* Zooks, you would tire the patience of Job! Pray answer me this; is Harriet my daughter?

*Marg.* What then? for that inestimable blessing she is not beholden to you; nor can you, tho' a



father, with reason, justice, or law, take it from her.

*Sir Tho.* Why, Margaret, you forget where you are! This, child, is the town of Madrid; you are amongst a sage, steady people, who know and revere the natural rights of a parent.

*Marg.* Natural rights! Can a right to tyrannize be founded in nature?

*Sir Tho.* Look'ee, Margaret! you are but losing your time; for unless you can prevail on Count Wall, or the president of Castille, to grant you a Habeas, why, Harriet shall stay where she is.

*Marg.* Ay, ay, you know where you are; but, if my niece will take my advice, the justice that is denied to her here, she will instantly seek for elsewhere.

*Sir Tho.* Elsewhere? hark you, sister! is it thus you answer my purpose in bringing you hither? I hop'd to have my daughter's principles form'd by your prudence; her conduct directed by your experience and wisdom.

*Marg.* The preliminary is categorically true.

*Sir Tho.* Then why don't you abide by the treaty.

*Marg.* Yes; you have given me powerful motives!

*Sir Tho.* But another word, madam! as I don't chuse that Harriet should imbibe any more of your romantic republican notions, I shall take it as a great favour if you would prepare to quit this country with the first opportunity.



*Marg.* You need not have remonstrated; a petition would have answered your purpose: I did intend to withdraw, and without taking leave; nor will I reside on a spot where the great charter of my sex is hourly invaded! No, Sir Thomas, I shall return to the land of liberty! but there expect to have your despotic dealings properly and publicly handled.

*Sir Tho.* What, you design to turn author?

*Marg.* There's no occasion for that; liberty has already a champion in one of my sex; The same pen that has dar'd to scourge the arbitrary actions of some of our monarchs, shall do equal justice to the oppressive power of parents.

*Sir Tho.* With all my heart.

*Marg.* I may, perhaps, be too late to get you into the historical text; but, I promise you, you shall be soundly swung in the marginal note.

*Enter a SERVANT, who whispers Sir Thomas,*

*Sir Tho.* What! now?

*Serv.* This instant.

*Sir Tho.* How did he get in?

*Serv.* By a ladder of ropes, dropped, I suppose, Miss Harriet, from the balcony.

*Sir Tho.* That way, I reckon, he thinks to retreat; but I shall prevent him! Here, Dick, do you and Ralph run into the street, and front the house with a couple of carbines; bid James bring my toledo; and let the rest of the fellows follow my steps!

*Marg.* Hey-day! what can be the meaning of this civil commotion?



*Sir Tho.* Nothing extraordinary; only the natural consequence of some of your salutary suggestions.

*Marg.* Mine, Sir Thomas?

*Sir Tho.* Yes, yours, sister Margaret!

*Marg.* I don't understand you.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, nothing but Harriet making use of her great natural charter of liberty, by letting young Invoice, Abraham Indigo's clerk, by the means of a ladder of ropes, into her chamber.

*Marg.* I am not surprized.

*Sir Tho.* Nor I neither.

*Marg.* The instant your suspicions gave her a guard, I told her the act was tantamount to an open declaration of war, and sanctified every stratagem.

*Sir Tho.* You did? mighty well, madam! I hope then, for once, you will approve my proceedings; the law of nations shall be strictly observed; you shall see how a spy ought to be treated, who is caught in the enemy's camp!

*Enter SERVANT with the toledo.*

Oh, here's my trusty toledo. Come, follow your leader! *[Exit with Servants.]*

*Marg.* Oh, Sir, I shall pursue, and reconnoitre your motions; and tho' no cartel is settled between you, take care how you infringe the *jus gentium*.

*[Exit Marg.]*

*Another Chamber. HARRIET and INVOICE discovered.*

*Har.* Are you sure you were not observed?

*Inv.* I believe not,



*Har.* Well, Mr. Invoice, you can, I think, now, no longer doubt of my kindness; tho', let me tell you, you are a good deal indebted for this early proof of it, to my father's severity.

*Inv.* I am sorry, madam, an event, so happy for me, should proceed from so unlucky a cause: But are there no hopes that Sir Thomas may be softened in time?

*Har.* None: He is, both from nature and habit, inflexibly obstinate. This too is his favourite foible; no German baron was ever more attached to the genealogical laws of alliance than he: Marry his daughter to a person in trade? no! Put his present favourite out of the question, he can never be brought to submit to it.

*Inv.* Dear Miss Harriet, then why will you hesitate? there can be no other alternative; you must either submit to marry the count, or by flight escape from the——

*Har.* No, Mr. Invoice, not till the last necessity drives me. Besides, where can we go? how subsist? who will receive us?

*Inv.* *The world is all before us where to chuse; and, as we fly from oppression, Providence our guide.*

*Har.* The world, Mr. Invoice, is but a cold kind of common; and, as to Providence, let us first be sure we deserve its protection.—(*A noise without.*) Bless me! don't I hear some bustle below?

*Inv.* Madam!

*Har.* Hush! my father as I live! I fear, Mr. Invoice, you are discovered.



*Inv.* No, surely!

*Sir Tho.* (*without.*) Have you secured all the posts?

*Serv.* (*without.*) All, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Both the front and the rear?

*Serv.* Both.

*Har.* Lost, past redemption!

*Sir Tho.* Then advance! now let us unharbour the rascal!

*Har.* What can we do?

*Sir Tho.* Come, madam, open your doors!

*Har.* The balcony, quick, Mr. Invoice, the balcony!

*Sir Tho.* Unlock Mrs. Minx! your minion is discovered!

*Inv.* A couple of fellows stand below, with their pieces pointed directly against it.

*Sir Tho.* What, then, you will compel us to batter?

*Har.* The whole house is surrounded! how can you escape?

*Inv.* Where will this window conduct us?

*Har.* To the leads that join our house to the chymist's.

*Inv.* To the leads? it is but a step; there is no danger.

*Har.* Then instantly fly! you have every thing to fear from my father.

*Sir Tho.* John, fetch the mattock and crow!

*Inv.* And leave my Harriet behind me?

*Har.* Secure yourself, and abandon me to my fate.



*Inv.* No, madam, that I will never do; I'll dare  
our fathe'r's utmost resentment.

*Sir Tho.* Where is that rascal a-loitering?

*Har.* Then you are lost!

*Inv.* Would my Harriet accompany my flight—

*Har.* Can you desire it?

*Inv.* I do, I do; my dearest angel, I do! By all  
that's sacred, your honour shall be as secure with  
me as in the cell of a saint!

*Har.* But character, decency, prudence—

*Inv.* The occasion, the danger, all justify—

*Sir Tho.* Oh, what, you are come at last.

*Inv.* Determine, my life! You have but a mo-  
ment—

*Har.* Should you, Mr. Invoice, deceive me—

*Inv.* When I do, may my last hope deceive me!

*Har.* It is a bold, a dangerous step!

*Inv.* Fear nothing, my love!

[*Advances to the window, and gets out.*]

*Sir Tho.* Drive at the pannel.

*Marg.* (*without.*) I enter my protest!

*Sir Tho.* And I will enter the room!

*Inv.* Now leap; all is safe.

[*Harriet gets out at the window.*]

*Sir Thomas, adieu!*

*Sir Tho.* Wrench open the lock!

*Marg.* Ay, do, at your peril!

*Sir Tho.* Down with the door!

*Marg.* Then you shall all be swingeingly sous'd.  
Produce your authority!

*Sir Tho.* Mine.



*Marg.* You have none ; not so much as the sanction of a general warrant.

*Sir Tho.* What, then, I see I must do it myself : There it goes ! Pretty law indeed to lock a man out of his own house !

*Enter Sir THOMAS, MARGARET, and SERVANTS.*

Now, Mrs.—Heyday ! what are become of the parties ? vanished ?

*Marg.* Deceiv'd by your spies ! no uncommon thing, brother, for a blundering general.

*Sir Tho.* You are sure you saw him come in ?

*Serv.* Certain, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Then I warrant we will ferret them out. Come, lads ! let not a corner escape you !

*[Exeunt Sir Tho. and Servants.]*

*Marg.* I shall wait on your motions, and bring up the rear. *[Exit.]*

*Scene changes to the Chymist's.*

*Enter INVOICE and HARRIET, through the sash.*

*Inv.* Safely landed, however.

*Har.* Are you sure you are not pursued ?

*Inv.* Not a soul : never fear ! they will hardly venture this road.

*Har.* What a step have you induced me to take ! to what distress and difficulties have I exposed myself !

*Inv.* Banish your fears, and let us look forward, my love.



*Har.* Nay, I have gone too far to retreat. Well, Sir, what is next to be done?

*Inv.* The Spaniards are naturally generous; perhaps, upon hearing our story, the owner of the house may lend his assistance. This, I suppose, is the Laboratory, and this door leads to the shop.

*Devil.* (in a bottle). Heigh-ho!

*Har.* Who is that?

*Inv.* That! where?

*Har.* Did not you hear a voice?

*Inv.* None. Fancy, my love; only your fears.

*Devil.* Heigh-ho!

*Har.* There again!

*Inv.* I hear it now.—Who is there?

*Devil.* Me.

*Inv.* Me? he speaks English! Who and where are you?

*Devil.* Here—in this bottle; where I have been cork'd up for these six months.

*Inv.* Cork'd up in a bottle! I never heard of such a thing in my life, unless, indeed, in the Haymarket once.—Cork'd up in a bottle, d'ye say?

*Devil.* Ay; by the master of this house a magician.

*Inv.* A magician! Why then you are a spirit I suppose.

*Devil.* You are right; I am the Devil.

*Har.* Mercy on us!

*Devil.* Don't be terrified, Miss: You remember the old proverb, "The Devil is not so black as he is painted."

*Inv.* Well, but, Sir—



*Devil.* A truce to your questions, my good Sir, for the present!—Consider, ramm'd up in this narrow compass, I can't be much at my ease; now if you will but break the bottle before you on the floor—

*Har.* For heaven's sake, Mr. Invoice, take care what you do!

*Devil.* Why, my pretty Miss, what risque do you run? your affairs can hardly be changed for the worse.

*Har.* That's true, indeed!

*Devil.* Believe me, Miss, as matters stand, we can be of mutual use: Your lover may deliver me from prison, and I can prevent you both from going into confinement.

*Inv.* What says my Harriet? shall I rely on the gentleman's word?

*Devil.* Do, madam! I am a Devil of honour. Besides, you have but a little time to consider; in less than five minutes, you will have the Consul and all his crew in the house.

*Inv.* Nay, then—Pray which is the bottle?

*Devil.* That in the middle, right before you.

*Inv.* There it goes!

[*He breaks the bottle, and Devil rises out of it.*

*Thunder.*

*Har.* Oh, what a—

*Devil.* I am not surpris'd, Miss, that you are a little shock'd at my figure: I could have assum'd a much more agreeable form; but as we are to be a little better acquainted, I thought it best to quit all disguise and pretence; therefore, madam, you see me just as I am.



*Har.* I am sure, Sir, you are ve—ve—very agreeable,

*Devil.* Yo—yo—you are pleas'd to compliment, madam.—Come answer me sincerely; am I such a being as you expected to see?

*Har.* Really, Sir, I can hardly say what I expected to see.

*Devil.* I own it is a puzzling question; at least, if the world does us justice in the contradictory qualities they are pleas'd to afford us.

*Inv.* You will forgive me, if I don't understand you.

*Devil.* Why, for all their superlative epithets, you cannot but see how much men are beholden to us; by our means it is that you measure the extent both of your virtues and vices.

*Inv.* As how?

*Devil.* As thus: In describing your friends, or your foes, they are *devilish* rich, *devilish* poor, *devilish* ugly, *devilish* handsome; now and then, indeed to vary the mode of conversing, you make a little free with our condition and country, as, *hellish* dull, *damn'd* clever, *hellish* cold; Psha! how *damn'd* hot it is!

*Inv.* True, Sir; but I consider this as a rhetorical figure, a manner of speaking devis'd and practis'd by dulness, to conceal the lack of ideas, and the want of expressions.

*Devil.* Partly that, I confess: Not but there is some truth in the case; for at different times we have the power, and do assume the various forms, you assign us.



*Inv.* We ? I observe you always make use of the plural ; is that, Sir, by way of distinction, or, is your family pretty large and extensive ?

*Devil.* Multitudinous as the sands on the beach, or the moats in a sun-beam : How the deuse else do you think we could do all the business below ? Why there's scarce an individual amongst you, at least of any rank or importance, but has five or six of us in his train.

*Inv.* Indeed !

*Devil.* A little before I got rammed in that phial, I had been for some time on very hard duty in this part of the world.

*Inv.* Of what kind ?

*Devil.* The Dæmon of Power and I had long laid siege to a subject, the man a grandee ; I was then a popular spirit, and wore the mask of a patriot ; at different times, we possessed him by turns ; but, in the midst of a violent struggle (by which means I got lame on this leg, and obtained the nick-name of the Devil Upon Sticks), the Dæmon of Vanity, a low under-strapper amongst us, held over his head a circle of gold, with five knobs on the top, and, *whew!* flew away with our prize in an instant.

*Inv.* Under-strapper ! what are there different ranks and orders amongst you ?

*Devil.* Without doubt.

*Inv.* And, pray, Sir—I hope, no offence ; but I would not be wanting in proper respect—are you, when at home, of condition ? or how must I——

*Devil.* You mean, am I a Devil of fashion, or one of the base born ?



*Inv.* I do.

*Devil.* I have no reason to be ashamed of my family.

*Inv.* I don't doubt it. You will forgive me, if I make a mistake: Perhaps, my lord Lucifer?

*Devil.* Who?

*Inv.* Lord Lucifer?

*Devil.* Lord Lucifer! how little you know of our folks! Lucifer, a *lord*! Why, that's the meanest rascal amongst us.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* Oh, a paltry mechanic! the very genius of jobbing! a mere Bull and Bear booby; the patron of lame ducks, brokers, and fraudulent bankrupts.

*Inv.* You amaze me! I vow I always thought him a principal agent.

*Devil.* He! Not at all. The fellow, indeed, gave himself some airs of importance, upon following the camp, and having the Contractors and Commissaries under his care; but that affair, you know, closed with the war.

*Inv.* What, then, are they now entirely out of his hands?

*Devil.* Yes; quite out of his: He only suggested their *cent. per cent.* squeezings, and, prompted the various modes of extortion and rapine: But, in his room they have six or seven Dæmons a-piece, to direct the dissipation of their ill-gotten wealth.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* Poor Lucifer, it is all over with him! if it were not for the fluctuation of India, an occasional lottery, or a contested election, the Alley would be



empty, and Lucifer have as little to do as a pickpocket when the playhouses are shut.

*Inv.* Perhaps, Sir, then your name may be Belzebub?

*Devil.* He? worse and worse! Not a devil that has the least regard to his character would choose to be seen in his company: Besides, it is the most petulant, waspish, quarrelsome cur—But no wonder; he is the imp of chicane, and, protects the rotten part of the law.

*Inv.* Then he, at least, has employment enough.

*Devil.* Yes, during the Term, he has a good deal to do: he is the parent of quibbles, the guardian of pettifoggers, bad bail, and of bailiffs; the supporter of *alibi's*, the source of sham pleas, the maker and finder of flaws, the patron of perjury, and a sworn foe to all trials by jury! Not long ago, though, my gentleman was put to his shifts.

*Inv.* How was that?

*Devil.* The law had laid hold of an old friend of his for being too positive as to a matter of fact; evidence, evasion, protraction, pleas, every art, was employed to acquit him, that the most consummate skill could suggest; but all to no purpose.

*Inv.* That was strange.

*Devil.* Beyond all belief; he could have hang'd a dozen innocent people, with half the pains that this paltry perjury gave him.

*Inv.* How came that about?

*Devil.* Why—I don't know—he had unfortunately to do with an obstinate magistrate, who bears a mortal hatred to rogues, and whose sagacity could



not be deceived. But, however, tho' he was not able to save his friend from the shame of conviction (a trifle, which he indeed but little regarded), yet he had the address to evade, or at least defer, the time of his punishment.

*Inv.* By what means?

*Devil.* By finding a flaw.

*Inv.* A flaw! what's a flaw?

*Devil.* A legal loop-hole, that the lawyers leave open for a rogue now and then to creep through, that the game mayn't be wholly destroyed.

*Inv.* A provident sportsman! Would it not be too much trouble to favour me with this particular instance?

*Devil.* Not at all. Why, Sir, when matters grew desperate, and the case was given over for lost, little Belzy starts up in the form of an able practitioner, and humbly conceived, that his client could not be convicted upon that indictment; forasmuch as therein he was charg'd with forswearing himself *now*; whereas it clearly appeared, by the evidence, that he had only forsworn himself *then*: If indeed, he had been indicted generally, for committing perjury *now* and *then*, proofs might be produced of any perjury he may have committed; whereas, by limiting the point of time to the *now*, no proofs could be admitted as to the *then*: So that, with submission, he humbly conceived, his client was clearly absolved, and his character as fair and as spotless as a babe that's just born, and immaculate as a sheet of white paper.

*Inv.* And the objection was good?



*Devil.* Fatal ; there was no getting rid of the flaw.

*Inv.* And the gentleman——

*Devil.* Walks about at his ease ; not a public place, but he thrusts his person full in your face.

*Inv.* That ought not to be ; the contempt of the public, that necessary supplement to the best digested body of laws, should in these cases be never dispensed with.

*Devil.* In days of yore, when the world was but young, that method had merit, and the sense of shame was a kind of a curb ; but knaves are now so numerous and wealthy, they can keep one another in countenance, and laugh at the rest of the world.

*Inv.* There may be something in that.—Well, Sir I have twice been out of my guess ; will you give me leave to hazard a a third ? Perhaps you are Belphegor, or Uriel ?

*Devil.* Neither. They too are but diminutive devils : The first favours the petty, pilfering frauds ; he may be traced in the double score and soap'd pot of the publican, the allum and chalk of the baker, in the sophisticated mixtures of the brewers of wine and of beer, and in the false measures and weights of them all.

*Inv.* And Uriel ?

*Devil.* He is the Dæmon of quacks and of mountebanks ; a thriving race all over the world, but their true seat of empire is England : There, a short sword, a tye, and a nostrum, a month's advertising, with a shower of handbills, never fail of creating a



fortune. But of this tribe I foresee I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

*Inv.* Well, but, Sir——

*Devil.* Come, Sir, I will put an end to your pain; for from my appearance, it is impossible you should ever guess at my person.—Now, Miss, what think you of Cupid.

*Har.* You? you Cupid? you the gay god of love?

*Devil.* Yes; me, me, Miss!—What, I suppose you expected the quiver at my back, and the bow in my hand; the purple pinions, and filletted forehead, with the blooming graces of youth and of beauty.

*Har.* Why, I can't but say the poets had taught me to expect charms——

*Devil.* That never existed but in the fire of their fancy; all fiction and phrenzy!

*Inv.* Then, perhaps, Sir, these creative gentlemen may err as much in your office, as it is clear they have mistaken your person.

*Devil.* Why, their notions of me are but narrow. It is true, I do a little business in the amorous way; but my dealings are of a different kind to those they describe.—My province lies in forming conjunctions absurd and preposterous: It is I that couple boys and beldames, girls and greybeards, together; and when you see a man of fashion lock'd in legitimate wedlock with the stale leavings of half the fellows in town, or a lady of fortune setting out for Edinburgh in a post-chaise with her footman, you may always set it down as some of my handywork.



But this is but an inconsiderable branch of my business.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* The several arts of the drama, dancing, music, and painting, owe their existence to me: I am the father of fashions, the inventor of *quints*, *trente*, *quarante*, and hazard; the guardian of gamblers, the genius of gluttony, and the author, protector, and patron of licentiousness, lewdness, and luxury.

*Inv.* Your department is large.

*Devil.* One time or other I may give you a more minute account of these matters; at present we have not a moment to lose: Should my tyrant return, I must expect to be again cork'd up in a bottle. (*Knocking.*) And hark! it is the consul that knocks at the door; therefore be quick! how can I serve you?

*Inv.* You are no stranger, Sir, to our distress: Here, we are unprotected and friendless; could your art convey us to the place of our birth—

*Devil.* To England?

*Inv.* If you please.

*Devil.* Without danger, and with great expedition. Come to this window, and lay hold of my cloak.—I have often resided in England: At present, indeed, there are but few of our family there; every seventh year, we have a general dispensation for residence; for at that time the inhabitants themselves can play *the devil* without our aid or assistance.—Off we go! stick fast to your hold! [Thunder. Exeunt.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT II.

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SCENE I. *A Street in London.*

*Enter DEVIL, INVOICE, and HARRIET.*

*Devil.*

WELL, my good friends, I hope you are not displeased with your journey?

*Inv.* We had no time to be tired.

*Har.* No vehicle was ever so easy.

*Devil.* Then, by you mortals what injustice is done us, when every crazy, creaking, jolting, jumbling coach, is called *the devil of a carriage*,

*Inv.* Very true,

*Devil.* Oh, amongst you we are horridly used.— Well, Sir, you now see I am a Devil of honour, and have punctually obey'd your commands: But I sha'nt limit my gratitude to a literal compliance with our compact; is there any thing else for your service?

*Inv.* Were I not afraid to trespass too much on your time——

*Devil.* A truce to your compliments! Tho' they are the common change of the world, we know of what base metal the coin is composed, and have



cried down the currency: Speak your wishes at once.

*Inv.* England, Sir, is our country, it is true; but Miss Maxwell being born abroad, and my leaving it young, have made us both as much strangers to its manners and customs, as if you had set us down at Ispahan or Delhi: Give us, then, some little knowledge of the people with whom we are to live.

*Devil.* That task, young gentleman, is too much even for the devil himself! Where liberty reigns, and property is pretty equally spread, independence and pride will give each individual a peculiar and separate character: When classed in professions, indeed, they then wear some singular marks that distinguish them from the rest of their race; these it may be necessary for you to know.

*Inv.* You will highly oblige me.

*Devil.* And at the same time that I am showing you persons, I will give you some little light into things. Health and property you know are the two important objects of human attention: You shall first see their state and situation in London.

*Inv.* You mean the practice of physick and law?

*Devil.* I do. And as to the first, you will find it, in some of the professors, a science, noble, salutary, and liberal; in others, a trade, as mean as it is mercenary; a contemptible combination of dunces, nurses, and apothecaries: But you have now a lucky opportunity of knowing more in an hour of the great improvements in this branch of civil society, than by any other means, seven years could have taught you.



*Inv.* Explain, if you please.

*Devil.* The spirit of Discord prevails: The republic of tied periwigs, like the Romans of old, have turned their arms from the rest of mankind, to draw their short swords on themselves.

*Inv.* But how came this about?

*Devil.* To carry on the metaphor, you must know, in this great town, there are two corps of these troops, equally numerous, and equally formidable: The first, it is true, are disciplined, and fight under a general, whom they christen a President: The second contains the hussars, and pandours of physick; they rarely attack a patient together; not but the latter single-handed can do good execution.

*Inv.* But their cause of contention?

*Devil.* Pride. The light troops are jealous of some honours the others possess by prescription, and, though but a militia, think they have right to an equal rank with the regulars.

*Inv.* Why, this in time may ruin their state.

*Devil.* True; but that we must prevent; it is our interest to make up this breach: Already we feel the fatal effects of their feuds: By neglecting their patients, the weekly bills daily decline, and new subjects begin to grow scarce in our realms.

*Inv.* This does, indeed, claim your attention.

*Devil.* We purpose to call in the aid of the law; bleeding the purse is as effectual for damping the spirit, as opening a vein for lowering the pulse: The Dæmon of Litigation has already possessed the



Licentiates; I must infuse the same passion into the President; and I warrant you, in two or three terms, with two or three trials, all sides will be heartily tired. But a-propos! I see a brace of apothecaries coming this way; they seem deep in debate: Let us listen; we shall best learn from them the present posture of—Hush, hide!—You shall here too have a proof what a Proteus I am. [*They retire.*]

*Enter JULEP and APOZEM, with a letter.*

*Julep.* I tell you, Apozem, you are but young in the business, and don't forssee how much we shall be all hurt in the end.

*Apozem.* Well, but what can be done, Mr. Julep? Here Dr. Hellebore writes me word, that they threaten a siege, and are provided with fire-arms: would you have them surrender the college at once?

*Julep.* Fire-arms? if they are mad enough not to know that the pen is the doctor's best pistol, why, let them proceed!

*Apozem.* But are we to stand quietly by, and see the very seat of the science demolished and torn?

*Julep.* And with what arms are we to defend it? where are our cannon? We have mortars indeed, but then they are fit to hold nothing but pestles; and, as to our small arms, of what use can they be in a siege? they are made, you know, to attack only the rear.

*Apozem.* Come, come, Mr. Julep, you make too light of these matters: to have the lawful descend-



ants from Galen, the throne of Esculapius, overturned by a parcel of Goths!

*Julep.* Peace, Apozem, or treat your betters with proper respect! What, numskull, do you think all physicians are blockheads, who have not washed their hands in the Cam or the Isis?

*Apozem.* Well, but I hope you will allow that a university-doctor——

*Julep.* May, for aught you know, be a dunce. Besides, fool, what have we to do with degrees? the doctor that doses best is the best doctor for us. You talk of the College; there are some of their names, I am sure, that I never desire to see on my file.

*Apozem.* Indeed!

*Julep.* Indeed? no, indeed. Why, there's Dr. Diet, that makes such a dust: He had a person of fashion, a patient of mine, under his care t'other day; as fine a slow fever! I was in hopes of half making my fortune——

*Apozem.* Yes; I love a slow fever. Was it nervous?

*Julep.* Ay; with a lovely dejection of spirits.

*Apozem.* That was delightful, indeed! I look upon the nerves and the bile to be the two best friends we have to our back.—Well, pray, and how did it answer?

*Julep.* Not at all; the scoundrel let him slip through my hands for a song; only a paltry six pounds and a crown.

*Apozem.* Shameful!



*Julep.* Infamous! and yet, forsooth, he was one of your College. Well, now to shew you the difference in men; but the very week after, Dr. Linctus, from Leyden, run me up a bill of thirty odd pounds, for only attending Alderman Soakpot six days in a surfeit.

*Apozem.* Ay, that was doing of business.

*Julep.* Ah! that's a sweet pretty practitioner, Apozem: we must all do our utmost to push him.

*Apozem.* Without doubt. But, notwithstanding all that you say, Mr. Julep, there are some of the gentlemen of the College, that I know——

*Julep.* Ah! as fine fellows as ever fingered a pulse; not one in the trade will deny it.

*Apozem.* But, amongst all now, old Nat Nightshade is the man for my money,

*Julep.* Yes; Nat, Nat has merit, I own; but, pox take him! he is so devilish quick: To be sure, he has a very pretty fluent pen whilst it lasts; but then he makes such dispatch, that one has hardly time to send in two dozen of draughts.

*Apozem.* Yes; the doctor drives on, to be sure.

*Julep.* Drives on! If I am at all free in the house when old Nightshade is sent for, as a preparatory dose I always recommend an attorney.

*Apozem.* An attorney? for what?

*Julep.* To make the patient's will, before he swallows the doctor's prescription.

*Apozem.* That is prudent.

*Julep.* Yes; I generally afterwards get the thanks of the family.



*Apozem.* What, Mr. Julep, for the attorney, or the physician? ha, ha!

*Julep.* Ha, ha! you are arch, little Apozem; quite a wag, I profess.

*Apozem.* Why, you know, brother Julep, these are subjects upon which one can hardly be serious.

*Julep.* True, true; but then you should never laugh loud in the street: We may indulge, indeed, a kind of simpering smile to our patients, as we drive by in our chariots; but then there is a decency, not to say dignity, that becomes the publick demeanour of us, who belong to the faculty.

*Apozem.* True. And yet there are times when one can hardly forbear: Why, t'other day now I had like to have burst: I was following a funeral into St. George's—a sweet pretty burying; velvet pall, hat-band and gloves; and, indeed, the widow was quite handsome in all things; paid my bill the next week, without sconcing off sixpence, though they were thought to have lived happily together—but, as I was a-saying, as we were entering the church, who should stand in the porch but Kit Cabbage the taylor, with a new pair of breeches under his arm: The sly rogue made me a bow, “Servant, master Apozem!” says he; “what, you are carrying home your work too, I see.” Did you ever hear such a dog?

*Julep.* Ay, ay; let them, let them——But, is not that Dr. Squib that is crossing the way?

*Apozem.* Yes; you may see it is Squib, by his shuffle. What, I suppose now he is scouring away for the college.



*Julep.* Who? Squib? how little you know of him! he did not care if all our tribe was tipped into the Thames.

*Apozem.* No!

*Julep.* No! Lord help you! he is too much taken up with the national illness, to attend to particular ails: Why, he would quit the best patient in town to hunt after a political secret; and would rather have a whisper from a great man in the Court of Requests, than five hundred pounds for attending him in a chronical case.

