

Animal magnetism: a farce, in three acts ... / With remarks, biographical and critical, by D---G. [i.e. George Daniel] Mrs. Inchbald.

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✓ Lane

Britannica Salor

1848



R. Gruihshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

Animal Magnetism.

Doctor. This Lisette is so furious, she makes me tremble.

Act II. Scene 1.

Britannia Saloon

60700

ANIMAL MAGNETISM:

Prompt A FARCE, *Book*
In Three Acts,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,
A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the
THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by
Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:
JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.



REMARKS.

THIS Farce is of French origin ; it is a laughable satire on one of the many whimsies that have periodically bewitched the minds of men—"Animal Magnetism." *La Fleur*, an intriguing valet in the service of the *Marquis de Lancy*, under the assumed title of *Doctor Mystery*, a learned professor of the magnetic art, introduces himself into the house of an old physician, the guardian and lover of a young lady of whom the *Marquis* is enamoured, and offers to impart to him the wonderful secret of a certain wand, with which, by holding in a particular position, he will so direct the *animal fluid*, that it shall immediately give the said physician an excruciating rheumatism of two hours' duration, changing the paroxysm to a violent fit of the gout, then to convulsions, and finally to a raging fever.—This interesting experiment the old gentleman very naturally prefers seeing tried on some *one else*: *La Fleur*, therefore, proposes to introduce a patient of his, (the *Marquis*, in disguise,) whom the faculty have given over as incurable, in order that the *Doctor* may be convinced, by ocular demonstration, of the healing and sublime art of "Animal Magnetism." This proposal, after some qualms on the *Doctor's* part, is at length agreed to, and now the plot begins to work. The magnetic wand is in general circulation. Behold it first in the hand of the *Doctor*, exerting its magic influence on the mistress and the maid, who, as a matter of course, fall desperately in love with him. And here arises a dilemma ; for, as it is no part of the old gentleman's plan to inspire *both* ladies with a passion for him, the affection of *Lisette* becomes exceedingly troublesome ; in order, therefore, to get rid of it, he transfers the wand to one Master *Jeffrey*, who, having first been bitten by a mad dog, has had one eye put out by the *Doctor*, that he might make sure of the other—when lo ! Mistress and Maid become enamoured, as usual. This sudden turn is no less perplexing to the *Doctor* ; he impatiently snatches away the wand, and hurries off *Jeffrey*, to compound some medicines, though not before he had received a slap or two on the face from *Lisette*, (the *effect* having ceased with the *cause*,) for his amorous presumption. The

patient is then introduced, and the magnetic power, as *Craniologists* would say, becomes *fully developed*. Sighs, tears, and transports, follow each other, in rapid succession: the *Doctor* is alarmed at these symptoms; and a dance, comically enough introduced, puts an end to the Act, though not to his uneasiness. We have now a trick at the expense of *Jeffrey*: this unlucky person, by the wicked invention of *Lisette*, has a touch of *hydrophobia*. Copious showers of water are discharged in his face, and it is proposed by all parties to *smother* him. To the latter, (though the *Doctor* assures him that it will be over in ten minutes,) he evinces a particular dislike, and very prudently scampers off as *fast*, if not as *mad*, as a March hare. The *Doctor's* turn follows next:—the patient becomes seriously affected by the old gentleman's experiments—his tortures redouble, his strength fails—his eyes lose their sight—he dies. Where are the infallible drops? Under lock and key—and *Jeffrey* has run off with the latter. Exit the *Doctor*. *La Fleur* and the *Marquis* exchange clothes in the interim; and the plotting Valet is *himself* unexpectedly placed in jeopardy—for counterfeiting death in his master's stead. The *Doctor* returns in a violent bustle, with a bag of instruments in his hand, resolved, as a *dernier resort*, to hazard an experiment of *his own* on the body, in the hope of restoring it to life. This is no very agreeable prospect to *La Fleur*, particularly when he hears that a skillet of oil is on the fire, ready to give efficacy to the experiment in question. At this important crisis, the *Marquis de Lancy* appears, accompanied by Messieurs *Piccard* and *François*, disguised as physicians, to inquire after a patient that had been brought thither by a notorious professor of quackery. They are shown the dead body, and the sham physicians commence taking notes with great gravity. The plot thus thickening upon the unfortunate *Doctor*, who stands a chance of being hanged for murder, he agrees to forego the pleasure of espousing his fair ward, whom he resigns to the *Marquis*, on the promise of the affair being hushed up. The re-animation of *La Fleur* speedily follows; and the old guardian discovers, with bitter reflections on his own gullibility, the trick that has been played upon him.

“Animal Magnetism” possesses the principal requisites of farce;—fun, bustle, and extravagance. The waggery of *La Fleur*—the perplexity of the *Doctor*—and the pertness of *Lisette*, form a good picture. The piece was first performed at Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1788, with

great success ; and it has ever since continued a favourite with the public.

Little Quick was the original *Doctor*: his rubicund face, with its rich comic expression, his Sancho Panza-like figure, and his voice, bearing some affinity to the squeak of a Bartlemy-fair trumpet, invested the character with a degree of drollery that it has not exhibited since. This is a part; and *Doctor Rosy*, in "St. Patrick's Day," is another, that no actor has ever touched like Quick: and excellent as the performance of Mr. Wm. Farren undoubtedly is, he holds not, in this instance, such absolute sway over our risible faculties, as his veteran predecessor. Mr. Fawcett, in *La Fleur*, is all that can be desired. His description of the wonderful *animal fluid* is most learned and confused; he betrays a becoming horror at the sight of the *Doctor's* apparatus; receives the gratuitous slaps bestowed by *Lisette*, with exemplary patience; and not being absolutely defunct, according to *College* rules, starts into life again, with admirable spirit and vivacity. Miss Hervey, however agreeable, is far inferior to Mrs. Wells, the *original Cowslip* to Edwin's *Lingo*: and Mrs. Gibbs, though less arch and *piquant* than our old favourite, the late Mrs. Mattocks, displays, with considerable advantage, that broad style of humour, which no actress knows how to employ with better grace and effect than herself.

"Animal Magnetism" is the production of Mrs. Inchbald, a lady to whom the public are indebted for much dramatic entertainment.

☞ D—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

* * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.*

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.
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Costume

MARQUIS.—Full dress-suit embroidered, white silk stockings, pumps and buckles, handsome robe de chambre over it, and cap. Second dress : a doctor's scarlet gown.

DOCTOR.—Crimson velvet suit, with black buttons and trimming, black stockings, with white clocks, long, curled, powdered wig, square-toed shoes and buckles.

LA FLEUR.—Old-fashioned spotted velvet coat and breeches, scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, scarlet stockings, with white clocks, square-toed shoes, buckles, three-cornered hat, and long curled wig.

