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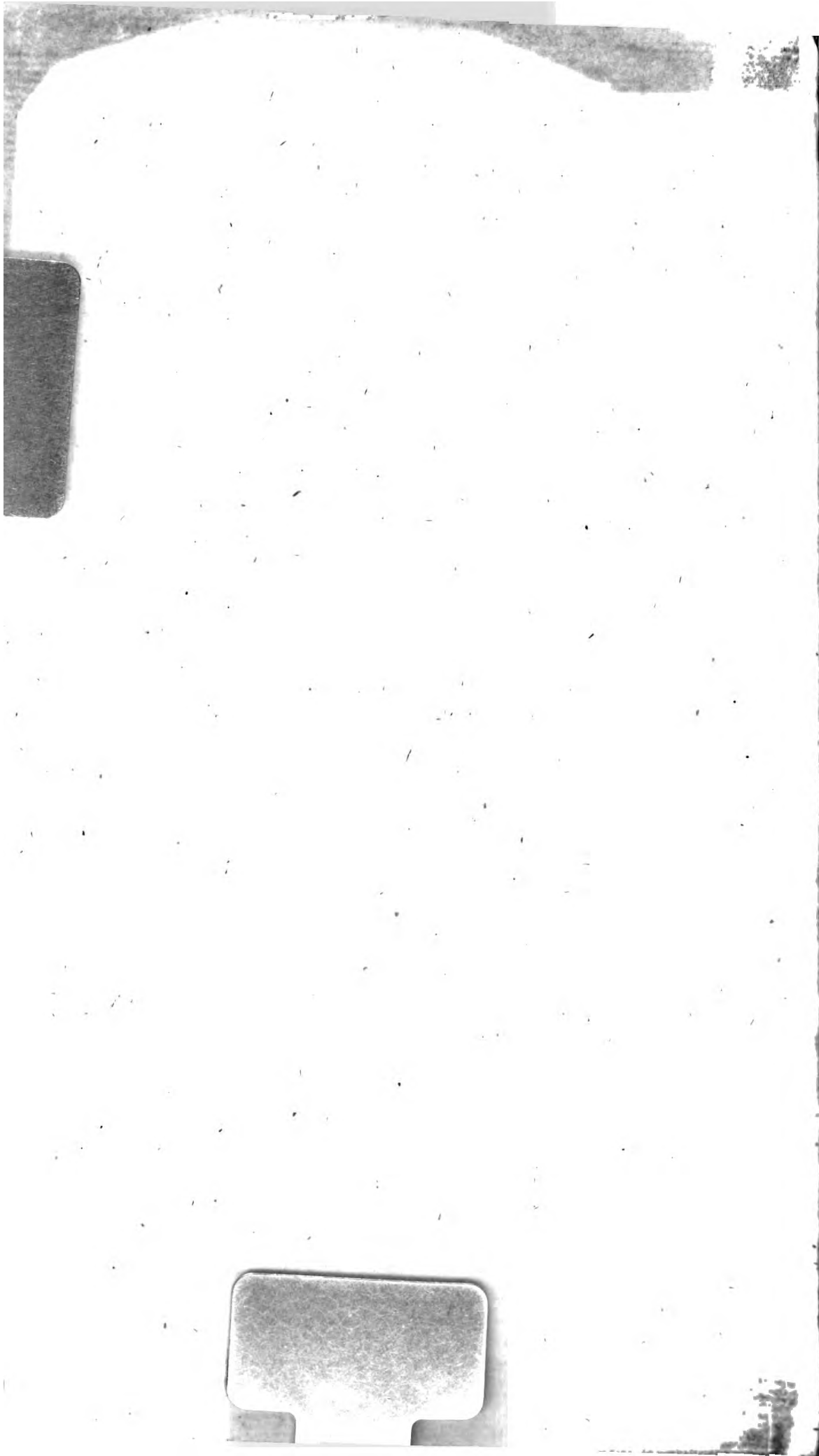
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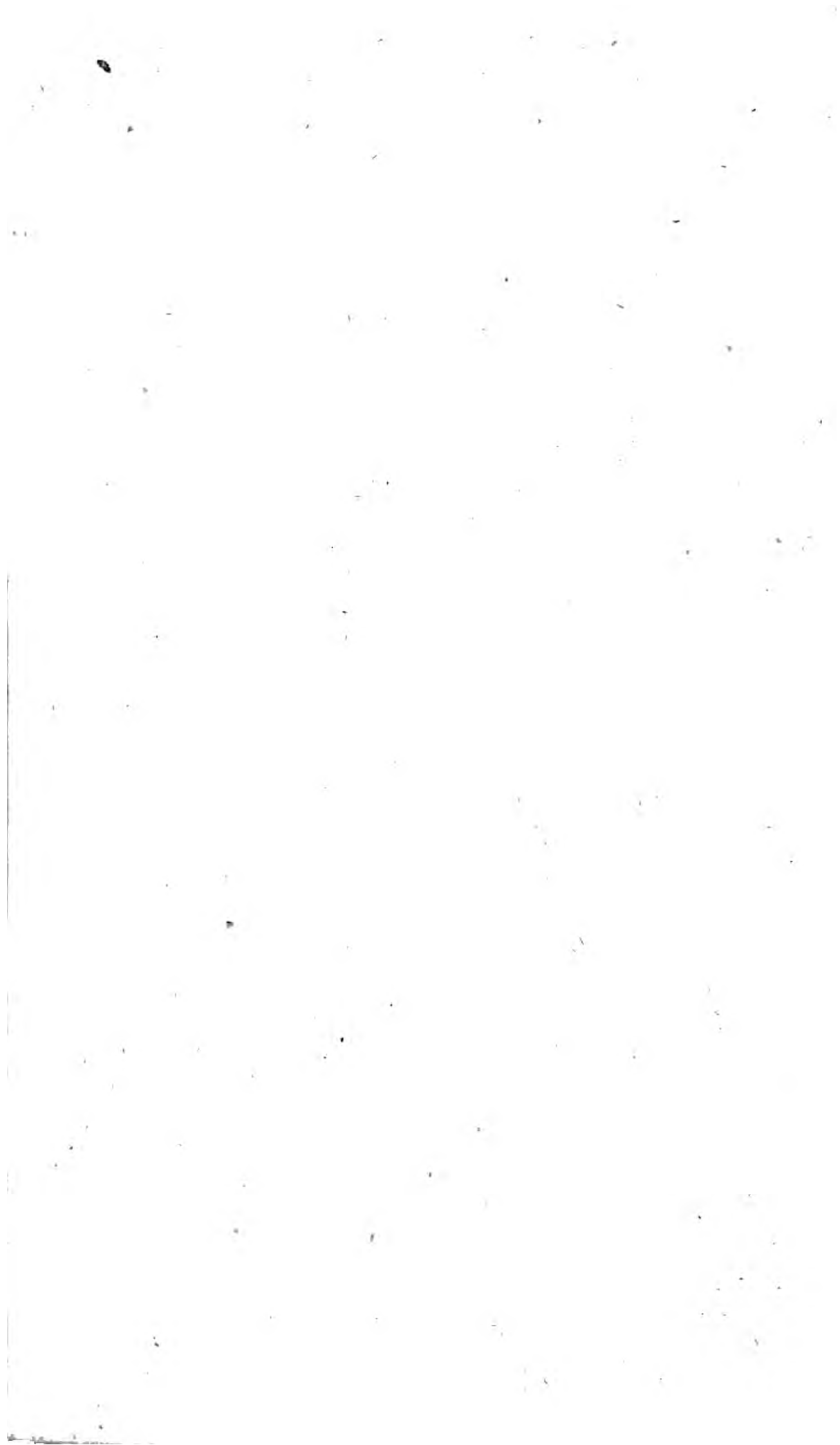
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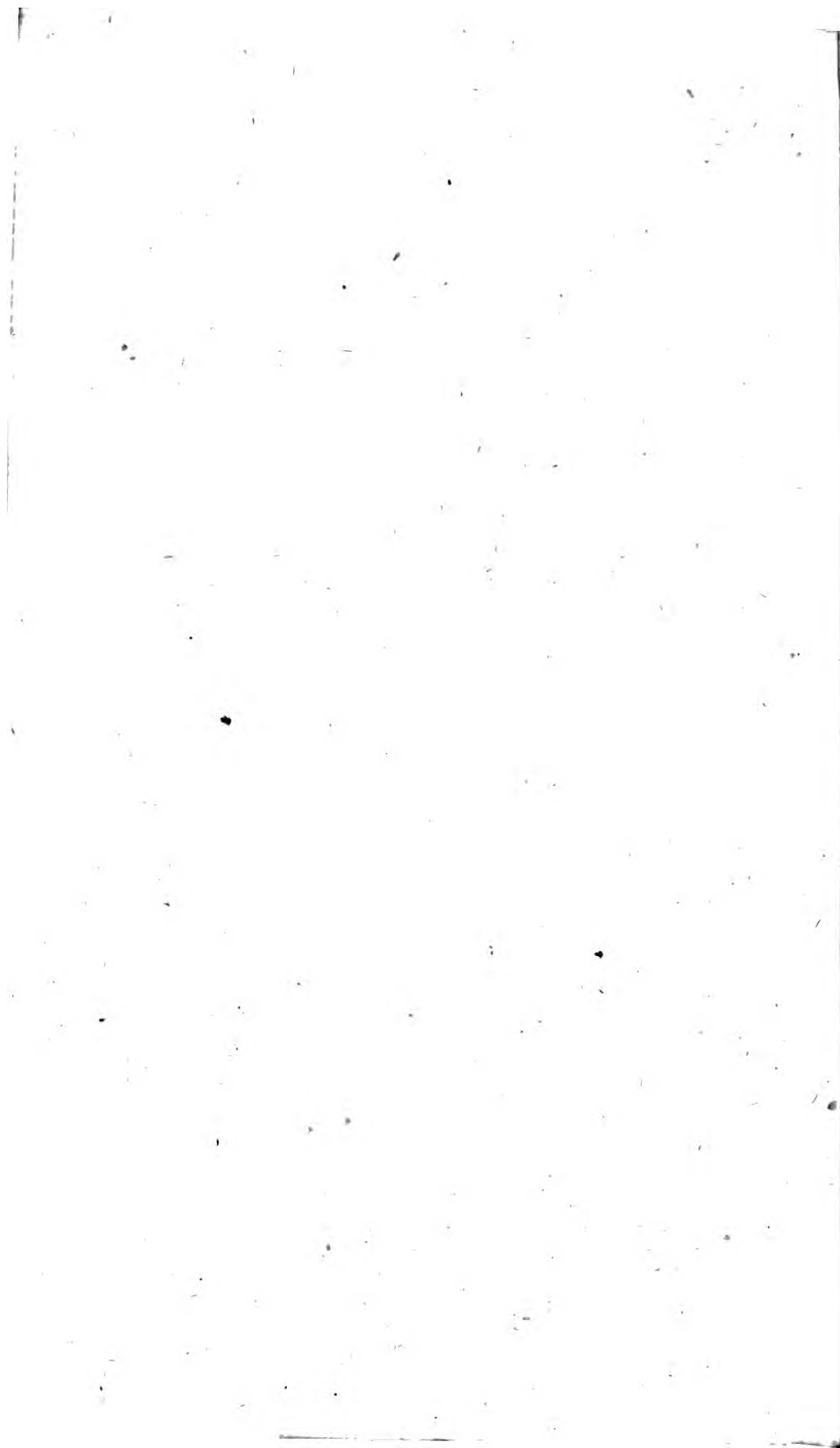
The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is a deep, dark brown color with a complex, swirling marbled pattern. The marbling consists of intricate, organic shapes and lines in various shades of brown, from dark chocolate to almost black, creating a rich, textured appearance. In the center of the cover, the text "OXFORD UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH" is printed in a gold-tooled, serif font. The text is arranged in four lines, centered horizontally. The overall aesthetic is classic and scholarly.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH



XL 37:42
[Dra]





T H E
D R A M A T I C W O R K S
O F
S A M U E L F O O T E, E s q ;

To which is prefixed
A L I F E O F T H E A U T H O R.
I n F O U R V O L U M E S.

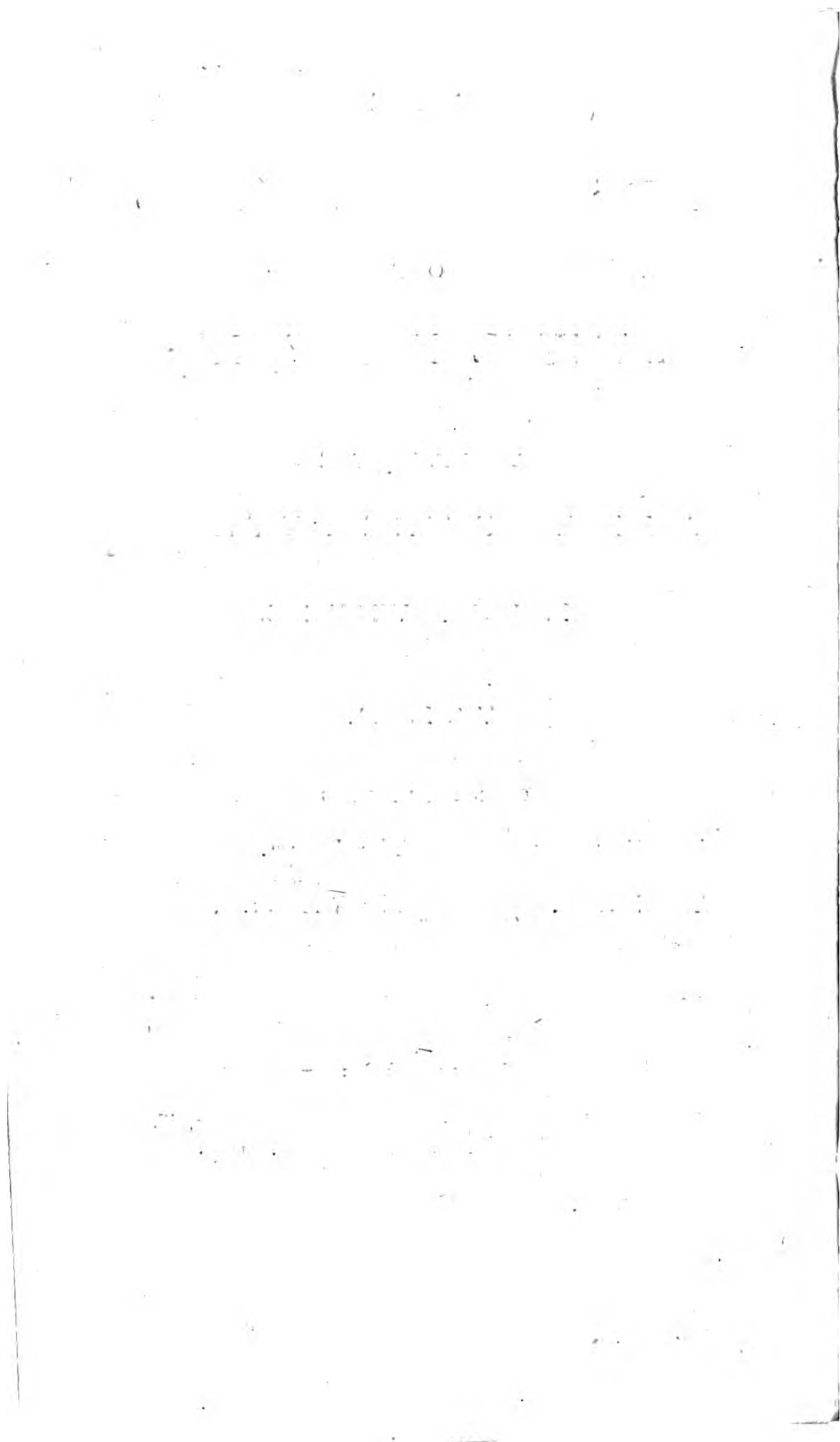
V O L. I I.

C O N T A I N I N G

The O R A T O R S.		The L Y A R.
		AND
The M I N O R.		The P A T R O N.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. F. and C. RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, T.
CADELL, W. LOWNDES and S. BLADON. 1788.



T H E
O R A T O R S.

A
C O M E D Y

O F
T H R E E A C T S.

WRITTEN BY

By *SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AS PERFORMED AT

The Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market.

WHERE MORE IS MEANT THAN MEETS THE EAR.

IL PENSEROSO.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

LECTURER,	Mr. <i>Footé.</i>
	{ Mr. <i>Weston.</i>
	Mr. <i>Pynn.</i>
	Mr. <i>Quick.</i>
	Mr. <i>B annister.</i>
	Mr. <i>Davis.</i>
	Mr. <i>Loveman.</i>
	Mr. <i>Castle.</i>
PUPILS, &c.	{ Mr. <i>Palmer.</i>
	Mr. <i>Strange.</i>
	Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
	Mr. <i>Pearce.</i>
	Mr. <i>Keen.</i>
	Mr. <i>Gardiner.</i>
	Mr. <i>Newton.</i>
	Mr. <i>Shuter.</i>

T H E
O R A T O R S.

A C T I.

Enter Will Tirehack, and Harry Scamper, booted, with Whips in their Hands, into a Side-Box.

Scamper.

PSHAW ! zounds ! prithee, Will, let us go ; what signifies our staying here ?

Tirehack. Nay, but tarry a little ; besides, you know we promised to give Poll Baylifs and Bett Skinner the meeting.

Scamper. No matter, we shall be sure to find them at three at the Shakspeare.

Tirehack. But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what it's about ?

Scamper. About ! Why lectures, you fool ! Have not you read the bills ? and we have plenty of them at Oxford you know !

Tirehack. Well, but for all that, there may be fun.

Scamper. Why then, stay and enjoy it yourself ; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin, and my horse. We shall see you at three. [*Rising.*

A 2

Tirehack.

Tireback. Nay, but prithee, stay.

Scamper. Rot me if I do.

[*Going out of the Box.*]

Tireback. Halloo, Harry! Harry—

Scamper. Well, what's the matter now?

[*Returning.*]

Tireback. Here's Poll Baylifs come into the gallery.

Scamper. No——

Tireback. She is, by——

Scamper. [*looking.*] Yes, faith! it is she, sure enough.—How goes it, Poll?

Tireback. Well, now, we shall have you, I hope?

Scamper. Ay, if I thought we should get any fun.

Tireback. I'll make an enquiry. Halloo! snuffers, snuffers!

Enter Candle-snuffer.

Your pleafute, Sir?

Tireback. What is all this bufinefs about here?

Snuffer. Can't fay, Sir.

Scamper. Well but you could if you would, let us into the fecret.

Snuffer. Not I, upon my honour!

Tireback. Your honour, you fon of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither, we want to ask him a question.

Snuffer. I will——

[*Exit.*]

Tireback.

Tireback. Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I?

Scamper. Let me alone to him—

Enter FOOTE.

Tireback. O! here he is—

Foote. Your commands with me, gentlemen?

Scamper. Why, you must know Will and I here are upon a scheme from Oxford; and because cash begins to run low—How much have you, Will?

Tireback. Three and twenty shillings, besides the crown I paid at the door.

Scamper. And I eighteen; now, as this will last us but to-night, we are willing to husband our time; let us see, Will, how are we engaged?

Tireback. Why at three, with Bett and Poll, there, at the Shakspeare; after that to the Coronation; for you know we have seen it but nine times—

Scamper. And then back to the Shakspeare again; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

Tireback. So there's no time to be lost, you see; we desire, therefore, to know what sort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

Foote. Have you not seen the Bills?

Scamper. What, about the lectures? ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No

tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—
What, are there any more of you; or do
you do it all yourself?

Foote. if I was in want of comedians, you
gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a
lift; but upon my word, my Intentions, as
the bill will inform you, are ferious—

Tireback. Are they? then I'll have my
money again. What, do you think we come
to London to learn any thing?—Come,
Will. [Going.

Foote. Hold, Gentleman, I would detain
you if possible. What is it you expect?

Scamper. To be jolly, and laugh, to be
fure—

Foote. At what?

Tireback. At what—damme, I don't
know—at you, and your frolicks and fan-
cies—

Foote. If that is all you desire, why,
perhaps we shan't disappoint you—

Scamper. Shan't you?—why, that is an
honest fellow—come, begin—

Foote. But you'll be so kind as not to
interrupt me?

Scamper. Never fear—

Foote. Ladies and gentlemen—

[Suds from the opposite box calls to

Foote, and stops him short.

Suds. Stop a minute; may I be permitted
to speak?

Foote. Doubtless, Sir—

Suds.

Suds. why the affair is this: My wife Alice—for you must know my name is Ephraim Suds, I am a soap-boiler in the city,—took it into her head, and nothing would serve her turn, but that I must be a common-council man this year; for, says Alice, *says she*, It is the *onliest* way to rise in the world.

Foote. A just observation—you succeeded?

Suds. Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? “Why now, says Alice, “*says she*, thee must learn to make speeches; “why dost not see what purferment neighbour Grogam has got; why man, 'tis all brought about by his *speechifying*. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thee can't but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee may't rise.—”

Foote. Your lady had reason,

Suds. Why I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who should come into the city, in the very nick of time, but master professor along with his lectures—Adod, away, in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterers-Hall.

Foote. You improved, I hope?