*Apozem.* Wonderful!—Who can that dirty boy be that he has in his hand?

*Julep.* One of his scouts, I suppose.—We shall see.

*Re-enter DEVIL, as Dr. SQUIB, and PRINTER'S  
DEVIL.*

*Squib.* And you are sure this was worked off one of the first?

*Boy.* Not a single one, Sir, has been sent out as yet.

*Squib.* That is daintily done, my dear devil! Here, child, here's sixpence. When your master gives you the rest, you need not be in haste to deliver them, but step into the first public-house to refresh you.

*Boy.* I shall, Sir.

*Squib.* By that means, I shall be earliest to treat two or three great men that I know with the sight.

*Boy.* No further commands, Sir?

*Squib.* None, child.—But, d'ye hear? if you can at any time get me the rough reading of any tart po-



critical manuscript, before it goes to press, you sha'n't be a loser."

*Boy.* I shall try, Sir.

*Squib.* That's well! Mind your business, and go on but as you begin, and I foresee your fortune is made: Come, who knows but in a little time if you are a good boy, you may get yourself committed to Newgate.

*Boy.* Ah, Sir, I am afraid I am too young.

*Squib.* Not at all: I have seen lads in limbo much younger than you. Come don't be faint-hearted; there has many a printer been raised to the pillory, from as slender beginnings.

*Boy.* That's great comfort, however. Well, Sir, I'll do my endeavour. [Exit.]

*Squib.* Do, do!—What, Apozem! Julep! well encountered, my lads! You are a couple of lucky rouges! Here, here's a treat for a prince; such a print, boys! just fresh from the plate: Feel it; so wet you may wring it.

*Julep.* And pray, good doctor, what is the subject?

*Squib.* Subject? Gad take me a trimmer? this will make some folks that we know look about them. Hey, Julep, don't you think this will sting?

*Julep.* I profess I don't understand it.

*Squib.* No? Why, zounds, it is as plain as a pike-staff; in your own way too, you blockhead! Can't you see? Read, read the title, you rouge! But perhaps you can't without spectacles. Let me see; ay, "The State-Quacks; or, Britannia a-dying." You take it?



*Julep.* Very well.

*Squib.* There you see her stretched along on a pallet; you may know she is Britannia, by the shield and spear at the head of her bed.

*Apozem.* Very plain; for all the world like the wrong side of a halfpenny!

*Squib.* Well said little Apozem! you have discernment, I see. Her disease is a lethargy; you see how sick she is, by holding her hand to her head; don't you see that?

*Julep.* I do, I do.

*Squib.* Well then, look at that figure there upon her left-hand.

*Julep.* Which?

*Squib.* Why he that holds a draught to her mouth.

*Julep.* What, the man with the phial?

*Squib.* Ay, he! with the phial: That is supposed to be—(*whispers*) offering her laudanum, to lull her faster asleep.

*Julep.* Laudanum, a noble medicine when administered properly; I remember once, in a locked jaw—

*Squib.* Damn your lock'd jaw! hold your prating, you puppy! I wish your jaws were lock'd! Pox take him, I have forgot what I was going to! Apo-  
zem, where did I leave off?

*Apozem.* You left off at faster asleep.

*Squib.* True; I was faster asleep. Well then; you see that thin figure there, with the meagre chaps; he with the straw in his hand,

*Apozem.* Very plain,



*Squib.* He is supposed to be—(*whispers*) You take me?

*Julep.* Ay, ay.

*Squib.* Who rouses Britannia by tickling her nose with that straw; she starts, and with a jerk—(*starting, strikes Julep.*) I beg pardon!—and with a jerk knocks the bottle of laudanum out of his hand; and so, by that there means, you see, Britannia is delivered from death.

*Julep.* Ay, ay.

*Squib.* Hey! you swallow the satire? Pretty bitter, I think?

*Julep.* I can't say that I quite understand—that—*a—*

*Squib.* Not understand? then what a fool am I to throw my time on a dunce! I shall miss too the reading a new pamphlet in Red-Lion-Square; and at six I must be at Serjeant's-Inn, to justify bail for a couple of journeymen printers.

*Apozem.* But, Dr. Squib, you seem to have forgot the case of the College, your brethren.

*Squib.* I have no time to attend their trifling squabbles; The nation, the nation, Mr. Apoziem, engrosses my care. The College! could they but get me a stiptic to stop the bleeding wounds of my—it is there, there, that I feel! Oh, Julep, Apoziem,

Could they but cast the water of this land,  
Purge her gross humours, purify her blood;  
And give her back her pristine health again,  
I would applaud them to the very echo  
That should applaud again!

*Julep.* Indeed, Dr. Squib, that I believe is out of the way of the College,



*Squib.* Throw physic to the dogs then! I'll have none of't.

But tell me, Apozem, inform me, Julep,  
What senna, rhubarb, or what purgative drug,  
Can scour these—hence?

You understand me, lads!

*Julep.* In good truth, not I, Sir.

*Squib.* No! then so much the better! I warrant little Pozy does.—Well, adeiu, my brave boys! for I have not an instant to lose. Not understand me, hey? Apozem, you do, you rouge?—

What senna, rhubarb, or—hey—can scour these Sc—  
Egad, I had like to have gone too far!—Well, bye  
bye! [*Exit Squib.*

*Julep.* Why the poor man seems out of his senses.

*Apozem.* When he talked of throwing physic to the dogs, I confess I began to suspect him. But we shall be late; we must attend our summons, you know.

*Julep.* Throw physic to the dogs! I can tell thee, Apozem, if he does not get cured of these fancies and freaks, he is more likely to go to the kennel by half. Throw physic to the dogs! an impertinent ignorant puppy! [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter DEVIL, INVOICE, and HARRIET.*

*Devil.* Well, I think chance has thrown a pretty good sample into your way. Now, if I could but get one to conduct you—But stay, who have we here?



*Enter LAST, with a pair of shoes.*

*Last.* Pray, good gentleman, can you tell a body which is the ready road to find Warwick-lane?

*Devil.* Warwick-lane, friend? and prithee what can thy errand be there?

*Last.* I am going there to take out a licence to make me a doctor, an like your worship.

*Devil.* Where do you live?

*Last.* A little way off in the country.

*Devil.* Your name, honest friend, and your business?

*Last.* My name, master, is Last; by trade I am a doctor, and by profession a maker of shoes: I was born to the one, and bred up to the other.

*Devil.* Born? I don't understand you.

*Last.* Why, I am a seventh son, and so were my father.

*Devil.* Oh! a very clear title. And pray, now, in what branch does your skill chiefly lie?

*Last.* By casting a water, I cures the jaundarse; I taps folks for a tenpenny; and have a choicc charm for the agar; and, over and above that, master, I bleeds.

*Devil.* Bleeds? and are your neighbours so bold as to trust you?

*Last.* Trust me? ay, master, that they will, sooner than narra a man in the country. Mayhap you may know Dr. Tyth'em our rector at home.

*Devil.* I can't say that I do.

*Last.* He's the flower of a man in the pulpit. Why, t'other day, you must know, taking a turn in



his garden, and thinking of nothing at all, down falls the doctor flat in a fit of perplexity; Madam Tyth'em, believing her husband was dead, directly sent the sexton for I.

*Devil.* An affectionate wife!

*Last.* Yes; they are a main happy couple. Sure as a gun, master, when I comed, his face was as black as his cassock: but, howsomdever, I took out my lancet, and forthwith opened a large artifice here in one of the juglers: The doctor bled like a pig.

*Devil.* I dare say.

*Last.* But it did the business, howsomdever; I compassed the job.

*Devil.* What, he recovered?

*Last.* Recovered? Lord help you! why, but last Sunday was se'nnight—to be sure, the doctor is gi-given to weeze a little, because why, he is main opulent, and apt to be tisicky—but he composed as sweet a discourse—I slept from beginning to end.

*Devil.* That was composing, indeed.

*Last.* Ay, warn't it, master, for a man that is stricken in years?

*Devil.* Oh, a wonderful effort!

*Last.* Well, like your worship, and, besides all this I have been telling you, I have a pretty tight hand at a tooth.

*Devil.* Indeed!

*Last.* Ay; and I'll say a bold word, that, in drawing a thousand, I never stumpt a man in my life: Now let your Rusperti's, and all your foreign



mounseers, with their fine dainty freeches, say the like if they can.

*Devil.* I defy them.

*Last.* So you may. Then, about a dozen years ago, before these here Suttons made such a noise, I had some thoughts of occupying for the small-pox.

*Devil.* Ay; that would have wound up your bottom at once. And, why did not you?

*Last.* Why, I don't know, master; the neighbours were frightful, and would not consent; otherwise, by this time, 'tis my belief, men, women, and children, I might have occupied twenty thousand at least.

*Devil.* Upon my word!—But, you say a dozen years, Master Last: As you have practised physic without permission so long, what makes you now think of getting a licence?

*Last.* Why, it is all along with one Lotion, a pot-tercarrier, that lives in a little town hard by we; he is grown old and lascivious, I think, and threatens to present me at size, if so be I practise any longer.

*Devil.* What, I suppose you run away with the business?

*Last.* Right, master; you have guessed the matter at once. So I was telling my tale to Sawney M'Gregor, who comes now and then to our town, with his pack; God, he advised me to get made a doctor at once, and send for a diplummy from Scotland.

*Devil.* Why, that was the right road, master Last.



*Last.* True. But my master Tyth'em tells me, that I can get it done for pretty near the same price here in London; so I had rather, d'ye see, lay out my money at home, than transport it to foreign parts, as we say; because why, master, I thinks there has too much already gone that road.

*Devil.* Spoke like an Englishman!

*Last.* I have a pair of shoes here, to carry home to farmer Fallow's son, that lives with master Grogram the mercer hard by here in Cheapside; so I thought I might as well do both businesses under one.

*Devil.* True. Your way, master Last, lies before you; the second street, you must turn to the left; then enter the first great gates that you see.

*Last.* And who must I aks for?

*Devil.* Oh, pull out your purse; you will find that hint sufficient: It is a part of the world where a fee is never refused.

*Last.* Thank you, master! You are main kind; very civil indeed! (*Going, returns*) I wish, master, you had now either the agar or jaundarse; I would set you right in a trice.

*Devil.* Thank you, master Last; but I am as well as I am.

*Last.* Or, if so be you likes to open a vein, or would have a tooth or two knocked out of your head, I'll do it for nothing.

*Devil.* Not at present, I thank you! when I want, I'll call at your house in the country. [*Exit Last.* Well, my young couple, and what say you now?

*Inv.* Say, Sir? that I am more afraid of being sick than ever I was in my life.



*Devil.* Pho! you know nothing as yet. But my time draws nigh for possessing the President; If I could but get some intelligent person, to conduct you to the place where the Licentiates assemble—There seems a sober, sedate-looking lad; perhaps he may answer our purpose. Hark'ee, young man!

*Enter JOHNNY MACPHERSON.*

*Macp.* What's your wul, Sir? would you spear aught wi me?

*Devil.* Though I think I can give a good guess, pray from what part of the world may you come?

*Macp.* My name is Johnney Macpherson, and I came out of the North.

*Devil.* Are you in business at present?

*Macp.* I conna say that, Sir, nor that I am inteerely dastitute neither; but I sal be unco glad to get a mair solid establishment.

*Devil.* Have you been long in this town?

*Macp.* Aboot a month awa, Sir: I launded fra Leith, in the guide ship the Traquair, Davy Donaldson maister, and am lodged wi Sæwney Sincliar, at the sign o' the city of Glasgow, not far fra the Monument.

*Devil.* But you are in employment?

*Macp.* Ay, for some part of the day.

*Devil.* And to what may your profits amount?

*Macp.* Ah! for the matter of that, it is a praty smart little income.

*Devil.* Is it a secret how much?



*Macp.* Not at aw ; I get three-pence an hour for larning Latin to a physician in the ceety.

*Devil.* The very man that we want,—Latin! and, what, are you capable?

*Macp.* Cappable! Hut away, mon! Ken ye, that I was heed of the humanity-class for mair than a twalvemonth? and was offered the chair of the grammatical professorship in the College, which amunts to a mater of six pounds British a year.

*Devil.* That's more than I knew. Can you guess, Sir, where your scholar is now!

*Macp.* It is na long, Sir, that I laft him conning his *As in præsentis*; after which, he talked of ganging to meet some friends o' the faculty, aboot a sort of a squabble, that he says is sprang up among them; he wanted me to gan along wi him, as I had gi'n mysel to study madicine a little before I quitted the North.

*Devil.* Do you know the public-house where they meet.

*Macp.* Yes, yes ; unco weel, Sir ; it is at the tavern the South side of Paul's Kirk.

*Devil.* Will you take the trouble to conduct this young couple thither? they will amply reward you.—You and your partner will follow this lad. Fear nothing! by my art, you are invisible to all but those that you desire should see you. At the College we shall rejoin one another ; for thither the Licentiates will lead you.



*Inv.* But how shall we be able to distinguish you from the rest of the Fellows?

*Devil.* By my large wig, and superior importance; in a word, you must look for me in the PRESIDENT.

*Inv.* Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## A C T III.

SCENE I—*A Street.*

FINGERFEE, SLIGO, OSASAFRAS, BROADBRIM,  
*other Doctors, and MACPHERSON, discovered.*

*Fingerfee.*

NO; I can't help thinking this was by much the best method. If, indeed, they refuse us an amicable entrance, we are then justified in the use of corrosives.

*Sligo.* I tell you, Dr. Fingerfee—I am sorry, d'ye see, to differ from so old a practitioner; but I don't like your prescription at all, at all; For what signifies a palliative regiment, with such a rotten constitution? May I never finger a pulse as long as I live, if you get their voluntary consent to go in, unless indeed it be by compulsion.

*Osas.* I entirely coincide with my very capable countryman, Dr. Sligo d'ye see; and do give my advice, in this consultation for putting the whole College under a course of steel without further delay.

*Sligo.* I am much obligated to you for your kind compliment, doctor. But, pray, what may your name be?



*Osas.* Dr. Osasafras, at your humble service.

*Sligo.* I am your very obadient alsho! I have hard cell of your name. But what did you mane by my countryman? Pray, doctör, of what nation are you?

*Osas.* Sir, I have the honour to be a native of Ireland.

*Sligo.* Osasafras? that's a name of no note; he is not a Milesian, I am sure. The family, I suppose, came over t'other day with Strongbow, not above seven or eight hundred years ago; or perhaps a descendant from one of Oliver's drummers—'Pon my consience, doctör, I should hardly belave you were Irish.

*Osas.* What, Sir, d'ye doubt my veracity?

*Sligo.* Not at all, my dear doctör; it is not for that: but, between me and yourself, you have lived a long time in this town.

*Osas.* Like enough.

*Sligo.* Ay: and was here a great while before ever I saw it.

*Osas.* What of that?

*Sligo.* Very well, my dear doctör: Then, putting that and t'other together, my notion of the upshot is, that if so be you are a native of Ireland, upon my consience, you must have been born there very young.

*Osas.* Young? ay, to be sure: Why, my soul, I was christen'd there.

*Sligo.* Ay!

*Osas.* Ay, was I, in the County of Meath.

*Sligo.* Oh, that alters the property; that makes it as clear as Fleet-Ditch. I should be glad countryman, of your nearer acquaintance.—But what little



slim doctor is that, in his own head of hair? I don't recollect to have seen his features before.

*Osas.* Nor I, to my knowledge.

*Sligo.* Perhaps he may be able to tell me, if I ask him himself.—I am proud to see you, doctor, on this occasion; because why, it becomes every gentleman that is of the faculty—that is, that is not of their faculty; you understand me—to look about him and stir.

*Macp.* Oh, by my troth, you are right, Sir: The leemiting of physic aw to ain hoose, caw it a College, or by what denomination you wul, it is at best but establishing a sort of monopoly.

*Sligo.* 'Pon my conscience, that is a fine observation. By the twist of your tongue, doctor, (no offence) I should be apt to guess that you might be a foreigner born.

*Macp.* Sirr!

*Sligo.* From Russia, perhaps, or Muscovy?

*Macp.* Hut awa, mon! not at aw: Zounds, I am a Breeton.

*Sligo.* Then, I should suppose, doctor, pretty far to the northward.

*Macp.* Ay; you are right, Sir.

*Sligo.* And pray, doctor, what particular branch of our business may have taken up the most of your time?

*Macp.* Botany.

*Sligo.* Botany! in what college?

*Macp.* The university of St. Andrews.

*Osas.* Pray, doctor, is not botany a very dry sort of a study?



*Sligo.* Most damnably so in those parts, my dear doctor; for all the knowledge they have they must get from dried herbs, because the devil of any green that will grow there.

*Macp.* Sir, your information is wrong.

*Sligo.* Come, my dear doctor, hold your palaver, and don't be after puffing on us, becaase why, you know in your consience that in your part of the world you get no cabbage but thistles; and those you are oblig'd to raise upon hotbeds.

*Macp.* Thistles! zounds, Sir, d'ye mean to affront me?

*Sligo.* That, doctor, is as you plaases to take it.

*Macp.* God's life, Sir, I would ha' you to ken, that there is narra a mon wi his heed upon his shoulders that dare—

*Fing.* Peace, peace, gentlemen! let us have no civil discord. Doctor Sligo is a lover of pleasantry; but, I am sure, had no design to affront you: A joke, nothing else.

*Macp.* A joke! ah; I like a joke weel enough; but I did na understand the doctor's gibing and geering: Perhaps my wut may not be aw together as sharp as the doctor's, but I have a sword, Sir—

*Sligo.* A sword, Sir!

*Fing.* A sword! ay, ay; there is no doubt but you have both very good ones; but reserve them for—  
Oh! here comes our ambassador.



*Enter DYACHYLON.*

Well, Dr. Dyachylon, what news from the College? will they allow us free ingres and egress?

*Diac.* I could not get them to swallow a single demand.

*All.* No?

*Sligo.* Then let us drive there, and drench them.

*Diac.* I was heard with disdain, and refus'd with an air of defiance.

*Sligo.* There, gentlemen! I foretold you what would happen at first.

*All.* He did, he did.

*Sligo.* Then we have nothing for it, but to force our passage at once.

*All.* By all means; let us march!

*Broad.* Friend Fingerfee, would our brethren but incline thine ears to me for a minute—

*Fing.* Gentlemen, Dr. Broadbrim desires to be heard.

*All.* Hear him, hear him!

*Sligo.* Paw, honey, what signifies hearing? I long to be doing, my jewel!

*Fing.* But hear Dr. Melchisedech Broadbrim, however.

*All.* Ay, ay; hear Dr. Broadbrim!

*Broad.* Fellow-labourers in the same vineyard! ye know well how much I stand inclined to our cause; forasmuch as not one of my brethren can be more zealous than I—

*All.* True, true.



*Broad.* But ye wot also, that I hold it not meet or wholesome to use carnal weapon, even for the defence of myself; much more unseemly then must I deem it to draw the sword for the offending of others.

*Sligo.* Paw! brother doctors; don't let him bother us, with his *yea* and *nay* nonsense!

*Broad.* Friend Sligo, do not be cholerick; and know, that I am as free to draw my purse, in this cause, as thou art thy sword: And thou wilt find, at the length, notwithstanding thy swaggering, that the first will do us best service.

*Sligo.* Well, but—

*All.* Hear him, hear him!

*Broad.* It is my motion, then brethren, that we do forthwith send for a sinful man in the flesh, called an attorney

*Sligo.* An attorney!

*Broad.* Ay, an attorney; and that we do direct him to take out a parchment instrument, with a seal fixed thereto.

*Sligo.* Paw, pox! what good can that do?

*Broad.* Don't be too hasty, friend Sligo.—And therewith, I say, let him possess the outward tabernacle of the vain man, who delighteth to call himself President, and carry him before the men clothed in lambskin, who at Westminster are now sitting in judgment.

*Sligo.* Paw! a law-suit! that won't end with our lives.—Let us march!

*All.* Ay, ay.



*Sligo.* Come, Dr. Habakkuk, will you march in the front or the rear?

*Hab.* Pardon me, doctor! I cannot attend you.

*Sligo.* What, dy'e draw back when it comes to the push.

*Hab.* Not at all; I would gladly join in putting these Philistines to flight; for I abhor them worse than hog's puddings, in which the unclean beast and the blood are all jumbled together.

*Sligo.* Pretty food, for all that.

*Hab.* But this is Saturday; and I dare not draw my sword on the Sabbath.

*Sligo.* Then stay with your brother Melchisedech; for tho' of different religions, you are both of a kidney. Come, doctors; out with your swords! Huzza! and now for the Lane! Huzza! [Exeunt.

*Manent* BROADBRIM *and* HABAKKUK.

*Broad.* Friend Habakkuk, thou seest how headstrong and wilful these men are; but let us use discretion, however. Wilt thou step to the Inn that taketh its name from the city of Lincoln? enquire there for a man, with a red rag at his back, a small black cap on his pate, and a bushel of hair on his breast? I think they call him a serjeant.

*Hab.* They do.

*Broad.* Then, without let or delay, bring him hither, I pray thee.

*Hab.* I will about it this instant.



*Broad.* His admonition, perhaps, may prevail.  
Use dispatch, I beseech thee, friend Habakkuk.

*Hab.* As much as if I was posting to the Treasury, to obtain a large subscription in a new loan, or a lottery.

*Broad.* Nay, then, friend, I have no reason to fear thee.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The College.*

DEVIL (*as HELLEBORE, the President*) CAMPHIRE, CALOMEL, SECRETARY, and PUPILS, *discovered.*

*Sec.* The Licentiates, Sir, will soon be at hand.

*Hel.* Let them!

*Cal.* We will do our duty, however; and, like the patricians of old, receive with silence these Visigoths in the senate.

*Hel.* I am not, Dr. Calomel, of so pacific a turn: Let us keep the evil out of doors, if we can; if not, *vim vi*, repel force by force.—Barricado the gates!

*Sec.* It is done.

*Hel.* Are the buckets and fire-engine fetched from St. Dunstan's?

*Sec.* They have been here, Sir, this half-hour.

*Hel.* Let twelve apothecaries be placed at the pump, and their apprentices supply 'em with water!

*Sec.* Yes, Sir.

*Hel.* But let the engine be play'd by old Jollup, from James-street! Not one of the trade has a better hand at directing a pipe.

*Sec.* Mighty well, Sir.



*Hel.* In the time of siege, every citizen ought in duty to serve.—Having thus, brothers, provided a proper defence, let us coolly proceed to our business. Is there any body here, to demand a licence to-day?

*Sec.* A practitioner, Mr. President, out of the country.

*Hel.* Are the customary fees all discharged?

*Sec.* All, Sir.

*Hel.* Then let our censors, Dr. Christopher Camphire, and Dr. Cornelius Calomel, introduce the practitioner for examination.

*[Exeunt Camphire and Calomel.]*

After this duty is dispatch'd, we will then read the College and Students a lecture.

*Enter CAMPHIRE and CALOMEL, with LAST.*

*Last.* First, let me lay down my shoes.

*[They advance, with three bows, to the table.]*

*Hel.* Let the candidate be placed on a stool, What's the Doctor's name?

*Sec.* Emanuel Last, Mr. President.

*Hel.* Dr. Last, you have petition'd the College, to obtain a licence for the practice of physic; and though we have no doubt of your great skill and abilities, yet our duty compels us previously to ask a few questions: What academy had the honour to form you.

*Last.* Anan!

*Hel.* We want to know the name of the place where you have studied the science of physic.



*Last.* Dunstable.

*Hel.* That's some German university; so he can never belong to the College.

*All.* Never; oh, no.

*Hel.* Now, Sir, with regard to your physiological knowledge. By what means, Dr. Last, do you discover that a man is not well?

*Last.* By his complaint that he is ill.

*Hel.* Well replied! no surer prognostic.

*All.* None surer.

*Hel.* Then, as to recovering a subject that is ill—  
Can you venture to undertake the cure of an ague?

*Last.* With arra a man in the country.

*Hel.* By what means?

*Last.* By a charm.

*Hel.* And pray of what materials may that charm be compos'd?

*Last.* I won't tell; 'tis a secret.

*Hel.* Well replied! the College has no right to pry into secrets.

*All.* Oh, no; by no means.

*Hel.* But now, Dr. Last, to proceed in due form; are you qualified to administer remedies to such diseases as belong to the head?

*Last.* I believe I may.

*Hel.* Name some to the College.

*Last.* The tooth-ache.

*Hel.* What do you hold the best method to treat it?

*Last.* I pulls 'em up by the roots.

*Hel.* Well replied, brothers! that, without doubt, is a radical cure.



*All.* Without doubt.

*Hel.* Thus far as to the head: Proceed we next to the middle! When, Dr. Last, you are called in to a patient with a pain in his bowels, what then is your method of practice?

*Last.* I claps a trencher hot to the part.

*Hel.* Embrocation; very well! But if this application should fail, what is the next step that you take?

*Last.* I gi's a vomit and a purge.

*Hel.* Well replied! for it is plain there is a disagreeable guest in the house; he has opened both doors; if he will go out at neither, it is none of his fault.

*All.* Oh, no; by no means.

*Hel.* We have now dispatched the middle, and head: Come we finally to the other extremity, the feet! Are you equally skilful in the disorders incidental to them?

*Last.* I believe I may.

*Hel.* Name some.

*Last.* I have a great vogue all four way or curing of corns.

*Hel.* What are the means that you use?

*Last.* I cuts them out.

*Hel.* Well replied! extirpation: No better method of curing can be. Well, brethren, I think we may now, after this strict and impartial enquiry, safely certify, that Dr. Last, from top to toe, is an able physician.

*All.* Very able, very able, indeed.



*Hel.* And every way qualified to proceed in his practice.

*All.* Every way qualified.

*Hel.* You may descend, Dr. Last. [*Last takes his seat among them.*] Secretary, first read, and then give the doctor his licence.

*Sec.* [*Reads.*] "To all whom these presents may come greeting. Know, ye, that, after a most strict and severe inquisition, not only into the great skill and erudition, but the morals of Dr. Emanuel Last, We are authorized to grant unto the said doctor full power, permission, and licence, to pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, dose, drench, purge, bleed, blister, clister, cup, scarify, syringe, salivate, couch, flux, sweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaister, and poultice, all persons, in all diseases, of all ages, conditions, and sexes. And we do strictly command and enjoin all surgeons, apothecaries, with their apprentices, all midwives, male, female, and nurses, at all times, to be aiding and assisting to the said Dr. Emanuel Last. And we do further charge all mayors, justices, aldermen, sheriffs, bailiffs, headboroughs, constables, and coroners, not to molest or intermeddle with the said doctor, if any party whom he shall pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, dose, drench, purge, bleed, blister, clister, cup, scarify, syringe, salivate, couch, flux, sweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaister, and poultice, should happen to die, but to deem that the said party died a natural death, any thing appearing to the contrary notwithstanding. Given under our hands, &c.



Hercules Hellebore, Cornelius Calomel, Christopher Camphire.

*Last.* Then, if a patient die, they must not say that I kill'd him?

*Hel.* They say? Why how should they know, when it is not one time in twenty that we know it ourselves?—Proceed we now to the lecture! (*They all rise and come forward to the table*). Brethren and students, I am going to open to you some notable discoveries that I have made, respecting the source, or primary cause of all distempers incidental to the human machine: And these, brethren, I attribute to certain animalculæ, or piscatory entities, that insinuate themselves thro' the pores into the blood, and in that fluid sport, toss, and tumble about, like mackarel or cod-fish in the great deep: And, to convince that this is not a mere *gratis dictum*, an hypothesis only, I will give you demonstrative proof. Bring hither the microscope!

*Enter a SERVANT with microscope.*

Doctor Last, regard this receiver. Take a peep.

*Last.* Where?

*Hel.* There. Those two yellow drops there, were drawn from a subject afflicted with the jaundice.—Well, what d'ye see!

*Last.* Some little creatures like yellow flies, that are hopping and skipping about.

*Hel.* Right. Those yellow flies give the tinge to the skin, and undoubtedly cause the disease: And now for the cure! I administer to every patient



The two-and-fiftieth part of a scruple of the ovaria or eggs of the spider; these are thrown by the digestive powers into the secretory, there separated from the alimentary, and then precipitated into the circulatory; where, finding a proper nidus or nest, they quit their torpid state, and vivify, and upon vivification discerning the flies, their natural food, they immediately fall foul of them, extirpate the race out of the blood, and restore the patient to health.

*Last.* And what becomes of the spiders?

*Hel.* Oh, they die, you know, for want of nutrition. Then I send the patient down to Brightelmston; and a couple of dips in the salt water washes the cobwebs entirely out of the blood.—Now, gentlemen, with respect to the——

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, Mr. Forceps, from the Hospital.

*Hel.* The Hospital! is this a time to——

*Enter FORCEPS.*

Well, Forceps, what's your will?

*For.* To know, Sir, what you would have done with the hospital-patients to-day?

*Hel.* To-day! why, what was done yesterday?

*For.* Sir, we bled the West ward and jallop'd the North.