JEFFREY.—Black jacket and breeches, canvas apron and sleeve-covers, to tie round the wrists, blue stockings, shoes, black patch over left eye.

PICCARD and FRANCOIS.—Black and scarlet gowns, long curled wigs, &c.

LISETTE.—Neat slate-coloured gown, trimmed with pink, white stockings, coloured shoes, and cap.

CONSTANCE.—White satin, handsomely trimmed.

Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

	1788.	1826.
<i>Doctor</i>	Mr. Quick.	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>La Fleur</i>	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Marquis de Lancy</i>	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Jeffrey</i>	Mr. Cross.	Mr. Meadows.
<i>Piccard</i>	Mr. Rock.	Mr. Henry
<i>Francois</i>		Mr. Grant.
<i>Constance</i>	Mrs. Wells.	Miss Harvey
<i>Lisette</i>	Mrs. Mattocks.	Mrs. Gibbs.

J. Lane -
Britannia Saloon

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Doctor's House.—A table, chair, pen, ink, paper, and wafers.*

Enter CONSTANCE, R. *hastily, meeting* LISETTE, L.

Con. LISETTE, Lisette, who do you think I have just seen?

Lis. (L.) Your old guardian, I suppose.

Con. Do you think I should look thus pleasant, if it was him I meant?

Lis. Who, then?—our jailor who keeps the keys?

Con. (R.) What, poor Jeffrey? ha, ha, ha!—How you talk!

Lis. No, no; I guess who you mean;—the young Marquis De Lancy; and he has passed so frequently under your window, within these few days, that I am amazed your guardian, with all his suspicions, has not observed him.

Con. He has walked by, above ten times within this hour, and every time with his eyes fixed up to the lattice of my window, and I had no heart to remove from it, for, every time, he saluted me with a most respectful bow.

Lis. (L.) Was his valet with him?

Con. (R.) No; but I saw another person in deep conversation with him, a strange-looking man, who appeared like one of the faculty, for his dress very much resembled that of my guardian's.

Lis. Who could it be?

Con. But what most surprised me, he had a letter in his hand, which he respectfully held up to me; but I could not reach it.

Lis. I know who it is—La Fleur, valet to the Marquis, disguised as a doctor; and I have no doubt but, under that disguise, he will find means to introduce himself to your old guardian, and perhaps be brought into the very house;

and if I can assist his scheme I will ; for is it not a shame the Doctor should dare, here in Paris, to forbid both you and your servant to stir from home ; lock us up, and treat us as women are treated in Spain ! *[With anger.]*

Con. Never mind, Lisette, don't put yourself in a passion for we can learn to plot and deceive, and treat him as men are treated in Spain.

Lis. Right, madam ! and to prove I am not less inclined than yourself to Spanish manners, I am as much in love as you are.

Con. Not with the Marquis ?

Lis. Do you think I don't know better where it is my duty to love ? I am in love with his man.

Con. I wish I knew the contents of that letter he held out to me.

Lis. That you are beloved—admired—I can tell every word in it—I know every sentence as well as if I had read it—and now, madam, it is my advice, you sit down and answer it directly.

Con. Before I have read it ?

Lis. Yes, yes ; give your answer at the time you receive his letter—consider how convenient it will be to give the one, while you take the other :—we are so watched, you know, that we ought to let no opportunity pass, for fear we should never get another ; and, therefore, when he finds means to send his letter, you must take the same to return yours.

Con. But if my guardian should ever know I had written to a gentleman—

Lis. I'll write for you :—and, should there be any discovery, the letter will be in my hand-writing, not yours. We must lose no time—the Doctor is abroad at present, and it must be both written and delivered before his return.

[Crosses and sits at the table, R. and begins to write.]

Con. But, my dear Lisette—

Lis. Don't put me out.

Con. What are you saying ?

Lis. *[Writing.]* What you are thinking.

Con. You don't know my thoughts ?

Lis. I do. And here they are, in this letter.

Con. Let me look at it ?

Lis. No, don't examine your thoughts, I beg you won't : *[Folds the letter and rises.]* besides, you have no time to read it. I must run to the garden gate and deliver it immediately—*[Crosses, L.]* The worst difficulty is, having, for

near an hour, to supplicate this poor simple decrepid fool of the old Doctor's to open me the garden gate for a moment : Jeffrey ! [Calls.

Con. The Doctor has lately appointed Jeffrey his apothecary—he is busy preparing of medicines, and will be angry at being disturbed.

Lis. No matter—it may save the life of some of his master's patients.

Enter JEFFREY L. S. E.; *a bandage on his left eye, and one on his right leg.*

Jef. [Comes between them.] You made me overthrow the whole decoction.

Lis. Great apothecary!

Con. (R.) And alone worthy the physician under whom you have received instructions.

Jef. I am very sorry I overthrew the decoction, for it was for my use—my leg is in pain still, and I am not yet satisfied the dog was not mad.

Lis. (L.) I tell you, I am sure he was not ; and, had you suffered him to live, it would have proved so.

Jef. My master ordered me to kill him.

Lis. Merely to make you believe he was mad, and to show his skill by pretending to preserve you from the infection.

Jef. Nay, don't speak against my master.

Lis. Who was it undertook to cure your eyes ?

Jef. He ; and, thank heaven, Lisette, I shall not suffer any more from that !

Lis. Why, then, do you wear a bandage ?

Jef. To hide the place where it was.

Lis. And is it thus the Doctor cured you ?

Jef. He was so kind to put my left eye out, in order to save the right.

Con. Well, still you are more fortunate than the God of Love ; for he has no eyes at all—

Jef. And I shall have two, very soon, for my master has promised me to buy me one at the great manufactory, which will be much handsomer than either of my other—a very handsome glass one.

Lis. And if the Doctor will remake you thus, piece by piece, in time, my dear Jeffrey, you may become a very pretty man :—but you know, Jeffrey, I love you even as you are.

Jef. Love me—that's a good joke—Lisette, I am afraid you want something of me, you speak to me so pleasantly.

Lis. Want something of you—how could such an idea enter your head?

Jef. Because, when you don't want something of me, you huff me, and cuff me,—from morning to night, eh, eh! you look no more as you do now. Why, if I was dying, I durst hardly speak to you.

Lis. Well, henceforward you shall have no reason to complain. But do you know, Jeffrey, I have a little favour to ask of you.

Jef. Aye! I thought so—

Con. (R.) My dear Jeffrey, we will make you any recompence.

Jef. (c.) What is it you want? If I can do it without offending my master, I will.

Lis. (L.) If you don't tell him, he'll never know it—

Jef. But I tell him every thing—he pays me my wages for telling—and I must not take them without earning them.