Suds. O Lud! it is unknown what knowledge we got; we can read—Oh! we

never stop to spell a word now—and then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heaven bless us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

Foote. And have you *speechified* yet?

Suds. Soft; soft and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; Now, Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town, that will make thee a *speaker* at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah, Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool, why I know that man, he is all upon his fun; he lecture—why, 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but seeing, says she, so, *wolens nolens*, she would have me come hither; now if to be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestowed; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

Foote. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to lose you; if I knew but what would content you?

Suds. Why, I want to be made an orator *on*; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at
our

our meetings, about politicks, and peace, and addressees, and the new bridge, and all *them* kind of things.

Foote. Why, with your happy talents I should think much might be done.

Suds. I am proud to hear you say so. Indeed I am. I did *speechify* once at a vestry concerning new lettering the church buckets, and came off cutely enough; and, to say the truth, that was the thing that provoked me to go to Pewterers-Hall.

[*Sits down again.*]

Foote. Well, Sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, Sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design, and I hope, in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, Sir, information.

Mr. FOOTE then proceeded in his lecture.

My plan, gentlemen, is to be considered as a superstructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end; the perfectioning of our countrymen in a most essential article, the right use of their native language.

But what he has happily begun, I have the vanity to think I have as happily finished; he has, it is true, introduced you into the body of
the

the church, but I conduct you into the choir of the cathedral : Or, to explain myself by a more familiar allusion, though he is the Poitier who teaches you the step and the grounds ; yet I am the Gallini who gives you the air, and the grace of the minuet.

His aim is propriety alone ; mine propriety with elegance.

For though reading, so shamefully neglected, not only by those of tender years, but the adult ; not only by children, but even by grown men and women ; not only in our private seminaries, but in our public universities ; is allowed to be a necessary ingredient towards the formation of an orator ; yet, a great many other rules, a great many other precepts are requisite to obtain this perfection.

Nay, perhaps we might, to support an argument without the danger of a defeat, at least if we may trust observation, that of all the professions that require a verbal intercourse with the public, there is no one to which reading is of so little utility as that of oratory.

I need not insist upon this head, as I believe every gentlemen's experience will furnish him with instances of men eminent in oratory, who, from an early vivacity have neglected, or the indulgence of their parents have been emancipated from the attention and application necessary, it is true, to acquire this rugged art, but at the same time so ill-suited to their tender years, and so opposite to those

those innocent amusements in which children are known universally to delight. *Thwart not a child, for you spoil his temper*—is, or at least ought to be, an English proverb, as it is an universal practice.

I would not here be understood to depreciate the usefulness of reading, or to detract from the exceeding merit of the professor's plan; no, my meaning is only just to drop a hint that I may occasionally use him as a walking stick; a kind of an *elegantly clouded Mocoa*, or an *airy Anamaboo*: yet, that it is by no means my intention to depend upon him as a *support*, or lean upon him as a *crutch*; in a word, he will be rather ornamental than necessary to me.

But useless as is his plan to me, I sincerely wish it success for the sake of the public; and if my influence was equal to my inclination, I would have a law enacted, upon the plan of the militia bill, that annually, or biennially, draughts should be made from every parish of two, three, or more, as in that act of able-bodied, so in this of intelligent persons, who at the expence of the several counties, should be sent to the capital, and there compelled to go through as many courses of the professor's lectures as he shall deem sufficient: thus, by those periodical rural detachments, the whole nation will, in a few years, be completely served, and a stock of learning laid in, that will last till time shall be no more.

Would

Would our rulers but adopt this scheme! how superior would England be even to the most illustrious periods of Greece and Rome! what an unrivalled happiness for us, what an eternal fund of fame for them! Ye Solons, ye Lycurgus's, ye Numa's, hide your diminished heads; see what a revolution two laws in a few years have produced; see a whole people, sunk in more than Gothic ignorance, accustomed to no other iron implements than the pacific plough-share, or the harmless spade, start out at once profound scholars and veteran soldiers: If at this happy period, a Frenchman, thinking any thing out of his own country worthy his attention, should condescend to pay this kingdom a visit, methinks, I anticipate the account he will give of us at his return, (like his countryman of old, who, at the taking of Rome, bursting into the capitol, and there finding the senate fixed and immovable in their seats, declared them an assembly of kings,) so will he at once pronounce the whole British nation to be an army of generals, and one congregation of doctors. Happy country! where the *Arma & Toga* are so fortunately blended, as to prevent all contention for the pre-eminence.

I know but one objection that can be made to this plan, and that merely a temporary one; that the culture of our lands will sustain an infinite injury, if such a number of peasants were to deparochiate, there being already
scarce

scarce hands sufficient, from the recruits constantly made for Germany, &c. &c. &c. to carry on the common business of husbandry.

But what are riches, perishable commodities, glittering, transitory, fallacious goods, when compared to the substantial, incorruptible endowments of the mind! this truth is indeed, happily inculcated by an old English adage ;

“ When lands and goods are gone and spent,
“ Then learning is most excellent.”

This sensible and poetical distich, I would recommend to Mr. Professor, as a motto for his intended treatise ; but I suppose he is already well provided with an apt *Latin*, if not a *Greek* one, to either of which I must yield the preference.

But to wave this ethical argument ; I think I can easily foil the force of this objection, by a natural and obvious *Succedaneum*. Suppose a clause was to be added to the bill for the importation of tallow, raw hides, and live cattle from Ireland, that, during this literary emigration, a sufficient number of inhabitants of that country may be transported hither to supply the vacancy : but here it must be observed, that for this purpose an act of parliament is indispensibly necessary ; for though it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us, in our present condition, to get in even our harvests, without the aid of hands annually exported
for

for that purpose from Ireland; yet this is at best but an illicit trade, and the men themselves are to be considered under the article of smuggled goods: a very heavy penalty being laid by statute on all masters of vessels, who shall venture to import any of the abovesaid commodity into this realm, without special licence; to this purpose I recollect a case in point, the fifth of William and Mary, Ban. Reg. The King contra Oflarty. Vide V. Rep. vol. iii. chap. 9. page 4.

But if this should be thought by the people in power too great an indulgence to the Irish; as we have never been remarkably profuse in our favours to our loyal and affectionate sister, I see no other method of redressing the imaginary evil, than by exempting from this service all the males till a general peace, and accepting, in their room; a suitable number of discreet middle-aged females; and these when they have been properly perfected in the mysteries of our language, may be returned to their several parishes, and there form little infantine communities of literati, which will be a stock for the succeeding generation; and, indeed, upon consideration, I don't know whether this won't prove the best method for the introduction and universal propagation of the plan.

For the English common people, naturally fullen and obstinate, and religiously attached to their old customs, might be shocked and scan-

ſcandalized to ſee, at one bold ſtroke, the ſcues and faſces, which have been, from time immemorial, conſigned to one, or more matron in every village, raviſhed at once from their hands, and delivered over to the adminiſtration of the oppoſite ſex.

But to return to my own ſubject, from which my zeal for Mr. Profeſſor's ſucceſs has tempted me to make rather too long a digreſſion.

When I ventured to affirm that the profeſſion of an Orator might exiſt independently of an accurate knowledge of the arrangement, and different combinations of the four-and-twenty letters, ſo far as (*in the words of the Profeſſor*) they relate to their being the arbitrary marks of meaning upon paper; yet, I would not be underſtood to aſſert this generally, as to every ſpecies of oratory, but to confine myſelf to thoſe particular branches only, where the orator's own mind ſuggeſts the matter that his own mouth diſcharges: For inſtance, now, as when affairs of ſtate are weighed at a common-council, religious points militated at the Robin-Hood, the arts and ſciences handled in the Strand, or politicks debated near Weſtmiſter-abbey; here the arguments and words given are ſuppoſed to ariſe from the immediate impuſe of the giver; but where they are concurrent agents, as in the oratory peculiar to the pulpit and the ſtage, where one individual furniſhes
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the matter, and another administers the manner, the case is widely different.

In the first instance, a tolerable proficiency in reading is indispensibly requisite, as scarce any memory but the late Mr. Heydegger's could retain, to any degree of certainty, the various parts of the Liturgy, the Old and New Testament, briefs, faculties, excommunications, &c. &c. &c. and a lapse on those solemn occasions might be attended with very awkward circumstances; nor would I here be supposed to insinuate, that the pieces of oratory delivered from the pulpit are not the composition of the deliverer; no—This is so far from being generally the case, that I have often heard complaints made against particular agents, that they have forced upon their congregations their own crude and insipid productions, when, at the same time, their native language would furnish them with so extensive and noble a collection of admirable materials. But here the auditor, unless he be well read in theology, may be led into a mistake; for there are some men, who, by a particular happiness in their manner, have the address to make the works of other men so absolutely their own, that there is no distinguishing the difference; at this the poet hints in his *male dum recitas*, &c. For these various reasons, I think a warm application to the art of reading cannot be too strongly recom-

recommended to the professors of this kind of oratory.

With regard to the professors of the stage, tho' reading is undoubtedly useful, yet, as the performer is to repeat, and not to read, the deficiency may be supplied by the introduction of a third agent, viz. a person to read to him till the words are rooted in his memory. This expedient, tho' tedious, I have known frequently practised with good success: little blunders will now and then unavoidably arise, either from the misapprehension of the second agent, or the ignorance or waggery of the third; but these slips are generally unobserved, or, thro' inattention or indulgence, overlooked by an audience. But to return to the consideration of my own plan, from which no temptation shall, for the future seduce me to digress.

We will first, then, consider the utility of oratory.

Secondly, the distinct and various kinds, or species, of that science, as they are practised at this day in this kingdom.

Thirdly, we will demonstrate, that every branch of English oratory is peculiarly our own, owes its rise, progress, and perfection to this country, and was not only unknown to the ancients, but is intirely repugnant to all those principles they have endeavoured to establish.

B

Fourthly,

Fourthly, that any rhetorical system now existing, instead of a cross in the hands, with letters to direct you on your road, will prove only but a Will in the Wisp, to confound, perplex and bewilder you.

Fifthly, from hence will result a necessity for the immediate establishment of an academy, for the promulgation and inculcation of modern oratory.

To which academy, the author of these proposals does hope, sixthly, that he shall be appointed perpetual professor.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent here to observe, that the author has industriously avoided, and will, in the course of this treatise, avoid all poetical allusion, all grandeur of expression, all splendor of diction; in short, renounce every rhetorical prop, as knowing that, on didactic subjects, order, simplicity, and perspicuity, are the means to gain his end, which is not to gratify the imagination, but to improve and polish the understanding of my countrymen.

First, then, we are to demonstrate the utility of oratory: and, this, we flatter ourselves, will, in a great measure, be evident from the consideration of its universality, and the distinctions it procures, both lucrative and honourable, to any man eminent in the art.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician,

physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concerned: To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of 558 individuals, where, tho' the same privilege is enjoyed as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possessed in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtained in consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those funds of national orators in *esse, posse, and velle*, to a smaller quantity than 20,000; and this, I believe, by the disciples of Demoiivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

The two orders of the long robe next demand our attention; and as the pre-eminence is unquestionably due to the priesthood, let us consider what number of persons is necessary to supply that service? England is divided into nine thousand nine hundred and thirteen parishes: now, if we suppose two pastors for every parish, this learned body will be found to consist of nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-six individuals; but as the most sacred characters are no more exempted from that fatal stroke that puts a temporary period

to our existence, than the profane, it is necessary that a provision should be made of fit and able persons; so that at all events there be no lack of labourers in this plentiful vineyard: nor has the policy of this nation been so blinded as not to guard against this possible contingency, by erecting schools, seminaries, and universities, in which a convenient quantity of our youth are properly trained, in order to fill up chafms which may be occasionally made by the insatiable scythe of death. If then we estimate this corps de reserve at the half only of the standing force, we shall find the army entire amount to 29,739.

I foresee that an objection will be made to this calculation, viz. That two pastors to every parish is a most exorbitant and improbable charge; for that many parishes, from impropriations, appropriations, and other accidents, instead of two, are scarce able to support one pastor; and that this complaint is almost general throughout the whole principality of Wales, where many individuals of this respectable order, to the great damage of their dignity, are obliged to have recourse to very unclerical professions for the support of themselves and families.

This objection we will allow its full force; but then if it be considered that in our original estimate we omitted all deans, canons, prebends, heads and fellows of colleges, chaplains to ships, regiments, and private families,

families, together with the whole body of dissenting ministers of all denominations, field-preachers, and parish clerks, I believe we shall be thought rather to have diminished than exaggerated the real quantity.

As I have not been able to get admittance to the archives of the several inns of court in this metropolis, I am afraid we shall not be able to determine, with the same degree of certainty, the exact number of those who have devoted their lives and labours to the explanation and due execution of our municipal laws; I am, therefore, obliged to depend on circumstantial evidence, which, in some cases, is admitted, even in our courts, to have equal force with proof positive.

And here the reason of the law (as the law is the perfection of reason) is extremely clear. To illustrate this by an instance:

A swears a robbery against *B*; *A* may lye, or at least be mistaken; but if the goods stolen from *A*, and previously described by him, are found, with their mark, in the possession of *B*, *B* not being able to account for such possession, that circumstance shall be deemed of at least equal weight against *B*, as if *A* was to swear positively to the personal identity of *B*. This being the practice of the courts, we shall proceed, with all possible expedition (which, indeed, is not the practice of the courts), to produce our proofs circumstantial. As in the former instance we have

B 3 grounded

grounded our calculation on the number of parishes, we shall in this derive our computation from the number of houses in the kingdom.

To any man tolerably acquainted with the country of England, it is unnecessary to observe, that not only in every town, but almost in every hamlet through which he travels, his eyes are constantly caught by the appearance of a smart house, prefaced with white rails, and prologued by a red door, with a brass knocker; when you desire to be acquainted with the name and quality of the owner of this mansion, you are always told that it belongs to lawyer such a one: now, if a hamlet containing thirty houses, with perhaps an environ of an equal number, where labour and the fruits of the earth are the only sources of wealth, can support one attorney in this rural magnificence, what an infinite number of lawyers can a commercial capital sustain? But because I would rather retrench than exceed, I will only quarter one attorney upon fifty houses. The number of houses in the reign of George the First (since which time the quantity is considerably increased,) was computed at 1,175,951. The number of attorneys then will be 23,518; and, if we reckon one barrister to twenty attorneys, the sum total is 24,693.

I know it will be here objected, that but one small part of this numerous body can be benefited

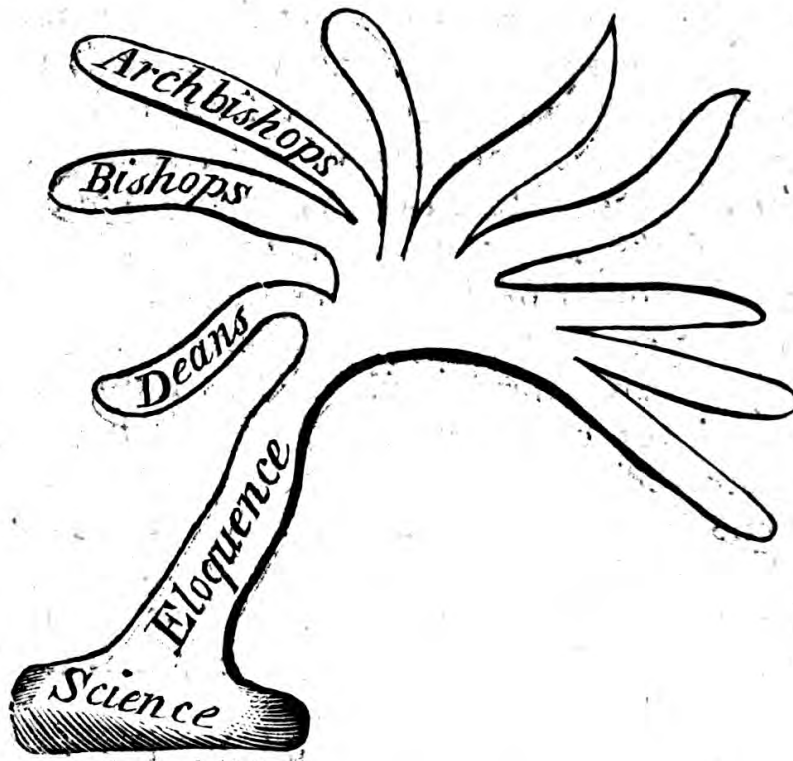
benefited by my plan, the privilege of speaking publickly being permitted to the superior order, the barristers alone: but this criticism is confined to the observation of what passes merely in Westminster-Hall, without considering that, at every quarter and petty session at all county-courts, courts-leet, courts-baron, &c. &c. &c. full power of pleading is permitted to every practitioner of the law.

As the number of those who incorporate themselves to promote, not only with their cash but their counsel, the progress of the arts and sciences, is unlimited, it will be impossible for any fixed period to ascertain their quantity: nor can we, with any certainty, as the Court-Register has been silent to the members of common-council, determine the amount of the city orators; besides, as what has been already offered is more than sufficient to prove the utility of our scheme from its universality, we shall not trouble our readers nor ourselves with any further calculations; for tho' they are replete with great depth of knowledge, are the result of intense application, and the vehicles of mathematical truths, yet to the million the disquisition is but dry and tedious, and our purpose always was, and is, to mix with our instruction a proper portion of delectation.

We will, therefore, for these reasons, hasten to the consideration of the second point

proposed, viz. An inquiry into the various kinds of oratory now existing in this country. And we shall not, on this occasion, trouble ourselves with the investigation of all the smaller branches of this art; but, like the professors in anatomy, contenting ourselves with the dissection of the noble parts, remit the examination of the ignoble ones to the care of subaltern artists. Leaving, then, to the minute Philosophers of the age all the orators of vestries, clubs, and coffee-houses, *Paulo majora canamus*; and for the better illustration of this head, permit me, reader, to be a little fanciful. We will suppose oratory to be one large tree, of which tree science is the *radix*; eloquence the trunk; from which trunk sprout nine distinct ramifications; from which ramifications depends a fruit peculiar to each. But to make this clearer, we will present thee with the tree itself, not enigmatically hieroglyfied, but plainly and palpably pourtrayed.

Archbishops



But here, reader, let me not arrogate to myself the merit of this happy explication; I own the hint was first given me with my Grammar. The ingenious, profound Lilly, after he has led his pupils through the various, and almost impervious provinces of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, and adverbs, conducts them to the foot of that arduous and stupendous mountain *Qui Mibi*: here, dreading lest their youthful ardour might be damp'd with the steep ascent, he reanimates their slackened nerves with the mystic picture of an apple-tree, the access to whose boughs, though tedious and difficult, will yet

yet be amply rewarded by leave to revel uncontrouled through the whole region of pepins. May the luscious fruit sprouting from the apex of each of my ramifications prove an equal spur to every beardless orator!

I don't know whether the mentioning another order of orators, as they are not at present existing in this kingdom, may not be deemed an impropriety. But as I am a sincere lover of my country, I can't help recommending an immediate importation of some of those useful and able artists. Sir William Temple, in his Essay on Poetry, has recorded their virtues; and as the race was not extinguished in his time, it is to be hoped that it still remains.

In Ireland, says Sir William, the great men of their septs, among many officers of their family, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and tale-teller.

The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts; the latter amused them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not sleep: and a very gallant gentleman has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-hunting there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lye very ill at nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring one of those tale-tellers, that when he lay down would
begin

begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and continue all night long in such an even tone that you heard him going on whenever you awakened; and he believed nothing any physicians could give had so good and so innocent an effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind. These are Sir William Temple's words, which contain an amazing instance of the power of those orators over the passions, it requiring full as much art and address to assuage and quell, as to blow up, and excite, a tumult in the mind.

In a bill not long since depending in parliament, for the better regulating the city-watch, a clause was recommended, by a late respectable magistrate, that, to prevent the watchmen from sleeping at nights on bulks (the source of many disorders) the said watchmen should be compelled to sleep six hours in the day; an arch member seconded the motion, and begged to be included in this clause; for that being grievously afflicted with the gout, he could not for many days sleep a single wink; now if he could be compelled to take a six hours sleep every day, he apprehended that his fits would be of a much shorter duration. Upon this dry comment, the motion was rashly rejected; but if the house had received the least intimation of the astonishing abilities of the Rockers, (for by that appellation I choose to distinguish this order of orators,)

orators,) I am convinced that the above clause would not only have been received, but that proper encouragement would have been given, by parliament, for the introduction and establishment of this useful oratorical sect.

Nor, indeed considering the vast addition to our customary cares, from the unaccountable fluctuation of our funds, the cause of concern to many thousand individuals, do I think a visit from a convenient quantity of those artists would be now out of season; but how this honour is to be obtained, whether any of these great men are now residing amongst us, under the disguise of chairmen and hackney coachmen; or whether it would not be more adviseable to employ those gentlemen who have so lately and successfully rummaged the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland for the remains of Runic poetry in search of the ablest professors; is submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts.

I am aware that, on this occasion, some arch wag, possessed of the same spirit with the above senator, will object to my scheme of importation, by alledging, that we have of our own growth an ample provision of rockers, and refer us for proof to our several churches and chapels, during the hours of eleven and two on a Sunday, where the sleep-compelling power will be experimentally demonstrated to exist in its full force amongst us; but not to derogate from the abilities of my countrymen,

men, surely the shortness of the time, the cause of the nap, rarely continuing above fifteen or sixteen minutes, will not admit of a proper experiment: besides, how can one orator supply a whole parish, unless, indeed our churches were to be converted into dormitories, which I can't think will happen, as this would be attended with inconveniences too obvious to need a recital.