*Hel.* Did ye? why then, bleed the North ward, and jallop the West, to-day. [Exit For.]

Now, I say, brethren——



*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* The Licentiates are drawn up at the gate.

*Hel.* Who leads 'em?

*Serv.* They are led on by Sligo: They demand instant entrance, and threaten to storm.

*Hel.* Doctors Calomel and Camphire, our two aid-de-camps, survey their present posture, and report it to us.

*Without.* Huzza!

*Hel.* Bid old Jollup be ready to unmask the engine at the word of command.

*Enter CAMPHIRE.*

*Hel.* Now, Dr. Camphire?

*Camp.* The sledge hammers are come, and they prepare to batter in breach.

*Hel.* Let the engine be play'd off at the very first blow! [*Exit Camp.*]

*Without.* Huzza!

*Enter CALOMEL.*

*Hel.* Now, doctor?

*Cal.* The first fire has demolished Dr. Fingerfee's foretop.

*Hel.* That's well, [*Exit Cal.*]

*Enter CAMPHIRE.*

Now, doctor?

*Camp.* The second fire has dropt the stiff buckles of Dr. Osasafras.



*Hel.* Better and better! [Exit Camp.]

*Enter CALOMEL.*

Now, doctor?

*Cal.* Both the knots of Dr. Anodoyne's tye are dissolved.

*Hel.* Best of all! [Exit Cal.]

*Enter CAMPHIRE.*

Now, doctor?

*Camp.* As Dr. Sligo, with open mouth, drove furiously on, he received a full stream in his teeth, and is retired from the field dropping wet.

*Hel.* Then the day's our own! [Exit Camp.]

*Enter CALOMEL.*

Now, doctor?

*Cal.* All is lost! Dr. Sligo, recruited by a bumper of Drogheda, is returned with fresh vigour.

*Hel.* Let our whole force be pointed at him! [Exit Cal.]

*Enter CAMPHIRE.*

Now, doctor?

*Camp.* The siege slackens; Dr. Broadbrim, with serjeant Demur, are arrived in the camp. [Exit.]

*Hel.* What can that mean?

*Enter CALOMEL.*

Now, doctor?



*Cal.* Serjeant Demur has thrown this manifesto over the gate. [Exit.

*Hel.* [looking at the parchment] Ha! "Middlesex to wit. John Doe and Richard Roe." It is a challenge to meet 'em at Westminster Hall; then we have breathing-time till the term.

*Enter LAST.*

Now, doctor?

*Last.* I have forgot my shoes.

[Takes 'em up, and exit.

*Hel.* Oh!

*Enter CAMPHIRE.*

*Camp.* The Licentiates file off towards Fleet-street.

*Hel.* Follow all, and harrass the rear! leave not a dry thread among them! Huzza! [Exeunt.

*Re-enter DEVIL, INVOICE, and HARRIET.*

*Devil.* Well, my young friends, you will naturally be led to Westm——Oh!

*Inv.* Bless me, Sir, what's the matter? You change colour, and falter.

*Devil.* The magician at Madrid has discovered my flight, and recalls me by an irresistible spell: I must leave you, my friends!

*Inv.* Forbid it, Fortune! it is now, Sir, that we most want your aid.

*Devil.* He must, he will be obeyed. Hereafter, perhaps, I may rejoin you again.



*Inv.* But, Sir, what can we do? how live? what plan can we fix on for our future support?

*Devil.* You are in a country where your talents, with a little application, will procure you a provision.

*Inv.* But which way to direct them?

*Devil.* There are profitable professions that require but little ability,

*Inv.* Name us one.

*Devil.* What think you of the trade with whose badge I am at present invested?

*Inv.* Can you suppose, Sir, after what I have seen—

*Devil.* Oh, Sir, I don't design to engage you in any personal service; I would only recommend it to you to be the vender of some of those infallible remedies with which our newspapers are constantly crowded.

*Inv.* You know, Sir, I am possess'd of no secret.

*Devil.* Nor they either: A few simple waters, dignified with titles that catch, no matter how wild and absurd, will effectually answer your purpose: As, let me see now! Tincture of Tinder, Essence of Eggshell, or Balsam of Broomstick.

*Inv.* You must excuse me, Sir; I can never submit.

*Devil.* I think you are rather too squeamish. What say you then to a little spiritual quackery?

*Inv.* Spiritual?

*Devil.* Oh, Sir, there are in this town mountebanks for the mind, as well as the body. How



should you like mounting a cart on a common, and becoming a Methodist Preacher?

*Inv.* Can that scheme turn to account?

*Devil.* Nothing better: Believe me, the absolute direction of the persons and purses of a large congregation, however low their conditions and callings, is by no means a contemptible object. I, for my own part, can say, what the Conqueror of Persia said to the Cynic; "If I was not Alexander, I would be Diogenes:" So, if I was not the Devil, I would chuse to be a Methodist Preacher.

*Inv.* But then the restraint, the forms, I shall be obliged to observe——

*Devil.* None at all: There is, in the whole catalogue, but one sin you need be at all shy of committing.

*Inv.* What's that?

*Devil.* Simony.

*Inv.* Simony! I don't comprehend you.

*Devil.* Simony, Sir, is a new kind of canon, devised by these upstart fanatics, that makes it sinful not to abuse the confidence, and piously plunder the little property, of an indigent man and his family.

*Inv.* A most noble piece of casuistical cookery, and exceeds even the sons of Ignatius! But this honour I beg to decline.

*Devil.* What think you then of trying the stage? You are a couple of good theatrical figures; but how are your talents? can you sing?



*Inv.* I can't boast of much skill, Sir; but Miss Harriet got great reputation in Spain.

*Har.* Oh, Mr. Invoice!—My father, Sir, as we seldom went out, established a domestic kind of drama, and made us perform some little musical pieces, that were occasionally sent us from England.

*Devil.* Come, Sir, will you give us a taste of your—just a short—*te ti te tor*.

[*Sings a short prelude.*]

*Inv.* I must beg to be excused, Sir; I have not a musical note in my voice, that can please you.

*Devil.* No? Why then, I believe we must trouble the lady: Come, Miss, I'll charm a band to accompany you.

[*Waves his stick.*]

[*Harriet sings*]

*Devil.* Exceedingly well! You have nothing to do now, but to offer yourselves to one of the houses.

*Inv.* And which, Sir, would you recommend?

*Devil.* Take your choice; for I can serve you in either.

*Inv.* No? I thought, Sir, you told me just now, that the several arts of the drama were under your direction.

*Devil.* So they were formerly; but now they are directed by the Genius of Insipidity; He has entered into partnership with the managers of both houses, and they have set up a kind of circulating library, for the vending of dialogue novels. I dare not go near the new house, for the Dæmon of Power, who gave me this lameness, has possessed the pates, and sown discord among the mock monarchs there; and



what one receives, the other rejects. And as to the other house, the manager has great merit himself, with skill to discern, and candor to allow it in others; but I can be of no use in making your bargain, for in that he would be too many for the cunningest Devil amongst us.

*Inv.* I have heard of a new playhouse in the Hay-market.

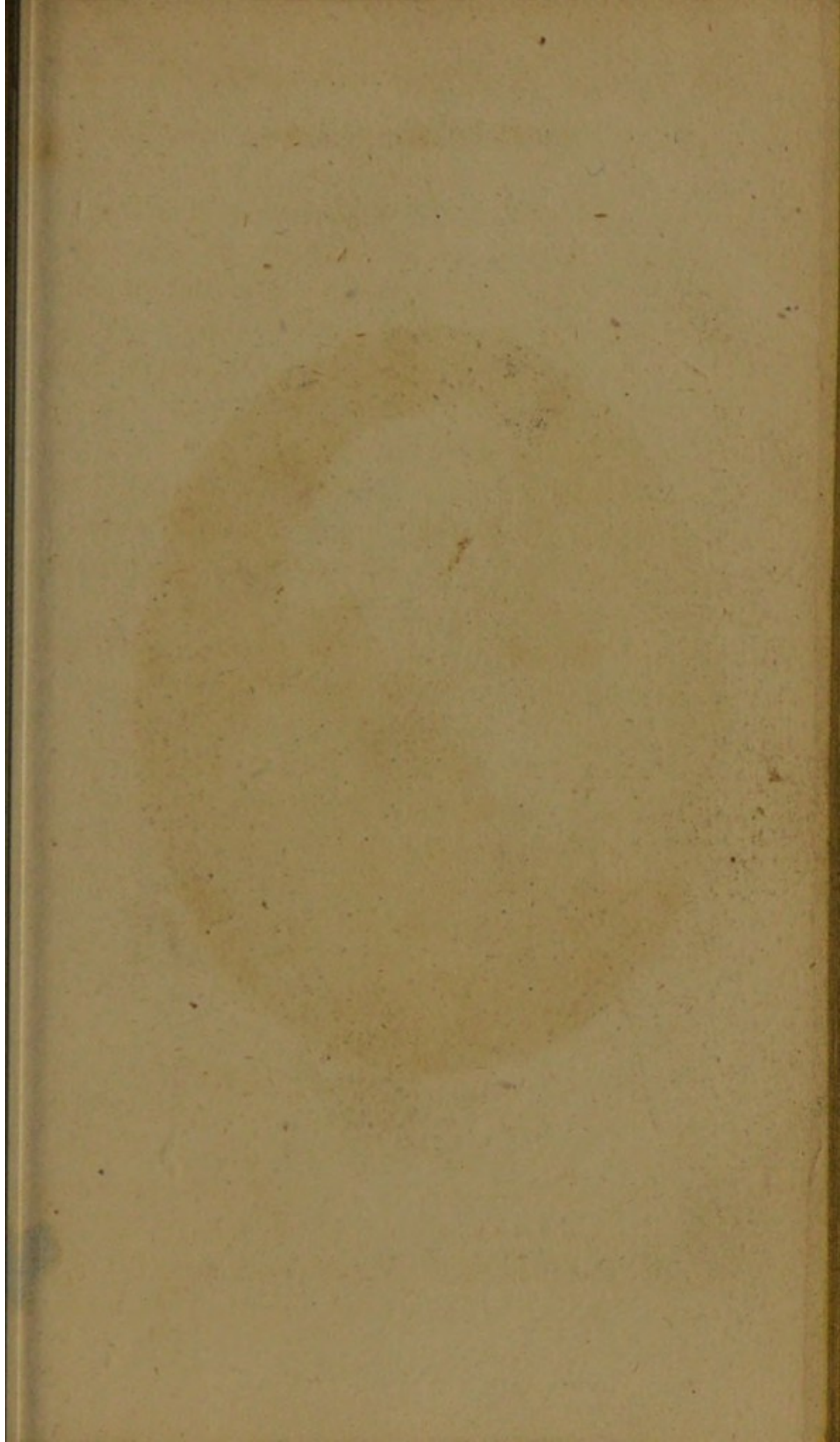
*Devil.* What, Foote's? Oh, that's an eccentric, narrow establishment; a mere summer-fly! He! But, however, it may do for a *coup d'essai*, and prove no bad foundation for a future engagement.

*Inv.* Then we will try him, if you please.

*Devil.* By all means: And you may do it this instant; he opens to-night, and will be glad of your assistance. I'll drop you down at the door; and must then take my leave for some time. *Allons!* but don't tremble; you have nothing to fear: The public will treat you with kindness; at least, if they shew but half the indulgence to you, that they have upon all occasions shewn to that Manager.

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PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



*Engraved by Ridley from a Picture by Spicer.*

MR ROBERT PALMER.



# *THE MAID OF BATH.*

---

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET.*

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The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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London :

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PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,  
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1794.



THE ROAD OF LIFE

BY J. H. B. B. B.

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## THE MAID OF BATH.

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**T**HIS lively comedy, although many years have elapsed since it amused the town on the stage, will, so long as genuine satire is admired, find a welcome in the study.

In 1771 it was first performed at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market.

The author, ever on the watch for living subjects to employ his pen upon; lays his scene in Bath, and builds his fable on a circumstance, which reflected merited contempt on the character he pourtrays, under its name theatrical, FLINT.

As the scythe of time has swept away the party from the world which still contains too many near resemblances; it will answer no candid end to revive the real name, sufficiently exposed in its day; and pursue the cry of ridicule when its object is no more.

May the living profit by the picture; contemplate its deformity; and if, in a collected moment, a likeness is apprehended, that may tinge the cheek of the man, and draw him from the monster; satire has attained its end, and society remains its debtor.



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## Dramatis Personae.

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### HAY-MARKET.

#### *Men.*

Sir Christopher Cripple,	-	MR. MOODY
Mr. Flint,	-	MR. FOOTE
Major Racket,	-	MR. AICKIN
Billy Button,	-	MR. WESTON
Peter Poultice.	-	MR. FEARON
Fillup,	-	MR. DAVIS
Mynheer Sour Crout,	-	MR. CASTLE
Mons. de Jarsey,	-	MR. LOYD
John,	-	MR. JACOBS.

#### *Women.*

Lady Catherine Coldstream,	-	MRS. FEARON
Mrs. Linnet,	-	MISS PLATT
Miss Linnet,	-	MRS. JEWEL
Maid	-	MRS. WESTON.

Waiters, &c.

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# PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

WHO but has read, if you have read at all,  
Of one, they *Jack the Giant-killer* call?  
He was a bold, stout, able-bodied man,  
To clear the World of *fee, faw, fum*, his plan,  
Whene'er a *monster* had within his power  
A young and tender *virgin* to devour,  
To cool his blood, *Jack*, like a skilful surgeon,  
Bled well the *monster*, and releas'd the *virgin*:  
Like the best doctors, did a method learn,  
Of curing fevers never to return.  
Mayn't I this *Giant-killing* trade renew?  
I have my *virgin*, and my monster too.  
Tho' I can't boast, like *Jack*, a list of slain,  
I wield a lancet and can breathe a vein:  
To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,  
He cleft his foes, I only make mine squeak:  
As Indians wound their slaves to please the court,  
I'll tickle mine, *great Sirs*, to make you sport.  
To prove myself an humble imitator,  
*Giants* are *vices*, and *Jack* stands for satire:  
By tropes and figures, as it fancy suits,  
Passions rise monsters, men sink down to brutes;  
All talk and write in allegoric diction,  
Court, city, town, and country run to fiction!  
Each daily paper allegory teaches—  
*Placemen* are *locusts*, and *contractors* *leeches*:



Nay, even *Change-Alley*, where no bard repairs  
 Deals much in fiction to pass off their wares;  
 From whence the roaring there?—from *bulls* and  
*bears*! }

The gaming fools are *doves*, the *knaves* are *rooks*,  
*Change-Alley* bankrupts waddle out *lame ducks*!  
 But ladies, blame not you your gaming spouses,  
 For you, as well as they, have *pigeon-houses*;  
 To change the figure, formerly I've been,  
 To straggling follies only *whipper-in*;  
 By royal bounty rais'd, I mount the back  
 Of my own hunter, and I keep the *pack*:  
 Tollyo!—a rank old *fox* we now pursue,  
 So strong the scent, you'll run him full in view:  
 If we can't kill such *brutes* in human shape,  
 Let's frighten 'em, that your *chickens* may escape;  
 Rouse 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're  
 grumbling,  
 And rub their gums at least to mar their mumbling.





# THE MAID OF BATH.

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## ACT I.

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SCENE I.—*The Bear Inn, at Bath.*

*Enter FILLUP.*

WHY John, Roger, Raphy, Harry Buckle; what a dickens are become of the lads? Can't you hear?—Zure, zure, these whelps are enow to make a man maz'd!

*Enter several WAITERS.*

*All.* Coming, Sir.

*Fill.* Coming! ay, zo be Christmass, I think—where be'st thee gwain, boy? What, I reckon thou ca'st not zee for thy eyes—here, take the candle, and light the gentlefolk in.

*Enter JOHN.*

*John.* Carry a couple of candles into the Daphne.

*[Exit Waiter.]*



*Fill.* John, who is it be a come?

*John.* Major Racket, in a chay and four, from the Devizzes.

*Fill.* What, the young youth, that last zeason carry'd away we'un Mrs. Muzlinzes prentice?—

*John.* Miss Patty Prim from the grove.—

*Fill.* Ay, zure—thee dost know her well enow.

*John.* The same.

*Fill.* Zure, zure! then we shall have old doing and by; he's a deadly wild spark thee dost know—

*John.* But as good a customer as comes to the Bear.

*Fill.* That's Zure enough: then why dost not run and light 'em in? Stay, gy I the candle, I woole go and light 'em in myzelf.

RACKET (*without.*)

*Rack.* Give the post boys half a guinea between them.

*John.* Ay, there is some life in this chap! these are your guests that give spirit to Bath: your pary-lytical people that come down to be parboiled and pumped, do no good, that I know, to the town, unless indeed to the physical tribe: how I hate to see an old fellow hobble into the house, with his feet wrapt in flannel, pushing forth his fingers like a cross in the hands to point out the different roads on a common—hush!

*Enter RACKET and FILLUP.*

*Fill.* I hope, mester, you do zee your way; there



be two steps you do know; well, zure, I be heartly glad to zee your honour at Bath.

*Rack.* I thank you, my honest friend Fillup; what have you many people in town?

*Fill.* There ben't a power, please your honour, at present; some zick folk that do no zort of zarvis, and a few layers that be come off a zircuit, that's all.

*Rack.* Birds of passage, ha, Fillup?

*John.* True, Sir; for at the beginning of term, when the woodcocks come in, the others fly off.

*Rack.* Are you there, honest Jack?

*John.* And happy to see your honour in town.

*Rack.* Well, master Fillup and how go you on?—Any clubs fixed as yet?

*Fill.* No, Zir, not to zay fix'd; there be Parson Pulruddock from the Land's End; Master Evan Thomas, a Welch attorney, two Bristol men, and a few port drinking people that dine every day in the Lion; the claret club ben't expected down till the end of next week.—

*Rack.* Any body in the house that I know?

*Fill.* Yes, Zure—behind the bar, there be Sir Christopher Cripple, fresh out of a fit of the gout, drinking a drop of punch along wy mester Peter Poultrice, the potter carrier on the Parade.

*Rack.* The gazettes of Bath, the very men I want; give my compliments to the gentlemen, and tell them I should be glad of their company—but perhaps it may be troublesome for Sir Christopher?

*Fill.* No, no, not at all; at present, he is a little



tender for zure, but I warrant un he'll make a shift to hobble into the room. [*Exit Fillup.*]

*Rack.* Well, Jack, and how fares it with you? you have throve I hope since I saw you?

*John.* Throve! no, no, Sir; your honour knows that during the summer, taverns and turnspits have but little to do at Bath.

*Rack.* True; but what is become of your colleague, honest Ned, I hope he has not quitted his place?

*John.* The share he had in your honour's intrigue with Miss Prim, soon made this city too hot for poor Ned.

*Rack.* Then why did not the fool go to London with me? The fellow has humour, spirit, and sings a good song. I intended to have recommended him to one of the theatres.

*John.* Why, Sir, Ned himself had a bias that way; but his uncle, Alderman Surcingle the sadler, a piece of a puritan, would not give his consent.

*Rack.* Why not?

*John.* He was afraid that kind of life might corrupt or endanger Ned's morals; so he has set him up in a Bagnio at the end of Long-Acre.

*Rack.* Nay, if the fellow falls after such a security—

*Enter Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, FILLUP, and PETER POULTICE.*

*Sir Chr. (without)* At what a rate the rascal is running; Zounds! I believe the fellow thinks I can



foot it as fast as Eclipse; slower and be—Where is this rakehelly, rantipole?—Jack, set me a chair. So, Sir; you must possess a good share of assurance to return to this town after the tricks you have played—Fillup, fetch in the punch—Well, you ungracious young dog, and what is become of the wench? Poor Patty! and here too my reputation is ruined as well as the girl's.

*Rack.* Your reputation! that's a good jest.

*Sir Chr.* Yes, sirrah, it is: and all owing to my acquaintance with you; I, forsooth, am called your adviser! as if your contriving head and profligate heart stood in need of any assistance from me.

*Rack.* Well, but my dear Sir Kit, how can this idle stuff affect you?

*Sir Chr.* How? easy enough; I will be judged now by Poullice—Peter, speak the truth; before this here blot in my escutcheon, have you not observed when I went to either a ball or breakfasting, how eager all the girls gathered round me, gibing, and joking, and giggling; gad take me, as facetious and free as if I were their father.

*Poul.* Nothing but truth.

*Fill.* That's truth, to my zertain knowledge, for I have zeen the women folk tittering 'till they were ready to break their zides when your honour was throwing your double tenders about.

*Sir Chr.* True, honest Fillup—before your curst affair, neither maid, widow, or wife was ashamed of conversing with me; but now, when I am wheeled into the room, not a soul under seventy



will venture within ten yards of my chair; I am shunned worse than a leper in the days of King Lud; an absolute hermit in the midst of a croud; speak, Fillup, is not this a melancholy truth?

*Fill.* Very molycolly zure.--

*Sir Chr.* But this is not all; the crop-eared curs of the city have taken into their empty heads to neglect me; formerly, Mr. Mayor could not devour a custard, but I received a civil card to partake; but now, the rude rascals, in their bushy bobs, brush by me without deigning to bow; in short, I do not believe I have had a corporation crust in my mouth for these six months: you might as well expect a minister of state at the Mansion House, as see me at one of their feasts.

*Fill.* His honour tells nothing but truth.

*Sir Chr.* So that I am almost famished as well as forsaken.

*Fill.* Quite famish'd, as a body may zay, mester.

*Sir Chr.* Oh! Tom, Tom, you have been a cursed acquaintance to me; what a number of fine turtle and fat haunches of venison has your wickedness lost me.

*Rack.* My dear Sir Kit, for this I merit your thanks; how often has Dr. Carawitchet told you, that your rich food and champaigne, would produce nothing, but poor health and real pain?

*Sir Chr.* What signifies the prattle of such a punning puppy as he? What, I suppose you would starve me, you scoundrel? When I am got out of one fit, how the devil am I to gather strength to



encounter the next? Do you think it is to be done by sipping and slopping? (*drinks*) But no matter; look you, Major Racket, all between us is now at an end; and, Sir, I should consider it as a particular favour if you would take no further notice of me; I sincerely desire to drop your acquaintance, and as for myself, I am fixed, positively fixed, to reform.

*Rack.* Reform! ha, ha.

*Sir Chr.* Reform; and why not? You shall see, the whole city shall see; as soon as ever I get to my lodgings, I will send for Luke Lattitat and Codicil, and make a handsome bequest to the hospital.

*Rack.* Stuff—

*Sir Chr.* Then I am resolved to be carried every day to the twelve o'clock prayers, at the Abbey, and regularly twice of a Sunday.

*Rack.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Chr.* Ha, ha, ha; you may laugh, but I'll be damn'd if I don't; and if all this don't recover my credit, I am determined, besides, to hire a house in Harlequin-Row, and be a constant hearer at the Countess's chapel—

*Rack.* And so, perhaps, turn out a field-preacher in time.

*Sir Chr.* I don't know but I may.

*Rack.* Well then, my dear Sir Christopher, adieu; but if we must part, let us part as friends should, not with dry lips, and in anger; Fillup, take care of the knight. (*Fillup fills the glasses:*) Well, faith, my old croney, I can't say but I am heartily sorry



to lose you; many a brave batch have we broach'd in our time.

*Sir Chr.* True, Tom, true.

*Rack.* Don't you remember the bout we had at the Tuns, in the days of Plump Jack? I shall never forget, after you had felled old Falstaff with a pint bumper of burgundy, how you bestrode the prostrate hero, and in his own manner cried, Crown me ye spirits that delight in gen'rous wine.

*Sir Chr.* Vanity, mere vanity, Tom, nothing but vanity.

*Rack.* And then another day at the—but replenish, Fillup, the bowl is not empty.

*Sir Chr.* Enough, enough.

*Rack.* What, don't flinch man—it is but to finish the—come, Sir Christopher, one tender squeeze.

*Sir Chr.* Take care of my hand; none of your old tricks, you young dog.

*Rack.* Gentle as the lick of a lap-dog; there—What a clock is it Fillup?

*Fill.* I'll tell you, mester, (*looks on his watch.*) just turn'd a zix—

*Rack.* So soon; hang it Sir Kit, it is too early to part; come, what say you to one supper more? but one to the sacred feelings of friendship—honest Fillup knows your taste, he will toss you up a—

*Sir Chr.* Not a morsel, Tom, if you would give me the universe.

*Rack.* Poh man! only a Sandwich or so—Fillup, what hast got in the house?



*Fill.* A famous John Dorey, two pair of soles, and there be a joint of Lansdown mutton; and then, you do know, my Molly be vamous in making marrow puddings.

*Rack.* A fine bill of fare—Come, Knight, what do you choose?

*Sir Chr.* Me! why you seem to have forgot what I told you just now—

*Rack.* Your design to reform—not at all; and I think you quite right; perfectly so, as I hope to be saved; but what needs all this hurry? to morrow is a new day, it will then be early enough—Fillup, send us in just what you will.

*Sir Chr.* You are a coaxing, cajoling young dog— Well if it must be so, Fillup, it must; Fillup get me an anchovy toast, and do you hear, and a red herring or two, for my stomach is damnably weak.

*Fill.* I shall, to be zure. [Exit.

*Rack.* So that's settled—now, Poultice, come forward; well my blades, and what news have you stirring amongst you?

*Poul.* Except a little run of sore throats about the beginning of Autumn, and a few feeble fellows that dropt off with the leaves in October, the town is in tolerable.—

*Rack.* Pox of the dead and the dying; but what amusements have you got for the living?

*Poul.* There is the new play-house, you know—

*Rack.* True; but as to the musical world, what hopes have we there? any of the opera people amongst you? appropos—what is become of my little flame,



La Petite Rosignole the lively little Linnet? is she still—

*Sir Chr.* Lost, totally lost—

*Rack.* Lost! what, left you? I am sorry for that—

*Sir Chr.* Worse, worse.

*Rack.* I hope she an't dead.

*Sir Chr.* Ten thousand times worse than all that.

*Rack.* How the deuse can that be?

*Sir Chr.* Just going to be buried alive—to be married.

*Rack.* Poh! is that all! That ceremony was, indeed, formerly looked upon as a kind of metaphysical grave, but the system is changed, and marriage is now considered as an entrance to a new and better kind of life.

*Sir Chr.* Indeed!

*Rack.* Pshaw! who talks now of the drudgery of domestic duties, of nuptial chains, and of bonds—mere obsolete words; they did well enough in the dull days of Queen Bess; but a modern lass puts on fetters to enjoy the more freedom and pledges her faith to one, that she may be at liberty to bestow her favours on all.

*Sir Chr.* What vast improvements are daily made in our morals! what an unfortunate dog am I to come into the world at least half a century too soon! what would I give to be born twenty years hence! there will be damn'd fine doings then, hey Tom? But I'm afraid our poor little girl won't have it in her power to profit by these prodigious improvements.



*Rack.* Why not?

*Sir Chr.* Oh, when once you hear the name of her partner—

*Rack.* Who is it?

*Sir Chr.* An acquaintance of yours—only that old fusty, shabby, shuffling, money-loving, water-drinking, mirth-marring, amorous old hunks Master Solomon Flint.

*Rack.* He that enjoys—I mean owns, half the farms in the country.

*Sir Chr.* He, even he.

*Rack.* Why, he is sixty at least; what a filthy old goat! but then, how does this design suit with his avarice? the girl has no fortune.

*Sir Chr.* No more than what her talents will give her.

*Rack.* Why, the poltroon does not mean to profit by them?

*Sir Chr.* Perhaps if his family should chance to increase—but I believe his main motive is the hopes of an heir.

*Rack.* For which he must be indebted to some of his neighbours; in that point of light, indeed, the matter is not so much amiss; it is impossible she can be fond of the fellow, and it is very hard, with the opportunities that this place will afford, if in less than a month, I don't—

*Sir Chr.* This place; why you don't think he'll trust her here for an hour?

*Rack.* How!



*Sir Chr.* Not a moment; the scheme is all settled; the rumbling old family-coach carries her immediately from the church door to his moated, haunted old house in the country.

*Rack.* Indeed!

*Sir Chr.* Where, besides the Argus himself, she will be watched by no less than two brace of his sisters, four as malicious, musty old maids as ever were soured by solitude, and the neglect of the world.

*Rack.* A guard not to be corrupted or cozened. Why, Sir Christopher, in a christian country, this must not be suffered—What? a miserable tattered old fellow like him to monopolize such a tempting creature as her!

*Sir Chr.* A diabolical plan.

*Rack.* Besides, the secluding, and immureing a girl possessed of her elegant talents, is little better than robbing the world.

*Sir Chr.* Infamous! worse than a rape; but where are the means to prevent it?

*Rack.* Much might be done if you would lend us your aid.

*Sir Chr.* Me! of what use can I—and so, you rascal, you want to employ me again as your pimp?

*Rack.* You take the thing wrong; I only wish you to stand forth, my dear Knight, and like myself, be the protector of innocence, and a true friend to the public.