Con. If money is of such value to you, here, take my purse.

Jef. No; it is not money I want, it is something else.

Lis. What, what, then?

Jef. [*Looking at Lisette with affection.*] Oh! Mrs. Lisette, you know what I want, but you always denied me.

Lis. Pshaw! if I could grant it, indeed, without my master knowing it—

Jef. Oh! I won't tell him of that, I protest.

Con. Well, Jeffrey, what is your favour?

Jef. Just one salute of Mrs. Lisette.

Lis. Oh! if that's all, after you have obliged us, you shall have twenty.

Jef. But I had rather have one now, than the twenty you promise after.

Lis. Come then, make haste, if it must be so.

Jef. [*After saluting her.*] Oh! the first kies of the girl one loves, is so sweet.

Lis. Now you are ready to comply with our request?

Jef. Tell me what it is?

Lis. To give us the key of the garden gate.

Jef. I am very sorry I can't oblige you.

Lis. Why not?

Jef. For several reasons.

Lis. Tell me one?

Jef. In the first place, I have not got the key—my master took it with him when he went out.

Lis. You know you tell a falsehood : he has not got it—is this your bargain and your gratitude ?

Jef. Nay, if you are angry at that, give me the kiss again.

Lis. Ugly, foolish, yet artful and cunning wretch ! leave the room ! You make love to me, indeed ? Why, I always hated you, laughed at you, and despised you.

Jef. [*Crosses, L.*] I know that.—Did not I tell you, when you spoke so kindly to me, you wanted something ; how then could you expect me to oblige you ?

Lis. I shall ever detest the sight of you.

Jef. Unless you want something, and then you'll call me again—and then I shall kiss you again. Ha, ha, ha !

[*Exit, shewing the key, L.*]

Lis. I never was so provoked in my life.

Con. My dear Lisette, if our two lovers, the Marquis and his servant, prove no more fortunate in their schemes, than we have been in ours, I fear I must, according to his desire, marry the Doctor—and you Jeffrey.

Lis. I marry Jeffrey !—Here comes the Doctor.

Enter DOCTOR, L.

Doc. (*L.*) What an indignity !—I can't put up with it—can't bear it—I'm ready to choak with passion !

Con. (*R.*) Dear sir, what is the matter ?

Doc. I am disgraced, ruined, and undone.

Con. And what has caused it, sir ?

Doc. A conspiracy of the blackest kind. [*Crosses, c.*] Man's weakness is arrived to its highest summit ; and there is nothing wanting but merit, to draw upon us the most cruel persecution.

Lis. (*L.*) Ah ! I understand—the faculty have been conspiring against you.

Doc. (*c.*) They have refused to grant me a diploma—forbid me to practise as a physician ; and all because I don't know a parcel of insignificant words, but exercise my profession according to the rules of reason and nature. Is it not natural to die ? Then, if a dozen or two of my patients have died under my hands, is not that natural ?

Lis. Very natural, indeed.

Doc. But, thank heaven ! in spite of the scandalous reports of my enemies, I have this morning nine visits to make.

Con. Very true, sir : a young ward has sent for you, to attend his guardian—three nephews have sent for you, to attend their uncles, very rich men—and five husbands have

sent for you, in great haste, to attend their wives.

Doc. And is not that a sign they think what I can do?—Is it not a sign they have the highest opinion of my skill? And the faculty shall see I will rise superior to their machinations. I have entered upon a project, that, I believe, will tease them—I have made overtures to one of their professed enemies, a man whom they have crushed, and who is the chief of a sect just sprung up; of which, perhaps, you never heard, for simply, by the power of magnetism, they can cure any ill, or inspire any passion.

Con. Is it possible?

Doc. Yes—and every effect is produced upon the frame, merely by the power of the magnet, which is held in the hand of the physician, as a wand of a conjuror is held in his; and it produces wonders in physic, equally surprising.

Con. And will you become of this new sect?

Doc. If they will receive me—and by this time the president has, I dare say, received my letter, and I wait impatiently for an answer. [*A knock, L.*]

Enter JEFFREY.

Jef. A Doctor, at the door, desires to speak with you.

Doc. A Doctor in my house?

Lis. I dare say, it is the magnetizing Doctor you have been writing to.

Doc. Very likely—I dare say 'tis Doctor Mystery; shew him in, Jeffrey. [*Crosses, L. C.*]

Jef. Please to walk this way, sir. [*Exit Jeffrey, L.*]

Enter LA FLEUR, dressed as a Doctor. L.

La Fleur. (L.) Doctor, I hope I have your pardon, that, though no farther acquaintance than by letter, I thus wait upon you to pay my respects.

Con. [*To Lisette, R.*] It is the same I saw with the Marquis.

Lis. (R. c.) [*Aside.*] And it is La Fleur, his valet.

La Fleur. And to assure you, that I, and all my brethren, have the highest respect for your talents, and shall be happy to have you a member of our society.

Doc. (L. c.) I presume, sir, you are Doctor Mystery, author and first discoverer of that healing and sublime art, Animal Magnetism.

La Fleur. I am.

Doc. And it will render you immortal—my curiosity

to become acquainted with the forms and effects of your power is scarcely to be repressed a moment. Will you indulge me with the smallest specimen of your art, just to satisfy my curiosity?

La Fleur. You are then entirely ignorant of it?

Doc. Entirely.

La Fleur. And so am I. [*Aside.*] Hem—hem—you must know, Doctor.

Doc. Shall I send the women out of the room?

La Fleur. By no means—no, no; but I will shew both you and them a specimen of my art directly.—You know, Doctor, there is an universal fluid, which spreads throughout all nature.

Doc. A fluid?

La Fleur. Yes, a fluid—which is—a—fluid—and you know, Doctor, that this fluid—generally called a fluid—is the most subtle of all—that is the most subtle.—Do you understand me?

Doc. Yes, yes—

La Fleur. It ascends on high, [*Looking down.*] and descends on low, [*Looking up.*] penetrates all substances, from the hardest metal to the softest bosom—you understand me, I perceive?

Doc. Not very well.

La Fleur. I will give you a simile then.

Doc. I shall be much obliged to you.

La Fleur. This fluid is like a river—You know what a river is?

Doc. Yes, certainly.

La Fleur. This fluid is like a river, that—that—runs—that—goes—that—gently glides—so—so—so—while there is nothing to stop it—But if it encounters a mound or any other impediment—boo—boo—boo—it bursts forth—it overflows the country round—throws down villages, hamlets, houses, trees, cows, and lambs; but remove obstacles which obstruct its course, and it begins again, softly and sweetly, to flow—thus—thus—thus—the fields are again adorned, and every thing goes on, as well as it can go on.—Thus it is with the *animal* fluid, which fluid obeys the command of my art.