Abstracted from this last order, the English orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage; with the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere, and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

Scamper. Pshaw! there's enough of this dull prosing; come, give us a little of something that's funny; you talked about pupils. Could not we see them?

Foote. Rather too precipitate, Sir; but however, in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme; give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encouraged by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh; where he
went

went through a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies; he has been about six weeks under my care, and, considering the time, I think you will be amazed at his progress. Donald!—

Enter Donald.

What's yer wull, Sir?

Foote. Will you give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill?

Donald. Ah, ye wad ha' a specimen of my oratorical art.

Foote. If you please.

Donald. In gude troth on ye fal; wol ye gi' me a topick?

Foote. O! chuse for yourself.

Donald. Its aw one to Donald.

Foote. What think you of a short panegyrick on the science we are treating of?

Donald. On oratory? wi' aw my heart.

Foote. Mind your action; let that accompany your words—

Donald. Dunna heed, mon—The topick I presum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha' by the bare power of his words, he leads men, women, and bairns as he lists—

Scamper. And who?

Donald. [*tartly.*] Men, women, and bairns.

Scamper. Bairns; who are they?

Foote.

Footie. Oh! children—his meaning is obvious enough.

Donald. Ay, ay; men, women, and bairns, wherever he lifts; and first for the antiquity of the art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first orator?—Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the Latineest; ye are wide o'the mark; or Demosthenes the Greek? In gude troth, ye're as far off as before—Wha was it then? It was e'en that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel—

Scamper. [*Hastily.*] The devil it was; how do you prove that?

Donald. Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of my harang; an ye'll but ha'd yer tongue, I'll prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

Tireback. Be quiet, Will, and let him go on.

Donald. I say it was that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi' plenty o' bannocks and cail, and aw that they wished, but were prohibited the eating of pepins—

Scamper. Apples—

Donald. Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples aw the same thing?

Footie. Nay, pray, Gentlemen, hear him out. Go on with your pepins—

Donald. Prohibited the eating of pepins; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whispers a taft speech in her lug;
egad

egad our grannum fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it—
(Addresses himself to the Oxonians.) Ken ye lads, wha was the first orator, now?

Tireback. [*to Scamper.*] What say you to that?

Scamper. By my foul, the fellow's right—

Donald. Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience— ye wan'na ha' patience, lads—

Tireback. Hold your jaw, and go on—

Donald. Now, we come to the definition of an orator; and it is from the Latin words *oro, orare*, to intreat, or perswad; and how, by the means o' elocution, or argument, which argument consists o' letters, which letters, joined mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words, which words combined mak sentences, or periods, or which aw together mak an orator, so the first gift of an orator is words—

Scamper. Here, Donald, you are out.

Donald. How so?

Scamper. Words, the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learned better than that: Do'ft not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action. The second, action. The third, action.

Tireback. Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—

Donald. An ye stay me, i' the midst o' my argument—

Scamper.

Scamper. Why don't you stick to truth?

Donald. I tell ye, I can *logically*.

Tireback. Damn your logick—

Donald. Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how ca' ye this usage?

Foote. Oh! never mind them—proceed.

Donald. In gude troth, I'fe nat say ane word mare.

Foote. Finish, finish, Donald.—

Donald. Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they will enter into a fair argumentation, I'fe convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.—

Scamper. You be—

Donald. Very weel—

Foote. Nay, but my dear Donald—

Donald. Hands aff, Maister Foote—I ha' finished my tale, the De'el a word mare sal ye get out o' Donald—yer servant, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Foote. You see, gentlemen, what your impatience has lost us.

Scamper. Rot him, let him go; but is this fellow one of your *pupils*? why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women, and bairns!—

Foote. His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice; why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the *Robin-Hood*; and in a month or two,

we shan't be ashamed to start him in a more *respectable place*.

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory ; and first for the bar—but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impression, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must, for this end, employ the aid of our pupils ; but as some preparation is necessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption,

End of the First Act.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Hall of Justice.*

Enter FOOTE.

THE first species of Oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in, is that of the bar; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of justice, furnished with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions. But, to supply these gentlemen with business, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phænomenon that has much puzzled the brains, and terrified the minds, of many of our fellow-subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a species of oratory distinct from every other. It has been observed, that the ornaments of this profession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall; the reason assigned, though a pleasant, is not the true *one*. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen were in want of their briefs; but was that

the disease, the remedy would be easy enough: they need only have recourse to the *artifice* successfully practised by some of their colleagues; instead of having their briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[Calls to his pupils, who enter dressed as a justice, a clerk, a serjeant at law, and a counsellor.]

You will remember, gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections: now seat yourselves, and you the counsel remember to be mighty dull, and you the justice to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness.

[Exit.

Justice. Clerk, read the Indictment.

Clerk Reads:

Middlesex, to wit.

Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, That on or before the first day of January, 1762, you the said Fanny did, in a certain house, in a certain street, called Cock-lane, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scratchings, and flutterings against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bedposts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near or about the said Cock-lane, and elsewhere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice
of

of said people in said county. How say you, guilty, or—

Counsellor stops the Clerk short.

May it please your worship—hem—I am counsel in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all.—Hem—It is the standing law of this country—hem—and has—hem—always been so allowed, deemed, and practised, that—hem—all criminals should be tried *par pares*, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now, if this be the case, as the case it is; I—hem—I should be glad to know, how my client can be tried in this here manner. And first, who is my client? She is in the indictment called a phantom, a ghost; What is a ghost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to, flesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client to submit to be tried by people of an inferior rank to herself? certainly no—I therefore, humbly move to squash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had, and obtained; unless a jury of ghosts be first had and obtained. [Sits down.

Serjeant. I am, in this cause, Counsel against Fanny Phantom the ghost;—eh.—and notwithstanding the rule laid down by

Mr. Prosequi, be—eh—right in the main, yet here it can't avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom,—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghosts; but—eh—if she did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove, please your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scratch, knock, and flutter;—eh—which said scratchings, knockings, and flutterings—eh—being operations, merely peculiar to flesh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend—eh—that by condescending to execute the aforesaid operations, she has waved her privilege as a ghost, and may be tried in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your worship's opinion.

Tireback. Smoke the justice, he is as fast as a church.

Scamper. I fancy he has touched the tankard too much this morning; he'll know a good deal of what they have been saying.

Justice. [*Is waked by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.*] Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr. Prosequi, is (*whispers the clerk*) doubtless provisionally a valid objection; but then, if the culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as asserted in Mr. Serjeant's replication; we conceive
she

she may be legally tried—oh,—besides—oh,—besides, I, I, I can't well see how we could impanel a jury of ghosts; or—oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all can be said to take a corporal oath, as required by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be tried on their honour.

Counsellor. Your worship's distinction is just; knockings, scratchings, &c. as asserted by Mr. Serjeant.—

Serjeant. Asserted—Sir, do you doubt my instructions?

Counsellor. No interruptions, if you please, Mr. Serjeant; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs? certainly no—

Serjeant. Our evidence is ready—

Counsellor. To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your worship—

Serjeant. Your worship—

Justice. Why, as you impeach the ghost's privilege, you must produce proofs of her scratchings.

Serjeant. Call Shadrach Bodkin.

Clerk. Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

Enter Bodkin.

Serjeant. Pray, Mr. Bodkin, where do you live?

Bodkin. I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

Serjeant. What is your profession?

Bodkin. I am a *teacher* of the *word*, and a *taylor*.

Scamper. Zounds, Will, it is a methodist.

Tireback. No, sure!

Scamper. By the lord Harry, it is.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. Do you know any thing of Fanny the Phantom?

Bodkin. Yea—I do.

Serjeant. Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings, and flutterings?

Bodkin. Yea——manifold have been the scratchings and knockings that I have heard.

Serjeant. Name the times.

Bodkin. I have attended the spirit *Fanny* from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch she gave.

Serjeant. How long may that be?

Bodkin. Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

Scamper. Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. I hope the court is convinced.

Counsellor. Hold, Master Bodkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business?

Bodkin. No—

Counsellor. Look upon me, look upon the
court

court—Then your present trade is your teaching?

Bodkin. It is no trade.

Counsellor. What is it then, a calling?

Bodkin. No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a *forcing*—a *compelling*—

Counsellor. By whom?

Bodkin. By the spirit that is within me—

Scamper. It is an evil spirit, I believe; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

Tireback. Right, Harry—

Counsellor. When did you first feel these spiritual motions?

Bodkin. In the town of Norwich, where I was born;—One day as I was fitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new seating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr. Alderman Crape's—I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling—at first I thought it was the colic—

Counsellor. And how are you certain it was not?

Bodkin. At last I heard a voice whispering within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

Counsellor. And you did?

Bodkin. Yea, verily.

Counsellor.

Counsellor. I think I have heard a little of you, Master Bodkin; and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children?

Bodkin. I did.

Counsellor. You did—But then you communed with other men's wives?

Bodkin. Yea, and with widows, and with maidens.

Counsellor. How came that about, Shadrach?

Bodkin. I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

Counsellor. I should rather think by the flesh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant——

Bodkin. Thou art deceived—They were barely but nine.

Counsellor. Why, this was an active spirit.

Serjeant. But to the point, Mr. Prosequi.

Counsellor. Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings?

Bodkin. Yea——

Counsellor. But why did you think they came from a spirit?

Bodkin. Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me——

Counsellor. And these noises you are sure you heard on the first of January?

Bodkin. Certain——

Serjeant. But to what do all those interrogatories tend?

Counsellor.

Counsellor. To a most material purpose; your worship observes, that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the Phantom: now if we can prove an *Alibi*, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said Fanny was scratching and fluttering any where else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of this witness—Call Peter Paragraph.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Counsellor. This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Enter Paragraph.

Counsellor. Pray, Mr. Paragraph where was you born?

Paragraph. Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

Counsellor. When did you arrive in the city of London?

Paragraph. About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my *Journal* makes mention of my departure for England, in the Befsborough Packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or New Stile.

Counsellor.

Counsellor. Oh! then the Journal is yours?

Paragraph. Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant conceit—Last week I went to visit a *peer*, for I know *peers*, and *peers* know me. Quoth his lordship to me, Mr. Paragraph, with respect to your Journal, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the peer, by way of *reply*, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he——

Justice. Pray, Mr. Paragraph, what might be your business in England?

Paragraph. Hem——a little love affair, please your worship.

Counsellor. A wife, I suppose——

Paragraph. Something tending that way; even so long ago as January 1739-40, there past some amorous glances between us; she is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion, Mrs. Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

Counsellor. She is now dead?

Paragraph. Three years and three quarters, please your worship; we were exceeding happy together; she was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

Counsellor. No wonder——

Paragraph.

Paragraph. Yes: they can't help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my Journal.

Counsellor. And how proceeds the present affair?

Paragraph. Just now, we are quite at a stand—

Counsellor. How so?

Paragraph. The old scoundrel her father has played me a slippery trick.

Counsellor. Indeed!

Paragraph. As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her *fortune in copies*; I was to have the *Wits Vade Mucum* entire; four hundred of news from the invisible world, in sheets; all that remained of *Glanvil upon Witches*; *Hill's Bees*, *Bardana*, *Brewing*, and *Balsam of Honey*, and three eights of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Counsellor. A pretty fortune!

Paragraph. Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but you must know that we agreed to go halves in *Fanny the Phantom*. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hired to ask questions, at nine shillings a night, were taking notice of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteenpenny scratchings, purchased of two methodist preachers, at the public house over the way—

Counsellor.

Counsellor. Now we come to the point—look upon this evidence; was he present at Mr. Parsons's knockings?

Paragraph. Never; this is one of the rascally methodists—Harkee, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell for genuine your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

Bodkin. My scratchings were the true scratchings—

Paragraph. Why, you lying son of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himself?

Bodkin. What the spirit commanded, that did I.

Paragraph. What spirit?

Bodkin. The spirit within me—

Paragraph. If I could but get at you, I would soon try what sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain.—[*Exit* Bodkin.]—The rogue has made his escape—but I will dog him, to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His scratchings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pigstye. [Exit Paragraph.]

Counsellor. I hope, please your worship, we have sufficiently established our *Alibi*.

Justice. You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

Counsellor. Mr. Serjeant, you will provide us a list?

Serjeant. Let us see—you have no objection to

to Sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Banquo; Mrs. Veal.

Counsellor. We object to a woman—your worship—

Justice. Why, it is not the practice; this, it must be owned, is an extraordinary case. But, however, if, on conviction, the Phantom should plead pregnancy, Mrs. Veal will be admitted into the jury of matrons.

Serjeant. I thank your worship: then the court is adjourned.

[Terence and Dermot in an upper box.

Terence. By my shoul, but I will spake.

Dermot. Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

Terence. Dibble burn me but I will; hut, hut, not spake, what should ail me? harkee you, Mr. Justice—

Scamper. Halloo, what's the matter now, Will?

Dermot. Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

Terence. Dermot, be easy—

Scamper. Hear him—

Tirehack. Hear him—

Terence. Ay, hear him, hear him; why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin Journal man, is as great a liar as ever was born—

Tirehack. How so?

Terence. Ay, prithee don't bodder me; what, dy'e learn no more manners at Oxford college, than to stop a gentleman in the midst
of

of his speech before he begins? oh, for shame of yourself—Why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that there what the debble dy'e call him, Pra-Praragraf, but by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself; as to Fanny the Phantom, long life to the poor gentlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother that bore her——

Suds. Indeed! good lord, you surprife me!

Terence. Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are spoke to; you arn't upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my shoul you are a little too fat for a ghost.

Tireback. Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on; let's hear a little what he would be at——

Terence. I say, he knows nothing about the case that is litigated here, d'ye see, at all, at all; because why, I hant ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month; and I saw him in his shop every day; so how could he be here and there too? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards and forwards, and that you see is impossible, because why, he has got a wooden leg.

Scamper. What the devil is the fellow about?

Tireback. I smoke him—harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be?

Terence. Oh, my jewel, I know him well
enough

enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name——

Scamper. Why, it is Foote, you fool.

Terence. Arrah, who?

Tireback. Foote.

Terence. Fot, what the lecture-man? Pa——

Tireback. Yes.

Terence. Arrah, be easy, honey——

Scamper. Nay, enquire of Suds.

Suds. Truly I am minded 'twas he.

Terence. Your humble servant yourself, Mr. Suds; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all, at all.

Scamper. Done——and be judged by the company.

Terence. Done—I'll ask the orator himself——here he comes;

Enter FOOTE.

harkee, honey Fot, was it yourself that was happing about here but now?

Foote. I have heard your debate, and must give judgment against you——

Terence. What, yourself, yourself!

Foote. It was——

Terence. Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens—Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest jontleman into company where he is

D

nat

nat——But what is this felling of lectures a thriving profession?

Foote. I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long opened.

Terence. By my shoul, if it answers, will you be my pupil and learn me the trade?

Foote. Willingly——

Terence. That's an honest fellow, long life to you, lad. [Sits down.

Enter M'George.

M'George. Here is Doctor Friscano without.

Foote. Friscano—who is he?

M'George. The German physician from James-Street.

Foote. Well; what is his business with me?

M'George. He is in danger of losing his trade.

Foote. How so?

M'George. He says, last summer, things went on glibly enough, for then he had the market all to himself; but this year there is an Italian fellow started up in the garden, that with his face and grimace has taken all his patients away.

Foote. That's hard.

M'George. Dreadful——if you was to hear the poor man's terrible tale you would really
be

be moved to compassion: he says that his bleeding won't find him in bread; and as to the tooth trade, excepting two stumps, for sixpence a piece, 'tis a month since he looked in a mouth—

Foote. How can I help him?

M'George. Why he thinks oratory will do all with the English; and if you would but teach him to talk, he should get his custom again—

Foote. Can he read?

M'George. Oh Lord! poor man, no.

Foote. Well let him attend here on—

M'George. He hopes that you will quickly dispatch him, for if he finds he can't do as a doctor, he intends to return to the curing of horses again.

Foote. Well, tell him he may rest assured, he shall either bleed or shoe in a fortnight.

[*Exit M'George.*

Foote. Having thus completed our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art. You will have, at one view, the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate me-

chanics, whom you are to suppose assembled at the Robin-Hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe; but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother country.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Robin-Hood.*

The P R E S I D E N T.

Dermot O'Droheda, *a Chairman*; Tim Twist, *a Taylor*; Strap, *a Shoemaker*; Anvil, *a Smith*; Sam Slaughter, *a Butcher*; Catchpole, *a Bailiff*. All with pewter pots before them.

P R E S I D E N T.

S I L E N C E, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

All. Full, Mr. President.

President. We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—[*Gets up, pulls of his hat, and reads the motion.*]—Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, “That, for the future, instead of that vulgar
“ potation called porter, the honourable
D 3 “ members

“ members may be supplied with a proper
 “ quantity of Irish usquebagh.

“ Dermot O’Droheda † his mark.”

O’Droheda. [*Gets up.*] That’s I myself.

President. Mr. O’Droheda.

O’Droheda. Mr. President, the case is this; it is not because I am any great lover of that same usquebagh that I have set my mark to the motion; but because I did not think it was decent for a number of gentlemen that were, d’ye see, met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter; to be sure the liquor is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when a man is hot with trotting between a couple of poles; but this is another guest’s matter, because why, the head is concerned; and if it was not for the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I would as soon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to usquebagh; ah, long life to the liquor—it is an exhilarator of the bowels, and a stomatic to the head; I say, Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates, it—in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[*Sits down.* *Twist gets up, having a piece of paper, containing the heads of what he says, in his hat.*

President. Mr. Timothy Twist.

Tim Twist. Mr. President, I second Mr. O’Droheda’s motion; and, sir, give me leave
 —I say,

—I say, Mr. President—[*looks in his hat*]—give me leave to observe, that, fir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps; yet, fir,—[*looks in his hat again.*]—it may, fir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion; and first, it may be thought—I say, fir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—[*looks in his hat,*]—and the duty doubtless it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that; but Mr. President—fir—[*looks in his hat, is confused, and sits down.*]

President. Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.

Twist. [*Gets up.*] I say, Mr. President, that, fir, if, fir, it be considered that—as—I say—[*looks in his hat*]—I have nothing farther to say.

[*Sits down, and Strap gets up.*]

President. Mr. Strap.

Strap. Mr. President, it was not my intention to trouble the assembly upon this occasion, but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say, fir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes,

fir, at the very root of your constitution; for, fir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, fir? for a foreign pernicious commodity. I had, fir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, fir, that I will sit silent to this? No, fir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here: fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue; and I shan't be surpris'd, in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

[A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down; and Anvil and another member get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacobs.]

President. Mr. Anvil.

Anvil. Mr. President, fir—

[The members all blow their noses, and cough; Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.]

President. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

Anvil.

Anvil. I say Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent—[*All the members cough, and blow their noses again.*]—I say, sir, I will. Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[*Members all laugh, and Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter gets up.*]

President. Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

Slaughter. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me I like him the better for it; it's right; I am pleased; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap, over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh.*]—Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter-pot at his mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman,

Englishman, than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration of the learned, and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

[He sits down, Catchpole gets up.]

President. Mr. Catchpole.

Catchpole. I get up to the point of law. And though, sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebagh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet, it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be considered, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dried goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

Slaughter. I second the motion.

[Catchpole gives a paper to the President who reads it.]

President. Hear your motion.

“ That it be debated next Thursday, whether the dram usquebagh is subject to a particular duty; or, as in the case of horses,
“ to

“to be considered under the article of dried goods.”

All. Agreed, agreed.