*Sir Chr.* A true friend to the public! a fine stalking horse that; but I fear like other pretenders,



Tom, when your own private purpose is served, the poor public will be left in the lurch: but, however the poor girl does deserve to be saved, and if I could do any thing not inconsistent with my plan of reforming—

*Rack.* That was spoke like yourself—upon what terms are you and Flint at present.

*Sir Chr.* Oil and vinegar are not so opposite.

*Rack.* Poultice, you smoke a pipe with him sometimes; pray who are your party?

*Poul.* Mynheer Sour Crout, Monsieur de Jarsey the port manufacturer, Billy Button the taylor, Master Flint and I, most evenings take a whiff here.

*Rack.* Are you all in his confidence on this great occasion?

*Poul.* Upon this case we have had consultations, but Billy Button is first in his favour, he likes his prescription the best.

*Rack.* From this quarter we must begin the attack! could we not contrive to convene this illustrious senate to-night?

*Poul.* I should think easily enough.

*Rack.* But before you meet here.

*Poul.* Without doubt.

*Rack.* My dear Poultice, will you undertake the commission?

*Poul.* I will feel their pulses, to oblige Sir Christopher Cripple.

*Sir Chr.* But, Peter, dost really think this rash fool is determined?

*Poul.* I believe, Sir Christopher, he is firmly



persuaded, that nothing will allay this uncommon heat in his blood, but swallowing the pill matrimonial.

*Rach.* We must contrive at least to take off the gilding, and see what effect that will have on his courage. *[Exit Poultice.]*

*Sir Chr.* Well Major unfold; what can you mean by this meeting?

*Rach.* Is it possible you can be at a loss, you who have so long studied mankind?

*Sir Chr.* Explain.

*Rach.* Can't you conceive what infinite struggles must have been felt by this fellow before he could muster up courage to engage in this dreadful perilous state?—How often have you heard the proverbial puppy affirm, that marriage was fishing for a single eel among a barrel of snakes? What infinite odds, that you laid hold of the eel, and then a million to one but he slipped through your fingers?

*Sir Chr.* True, true.

*Rach.* Can't you, then, guess what will be his feelings and fears when it comes to the push? Do you think the public opinion, his various doubts of himself, and of her, the pride of his family, and the loud claims of avarice, his ruling passion 'till now, won't prove near an equipoise to his love?

*Sir Chr.* Without doubt.

*Rach.* At the critical period, won't the concurring advice of all his associates, think you, destroy the balance at once?

*Sir Chr.* Very probably, Tom, I confess.



*Rack.* As to our engines, there is no fear of them : Billy Button you have under your thumb ; I'll purchase a pipe of port of De Jarsey, and we are sure of old Sour Crout for a hamper of hock.

*Sir Chr.* Right, right ; but after all, what is to become of the girl ? Come, Tom, I'll have no foul play shown to her.

*Rack.* Her real happiness is part of my project.

*Enter FILLUP*

*Fill.* Here be Mynheer Sour Crout and Mounseer De Jarsey a come.

*Sir Chr.* We will attend them—only think, Tom, what a villain you will be to make me the secret instrument of any more mischief.

*Rack.* Never fear.

*Sir Chr.* Particularly too, now I am fixed to reform.

*Rack.* It would be criminal in the highest degree.

*Sir Chr.* Ay, rot your hypocritical face—I am half afraid Tom to trust you ; I'll be hanged if you ha'n't some wicked design yourself on the girl ; but however, I wash my hands of the guilt.

*Rack.* My dear Knight, don't be so squemish ; but—the gentlemen within—stay—who have we here—Ah, my old friend Master Button—

*Enter BUTTON,*

*Butt.* Your worship is welcome to town—but where is Sir—Oh—I understood as how your honour had sent for me all in a hurry—I should have



brought the patterns before if I had them—the worst of my enemies can't say but Billy Button is punctual—here they be—I received them to-night by Wiltshire's waggon, that flies in eight days.

*Sir Chr.* To-morrow, Billy will do; take a seat.

*Butt.* I had rather stand—

*Sir Chr.* I wanted to talk to you upon another affair—what, I suppose, you are very busy at present?

*Butt.* Vast busy, your honour?

*Sir Chr.* This marriage I reckon, takes up most of your time.

*Butt.* Your honour!

*Rack.* Miss Linnet, and your old master Flint, you know.

*Butt.* O! Ay! but the squire does not intend to cut a dash till the spring.

*Sir Chr.* No!—nothing happen'd—I hope affairs are all fixed?

*Butt.* As a rock—I am sure now, it can't fail; because why I have peremptory orders to scour and new line the coachman and footman's old frocks; and am, besides to turn the lace, and fresh button the suit his honour made up twenty years ago comes next Lent, when he was sheriff for the county.

*Rack.* Nay, then it is determined—

*Butt.* Or he would never have gone to such an expence.

*Sir Chr.* Well, Billy! and what is your private opinion, after all, of this match?

*Butt.* It is not becoming, your honour knows, for a tradesman like me to give his—



*Rack.* Why not? don't you think now, Billy, it is a bold undertaking for a man at his time of life?

*Butt.* Why to be sure his honour is a little stricken in years, as a body may say; and take all the care that one can, time will wear the nap from even superfine cloth: stitches tear, and elbows will out as they say—

*Sir Chr.* And besides, Bill, the bride's a mere baby—

*Butt.* Little better, your Honour; but she is a light bit of stuff, and I am confident will turn out well in the wearing—I once had some thoughts myself of taking measure of Miss.

*Rack.* Indeed!

*Butt.* Yes; and, to my thinking, had made a pretty good progress; because, why, at church of a Sunday she suffered me to look for the lessons, and moreover, many time and oft we have sung psalms out of the very same book.

*Rack.* That was going a great way.

*Butt.* Nay, besides and more than all that, she has at this precious minute of time a pincushion by her side of my own presentation.

*Rack.* Ay; and how came the treaty broke off?

*Butt.* Why, who should step in in the nick, but the very squire himself?

*Sir Chr.* I am afraid, Bill, your beauty is a little bit of the jilt.

*Butt.* No, your worship, it is all along with her mother; cause her great aunt, by her father's side was a clergyman's daughter, she is as pragmatic and proud as the Pope; so, forsooth, nothing will please



her for Miss, but a bit of quality binding.

*Rack.* I knew the refusal could not come from the girl; for, without a compliment, Billy, there is no comparison between you and she—why you are a pretty, slight, tight, light, nimble—

*Butt.* Yes—very nimble and slight, and we are both of a height, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Chr.* Why love has made Billey a poet.

*Butt.* No, no, quite an accident, as I hope to be kissed.

*Rack.* And your rival is a fusty, foggy, lumbering log.

*Butt.* For all the world like my goose: plaguy hot and damned heavy, your honour.

*Sir Chr.* Why Billy blazes to-day.

*Butt.* And though my purse, mayhap, ben't so heavy as his'n, yet I contrive to pay every body their own.

*Rack.* I dare say.

*Butt.* Ay, and have besides two houses in Avon Street; and perhaps, a bit or two of land in a corner.

*Sir Chr.* O! the curmudgeonly rogue!

*Butt.* And moreover, if Madam Linnet talks of families, I would have her to know that I have powerful relations as well as herself—there's Tommy Button my uncle's own son, that has an employment under the government—

*Sir Chr.* Ay Billy, what is it?

*Butt.* At this very time he is an exciseman at Wapping: and besides there is my cousin Paul Puff;



that kept the great pastry-cook's shop in the Strand, now lives at Brentford, and is made a justice of the peace.

*Rack.* As this is the case, I don't think it will be difficult yet to bring matters to bear.

*Sir Chr.* If Billy will but follow directions.

*Butt.* I hope your honour never found me deficient.

*Sir Chr.* We will instruct you farther within. Major Racket, your hand.

*Butt.* Let me help you ; folks may go farther and fare worse, as they say—why, I have some thoughts, if I can call in my debts to retire into the country and set up for a gentleman.

*Rack.* Why not ? one meets with a great number of them who were never bred to the business.

*Butt.* I an't much of a mechanic at present ; I does but just measure and cut.

*Rack.* No !

*Butt.* I don't think that I have sat cross-leg'd for these six years.

*Rack.* Indeed !

*Butt.* And who can tell, your honour, in a few years, if I behaves well, but like cousin Puff, I may get myself put in the commission.

*Sir Chr.* The worshipful William Button, Esquire—it sounds well, I can tell you, Billy ; there have been magistrates made of full as bad materials as you.



## ACT II.—SCENE I.

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*Enter Mrs. LINNET and Miss.*

*Mrs. Linnet.*

YES, Kitty, it is in vain to deny it. I am convinced there is some little, low, paultry passion that lurks in your heart.

*Miss Lin.* Indeed my dear Mother, you wrong me.

*Mrs. Lin.* Indeed, my dear Miss, but I don't; what else could induce you to reject the addresses of a lover like this? Ten thousand pounds a year! Gads my life, there is not a lady in town would refuse him, let her rank be ever so—

*Miss Lin.* Not his fortune I firmly believe.

*Mrs. Lin.* Well; and who now-a-days marries any thing else? Would you refuse an estate, because it happen'd to be a little encumber'd? You must consider the man in this case as a kind of mortgage.

*Miss Lin.* But the disproportion of years—

*Mrs. Lin.* In your favour, Child; the incumbrance will be the sooner remov'd—

*Miss Lin.* Then, my dear mother, our minds; how very widely they differ; my nature is liberal and frank, though I am but a little removed from mediocrity; his



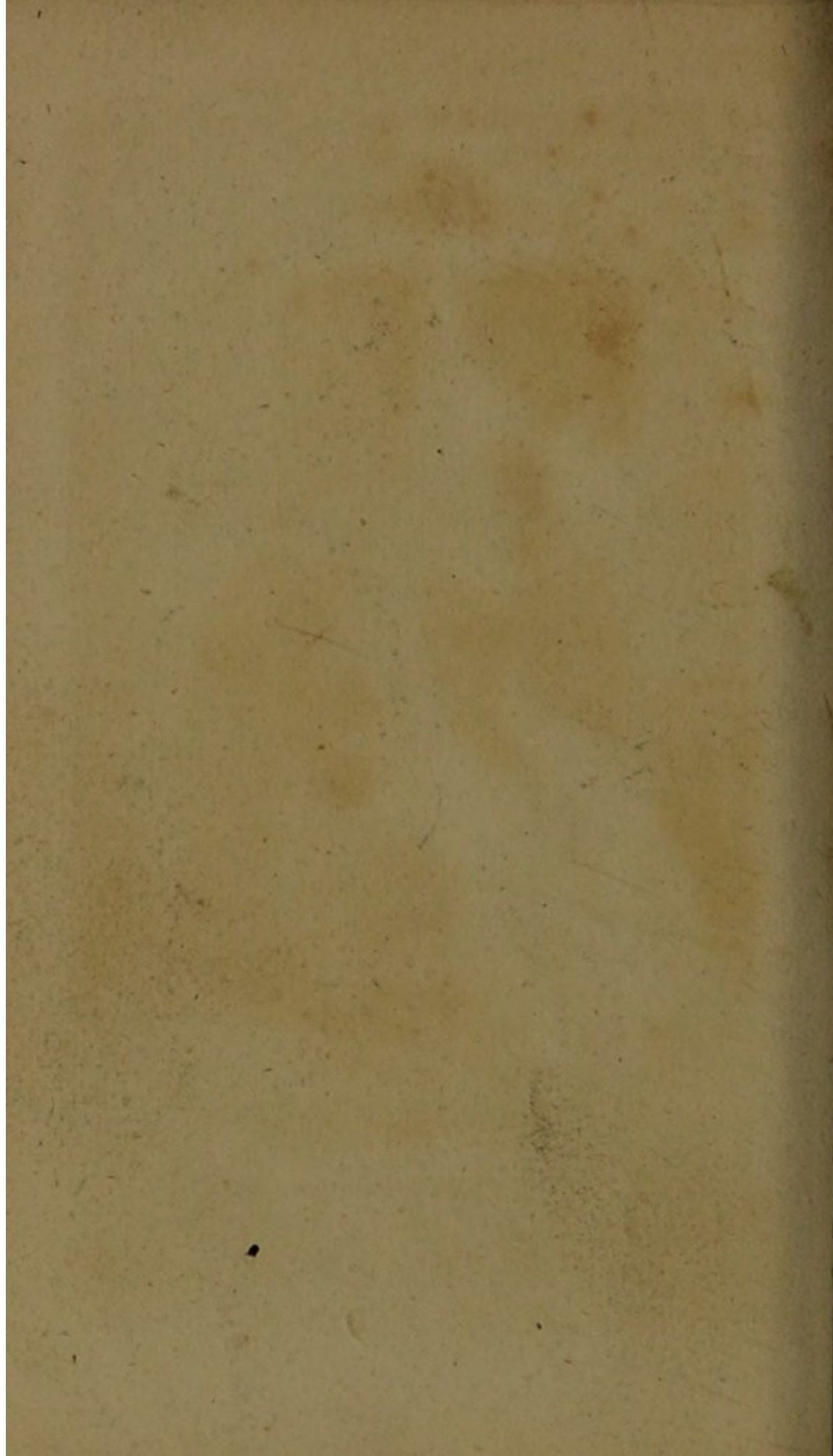
PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



MAID OF BATH.

Act 2. Sc. 2.







heart, in the very bosom of wealth, is shut to every social sensation—

*Mrs. Lin.* And yet, Miss, this heart you have had the good luck to unlock. I hope you don't urge his offers to you as a proof of his passion for money? why you forget yourself, Kate; who, in the name of wonder, do you think you are? what, because you have a baby face, and can bawl a few ballads—

*Miss Lin.* Nay, Madam, you know I was never vain of my talents; if they can procure me a decent support, and in some measure repay my father and you for their kind cultivation—

*Mrs. Lin.* And how long are you sure your talents, as you call 'em, will serve you. — Are a set of features secure against time? wont a single sore throat destroy the boasted power of your pipe? But suppose that should not fail, who can insure you against the whim of the public? will they always continue their favour?

*Miss Lin.* Perhaps not.

*Mrs. Lin.* What must become of you then? now by this means you are safe, above the reach of ill-fortune; besides, child, to put your own interest out of the question, have you no tender feelings for us? Consider, my love, you don't want for good nature; your consent to this match will, in the worst of times, secure a firm and able friend to the family—

*Miss Lin.* You deceive yourself, indeed, my dear mother; he, a friend! I dare believe the first proof you will find of friendship, will be his positive



commands to break off all correspondence with every relation I have.

*Mrs. Lin.* That's a likely story indeed—Well, child, I must set your father to work, I find what little weight my arguments have.

[*Lady Catharine Coldstream, without.*]

Is Mrs. Linnet within?

*Mrs. Lin.* Oh! here comes a protectress of yours, Lady Catharine Coldstream, submit the matter to her, she can have no views, is well read in the ways of the world, and has your interest sincerely at heart.

*Enter Lady CATHARINE COLDSTREAM.*

*La. Cath.* How is aw wi you, Mestress Linnet and Miss? what a dykens is the matter wi Miss—she seems got quite in the dumps? I thought you were aw ready to jump out of your skins at the bonny prospect afore you.

*Mrs. Lin.* Indeed, I wish your Ladyship would take Kitty to task, for what I can say signifies nothing.

*La. Cath.* Ah, that's aw wrang; what has been the matter, Miss Kitty? you ken well enow that children owe an implicit concession to their parents—it is na for bairns to litigate the will of their friends.

*Mrs. Lin.* Especially, my Lady, in a case where their own happiness is so nearly concerned; there is no persuading her to accept Mr. Flint's offers.

*La. Cath.* Gad's mercy, Miss, how comes aw this about, dinna you think you hae drawn a braw ticket in the lottery of life; do na you ken that the mon is a laird of aw the land in the country,



*Miss Lin.* Your Ladyship knows, Madam, that real happiness does not depend upon wealth.

*La. Cath.* Ah, Miss, but it is a bonney engredient; don't you think, Mrs. Linnet, the lass has got some other lad in her head?

*Mrs. Lin.* Your Ladyship joins in judgment with me; I have charg'd her, but she stoutly denies it.

*La. Cath.* Miss, you munna be bashful; an you solicit a cure, your physician must ken the cause of your malady.

*Miss Lin.* Your Ladyship may believe me, Madam, I have no complaint of that kind.

*La. Cath.* The lass is obstinate; Mestress Linnet, cannot yoursel gi a guess?

*Mrs. Lin.* I can't say that I have observ'd—indeed, some time ago, I was inclin'd to believe Mr. Button—

*La. Cath.* What, yon taylor in Stall-Street; ah Mrs. Linnit, you are aw out in your guess; the lass is twa weel bred, and twa saucy to gi her heart to sik a burgis as he, Willy Button! nae, he is nae the lad avaw.

*Mrs. Lin.* Major Racket, I once thought; but your ladyship knows his affairs took a different turn.

*La. Cath.* Ah, Racket! that's another man's matter; lasses are apt enow to set their hearts upon scarlet; a cockade has muckle charms wi our sex; well, Miss, comes the wind fra that corner?

*Miss Lin.* Does your ladyship think, to dislike Mr. Flint, it is absolutely necessary to have a prepossession for somebody else?



*La. Cath.* Mrs. Linnet, an you will withdraw for a while, perhaps Miss may throw aff her reserve, when there's nobody by but ourselves; a mother, you ken weel, may prove ane too many sometimes.

*Mrs. Lin.* Your ladyship is most exceedingly kind —d'ye hear, Kitty, mind what her ladyship says, do my dear, and be rul'd by your friends, they are older and wiser than you. [Exit.

*La. Cath.* Well, Miss what's the cause of aw this? what makes you so averse to the will of your friends?

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship knows Mr. Flint.

*La. Cath.* Ah, unco weel.

*Miss, Lin.* Can your ladyship then be at a loss for a cause?

*La. Cath.* I canna say Mr. Flint is quite an Adonis; but wha is it that in matrimony gets aw they wish? When I intermarried with Sir Launcelot Coldstream, I was en siek a spree lass as yoursel; and the baronet bordering upon his grand climacteric; you mun ken, Miss, my Father was so unsaucy as to gang out with Charley in the forty-five, after which, his fidelity was rewarded in France by a commission that did na bring in a bawbee, and a pension that he never was paid.

*Miss. Lin.* Infamous ingratitude!

*La. Cath.* Ay, but I dinna think they will find ony mare sic fools in the North.

*Miss. Lin.* I hope not.

*La. Cath.* After this, you canna think, Miss, there was mickle siller for we poor bairns that were left; so that in troth, I was glad to get an establishment;



and ne'er heeded the disparity between my guid man and mysel.

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship gave great proofs of your prudence; but my affairs are not altogether so desperate.

*La. Cath.* Gad's-mercy, Miss! I hope you dinna make any comparison between Lady Catharine Coldstream, wha has the best blood in Scotland that rins in her veins.

*Miss Lin.* I hope your ladyship does not suppose.—

*La. Cath.* A lady lineally descended from the great Ossian himself, and ally'd to aw the illustrious houses abroad and at home——

*Miss Lin.* I beg, Madam, your ladyship—

*La. Cath.* And Kitty Linnet; a little play actor, wha gets applauded or his'd just e'en as the mobility wulls.

*Miss Lin.* I am extremely concern'd, that—

*La. Cath.* Look'ye, Miss, I will cut matters short, you ken well enow, the first notice that e'er I took of you, was in your acting in Allan Ramsay's play of Paitie and Roger; ere sin I hae been your fast friend but an you continue obstinate; and will na succumb, I shall straitwith withdraw my protection.

*Miss Lin.* I shall be extremely unhappy in losing your ladyship's favour.

*La. Cath.* Miss, that depends entirely on yoursel.

*Miss Lin.* Well, Madam, as a proof how highly, I rate it, and how desirous I am of obeying the commands of my parents, it shan't be my fault if their wishes are not accomplish'd.



*La. Cath.* That's aw wright now, Kitty; gi me a kiss, you are the prudent lass that I thought you. Love, Miss, is a pastime for boys and grown girls; aw stuff fit for nothing but novels and romances, there is na-thing solid, na stability.

*Miss Lin.* Madam—

*La. Cath.* But to fix your fortune at once to get above the power of the world; that, child, is a serious concern.

*Mrs. Linnet (without.)*

*Mrs. Lin.* With your Ladyship's leave—

*La. Cath.* You may come in, Mrs. Linnet; your daughter is brought to a proper sense of her duty, and is ready to coincide with your wish.

*Mrs. Lin.* We are infinitely obliged to your Ladyship; this is lucky, indeed; Mr. Flint is now, Madam, below, and begs to be admitted.

*La. Cath.* Ah! the mon comes in the nick: shew him in in the instant.

*[Exit. Mrs. Linnet.]*

Now Kitty's your time; dinna be shy lass, but throw out aw your attractions, and fix him that he canna gang back.

*Miss Lin.* Madam I hope to behave—

*La. Cath.* Gad's mercy, how the girl trembles and quakes; come, pluck up a heart, and consider your aw is at stake.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid I shall be hardly able to say a single—



*La. Cath.* Suppose then you sing ; gi him a song, there is nothing moves a love-sick loon mair than a song—(*Noise without.*) I hear the lad on the stairs ; but let the words be aw melting and soft—the Scotch tunes, you ken, are unco pathetic ; sing him the Birks of Endermay, or the Braes of Balendine, or the—

*Enter FLINT and Mrs. LINNET.*

—Maister Flint, your servant. There, Sir, you ken the lass of your heart ; I have laid for you a pretty solid foundation, but as to the edifice you must e'en erect it yoursel.

*[Exit Lady Catherine.*

*Flint.* Please your Ladyship, I will do my endeavour. Madam Linnet, I have made bold to bring you a present, a small paper of tea, in my pocket—you will order the tea-kettle on.

*Mrs. Lin.* O, Sir, you need not have---

*Flint.* I won't put you to any expence.

*[Exit Mrs. Linnet.*

Well, Miss, I understand here by my Lady, that that she, that is, that you, with respect and regard to the—ah, ah,—wont you please to be seated ?

*Miss Lin.* Sir!—my lover seems as confus'd as myself.

*[Aside.*

*Flint.* I say, Miss, that as I was a saying, your friends here have spoke to you all how and about it.

*Miss Lin.* About it! about what?



*Flint.* About this here business that I come about. Pray, Miss, are you fond of the country?

*Miss Lin.* Of the country?

*Flint.* Ay; because why, I think it is the most prettiest place for your true lovers to live in—something so rural; for my part, I can't see what pleasure pretty Misses can take in galloping to plays, and to balls, and such expensive vagaries; there is ten times more pastime in fetching walks in the fields, in plucking of daisies—

*Miss Lin.* Haymaking, feeding the poultry, and milking the cows.

*Flint.* Right, Miss.

*Miss Lin.* It must be own'd they are pretty employments for ladies.

*Flint.* Yes; for my mother used to say, who, between ourselves, was a notable housewife,

Your folks that are idle,  
May live to bite the bridle.

*Miss Lin.* What a happiness to have been bred under so prudent a parent!

*Flint.* Ay, Miss, you will have reason to say so; her maxims have put many a pound into my pocket.

*Miss Lin.* How does that concern me?

*Flint.* Because why, as the saying is,

Tho' I was the maker  
You may be the partaker.

*Miss Lin.* Sir, you are very obliging.

*Flint.* I can tell you, such offers are not every day to be met with; only think, Miss, to have victuals



and drink constantly found you, without cost or care on your side ; especially now meat is so dear.

*Miss Lin.* Considerations by no means to be slighted.

*Flint.* Moreover that you may live and appear like my wife, I fully intend to keep you a coach.

*Miss Lin.* Indeed !

*Flint.* Yes ; and you shall command the horses whenever you please, unless during the harvest, and when they are employ'd in ploughing and carting ; because the main chance must be minded, you know.

*Miss Lin.* True, true.

*Flint.* Tho' I dont think, you will be vastly fond of coaching about ; for why, we are off of the turnpike, and the roads are deadly deep about we.

*Miss Lin.* What, you intend to reside in the country ?

*Flint.* Without doubt ; for then, Miss, I shall be sure to have you all to myself.

*Miss Lin.* An affectionate motive ;—but even in this happy state, where the most perfect union prevails, some solitary hours will intrude, and the time, now and then, hang heavy on our hands.

*Flint.* What, in the country, my dear Miss ? not a minute—you will find all pastime and jollity there ; for what with minding the dairy, dunning the tenants, preserving and pickling, nursing the children, scolding the servants, mending and making, roasting, boiling and baking, you wont have a mo-



ment to spare ; you will be merry and happy as the days are long.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid the days will be hardly long enough to execute so extensive a plan of enjoyment.

*Flint.* Never you fear ; I am told Miss, that you write an exceeding good hand.

*Miss Lin.* Pretty well, I believe.

*Flint.* Then, Miss, there is more pleasure in store ; for you may employ any leisure time that you have in being my clerk, as a Justice of Peace—you shall share sixpence out of every warrant, to buy any little thing that you want.

*Miss Lin.* That's finely imagined.—As your enjoyments are chiefly domestic, I presume you have contriv'd to make home as convenient as can be ; you have, Sir, good gardens, no doubt ?

*Flint.* Gardens ! ay, ay ; why before the great parlour window there grows a couple of yews, as tall as a mast, and as thick as a steeple ; and the boughs cast so delightful a shade, that you can't see your hand in any part of the room.

*Miss Lin.* A most delicate gloom—

*Flint.* And then there constantly roosts in the trees a curious couple of fowls, which I won't suffer our folks to disturb, as they make so rural a noise in the night—

*Miss Lin.* A most charming duet—

*Flint.* And besides Miss they pay for their lodgings, as they are counted very good mousers you know.



*Miss Lin.* True ; but within doors, your mansion is capacious, and—

*Flint.* Capacious ! yes, yes, capacious enough ; you may stretch your legs without crossing the threshold ; why, we go up and down stairs into every room of the house—to be sure, at present, it is a little out of repair ; not that it rains in, where the casements are whole, at above five or six places at present.

*Miss Lin.* Your prospects are pleasing ?

*Flint.* From off the top of the leads ; for why, I have boarded up most of the windows, in order to save paying the tax ; but to my thinking, our bed-chamber, Miss, is the most pleasantest place in the house.

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Sir, you are very polite.

*Flint.* No Miss, it is not for that ; but you must know, that there is a large bow window facing the east, that does finely for drying of herbs ; it is hung round with hatchments of all the folks that have dy'd in the family ; and then the pigeon-house is over our heads.

*Miss Lin.* The pigeon-house !

*Flint.* Yes ; and there, every morning, we shall be wak'd by day-break, with their murmuring, cooing and courting, that will make it as fine as can be.

*Miss Lin.* Ravishing ! Well, Sir, it must be confess'd, you have given me a most bewitching picture of pastoral life ; your place is a perfect Arcadia—but I am afraid half the charms are deriv'd from the painter's flattering pencil.



*Flint.* Not heightened a bit, as yourself shall be judge---and then, as to the company, Miss, you may have plenty of that when you will, for we have as pretty a neighbourhood as a body can wish.

*Miss Lin.* Really.

*Flint.* There is the widow Kilderkin, that keeps the Adam and Eve at the end of town, quite an agreeable body, indeed---the death of her husband has drove the poor woman to tipple a bit---Farmer Dobbins' daughters, and Doctor Surplice, our curate, and wife, a vast conversable woman, if she was not altogether so deaf.

*Miss Lin.* A very sociable set---why, Sir, placed in this paradise, there is nothing left you to wish.

*Flint.* Yes, Miss, but there is---

*Miss Lin.* Ay; what can that be?

*Flint.* The very same that our grandfather had--to have a beautiful Eve by my side---Could I lead the lovely Linnet nothing loath to that bower---

*Miss Lin.* Oh, excess of gallantry!

*Flint.* Would her sweet breath but deign to kindle, and blow up my hopes!

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Mr. Flint! I must not suffer this for your sake; a person of your importance and rank--

*Flint.* A young Miss of your great merit and beauty--

*Miss Lin.* A gentleman so accomplish'd and rich--

*Flint.* Whose perfections are not only the talk of Bath, but of Bristol, and the whole country round.

*Mrs. Lin.* Oh, Mr. Flint, this is too---



*Flint.* Her goodness, her grace, her duty, her decency, her wisdom and wit, her shape, slimness and size, with her lovely black eyes, so elegant, engaging, so modest, so prudent, so pious, and, if I am rightly inform'd, possessed of a sweet pretty pipe.

*Miss Lin.* This is such a profusion---

*Flint.* Permit me Miss, to solicit a specimen of your delicate talents.

*Miss Lin.* Why, Sir, as your extravagant compliments have left me nothing to say, I think the best thing I can do is to sing.

SONG.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invites the tuneful birds to sing;  
And as they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay, &c.

*Flint.* Enchanting! ravishing sounds! not the Nine muses themselves, nor Mrs. Baddeley, is equal to you.

*Miss Lin.* Oh, fie!

*Flint.* May I flatter myself that the words of that song were directed to me?