Doc. Surprising art! but what are the means you employ?

La Fleur. Merely gestures—or a simple touch.

Doc. Astonishing! give me some proof of your art directly; do satisfy my curiosity.

La Fleur. I will,—and by holding this wand, in which is a magnet, in a particular position, I will so direct the fluid, that it shall immediately give you the most excruciating rheumatism, which will last you a couple of hours. I will then change it to the gout—then to strong convulsions—and after into a raging fever; and in this manner shall your curiosity become satisfied.

[*Holds up his wand as if to magnetise.*]

Doc. Hold, Doctor, I had rather see the experiment on some one else.

La Fleur. Oh then, sir, I have now at my house a patient, whom the faculty have just given up as incurable; and notwithstanding his disorder is of a most violent and dangerous kind, I will have him brought here, and I will teach you to perform his cure yourself.

Doc. By the power of magnetism?

La Fleur. By the power of magnetism.

Doc. That would do me infinite honor indeed—but why bring him to my house—pray, who is he?

La Fleur. A young man of quality.

[*Constance crosses, R. C.*]

Con. (R. C.) Dear, sir, let him be brought hither, and let me see the cure performed.

Doc. [*Takes La Fleur aside.*] I can't say I approve of a young man being brought into my house—for you must know, Doctor—that young lady is to be my wife:—as we are not exactly of an age, another may make an impression.

La Fleur. Consider my patient's state of health; he is like a dying man.

Doc. But he'll be well after I have cured him.

La Fleur. Very true. [*Doctor whispers La Fleur.*] True—certainly it is.

[*They whisper again.*]

Con. Why this whispering? I am ignorant what are the virtues of your art, Doctor, but I am sure it has not that of rendering you polite.

La Fleur. Pardon, madam—I was but instructing the Doctor in some particulars of which you may hereafter have reason to be satisfied.

Lis. I doubt that, sir, unless your art could render this solitary confinement we are doomed to, agreeable.

La Fleur. Before the end of the day, you shall prefer it to all the false pleasures of the gay world; for what are more false than the pleasures derived from balls, masquerades, and theatres?

Doc. Very true.

Lis. Well, I must own I love a theatre.

La Fleur. The worst place of all, to frequent—once in my life, I was present at a theatrical representation; but such a piece did I see,—ah! the most dangerous for a young woman to be present at.

Lis. [*Eagerly crossing, R.*] Pray, sir, what was it?

La Fleur. An honest gentleman, of about seventy years of age, was before the audience in love with a young lady of eighteen, whom he had brought up from her infancy, and whom he meant to make his wife.

Doc. Very natural.

La Fleur. A young gentleman of the neighbourhood, because he was young, rich, and handsome, imagined he would suit the lady better.

Doc. Just like them all.

La Fleur. He therefore disguised his valet, who, under the mask of friendship, introduced himself to this good man, the guardian.

Doc. A villain! he deserved to be hanged.

La Fleur. And seized the moment when he embraced him as I now embrace you—to stretch out his hand, while it was behind him, and convey a letter to the lady's waiting maid. [*La Fleur embraces the Doctor, and exchanges letters with Lisette; Lisette gives the letter she receives to Constance; La Fleur puts the other into his pocket.*]

Lis. And she gave him another.—I have seen the play myself;—and it was very well acted. [*She retires up, R.*]

La Fleur. And is it not scandalous to put such examples before young people?

Con. And pray, Doctor, do you think I am not under sufficient confinement, that you take the same methods to make me still more unhappy.

La Fleur. [*To the Doctor.*] Why does your ward dislike confinement?

Doc. Because she dislikes me.

La Fleur. Are you sure of that?

Doc. Yes, I think I am.

Con. I am dying with curiosity to read my letter.

[*Aside, and exit, R.*]

La Fleur. This wand shall cause in her sentiments the very reverse. In this is a magnet which shall change her disposition. Take it, [*Gives the wand.*] and, while you keep it, she will be constrained to love you with the most ardent passion.

Doc. I thank you a thousand times. [*Quite in rapture.*

Lis. Excellent.

[*Exit, R.*

Doc. Her maid has overheard us.

La Fleur. No, no; but take me into another apartment, and I will explain to you what, at present, you are not able to comprehend—after which, you will permit me to step home, and fetch my patient hither.

Doc. Certainly—when I am in possession of my ward's affection, I can have nothing to apprehend from him.—And you are sure she will now become favourable to me? You are sure I shall attract her?

La Fleur. Yes, sure—by the loadstone.

[*Exit, R.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Lane - Britannia Saloon
ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another apartment in the Doctor's House.—A Table and Chair, L. Couch, C. and Table, with a Medicine Chest, Bottle of Water, and Glass upon it, R.*

Enter LISETTE and CONSTANCE, R.

Lis. I overheard it all—and he has given your guardian the wand in which you heard him say the magnet was contained—and while he keeps it, it is to magnetise you, and force you to love him, in spite of yourself.

Con. All this agrees with the letter he has given me from his master, in which the Marquis informs me, by what accident that letter, my guardian sent to the Doctor who professes magnetism, fell into his hands, and immediately gave him the idea of disguising his valet, and sending him hither under the name of that Doctor;—but where is *La Fleur* now?

Lis. Just left your guardian, and gone home to bring the patient you heard him speak of—and I would lay a wager, that very patient is no other than the Marquis himself.

Con. But for what end is all this?

Lis. That they have planned, you may depend upon it.—For the present, you have nothing to do but to pretend an affection for your guardian.

Con. It will be difficult to feign a passion my heart revolts at.

Lis. Never fear your good acting!—Besides, I will take an equal share in it.—

Con. How? you!

Lis. I'll fall in love with the Doctor as well as you. If the magnetism affects you, why not have the same power over me? and if it makes you love him, it shall make me adore him.

Con. Hush! here he comes. *[They retire up stage.]*

Enter DOCTOR, with the wand, L.

Doc. *[Crossing L. Aside.]* What he has told seems so very surprising, that nothing but proofs can thoroughly convince me—and now for the proof! *[Looks at Constance.]*

Lis. *[Aside to Constance.]* He ogles you, cast a tender look, and accompany it with a sigh.

Con. *[Sighing.]* Alas! *[Coming down, R.]*

Doc. My dear Constance, my lovely ward,—what, what makes you sigh? Weariness of your confinement, I suppose?

Con. Ah, sir! *[Sighing.]*

Doc. Come, come, I confess, the restraint you have been under has been too much, and I am not surprised you have taken a dislike to me.

Con. A dislike to you? Ah! sir! *[Sighing.]* Oh, guardian!

[Going to speak, turns away and hides her face.]