Foot. And, now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory, having manifested, in the persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others, we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates of the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stocked.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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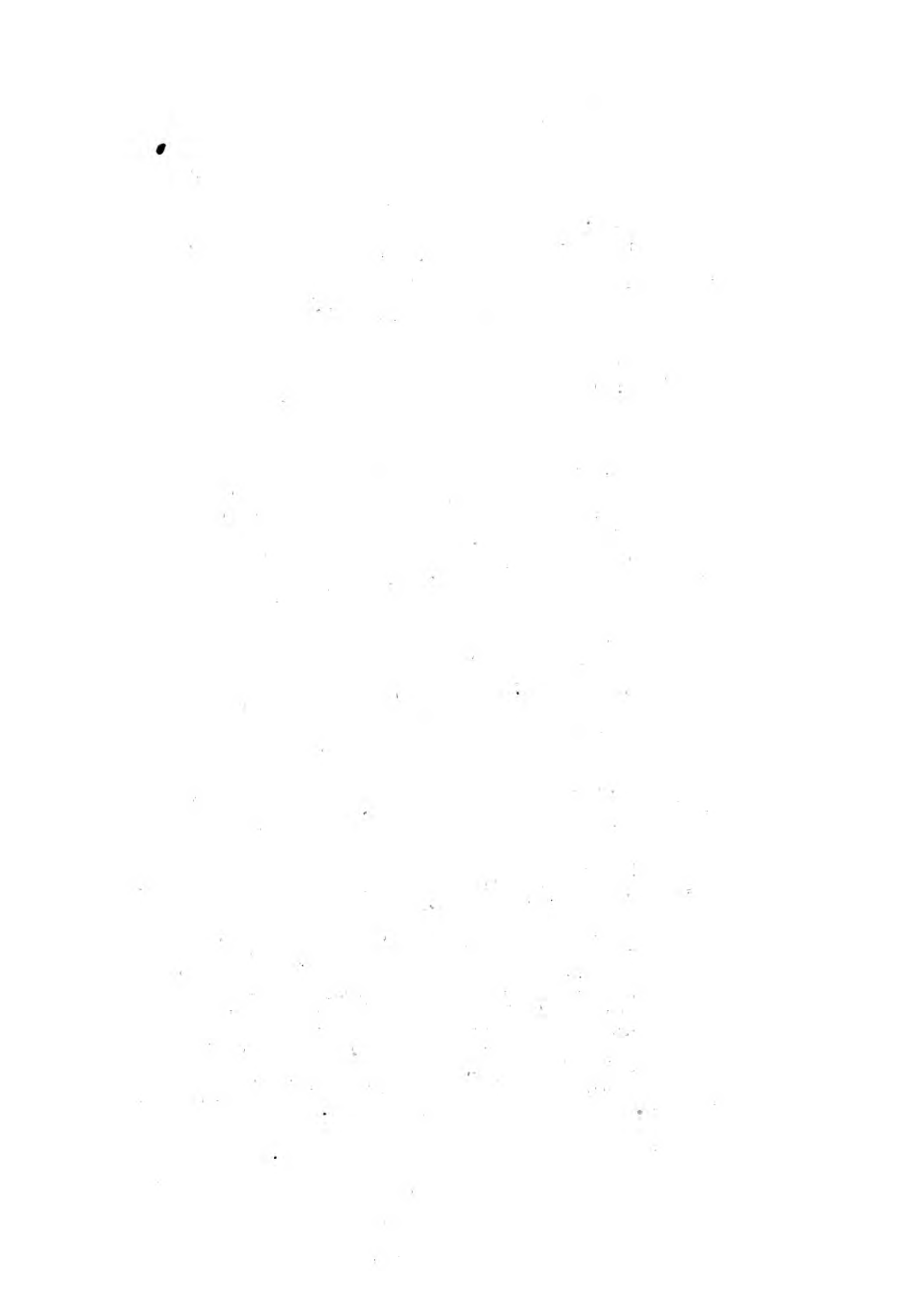
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*My thoughts are fix'd upon a better place.
What, I suppose M^r. Loader, you will be
for your old friend, the black-ey'd Girl, &c.
Act I.*

Published 26 July 1777, by T. Lowndes & Partners.

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A
C O M E D Y.

WRITTEN BY
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

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WILLIAM DUKE of DEVONSHIRE,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

MY LORD,

THE MINOR, who is indebted for his appearance on the stage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to desire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's station, might place this address in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I should not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonshire, if I could not at the same time, plead some little utility in the design of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has stamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the stage under the absolute government of a lord chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehensions; they found themselves (through their own licentiousness, it must be confess'd) in a more precarious dependent state, than any other of his Majesty's subjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whose ancestors had so successfully struggled for national liberty, they ceased to fear for their own. It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppressor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the establishment of petty tyrannies.

The

Their warmest wishes are accomplished; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the first poetic authority, I should not venture to call a right, the Jus Nocendi.

Your tendernefs, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muses, has been in no instance more conspicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meanest of their train; your Grace has thrown open (for those who are denied admittance into the palaces of Parnassus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at least, hospitably entertained.

I shall detain your Grace no longer, than just to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progress, and perfection of letters, your Grace may long continue their candid CENSOR, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greatest respect, and gratitude,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

most obliged,

and obedient Servant,

Ellestre,
July 8, 1760.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

T H E

M I N O R.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

Enter Canker and Smart.

Smart.

BUT are you sure he has leave?

Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'am damn'd glad on't. For now we shall have a laugh either with him, or at him, it does not signify which.

Cank. Not a farthing.

Smart. D'you know his scheme?

Cank. Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open?

B 4

Smart.

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Smart. Yes. Who is that fellow that seems to stand centry there?

Cank. By his tatter'd garb and meagre visage, he must be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him. Holo, Mr.—

Enter Pearse.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pear. A rehearsal.

Smart. Of what?

Pear. A new piece.

Smart. Foote's?

Pear. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pear. He is.

Smart. Zounds, let's go and see what he about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then. [Exeunt.

Enter Foote and an Actor.

Foote. Sir, this will never do? you must get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true strolling.—

Enter Smart and Canker.

Smart. Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!—Here's your old friend Canker and
I come

THE MINOR. 9

I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan?

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your groupe; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just come from the North, with the true Newcastle bur in her throat; and a nose and a chin.—I am afraid she is not well enough known: but I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the first night of your piece, place her in a conspicuous station, and whisper the secret to the whole house. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious!

Smart. But don't name me. For if she smokes me for the author, I shall be dash'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me. But I shou'd think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What, the politician?

Foote. Aye; that every day, after dinner, as soon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a stream of spilt port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote.

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Foote. Or what say you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy? who, tho' as broken-winded as a Hounslow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. *Kata tore cara higlia.*

Smart. Admirable! by heavens!—Have you got 'em?

Foote. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em my boy.

Foote. Not one.

Smart. Pr'ythee why not?

Foote. Why look'e, *Smart*, tho' you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am sure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foote. Mischief.

Smart. No, pr'ythee——

Foote. How now am I sure that you, who so readily give up your relations, may not have some design upon me?

Smart. I don't understand you.

Foote. Why, as soon as my characters begin to circulate a little successfully, my mouth is stopp'd in a minute, by the clamour of your relations,——Oh, damme,——'tis a shame,——it should not be,——people of distinction brought upon the stage.—And so out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own request.

Smart.

THE MINOR. II

Smart. How can you think I wou'd be such a dog? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing personal? Give us the actors however.

Foote. Oh, that's stale. Besides, I think they have, of all men, the best right to complain.

Smart. How so?

Foote. Because, by rendering them ridiculous in their profession, you, at the same time, injure their pockets. Now as to the other gentry, they have providentially something besides their understanding to rely on; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before, was only the amusement of private parties.

Canker. Give us then a national portrait: a Scotchman or an Irishman.

Foote. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a subject of satire or humour; it is an accidental unhappiness, for which a man is no more accountable, than the colour of his hair. Now affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, struck with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty-boys

boys in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less ridiculous object.

Smart. Are there such?

Foote. If you mean that the blunders of a few peasants, or the partial principles of a single scoundrel, are to stand as characteristic marks of a whole country; your pride may produce a laugh, but, believe me, it is at the expence of your understanding.

Canker. Heydey, what a system is here! Laws for laughing! And pray, sage Sir, instruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Foote. At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Psha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots—damn'd abstruse jargon. Ha, Canker!

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us persons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a state intrigue, or a—

Foote. And so amuse the public ear at the expence of private peace. You must excuse me.

Cank. And with these principles, you expect to thrive on this spot?

Smart

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roast and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We must have high season'd ragoûts, and rich sauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps. by way of desert, I may produce something that may hit your palate.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of those itinerant field Orators, who, tho' at declar'd enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets, of half our industrious fellow subjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground. Ludere cum sacris, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I consider these gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myself; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Hay-market, our purpose is the same, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed if it be considered—

Foote. Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert, that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument can never cure; and should a little wholesome severity be applied, persecution would be the immediate cry: where then can we have recourse, but to the comic muse? Perhaps, the archness and severity of
her

14 THE MINOR.

her smile may redress an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.

Cank. Why, if it does not cure those already distemper'd, it may be a means to stop the infection.

Smart. But how is your scheme conducted?

Foote. Of that you may judge. We are just going upon a repetition of the piece. I should be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from necessity most of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reasonable.

Foote. Come, then, prompter, begin.

Pear. Lord, Sir, we are all at a stand.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pear. Mrs. O-Schohnesfy has return'd the part of the baw'd; she says she is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any such thing!

Foote. Indeed.

Pear. If it had been only a whore, says she, I should not have minded it; because no lady need be ashamed of doing that.

Foote. Well, there is no help for it; but these gentlemen must not be disappointed. Well, I'll do the character myself.

A C T

A C T I.

Sir William Wealthy, and Mr. Richard Wealthy.

Sir William.

COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A sagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a constant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it than your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster-bridge.

Sir Will. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany these four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony; France has furnished him with fawning and flattery; Italy equip'd him with capriols and cantatas: and thus accomplish'd

complish'd, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddlesticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir Will. You dislike then my system of education ?

R. Weal. Most sincerely.

Sir Will. The whole ?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Will. The early part, I should imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet thro' a public school, where, at sixteen, he had practis'd more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at sixty.

Sir Will. Ha, ha, prejudice!

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you remov'd him to the university; where, lest his morals should be mended, and his understanding improv'd, you fairly set him free from the restraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the privileg'd distinction of a silk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir Will. And all these evils, you think, a city education would have prevented?

R. Weal. Doubtless.—Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction. Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, constant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Why truly, brother, had you stuck to your old civic vices, hypocrisy, couzenage, and avarice, I don't know, whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us sub-urbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are chang'd since the date of thy indentures; when the sleek, crop-eared apprentice us'd to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm, to St. Bride's, on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Islington, or Mile-End.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir *Will.* Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the snug depositories of their rusty swords, and occasional bag-wigs; their horses for the turf; ay, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aspersion!

Sir *Will.* But the last meeting at Newmarket, lord Lofty receiv'd at the hazard-table, the identical note from the individual taylor to whom he had paid it but the day before, for a new set of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir *Will.* These are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from

Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Wealth. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal spendthrift proceeds, will soon be the only seat of the family.

Sir Will. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce!

R. Wealth. I do. None at all.

Sir Will. Why so?

R. Wealth. Because your means are ill-proportion'd to their end. Were he my son, I would serve him——

Sir Will. As you have done your daughter. Discard him. But consider, I have but one.

R. Wealth. That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to set up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, she must expect to share the fate of her sister. I consider families as a smaller kind of kingdoms, and would have disobedience in the one, as severely punished, as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their respective societies

Sir Will. Poor Lucy! But surely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede?

R. Weal. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request; but if directly or indirectly, you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient huffy,
all

T H E M I N O R. 19

all ties between us are broke; and I shall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir *Will.* I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. *Weal.* I shall attend the issue.

Sir *Will.* You will lend your aid, however?

R. *Weal.* We shall see how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, fir.

Sir *Will.* Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The person is without, fir.

Sir *Will.* Bid him wait. [*Reads.*] [*Exit* Serv.]

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promis'd to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him in viva voce. So if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

C 2

P. S.

P. S. *The party's Name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpye and Horse-shoe, Fetter-lane.*

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias! John.

Enter Servant.

Bid the person who brought this Letter, walk in. [*Exit Serv.*] Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. *Weal.* Not a jot. I must to the Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan's.

[*Exit R. Wealthy.*]

Sir *Will.* You shall hear from me.

Enter Shift and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit Serv.*] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, sir.

Sir *Will.* Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, sir.

Sir *Will.* Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my bus'ness with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client; he wants to re-
tain

tain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Will. Ha! ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, fir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is fast. Now, fir, you are to——

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule, to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir Will. Oh, fir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I question'd your generosity; but forms you know——

Sir Will. No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little. Pray, fir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Cou'd nothing induce you to unbosom yourself?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a je ne scai quoi in your manner, that I will unlock: You shall see me all.

Sir Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a taylor made a pope, from a gin-shop an emprefs, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of Light your Honour——A link boy.

Sir Will. A pleasant fellow.——Who were your parents;

Shift. I was produced, fir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the news-papers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat, and dog's meat.——I dare say, you have heard my mother, fir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me——in the street.

Sir Will. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the Play-house. There, fir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, con-
nivance

nivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise, from their masters. Here, firrah, light me a-crofs the kennel. —I hope your honour will remember poor Jack. —Your ragged rascal, I have no half-pence —I'll pay you the next time I see you —But, lack-a-day, fir, that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the Theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, fir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me. —A detachment from the head-quarters here, took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage, and clipping the candles. There my skill and address was so conspicuous, that it procur'd me the same office the ensuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity; the crown of of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For I think, fir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir *Will.* Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir *Will.* Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the same. But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher than the rebound.

Sir *Will.* How so?

Shift. My misfortune, fir, mov'd the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. To him I owe, what I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir *Will.* Explain.

Shift. Why, fir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which, however disesteem'd at present, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator; Mimickry.

Sir *Will.* Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift!

Shift. A smattering—But as I was saying, fir, nothing came amiss to my master. Bipeds, or quadrupeds, ; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren

thren in Bunhill-Fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, fir, for two whole years, under this professor, I study'd and starv'd, impoverish'd my body, and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir Will. You have been successful, I hope.

Shift Pretty well, I can't complain. My art, fir, is a pass-par-tout. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket-book.*] Hum, —hum, Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gammut's near Hanover-square; there, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest; but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sustinuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarfops, near the Monument. So fir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall not be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Will. You can be secret as well as serviceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackrel.

Sir Will. Come hither then. If you betray me to my son.—

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Will. Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, center'd in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant, he is a hopeful one.

Sir Will. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wished,—my death—

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Will. Nay, pray,—there wou'd soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy indeed. But families, like besoms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir Will. Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Will. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir

Sir Will. George, as I have contriv'd it, shall experience all the misery of real ruin, without running the least risque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a coup de maitre.

Sir Will. I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Will. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Will. My brother, I say, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which, he is returned, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately.

Sir Will. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Will. Now, sir, gueffing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have, in a feign'd character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduc'd to the last extremity; lost even to the most distant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I step in like his guardian-angel, and snatch him from perdition. If mortify'd by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have sav'd my son;
but

but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out, as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely resolv'd. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

Sir Will. Why George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command, by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science, can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Will. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.— Why, I wou'd engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourse, after his ill success, to the cent. per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a further supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Will. Pray do you know,—I forgot his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-house; and every evening, from
five

five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer the broker!

Sir *Will.* The same. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Ay, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday, he had me turn'd out at a feast, in Leather-seller's Hall, for singing Room for Cuckold's, like a parrot; and vow'd it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir *Will.* You have reason to remember him.

Shift. Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myself, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and wou'd you believe it, as I hope to be fav'd, we din'd, supp'd, and wetted five-and-thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Cross-keys, in order to settle the terms; and after all, the scoundrel would not lend us a stiver.

Sir *Will.* Cou'd you personate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into his shamble in a minute: and, with a wither'd face, a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well. Have not you something of more consequence for me?

Sir *Will.* I have. Cou'd not you, master Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions.

Shift.

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a butterfly.

Sir Will. One of these insinuating, oily orators I will get you to personate: for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I'll give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [*Going, returns.*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dress I can be furnish'd with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir Will.*] A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine! What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others—Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that,
ay,

ay, marry is there 'Egad before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then if there be but a bold shore, and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match. *[Exit.*

Enter Sir George, Loader, and Servant.

Sir Geo. Let the Martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted—You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have just enough left to discharge the baron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a snub-nos'd son of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Hussarians.

Sir Geo. You had your share, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quarter man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a-fresh, till our old scores are discharg'd.

Load.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let'em say what they will. Here, fir, they will vowel you, from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They wou'd as soon now-a-days pay a tradesman's bill, as a play debt. All sence of honour is gone, not a stiver stirring. They cou'd as soon raise the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Enter Dick.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. No body, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal. He promis'd to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between seven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered since we us'd to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels: all over the rheumatise.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

Dick.

Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the tabernacle; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make profelytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me; for she offer'd me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, sober, psalm-singing countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may'st make as able a teacher as the best of 'em.

Dick. Laud, sir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the spirit, the spirit will supply all that, Dick, never fear.

Enter Sir William as a German baron.

My dear baron, what news from the Haymarket? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Will. I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing—I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

D

Sir

Sir *Geo.* But how did she receive my embassy? What hopes?

Sir *Will.* Why dere was, monsieur le chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people? ah, ah, dought I, by gad I guess your business. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or, if you must have de pritty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your master.

Sir *Geo.* Insolent mechanic!—but she despis'd him?

Sir *Will.* Ah, may foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the signora, madam, der is one certain chevalier of dis country, who has travell'd, see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

Sir *Geo.* Well, well, baron.

Sir *Will.* She aska your name; as soon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an instant, she melt like de lomp of fugar: she run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper

Sir *Geo.* Give it me.

[*Reads.*

Les

Les preliminaries d'une traite entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la signor Diamenti

A bagatelle, a trifle: she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read! The eloquence of angels, my dear baron!

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad! I don't understand their Gibberish—What is it in English?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and signora Florenza? that the said signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so! Why did you never see her?

Sir Geo. No; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey-day! Why what the devil—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare, I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this

part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houses, you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not surpriz'd at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo. My dear baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Will. I fall.

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I wou'd not give six-pence for your signoras. One armful of good, wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship-load

load of their trapping, tawdry trollops, But hark'e, baron, how much for the table? Why she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir *Will.* Ay, ay, dere, is her moder, la complaisante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I wou'd set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not——

[*Ex. Bar.*

Sir *Geo.* But the lady waits. [*Ex. Load.*] A strange fellow this! What a whimsical jargon he talks! Not an idea abstracted from play! To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

Enter Mrs. Cole, supported by Loader and Dick.

Mrs. *Cole.* Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. Cole, Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole, Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge——

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rheumatife; I han't been able to get a wink of— Oh la! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no, ---There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What shall we take a snap at old Moll's. Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroach?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel——He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I cou'd have earn'd thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor forry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Rosemary-Lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,—Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worse I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, a-bed or up all's one. Pray honest friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch'em, you blockhead. [*Ex. Dick.*]

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I am a going; a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will

become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.—No.—When people are miss'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, tho' I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock-me-down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, no body have said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir *Geo.* Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I loose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs *Cole.* However, it is a comfort after all, to think one has past thro' the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a galipot of ointment.

Enter Dick, with a dram.

Load. Come, haste, Dick, haste; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip, to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to business. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I see a tight young wench in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engag'd to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallow'd up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.—But however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a young country thing, to-morrow night I believe I can furnish you.

Load. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertis'd this morning, in the register-office, for servants under seventeen; and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, consistently with my conscience, I wou'd do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that monitor. But pray how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and no body to shew me the road. One time, I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us; but it wou'd not do.

Sir

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent; and, wou'd you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pate beggars would not give me absolution, without I quitted my business—Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby—Besides, I cou'd not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things!—Oh, fix of them, for a season, wou'd finish my business here, and then I shou'd have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous!

Mrs. Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my last illness, I was wish'd to Mr. Squintum, who stept in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, fir, has sent to know if your honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with you. But bus'ness, you know—

Mrs. Cole. True, fir George. Mr. Loader, your arm—Gently, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cole*. Not a drop——I shall see you this evening?

Sir *Geo*. Depend upon me.

Mrs. *Cole*. To-morrow I hope to suit you ——We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir *Geo*. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. *Cole*.

Mrs. *Cole*. Or if that should not do, I have a tid bit at home, will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by a beard. Well, heaven bless you——Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader ——Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently——so, so!

[*Exit Mrs. Cole and Loader.*]

Sir *Geo*. Dick, shew Mr. Transfer in——Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling! —No wonder these preachers have plenty of profelytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

Enter Loader.

Well, knight, I have hous'd her; but they want you within, sir.

Sir *Geo*. I'll go to them immediately.

A C T

A C T II.

Enter Dick, introducing Transfer.

Dick. **M**Y master will come to you presently.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Mr. Transfer, your servant.

Transf. Your honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer—but take a chair—you have had a long walk. Mr. Loader, I presume, open'd to you the urgency of my bus'ness.

Transf. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money? I dont know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorsement, was as current as cash. If your uncle Richard now wou'd join in this security---

Sir Geo. Impossible.

Transf. Ay, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* So do I. But as that will be consider'd in the premium.—

Transf. True, true,——I see you understand bus'ness——And what sum does your honour lack at present?

Sir *Geo.* Lack!——How much have you brought?

Transf. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Sir *Geo.* Zounds, none!

Transf. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones' the tallow chandler, in Thames-street, us'd to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I totter'd away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir *Geo.* Why what the devil can I do?

Transf. Good me, I did not know your honour had been so prest'd.

Sir *Geo.* My honour prest! Yes, my honour is not only prest, but ruin'd, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That block-head Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Transf. Well, well, now I declare, I am quite sorry to see your honour in such a taking.

Sir *Geo.* Damn your sorrow.

Transf. But come, don't be cast down: Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* How, dear Transfer?

Transf. Why I have, at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlas, with a curious sortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir *Geo.* Hey!

Transf. And stay, stay, then, again, at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's-inn-Lane, there's a hundred tun of fine old hay, only damag'd a little last winter, for want of thatching; with forty load of flint stones.

Sir *Geo.* Well.

Transf. Your honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir *Geo.* Blubber and blankets? Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Transf. Who I? O law, marry heaven forbid.

Sir *Geo.* Get out of my—you stuttering scoundrel.

Transf. If your honour wou'd but hear me——

Sir *Geo.* Troop, I say, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. [*Ex. Tr.*] And yet there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that were my mind more at ease. [*Enter Loader.*] So, sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir

Sir *Geo.* He can't supply me with a shilling! and wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlas.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, must not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! Thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir *Geo.* Why, pr'ythee, of what use wou'd his——

Load. Use! of every use. Procure you the spankers, my boy. I have a broker, that in a twinkling, shall take off your bargain.