*Miss Lin.* Should I make such a confession, I should ill deserve the character you have been pleas'd to bestow.

*Enter Lady CATHARINE COLDSTREAM.*

*La Cath.* Come, come, Master Flint, I'll set your heart at rest in an instant—you ken well enow, lasses



are apt to be modest and shy, then take her answer fra me—prepare the minister, and aw the rest of the tackle, and you will find us ready to gang to the kirk.

*Flint.* Miss, may I rely on what her ladyship says?

*La. Cath.* Gad's mercy! I think the man is bewitch'd! he wonna take a woman of quality's word for sik a trifling thing as a wife.

*Flint.* Your Ladyship will impute it all to my fears—then I will strait set about getting the needful.

*La. Cath.* Gang your gait as fast as you list.

*Flint.* Lord bless us! I had like to have forgot—I have, please your Ladyship, put up here in a purse, a few presents, that if miss would deign to accept—

*La. Cath.* Ah! that's aw wright, quite in the order of things; as matters now stand, there is no harm in her accepting presents fra you, master Flint; you may produce.

*Flint.* Here is a Porto Bello pocket-piece of Admiral Vernon, with his image a one side, and six men of war all in full sail on the other—

*La. Cath.* That's a curious medallion.

*Flint.* And here is half a crown of Queen Ann's as fresh as when it came from the mint—

*La. Cath.* Yes, yes, it is in very fine presarvation,

*Flint.* In this here paper, there are two mourning rings; that, which my Aunt Bother'em left me, might serve very well, I should think, for the approaching happy occasion.

*La. Cath.* How! a mourning—



*Flint.* Because why, the motto's so pat;  
True till death shall stop my breath

*La. Cath.* Ay, ay, that contains mickle morality  
Miss.

*Flint.* And here is, fourthly, a silver coral and bells,  
with only a bit broke off the coral when I was cutting  
my grinders; this was given me by my godfather  
Slingsby, and I hope will be in use again before the  
year comes about.

*La. Cath.* Na doubt, na doubt; leave that matter  
to us—I warrant we impede the Flint family from  
fawing into oblivion.

*Flint.* I hope so—I should be glad to have a son of  
my own, if so be, but to leave him my fortune, be-  
cause why, at present there is no mortal that I care a  
farthing about.

*La. Cath.* Quite a philosopher—then dispatch, ma-  
ster Flint, dispatch; for you ken at your time of life,  
you hanna a moment to lose.

*Flint.* True, true, your ladyship's entirely devoted  
—Miss, I am your most affectionate slave. [Exit.

*La. Cath.* A sawzy lad, this master Flint; you see,  
Miss, he has a meaning in aw that he does.

*Miss Lin.* Might I be permitted to alter your  
ladyship's words, I should rather say, *meanness*.

*La. Cath.* It is na mickle matter what the mon is  
at present, wi a little management you may mold  
him into any form that you list.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid he is not made of such pliant  
materials; but, however, I have too far advanced to



retire; the die is cast—I have no chance now, unless my Corydon should happen to alter his mind—

*La. Cath.* Na, Miss; there is na danger in that, you ken the treaty is concluded under my mediation, an he should dare to draw back, Lady Catharine Coldstream would soon find means to punish his perfidy—Come away Miss. [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## A C T III.

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SCENE I.—*Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, SOUR CROUT, DE JARSEY, Major RACKET, and POULTICE, discovered sitting at a table.*

*Sir Christopher Cripple.*

WE must take care that Flint does not surprise us, for the scoundrel is very suspicious.

*Rack.* There is no danger of that—I lodged him, safely at Linnet's—Button stands centry at the end of the street, so that we shall be instantly apprised of every motion he makes.

*Poul.* Well managed, my Major.

*Sir Chr.* Yes, yes; the cunning young dog knows very well what he is about.

*Sour Cr.* Upon my word, Major Racket has very fine disposition to make a figure at de head of de army; five or six German campaigns will—ah, dat is de best school in de vorld for make de var.

*Sir Chr.* Five or six German campaigns!

*Sour Cr.* Ay, Chevalier; vat you say to dat?

*Sir Chr.* O Mynheer! nothing at all—a German war, for ought I know, may be a very good school, but it is a damned expensive education for us.

*De Jar.* C'est vrai, Chevalier, dat is all true, cet pay la dal place is the grave for the Frenchman and de fine English guinea.



*Sir Chr.* True, Monsieur; but our guineas are rather worse off than your men, for they stand no chance of rising again.

*De Jar.* Ha, ha, ha! dat is very well—le Chevalier have beaucoup d'esprit, great deal of wit, ma foi.

*Rack.* I think the Knight is in luck—but don't let us loose sight of our subject. You, Gentlemen, are all prepar'd, perfect in the several parts you are to play?

*All.* Ay, ay.

*Rack.* You, Mynheer Sour Crout?

*Sour Cr.* I understand—I will pique his honour—the pride of his famille.

*Rack.* Right, Poultice—

*Poul.* I will alarm him on the side of his health.

*Sir Chr.* Next to his money, the thing in the world he most minds.

*Rack.* You, De Jarsey, and Button, will employ all your eloquence on the prudential side of the—Oh, dear Jarsey! here is a draft for the pipe of Port that I promis'd.

*De Jar.* Dat is right,

*Rack.* The only receipt to get bawds, boroughs, or Frenchmen. [*Aside.*—Oh, here Billy comes—

*Enter* BUTTON.

Well Billy, what news?

*Butt.* I am vast afraid all matters are concluded at last.

*Rack.* Ay! prithee why so?

*Butt.* Because why, in ten minutes after you went,



out bolted the Squire, and hurry scurry'd away to layer Lattitat's, who, you know, arrests his tenants, and does all his concerns.

*Rack.* True; well—

*Butt.* I suppose to give him orders about drawing the writings.

*Sir Chr.* Not unlikely—but you think Flint will come to the club?

*Butt.* There is no manner of doubt; because why, he holloo'd to me from over the way—what, Billy, I suppose you are bound to the Bear; well, boy, I shall be hard at your heels—and he seem'd in prodigious vast spirits.

*Rack.* I am mistaken if we don't lower them a little. Well, Gentlemen, the time of action draws nigh. Knight, we must decamp.

*Sir Chr.* When you will.

*Rack.* I think, Sir Christopher, you lodge in the same house with the Linnets?

*Sir Chr.* Just over their heads.

*Rack.* Then thither we'll go—ten to one, if our plot operates as I expect, the hero will return to their house.

*Sir Chr.* Most likely.

*Rack.* We are come to a crisis, and the catastrophe of our piece can't be very far off.

*Sir Chr.* I wish, like other plays, it don't end in a marriage.

*Rack.* Then I shall be most confoundedly bit—but come, Knight.

*Sir Chr.* Rot you, I do as fast as I can—I can't



think, Racket, what the deuse makes thee so warm in this business; there is certainly something at bottom that I don't comprehend.—But do, Major, have pity on the poor girl; upon my soul she is a sweet little syren, so innocent and——

*Rack.* Pooh, pooh; don't be absurd—I thought that matter had been fully explain'd; this, Knight, is no time to look back—but suppose now I should have a little mischief in hand—

*Sir Chr.* How! of what kind?

*Rack.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Knight, till done, and then applaud the deed.

*Sir Chr.* It is very extraordinary Major Racket, if you are determined to make the devil a visit, that you can't pay it alone; or if you must have company, what a pox makes you think of fixing on me?

*Rack.* Hey day! ha, ha! What, in the vapours again?—we must have some more punch—

*Sir Chr.* You are mistaken; that won't have power to change the state of my mind, my resolves are too firm—

*Rack.* And who wishes to break them? I only ask your assistance to-night; and your reformation, you recollect, don't begin 'till to-morrow.

*Sir Chr.* That's true, indeed; but no human power shall prevail to put it off any longer than to-morrow.

*Rack.* Or the next day at farthest.

*Sir Chr.* May I be——if I do,

[*Exeunt Rack. and Sir Chr.*



*Poul.* Come lads, light your pipes—which of us shall be first to attack? Billy——

*Butt.* Won't it be rather too bold for me to begin?

*Poul.* Then let us leave it to chance—Hush! I hear him lumbering in—compose your looks, let his reception be solemn and grave.

*Butt.* Leave that chair for him.

*Enter FLINT.*

*Flint.* How fares it, my lads? Well, boys, matters are settled at last—the little Kate as comply'd, and to-morrow is fix'd for the day.

*Poul.* You have settled it then?

*Flint.* As firm as a rock.

*Poul.* So you can't retreat if you would?

*Flint.* Retreat! I have no such design.

*Poul.* You han't?

*Flint.* No, to be sure, you great fool; what the deuse would Poultrice be at?

*Poul.* Nay then, neighbours, what we have been saying will just signify nothing.

*Flint.* Saying? why you have not heard?—that is, nobody——

*Poul.* No, nothing very material—only—but as the matter is carried so far——

*Flint.* So far! why I hope you have not found out any flaw—Kitty has not——

*Poul.* No, no, nothing of that—no, upon my word—I believe a very modest, prudent, good girl, neighbour.



*All.* No manner of doubt.

*Flint.* Well then—but what a plague is the meaning of this? You all sit as silent and glum—why can't you speak out with a pox?

*Poul.* Why, Squire, as we are all your fix'd friends, we have been canvassing this matter among us.

*Flint.* You have?

*Poul.* Marriage, you know very well, is no trifling affair; too much caution and care can't be us'd—

*Flint.* That I firmly believe, which has made me defer it so long.

*Poul.* Pray lend me your hand; how is the state of your health? do you find yourself hearty and strong?

*Flint.* I think so; that is I—you han't observ'd any bad symtoms of late?

*Poul.* No; but you us'd to have pains flying about you.

*Flint.* Formerly; but since I have fix'd my gout to a fit they are gone—that, indeed, lays me up four or five months in a year.

*Poul.* A pretty long spell; and in such a case, do you think now that a marriage—

*Flint.* The most best receipt in the world—why that, man, was one of my motives—wives, you know, are allow'd to make very good nurses.

*Poul.* That, indeed.

*Flint.* Ay, and then they are always at hand; and besides they don't cost one a farthing.



*Poul.* True, true; why you look very jolly and fresh; does not he?

*All.* Exceedingly.

*Poul.* Yet he can't be less than—let me see—wasn't you under old Syntax at Wells?—

*Flint.* He dy'd the year I left school.

*Poul.* That must be a good forty year since.

*Flint.* Come sheep-shearing next.

*Poul.* Then, Squire, you are hard upon sixty.

*Flint.* Not far away, Master Poultice.

*Poul.* And Miss Linnet—sixteen—you are a bold man—not but there are instances, indeed, where men have surviv'd many years such disproportiona marriages as these.

*Flint.* Surviv'd! why should they not?

*Poul.* But then their stamina must be prodigiously strong.

*Flint.* Stamina!

*Poul.* Let us see, Button, there was Doctor Dotage, that married the Devonshire girl, he had a matter of—

*Butt.* No, no; he dropp'd off in six months.

*Poul.* True, true, I had forgot.

*Flint.* Lord have mercy!

*Butt.* Indeed, an old master of mine, Sir Harry O'Tuff, is alive, and walks about to this day.

*Flint.* Hey!

*Poul.* But you forgot where Sir Harry was born, and how soon his Lady elop'd.

*Butt.* In the honey moon; with captain Pike of the guards; I mind it full well.



*Poul.* That, indeed, alters the case.

*Flint.* Well, but Billy, you are not serious in this? you don't think there is any danger of death?

*Butt.* As to the matter of death, the Doctor knows better than I, because why, that lies in his way; but I shall never forget Colonel Crazy, one of the best customers that ever I had; I never think of him without dropping a tear——

*Flint.* Why; what was the matter with him?

*Butt.* Married Lady Barbary Bonnie, as it might be about midnight on Monday——

*Flint.* Well——

*Butt.* But never more saw the sweet face of the sun.

*Flint.* What! did he die?

*Butt.* Within an hour after throwing the stocking.

*Flint.* Good Lord! that was dreadful indeed—Of what age might he be?

*Butt.* About your time of life.

*Flint.* That is vastly alarming. Lord bless me, Bill, I am all of a tremble!

*Butt.* Ay, truly, it behoves your honour to consider what you are about.

*Flint.* True.

*Butt.* Then what a world of money must go; running forwards and backwards to town, and jaunting to see all the fine sights in the place——

*Flint.* I shan't take her to many of them; perhaps I may shew her the Parliment house, and plays, and Boodles, and Bedlam, and my Lord Mayor, and the lions!



*Butt.* Then the vast heap of fine cloaths you must make—

*Flint.* What occasion for that?

*Butt.* As you arn't known, there is no doing without; because why, every body passes there for what they appears.

*Flint.* Right, Billy; but I believe I have found out a way to do that pretty cheap.

*Butt.* Which way may be that?

*Flint.* You have seen the minister that's come down to tack us together—

*Butt.* I have—is he a fine man in the pulpit?

*Flint.* He don't care much to meddle with that; but he is a prodigious patriot, and a great politician to boot—

*Butt.* Indeed!

*Flint.* And has left behind him, at Paris, a choice collection of curious rich cloaths, which he has promis'd to sell me a pennorth.

*Poul.* Pooh, what Billy talks of are trifles to the evils you are to expect—to have a girl to break in upon your old ways; your afternoon's nap interrupted, and perhaps not suffer'd to take your pipe of a night.

*Flint.* No!

*Poul.* All your former friends forbidden your house—

*Flint.* The fewer come in, the less will go out; I shan't be sorry for that.

*Poul.* To make room for her own numerous clan—



*Flint.* Not a soul of them shall enter the doors—

*Poul.* A brood of babes at your board, whose fathers she herself won't find it easy to name—

*Flint.* To prevent that I'll lock her up in a room.

*Poul.* The King's-Bench will break open the door—

*Flint.* Then I'll turn her out of the house.

*Poul.* Then her debts will throw you into gaol—

*Flint.* Who told you so?

*Poul.* A dozen of proctors—

*Flint.* Then I will hang myself out of the way.

*Poul.* So she will become possessed of her jointure, and her creditors will foreclose your estate.

*Flint.* What a miserable poor toad is a husband; whose misfortunes not even death can relieve.

*Butt.* Think of that, Squire, before it be too late.

*Flint.* Well but friends, neighbours, what the deuce can I do? are you all of a mind?

*De Jar.* All, all; dere is no question at all: what a garson of your ancient famille to take up with a pauvre petite bourgoise a?

*Flint.* Does that never happen in France?

*De Jar.* Never; but when Monsieur de Baron is very great beggar, and de bourgoise has damn'd deal de guinea.

*Poul.* That is none of our case.

*Flint.* No, no—Mynheer, do your people never make up such matches?

*Sour Cr.* Never, never—what, a German dishonour his stock! why Mester Flint, should Mistress Linnet bring you de children for de ten generations



to come, they could not be chose de Cannons of Stratsbourgh,

*Flint.* No?

*Poul.* So, Squire, take it which way you will, what dreadful danger you run.

*Flint.* I do.

*Poul.* Loss of friends—

*Butt.* Pipe and afternoon's nap—

*Sour Cr.* Your famille gone to de dogs—

*De Jar.* Your peace of mind to de devil—

*Poul.* Your health—

*Butt.* Your wealth—

*Poul.* Plate, money, and manors,

*All.* Your—

*Flint.* Enough, dear neighbours, enough—I feel it, I feel it too well; Lord have mercy what a miserable scrape am I in! and here too, not an hour ago, it has cost me the Lord knows what in making her presents,

*Poul.* Never mind that; you had better part with half you are worth in the world.

*Flint.* True, true—well then I'll go and break off all matters this minute.

*Poul.* The wisest thing you can do—

*Butt.* The sooner the better.

*Flint.* No doubt, no doubt, in the—and yet But-ton, she is a vast pretty girl—I should be heartily sorry to lose her—dost think one could not get her on easier terms than on marriage?

*Butt.* It is but trying, however.



*Flint.* To tell truth, Billy, I have always had that in my head; and at all events I have thought of a project that will answer my purpose.

*Butt.* Ay, Squire, what is it?

*Flint.* No matter—and, do you hear Billy? should I get her consent, if you will take her off my hands, and marry her when I begin to grow tired, I'll settle ten pounds a year upon you, for both your lives.

*Butt.* Without paying the taxes.

*Flint.* That matter we will talk of hereafter.

[*Exit.*

*Poul.* So, so, we have well settled this business, however.

*Butt.* No more thoughts of his taking a wife.

*Poul.* He would sooner be ty'd to a gibbet; but, Billy, step after him, they will let you in at Sir Christopher Cripple's; and bring us, Bill, a faithful account.

*Butt.* I will, I will; but where shall you be?

*Poul.* Above, in the Phoenix; we won't stir out of the house; but be very exact.

*Butt.* Never fear.

[*Exeunt.*

*Miss LINNET, alone.*

Heigh, ho! what a sacrifice am I going to make? but it is the will of those who have a right to all my obedience, and to that I will submit. (*Loud knocking at the door.*) Bless me! who can that be at this time of night! Our friends may err; and projects, the most prudentially pointed, may miss of their aim; but age and experience demand respect and at-



tention, and the undoubted kindness of our parent's designs claims, on our parts at least, a grateful and ready compliance.

*Enter NANCY.*

*Miss Lin.* Nancy, who was that at the door?

*Nancy.* Mr. Flint, Miss, begs the favour of speaking five words with you.

*Miss Lin.* I was in hopes to have had this night at least to myself—where is my mother?

*Nancy.* In the next room with Lady Catharine, consulting about your cloathes for the morning.

*Miss Lin.* He is here—very well, you may go.

[*Exit.*

*Enter FLINT.*

*Flint.* She is alone, as I wished—Miss, I beg pardon for intruding at this time of night, but—

*Miss Lin.* Sir!

*Flint.* You can't wonder that I desire to enjoy your good company every minute I can.

*Miss Lin.* Those minutes, a short space, will place Mr. Flint in your power; if 'till then you had permitted me to—

*Flint.* Right. But to say the truth, I wanted to have a little serious talk with you of how and about it.—I think, Miss, you agree, if we marry, to go off to the country directly.

*Miss Lin.* If we marry? is it then a matter of doubt?

*Flint.* Why, I tell you Miss; with regard to myself, you know, I am one of the most antientest families in all the country round—



*Miss Lin.* Without doubt.

*Flint.* And as to money and lands, in these parts, I believe few people can match me.

*Miss Lin.* Perhaps not.

*Flint.* And as to yourself, I don't speak in a disparaging way, your friends are low folks, and your fortune just nothing.

*Miss Lin.* True, Sir; but this is no new discovery, you have known this—

*Flint.* Hear me out now as I bring, all these good things on my side, and you have nothing to give me in return but your love, I ought to be pretty sure of the possession of that.

*Miss Lin.* I hope the properly discharging all the duties of that condition, which I am shortly to owe to your favour, will give you convincing proofs of my gratitude.

*Flint.* Your gratitude, Miss—but we talk of your love! and of that, if I marry, I must have plain and positive proofs.

*Miss Lin.* Proofs! of what kind?

*Flint.* To steal away directly with me to my lodgings.

*Miss Lin.* Your lodgings!

*Flint.* There pass the night, and in the morning, the very minute we rise, we will march away to the Abbey.

*Miss Lin.* Sir!

*Flint.* In short Miss, I must have this token of love, or not a syllable more of the marriage.

*Miss Lin.* Give me patience!



*Flint.* Come, Miss, we have not a minute to lose; the coast is clear—should somebody come, you will put it out of my power to do what I design.

*Miss Lin.* Power! Hands off, Mr. Flint. Power! I promise you, Sir, you shall never have me in your power.

*Flint.* Here, Miss—

*Miss Lin.* Despicable wretch! from what part of my character could your vanity derive a hope that I would submit to your infamous purpose?

*Flint.* Don't be in a—

*Miss Lin.* To put principle out of the question, not a creature that had the least tincture of pride could fall a victim to such a contemptible—

*Flint.* Why but Miss—

*Miss Lin.* It is true in compliance with the earnest request of my friends, I had consented to sacrifice my peace to their pleasure; and tho' reluctant, would have given you my hand.

*Flint.* Vastly well.

*Miss Lin.* What motive, but obedience to them, could I have had in forming an union with you? Did you presume I was struck with your personal merit, or think the sordidness of your mind and manners would tempt me?

*Flint.* Really, Miss, this is carrying—

*Miss Lin.* You have wealth I confess; but where could have been the advantage to me, as a reward for becoming your drudge? I might perhaps have received a scanty subsistence, for I can hardly sup-



pose you would grant the free use of that to your wife, which your meanness has deny'd to yourself.

*Flint.* So, so, so—by and by she will alarm the whole house.

*Miss Lin.* The whole house! the whole town shall be told. Sure the greatest misfortune that Poverty brings in its train, is the subjecting us to the insults of wretches like this, who have no other merit but what their riches bestow on them.

*Flint.* What a damnable vixen, [*Aside.*

*Miss Lin.* Go, Sir; leave the house. I am asham'd, Sir, you have had the power to move me, and never more let me be shock'd with your sight.

*Enter Lady CATHERINE and Mrs. LINNET.*

*La. Cath.* How's aw wi you within? Gad's mercy, what's the matter wi Miss? I will hope, Maister Flint, it is na you, who ha set her a wailing.

*Mrs. Lin.* Kitty, my love.

*Miss Lin.* A modest proposal of that gentleman's making.—

*La. Cath.* Of what kind?

*Miss Lin.* Only this moment to quit my father and you, and take up my lodging with him.

*La. Cath.* To night; aw that is quite out of the order of things, that is ne'er done, Maister Flint, till after the ceremony of the nuptials is said.

*Flint.* No?—Then, I can tell your ladyship, it will never be done.

*La. Cath.* How?—



*Enter Major RACKET, Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, and BUTTON.*

*Sir Chr.* We beg pardon for taking the liberty to come in, Mrs. Linnet, but we were afraid some accident might have happened to Miss.—

*Mrs. Lin.* There has, Sir.

*Rack.* Of what kind?

*Mrs. Lin.* That worthy gentleman, under pretence of friendship to us, and honourable views to my daughter, has hatched a treacherous design to inevitably ruin my child.

*Sir Chr.* What he? Flint!

*Mrs. Lin.* Even he.

*Sir Chr.* An impudent son of a—Billy, lead me up, that I may take a peep at the puppy—Your servant young gentlemen; what, is it true that we hear? A sweet swain this to tempt a virgin to sin. Why, Old Nick has made a mistake here, he used to be more expert in his angling, for what female on earth can be got to catch this bait?

*La. Cath.* Haud, haud you, Sir Christopher Cripple, let Maister Flint and I have a short conference upon occasion—I find, Maister Flint, you ha made a little mistake, but marriage will set aw matters right in the instant. I suppose you persevere to gang wi Miss into kirk in the morning.

*Flint.* No Madam, nor the evening neither.

*La. Cath.* Mercy a Gad! what do you refuse to ratify the preliminaries?

*Flint.* I don't say that neither.

*Sir Chr.* Then name the time in which you will fulfil them—a week?



*La. Cath.* A fortnight?

*Mrs. Lin.* A month?

*Flint.* I won't be bound to no time.

*Rack.* A rascally evasion of his to avoid an action at law.

*Sir Chr.* But, perhaps, he may be disappointed in that.

*La. Cath.* Well, but Maister Flint, are you willing to make Miss a pecuniary acknowledgment for the damage?

*Flint.* I have done her no damage, and I'll make no reparation.

*Rack.* Twelve honest men of your country may happen to differ in judgment.

*Flint.* Let her try if she will—

*Sir Chr.* And I promise you she shan't be to seek for the means.

*La. Cath.* If you be nae afraid of the laws, ha you nae sense of shame?

*Rack.* He sense of shame?

*La. Cath.* Gad's wull, it shall cum to the proof; you mun ken, good folk, at Edinbrugh last winter, I got acquainted with Maister Fout the play-actor—I will get him to bring the filthy loon on the stage—

*Sir Chr.* And expose him to the contempt of the world; he richly deserves it.

*Flint.* Ay, he may write, you may rail, and the people may hiss, and what care I? I have that at home that will keep up my spirits—

*La. Cath.* At hame?

*Rack.* The wretch means his money—

*Flint.* And what better friend can any man have?



Tell me the place where its influence fails? Ask that gentleman how he got his cockade. Money! I know its worth, and therefore can't too carefully keep it. At this very instant I have a proof of its value; it enables me to laugh at that squeamish impertinent girl, and despise the weak efforts of your impotent malice—Call me forth to your courts when you please, that will procure me able defenders, and good witnesses too if they are wanted. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Chr.* Now there's a fellow that will never reform.

*Rack.* You had better let him alone, it is in vain to expect justice or honour from him; what a most contemptible cur is a miser?

*Sir Chr.* Ten thousand times worse than a highwayman; that poor devil only pilfers from Peter or Paul, and the money is scattered as soon as received; but the wretch that accumulates for the sake of secreting, annihilates what was intended for the use of the world, and is a robber of the whole human race.—

*Rack.* And of himself too into the bargain.

*Butt.* For all the world like a magpye, he steals for the mere pleasure of hiding.

*Rack.* Well observed, little Bill.

*Butt.* Why, he wanted to bring me into his plot—yes; he made proposals for me to marry Miss after his purpose was serv'd—

*Sir Chr.* How!

*Butt.* But he was out in his man—let him give his



cast cloaths to his coachman. Billy Button can afford a new suit of his own.

*Rack.* I don't doubt it at all.

*Butt.* Fellow—I am almost resolved never to set another stich for him as long as I live.

*Sir Chr.* Right, Button; right; but where is Miss Kitty? Come hither, my chicken; faith I am heartily glad you are rid of this scoundrel; and if such a crippled old fellow as me was worthy of your notice—but hold, Kate, there is another chap I must guard you against—

*Miss Lin.* Another, Sir! who?

*Sir Chr.* Why this gentleman.

*Rack.* Me!

*Sir Chr.* Ay, you; come, come Major, don't think you can impose upon a cunning old sportsman like me.

*Rack.* Upon my soul, Sir Christopher, you make me blush.

*Sir Chr.* Oh! you are devilish modest I know—but to come to the trial at once. I have some reason to believe, Major, you are fond of this girl, and that her want of fortune mayn't plead your excuse, I don't think I can better begin my plan of reforming than by a compliment paid to her virtue—then take her, and with her two thousand guineas in hand.

*Mrs. Lin.* How, Sir!

*Sir Chr.* And expect another good spell when Monsieur le Fevre sets me free from the gout.

*Butt.* Please your Worship, I'll accept her with half—



*La. Cath.* Gi me leave, Sir Christopher, to throw in the widow's mite on the happy occasion; the bride garment, and her dinner shall be furnished by me.

*Sir Chr.* Cock-a-lecky soup,

*La. Cath.* Sheep's head sing'd, a haggies in plenty.

*Sir Chr.* Well said, Lady Catharine,

*Miss Lin.* How, Sir, shall I acknowledge this goodness?

*Sir Chr.* By saying nothing about it—Well, Sir, we wait your answer.

*Rack.* I think the lady might first be consulted; I should be sorry a fresh prosecution should follow so fast on the heels of the—

*Sir Chr.* Come, come, no trifling, your resolution at once.

*Rack.* I receive, then, your offer with pleasure.

*Sir Chr.* Miss.

*Miss Lin.* Sir, there is a little account to be first settled between this gentleman and an old unhappy acquaintance of mine.

*Sir Chr.* Who?

*Miss Lin.* The Major can guess—the unhappy Miss Prim.

*Sir Chr.* You see, Major, your old sins are rising in judgment.

*Rack.* I believe, Madam, I can satisfy that.

*Miss Lin.* I sha'n't give you the trouble—but first, let me return you all my most grateful thanks for your kind intentions towards me. I know your



generous motives, and feel its value, I hope, as I ought; but might I be permitted to choose, I beg to remain in the station I am; my little talents have hitherto received the public protection, nor whilst I continue to deserve, am I the least afraid of losing my patrons.