Doc. *[Aside.]* I believe it will do. Come, come, Constance, do not sigh and make yourself uneasy; you shall not live many weeks thus retired, for I am thinking of marrying you very soon *[Turns eagerly to him.]* to a fine young gentleman *[Turns away from him.]*

Con. Ah, cruel! *[Near crying.]*

Doc. What did you say? If I have the good fortune to be beloved by you, let me have the happiness to hear it from yourself?

Con. Yes, cruel man!—some invincible power compels me, in spite of my resistance!—Yes, I love you.

Lis. And I adore you! *[Coming down, L.]*

Doc. *[Starting.]* What! you too? I did not expect that!

Lis. No, mine is not merely a love, but a rage—a violence—I doat to distraction—love you to the loss of my health, of spirits, of rest and life.

Con. If you do not take pity on the passion which burns in my heart!— *[With tenderness.]*

Lis. If you can be regardless of the flames which consume me with violence—

Con. Can you be insensible of my tender pleadings?

Lis. Take care how you turn my affection to hatred.

Doc. [*Goes from between them. Aside.*] What a terrible situation I have got myself into!—the effect of the magnetism is very natural; it acts upon one as well as another; but Lisette's love is very troublesome. I'll call Jeffrey in, and give up part of my power to him; he will take the wand for a few minutes, and charm Lisette.

Con. Why do you thus run from me? Is this the return my love demands?—But be not uneasy; death shall deliver you from an object, whose passion you despise.

[*Turns from him and crosses, R.*]

Doc. (c.) Oh, that you could but read what is written in my heart!

Lis. [L.] Ah, sir, behold the state [*Kneels.*] to which you have reduced a poor innocent. If I am treated with kindness, I am naturally soft, gentle, and tender; but, if I am neglected [*Rising.*—by all that's great and precious, I will do some strange thing, either to you, or my rival.

Doc. This Lisette is so furious, she makes me tremble; I must put an end to her affection.—Jeffrey!

Enter JEFFREY, L.

Jef. Here, sir; what do you want with me?

Doc. Take this and carry it to my study. [*Gives the wand.*]

Jef. Yes, sir—directly. [*Crosses, R.*]

Doc. Stop a moment, Jeffrey; stop a moment.

Jef. Two or three moments, if you please.

Doc. [*Aside.*] Now we shall see what effect it has.

Lis. [*To Constance.*] I see through this design; let us fall in love with Jeffrey.

Con. With all my heart.

Doc. Well, Jeffrey—and—and how do you do, Jeffrey?

Jef. Pretty well, considering my leg, where the dog bit me, and considering I can only see with one eye.

Lis. But even that misfortune does not prevent your looking very agreeable, Jeffrey.

Doc. [*Aside.*] It succeeds; she is taken.

Jef. What! Are you beginning to laugh at me again?

Lis. Laugh at you! No, Jeffrey. I now wonder how it was possible I should ever laugh at you; how becoming is that bandage—And the eye we *do* see has a thousand

times more bewitching charms, for the absence of that we do not. Dear Madam, only observe him.

Con. Who can resist that amiable figure, dearest Jeffrey?

Jef. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Doc. [*Aside.*] This is as bad as the other.

Jef. I think the mad dog has bit us all.

Lis. Is it possible you can love Jeffrey? No, no, your situation forbids it; take, take my master; I resign him to you. [*Puts him over, L. C.*]

Con. No, I resign him to you.

Lis. I will not have him.

Doc. This is a very disagreeable situation.

Lis. Jeffrey, will you be deaf to my passion?

Con. Yes, I am sure he will prefer me.

Jef. No, I won't: I have been in love with her this twelve months, and I'll make choice of her.

Con. Then what will become of me?

Doc. I can bear this no longer; give me that. [*Snatches the wand.*] And do you make up some medicines.

Jef. Ah! my dear Lisette! you have made me so happy, I must shake hands. [*Offers to take her hand; she slaps his face.*]

Lis. Learn to behave with more reserve for the future.

Jef. Ecod! I think you have not behaved with much reserve; did you not hang upon me, and said you loved me?

Lis. Love you! Behold my master, and do not imagine I can love any but him.

Con. No; who can love any but him?

Doc. This is worse and worse—where is the Doctor? If he does not come and give me some relief, I am a ruined man. [*A loud knocking, L.*] Jeffrey, see if that is him. [*Exit Jeffrey, L.*] I have no doubt but it is, and with him the young patient, on whom I am to prove my skill. Constance, and you Lisette, leave the room for the present.

Con. Yes, if you will go with me; but how do you think it is possible for me to leave you?—a feeling which I cannot explain—

Lis. And one I cannot explain—

Doc. But I am going to prescribe—and it is improper.

Enter LA FLEUR, L. leading the MARQUIS, dressed in a handsome robe de chambre and night cap, the DOCTOR and JEFFREY draw the chair for him, C.

La Fleur. This, Doctor, is your patient.—This is the renowned physician, from whom you are to expect a cure.

Doc. (R. C.) He looks surprisingly well, considering now much he has suffered.

La Fleur. That renders his case the more dangerous.—I would rather a patient of mine should look ill, and be in no danger, than look well, and be in imminent danger.

Mar. (C.) To conceive the sufferings I have undergone, a being must be transformed ; he must be more, before he can conceive what I have felt—for months have I led this agonizing life !—But I am told, Doctor, you can put an end to my disorder—you have, in your possession, that which can give me ease ;—but by what science you are master of so great a power, I own, is beyond my comprehension.

La Fleur. [L. of Marquis.] Dear sir, you know not all the resources in the art of medicine ; trust firmly, that you are in the hands of persons well informed and well practised—we know how to give nature a fillip.

Doc. Doctor Mystery, do you use your authority with these females, to leave us to ourselves.

Con. (R.) I can't go.

Lis. (R.) Nor I.

La Fleur. I believe it is very true. [*Goes and feels their pulses.*] No, they can't go—no—the force of the attraction will not suffer them to go. [*To the Doctor.*] What do you think of the power of magnetism now ?

Doc. It has double the power I desire, and I wish it not to act on Lisette.

Con. [To Lis.] I hope the Marquis is not really ill.

La Fleur. [Comes forward with the Doctor.] I will remedy that. [*Whispers the Doctor, while the Marquis makes signs of love to Constance ; she gets nearer to his chair.*] Now attend to what I am going to do ; I will turn the whole affection of the maid upon myself.

Doc. I will be very much obliged to you. [*La Fleur whispers the Doctor again.*]

Mar. [In a low voice to Constance.] One word only—will you be mine, should my scheme prove successful ?

Con. What is it ?

Mar. I have no time to say ; but answer me, will you be mine ?

Con. I will.