Sir *Geo.* Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Ay, indeed. You sit down to hazard and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Holo, Transfer.—A pretty little, busy, bustling—You may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter Transfer.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our Minor was a little too hasty; he did not understand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Transf. What I said, was to serve Sir George; as he seem'd——

Load. I told him so; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many
more.

more. But try, pr'ythee if thou cou'dst not procure us some of the ready, for present spending.

Transf. Let me consider.

Load. Ay, do, come: shuffle thy brains; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands want shiners; 'tis a shame.

Transf. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that us'd to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Transf. Statute, the scrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nick'd the chance.

Transf. A hard man, master Loader!

Sir Geo. No matter.

Transf. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well said, knight!

Transf. But to save time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unnecessary.

Transf. Five per cent. legal interest.

Sir Geo. He shall have it.

Transf. Ten, the præmium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Transf. Then, as you are not of age, five more for ensuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Transf. As for what he will demand for the risque——

Sir Geo. He shall be satisfy'd.

E

Transf.

Transf. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply; Loader, dispatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is settled. All terms shall be comply'd with, reasonable or unreasonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Ex. Tr.*] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

Re-enter Transfer.

Transf. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handsome present into the bargain, never fear.

Transf. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Transf. They shall be forthcoming.— You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [*Ex. Tr.*] So, that's settled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: fellows with finery, Not commodities of such clumsy conveyance as old Transfer's

Sir Geo. You are obliging.

Load.

T H E M I N O R. 51

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of 'em all in a crack. [Exit]

Enter Dick.

Dick. Your uncle, fir, has been waiting some time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in. [Ex. Dick.] Now for a lecture. My situation sha'n't sink my spirits, however. Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

Enter Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. So, fir, what, I suppose, this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my respect, dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into such company?

R. Weal. Wonderfully considerate! Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here I have received by the last mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I see you are determin'd our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did some credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are all these to be paid?

Sir Geo. That I submit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me!—Not a soufe to keep you from the counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the scoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which must be discharg'd.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical distinction! Here's a prostitution of words!—Honour! 'Sdeath, that a rascal, who has pick'd your pocket, shall have his crime gilded with the most sacred distinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilst the industrious mechanic, who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debt delay'd, and his demand treated as insolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly; but make yourself easy; you won't be troubled with many more of my visits. I own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commiffion, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing. —It was agreed between your father and
me,

me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now his last will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Dispatch, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, see me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What d'ye mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you——Your answer, ay or no?

Sir Geo. Why then concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution,——No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it wou'd not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curiosity, What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have seen her, enquired after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the stumbling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point, Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why it is not so much a dislike to your person, tho' that is exceptionable enough, but your profession, dear nuncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

R. Weal. Good lack! And what harm has that done, pray?

Sir Geo. Done! So stain'd, polluted, and tainted the whole mass of your blood, thrown such a blot on your 'scutcheon, as ten regular successions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The duce!

Sir Geo. And cou'd you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I ask pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid, barbarous scheme!

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the same flesh and blood with yourself, might prove in some measure, a kind of fullers-earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impossible!

R. Weal. Besides, here it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourse! Thank heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country,

country, where I have been too well instructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgeois. Why, what apology cou'd I make to my children, for giving them such a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I must despair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Tho', upon recollection——Is the Grissette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

Sir Geo. Ah la jolie petite Bourgoise! Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure her emersion from the mercantile mud, no consideration wou'd be spar'd.

R. Weal. Why, to be sure, for such an honour, one wou'd strain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of distinction engages in commerce, his nobility is suffer'd to sleep.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And upon his quitting the contagious connection, he is permitted to resume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So, nuncle Richard, if you will sell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house,

house, and quit St. Mary Ax for Grosvenor-square——

R. Weal. What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevail'd upon to restore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condescension!

Sir Geo. Good-nature is my foible. But, upon my soul, I wou'd not have gone so far for any body else.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, spendthrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head?——

Sir Geo. Hey dey, what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boasted patrimony from your great uncle, a soap-boiler!

Sir Geo. Infamous aspersion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserv'd your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repair'd your tottering hall, from the ruins of which, even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had perish'd! Insupportable! soap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal.

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce ! It is treason against the community ; and, for your punishment, I wou'd have you restor'd to the fordid condition from whence we drew you, and like your predecessors, the Pic'ts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. Weal. One pleasure I have, that to this gaol you are upon the gallop ; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate. [Exit.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic ! But that his Bourgois blood wou'd have soil'd my sword—

Enter Baron and Loader.

Sir Will. What is de matter ?

Sir Geo. A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dar'd to upbraid me with being sprung from a soap-boiler.

Sir Will. Vat, you from the boiler of soap !

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Will. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka you, mister monsieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How !

Sir Will. De impertinence to sit down, play wid me ?

Sir Geo. What is this ?

Sir Will. A beggarly Bourgois vis-a-vis, a baron of twenty descents.

Load.

Load. But baron——

Sir Will. Bygar, I am almost asham'd to win of such a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let me never see your face.

Load. Why, but baron, you mistake this thing, I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Will. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand signior. He was, indeed, a good-natur'd, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of soap, tar, and train-oil, he us'd to have it home to his house, and sell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Will. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Will. Oh, dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter Dick.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr, Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty son of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oilman.

[*Exit.*

Sir Will. I beg pardon, chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* Oh, don't mention it, ; had the flam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

Enter Loader.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir *Geo.* Shew him in, by all means.

[*Exit Loader,*

Sir *Will.* You have affair.

Sir *Geo.* If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finished in five minutes.

Enter Loader, with Shift as Smirk.

Load. Here, master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark ? Here she has brought a pretty piece of man's meat already ; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Dispatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir *Geo.* Even so. I have, Mr. Smirk, some things of a considerable value, which I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have ?

Sir *Geo.* Could you assist me ?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir *Geo.* But directly ?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir *Geo.* Can that be done ?

Smirk.

Smirk. Every day's practice : it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman, going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate ; though the real party was never master of above two Delft dishes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be conceal'd.

Smirk. Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a lady's play-debt. But then we must know the parties ; otherwise it might be knockt down to the husband himself. Ha, ha——
Hey ho !

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

Smirk. No body's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into the business ?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, ay, or that ever was, or ever will be ; quite a jewel of a man ; he would touch you up a lot ; there was no resisting him. He wou'd force you to bid, whether you wou'd or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk,

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me, to vie with great man. But as I was saying, my predeceffor, Mr. Prig, was to have a sale as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly feiz'd with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bedside, squeez'd me by the hand; Dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be there; lady Dy Jofs, Mrs. Nankyn, the dutchefs of Dupe, and every body at all: You see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do?—It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, says he; supply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to shew my love, rashly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness. But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me, was a wig; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment. I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair—You hear,

hear, gentlemen, what has happen'd ; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way, the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholic ; to-morrow, the greatest shew this season ; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes ; every body in the world to be there ; lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, dutchess of Dupe, and all mankind ; it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell—They star'd—It is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided : some recommended a tye, others a bag : one mention'd a bob, but was soon over-rul'd. Now, for my part, I own, I rather inclin'd to the bag ; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolv'd to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taste, a superior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir *Geo.* What was her decision ?

Smirk. I told her the case—My dear, you know what has happen'd. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic—the greatest shew this season, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world ; all the world will be there : now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead.

You

You know the importance of a wig; I have ask'd my friends—some recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyish, deficient in dignity for the solemn occasion; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—I'll be hang'd, if you don't mean a major. I jump't at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the tryal. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber-utenfil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh; but I got thro' it. Her grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember, Dr. Trifle call'd it enthusiastic, and pronounc'd it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that?

Smirk. Why, sir, the lot was a Guido; a single figure, a marvellous fine performance; well,

well preserv'd, and highly finish'd. It stuck at five and forty; I, charm'd with the picture, and piqu'd at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?—Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus, to start from the canvass and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensu'd, I bow'd, and in three minutes knock'd it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner was inimitably fine. I remember, they took him off at the play-house, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public characters shou'd not be sported with—They are sacred——But we lose time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We shall see you. There will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be surpriz'd—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho!

[*Exit.*

A C T

A C T III.

Enter Sir George and Loader.

Sir George.

A Most infernal run. Let's see, (*Pulls out a card.*) Loader a thousand, the Baron two, Tally—Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plung'd me! And no resource?

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do. [*Exit Loader.*

Enter Mrs. Cole and Lucy.

Mrs. Cole. Come along, Lucy. You bashful baggage, I thought I had silenc'd your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum said? A woman's not worth saving, that won't be guilty of a swinging sin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management.

nagement. She is young, tender, and timid; does not know what is for her own good: but your honour will soon teach her. I wou'd willingly stay, but I must not lose the lecture. [Exit.

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward——Can't produce her publicly as mine; but she will do for private amusement——Will you be seated, miss?——Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch——Will you be so kind, ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair?——Come, pr'ythee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you——Come, miss.

Lucy. O, sir.

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me.

Sir Geo. In tears! What can this mean? Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear, you may save this piece of pathetic for another occasion. It won't do with me; I am no novice——So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, sir; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpose?

Lucy.

Lucy. A shameful one. I know it all, and yet believe me, sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patroness is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I say to gain your credit? And yet, sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's holy, you see me here, a poor distressed, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her style's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rise, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am safe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee, child, collect yourself, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs. Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her?

Lucy. Mine, sir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artless too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, fir, I rely'd in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, fir, I was consider'd as the joint heiress of a respectable, wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter, suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man, fordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, tho' mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banish'd me his house, distressed and destitute.

Sir Geo. Wou'd no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, fir, such a step wou'd be consider'd by my father, as an
appeal

appeal from his justice. I therefore retir'd to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident plac'd me in a house, the mistress of which profess'd the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and in return, receiv'd the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was some time imposed upon. But an accident, which you will excuse my repeating, reveal'd all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts us'd to seduce me: Happily they hitherto have fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than

the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir *Geo.* The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For tho' I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfashionable, a spirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatch'd some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescu'd from infamy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shift.

Zooks, I have toil'd like a horse; quite tir'd, by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! And what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an excise-man, I suppose, and so with an ink-horn at my button-hole, and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppish, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his scene with the girl. I think I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him
dup'd

dup'd by this old don. It must not be, I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad, I have a thought too, which, if my heir apparent can execute. I shall still lie conceal'd, and perhaps be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot,
And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with
a plot. [Exit.

Enter Sir William and Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose, by this time, you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery.

Sir Will. Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Will. I have already alarmed all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.—Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Will. It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, fir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your son has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Will. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngster.

Enter Sir George, driving in Loader and another.

Sir Geo. Rascals, robbers, that, like the locust, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-laid, complicated villany? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and——O fir, are you here?——I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir Will. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have receiv'd. A baron, a nobleman, a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence, from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when
those,

those, whose honour is held as faced as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these [*pulls out dice*] pretty implements? The fruits of your leisure hours! They are dextrously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, secure the door.

Mrs. Cole, speaking as entering.

Mrs. Cole. Here I am, at last. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bless me! what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is safe, and in much better hands than you designed her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceed in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions to the most infernal purposes.

Mrs. Cole. I hope your honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away, As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguish'd in your penance; which, I promise you, shall be most publickly and plentifully bestow'd. [*Exit Cole.*

Enter

Enter Dick.

Dick. The constables, sir.

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may consign these gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir Will.*] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and, when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Will. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Just as I guess'd An imposter. He has recover'd the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Will. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Insolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, set this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! The very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father! Impossible!

Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* My father alive! Thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir *Will.* Alive! Ay, and I believe I sha'nt be in a hurry to die again.

Sir *Geo.* But, dear sir, the report of your death—and this disguise—to what—

Sir *Will.* Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir *Will.* You did so. But if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot—O George, such discoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir *Geo.* Perhaps, sir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*]

Sir *Geo.* Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd; till when, keep 'em in safe custody.—Do you know them, sir?

Sir *Will.* Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too—But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir *Geo.* I can't boast of my goodness, sir, but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not so totally destitute of—

Sir

Sir *Will.* Ay! Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir *Geo.* I have, fir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection.

Sir *Will.* To what?

Sir *Geo.* I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift. I believe I can guess.

Sir *Will.* Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith, that, discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw, who being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touch'd with her story, truth, and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir *Will.* Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom!

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the——But they are here.

Enter

Enter Sir George and Lucy.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, madam, you may safely rely on the——

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, sir, can you forgive your poor distressed unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been us'd, since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguish and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir Will. Brother!

Sir Geo. Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly compleated. Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but——

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy instrument——Yet, might I urge a wish——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's

daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—What says your father?

Sir Will. Me! Oh, I'll shew you in an instant. Give me your hands. There children, now you are join'd, and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happiness attend you.

Sir Will. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my assistance, I hope you'll own, sir.

Sir Will. That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, son.

Sir Geo. I am no stranger to his abilities, sir. But, if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gamesters shall think fit.

S H I F T,

SHIFT, *addressing himself to Sir George.*

And what becomes of your poor servant Shift?
 Your father talks of lending me a lift——
 A great man's promise, when his turn is serv'd!
 Capons on promises wou'd soon be starv'd:
 No, on myself alone, I'll now rely:
 'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye——
 Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
 Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
 Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.
 With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
 And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
 Prick up your ears; a story now I'll tell,
 Which once a widow, and her child befel,
 I knew the mother, and her daughter well;
 Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
 For whatso'er they ask'd, was always granted:
 One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
 She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
 [*Child.*] Mother, you cry! [*Moth.*] Oh, child,
 I've got no bread.
 [*Child.*] What matters that? Why Providence an't
 dead!
 With reason good, this truth the child might say,
 For there came in at noon, that very day,
 Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
 A better sure a table ne'er was put on:
 Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
 But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
 And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days?
 In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
 Let's go see Foote! ah, Foote's a precious limb!
 Old-nick will soon a football make of him!

For

For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,
Think you to meet with side-boxes above?
Where gigling girls and powder'd fops may sit,
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the house for Satan's benefit. }
Oh, what you snivel? well, do so no more, }
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I please,—I'll give it to the poor. }

F I N I S.

T H E
L Y A R.

A
C O M E D Y

IN THREE ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LOWNDES, J. RIVINGTON and SONS,

And S. BLADON, in PATER-NOSTER-ROW,

M DCCLXXXVI.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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1900

P R O L O G U E.

WHAT various revolutions in our art,
Since Thespis first sung ballads in a cart !
By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
And lay the deep foundations of the stage,
From his own soil that bard his pictures drew :
The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,
And the broad jest with fire electric flew.
Succeeding times, more polish'd and refin'd.
To rigid rules the comic muse confin'd :
Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her song,
In artful measures now she floats along ;
No sprightly sallies rouse the slumb'ring pit ;
Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,
To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,
Convenient closets, and a snug back stairs ;
'Twi'x't her and Satire has dissolv'd the league,
And jilted humour to enjoy intrigue.
To gain the suffrage of this polish'd age,
We bring to-night a stranger on the stage :
His sire De Vega ; we confess this truth,
Lest you mistake him for a British youth.
Severe the censure on my feeble pen,
Neglecting manners, that she copies men :
Thus, if I hum or ha, or name report,
'Tis Serjeant Splitcause from the Inns of Court ;
If, at the age that ladies cease to dance,
To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance,
I draw a dowager inclin'd to man,
Or paint her rage for china or japan,
The true original is quickly known,
And lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town.
But in the following group let no man dare
To claim a limb, nay, not a single hair :
What gallant Briton can be such a sot
To own the child a Spaniard has begot.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir JAMES ELLIOT,	Mr. <i>R. Palmer.</i>
OLD WILDING, the Father,	Mr. <i>Fearon.</i>
YOUNG WILDING,	Mr. <i>Palmer.</i>
PAPILLION,	Mr. <i>Baddeley.</i>

Miss GRANTAM,	Mrs. <i>Hitchcock.</i>
Miss GODFREY,	Miss <i>Platt.</i>
KITTY, the Maid,	Mrs. <i>Pouffin.</i>

The Servants.

T H E
L Y A R.

A C T I.

S C E N E a Lodging.

YOUNG WILDING *and* PAPILLION *discovered.*

Young Wilding.

AND I am now, Papillion, perfectly
A equipped?
Papillion. Personne mieux. Nobody
better.

Y. Wild. My figure?

Pap. Fait a peindre.

Y. Wild. My air?

Pap. Libre.

Y. Wild. My address?

Pap. Parisienne.

Y. Wild. My hat fits easily under my arm;
not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd acade-
mical habit.

Pap. Ah, bein autre chose.

Y. Wild. Why then adieu, Alma Mater, and
bien venue, la ville de Londre; farewell to the
schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents,
proctors, short commons with long graces, must
now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern-
bills with no graces at all.

Pap.

Pap. Ah, bravo, bravo!

Y. Wild. Well, but my dear Papillion, you must give me the chart du paye : This town is a new world to me ; my provident papa, you know would never suffer me near the smoak of London ; and what can be his motive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I shall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raison.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage ? direct my road : where must I begin ? But the debate is, I suppose, of consequence ?

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion ?

Pap. Twelve, dirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'est vrai.

Y. Wild. No stranger to fashionable places.

Pap. O faite !

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the fashionable figure of both sexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well then, upon your lecture : And, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet, to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us : See me ready to slack my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here then I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Hey, Papillion!

Pap. Sir?

Y. Wild. What is this? why you speak English!

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But like a native;

Pap. To be sure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from all this?

Pap. Logically thus, Sir: Whoever speaks pure English is an Englishman; I speak pure English; ergo, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical syllogism for you, Major, Minor, and Consequence. What do you think, Sir, that whilst you was busy at Oxford, I was idle? no, no, no.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, but notwithstanding your pleasantry, I must have this matter explain'd.

Pap. So you shall, my good Sir; but don't be in such a hurry: You can't suppose I would give you the key, unless I meant you should open the door.

Y. Wild. Why then. prithee unlock.

Pap. Immediately. But by way of entering upon my post as preceptor, suffer me first to give you a hint: You must not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters; every body there, Sir, knows that Dr. Muffy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a student of Christchurch; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the persons are feigned.

Y. Wild. A useful observation.

Pap. Why now, Sir, at the first coffee-house I shall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man from whose decent sable dress, placid countenance, insinuating behaviour, short sword, with the waiter's civil addition of "a dish of coffee
for

for Dr. Julap," you would suppose him to be a physician.

Y. Wild. Well?

Pap. Does not know diascordium from diaculum. An absolute French spy, concealed under the shelter of a huge medicinal perriwig.

Y. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. A martial figure too, it is odds but you will encounter; from whose scars, title, dress, and address, you would suppose to have had a share in every action since the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming-table, and bully to a bawdy-house. Battles to be sure he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a prisoner too—in the round-house.

Y. Wild. Amazing!

Pap. In short, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who practise smuggling, and merchants who trade upon Hounslow-heath; reverend atheists, right honourable sharpers, and Frenchmen from the county of York.

Y. Wild. In the last list, I presume, you roll.

Pap. Just my situation.

Y. Wild. And pray, Sir, what may be your motive for this whimsical transformation?

Pap. A very harmless one, I promise you: I would only avail myself at the expence of folly and prejudice.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, Sir——But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Y. Wild. Prithee do.

Pap. Why then you are to know, Sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies

academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

Y. Wild. But to the point: Why this disguise? Why renounce your country?

Pap. There, Sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me.

Y. Wild. Explain.

Pap. In an instant; upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Y. Wild. What an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one: the whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemn'd books I never read, and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original.

Y. Wild. Ah! why I thought acuteness of discernment, and depth of knowledge, were necessary to accomplish a critic.

Pap. Yes, Sir; but not a monthly one. Our method was very concise: We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go any further: If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scatter'd through as many periods, effectually does the business; as, "laudable design, happy arrangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of thought, conclusive argument;" if we are to decry, then we have, "unconnected, flat, false, illiberal stricture, reprehensible, unnatural:" And thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

B

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. A short recipe.

Pap. And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are necessary: These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifry, it is the same thing.

Y. Wild. How came you to resign this easy employment?

Pap. It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week, and my small beer. Poor pittance!

Y. Wild. Poor indeed.

Pap. Oh, half starv'd me!

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose. Some would have had me turn player, and others methodist preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could answer; and as to player—whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a disgrace upon my family, and so I resolved to turn footman.

Y. Wild. Wisely resolv'd.

Pap. Yes, Sir, but not so easily executed.

Y. Wild. No!

Pap. Oh no, Sir. Many a weary step have I taken after a place: Here I was too old, there I was too young; here the last livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was awkward, there I was knowing; madam dislik'd me at this house, her ladyship's woman at the next; so that I was as much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cynic philosopher to discover a man. In short, I was quite in a state of despair, when chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retrieved my affairs.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Pray who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over three-pennyworth of beef-a-la-mode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend purs'd up his lanthorn jaws, and with a shrug of contempt, "Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse: To thrive here you must study the folly of your own country." "How, Monsieur!" "Taisez vous. Keep a your tongue! autre foy! I teach you speak French, now I teach a you to forget English. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper dress, den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house; you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as footman Anglois, will fly open demselves to a French valet de chambre."