[*Exeunt.*



# EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

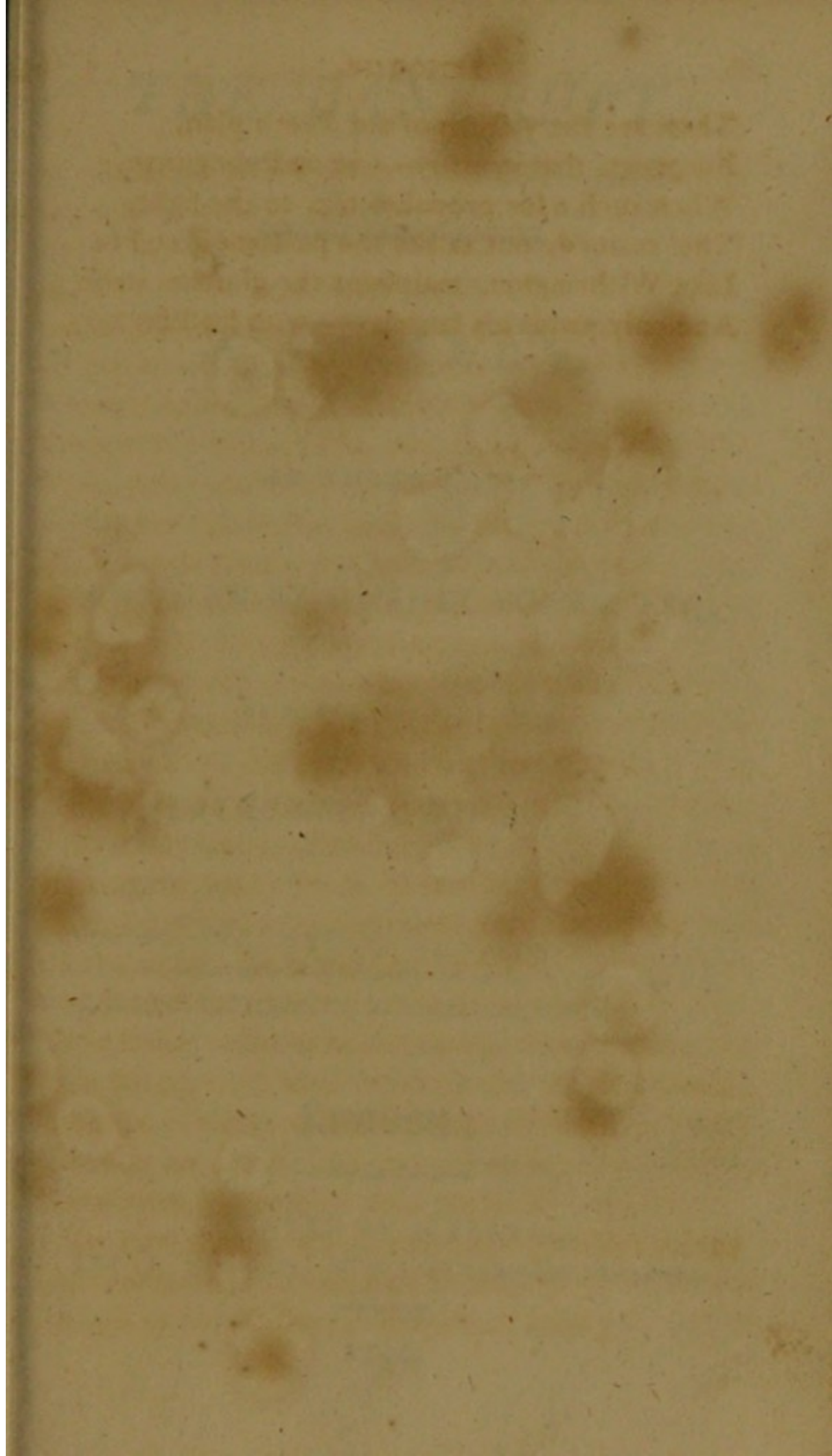
SPOKEN BY MRS. JEWELL.

CONFIDING in the justice of the place,  
To you the *Maid of Bath* submits her case :  
Wrong'd and defeated of three several spouses,  
She lays her damages for nine full houses.  
Well, Sirs, you've heard the parties, *pro* and *con*;  
Do the *pro*'s carry it? Shall the suit go on?  
Speak hearts for us, to them we make appeal:  
Tell us not what you think, but what you feel:  
Ask us, why bring a private cause to view!  
We answer with a sigh—because 'tis true :  
For tho' invention is our Poet's trade,  
Here he but copies parts which others play'd.  
For on a ramble, late one starry night,  
With Asmodeo, his familiar sprite,  
High on the wing, by his conductor's side,  
This guilty scene the indignant Bard descry'd;  
Soaring in air, his ready pen he drew,  
And dash'd the glowing satire as he flew :  
For in these rank luxuriant times, there needs  
Some strong bold hand to pluck the noxious weeds.  
The rake of sixty, crippl'd hand and knee,  
Who sins on claret, and repents on tea :  
The witless Maccaroni, who purloins  
A few cant words, which some pert gambler coins :  
The undomestic Amazonian Dame,  
Staunch to her *Cotiere*, in despite of fame ;

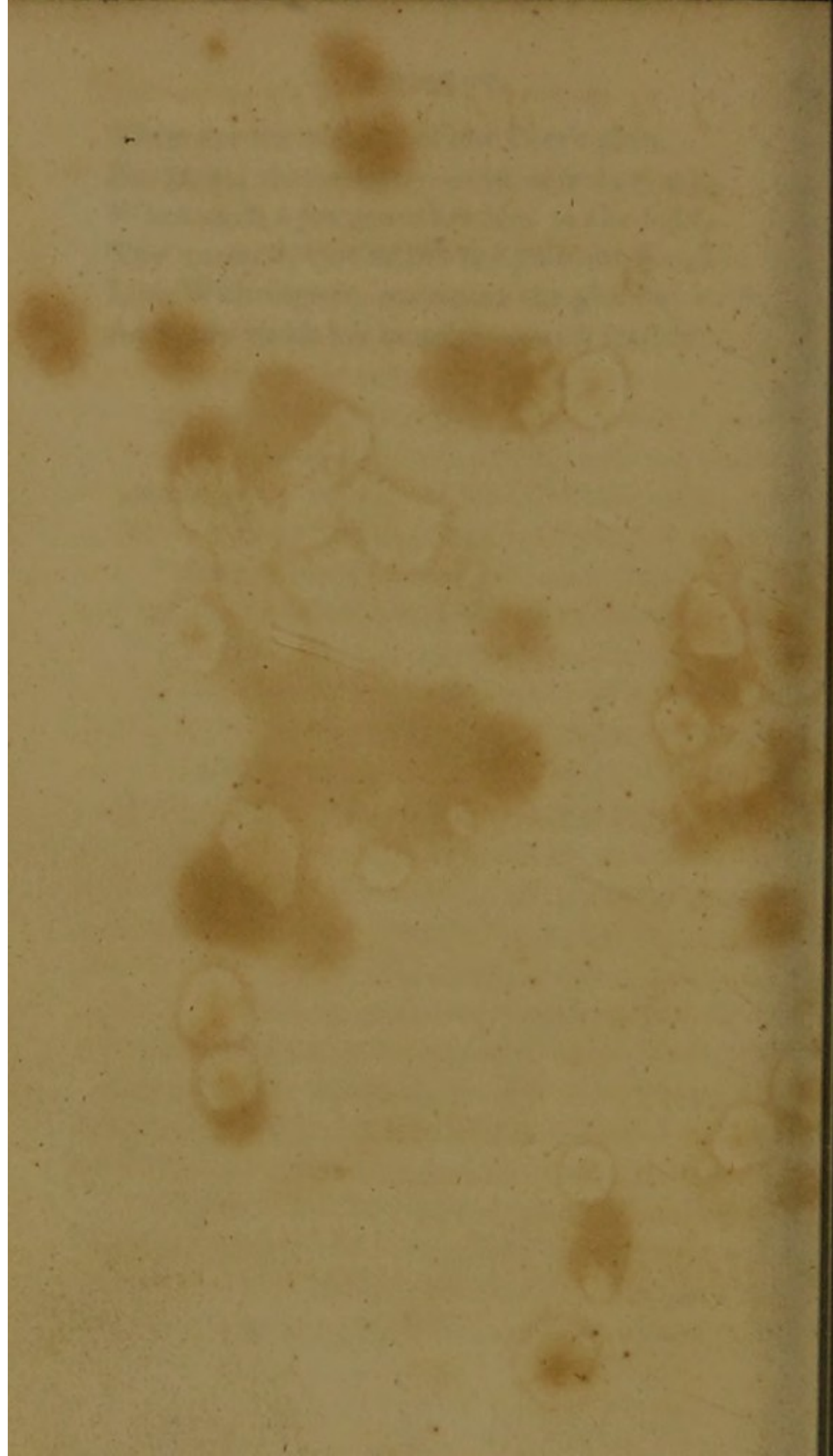


These are the victims of our Poet's plan,  
But most, that *monster*——an unfeeling man.  
When such a foe provokes him to the fight,  
Tho' maim'd, out sallies the puissant Knight:  
Like Withrington, maintains the glorious strife,  
And only yields his laurels——with his life.











# THE BANKRUPT.

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A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

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The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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London:

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PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,  
FOR J. PARSONS, N<sup>o</sup> 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

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1794.



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## THE BANKRUPT.

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*THE town beheld the first representation of this piece at the Little Theatre, Haymarket, in the summer of 1773.*

*Foote himself played the part of Sir Robert Riscouter in a manner that rivetted the attention of the audience, and was gratified with general and continued applauses from the commencement of the piece to the fall of the curtain.*

*This eventful and well-conducted drama raised his reputation (already well established) as an author and an actor. Its success was mentioned to Garrick, who remarked that "The Bankrupt had done well by Foote, for he must have paid him twenty shillings in the pound, three times over, at least."*

*On witnessing the excellence displayed by our author in his own Sir Robert Riscouter, many who had been in the habit of saying "Foote's a good mimic, but no actor," renounced their former opinion, and candidly confessed they had "done him wrong."*

*The Bankrupt is a comedy as well adapted to the present times as those in which it was written—The cap requires no alteration.*



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## Dramatis Personae.

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### *Men.*

Sir Robert Riscounter,	-	MR. FOOTE
Sir James Biddulph,	-	MR. AICKIN
Pillage,	-	MR. PALMER
Resource,	-	MR. FEARON
Margin,	-	MR. BADDELEY
Robin,	-	MR. WHITEFIELD
Phelim O'Flam,	-	MR. BANNISTER
James,	-	MR. R. PALMER
Sir Thomas Tradewell,	-	MR. DAVIS
Dingey,	-	MR. GRIFFITHS
Pepper,	-	MR. STEPHENS
Plaister,	-	MR. JONES
Rumour,	-	MR. LLOYD
Clerk,	-	MR. WALTERS.

### *Women.*

Lady Riscounter,	-	MISS SHERRY
Lydia,	-	MRS. JEWELL
Lucy,	-	MISS AMBROSE
Kitty,	-	MISS PLATT.

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# PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

FOR wit's keen satire, and this laughing stag,  
What theme so fruitful as a Bankrupt Age?  
For not confin'd to commerce is the curse,  
The head is near as empty as the purse;  
Equally sunk, our credit and our wit,  
Nor is the sage more solvent than the cit;  
All these—but soft, ere thus abroad we roam,  
Were it not prudent first to look at home?  
You, gentle Sirs, have giv'n me credit long,  
And took my word for many an idle song;  
But if exhausted, I give notes to-day—  
For wit and humour, which I cannot pay,  
I must turn Bankrupt too, and hop away. }  
Unless, indeed, I modishly apply,  
For leave to sell my works by lottery.  
Tho' few will favour, where's no cash to fee'em,  
Poor hopes, that way, to part with my Museum;  
My old friend, Smirk, indeed, may lend his aid,  
And sell by auction all my stock in trade;  
His placid features, and imploring eye,  
May tempt, perhaps, the tardy town to buy;  
His winning manner, and his soft address,  
To other sales of mine have giv'n success;  
But after all, my ever honour'd friends,  
On you alone my fate this night depends;  
I've fought some battles, gain'd some vict'ries here,  
And little thought a culprit to appear



Before this House ; but if resolv'd you go,  
To find me guilty, or to make me so,  
To grant me neither wit, nor taste, nor sense,  
Vain were my plea, and useless my defence.  
But still, I will not steal, I will not beg,  
Tho' I've a passport in this wooden leg.  
But to my cot contentedly retire,  
And stew my cabbage by my only fire ;  
Mean time, great Sirs, my sentence yet unknown,  
E'en as your Justice be your candour shewn,  
And when you touch my honour, don't forget  
your own.





## THE BANKRUPT.

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### ACT I.—SCENE I.

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*Enter ROBIN and KITTY, meeting.*

*Robin.*

THIS letter and casket, with my master's most respectful compliments, you will, Kitty, with your own fair hands, deliver to Miss.

*Kitty.* The casket is heavy—I suppose, Mr. Robin, this is what my Lady calls the Purry-funalia?

*Robin.* A small tribute, Madam, to adorn the bride on the happy occasion.

*Kitty.* What then, I suppose you look upon this marriage as good as concluded.

*Robin.* Things are gone such a length, that not the least doubt can be made.

*Kitty.* And yet between the cup and the lip,—you remember the proverb?

*Robin.* One of the parties may die to be sure, otherwise I don't know how—

*Kitty.* No?



*Robin.* No: The young lady has not alter'd her mind?

*Kitty.* Not to my knowledge.

*Robin.* What, Sir Robert Riscouter, her father? these curmudgeonly cits regard no ties, no obligations when they have an higher interest in view. I suppose he has received larger proposals from some other party.

*Kitty.* I have heard no such thing.

*Robin.* Well then, I am sure no impediment can arise from our quarter. My master, Sir James Biddulph, is too much a man of honour: besides I know his whole soul is wrapt up in Miss Lydia.

*Kitty.* He has given her pretty convincing proofs of his passion.

*Robin.* What, I suppose the malicious mother-in-law, who, I know, hates Miss, and has a damn'd deal of art, in conjunction with Miss Lucy, that precious pledge of her former husband's affections, has contrived to throw some confounded rub in the way.

*Kitty.* Bless me, Mr. Robin, I don't know what you mean, I am sure I said nothing at all.

*Robin.* No?

*Kitty.* No. But only that things which are not done, may perhaps never be done; there is nothing certain but death.

*Robin.* Very moral, Miss Kitty,—(there is some mystery, if I could but get at it, but this slut is as cunning—I will have a trial however) nay, for the matter of that, I can have, Mrs. Kitty, no



interest at all in this match; there is so much confinement, and form, even in the most fashionable families, that a single service is best suited to me, especially too, that now I am got into most of the clubs: there is one circumstance I shall most feelingly regret: That I own will greatly touch me.

*Kitty.* And pray what may that be, Mr. Robin?

*Robin.* Not living under the same roof with Miss Kitty. I make no doubt, Madam, but your fortunes would follow your mistress's, and, in that case, I thought to soften the rigours of my captivity, in your agreeable converse.

*Kitty.* Really, Mr. Robin? Well, I protest, I did not.

*Robin.* And when our mutual endeavours had procured, for us a small independence, I flatter'd myself with gently sliding the down hill of life, subject to no other will but Miss Kitty's.

*Kitty.* What a difference between him, and the servants of this side the bar?—Really, Mr. Robin, you talk nearly as well as your master.

*Robin.* And no wonder, Madam, since love, the same deity, inspires us both.

*Kitty.* How quick you are in your reppartees, Mr. Robin! are you good at a riddle?

*Robin.* If you mean the making them, no; it is too low a species of writing for me; for novels I have now and then some dealings with Noble, and have by me a genteel comedy of one act, that is thought to have a good deal of merit.



*Kitty.* And pray when does it make its appearance?

*Robin.* Why, faith, I don't know, all the managers are such scriblers, that they won't give a genius fair play, but engross the whole stage to themselves.

*Kitty.* Very selfish, indeed. Well, Mr. Robin, though you won't make a riddle, I will, which, as my Lady expects me, you may study to expound by yourself. This match won't take place, and yet are none of the parties to blame; I may live in the same house with you, though I should leave my young Mistress's service, and the loss of my place may perhaps be the making of my fortune. So Adieu.

*Robin.* Nay but Miss Kitty, one word if you please.

*Kitty.* Not a syllable, go and puzzle your brains. But take this, for your comfort, that if you cannot at present make out my meaning, a little time will fully explain it. [Exit.

*Robin.* So skittish and shy, Mrs. Pert! but if our next meeting don't bring forth this secret, you are no true chamber-maid, nor I fit for a valet de chambre. All reserve amongst servants is flat treason against the community. Every well disciplin'd domestic is bound in honour, however careful of his own, to reveal all family secrets, to the rest of the tribe. But I must brush off, for here comes my Lady. [Exit.

*Enter Lady RISCOUNTER, and JAMES.*

*Lady Risc.* And he has promised that the paragraph shall appear in the paper this morning?



*James.* I am afraid, Madam, there is no doubt of keeping his word.

*Lady Risc.* Afraid! what a pusillanimous creature art thou?

*James.* As your Ladyship, by what means I know not, is acquainted with my veneration for Miss, you can't wonder at my feeling some compunction, in becoming an instrument to ruin her fame.

*Lady Risc.* Why the fellow is a fool: don't you consider, that her ruin, as you call it, will be your rise?

*James.* Perhaps, so, Madam, but how can I—

*Lady Risc.* You love Lydia, you say?

*James.* More than I have words to express.

*Lady Risc.* And Sir James Biddulph you detest, as a successful rival, no doubt?

*James.* Except on that account, I have no reason.

*Lady Risc.* And what better reason can any man have? don't you know, that the two great master passions that gave birth to all that we do, is hatred and love?

*James.* Without doubt.

*Lady Risc.* The mind would stagnate without them; and are not you particularly fortunate, in being able, by one masterly stroke to gratify both?

*James.* Where I indeed sure of succeeding with Miss?

*Lady Risc.* You have every probable chance in your favour: in the first place, it is impossible, consistently with his honour, that Sir James Biddulph can pursue his designs upon Lydia.



*James.* May be not.

*Lady Risc.* Nor will any proper suitable person think of her when her reputation is gone.

*James.* Too true I believe.

*Lady Risc.* Then who so likely to succeed as yourself? as you are the party suspected, common policy will point out you for her husband.

*James.* But will Miss Lydia be brought to submit?

*Lady Risc.* She can have no choice but her father's. Him, I can easily manage, and possibly, as a *douceur* prevail on him to augment the very considerable fortune she drives from her aunt; never fear, things are in a very good way.

*James.* I must submit all to your ladyship's management.

*Lady Risc.* Your part will be easy enough, you will have nothing to do but be passive.

*Enter KITTY, and LUCY, with a news-paper in her hand.*

*Lucy.* Here, Madam, here it is, and placed in a most conspicuous part of the paper.

*Lady Risc.* And no alteration?

*Lucy.* Not a word. In the exact form that we sent it.

*Lady Risc.* Pr'ythee read it, my dear.

*Lucy.* [*Reads.*] "We can assure the publick, "from the very best authority, that the beautiful "daughter, by a former venture, of an eminent "banker not far from the Monument, was surprised



“by the servants, in a most critical situation, with  
“Mr. J——s, clerk to her father.”

*Lady Risc.* Right, right.

*Lucy.* “And what heightens her crime, she was on  
“the eve of being married to an amiable young baro-  
“net, at the west end of the town, the apparent  
“object of her own choice.”

*Lady Risc.* Finely circumstantial, it is impossible  
for any body to err in the person.

*Lucy.* Not in nature; now, I think, we shall pull  
down Miss Prudery's pride.

*Lady Risc.* It cannot fail. Kitty you have care-  
fully perused the instructions I gave you.

*Kitty.* Please your ladyship, I have them by  
heart.

*Lady Risc.* Don't be too forward in replying to any  
question they put to you; but answer with a kind  
of reluctant hesitation, as if the facts were forc'd  
from your mouth.

*Kitty.* Never fear, Madam.

*Lady Risc.* Don't forget to make frequent pro-  
fessions of the great love and affection you bear your  
young mistress, that you could not have thought  
it; shan't know whom to trust for the future; ready  
to lay down your life for your lady.

*Lucy.* Suggest too, that some strange arts must  
have been used, or you are convinc'd she could never  
have been brought to submit.

*Kitty.* I shall carefully, Madam, obey your di-  
rections.



*Lady Risc.* And squeeze out a tear, now and then, if you can.

*Lucy.* Or if they won't come, rub your eyes till they are red.

*Lady Risc.* Right; this will give probability to all that you say.

*Lucy.* Otherwise, the young hypocrite's behaviour has been always so specious, those who know her won't credit the story.

*Kitty.* Suppose, Madam, Sir James Biddulph, or any body else, should make any enquiry?

*Lady Risc.* Answer none of their questions; your tenderness for Lydia will be a proper excuse; to your master's authority, indeed, you are obliged to submit. You comprehend me?

*Kitty.* Perfectly, Madam.

*Lady Risc.* Within, I will give you further instructions; and remember, Kitty, your fortune is at stake: Success, in this one instance, will make you easy for life.

*Kitty.* The best I can do will be but a poor return for your ladyship's goodness.

*Lady Risc.* Send the news paper into your master. (*Exit Kitty.*) You have, James, seen none of our people this morning?

*James.* I have not enter'd the shop.

*Lady Risc.* Then get out of the way as fast as you can; secrete yourself somewhere, that will give additional strength to the story. Your withdrawing will argue a consciousness arising from guilt.

*James.* That I most sufficiently feel.



*Lady Risc.* Success will soon drown the remembrance. (*Exit James.*) That fellow must not appear; his mind is so maukish, that should he be confronted with Lydia, he would betray our whole plot in an instant.

*Lucy.* It is a wonder, Madam, how you have got all this address: instead of a private family, you are form'd to govern a country.

*Lady Risc.* Why, I think, I may without vanity say, that I deriv'd from nature some talents for this kind of intrigue; but to the care of my education I chiefly owe what I am.

*Lucy.* Indeed, Madam!

*Lady Risc.* My father was a stock-broker, you know, and your father, my first husband, an attorney, my dear.

*Lucy.* True, Madam.

*Lady Risc.* And as they had no reserve, they kept no secrets from me, I must have been a blockhead, indeed, not to have made some progress in their professional arts.

*Lucy.* True, Madam.

*Lady Risc.* But after defeating Sir James Bidulph's designs upon Lydia, to turn the tide of his affections, and substitute you in her room, will, Lucy be the great political effort.

*Lucy.* From your ladyship's great abilities there cannot be the least doubt of success: besides her father is so hasty and violent that, I am sure, he will never be brought to forgive her.



*Lady Risc.* There is no relying on that; no mortal was ever so mutable. Our various climate is not so inconstant as he. Sir Robert is choleric enough, but then, as he is provoked without cause, he is appeased without reason; one word will inflame, another extinguish the fire; whom one minute he persecutes, the next he protects. His joy, grief, love, hatred, are in eternal rotation, and I have been often tempted to think his mind a machine, moved only by the immediate objects before it.

*Lucy.* And yet, Madam, how completely you rule him!

*Lady Risc.* No longer, child, than I stay by his side; after that, the first person has him that sees him, and all my impressions are effac'd in an instant.

*Enter KITTY.*

*Kitty.* My master has got at the paragraph.

*Lady Risc.* Has he so? well, and—

*Kitty.* He enquired, Madam, for you, and putting his finger here, bid me shew this directly to your ladyship.

*Lady Risc.* He did not suspect then that I had seen it before?

*Kitty.* Not in the least—but here he comes tottering and trembling—with his face as white as a sheet.

*Lady Risc.* Get you behind.

*Enter Sir ROBERT RISCOUNTER.*

*Sir Rob.* Well, my dear have you read—

*Lady Risc.* Sir Robert, I have.



*Sir Rob.* Have you so? Well, and pray what do you think? Did you ever see such an audacious, abominable, impudent, scandalous piece of scurrility? Zounds, give me my cane, I will go directly to the rascally printer's, and——

*Lady Risc.* But suppose, Sir Robert, the printer should not be passive, and, in return for the strokes of your cane, should leave the marks of his nails in your face.

*Sir Rob.* There may be something in that, as your ladyship says, I have heard some of the rogues are strong and sturdy enough.

*Lady Risc.* And, first, let us be sure who the party is the paragraph points at.

*Sir Rob.* Hey! what d'ye say? points at? why, it is as clear as the sun—(*takes the paper.*) banker—Monument—first venture—zounds they might as well have published my name, and my daughter's, at length.

*Lady Risc.* Why, to say truth, the marks are pretty strong; but still let us coolly consider the case. Kitty, go down; Lucy, my dear, leave Sir Robert and me together a little. [*Exit Lucy and Kitty.*]

*Sir Rob.* Ay, go, child, pr'ythee go. I don't believe, Lady Riscounter, that there is a single man in the Ward, who would have the least hesitation in pronouncing who was—

*Lady Risc.* Well, but don't let us be in such hurry to make the application ourselves; the malice of others will be ready enough to do that: let me



see, is there no other banker lives near the Monument?

*Sir Rob.* Not that I know; but suppose there should, here, the west end of the town, and the amiable baronet, puts the matter out of dispute: hey, what d'ye say—

*Lady Risc.* That, indeed; but, hold a little, does not it mention the name of the paramour? Ay, here it is, J—S.

*Sir Rob.* J—S.

*Lady Risc.* J—S, I don't recollect any body that visits here, whose name those letters will suit.

*Sir Rob.* There is no Jones, nor Joddrell poo, pox, that is an L—nor Jennings, nor Jarvis, nor Jenkins, nor—

*Lady Risc.* Not that I recollect.

*Sir Rob.* There is Jacobs the Jew, but he is as old as one of the patriarchs, with his beard down to his breeches; they can never mean him.

*Lady Risc.* Poo! that's too absurd to suppose: but stay, are there no other distinguishing marks? um, um,—“J—s, clerk of her father's.” I own that passage escaped me.

*Sir Rob.* Hey! what did you say? and me too, one of my clerks! who can that be? J—s, the two letters belonging to a surname.

*Lady Risc.* So I should imagine.

*Sir Rob.* Zounds! it can never be James.

*Lady Risc.* James!

*Sir Rob.* An impudent, eternal, damn'd son of a bitch! this is the consequence of taking beggars into your bosom.



*Lady Risc.* But, Sir Robert——

*Sir Rob.* Don't mention it, Madam; was not he the thirteenth son of a starv'd Curate in Essex, ragged as their colts, and knew about as much as one of their calves—did not I feed, cloath, take him into my house, treat him as if he had been—and in return, the villain to dishonour my child!

*Lady Risc.* You are too impatient, Sir Robert; why should you fix all at once upon James? I have observed the lad's behaviour to be discreet and modest; nay, indeed, rather shy and reserv'd.

*Sir Rob.* That is true enough, I must own. I never remark'd the boy to be presumptuous and forward, like some of our pert prigs of the city, but, as your ladyship observes, rather bashful and shy. No, no, it can never be him.

*Lady Risc.* Not but I have known people with that specious outside appearance, carry minds as malignant and daring——

*Sir Rob.* The cursedest sly dogs upon earth: hypocrisy is the finest veil for a villain. I always suspected there was something bad behind his solemn sanctified look: I don't believe the scoundrel ever swore an oath since he came into the house. There is a villain for you, my dear.

*Lady Risc.* Nay, but my dear, let us conclude nothing rashly. Suppose you send for James up, and sift him a little?

*Sir Rob.* That may'nt be amiss—who's there?

*Lady Risc.* Not that I believe he will be ever brought to confess.



*Sir Rob.* He! no, no, curse him. Him! you will never catch him at that: you might as well hope to extract sugar from salt. I may as well let him alone.

*Lady Risc.* Let us see him, however.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Sir Rob.* True. Let James know that I want him, but don't tell the fellow I am angry, and so get him to skulk out of the way.

*Ser.* I did not know that your worship was angry, 'till you told me your—

*Sir Rob.* I tell you! my dear, did I say any such thing? You prying, impertinent—Go, and do as you are bid. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Lady Risc.* I don't think it unlikely, Sir Robert, but some idle acquaintance, without considering the consequences, may have inserted this malicious article, by way of pleasantry, as a kind of jest upon James.

*Sir Rob.* Nothing so probable, Lady Riscounter: this town swarms with such forward, frivolous puppies.

*Enter SERVANT.*

Well, where is James?

*Ser.* Sir, he is not within.

*Sir Rob.* What, is the rascal run off?

*Lady Risc.* No, my dear, perhaps only gone out with some bills for acceptance.

*Sir Rob.* Like enough. When will he be back?



*Ser.* The rest of the clerks have not seen him to-day.

*Sir Rob.* Not seen him to-day? what are all of them blind then?

*Lady Risc.* Nay, Sir Robert, perhaps he has not been in the shop.

*Ser.* So they say. [Exit.

*Sir Rob.* Then they could not see him, indeed. Not in the shop? nay, then the business is clear; guilt, guilt, flight is full as bad as confession.

*Lady Risc.* It does look suspicious, I own; but then nothing ill can happen without your daughter's concurrence, and you have not the least doubt of her.

*Sir Rob.* Doubt! hey!

*Lady Risc.* And, in fact, have nothing to fear.

*Sir Rob.* Fear! doubt! I hope your Ladyship has no more doubts than myself.

*Lady Risc.* Why should I? how does this affair concern me?

*Sir Rob.* As it concerns me, Lady Riscounter; do you suppose I should have been indifferent, if such a charge had fallen on Lucy?

*Lady Risc.* Such a charge can never fall upon my daughter Lucy.

*Sir Rob.* Full as soon as on my daughter Lydia.

*Lady Risc.* I am not, Sir Robert, so certain of that.

*Sir Rob.* Lady Riscounter, you begin to alarm me; you know more of this matter than you are willing to own.



*Lady Risc.* Whatever I know, Sir Robert, I am resolved not to communicate.