Doc. [L. C. In a low voice to La Fleur.] Very well, extremely well : this will do very well, and now deliver me from her love as soon as you can.

La Fleur. (L.) I must approach her, and 'tis done. [*Goes*

to Lisette, makes signs of magnetism ; then, in a whisper,] I am in love with you ; feign to be so with me.

Lis. I am in earnest, without feigning,

La Fleur. (R. c.) So much the better ; it will appear more natural. [*Returns to the Doctor.*] It's done ; observe how she looks at me. [*During this, the Marquis and Constance are exchanging sighs.*]

Doc. (L.) What an art !

La Fleur. (L.) But I will shew its power in a manner yet more astonishing.

Con. [*To the Marquis, in a low voice.*] I was on the point of being married to my guardian.

Doc. Is it possible ?

Mar. [*Forgetting himself, and in warmth.*] Distraction ! that must never be. [*Doctor turns to him in surprise ; Lisette perceiving him.*]

Lis. Oh, heavens ! look to the patient.

La Fleur. One of his fits has seized him, [*Marquis pretends a fit.*] but it's nothing, it will soon be over.

Mar. Nay, do not hide yourself ; oh ! oh ! that I could plunge this steel [*Holds up his handkerchief.*] a hundred times in that detestable heart ; come on, monster, and acknowledge thy conqueror, expiring under this hand.

Doc. I'll go into the next room ; it is me, I believe, he is going to kill.

[*Going over to R. of Marquis.*]

La Fleur. (L.) But he has no weapon ; don't be afraid.

Con. [*To La Fleur.*] Oh, dear sir, relieve him from this terrible fit.

Doc. Do ; I beg, you will.

La Fleur. I cannot wholly relieve him at present ; but you shall see me change the manner of his raving : behold my power. [*Pretends to magnetise.*] See, his countenance changes ; his looks express tenderness—now it is no longer fury that transports him ; but the soft languor of love now pervades his senses.

Mar. [*Looking at Constance, who is R. c.*] Oh ! charming Arpasia.

La Fleur. Arpasia was the name of his first love ; he fancies himself near to her. [*Marquis rises from his chair, and kneels to Constance.*]

Mar. Is it you, then, whom I behold ; but, alas ! you do not suspect what I have suffered in your absence ; and I only retain my life, in the pleasing hope of one day passing it with you, and rendering yours as happy as my own ; what am I to think of this silence ? You do not answer to

my tender complaints. Ah ! you hate me, you despise me ; —but dread the effects of this contempt ; I feel it is in my power to accomplish all. *[Rising.]*

Lis. He is going into his raving fit again ; pray, madam, speak to him, if it is but a word.

Mar. Speak to me one word, if it is only one word.

La Fleur. Your ward is afraid of disobliging you ; but give her leave to speak to him, if it is but one word, only to be witness to a scene so nouvelle.

Doc. But, harkye.

La Fleur. Pshaw ! pshaw ! She looks at you for consent : tell her, she may say yes—just yes.

Doc. But why suffer her to speak ?

La Fleur. Consider you are in possession of the magnet, and nothing can prevent the power of that charm.

Mar. Ah ! cruel ; ought I thus to wait for a word from those lips ? you wish then to behold me die ?

Doc. Well, well, answer him, yes.

Mar. Do you love me ?

Con. Yes.

Mar. *[Kisses her hand.]* I am transported !

Doc. *[Endeavouring to separate them.]* Hold ! hold ! This is a fit as powerful to me as it is to you.

Lis. Dear sir, let him alone ; he may fall into his rage again.

Mar. What thrilling transport rushes to my heart ; all nature appears to my ravished eyes more beautiful than poets ever formed ! Aurora dawns—the feathered songsters chaunt their most melodious strains—the gentle zephyrs breathe their choicest perfumes, and the inspiring scene intoxicates my very soul.

Doc. Come, change this fit into another.

Mar. And you, who listen to me, partake my joy ; come and dwell with me under the shady branches of the riverside ; come, lovely shepherdess ; *[Takes hold of Constance.]* come, young shepherd ; *[Takes hold of the Doctor,]* mingle in the dance.

Lis. Come, young shepherd, *[Takes hold of the Doctor with one hand, and La Fleur with the other.]*

Doc. I can't dance.

Mar. In vain you refuse ; pass with gentle steps the mossy banks ; and join in the rural pastime. *[Takes their hands and dances them round the stage, the Doctor awkward and unwillingly.]*

[All exeunt, R.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Doctor's House.*—Couch, with pillow and counterpane.—Table, with pen, ink, and paper on R. ;—Table on L., with decanter of water ; glass, powder-puff, &c., on it.

Enter LISETTE and LA FLEUR, R.

Lis. But when is this farce to end ?

La Fleur. (R.) My master, now he is introduced, will take advantage of some circumstances, to obtain, either by force or stratagem, the Doctor's consent to his wishes ; and as he finds he is beloved by the young lady, which before he was in doubt of—

Lis. (L.) Pshaw ! he might easily have guessed her sentiments. A young woman, weary of confinement as she was, is easily in love with the first young man who solicits her affections.

La Fleur. And may I hope you love me ?

Lis. Aye, sir, I am weary of confinement, like my mistress.

La Fleur. A thousand thanks, my dear Lisette.

Lis. But while Jeffrey keeps the keys of every door, no creature can either go out, or enter, without his leave.

La Fleur. And is there no way to get rid of him ?

Lis. Yes ; a thought strikes me this moment : a couple of days ago, one of our neighbours' dogs bit him, and our Doctor, merely to show his skill in the cure, persuaded him the dog was mad : suppose we make the Doctor himself believe he was really so, and that poor—

Enter DOCTOR, R. with the wand.

Doc. He has had another fit ; but I have just now left him in a sound sleep, which came upon him as suddenly as any of his waking paroxysms.

La Fleur. If that is the case, he must be left alone ; we will not disturb him.

Lis. [*Aside to La Fleur.*] When I return, be sure to confirm whatever I shall say. [*Exit, L. H.*]

Doc. What ! have you persuaded her to leave you ?

La Fleur. Yes, for a little while.

Doc. Why, too much of love is something tedious. I

come once more to talk with you, Doctor, upon this surprising art, which, though you have taken such great pains to explain, I am still far from comprehending so much as I think I ought.

La Fleur. I will, before long, give you such proof.

Enter LISETTE, followed by JEFFREY, L.

Lis. O, save me ! save me ! or I am a dead woman

Doc. (R.) What's the matter ?

Jef. (L.) This is no joke ; and I won't take it as such.

Lis. [*Goes between La Fleur and Doctor.*] Have a care of him ; speak low, he'll be at us.

Doc. Will be at us ?

Lis. [*In a low voice.*] Jeffrey is mad ! [*Crosses, R.*

Doc. What do you say ?