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion?

Pap. Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determin'd to follow my friend's advice.

Y. Wild. Did it succeed?

Pap. Better than expectation: My tawny face, long queue, and broken English, was a pas par tout. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Y. Wild. As how?

P. Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master; these, Sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the point: As you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determin'd to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Y. Wild. Well, I'll be your customer.

Pap. But guard my secret : if I should be so unfortunate to lose your place, don't shut me out from every other.

Y. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap. In a few years I shall be in a condition to retire from business ; but whether I shall settle at my family-seat, or pass over the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchase a marquisate near Paris, and spend the money I have got by their means, generously amongst them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us sally. Where do we open ?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day : the Mall will be crowded.

Y. Wild. Alons

Pap. But don't stare, Sir : survey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap. But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption ; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it ?

Pap. And yet it is a pity too, you do it so very well.

Y. Wild. Prithee be plain.

Pap. You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurry'd, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable, a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. I understand you: what, I am somewhat subject to lying.

Pap. Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't say that; no, no, only a little apt to embellish, that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift; that there is no disputing: but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attach'd to matter of fact——And yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in prose?

Pap. Why, Sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Y. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Besides, Sir, people in this town are more smoaky and suspicious. Oxford, you know, is the seat of the muses, and a man is naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his conversation than they will allow in this latitude.

Y. Wild. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion: if at any time you find me growing too poetical give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away.

[*Exit.*

Pap. I wish it mayn't; but the disease is too rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have sweat for him! yet he is as unembarrassed, easy, and fluent, all the time as if he really believed what he said. Well, to be sure he is a great master; it is a thousand pities his genius could not be converted to some public service: I think the government should employ him to answer the Brussels Gazette. I'll be hanged if he is not too many for Monsieur Maubert, at his own weapons.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE the Park.

*Enter Miss GRANTAM and Miss GODFREY,
and Servant.*

Miss Grantam. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-Gardens, for your mistress and I shall call at Lady Bab's, Miss Arabella Allnight's, the Countess of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! why, child, you are as tedious as a long morning. Do you know now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park? forty thousand million of times preferable to the play-house! Don't you think so my dear?

Miss Godfrey. They are both well in their way.

M. Gr. Way! why the purpose of both is the same; to meet company, is'n't it? what, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha! ha! well that is well enough. But, O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons: You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

M. God. Liberties in public!

M. Gr. Yes, child, such as enchoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow cross the Mall, as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know now, my dear that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a croud, on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoly ambassador?

M. God.

M. God. The good fortune Ma'am! Surely, the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

M. Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not to us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: you are a fine girl and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying?

M. God. I profess I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey!—Oh, ah, the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

M. God. Ma'am

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd spot: But you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I do'nt recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. I am detirmin'd, child: that is——

M. God. You will excuse my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, please yourself, my dear.

[*Exit Miss Godfrey.*]

Enter YOUNG WILDING *with* PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. Your ladyshiy's handkerchief, Ma'am.

M. Gr. I am, Sir, concern'd at the trouble—

Y. Wild. A most happy incident for me, Madam; as chance has given me an honour in one
lucky

lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. Gr. Is this meant to me, Sir?

Y. Wild. To whom else, Madam? Surely you must have mark'd my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottas, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who can.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night, your ladyship's portal, as a centinal the powder magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have serv'd in America then?

Y. Wild. Full four years Ma'am: and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

Y. Wild. The project to surprize that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me justice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But that's a trifle: sieges now a-days are reduc'd to certainties; it is amazing how minutely

mutely exact we, who knew the business are at calculation: for instance now, we will suppose the commander in chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expence?" "Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

M. Gr. And you shall be near the mark?

Y. Wild. To an odd joint, Ma'am. But, Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confin'd: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, Sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off! Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle. To me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations, and I had the first honour of smoaking the pipe of peace with the little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And so young!

Y. Wild. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum belt, and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, Madam, just to give you a taste of the military dance, with a short specimen of their warhoop.

Pap. For Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was

my good fortune to encounter you : then was the victor vanquished ; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant achiev'd ; prouder to serve here than command in chief elsewhere ; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquish'd world.

M. Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover : But I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him [*Aside*] Well, Sir, I accept the tender of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance ; at present it is necessary we should separate.

Y. Wild. " Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence.

M. Gr. Sir ?

Y. Wild. Your place of above.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that ; you have a whole year stood centinel at my ladyship's portal.

Y. Wild. Madam, I—I—I—

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha ! What, you are caught ! Ha, ha, ha ! Well, he has a more intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha !

[*Exit.*

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, Sir.

Y. Wild. A little mal-a-propos I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Y. Wild. Poh ! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is : Hark ye, Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress ?

Pap. I will try.

[*Exit.*

[*Wilding retires to the back of the stage.*

Enter

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT, and Servant.

Sir James. Music and an entertainment ?

Servant. Yes, Sir.

Sir Ja. Last night, upon the water ?

Serv. Upon the water, last night.

Sir Ja. Who gave it ?

Serv. That, Sir, I can't say.

To them WILDING.

Y. Wild. Sir James Elliot your most devoted ?

Sir Ja. Ah, my dear Wilding ! you are welcome to town.

Y. Wilding. You will pardon my impatience ; I interrupted you ; you seem'd upon an interesting subject.

Sir Ja. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Y. Wild. Of what kind ?

Sir. Ja. A young lady regal'd last night by her lover, on the Thames.

Y. Wild. As how ?

Sir Ja. A band of music in boats.

Y. Wild. Were they good performers ?

Sir Ja. The best. Then conducted to Marble-hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Y. Wild. Well order'd ?

Sir Ja. With elegance. After supper a ball ; and to conclude the night, a firework.

Y. Wild. Was the last well design'd ?

Sir Ja. Superb.

Y. Wild. And happily executed ?

Sir Ja. Not a single faux pas.

Y. Wild. And you don't know who gave it ?

Sir Ja. I can't even guess.

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha !

Sir. Ja. Why do you laugh ?

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha ! It was me.

Sir Ja. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

Y. Wild. Moi—me.

Pap. So, so, so; he is enter'd again.

Sir Ja. Why, you are fortunate, to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Y. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

Y. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventur'd out but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear Sir.

Y. Wild. Peace, puppy!

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

Y. Wild. I shall curb your impertinence.—But since the story is got abroad I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir Ja. I shall hear it with pleasure.—This is a lucky adventure: But he must not know he is my rival. [*Aside*]

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, between six and seven my goddess embark'd at Somerset-stairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing: the conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—not great matter; but, however, well-tim'd, and what was better, well taken.

Sir. Ja. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

Y. Wild. As soon as we had gained the center of the river. two boats full of trumpets, French horns,

horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surry-side, which were echo'd by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we, majestically sail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant desert in Dresden china, by Robinson. Here the repast clos'd, with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will sink him.

Y. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour, I sha'n't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produc'd; it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produc'd in a lavish abundance.

Sir Ja. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Y. Wild. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature!

Sir Ja. I wish you joy of your success.---For the present you will excuse me.

Y. Wild. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir Ja. For that I shall seize another occasion. [Exit.

Pap. Nobly perform'd, Sir.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

Y. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, Sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Y. Wild. Dreams! what dost mean by dreams?

Pap. These ornamental reveries, these frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd absolute flames.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, Sir, I have no sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Y. Wild. No; a plebeian soul! But I will animate thy clay: mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou may'st rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, Sir, I have no talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing. Besides, Sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength of my passion.

Pap. But why, Sir, a soldier.

Y. Wild. How little thou know'st of the sex! What, I suppose thou would'st have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic, classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, Sir——

Y. Wild. No, no; the *savoir vivre* is the science for them; the man of war is their man: they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterescarps, angles, trenches, cohorts,
and

and covert-ways ; then enter sword in hand, pell-mell ! oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Rousoumoufky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburgh ! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller, but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crochets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, Sir ; this is all very lively ; but remember the travelling pitcher : if you don't one time or other, under favour, lye yourself into some confounded scrape, I will content to be hanged.

Y. Wild. Do you think so, Papillion ?— And whenever that happens, if I don't lye myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucify'd. And so, along after the lady. [*Stops short, going out.*] Zounds, here comes my father ! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to the Cardigan.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

E N D of the F I R S T A C T.

A C T



A C T II.

CENE. A TAVERN.

YOUNG WILDING and PAPIILLION *rising from Table.*

Young Wilding.

GAD, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot: so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Y. Wild. Why then I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment: I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair; pr'ythee who is she?

Pap. There weré two.

Y. Wild. That I saw?

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Y. Wild. And her fortune!

Pap. Immense.

Y. Wild. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly

Pap. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no?

Y. Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, Sir.

Y. Wild. Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expence of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Y. Wild. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, Sir?

Y. Wild. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

Y. Wild. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Y. Wild. Turn tinker and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way?

Y. Wild. The old way; solder it by marriage: that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore,

Enter WAITER.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to enquire for Mr Wilding.

Y. Wild. For me! what sort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, Sir!

Y. Wild. Ay; how is he dress'd?

Wait. In a tye-wig and snuff-colour'd coat.

Pap. Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

Y. Wild. Shew him up. *[Exit Waiter.*

Pap. And what must I do?

Y. Wild. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank: I have a reason for it.

Enter OLD WILDING.

O. Wild. Your servant, Sir: your are welcome to town.

D

Y. Wild,

Y. Wild. You have just prevented me, Sir: I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O. Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharg'd it.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Y. Wild. Six weeks! I have scarce been six hours.

O. Wild. Come, come, I am better inform'd.

Y. Wild. Indeed, Sir, you are impos'd upon. This gentleman (who first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, Sir, is the marquis de Chatteau Briant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford for some time the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

O. Wild. Does he speak English.

Y. Wild. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, Sir,——

O. Wild. Any services, Sir, that I can render you here you may readily command.

Pap. Beacoup d'honneur.

Y. Wild. This gentleman, I say, Sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you that yesterday we left Oxford together.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'est vrai.

O. Wild. This is amazing, I was, at the same time, inform'd of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfer'd with a favourite scheme of my own.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. What could that be, pray, Sir?

O. Wild. That you had conceiv'd a violent affection for a fair lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir!

O. Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Monsieur le marquis!—And pray, Sir, who could tell you all this?

O. Wild. An old friend of yours.

Y. Wild. His name, if you please.

O. Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Y. Wild. Yes: I thought he was the man.

O. Wild. Your reason.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O. Wild. What may that be?

Y. Wild. Why you can't, Sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent.

O. Wild. How!

Y. Wild. Oh, notorious to a proverb.—His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist: and so he is, with a vengeance. Why, he will tell you more lyes in an hour, than all the circulating libraries, put together, will publish in a year.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at Oxford; he was always distinguish'd by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

O. Wild. Amazing!

Y. Wild. Lord, Sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that at the last Hereford affize a cause, as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

O. Wild. A strange turn.

Y. Wild. Unaccountable. But there I think they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounc'd neither; but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O. Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y. Wild. That may be; but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you, of fireworks, and the Lord knows what. And I dare swear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

O. Wild. Extremely.

Y. Wild. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, marquis?

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction upon mine honour.

Y. Wild. You see, Sir.

O. Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of constitutional lyars.

Y. Wild. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is your's.

O. Wild. Well; Sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. The marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promis'd to attend; besides, Sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

O. Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y. Wild. I shall attend your commands; but where?

O. Wild. Why here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. Votre serviteur tres humble.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*]

Y. Wild. So, Papillion; that difficulty is dispatch'd. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously manag'd: But are not you afraid of the consequence?

Y. Wild. I do not comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y. Wild. That may embarrass: but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Y. Wild. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger: Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, Sir!

Y. Wild. I positively will: Why this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. [*Aside.*] Ay, think of that, Sir.

Y. Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the meerest dull matter of fact fellow——But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is——

Pap.

Pap. Godfrey; her father, an Indian governor, shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth: she lives near miss Grantam, by Grosvenor-square.

Y. Wild. A governor!—oh ho!—Bushels of rupees, and pecks of pagodas, I reckon.—Well, I long to be rumaging.—But the old gentleman will soon return: I will hasten to finish my letter.—But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concern'd?

Pap. I can't guess.

Y. Wild. I shall know presently.—To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor-square.—Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lye.

Pap. You won't, Sir?

Y. Wild. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid and sincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Miss GRANTAM and Miss GODFREY.

M. God. And you really like this gallant spark?

M. Gr. Prodigiously. Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance! I wonder who he is: he can't have been long in town: a young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way to the best of company.

M. God. By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't, surely, have any serious designs upon him.

M. Gr. Indeed but I have.

M. God.

M. God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once ?

M. Gr. Oh, no.

M. God. What is your intention in regard to him ?

M. Gr. Hey ?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M. God. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

M. Gr. Quite the reverse ; a perfect pattern of prudence : why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse ?

M. God. My dear !

M. Gr. Why I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India-bonds, some in the Bank, some on this loan, some on the other ; so that if one fun fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

M. God. Very true.

M. Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love-affairs : if I should not like this man—if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if, if—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen, which you know break engagements every day, why by this means I shall never be at a loss,

M. God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different securities have you at present plac'd out your love ?

M. Gr. Three : the sober Sir James Elliot, the new America-man, and this morning I expected a formal proposal from an old friend of my father.

M. God. Mr. Wilding.

M. Gr. Yes ; but I don't reckon much upon him : for you know, my dear, what can I do with an aukward, raw, college cub ? Though,
upon

upon second thoughts, that may'nt be too bad neither ; for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Wilding, Madam.

M. Gr. Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*] You need not go, my dear ; we have no particular business.

M. God. I wonder now what she calls particular business.

Enter OLD WILDING.

O. Wild. Ladies your servant. I wait upon you, Madam, with a request from my son, that he may be permitted the honour of kissing your hand.

M. Gr. Your son is in town then ?

O. Wild. He came last night, Ma'am ; and though but just from the university I think I may venture to affirm, with as little the air of a pedant as——

M. Gr. I don't, Mr. Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son ; and shall own too, that his being descended from the old friend of my father, is to me the strongest recommendation.

O. Wild. You honour me, Madam.

M. Gr. But, Sir, I have something to say—

O. Wild. Pray, Madam, speak out ; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.

M. Gr. Why then, Sir, to a man of your wisdom and experience I need not observe, that the loss of a parent to counsel and direct at this solemn

lemn crisis, has made a greater degree of personal prudence necessary in me.

O. Wild. Perfectly right, Ma'am.

M. Gr. We live, Sir, in a very censorious world; a young woman can't be too much upon her guard; nor should I chuse to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at least a strong probability——

O. Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to the disadvantage of my son.

M. Gr. Not a syllable: but you know, Sir, there are such things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first sight; I should be glad there could be no danger of that.

O. Wild. I understand you, Madam; you shall have all the satisfaction imaginable: Jack is to meet me immediately: I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant. *Exit.*]

M. Gr. Now there is a polite, sensible, old father for you.

M. God. Yes; and a very discreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. A letter to you, Madam. [*To Miss Godfrey.*] Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. [*To Miss Grantam.*] *Exit.*

M. Gr. Lord, I hope he won't stay long here. He comes and seems intirely wrapt up in the distempers: what can be the matter now?

E

Enter

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir Ja. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of enquiring after your health.

M. Gr. Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you receiv'd a favourable account.

Sir Ja. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

M. Gr. Cold! why Sir, I hope I did not sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir Ja. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Sir!

Sir Ja. No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

M. Gr. Upon the water!

Sir Ja. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be own'd, were a sufficient temptation.

M. Gr. What can he be driving at now!

Sir Ja. And pray, Madam, what think you of Young Wilding? is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly——

M. Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir Ja. You don't know him!

M. Gr. No.

Sir Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door!

M. Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir Ja. I am glad you own that, however: But, for the son, you never——

M. Gr. Sat eyes upon him.

Sir Ja. Really?

M. Gr. Really.

Sir Ja. Finely supported. Now, Madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

M. Gr.

M. Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour : but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

M. Gr. And that is a wonder !—What, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose.

Sir Ja. Admirably rally'd ! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

M. Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

Sir Ja. Known then, and blush, if you are not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to all last night's transactions.

M. Gr. Indeed !

Sir Ja. From your first entering the barge at Somerset-house, to your last landing at Whitehall.

M. Gr. Surprizing !

Sir Ja. Cupids, collations, feasts, fireworks, all have reach'd me.

M. Gr. Why you deal in magic.

Sir Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M. Gr. May I be indulg'd with the name of your informer.

Sir Ja. Freely, Madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

M. Gr. But his name ?

Sir Ja. Young Wilding.

M. Gr. You had this story from him ?

Sir Ja. I had.

M. Gr. From Wilding !—That is amazing.

Sir Ja. Oh ho ! what you are confounded at last ; and no evasion to subterfuge, no——

M. Gr. Lookye, Sir James ; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordi-

nary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answer'd your purpose.

Sir Ja. Oh, Madam, I know you are provided.

M. Gr. Matchless insolence! as you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleas'd with the subject of this visit, you won't be surprized at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence: but you may rest secure you will have no interruption for me; and I really think it would be pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant. [*Going.*] But, Madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear.

[*Exit.*]

M. Gr. Very well. Now my dear I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduc'd if my hopes had rested upon one lover alone.

M. God. But are you sure that your method to multiply, may not be the means to reduce the number of your slaves?

M. Gr. Impossible!—Why can't you discern that this sham of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat.

M. God. And you never saw Wilding?

M. Gr. Never.

M. God. There is some mystery in this. I have too here in my hand another mortification that you must endure.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

M. God.

M. God. A little ally'd to the last: it is from the military spark you met this morning.

M. Gr. What are the contents?

M. God. Only a formal declaration of love.

M. Gr. Why, you did not see him.

M. God. But it seems he did me.

M. Gr. Might I peruse it?—" Battles—no wounds so fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—spring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterfscrap—eyes—artillery—death the stranger." It is address'd to you.

M. God. I told you so.

M. Gr. You will pardon me, my dear; but I really can't compliment you upon the supposition of a conquest at my expence.

M. God. That would be enough to make me vain: But why do you think it was so impossible?

M. Gr. And do you positively want a reason?

M. God. Positively.

M. Gr. Why, then I shall refer you for an answer to a faithful counsellor and most accomplish'd critic.

M. God. Who may that be?

M. Gr. The mirror upon your toilette.

M. God. Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

M. Gr. Why, can glasses flatter?

M. God. I can't say I think that necessary.

M. Gr. Saucy enough!—But come, child, don't let us quarrel upon so whimsical an occasion; time will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of Young Wilding, at my window.

M. God. I attend you.

M. Gr. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt; it was meant merely to serve you: for indeed, child, there is no quality so insufferable

sufferable in a young woman as self-conceit and vanity.

M. God. You are most prodigiously obliging.

M. Gr. I'll follow you, Miss. [*Exit Miss Godfrey.*] Pert thing!—She grows immoderately ugly. I always thought her aukward, but she is now an absolute fright.

M. God. [*within.*] Miss, Miss Grantam, your hero's at hand.

M. Gr. I come.

M. God. As I live, the very individual stranger.

M. Gr. No, sure!—Oh Lord, let me have a peep.

M. God. It is he, it is he, it is he.

Enter OLD WILDING, YOUNG WILDING, and PAPILLION.

O. Wild. There, Marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity,—Oh, Jack, look at that corner house: how d'ye like it?

Y. Wild. Very well: but I don't see any thing extraordinary.

O. Wild. I wish though you were the master of what it contains.

Y. Wild. What may that be, Sir?

O. Wild. The mistress, you rogue, you: a fine girl, and an immense fortune; aye, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

Y. Wild. Time enough yet, Sir.

O. Wild. I don't see that: You are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Suppose, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours, you have cordially my consent.

O. Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of yourself.

O. Wild. Why, Sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you: now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Y. Wild. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

O. Wild. Why then, to be serious son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Y. Wild. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change——

O. Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Y. Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O. Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Y. Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

O. Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Y. Wild. You are then resolv'd.

O. Wild. Fix'd.

Y. Wild. Positively?

O. Wild. Peremptorily.

Y. Wild. No prayers——

O. Wild. Can move me.

Y. Wild. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil. [*Aside*] But suppose, Sir, there should be an unfurmountable objection?

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent casuist.

Y. Wild. But, I say, Sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

O. Wild. Impossible!—I don't understand you.

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir!—But, on my knees, first let me crave your pardon.

O. Wild. Pardon! for what?

Y. Wild. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

O. Wild. Which way?

Y. Wild. I have done a deed——

O. Wild. Let us hear it.

Y. Wild. At Abington, in the county of Berks.

O. Wild. Well?

Y. Wild. I am——

O. Wild. What?

Y. Wild. Already married.

O. Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Y. Wild. Married.

O. Wild. And without my consent?

Y. Wild. Compell'd; fatally forc'd. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

O. Wild. What an unlucky event!—But rise, and let me hear it all.

Y. Wild. The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible: I therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, Sir, I never heard one word of the matter.

O. Wild. Come, Marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap.

Pap. Upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has so shock me, that I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son.—[*To Young Wilding.*] Dry a your tears. What can I say, Sir?

Y. Wild. Any thing.—Oh! (*Seems to weep.*)

Pap. You see, Sire.

O. Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgement.

Pap. Dis is great misfortunes, fans doute.

Y. Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup great deal more.