*Sir Rob.* And why not?

*Lady Risc.* Whatever a mother-in-law says, the good-natured world always imputes to malice.

*Sir Rob.* Generally the case, I must own. But to me you may, nay, you ought to reveal.

*Lady Risc.* Since you are so earnest, I own some rumours have reach'd me.

*Sir Rob.* Of what kind?

*Lady Risc.* You will pardon me there: if you will examine your daughter's maid, Kitty; she, I am told, can satisfy all your enquiries.

*Sir Rob.* An artful baggage, I know. For heaven's sake, my dear, send her hither directly.

*Lady Risc.* But not the least mention of me.

[Exit.

*Sir Rob.* Very well, I never observ'd the least correspondence between Lydia and James: but what of that? they would take good care, I warrant, to conceal it from me.

Enter KITTY.

So, I find you were the go-between, the little infamous agent in this curs'd——

*Kitty.* Sir Robert——

*Sir Rob.* You must have been a volunteer; I am sure, James was not able to bribe you, for he is as poor as a pillag'd black in Bengal.

*Kitty.* Really, Sir, I don't understand you.



*Sir Rob.* You mean, hussey, you won't: Come, you may as well tell me all the particulars concerning Lydia and James: with the main article, you see I am already acquainted.

*Kitty.* Don't press me, pray Sir; I would rather die than say any thing to hurt my young mistress —  
[Cries.

*Sir Rob.* Nay, pr'ythee, Kitty, don't cry, you are a good girl, and love my daughter, I see.

*Kitty.* And not without reason, for she has been the kindest, best——

*Sir Rob.* Nay, till now, she was ever an amiable girl; but here, child, you will do her a capital service.

*Kit.* Indeed, Sir.

*Sir Rob.* For if her affections are fix'd upon James, tho' I may lament, I shall not oppose him.

*Kitty.* Since that is the case, I can't say, but early one morning, hearing a noise in Miss Lydia's apartment, I stepp'd down to see what was the matter.

*Sir Rob.* Well?

*Kitty.* Just as I got at the foot of the stairs, her door open'd, and out came Mr. James.

*Sir Rob.* Did he? and why did not you alarm the house and seize the villain directly?

*Kitty.* That, Sir, would have ruined my Lady's reputation at once.

*Sir Rob.* True enough, you did wisely. Did the fellow perceive you?

*Kitty.* Yes, Sir, and made me a sign to be silent.

*Sir Rob.* I don't doubt it.



*Kitty.* Indeed, he came to me two hours after, told me he had a passion for Miss, never could get an opportunity of disclosing his mind, and desperate, at finding his hopes on the point of being ruin'd, he had stolen that morning into her chamber, humbly to implore her compassion and pity.

*Sir Rob.* He chose a fine time and place for the purpose.

*Kitty.* On his knees he desired, I would not disclose to any mortal what I had seen.

*Sir Rob.* Which you should not have done.

*Kitty.* He was too late in his caution; not five minutes before, I had told it to Mrs. Hemshot, Miss Lucy's maid.

*Sir Rob.* No wonder then the story is public.

*Kitty.* I am certain sure, my young Mistress is innocent, for Mr. James vowed and declared he was all upon honour.

*Sir Rob.* The malice of mankind will never be brought to believe it; you may go. (*Exit Kitty.*) So the girl's reputation is gone, and a retreat from the world the only choice that is left her: all my calamities are come upon me at once; my child ruin'd, and from the general distress, my own fame and fortune on the brink of destruction: the attorney and broker will be instantly here to contrive means for propping my tottering credit. Am I in a condition to think of expedients, or to listen to—

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* A card, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Rob. (Reads.)* "Sir James Biddulph's com-



“ pliments to Sir Robert Riscouter, and if convey-  
 “ nient will take the liberty to wait on him this  
 “ morning.” Prepar’d, as I expected, our misfor-  
 tunes have reach’d him, and he comes to break off  
 the match; he is not to be blam’d. This rash, in-  
 considerate—I’ll to her, and if she has the least atom  
 of feeling, I’ll—And yet, how could the poor girl  
 help his intrusion? she might be ignorant, and yet  
 the fellow without encouragement, would never  
 have dared to—Yet the impudence of some men is  
 amazing, and so indeed is the folly of women: the  
 original fault must be his. But her after-compli-  
 ance makes her equally guilty, for had she disap-  
 prov’d, she would have reveal’d the fact to her mo-  
 ther or me. That, that, condemns her at once; I  
 will to her directly, and find out the full extent of  
 her guilt.

[Exit

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT



## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Miss LUCY and Miss LYDIA discovered.*

*Lucy.*

TO us, indeed, who are incumber'd with fathers and mothers, marriage is a convenient business enough.

*Lydia.* And why on that account, my dear Lucy?

*Lucy.* As it makes one the entire mistress of one's time, and one is accountable to no mortal for what one says or does.

*Lydia.* What, Lucy, not to your husband?

*Lucy.* Nay, don't be prudish, my dear: you are going back to the days of Queen Bess; who talks now of obedience and duty? ridiculous! her majesty's old fardingale is not more out of fashion.

*Lydia.* No!

*Lucy.* No: one reads in books, indeed, of nuptial ties and conjugal love; mere obsolete stuff! modern marriages are mere matters of interest.

*Lydia.* Interest!

*Lucy.* Ay, child; for instance now, Sir Thomas Perkins, our neighbour, finding that Miss Williams has a good parcel of land, which being contiguous to his estate, will be very proper for him to possess; immediately sends his rent-roll a-courting to her's. The parchments are produced on both sides, and no impediments, that is incumbrance appearing, a couple of lawyers marry the manors together.



*Lydia.* Without the least regard to the persons?

*Lucy.* Poo, persons! they are consider'd, child, as mansion-houses upon the estates, which one lives in, or neglects, just as they happen to be convenient or not.

*Lydia.* But suppose, Lucy, as in mine, there should happen to be no land in the case?

*Lucy.* Then, child, the bargain is alter'd; you deposit so much money, and he grants you such an annuity; a mere Smithfield bargain, that is all.

*Lydia.* A pretty picture you give me of marriage! But this is all raillery, Lucy; I am sure you would never submit to this barter and sale

*Lucy.* I should do like the rest of the world. We must take things as we find them. You are not so foolish as to be fond of Sir James Biddulph, my dear?

*Lydia.* Fond? the expression is strong; you must imagine I prefer him to the rest of——

*Lucy.* Why, as to his appearance, it must be own'd, that the mansion is a pretty modern structure enough, well built, and prettily finish'd: I can't indeed say, his upper story is furnish'd quite to my taste.

*Lydia.* Nay, Lucy, now you are unjust, the whole world will concur in giving him sense.

*Lucy.* Nay, that article is not very material. If I had him, that is a part of his house, with which I should hold very little communication, my dear. But, however, you love him?

*Lydia.* Or I am sure I never would have him,



*Lucy.* And I suppose if any accident was to break off this match, it would make you very unhappy?

*Lydia.* Can you doubt it, my dear?

*Lucy.* There is one evil that attends these ridiculous contracts.

*Lydia.* You don't look upon love then as an essential ingredient?

*Lucy.* Ha! ha! ha! silly and singular; do you know, Lydia, why Love is always painted as blind?

*Lydia.* There are many causes assigned by the poets.

*Lucy.* But not one has given the true one: because the little rogue shuts our eyes to our interests.

*Lydia.* Fye, Lucy, where could you get these narrow and libertine notions?

*Lucy.* A little more experience will tell you. But here comes Sir Robert; not a word of what has passed.

*Lydia.* I shall, my dear Lucy, for your sake, endeavour to forget all you have said.

*Enter Sir ROBERT RISCOUNTER.*

*Sir Rob.* Lucy, you may go down. (*Exit Lucy.*) After what has pass'd, you will not be surpriz'd that I insist upon your immediately quitting my house!

*Lydia.* Quitting the house, Sir!

*Sir Rob.* Your fortune is independent and large; you will no doubt be happy in escaping from the observing eye of a father,—I will be cool, and desire only an answer to a very few questions. Since the



leath of your mother (who is happy in having escap'd the knowledge of this infamous business) have I been ever wanting in any act of paternal affection?

*Lydia.* For Heaven's sake, Sir, what can be the meaning of——

*Sir Rob.* Come, no evasions, but answer briefly yes, or no, to my questions.

*Lydia.* No, Sir.

*Sir Rob.* After my first care to educate you fit for the world, has it not been my principal study to settle you properly in it?

*Lydia.* Most assuredly, Sir.

*Sir Rob.* And knowing to what temptations girls at your age are expos'd, did I not seek out a man of rank, honour, and fortune, to be your protector and guardian for life?

*Lydia.* I confess it.

*Sir Rob.* Did you ever express the least dislike to Sir James Biddulph's address?

*Lydia.* Never.

*Sir Rob.* How could you then so far forget what you owe to me, and yourself, as privately to harbour and encourage a passion——

*Lydia.* I am confounded.

*Sir Rob.* For an object too unsuitable in every respect: for a mere creature of charity?

*Lydia.* Charity!

*Sir Rob.* Ay, for it was compassion to the father's numerous family that induced me to take James into my house.



*Lydia.* James! what of him? or what relation, Sir, can he have to me?

*Sir Rob.* This is astonishing in a girl of her years. What then, you know nothing of this fellow's affections.

*Lydia.* For me?

*Sir Rob.* Aye, for you. No billet-doux, no private meetings, no stealing into your chamber before the servants were out of their beds?

*Lydia.* Amazing! and who, Sir, has dared to insinuate—

*Sir Rob.* Insinuate! why the tale is the talk of the town: all the morning papers are full on't.

*Lydia.* What can, Sir, be the meaning of this? is it possible you can think, Sir, your daughter so abandoned, so lost——

*Sir Rob.* Hey!

*Lydia.* Recollect, dear Sir, I beseech you, have I in the whole course of my life, ever once dared to deceive you?

*Sir Rob.* Why, Child, I can't say that you have. But in this case, there is such positive proof.

*Lydia.* Of what kind, I beseech you?

*Sir Rob.* Facts, facts, well attested; so don't pretend to deny.

*Lydia.* Attested! by whom?

*Sir Rob.* Their names are needless at present. But what motive or interest could any one have to invent, or propagate?

*Lydia.* None, that I can discover; but, however strong the appearance, if either in thought, word or



deed, there has any thing, either criminal or culpable, passed between me and—

*Sir Rob.* What, no declarations? no interviews?

*Lydia.* No more than with any other man in your service.

*Sir Rob.* Astonishing!

*Lydia.* If the contrary can be made to appear, abandon me, Sir, at once to that world, already so prepossess'd to my prejudice, the greatest misfortune that can ever befall me.

*Sir Rob.* Well, child, rise; I can't help giving credit to what you aver. But how to persuade the rest of—

*Enter a SERVANT.*

Somebody wants me? as I expected. Sir James Biddulph, I reckon?

*Ser.* No, Sir, a couple of gentlemen who say they came by appointment.

*Sir Rob.* I guess who they are. Another bad business. Shew them into the parlour. (*Exit Servant.*) You don't know half your father's afflictions—go, child, go into your chamber.

*Lydia.* I hope my father believes me?

*Sir Rob.* I do, I do. As soon as I have dispatch'd these gentlemen, I will see you again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,--A Parlour.

*Enter PILLAGE and RESOURCE.*

*Pil.* Ay, take my word for it, Mr. Resource, in



the whole round of the law, and, thank Heaven, the dominions are pretty extensive, there is not a nicer road to hit than the region of Bankrupts.

*Res.* I should have thought it a turnpike, for you see how easily even a country attorney can find it.

*Pil.* 'Pshaw! what, amongst manufacturers, and meagre mechanicks? fellows not worth powder and shot; and yet these paltry provincials, master Resource, are often obliged to solicit my aid.

*Res.* Indeed!

*Pil.* Why, t'other day, a poor dog, over head and ears in debt from the country, was recommended to me by a client: the fellow had scrap'd together all he could get, and came up to town, with a view of running beyond sea, but I stopp'd him directly.

*Res.* Really!

*Pil.* O, ay, in a couple of months wash'd him as white as a sheep that is just shorn.

*Res.* How did you bring it about?

*Pil.* Easy enough. Made him take a house in Cheapside, call'd him a citizen in the London Gazette, and his name of John Madge, (being as common as carrots) not a soul in the country suspected that it was he.

*Res.* How should they?

*Pil.* Pass'd a few necessary notes to get him number and value, white-wash'd him, and sent him home to his wife.

*Res.* Cleanly and cleverly done.

*Pil.* When the country chaps brought in their



bills, he drew out of his pocket a certificate, and gave them a receipt in full for all their demands.

*Res.* How the loobies must look.

*Pil.* Chop-fallen, no doubt: but he's in business again.

*Res.* He is?

*Pil.* O yes, and I hear does very well. For I left him two hundred out of the six he brought with him, to begin the world with credit afresh.

*Res.* Very generous indeed, Mr. Pillage.

*Pil.* O! a trifling affair, got little by it!—for the matter of that, a mere statute is not much in itself.

*Res.* Ay! Well I thought it brought pretty perquisites with it.

*Pil.* No, no; it is a good hot-bed indeed to raise chancery suits in.

*Res.* Ay, that is a produce that deserves propagation.

*Pil.* What, I see you have found a remedy for Master Monk of the Minories? I thought his was an incurable case.

*Res.* Only skinn'd over the sore, master Pillage, it will soon break out again.

*Pil.* What were the means that you used?

*Res.* Got some friends of mine to advance him cash on a project.

*Pil.* Of what kind?

*Res.* A scheme of his, to monopolize sprats and potatoes.

*Pil.* And it took?



*Res.* Oh! there was no danger of that. The people of this country are always ready to bite at a bubble.

*Pil.* Will it hold?

*Res.* Pshaw! we shall break before the season for sprats, and as to the potatoes, we had laid in a ship load or two.

*Pil.* For which you procured a good price?

*Res.* Not a souse. They are all now in our cellars in Southwark, and have shot out branches as tall as the trees in the Park.

*Pil.* Ha! ha! ha! but apropos, can you guess Sir Robert's business with us:

*Res.* Very near, I believe.

*Pil.* What, the house is not a tumbling?

*Res.* A pretty large crack.

*Pil.* Which he wants our assistance to plaister. Why, I thought the knight was as firm as a rock.

*Res.* I knew better things. I saw the mansion was daily decaying. Hush, here he comes.

*Enter Sir ROBERT, followed by a Clerk.*

*Sir Rob.* As we have effects in our hands, accept the bills to be sure. But how to discharge them when they are due.—So, gentlemen, I have sent for you to beg your assistance.

*Pil.* Sir Robert, we shall be very happy to serve you, if you will tell us but how.

*Sir Rob.* Why, to deal plainly, gentlemen, my affairs are come to a crisis, and without some substan-



tial and speedy assistance, my credit will quickly expire.

*Pil.* You surprize me: I never guess'd it in danger. Pray, Sir Robert, what brought on the disease, was it an alley fever, or a gradual decay?

*Sir Rob.* A complication of causes. Not but I could have weather'd them all, had the house in Holland but stood, their failure must be followed by mine.

*Pil.* What, Van Swieten's?

*Sir Rob.* Have you heard any thing of him to-day?

*Pil.* No doubt, I believe, of their stopping; their bills were offered at Garraway's under forty per cent. As your name is not blown upon yet, suppose you coin a couple of quires! don't you think the circulation might serve you?

*Sir Rob.* No, that mint is exhausted, and private paper return'd to its primitive value. My real case can be no longer conceal'd. I must stop, and should be glad of your advice how to manage the matter.

*Pil.* There are two methods in use. The choice will depend on how your affairs stand with the world.

*Sir Rob.* Bitter bad, Mr. Pillage.

*Pil.* I guess'd as much, by your sending for us. They treat us, Master Resource, like a couple of quacks, never apply but in desperate cases.

*Res.* But in all diseases there are different degrees.



*Pil.* True; for instance, if you find you are pretty near on a par, with perhaps a small balance per contra, summon your creditors, lay your conditions fully before them, convince them you have a fund to answer all their demands, and crave a respite, for three or four years.

*Sir Rob.* Just to call in my debts, and make the most of my other effects?

*Res.* True; as the English merchants have a good deal of milk in their blood, that is a favour rarely refused.

*Sir Rob.* This, Master Pillage, will be only deferring the evil.

*Pil.* That is, Sir Robert, as you manage the cards. Don't you see that the length of time, with the want or wish of ready money for trade, will dispose the bulk of your creditors to sell their debts at a loss of thirty or forty per cent?

*Sir Rob.* True.

*Res.* No contemptible sum, when a man's dealings are large.

*Sir Rob.* But how shall I profit by—

*Pil.* What hinders you from privately buying the debts?

*Sir Rob.* That, indeed—

*Res.* A fine fortune sav'd out of the fire.

*Pil.* True. And now we talk of the fire, for a present supply, you may burn a warehouse or two, after it has been gutted of all its contents.

*Res.* And recover the full amount of the policy.

*Pil.* Did you never try that?



*Res.* No, I don't think he has done any thing in the fire way yet; have you, Sir Robert?

*Sir Rob.* Never once came into my head.

*Pil.* May be not; oh! for a fertile brain, there are many means to be used; but what d'ye say to my plan?

*Sir Rob.* What, the summoning scheme? I am so involved, that I am afraid that project will never prevail.

*Pil.* Then you have nothing left but a statute.

*Sir Rob.* But if my certificate should not be granted?

*Pil.* That is my proper business, Sir Robert. If we find your creditors inclined to be crusty, there will be no difficulty in creating demands to get number and value.

*Sir Rob.* That will swell my debts to a monstrous amount.

*Res.* So much the more for your honour; consider you are a knight, and your dignity demands you should fail for a capital sum.

*Sir Rob.* Does it?

*Pil.* To be sure. Why, you would not sneak into the Gazette like a Birmingham button-maker?

*Res.* Oh fie!

*Pil.* He would never after be able to shew his head upon Change.

*Res.* Never, never.

*Pil.* And then, you know, what with the portable stuff, such as jewels, or cash, that he himself may



secreté, and the dividends that fall to the share of his friends, which they will doubtless restore—

*Res.* He will be fit to begin the world again with *celat*.

*Pil.* In a much better condition than ever.

*Res.* And his children's children will have reason to thank him.

*Sir Rob.* But is there not some danger in concealing the portable stuff, as you call it?

*Pil.* Not in the least. Besides, to colour the business, you may collect a purse of light guineas, with an old batter'd family watch, and deliver them to the commissioners, on your first examination.

*Res.* That will give an air of integrity.

*Sir Rob.* You seem to think, then, Gentlemen, that it is the duty of every honest merchant to break once at least in his life, for the good of his family?

*Res.* Not the least question of that.

*Pil.* Every day's practice confirms it. Well, Sir Robert, when shall I provide you the tackle?

*Sir Rob.* The tackle!

*Pil.* In about a month or six weeks, I think, you may be made fit to appear in the papers.

*Sir Rob.* In the Gazette, as a bankrupt?

*Res.* Aye, but then no time must be lost.

*Pil.* Not a moment, for should they smoke his design—

*Sir Rob.* Gentlemen, I must decline your assistance.

*Pil.* How?



*Sir Rob.* For, without considering the private injury I may do to particular persons, this mischievous method must soon affect the whole mercantile world.

*Pil.* Why, what has that—

*Sir Rob.* Mutual confidence is the very cement of commerce. That weakened, the whole structure must fall to the ground.

*Res.* Hey!

*Sir Rob.* From the practice of these infamous arts, as it is impossible they can be conceal'd, what suspicions, what jealousies must every man in trade entertain?

*Pil.* How!

*Sir Rob.* What an injury besides, to those in my unhappy condition? the risques and losses unavoidably connected with commerce, procure the unsuccessful trader, generally the compassion, sometimes the friendly aid, of those of his order.

*Res.* We know that well enough.

*Sir Rob.* But when bankruptcy becomes a lucrative traffic, and men are found to fail with a view of making their fortunes, the unhappy and fraudulent will be confounded together, and punishment fall on his head who has a title to pity.

*Pil.* The man's mad.

*Sir Rob.* Perhaps I myself am a sacrifice to those very arts you have recommended so warmly. But there the mischief shall end. Men may suffer from my calamities, but they never shall by my crimes.

[Exit.



*Pil.* Did you ever meet with such a squeamish old fool? what could he mean by sending for us?

*Res.* Who can tell? his head's turn'd, I suppose.

*Pil.* I thought we had him sure; but how nimbly he has slipp'd through our fingers!

*Res.* Necessity will soon bring him back to our hook. He is shy for the present, but I warrant he will bite bye and bye.

*Pil.* Or we shall lose a capital prize.

*Res.* Indeed, should his friends interpose, and matters be compounded without us.

*Pil.* That I have a sure way to prevent. Before an hour is past, I will tear such a rent in his robe, as I defy all the botchers in Europe to mend.

*Res.* By what means?

*Pil.* I know he is in the receipt of some government money: I will take care to saddle him with an extent.

*Res.* That will do.

*Pil.* I shall only just go and take out a commission against five macaronies, who are joint annuitants to a couple of Jews.

*Res.* But how can you lug them into a statute? they are no dealers you know.

*Pil.* No dealers? yes, but they are.

*Res.* Aye, of what kind?

*Pil.* Why, they are dealers of cards. [Exeunt.



*Enter Lady RISCOUNTER, and Sir JAMES BID-  
DULPH.*

*Lady Risc.* If you will walk in, Sir James, Sir Robert is a little busy at present, but he will wait upon you directly.

*Sir James.* I have no call, Madam, that prevents my attending his leisure.

*Lady Risc.* I fear the design of this visit, Sir James, is of a different nature from those we have lately received.

*Sir James.* I came, Madam, to offer my aid in detecting and punishing an infamous calumny that has made its way to the public, this morning.

*Lady Risc.* But reports of this kind, when despised and neglected, gradually die of themselves. It is a most unlucky affair, I confess.

*Sir James.* Unlucky? most false and atrocious: I hope, Madam, we shall be able to discover its author.

*Lady Risc.* As to that, it is scarce worth the enquiry.

*Sir James.* How, Madam!

*Lady Risc.* We have family reasons, Sir James, for wishing to draw a veil over—

*Sir James.* A veil! I am astonish'd, Lady Riscounter!

*Lady Risc.* The loss of your alliance, indeed, which now we dare neither expect, nor desire, has mortified us all not a little. If any other means could be found to form a connection between us, and a per-



son of your merit and rank, there is nothing, I am sure, I should so ardently wish.

*Sir James.* Your ladyship is most exceedingly kind.

*Lady Risc.* I hope the whole family, especially myself and daughter, are not, through the error of one, to be punished with the loss of your friendship.

*Sir James.* You do me infinite honour.

*Lady Risc.* Indeed, my Lucy, upon this occasion, I felt chiefly for you; for though perhaps not so imposing and spacious, as the girl whose lapse we lament, she has great goodness of heart, and a proper sense of your worth.

*Sir James.* Miss Lucy is most prodigiously—

*Lady Risc.* But Sir Robert's door opens, and as my presence may not be so proper upon this occasion, I take my leave, with the hopes of soon receiving a visit—

*Sir James.* I shall be happy, Madam, in seizing every occasion—your ladyship's—[*Exit Lady Riscounter.*] What can be the meaning of this? She seems to confirm and credit the infamous story. Sir Robert, I suppose, will explain it.

*Enter Sir ROBERT.*

*Sir Rob.* Sir James, I scarce know how to accost you; but the confusion I feel at the unhappy cause of your visit.

*Sir James.* Indeed, Sir Robert, I own myself greatly perplex'd. I enter'd your house, full of the



warmest resentment, and prepar'd to take every active part in my power; but your lady has dropp'd some hints, as if you wish'd to stifle all further enquiry. Pray, Sir Robert, be candid and open. This, Sir, I think, I have a right to demand.

*Sir Rob.* Doubtless. Nor do I wish to conceal: there is room for suspicion, I own; so far Lady Riscounter is right; but yet, Lydia—

*Sir James.* You have then seen her, Sir Robert!—

*Sir Rob.* Not ten minutes ago. Her surprise seem'd so sincere, and so artless, and——

*Sir James.* Without doubt——

*Sir Rob.* And such strong marks of truth, both in her words, and her looks, that I confess—perhaps it was a fatherly weakness, I could not help giving credit to all that she said.

*Sir James.* You did her but justice, I am sure. I will pawn my life upon her honour and faith.

*Sir Rob.* But yet how to reconcile—for, Sir James, I will be impartial; some accounts I have had—

*Sir James.* Time can only do that. Deep-laid designs are not discovered at once. If we can but get at the clue.—And what steps have you taken? have you been, or sent to the printer's?

*Sir Rob.* No. I did think of going, but my lady persuaded me, that the step would be wrong.

*Sir James.* For which she had very good reasons, no doubt. Will you give me leave to accompany you thither?



*Sir Rob.* If you think it right,

*Sir James.* The very first thing you should do.

*Sir Rob.* But should not we consult my lady about it:

*Sir James.* The very last thing you should do.

*Sir Rob.* And why so?

*Sir James.* I must beg to conceal my reasons at present, I too, have my suspicions, Sir Robert.

*Sir Rob.* You have?

*Sir James.* Which I fancy you will soon find to be better founded than those of your family.

*Sir Rob.* Not unlikely, Sir James.

*Sir James.* Come, Sir, my chariot is ready,

*Sir Rob.* I attend you, Sir James. [Exeunt.]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT,



## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Enter ROBIN and a Servant of Sir Robert.*

*Robin.*

**M**Y service to Miss Kitty, and I should be happy to have the honour of her ear a moment.

*Ser.* Of her ear!

*Robin.* These low fellows know nothing of the phrases in fashion, mere Vandals and Goats: but I must accommodate myself to their country. Will you tell Miss Kitty Combrush, that I should be glad to speak to her, when she is at leisure?

*Ser.* Now I understand what you mean, that will I, Master Robin. *[Exit.*

*Robin.* Damn'd provoking however, to have our ship sunk just as we were entering the port; this could not happen but by the contrivance of some of the crew: our captain too is most horribly hurt. This jade, I am convinced, is in the whole of the plot; but her own art, and the skill of her prompter, will make it difficult to get at the bottom.

*Enter KITTY.*

*Kitty.* Bless me, Mr. Robin, after what has pass'd, I little expected to see you again at our house.

*Robin.* What injustice both to me and yourself!



*Kitty.* How so, Mr. Robin?

*Robin.* To your powerful attractions, and my proper discernment,

*Kitty.* I did not know I had any such things, Mr. Robin.

*Robin.* Infinite! but above all, your penetration is the most surprising to me. The conjuror in the Old Bailey is a fool compar'd to Miss Kitty. You are absolutely as knowing as one of the Civils, if the latter part of your prediction was but as fully accomplish'd.

*Kitty.* What was that?

*Robin.* Our cohabitation in the same house, notwithstanding—

*Kitty.* Time may bring that about, Mr. Robin.

*Robin.* I don't comprehend how that can happen.

*Kitty.* No! why, to make your master amends for the loss of Miss Lydia, suppose we were to give him Miss Lucy—

*Robin.* D'ye call that making my master amends?

*Kitty.* She is a good showy girl and her fortune—

*Robin.* Will be no temptation to him; I know he detests her.

*Kitty.* Indeed!

*Robin.* Cordially. So if that be the only means, I have nothing left but despair. Oh! Miss Kitty, think what misery! that tender frame has a tear for pity, I'm sure? to be deprived of the warmest wish of my life, to be cut off for ever—

*Kitty.* And do you really think as you say?



*Robin.* Nothing but an amiable ignorance of your own charms, could for a moment induce you to doubt it.

*Kitty.* Suppose then, Mr. Robin, we were to live under our own roof, instead of that of another, don't you think it would be mending the matter?

*Robin.* It would be Elysium, my angel. But how to get at the means;

*Kitty.* If that is your objection, they may be easily found.

*Robin.* Does my lovely Kitty think I can have any other?

*Kitty.* Then since that is the case, Mr. Robin, it is but right I should explain to you, what I meant by my riddle this morning. But see that we are safe.

*Robin.* Not a soul.

*Kitty.* You must know, then, that this whole affair of Miss Lydia is my lady's contrivance.

*Robin.* What, is that whole story a fiction?

*Kitty.* A mere sham; nothing else; and to bring about Sir James's marriage with Lucy her motive.

*Robin.* I conceive.

*Kitty.* Now, as the project could not do without my assistance, my lady gave me (here it is, stuck in my stays) a note for five hundred pounds, if the match is broke off; and a thousand should Miss Lucy's take place.

*Robin.* Hum—hum—hum—500—hum—hum—  
Rebecca Riscounter—it is just as you say.

*Kitty.* Now, as matters stand, you see I am entitled to the first 500 directly, and, with your assistance, perhaps the other may follow.



*Robin.* Not unlikely. But hold a little dear Kitty, a little caution may not be amiss. This mistress of your's is a damn'd artful woman: she has trick'd others, and won't scruple cheating of you.

*Kitty.* I don't understand you.