Lis. I found him in his bed, gnawing the bed-clothes ; and when he saw me, he would have gnawed me. [*The Doctor turns to him.*] Don't look at him, sir, don't look at him.

Doc. Why, I don't think this possible ; the dog that bit him was not—

Lis. Indeed, sir, he was as mad as ever—

La Fleur. Indeed, the poor creature looks as if some horrible infection had seized him.

Doc. Why, I can't say but I think he does.

Lis. And I'll give you the true proof immediately.

[*Takes a glass of water, and throws it on him.*

Jef. (L.) What's that for ; how dare you use me thus ?

[*In a great passion.*

Lis. There ; you see what a dislike he has to water.

La Fleur. That is a symptom which confirms our suspicions.

Doc. [*With an air of skill.*] An evident sign of the hydrophobia.

La Fleur. Yes, of the hydrophobia—

[*Lisette comes with another glass of water, to throw at him ; he starts over to R.*

Lis. See, see, how he looks, only at the sight of water.

Jef. If you dare throw any more upon—[*Holds up his hand.*]

Doc. Lisette, let him alone ; it is dangerous to push the poor creature to extremities. Doctor, suppose we magnetise him ?

La Fleur. No ; magnetism in cases like this, can have no effect

Doc. What remedy then ?

La Fleur. I know of but one, and that is, to smother him.

Lis. The only thing in the world.

Doc. And we ought to lose no time, if it must be done.

Jef. (R.) What, smother me ! [*Falls on his knees to the Doctor.*] Oh ! sir, have pity on me.

Doc. (R.C.) Don't be frightened ; it will be over in ten minutes.

Jef. But I had rather not.

Doc. Ungrateful wretch ! do you consider the consequence of living ?

Lis. (R.) For shame, Jeffrey ; don't ask such a thing.

Doc. But, since he won't consent with a good grace, we must seize him all three together.

Jef. Ah, mercy, what will become of me ?

Lis. [*Aside to Jeffrey.*] Run out of the house, and never come back, if you would save your life. [*Jeffrey runs off, L.*

La Fleur. He sha'n't escape ; stop him there !

[*Exit after him, L.*

Doc. Why, he has run into the street ; what a deal of mischief he may cause ; and, as I am alive, he has run away with all the keys in his pocket.

Lis. But, luckily, the doors are open.

Doc. But, why does not the Doctor come back ?

Lis. Depend upon it, he will not leave him, till he has secured him in some safe place where he can do no mischief.

Enter CONSTANCE, R.

Con. Dear sir, come to the assistance of your patient : he has followed me to my chamber, and frightened me out of my senses : I thought he was going to die. Indeed, sir, he is very ill ; I am sure he can't live long.

Enter MARQUIS, R. *creeping slowly to the couch, as if unable to walk.*

Mar. Oh, Doctor, relieve me from this pressure, or I die.

Doc. I wish my brother physician was returned. [*Alarmed.*] Come, sir, lean your head this way ; where is your complaint ?

Mar. Here, here it lies. [*Laying his hand on his stomach.*] I fear this will be the last hour of my life.

Doc. No, no ; I hope not. [*Magnetising him sometimes*

with one end of the wand, and sometimes with the other.]

Mar. The malady changes its place. Oh, my head; remove it from my head, make it descend. [*The Doctor more frightened.*] Now it flies to my heart; it sets it on fire; it tears it to pieces.

Doc. I wish the Doctor would return.

Mar. My tortures redouble—vultures gnaw me. Can't you remove them? [*Attempts again to magnetise.*] No, no; my strength fails me—my eyes lose their sight—I die—

[*Groans, sinks on the couch, and remains motionless.*]

Lis. Oh! he's dead—he's dead—he's dead. [*Crying.*]

Con. [*In tears &c.*] What will become of us all?—he's dead—he's dead. [*They cross to and fro.*]

Doc. I am quite shocked at it—but, my dear children, don't make such a noise. [*Trembling.*] The neighbours will hear you, and they will say I have killed him, with some of my experiments.

Lis. It was that fatal wand you put upon his heart.

Doc. Yes, I suppose I directed the fluid the wrong way; but, perhaps, he only fainted—who knows but we may recover him,—I will go and find some of my new invented drops, which may, perhaps, restore him. [*Feels in his pocket*]; and that poor unhappy Jeffrey has taken away the key of my cabinet, where all my drops are.

Con. [*R.*] Break open the locks then, there is no time to lose.

Doc. And Doctor Mystery not to return;—every thing conspires to ruin me. [*Crosses R.*] I was loth to receive this patient into my house,—my heart foreboded some ill consequence. Dear me! dear me!

[*Exit, R. in great uneasiness.*]

Mar. [*Rising.*] If my scheme succeeds, the consequence will be such as you little dream of. Where is La Fleur?

Lis. Gone to secure Jeffrey somewhere out of the house.

Mar. If he does not return soon, all my long-concerted plan is overturned.

Lis. Here he is.

Enter LA FLEUR, L.

La Fleur. I have lodged him safe for these two days.

Mar. [*Taking off his robe.*] Give me your clothes, and take this immediately, and be dead.

La Fleur. Dead! what do you mean? [*Crosses, c.*]

Mar. Ask no questions; but lie down on that couch, and counterfeit being dead.

Lis. Your master has been doing it this half hour.

La Fleur. [*Dressing himself.*] It is very strange ; but since you command it—

Mar. Dare not stir, or breathe !—All depends on your acting well ; you must have your face powdered, [*Lisette powders his face.*] that he may not know you.

La Fleur. Now, I am in character.

Mar. Where are my people ?

La Fleur. At the tavern in the next street, both disguised like Doctors.

Mar. That's right ; I fly to them directly. [*Going, L.*

La Fleur. Your night cap, your night cap.

[*Marquis throws it to him.*

Mar. And give me your wig. [*Puts it on.*] I hear the Doctor coming. Farewell ! play your part to a miracle.

[*Exit, L.*

Con. And heaven prosper your designs !

La Fleur. [*Sitting on the couch.*] But what does all this mean ? I don't understand.

Lis. Hush ! dead people never speak.

[*Throws him down on the couch.*

Enter DOCTOR, R.

Doc. Well, how is he, what does he say ?

Lis. Why, like all other persons in his state, he does not complain.

Doc. Hold this bottle to his nose, and sprinkle this on his face.

Con. Alas ! he is gone, and nothing can be of use.

Doc. How a few moments have changed him : I should'nt have known him again ; he's as white as ashes : lay your hand upon his heart, Lisette, and feel if it beats at all ; for my part, I am so disconcerted with the accident, I am fit for nothing.

Lis. [*Lays her hand on his heart.*] All is still, sir.