O. Wild. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, Sir, at Abington.

Pap. Yes, at Abington.

O. Wild. In the county of Berks.

Pap. Dat is right, in-de county of Berks.

Y. Wild. Oh, ho!

O. Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack, are all my hopes then——Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray Sir?

Pap. De girl, Sir—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*] Who shall I say?

Y. Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't say upon my vard.

O. Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help.—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*] Sir, I am quite aground.

O. Wild. Yes; I read my shame in his reserve: some artful huffy?

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call huffy?

O. Wild. Or perhaps some common creature! But I'am prepar'd to hear the worst.

F

Pap.

Pap. Have you no mercy ?

Y. Wild. I'll step to your relief, Sir.

Pap. O Lord ! a happy deliverance.

Y. Wild. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of that lady suffer by my silence : She is, Sir, of an ancient house and unblemish'd character.

O. Wild. That is something.

Y. Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet——

O. Wild. Her name ?

Y. Wild. Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Sybthorp.—I never heard of that name. But proceed.

Y. Wild. The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abington. There at an assembly it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O. Wild. Is she handsome ?

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir, more beautiful——

O. Wild. Nay, no raptures ; but go on.

Y. Wild. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion ; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O. Wilding. Modestly observed.

Y. Wild. I was deterr'd from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

O. Wild. Was that so decent ?—But love and prudence, madness and reason.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retir'd room, innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

O. Wild. What, unobserved by him?

Y. Wild. Entirely. But, as my ill stars would have it, a cat of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place: I unhappily trod upon one of the brood, which so provok'd the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tyger.

O. Wild. I have observed those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Y. Wild. The noise rous'd the old gentleman's attention; he opened the door, and there discover'd your son.

Pap. Unlucky.

Y. Wild. I rush'd to the door; but fatally my foot slipt at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom; the pistol in my hand went off by accident: this alarm'd her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rush'd with united force upon me.

O. Wild. And so surpriz'd you?

Y. Wild. No, Sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escap'd, but a raw-bon'd, over-grown, clumsy cook-wench, struck at my sword with a kitchen poker, broke it in two, and compell'd me to surrender at discretion; the consequence of which is obvious enough.

F 2

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combin'd to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Y. Wild. May I hope then you rather think me unfortunate than culpable ?

O. Wild. Why your situation is a sufficient excuse : all I blame you for is your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantam I shall make an aukward figure : but the best apology is the truth : I'll hasten and explain it to her all——

Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business.

Y. Wild. Most melancholy.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*

Pap. I am amaz'd Sir, that you have so carefully conceal'd this transaction from me.

Y. Wild. Heyday ! what do you believe it too ?

Pap. Believe it ! Why is not the story of the marriage true ?

Y. Wild. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker.

Y. Wild. All invention. And were you really taken in ?

Pap. Lord, Sir, how was it possible to avoid it ? Mercy on us ! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together !

Y. Wild. Genius ; the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me !

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint, when you are bent upon bouncing. Besides, Sir, if you recollect your fix'd resolution to reform——

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention: but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forc'd to use all my finesse.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Two letters, Sir. *[Exit.*

Pap. There are two things in my conscience my master will never want: a prompt lie and a ready excuse for telling of it.

Y. Wild. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observ'd, but in their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife; now if I can but get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle.

[Exeunt.]

E N D of the S E C O N D A C T.

A C T



A C T III.

Miss GRANTAM and Miss GODFREY.

Miss Godfrey.

UPON my word, Miss Grantam, this is but an idle piece of curiosity : you know the man is already dispos'd of, and therefore —

M. Gr. That is true, my dear ; but there is in this affair some mystery that I must and will have explain'd.

M. God. Come, come, I know the grievance. You can't brook that this spark, though even a married man, should throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my service.

M. Gr. And so you take this fact for granted?

M. God. Have I not his letter?

M. Gr. Conceited creature !—I fancy, Miss, by your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of the kind you ever receiv'd.

M. God. Nay, my dear, why should you be piqu'd at me ? the fault is none of mine ; I dropt no handkerchief ; I threw out no lure : the bird came willing to hand, you know.

M. Gr. Metaphorical too ! what, you are setting up for a wit as well as a belle ! why really, Madam ; to do you justice, you have full as fine pretensions to one as the other.

M. God. I fancy, Madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a disappointed rival.

M. Gr.

M. Gr. Rival ! admirably rally'd !—But, let me tell you, Madam, this sort of behaviour, Madam, at your own house, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

M. God. As to that, Ma'am, I hope I shall always shew a proper resentment to any insult that is offer'd me, let it be in whose house it will. The assignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

M. Gr. Mighty well, Ma'am !

M. God. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe, is in waiting.

M. Gr. It is, Madam ! then let it wait—Oh, what that was your scheme ! but it won't take, Miss : the contrivance is a little too shallow.

M. God. I don't understand you.

M. Gr. Cunning creature ! So all this insolence was concerted, it seems ; a plot to drive me out of the house, that you might have the fellow all to yourself : but I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it. Fie, Miss ! a passion for a married man ! I really blush for you.

M. God. And I most sincerely pity you. But curb your choler a little : the enquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler disposition of mind ; and by this time the hero is at hand.

M. Gr. Mighty well ; I am prepar'd. But, Miss Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all artificial underhand dealings, in this affair, suffer me in your name to manage the interview.

M. God. Most willingly. But he will recollect your voice.

M. Gr.

M. Gr. Oh, that is easily alter'd. [*Enter a Maid, who whispers Miss Grantam, and exit.*] It is he, but hide yourself, Miss, if you please.

M. God. Your hood a little forwarder, Miss: you may be known, and then we shall have the language of politeness inflam'd to proofs of a violent passion.

M. Gr. You are prodigiously cautious.

Enter YOUNG WILDING:

Y. Wild. This rendezvous is something in the Spanish taste, imported, I suppose, with the guittar. At present, I presume, the custom is confin'd to the great; but it will descend, and in a couple of months I shall not be surpriz'd to hear an attorney's hackney clerk rousing at midnight, a millener's 'prentice, with an "Ally, Ally Croker." But that, if I mistake not, is the temple; and see my goddess herself. Miss Godfrey!

M. Gr. Hush.

Y. Wild. Am I right, Miss?

M. Gr. Softly. You receiv'd my letter, I see, Sir.

Y. Wild. And flew to the appointment with more——

M. Gr. No raptures, I beg. But you must not suppose this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

Y. Wild. How, Madam!

M. Gr. Oh, by no means, Sir; for tho' I own your figure is pleasing, and your conversation——

M. God. Hold, Miss; when did I ever converse with him?

M. Gr. Why, did not you see him in the Park?

M. God.

M. God. True, Madam : but the conversation was with you.

M. Gr. Bless me ! you are very difficult, I say, Sir, though your person may be unexceptionable, yet your character——

Y. Wild. My character !

M. Gr. Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

Y. Wild. I hope not.

M. Gr. Your name is Wilding.

Y. Wild. How the deuce came she by that ! True, Madam.

M. Gr. Pray have you never heard of Miss Grantam ?

Y. Wild. Frequently.

M. Gr. You have. And had you never any favourable thoughts of that lady ? Now mind, Miss.

Y. Wild. If you mean as a lover, never. The lady did me the honour to have a small design upon me.

M. God. I hear every word, Miss.

M. Gr. But you need not lean so heavy upon me ; he speaks loud enough to be heard.——I have been told, Sir, that——

Y. Wild. Yes, Ma'am, and very likely by the lady herself.

M. Gr. Sir !

Y. Wild. Oh, Madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miss Grantam, which must be discharg'd in the morning.

M. Gr. Of what kind ?

Y. Wild. Why the lady, finding an old humble servant of her's a little lethargic, has thought fit to administer me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his passion.

M. Gr. Sir, let me tell you——

G

M. God.

M. God. Have a care ; you will betray yourself.

Y. Wild. Oh, the whole story will afford you infinite diversion : such a farago of fights and feasts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fertile invention.

M. God. So ! what that story was your's was it ?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, don't I hear another voice ?

M. Gr. A distant relation of mine.— Every syllable false.—But, Sir, we have another charge against you. Do you know any thing of a lady at Abington ?

Y. Wild. Miss Grantam again. Yes, Madam, I have some knowledge of that lady.

M. Gr. You have ! Well, Sir, and that being the case, how could you have the assurance—

Y. Wild. A moment's patience, Ma'am. That lady, that Berkshire lady, will, I can assure you, prove no bar to my hopes.

M. Gr. How, Sir, no bar ?

Y. Wild. Not in the least, Ma'am ; for that lady exists, in idea only.

M. Gr. No such person !

Y. Wild. A meer creature of the imagination.

M. Gr. Indeed ?

Y. Wild. The attacks of Miss Grantam were so powerfully enforc'd too by paternal authority, that I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by sheltering myself under the conjugal shield.

M. Gr. You are not marry'd then ?—But what credit can I give to the professions of a man, who, in an article of such importance, and to a person of such respect—

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Nay, Madam, surely Miss Godfrey should not accuse me of a crime her own charms have occasion'd. Could any other motive but the fear of losing her prevail on me to trifle with a father, or compel me to infringe those laws which I have hitherto so invariably observ'd?

M. Gr. What laws, Sir?

Y. Wild. The sacred laws of truth, Ma'am.

M. Gr. There, indeed you did yourself an infinite violence. But when the whole of the affair is discover'd, will it be so easy to get rid of Miss Grantam? the violence of her passion, and the old gentleman's obstinacy——

Y. Wild. Are nothing to a mind resolv'd.

M. Gr. Poor Miss Grantam!

Y. Wild. Do you know her, Madam?

M. Gr. I have heard of her: but you, Sir, I suppose, have been long on an intimate footing?

Y. Wild. Bred up together from children.

M. Gr. Brave!—Is she handsome?

Y. Wild. Her paint comes from Paris, and her femme de chambre is an excellent artist.

M. Gr. Very well—Her shape?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, is not Curzon esteem'd the best stay-maker for people inclin'd to be crooked?

M. Gr. But as to the qualities of her mind: for instance her understanding?

Y. Wild. Uncultivated.

M. Gr. Her wit?

Y. Wild. Borrow'd.

M. Gr. Her taste?

Y. Wild. Trifling?

M. Gr. And her temper?

Y. Wild. Intolerable.

M. Gr. A finish'd picture. But come these are not your real thoughts ; this is a sacrifice you think due to the vanity of our sex.

Y. Wild. My honest sentiments : and to convince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as soon take a wife from the grand signior's seraglio.— Now, Ma'am, I hope you are satisfy'd

M. Gr. And you would not scruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face ?

Y. Wild. The first opportunity.

M. Gr. That I will take care to provide you. Dare you meet me at her house ?

Y. Wild. When ?

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild. But won't a declaration of this sort appear odd at——a——

M. Gr. Come, no evasion ; your conduct and character seem to me a little equivocal, and I must insist on this proof, at least of——

Y. Wild. You shall have it.

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild. This instant.

M. Gr. Be punctual.

Y. Wild. Or may I forfeit your favour.

M. Gr. Very well : till then, Sir, adieu.—
Now I think I have my spark in the toil ; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him smart for every article——Come, my dear, I shall stand in need of your aid. [Exeunt.

Y. Wild. So ! I am now, I think, arriv'd at a critical period. If I can but weather this point——But why should I doubt it ? it is in the day of distress only that a great man displays his abilities. But I shall want Papillion : where can the puppy be ?

Enter

Enter PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. So, Sir ; where have you been rambling ?

Pap. I did not suppose you would want——

Y. Wild. Want !—you are always out of the way : Here have I been forc'd to tell forty lies upon my own credit, and not a single soul to vouch for the truth of them.

Pap. Lord, Sir, you know——

Y. Wild. Don't plague me with your apologies ; but it is lucky for you that I want your assistance. Come with me to Miss Grantam's.

Pap. On what occasion ?

Y. Wild. An important one : but I'll prepare you as we walk.

Pap. Sir, I am really——I could wish you would be so good as to——

Y. Wild. What, desert your friend in the heat of battle ! oh, you poltroon !

Pap. Sir, I would do any thing, but you know I have not talents

Y. Wild. I do, and for my own sake shall not task them too high.

Pap. Now I suppose the hour is come when we shall pay for all.

Y. Wild. Why, what a dastardly, hen-hearted——But come, Papillion, this shall be your last campaign. Don't droop, man ; confide in your leader, and remember, *Syb auspice Teucro nil desperandum.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE a Room.

Enter a SERVANT, conducting in OLD WILDING.

Serv. My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately. Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

O. Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him. [*Exit Servant.*] This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir, I ask your pardon: but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorps in Berkshire?

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character: Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorps!

O. Wild. Of the Sybthorps.

O. Wild. Really I don't know, Sir.

O. Wild. Not know!

Sir Ja. No; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

O. Wild. How steadily he denies it! Well done, baronet! I find Jack's account was a just one. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir Ja.

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpose.

O. Wild. Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son: but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair?

O. Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack?

O. Wild. My son Jack.

Sir Ja. Is he marry'd?

O. Wild. Is he marry'd! why you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O. Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far: but to remove all your scruples at once, he has own'd it himself.

Sir Ja. He has.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumstance; going to your new purchase at Abington—meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the assembly—their private interviews—surpriz'd by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage; in short, every particular.

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your son?

O. Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir Ja. I wish you joy, Sir.

O. Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir Ja. Why, Sir, does the marriage displease you?

O. Wild. Doubtless.

Sir Ja. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

O. Wild. Why so?

Sir Ja. You have got, Sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

O. Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir Ja.

Sir Ja. For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she will not cost you a farthing.

O. Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir Ja. She'll be easily jointur'd.

O. Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir Ja. No provision necessary for younger children.

O. Wild. No Sir! why not?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke—

Sir Ja. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

O. Wild. You are very merry, Sir.

Sir Ja. What an unaccountable fellow!

O. Wild. Sir!

Sir Ja. I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage—

O. Wild. Well, Sir.

Sir Ja. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than absolute fable.

O. Wild. How, Sir!

Sir Ja. Even so.

O. Wild. Why, Sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me?

Sir Ja. Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him?

O. Wild. What do you know?

Sir Ja. I know, Sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

O. Wild. Oh, mighty well, Sir!—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it won't do; you are forestall'd; your novels won't pass upon me.

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir Ja.

Sir Ja. What is this?

O. Wild. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

O. Wild. Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miss GRANTAM.

M. Gr. Bless me, Gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir Ja. No more, at present, Sir: I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

O. Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

M. Gr. How, Sir James Elliot, I flatter'd myself that you had finish'd your visits here, Sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, Sir, what right——

O. Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer ally'd to you, my son unfortunately being marry'd already.

M. Gr. Marry'd!

Sir Ja. Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds: and because I have refus'd to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behav'd in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

H

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserv'd for another occasion; but yoth, it seems—

M. Gr. Oh, is that the business?—Why, I begin to be afraid we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

O. Wild. Madam.

M. Gr. Your son has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

O. Wild. Is it possible?

M. Gr. Most true; and assign'd two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O. Wild. What can they be?

M. Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once, and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

O. Wild. You amaze me.

M. Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir Ja. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

O. Wild. You have my consent. An abandoned profligate! was his father a proper subject for his——But I discard him,

M. Gr. Nay, now, Gentlemen, you are rather too warm; I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity——

O. Wild. How, Madam! a levity!

M. Gr. Take my word for it, no more; enflam'd into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir Ja.

Sir Ja. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

M. Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace

O. Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Wilding to wait upon you, Madam.

[*Exit.*

M. Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abington business. You must likewise seemingly consent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, who I shrewdly suspect he has by some odd accident mistaken for me: the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. Kitty.

Enter KITTY.

Let John shew Mr. Wilding in to his father; then come to my dressing room: I have a short scene to give you in study. [*Exit Kitty.*] The girl is lively, and I warrant will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony: we must be as busy as bees. [*Exeunt.*

O. Wild. This strange boy!—But I must command my temper.

Y. Wild. [*speaking as he enters.*] People to speak with me! See what they want, Papillion.—My father here! that's unlucky enough.

H 2

O. Wild.

O. *Wild.* Ha, Jack! what brings you here?

Y. *Wild.* Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate——

O. *Wild.* Well now, that is prudently, as well as politely done.

Y. *Wild.* I am happy to meet, Sir, with your approbation.

O. *Wild.* I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Y. *Wild.* Sir!

O. *Wild.* Would it be right to send for her home?

Y. *Wild.* Doubtless, Sir.

O. *Wild.* I think so. Why then to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

Y. *Wild.* The devil it shall! [*Aside.*] Not quite so soon, if you please, Sir.

O. *Wild.* No! why not?

Y. *Wild.* The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

O. *Wild.* What's the matter with her?

Y. *Wild.* She is big with child, Sir.

O. *Wild.* An audacious——Big with child! that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage, and short stages can't hurt her.

Y. *Wild.* Pardon me, Sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

O. *Wild.* Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But should I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret.

Y. *Wild.* By all means, Sir, it will make him extremely happy.

O. *Wild.*

O. Wild. Why then I will instantly about it, pray how do you direct to him ?

Y. Wild. Abington, Berkshire.

O. Wild. True ; but his address ?

Y. Wild. You need not trouble yourself, Sir : I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclos'd.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, that will do. [Going.]

Y. Wild. So, I have parry'd that thrust.

O. Wild. Though upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Y. Wild. Sir !

O. Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctillios——No, I'll send him a letter apart ; so give me his direction.

Y. Wild. You have it, Sir.

O. Wild. Ay, but his name : I have been so hurry'd that I have entirely forgot it.

Y. Wild. I am sure so have I. [Aside.] His name—his name, Sir—Hopkins.

O. Wild. Hopkins !

Y. Wild. Yes, Sir.

O. Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before : that, if I recollect, was either Sythorpe, or Sybthorpe.

Y. Wild. You are right, Sir : that is his paternal appellation ; but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's : so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorpe ; and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he signs himself Sybthorpe Hopkins.

O. Wild. There is no end of this : I must stop him at once. Harkye, Sir, I think you are call'd my son.

Y. Wild. I hope, Sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Y. Wild. In having the honour of descending from you.

O. Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Y. Wild. Sir—pray, Sir—

O. Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtain'd that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. And has it never occur'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be lost by infamy?

Y. Wild. Perfectly, Sir.

O. Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lye demands, and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront.

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose whole life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? not satisfied with violating the great band of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions!

Y. Wild. But, Sir!

O. Wild. Within this hour my life was near sacrific'd in defence of your fame: but perhaps that was your intention, and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. For heaven's sake, Sir.

O. Wild. What other motive ?

Y. Wild. Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

O. Wild. To be again impos'd on ! no, Jack, my eyes are open'd at last.

Y. Wild. By all that's sacred, Sir——

O. Wild. I am now deaf to your delusions.

Y. Wild. But hear me, Sir, I own the Abington business——

O. Wild. An absolute fiction ?

Y. Wild. I do.

O. Wild. And how dare you——

Y. Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O. Wild. Go on.

Y. Wild. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady whose charms——

O. Wild. So ! what here is another marriage trumped out :—but that is a stale device. And pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit ? Come, come, go on ; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, in Nubibus——

Y. Wild. No, Sir ; in London.

O. Wild. Indeed.

Y. Wild. Nay, more, and at this instant in this house.

O. Wild. And her name——

Y. Wild. Godfrey,

O. Wild. The friend of Miss Grantam ?

Y. The very same, Sir.

O. Wild. Have you spoke to her ?

Y. Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago, nay, am here by her appointment.

O. Wild. Has she favour'd your address ?

Y. Wild. Time, Sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Lookye, Sir; as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther enquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey; am intimate with her family; and though you deserve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if in the progress of this affair, you practise any of your usual arts; if I discover the least falshood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

Y. Wild. I shall submit without a murmur.

[Exit Old Wilding.]

Enter PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Y. Wild. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Y. Wild. What do they want?

Pap. You, Sir.

Y. Wild. Me!

Pap. Yes, Sir; they have brought in their bills.

Y. Wild. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Y. Wild. That I gave!

Pap. Yes, Sir; you remember the bill of fare: I am sure the very mention of it makes my mouth water

Y. Wild. Prithee are you mad? There must be some mistake; you know that I—

Pap. They have been vastly puzzled to find out your lodgings: but Mr. Robinson meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you liv'd. Here are the bills: Almack's, twelve dozen of claret, ditto Champagne,

Champagne, Frontiniac, sweatmeats, pine-apples : the whole amount is 372l. 9s. besides music and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Come, Sir, this is no time for trifling.

Pap. Nay, Sir, they say they have gone full as low as they can afford ; and they were in hopes, from the great satisfaction you express'd to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

Y. Wild. Harkye, Mr. Papillion, if you don't cease your impertinence, I shall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuse.

Pap. Upon my faith I relate but the mere matter of fact. You know, Sir, I am but bad at invention ; tho' this incident I can't help thinking is the natural fruit of your happy one.

Y. Wild. But are you serious ? is this possible ?

Pap. Most certain. It was with difficulty I restrain'd their impatience ; but however I have dispatch'd them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Y. Wild. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abington business.

Pap. The deuce !

Y. Wild. We parted this moment. Such a scene !

Pap. And what was the issue ?

Y. Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey ?

Y. Wild. Who else ? He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this ?

I

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fix'd.

Pap. As a weather-cock.

Y. Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter OLD WILDING.