*Robin.* It is not quite clear that this note is a good one.

*Kitty.* How!

*Robin.* I mean such a one as she will be obliged hereafter to pay.

*Kitty.* Then the business shall be blown up in an instant.

*Robin.* Too late. She will only laugh at you when her ends are obtain'd.

*Kitty.* Then what steps can we take?

*Robin.* There is an old master of mine, who lives in Brick-court in the Temple, as cunning a cur as ever hang'd an innocent man, or sav'd a rogue from the gallows. I'll run, and ask his opinion.

*Kitty.* But won't that be betraying our secret?

*Robin.* Counsellors, like confessors, are bound not to reveal their client's confession; besides, I can easily conceal the name of the party.

*Kitty.* You will come immediately back?

*Robin.* In an instant, unless I have your leave to go a step further.

*Kitty.* Further!

*Robin.* To Doctors Commons, for a little bit of parchment, that will soon unite us for ever.

*Kitty.* O law! you are in a vast prodigious great hurry! but, I think, Mr. Robin, you must do as you please.



*Robin.* Thus let me acknowledge your kind condescension. For a moment then, my dear Kitty, adieu. (*Exit Kitty.*) So now I have the means in my power to resettle all our matters again. [*Exit*

SCENE,——*A Printer's.*

MARGIN *discovered with News-papers, Account-books, &c.*

*Marg.* September the 9th. Sold twelve hundred and thirty. June the 20th. Two thousand and six. Good increase for the time, considering too that the winter has been pretty pacific: dabble but little in treasons, and not remarkably scurrilous, unless, indeed, in a few personal cases. We must season higher to keep up the demand. Writers in Journals, like rope-dancers, to engage the public attention, must venture their necks every step that they take. The pleasure people feel, arises from the risques that we run—what's the matter?

*Enter DINGEY.*

*Ding.* Mr. Hyson has left the answer to his last letter on East India affairs.

*Marg.* A lazy rascal, now his letter is forgot, he comes with an answer. Besides the subject is stale: Return it again. Are all our people in waiting?

*Ding.* The Attorney General to the paper, that answers the law cases, is not come yet.



*Marg.* Oh! that's Ben Bond'em the Bailiff; prudently done; perhaps he has a writ against one of our authors——Bid them enter, and call over their names.

*Ding.* Walk in, Gentlemen.

*Enter* PEPPER, PLAISTER, RUMOUR, FORGE'EM, FIBBER, COMMA, CAUSTIC, O'FLAM, and others.

*Ding.* Politicians pro and con, Messieurs Pepper and Plaister.

*Pep. Plais.* Here.

*Marg.* Pepper and Plaister, as both the houses are up, I shall adjourn your Political Warfare 'till their meeting again.

*Pep.* Don't you think the public would bear one skirmish more before we close the campaign? I have a trimmer here in my hand.

*Plais.* To which I have as tart a retort.

*Marg.* No, no; enough for the present. It is, Plaister, the proper timeing the subject, that gives success to our labours. The conductor of a Newspaper, like a good cook, should always serve up things in their season: who eats oysters in June? Plays and Parliament Houses are winter provisions.

*Pep.* Then half the satire and salt will be lost: Besides if the great man should happen to die, or go out.

*Marg.* Pshaw! it will do as well for the great man that comes in. Political papers should bear vamping;



like sermons, change but the application and text, and they will suit all persons and seasons.

*Plais.* True enough; but mean time, what can we turn to? for we shall be quite out of work.

*Marg.* I warrant you, if you an't idle, there's business enough, the press teems with fresh publications—Histories, translations, voyages—

*Pep.* That take up as much time to read as to make.

*Marg.* And what with letters from Paris or Spaw, inundations, elopements, dismal effects of thunder and lightning, remarkable causes at country assizes, and with changing the ministry now and then, you will have employment enough for the Summer.

*Plais.* And so enter upon our old trade in the winter.

*Marg.* Aye, or for variety, as it must be tiresome to take always one side; you, Pepper, may go over to administration, and Plaister will join opposition. The novelty may perhaps give fresh spirits to both.

*Pep.* With all my heart. A bold writer has now no encouragement to sharpen his pen. I have known the day when there was no difficulty in getting a lodging in Newgate; but now, all I can say, won't procure me a warrant from a Westminster Justice.

*Marg.* You say right, hard times, master Pepper, for persecution is the very life and soul of our trade; but don't despair, who knows how soon matters may mend? gentlemen, you may draw back—Read the next.



*Ding.* Criticks—Thomas Comma and Christopher Caustic.

*Marg.* What are they?

*Ding.* As you could not find them in constant employment, they are engaged by the great, to do the articles in the Monthly Reviews.

*Marg.* I thought they were done by Doctor Doubtful, the Deist.

*Ding.* Formerly, but now he deals in manuscript sermons, writes religious essays for one of the Journals.

*Marg.* Then he will soon sink. I foresaw what would come of his dreaming. Go on.

*Ding.* Collectors of paragraphs, Roger Rumour, and Phelim O' Flam.

*Rum. Flam.* Here.

*Ding.* Fibber and Forge'em, composers and makers of ditto.

*Fib. Forg.* Here.

*Mar.* Well, Rumour, what have you brought for the press?

*Rum.* I have been able to bring you no Positives.

*Marg.* How! no Positives?

*Rum.* Not one, I have a Probabillity from the court end of the town; and two good Supposes out of the city.

*Marg.* Hand them here—(*reads.*) “It is probable, that if the King of Prussia should join the the Czarina, France will send a fleet into the Mediterranean, which by giving umbrage to the Maritime powers, will involve Spain by its family com-



“ pact. To which, if Austria should refuse to ac-  
“ cede, there may be a powerful division in Poland,  
“ made conjunctly by Sweden and Denmark. And  
“ if Sardinia and Sicilly abide by the treaties, the  
“ German Princes can never be neuter; Italy will  
“ become the seat of war, and all Europe soon set  
“ in a flame.”—Vastly well, master Rumour, finely  
confused, and very alarming. Dingey, give him a  
shilling for this. I hope no other paper has got it?

*Rum.* Oh, fie! did you ever know me guilty of  
such a——

*Marg.* True, true, now let us see your Supposes—  
(*Reads.*) “ It is supposed if Alderman Mango  
“ should surrender his gown, he will be succeeded  
“ by Mr. Deputy Drylips; and if my Lord Mayor  
“ should continue ill of the gout, it is supposed the  
“ swan-hopping will cease for this season.”—That  
last suppose is fudged in, why would you cram these  
upon me for a couple?

*Rum.* As distinct as can be.

*Marg.* Fye, remember our bargain. You agreed  
to do the court of Aldermen always for sixpence.

*Rum.* What, if a Common Hall should be called?

*Marg.* Oh! then you are to have threepence a  
motion, I know that, very well: I am sure no gen-  
tleman can accuse me of being sneaking. Dingey,  
give him six-pence for his Supposes. Well, Phelim  
O’Flam, any deaths in your district?

*O’Flam.* The devil a one.

*Marg.* How! none?



*O'Flam.* O yes, a parcel of nobodies, that died worth nothing at all. Fellows that can't pay for a funeral. Upon my conscience, I can't think what becomes of the folks; for my part, I believe all the people who live in town, fall down dead in the country, and then too, since Doctor Dispatch is gone to the Bath, patients linger so long.

*Marg.* Indeed!

*O'Flam.* To be sure they do. Why, I waited at the Jolly Topers, a matter of two days and a half, for the last breath of Lady Dy Dropsy, for fear some other collector should catch it.

*Marg.* A long time indeed.

*O'Flam.* Was'nt it? considering that she had two consultations besides, devilish tough. Mr. Margin I shall quit the mortality walk, so provide yourself as soon as you can.

*Marg.* I hope not.

*O'Flam.* Why, what will I do? I am sure the deaths won't keep me alive, you see I am already stript to my shroud; since November, the suicide season, I have not got salt to my porridge.

*Enter Sir THOMAS TRADEWELL.*

*Sir Thom.* Is your name Matthew Margin?

*Marg.* It is, and what then?

*Sir Thom.* Then, pray what right had you to kill me in your last Saturday's paper?

*Marg.* Kill you!

*Sir Thom.* Ay, Sir, here the article is; surely the law has some punishment for such insolent rascals as you.



*Marg.* Punishment! and for what? but, after all, what injury have you sustain'd?

*Sir Thom.* Infinite. All my agents are come post out of the country, my house is crouded with cousins, to be present at the opening my will, and there has been (as it is known she has a very good jointure) no less than three proposals of marriage already made to my relict.

*Marg.* Let me look at the paragraph. (*Reads.*)  
 "Last night, after eating a hearty supper, died suddenly, with his mouth full of custard, Sir Thomas Tradewell, knight, an amiable companion, an affectionate relation, and a friend to the poor."—  
 O'Flam, this is some blunder of yours; for you see, here the gentleman is, and alive.

*O'Flam.* So he says, but the devil a one in this case would I believe but himself; because why, I was told it by Jeremy O'Turleigh, his own body chairman, my dear: by the same token, I treated him with a pint of porter, for the good news.

*Sir Thom.* Vastly oblig'd to you, Mr. O'Flam, but I have nothing to do with this wretched fellow; it is you, Margin, shall answer for this.

*Marg.* Why, Sir Thomas, it is impossible but now and then we must kill a man by mistake. And in some measure to make amends, you see what a good character the paper has given you.

*Sir Thom.* Character!

*Marg.* Aye, Sir, I can tell you I have had a crown for putting in many a worse.



*O'Flam.* Aye, Sir Thomas, consider of that, only think what a comfort it is, to live long enough after you are dead, to read such a good account of yourself in the papers.

*Sir Thom.* Ha! ha! ha! what a ridiculous rascal! but I would advise you, gentlemen, not to take such liberties with me for the future. [Exit.

*O'Flam.* Indeed and we won't; and I here give Mr. Margin my word, that you shan't die again, as long as you live, unless, indeed, we get it from under your own hand.

*Enter Sir ROBERT RISCOUNTER, and Sir JAMES BIDDULPH.*

*Sir Rob.* Where is this Margin, this impudent, rascally Printer?

*Marg.* Hey day! what's the matter now?

*Sir James.* Curb your cholar, Sir Robert.

*Sir Rob.* A pretty fellow, indeed, that every man's and woman's reputation must be subject to the power of his pois'nous pen.

*Sir James.* A little patience, Sir Robert.

*Sir Rob.* A land of liberty, this! I will maintain it, the tyranny exercised by that fellow, and those of his tribe, is more despotic and galling, than the most absolute monarch's in Asia.

*Sir James.* Well, but——

*Sir Rob.* Their thrones claim a right only over your persons and property, whilst this mungrel, squatting upon his joint stool, by a single line, proscribes and ruins your reputation at once.



*Sir James.* Sir Robert, let me crave—

*Sir Rob.* And no situation is secure from their insults. I wonder every man is not afraid to peep into a paper, as it is more than probable that he may meet with a paragraph, that will make him unhappy for the rest of his life.

*Marg.* But, Gentlemen, what is all this business about?

*Sir Rob.* About? Zounds, Sir, what right had you to ruin my daughter?

*Marg.* I? I know nothing of you nor your daughter.

*Sir Rob.* Sir James Biddulph you have it, produce the paper.

*Sir James.* There is no occasion for that, the affair is so recent, I dare say the Gentleman will remember the passage; this, Sir, is the Banker, the father with whose daughter you was pleased to take those insolent freedoms, this morning.

*Sir Rob.* And this, Sir, the amiable Baronet, from the West end of the Town.

*Marg.* I recollect. Well, gentlemen, if you have brought any paragraphs to contradict the report, I am ready to insert them directly.

*Sir Rob.* And so, you rascal, you want us to furnish fresh food for your paper?

*Marg.* I do all I can to keep my scales even; the charge hangs heavy here; on the other side, you may throw in the defence, then see which will weigh down the other.



*Sir Rob.* Indeed, Sir James Biddulph, if he does that——

*Sir James.* That! can that paltry expedient atone for his crime? will the snow that is sullied recover its lustre? so tender and delicate, Sir Robert, is the fame of a lady, that once tainted, it is tarnish'd for ever.

*Sir Rob.* True enough.

*Marg.* I could bear no ill-will to your daughter, as I know nothing about her.

*Sir Rob.* Indeed, Sir James, I don't see how he could.

*Sir James.* Is his being the instrument of another man's malice, a sufficient excuse?

*Sir Rob.* So far from it, that it enhances the guilt. Zounds, Sir James, you are a Parliament Man, why don't you put an end to this practice?

*Marg.* Ay, let them attack the press, if——

*Sir Rob.* Have a care of that; no, no, that must not be done.

*Sir James.* No man, Sir Robert, honours that sacred shield of freedom more than myself.

*Sir Rob.* I dare say.

*Sir James.* But I would not have it serve to shelter those pests, who point their poison'd arrows against the peace of mankind.

*Sir Rob.* By no means in the world. Let them be dragg'd from behind it directly.

*Marg.* Ay, do destroy the watchful dogs that guard and cover your flocks.

*Sir James.* You guard! you cover!



*Marg.* Ay, who but us alarm the nation when bad designs are on foot?

*Sir Rob.* In that respect, they are very useful no doubt.

*Sir James.* Are they therefore entitled to give the alarm, when no such design is intended?

*Sir Rob.* By no means. A pack of factious, infamous scoundrels.

*Marg.* It is we that supply the defects of the laws.

*Sir James.* You!

*Marg.* By stigmatizing those offenders that they cannot reach.

*Sir Rob.* That, indeed, serves to keep the guilty in awe.

*Sir James.* And is a pretence for making the innocent the butts of their malice.

*Sir Rob.* True, true, all is fish that comes to their nets.

*Sir James.* Besides, their slander is scattered so generally, and with so little discretion, that the deformity of vice is destroyed.

*Sir Rob.* True.

*Sir James.* Bad men are made worse, by becoming totally callous, and even the good rendered careless, to that source of patriotism, that pride of virtue, the public opinion.

*Sir Rob.* And they are much in the right on't.

*Marg.* What, you are a courtier, I reckon? no wonder you wish the press was demolished.



*Sir James.* If ever that happens, to such miscreants as you 'twill be owing; nor will it surprize me, if all orders concur to give up a great public benefit, for the sake and security of private honour and peace.

*Sir Rob.* Nor me neither.

*Marg.* You would consent then to surrender the press?

*Sir Rob.* I would sooner consent to be hang'd.

*Sir James.* And its unbounded licence continue?

*Sir Rob.* I would much rather see it on fire.

*Marg.* With respect to its general use—

*Sir Rob.* Not the smallest doubt can be made.

*Sir James.* But, Sir Robert, then the abuse—

*Sir Rob.* Is what no mortal can bear.

*Marg.* But, Sir Robert, you would but just now—

*Sir Rob.* I confess it, I did.

*Sir James.* Ay, but that was, Sir Robert, because—

*Sir Rob.* For no other reason in life.

*Marg.* My observation you allow to be—

*Sir Rob.* Pointed.

*Sir James.* And my reply—

*Sir Rob.* Conclusive as could be.

*Marg.* But then—

*Sir Rob.* To be sure.

*Sir James.* Because why—

*Sir Rob.* You are quite in the right.

*O'Flam.* Upon my soul, they have got the old gentleman into such a puzzleation, that I don't believe he knows what he wishes himself. Stand by and let



me clear up this matter a little. Hearkee, Mr. Sir Robert, if I understand your meaning at all, it is, that provided people could be prevented from publishing, you are willing the press should be free.

*Sir Rob.* That was my meaning no doubt.

*O'Flam.* Upon my conscience, and nothing but reason. There, I believe, we are all of us agreed. How seldom would people differ, if once we could get them to be all of a mind? And now this difference is whole and compos'd, let me try if I can't make up the other. I understand here, old gentleman, you have had a daughter abused.

*Sir Rob.* Most foully.

*O'Flam.* And you want to know who was the author?

*Sir Rob.* That was my sole business here.

*O'Flam.* Then why could not you say so at first, without all this bothering and bawling? Well, master Margin, come give the old buck satisfaction.

*Marg.* It was anonymous.

*O'Flam.* Upon my soul, and I thought so. That is the most damnedst, impudent son of a bitch, he had like to have brought me into three or four scrapes, by fathering his lies upon me.

*Sir James.* Will you give us leave to look at the hand?

*Marg.* Freely, this is the paper.

*Sir James.* Sir Robert, do you recollect to have seen this writing before?



*Sir Rob.* It is James's, I know it as well as my own: here are his B's, his G's, and his T's.

*Sir James.* So I guess'd. Will you trust the paper with us?

*Sir Rob.* Let him get it again, if he can.—*Sir James,* I shall expect you at home. [Exit.

*Marg.* I hope no bad use will be made of it.

*Sir James.* The worst use has already been made of it; but at parting, Mr. Margin, let me give you a piece of advice. Take care how you provoke the public patience too far. You have set the laws at defiance, and long reign'd uncontroul'd, I confess; but don't wonder if the subjects of your slander forget there are laws in their turn, and valuing an honest name more than their lives, should expose their lives to revenge it. [Exit.

*O'Flam.* Upon my soul, Mr. Margin, very wholesome advice, and will do you much good if you take it; but, above all, rid your hands of James Anonymous as soon as you can; you know it was he got you that beating.—That fellow has brought you into more scrapes than all your authors together.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Gentlemen, the milk porridge is ready.

*All.* Let us start fair I beseech you.

[Exit.

*Enter Lady RISCOUNTER, LUCY, and KITTY.*

*Lady Risc.* Sir James Biddulph is gone?

*Kitty.* Yes, Madam, and with him my master.



*Lady Risc.* Sir Robert! to what place? can you guess?

*Kitty.* I should think, by what I overheard, to the printer's.

*Lady Risc.* To the printer's! of what use can that be?

*Kitty.* I can't say; but your ladyship, I hope, will excuse me.

*Lady Risc.* Excuse you, why child, what's the matter?

*Kitty.* I have heard some whispering among the clerks, as if things were not quite so well with my master.

*Lady Risc.* What, some little disappointments in trade!

*Kitty.* Much worse, I am afraid; I don't know what it means; but they say an extent is brought into the house.

*Lady Risc.* With all my heart; let what will happen, it can be of little importance to me.

*Lucy.* No, Madam!

*Lady Risc.* No, child, you can't suppose, but upon my marriage, I took care, at all events, to secure a proper provision.

*Lucy.* Indeed! can that be done?

*Lady Risc.* A common caution, my dear; don't you see Mrs. Paduasoy rides in her coach, whilst half her husband's creditors are in gaol?

*Lucy.* Is that the case?

*Lady Risc.* If wives were to have any thing to do with those kind of creatures, who d'ye think would



marry with people in business? and now I think on't, it will be so much the better; for the father's failure must in some measure fall on the daughter.

*Lucy.* True; but your ladyship saw Sir James Biddulph.

*Lady Risc.* For a moment only, my dear.

*Lucy.* Well, Madam, and—

*Lady Risc.* I only just threw out a hint; to be more explicit now, would make him suspicious; we must give him time to digest his disappointment.

*Kitty.* As I live, Miss Lydia is coming,

*Lady Risc.* Lydia!

*Enter LYDIA.*

*Lydia.* I beg your ladyship's pardon, for intruding without your permission; but, my unfortunate situation, will, I hope, plead my excuse: I come, Madam, to beg your protection.

*Lady Risc.* Mine, child?

*Lydia.* Your assistance, in detecting the authors of this horrid design.

*Lady Risc.* That, child, is properly your father's concern.

*Lydia.* True, Madam; but the relation your ladyship bears to his family might, I hope, induce you to do me this justice.

*Lady Risc.* Justice, Lydia!—as it is my duty, I shall ever be ready to give my advice.

*Lydia.* That, Madam, is all that I want.



*Lady Risc.* As this affair has made such a noise, there remains but one step to be taken.

*Lydia.* Which is—

*Lady Risc.* A marriage with James.

*Lydia.* With James! and so sanctify the scandalous story.

*Lady Risc.* It may be alledged by the family, that the ceremony had pass'd before the detection.

*Lydia.* Detection! I hope your ladyship does not suppose there is the smallest foundation?

*Lady Risc.* That I shall not pretend to determine. But, at all events, you are in the right to deny it.

*Lydia.* Your ladyship's indifference shocks me more than the—Your daughter, Lucy, will do me justice I am sure, she has been privy to every—

*Lucy.* Me, Miss! I beg pardon for that: how should I know your intrigues? I beg you will not involve me in your guilt.

*Lydia.* Nay, then it is in vain to struggle; I see my ruin is resolv'd.

*Enter Sir ROBERT.*

*Sir Rob.* Where is Lady Riscounter? well, my dear, we have got to the bottom of this infernal business at last—here, here it is, in the rascal's own hand.

*Lady Risc.* Sir Robert!

*Sir Rob.* Why, the paragraph was sent to the printer's by James.

*Lady Risc.* Well?



*Sir Rob.* So that, you see, proves the forgery plain.

*Lady Risc.* Now I think it makes the fact more apparent.

*Sir Rob.* How?

*Lady Risc.* By the confession of one of the parties.

*Sir Rob.* That I confess, as it was voluntary—

*Lady Risc.* Makes it amount to a positive proof.

*Sir Rob.* It looks very suspicious indeed.

*Enter Sir JAMES BIDDULPH.*

*Sir Rob.* Here my lady, Sir James thinks, that instead of clearing, this paper only serves to convince her.

*Sir James.* Is that your ladyship's judgment?

*Lady Risc.* Quite to a demonstration, Sir James.

*Sir James.* But his policy.

*Lady Risc.* Obvious enough; to force the family to solicit his marrying the girl, as a favour.

*Sir James.* That, indeed!

*Lady Risc.* With the hopes, perhaps, of obtaining some additional advantage.

*Sir Rob.* In return, no doubt, for his great condescension. An infamous—

*Sir James.* I should have thought the young lady's private fortune, and person, especially to one of his rank, a very sufficient inducement. But this Mr. James is an absolute Machiavel.

*Sir Rob.* As sly a dog as ever existed.



*Sir James.* But could not we see him, Sir Robert?

*Sir Rob.* The rascal is run off.

*Sir James.* Indeed!

*Sir Rob.* We have search'd for him all the town over.

*Sir James.* That is unlucky, as I should have been glad to have ask'd him a question. I believe it is unnecessary to apologize to the family, for any part I take in this business.

*Sir Rob.* We are all highly obliged.

*Sir James.* But I have received a letter, the contents of which astonish me much.

*Sir Rob.* About the matter in hand?

*Sir James.* Indeed the writer is but a dependant of mine, but his veracity is out of the question, the facts must speak for themselves. Mrs. Kitty, you will be kind enough to stay here for a moment.

*Kitty.* What can be the meaning of this? [*Aside,*

*Sir James.* If the charge is false, I am sure, Lady Riscounter will pardon me for the sake of the motive. If true, she, in her turn, will stand in want of all our forgiveness.

*Lady Risc.* Me! who will dare to impeach my conduct, Sir James?

*Sir James.* Your ladyship's patience, a moment. This paper, Sir Robert, charges Lady Riscounter with being the sole contriver of this villainous project.

*Sir Rob.* How!

*Lady Risc.* Me!



*Sir James.* With a view of dissolving the contract between your fair daughter and me.

*Sir Rob.* To what purpose? what end?

*Sir James.* One that does me too much honour, I own, the bringing about a union between Miss Lucy and me.

*Lady Risc.* A most probable story, indeed: your informer's name, if you please.

*Sir James.* A servant who has oft attended me here.

*Lady Risc.* And he received it from——

*Sir James.* One of your ladyship's women; there she stands, I believe.

*Lydia.* Is it possible that you, Kitty——

*Sir Rob.* Patience, Lydia, a moment.

*Lady Risc.* And you think this paltry plot, obviously fram'd by a couple of servants, (unless you condescend to be the contriver yourself) will justify you in bringing this charge against a person of my rank and condition.

*Sir Rob.* Fie, fie, Sir James, that is too presumptuous indeed.

*Sir James.* Why, I should not have ventured, I believe, if I had not to produce a more unexceptionable witness than these.

*Lady Risc.* Name the person directly.

*Sir James.* Lady Riscounter herself.

*Sir Rob.* What?

*Sir James.* There is a little billet contain'd in this letter, where your ladyship promises a capital sum, when some certain services are fully perform'd.



*Sir Rob.* By your leave, Sir James, let me look. Oh, clear, clear, it is her hand, there is no denying of this.

*Sir James.* I fancy Mrs. Kitty will own it. Otherwise my servant is below to confront her.

*Sir Rob.* Well, what reply do you make to all this?

*Kitty.* I beg pardon, Sir, of my Mistress, and you.

*Sir Rob.* Pardon!

*Kitty.* I own the accusation is just, though I little thought Mr. Robin would betray me.

*Sir Rob.* Do you? and what an ungrateful wretch must you be? you have been but a poor instrument only. But is it possible you, Lady Riscouter, could so entirely forget what you owe to me, and your——

*Lady Risc.* I see, Sir Robert, you are so far prepossess'd, that all I can say——

*Sir Rob.* Say, Madam? what can be said for such——

*Lady Risc.* Nay, Sir, I am not going to make a formal defence, it is not worth my while, nor would you have leisure to hear it: if you will walk down, you will find another sort of business, that demands your attention.

*Sir Rob.* Madam!

*Lady Risc.* The house fill'd with a new kind of customers.

*Lydia, Sir Robert, Sir James.* How!

*Lady Risc.* Only an extent, to seize on all his effects.

*Lydia, Sir Robert, Sir James.* Is it possible!



*Lady Risc.* The world will therefore see how ill I am treated—but don't imagine, Sir Robert, that the provision I derive from her father, shall be lavished to lessen your debts, or be employ'd in support of their author.

*Lucy.* Your ladyship will have more prudence, no doubt.

*Lady Risc.* No, child, we will quit this mansion directly, and leave him for consolation to the care of his daughter.

*Lydia.* A more precious trust I could never receive. Your treachery to me, Madam, I could both despise and forgive: but your insolent triumph, at the distress of an unfortunate husband, gives you a pre-eminence above the worst of your sex. If, Sir, what you are pleased to call mine, can either reinstate, or assist you, I beg it may be all employ'd in the service.

*Sir Rob.* Nay, pr'ythee, Lydia—

*Lydia.* You see, Sir James Biddulph, there are new obstacles oppos'd to your purpose.

*Sir James.* If you mean those her ladyship has been pleased to produce, they add only an additional strength to my wishes. The piety with which this great, this first duty is discharg'd, must accompany every other relation in life. I applaud, and shall be happy to join in your purpose.

*Lady Risc.* Come, Lucy, let us leave these romantick creatures together, they are only fit for each other; when your effects are conveyed to proper trustees, I shall take care to put in my claim.

[*Exeunt Lady Riscounter and Lucy.*]



*Sir Rob.* Unfeeling, insolent woman! but thy goodness, Lydia, supplies every loss, nor will my creditors, when they find I never deceiv'd them, take advantage of thy filial affection.

*Enter a CLERK.*

What now?

*Clerk.* The Dutch mail is arrived.

*Sir Rob.* Any private letters from Holland?

*Clerk.* Your Correspondents, Sir, have honour'd your bills.

*Sir Rob.* And discharg'd them?

*Clerk.* Every one.

*Sir Rob.* And the report of their failing—

*Clerk.* Was without the smallest foundation.

*Sir Rob.* Heaven be prais'd; now, Lydia, thy father can look again with confidence in the face of his friends.

*Lydia.* A more real transport could never have reach'd me!

*Sir Rob.* I know it, Lydia, I know it. This gentleman will both thank and reward you.

*Clerk.* Sir, I would beg just to——

*Sir Rob.* I guess what you mean; some inquisitive persons below; they shall be satisfied soon. I will attend them directly. *[Exit Clerk.]*

*Sir James.* Give me leave to join in the general joy. But what, Sir Robert, shall we do with this paper? I fancy my man is in waiting; Robin.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Robin.* Sir:



*Sir James.* You have been of singular service to-day, which I shall take good care to acknowledge. The worth of this note, as the conditions have fail'd—

*Robin.* Like many more of its kindred, is reduc'd to waste paper, your honour! but as this happy turn has been chiefly owing to Kitty, I hope she will be restor'd to favour again.

*Sir James.* But consider, Robin, that was not her intention.

*Robin.* But recollect, Sir, the temptation—

*Sir Rob.* But the treachery—

*Robin.* Five hundred pounds.

*Sir Rob.* That is true—as many, her superiors, tho' perhaps not her betters, are daily detected in doing things more criminal for less consideration, it is some excuse, I confess. But what says my Lydia?

*Lydia.* I shall be directed by you.

*Sir Rob.* And now, my children, nothing remains but the last act to establish your union, and if (as I am resolved to disengage myself from that bad woman, and the other cares of this world) you will suffer me to be a partaker of your domestic felicity—

*Sir James, Lydia.* You cannot in any thing oblige us so much.

*Sir Rob.* That is all I have to ask of you, or the world.

[*Exeunt.*]

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