Doc. Is there no motion ?

Lis. None in the least—[*Slaps his face*]—like marble—[*Slaps again*]—has little feeling in it.

Doc. Doctor Mystery not returning, I conceive this was a plot upon me.

Lis. And this poor creature was in the plot, you think, and died on purpose to bring it about ?

Doc. No ; but the other found he could not cure him, and so left the disgrace of his death to me ; and my enemies

will take the advantage of it,—considering how many of my patients have died lately.

Lis. What are we to do with the body?

Doc. I have yet one hope left; it is my last, and I won't hesitate, but about it instantly.

Con. What resource?

Doc. [*To Lisette.*] He is certainly dead, is he not?

Lis. Certainly! there can be no doubt of that.

Doc. And, do what we will, nothing worse can happen to him.

Lis. No, certainly, not in this world.

Doc. Well then, I will try an experiment upon him, which I once read, and I have often had a vast mind to try it upon Jeffrey; but, as he was alive, it might have proved fatal.

Lis. What is it?

Doc. No matter, you shall see it performed, and I can't say I have much doubt of its success. Begin to take off some of his garments, while I go and get all the apparatus ready. [*Exit.*]

La Fleur. But I am not such a fool to stay till you come back; my master may say what he will, but I will go away.

Lis. Nonsense, man! have you not undertaken to be dead? Come, finish your part with a good grace.

Con. Pray do, *La Fleur*.

La Fleur. But what experiment is he going to try upon me? I always hated doctors, and would never let any one of them come near me.

Con. But this is not a doctor; the college have refused to admit him; so don't be afraid.

La Fleur. O! if that's the case.

Lis. [*Throws him down as before.*] Hush! play your part.

Enter DOCTOR, with a bag of instruments, R.

Doc. *Lisette*, help me with these instruments, and then run and watch that skillet of oil on the fire, and, when it boils, bring it hither.

Lis. But, suppose any body should come in while we are trying the experiment?

Doc. Right—I'll lock the door, my fright makes me forget every thing. [*Exit, L.*]

La Fleur Let me see the instruments.

Lis. Pshaw! what signifies seeing them, a'nt you to feel them?

Doc. [*Speaking without.*] What! force into a man's house, whether he will or no?

Con. I hear a noise! [*Looks out.*] It is the Marquis returned; and all his schemes, perhaps, will be fulfilled.

[*La Fleur lays down again.*]

Enter MARQUIS, PICCARD, and FRANCOIS, L. *disguised as Doctors, the MARQUIS having changed his dress, hat mask over his face. Enter* DOCTOR, L. (*PICCARD and FRANCOIS go behind Couch, c.*)

Mar. I have powerful reasons for entering this house—I came hither accompanied by these physicians, sent with me by the college, to demand a patient, who was this morning brought hither by a notorious professor of quackery; the young gentleman is of family, and nearly allied to me.

Doc. [*Aside.*] I am undone!

Mar. Where is he, sir? I must see him, and speak with him.

Lis. At present you can't speak with him; he is in a better world.

[*Pointing to La Fleur.*]

Mar. Alas! behold him there, or am I deceived! No, it is he himself whom I see!—and he is dead. Gentlemen, I call you as witnesses that he is dead, and that yonder stands the assassin. [*Piccard and François examine the body; Piccard puts on his spectacles.*]

Fran. [*Feeling his pulse.*] Yes, he is dead; but he is not dead according to our rules.

[*They place themselves at the table.*]

Mar. [*At Couch, L.*] O! my dear friend, and are you gone?—But your death shall be revenged. Villain! [*To the Doctor.*] tremble! for thy life shall answer for this. Gentlemen, gentlemen, please to take notes of what you see and hear in this house.

[*The Doctors write.*]

Lis. [*Comes down, L.*] Dear sir, have pity on my poor master; he has killed the poor gentleman, to be sure; but it was without malice.

Doc. But you know, gentlemen, this is not the first patient that has been killed during an operation.

Pic. Aye, by the authority of the college.

Doc. [*To the Marquis.*] Dear sir, my only hope is in your mercy.

Mar. Then despair! for know, I am the Marquis de

Lancy, and call to your remembrance with what insolence you rejected all my overtures to espouse your ward:—here is the advantageous contract I repeatedly sent to you, which you had the arrogance to return to me without even deigning to look at.

Doc. (c.) Only deliver me from this trouble, and I will sign it without reading it at all.

Mar. (L.) But will the lady also sign it?

Con. (R.) No! for how can I wed another when he (*the Doctor*) is the object of my love?

Doc. But consider, my dear Constance, that I am old and ugly, jealous and infirm; indeed I am, indeed I am, I protest, Constance.

Con. But my love for you is so implanted in my heart.

Mar. If that's the case,—come, sir, follow us. [*Going, L.*]

Doc. Stay; give me the contract and let me sign it. [*Aside.*] I will once more have recourse to the wand.

Mar. What imports your signing, if your ward will not?

Doc. She will sign.

Con. Never!

Doc. Give me the contract, and hold that. [*Gives the wand to the Marquis; takes the contract, and signs it.*]

Mar. What's this?

Doc. Keep it; never let it go from you.

Con. Yes, I feel a desire to sign, give me the contract.

Doc. Aye, I was sure of it. [*Constance signs.*] And there, Marquis, is the contract. [*Giving it him.*]

La Fleur. [*Rising.*] Ah! I breathe again! I am a little better!

Doc. [*Starting.*] Why, is he not dead?

La Fleur. No! I am mending apace.

Doc. Gentlemen, tear in pieces the process. [*To La Fleur.*] Oh, sir, what misery have you brought upon me!

La Fleur. And what misery would your damned instruments, and your boiling oil, have brought upon me?

Doc. How did you hear, in that fit, what I said?

La Fleur. Very easily, sir; return him the wand, and the ladies, I dare say, will fall in love with him again.

Doc. [*Looking at him: then at the Marquis.*] My eyes are open! I recollect them both! but this was the sick man! [*To the Marquis.*]

La Fleur. But I was the dead one!

Doc. I am cheated, defrauded!—What, ho! neighbours!—here are thieves! murderers! [*Calling.*]

Mar. Nay, Doctor, reflect upon the arts you made use

of, to keep my Constance yours, even in spite of her inclinations; then do not condemn the artifice I employed to obtain her, with her own consent. A reward like this, urged me to encounter every hazard and every danger. For believe me, Doctor, there is no magnetism like the powerful magnetism of love.

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

LISETTE, LA FLEUR, DOCTOR, MARQUIS, CONSTANCE.

R.]

[L.

L. Lane

Britannia Salo

This Piece acts

1st Act 18 min.

2nd Act 14 min.

3rd Act 15 minutes