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth: the young lady is not averse to your union; but in order to fix so mutable a mind, I have drawn up a slight contract, which you are both to sign.

Y. Wild. With transport.

O. Wild. I will introduce Miss Godfrey. [*Exit.*

Y. Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed.

Y. Wild. Am not I a happy fortunate?—But they come.

Enter OLD WILDING, and Miss GODFREY.

O. Wild. If, Madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him.—There, Sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Y. Wild. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

O. Wild. What is the puppy petrified! Why don't you go up to the lady?

Y. Wild. Up to the lady! —That lady!

O. Wild. That lady!—To be sure. What other lady?—To Miss Godfrey!

Y. Wild. That lady Miss Godfrey!

O. Wild. What is all this?—Harkye, Sir: I see what you are at: but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double detestable—Re-
collect

collect my last resolution : this instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

Y. Wild. Sir, that I hope is——might not I——to be sure——

O. Wild. No further evasions ! There, Sir.

Y. Wild. Heigh ho. [Signs it.

O. Wild. Very well. Now, Madam, your name if you please.

Y. Wild. Papillion, do you know who she is ?

Pap. That's a question indeed ! Don't you, Sir ?

Y. Wild. Not I, as I hope to be sav'd.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. With me !

M. God. A young lady with Mr. Wilding !

Serv. Seems distress'd, Madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

M. God. Indeed ! There may be something in this ! You must permit me, Sir, to pause a little : who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

O. Wild. How, Sir, who is this lady ?

Y. Wild. It is impossible for me to divine, Sir.

O. Wild. You know nothing of her ?

Y. Wild. How should I ?

O. Wild. You hear Madam.

M. God. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y. Wild. Not in the least, Madam.

M. God. Shew her in, John. [Exit.

O. Wild. No, Madam, I do'nt think there is the least room for suspecting him : he can't be so abandon'd as to——But she is here. Upon my word a slyly woman.

Enter KITTY as Miss Sybthorpe.

Kitty. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms——my life——my——

Y. Wild. Heyday!

Kitty. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y. Wild. Madam!

Kitty. But we are met at last, and now we will part no more.

Y. Wild. The deuce we won't!

Kitty. What, not one kind look, no tender word to hail our second meeting!

Y. Wild. What the devil is all this;

Kitty. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? have I deserv'd such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

O. Wild. To what can all this tend? Harkye, Sir, unriddle this mystery.

Y. Wild. Davus, non Œdipus sum. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escap'd from her keeper, I suppose.

Kitty. Am I disown'd then, contemn'd, slighted?

O. Wild. Hold; let me enquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam——You seem to be pretty familiar here——Do you know this gentleman?

Kitty. Too well.

O. Wild. His name?

Kitty. Wilding.

O. Wild. So far she is right. Now yours, if you please.

Kitty. Wilding.

Omnes

Omnes. Wilding!

O. Wild. And how came you by that name pray?

Kitty. Most lawfully, Sir: By the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

O. Wild. What, marry'd to him!

Kitty. Most true.

Omnes. How!

Y. Wild. Sir, may I never—

O. Wild. Peace, Monster!—One question more: Your maiden name?

Kitty. Sybthorpe.

O. Wild. Lydia, from Abington, in the county of Berks?

Kitty. The same.

O. Wild. As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is marry'd at last.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir! By all that's—

O. Wild. Eternal dumbness feize the, measureless lyar!

Y. Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman—
Marquis—

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes: it is a pit of your own digging, and so get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll shift for myself. [Exit.

O. Wild. What evasion now, Monster?

M. God. Deceiver!

O. Wild. Lyar!

M. God. Impostor!

Y. Wild. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly impos'd upon: the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover: and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been suddenly surpriz'd into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not bring her at your request?

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Is not this your own letter?

Y. Wild. No.

Kitty. Am not I your wife?

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Y. Wild. Yes—that is—no, no.

Kitty. Hear me.

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Answer me.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Have not I——

Y. Wild. No, no, no. Zounds you are all mad, and if I stay I shall catch the infection. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT and Miss GRANTAM.

Omnes. Ha! ha, ! ha!

M. Gr. Finely perform'd.

O. Wild. You have kept your promise, and I thank you, Madam.

M. Gr. My medicine was somewhat rough, Sir; but in desperate cases, you know——

O. Wild. If his cure is compleated, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crimes. It is needless to pay you any compliments, Sir James; with that Lady you can't fail to be happy. I shan't venture to hint a scheme I have greatly at heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the success of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a lyar.

They in the fairest fames can fix a flaw,
And vanquish females whom they never saw.

E P I-



EPILOGUE.

Between Miss GRANTAM and OLD WILDING.

By a Man of Fashion.

M. Gr. *H*O L D, Sir.

*Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard as council for your son.*

Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate :

*Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state ?*

Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,

You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town :

The tribe of politicians will want food :

Ev'n now half famish'd--for the public good.

All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,

And every Office of intelligence,

All would be Bankrupts, the whole lying race,

And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. *Too mild a sentence, must the good and great
Patriots be wronged, that booksellers may eat ?*

M. Gr. *Your patience, Sir : yet hear another word.*

Turn to the hall where justice weilds her sword :

Think in what narrow limits you would draw,

By this Proscription, all the sons of law :

For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,

Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's Reports,

All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,

To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. *To curb this practice I am somewhat loath :
A lawyer has no credit but an oath.*

M. Gr.

E P I L O G U E.

M. Gr. *Then to the softer sex some favour shew :
Leave no possession of our modest No !*

O. Wild. *Oh, freely Ma'am wa'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative.
Provided ever that your pish and fie,
On all occasions should be deem'd a lye.*

M. Gr. *Hard terms !
On this rejoinder then I rest my cause :
Should all pay homage to Truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case :
Why many a great man would be out of place.*

O. Wild. *'Twould many a virtuous character restore.*

M. Gr. *But take a character from many more.*

O. Wild. *Tho' on the side of bad the balance fall,
Better to find few good than fear for all.*

M. Gr. *Strong are your reasons : yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.*

*Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule ?* }



F I N I S:

THE
PATRON:

A
COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

As performed at the

THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

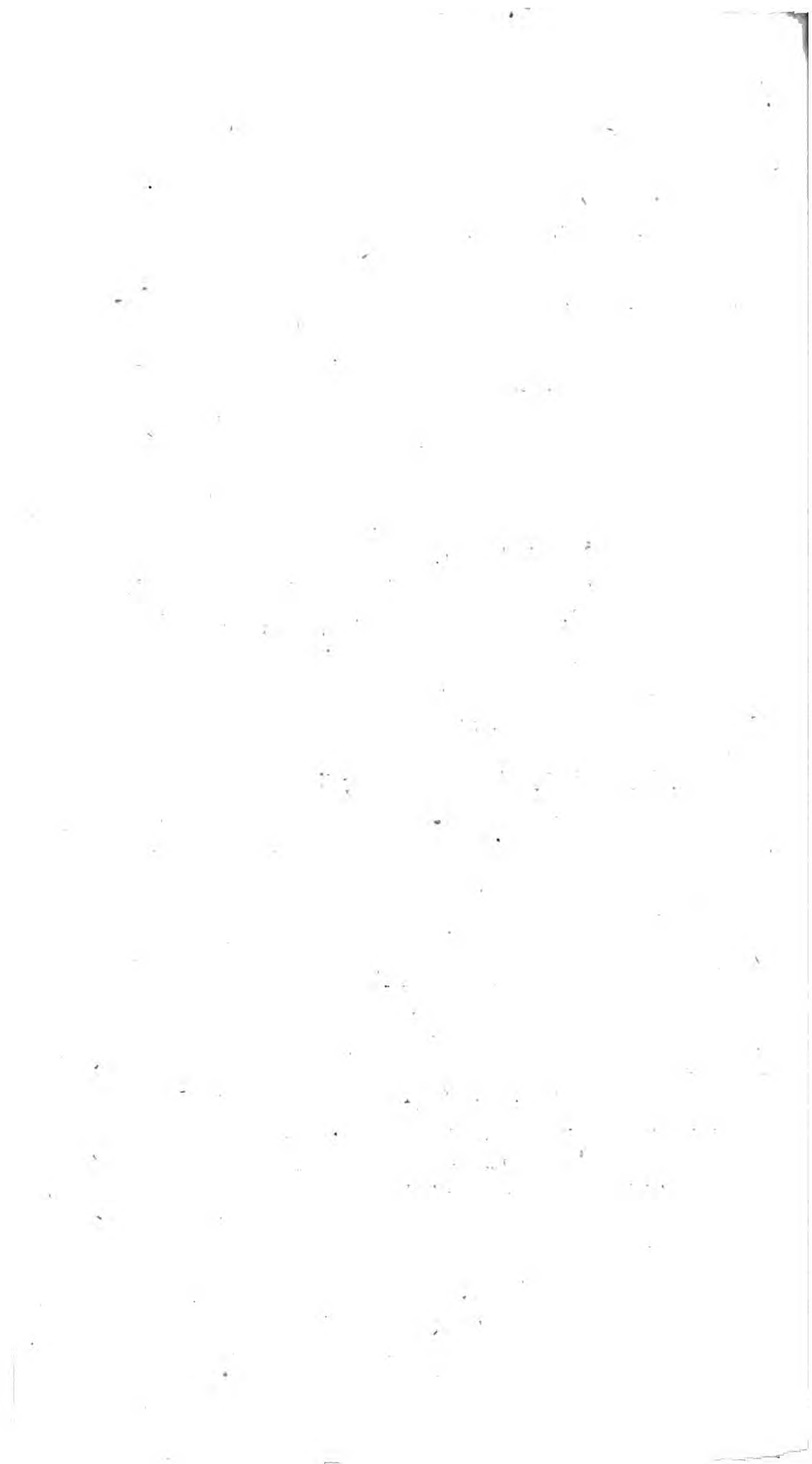
THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, No. 77, Fleet-Street.

M DCC LXXXI.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Granville Leveson Gower,

EARL GOWER,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's
Household.

MY LORD,

THE following little comedy, founded on a story of M. Marmontelle's, and calculated to expose the frivolity and ignorance of the pretenders to learning, with the insolence and vanity of their superficial, illiberal protectors, can be addressed to no nobleman with more propriety than to Lord Gower; whose judgment, though elegant, is void of affectation; and whose patronage, though powerful, is destitute of all fastidious parade. It is with pleasure, my Lord, that the Public sees your Lordship plac'd at the head of that department which is to decide, without appeal,

on the most popular domain in the whole republic of letters ; a spot that has always been distinguished with affection, and cultivated with care, by every ruler the least attentive to either chastising the morals, polishing the manners, or, what is of equal importance, rationally amusing the leisure of the people.

The Patron, my Lord, who now begs your protection, has had the good fortune to be well receiv'd by the public ; and, indeed, of all the pieces that I have had the honour to offer them, this seems to me to have the fairest claim to their favour.

But the play, stripp'd of those theatrical ornaments for which it is indebted to your Lordship's indulgence, must now plead it's own cause ; nor will I, my Lord, with an affected humility, echo the trite, coarse, though classical compliment, of *Optimus patronus, pessimus poeta* : for if this be really true of the last, the first can have but small pretensions to praise ; patronizing bad poets being, in my poor opinion, full as pernicious to the progress of letters, as neglecting the good.

In

DEDICATION. v

In humble hopes, then, my Lord, of not being thought the meanest in the Muses train, I have taken the liberty to prefix your name to this dedication, and publicly to acknowledge my obligations to your Lordship; which, let me boast too, I have had the happiness to receive, untainted by the insolence of domestics, the delays of office, or the chilling superiority of rank; mortifications which have been too often experienced by much greater writers than myself, from much less men than your Lordship.

My Lord, I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd,

and most devoted,

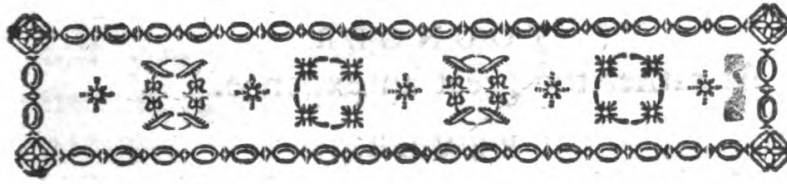
humble servant,

West-End,
June 20, 1764.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Dramatis Personæ.

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. DACTYL,	Mr. GRANGER.
Mr. PUFF,	Mr. HAYES.
Mr. STAYTAPE,	Mr. BROWN.
ROBIN,	Mr. PARSONS.
JOHN,	Mr. LEWIS.
Two Blacks.	
Miss JULIET,	Mrs. GRANGER.




T H E
P A T R O N.

A C T I.

Scene the Street.

Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.

Y O U N G E R.

 O, Dick, you must pardon me.

B E V E R.

Nay, but to satisfy your curiosity.

Y O U N G E R.

I tell you, I have not a jot.

B E V E R.

Why then to gratify me.

A 4 Y O U N G E R.

8 THE PATRON.

YOUNGER.

At rather too great an expence.

BEVER.

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

YOUNGER.

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

BEVER.

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

YOUNGER.

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

BEVER.

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

YOUNGER.

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

BEVER.

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

YOUNGER.

What, Sir Thomas Lofty! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell

T H E P A T R O N. 9

tell you) the Pöllö, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider on merit, chief justice of taste, and sworn appraiser to Apollo and the tuneful Nine. Ha, ha.--Oh, the tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb!

B E V E R.

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.

Y O U N G E R.

Taste! by who? 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, or generosity to reward; his wealth has gain'd him flattery from the indigent, and the haughty insolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. *Voilà le portrait de votre oncle.* Now on to the next.

B E V E R.

The ingenious and erudite Mr. Rust.

Y O U N G E R.

YOUNGER.

What, old Martin, the medal-monger?

BEVER.

The same, and my rival in Juliet.

YOUNGER.

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.

BEVER.

What an inconstant old scoundrel it is!

YOUNGER.

Oh, a Dorimant. 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?

BEVER.

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

YOUNGER.

YOUNGER.

Prythee explain.

BEVER.

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

YOUNGER.

The chaste moiety of the amiable Nero.

BEVER.

The same.

YOUNGER.

Oh, the deuce ! then your business was done in an instant.

BEVER.

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

YOUNGER.

Doubtless. But who have we here ?

BEVER.

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

Enter

Enter Sir PETER PEPPERPOT and two blacks.

Sir PETER.

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.

BEVER.

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

Sir PETER.

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

YOUNGER.

Unpardonable.

Sir PETER.

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.

BEVER.

It is?

Sir PETER.

Ay, lad; and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brightelmstone; I nick'd the time to a hair; thin as
a lath,

a lath, and a stomach as sharp as a shark's: never was in finer condition for feeding.

B E V E R.

Have you a large importation, Sir Peter?

Sir P E T E R.

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

B E V E R.

How do you dispose of them?

Sir P E T E R.

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

Y O U N G E R.

Ay! what, have the provincials a relish for turtle?

Sir P E T E R.

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 of my corporation but can distinguish the pash from the pee.

Y O U N G E R.

YOUNGER.

Indeed!

Sir PETER.

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

YOUNGER.

And they are fond of it?

Sir PETER.

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

BEVER.

A plentiful provision.

Sir PETER.

But there was never known any waste :
the mayor, recorder, and rector, are per-
mitted to eat as much as they please.

YOUNGER.

The entertainment is pretty expensive.

Sir PETER.

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

BEVER.

Smuggle! I don't understand you.

Sir PETER.

Why, Sir, the rascally coachman had
always charged me five pounds for the car-
riage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook go-
ing

ing 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.

Y O U N G E R.

A happy expedient.

B E V E R.

Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

Sir P E T E R.

Yes, but the frolick had like to have prov'd fatal.

Y O U N G E R.

How so?

Sir P E T E R.

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 flapp'd her face with his fins, till the poor devil fell into a fit. Ha, ha, ha.

Y O U N G E R.

Oh, an absolute Rabelais.

B E V E R.

What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the Square?

Sir P E T E R.

Yes; I extremely admire Sir Thomas. You know this is his day of assembly; I suppose

suppose you will be there: I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

BEVER.

Am I?

Sir PETER.

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

BEVER.

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

Sir PETER.

Mine! O fye, Mr. Bever.

BEVER.

Come, come, you are no inconsiderable patron.

Sir PETER.

He, he, he. Can't say but I love to encourage the arts.

BEVER.

And have contributed largely yourself.

YOUNGER.

What, is Sir Peter an author?

Sir PETER.

O fye! what me? a mere dabbler; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true:—some sonnets, that have not been thought wanting in salt.

BEVER.

And your epigrams.

Sir

Sir P E T E R.

Not entirely without point.

B E V E R.

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 P E T E R.

I don't understand you.

B E V E R.

Miss Juliet, the niece.

Sir P E T E R.

O fye! what chance have I there? Indeed, if Lady Pepperpot should happen to pop off—

B E V E R.

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 P E T E R.

Psha! dear Bever, you banter.

B E V E R.

And (unless I am extremely out in my guesses) that lady—

Sir P E T E R.

Hey! what, what, dear Bever?

B E V E R.

But if you should betray me—

B

Sir

Sir PETER.

May I never eat a bit of green fat, if I do!

BEVER.

Hints have been dropp'd.

Sir PETER.

The devil! come a little this way.

BEVER.

Well made; not robust and gigantic, 'tis true, but extremely genteel.

Sir PETER.

Indeed!

BEVER.

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

Sir PETER.

Perfectly. Something noble; expressive of---fashion.

BEVER.

Right.

Sir PETER.

Yes, I have been frequently told so.

BEVER.

Not an absolute wit; but something infinitely better: an *enjouement*, a spirit, a--

Sir PETER.

Gaiety. I was ever so, from a child.

BEVER.

THE PATRON. 19

BEVER.

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

Sir PETER.

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, strait as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

BEVER.

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

Sir PETER.

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.

BEVER.

No, no.

Sir PETER.

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

BEVER.

Not so precipitate; I think we may defeat him without any danger.

Sir PETER.

How, how?

B 2

BEVER.

B E V E R.

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 P E T E R.

I'll do it directly.

B E V E R.

But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.

Sir P E T E R.

Never fear. You'll follow?

B E V E R.

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

Sir P E T E R.

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

B E V E R.

Your own?

Sir P E T E R.

No.

B E V E R.

Oh ho! what something new from the doctor, your chaplain?

Sir P E T E R.

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

Beaver

BEVER.

How!

Sir PETER.

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.*

BEVER.

There now is a special protector! The arts, I think, can't but flourish under such a Mecænas.

YOUNGER.

Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool.

BEVER.

True; but then, to justify the dispensation,

From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed,
Fortunes to booksellers, to authors bread.

YOUNGER.

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

Enter DACTYL *and* PUFF.

PUFF.

Why, then, Mr. Daçtyl, 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.

DACTYL.

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. Gadzooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

BEVER.

The poet and publisher at variance! What is the matter, Mr. Daçtyl?

DACTYL.

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.

PUFF.

A fine character he gives of his works. No offence! the greatest in the world, Mr. Daçtyl. Panegyric and praise! and what will that do with the publick? 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 fousing satire now, well powder'd with personal pepper, and season'd with the spirit of party; that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level; there, there, we are pleas'd; there we chuckle, and grin, and tofs the half-crowns on the counter.

DACTYL.

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 two-pence for an author that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing is, (as I may say,) Mr. Daçtyl, a sort of a warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a fear. Why, zooks, Sir, I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange.

BEVER.

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 Castalian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnassus.

DACTYL.

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

PUFF.

Why, what the deuce 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.

DACTYL.

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

PUFF.

Heyday! what is the matter now?

DACTYL.

And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me? But no matter? the world,

world, the world shall know what you are,
and how you have us'd me.

P U F F.

Do your worst ; I despise you.

D A C T Y L.

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

P U F F.

To thee !

D A C T Y L.

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.

P U F F.

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

D A C T Y L.

Your trade ! and pray with what stock
did you trade ? I can give you the cata-
logue ; I believe it won't overburthen my
memory. Two odd volumes of Swift ; the
Life of Moll Flanders, with cuts ; the Five
Senses, printed and coloured by Overton ;
a few

a few classics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charterhouse; with the Trial of Dr. Sacheverel.

PUFF.

Malice.

DACTYL.

Thou Sirrah, I gave you my Canning;
it was the first let you afloat.

PUFF.

A grub.

DACTYL.

And it is not only my writings: you know, Sirrah, what you owe to my physick.

BEVER.

How! a physician?

DACTYL.

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

PUFF.

His physick!

DACTYL.

My physick! ay, my physick: why, dare you deny it, you rascal! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities?

PUFF.

No.

DAC.

DACTYL.

My cosmetic lozenge, and sugar-plumbs?

PUFF.

No.

DACTYL.

My coral for cutting of teeth, my po-
tions, my lotions, my pregnancy-drops,
with my paste for superfluous hairs?

PUFF.

No, no; have you done?

DACTYL.

No, no, no; but I believe this will suf-
fice for the present.

PUFF.

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

BEVER.

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

PUFF.

In his favour! why you don't give any
credit to him: a reptile, a bug, that owes
his very being to me.

DACTYL.

I, I, I!

PUFF.

You, you! What, I suppose, you forget
your garret in Wine-office-court, when you
furnish'd

furnish'd paragraphs for the Farthing-post
at twelve-pence a dozen.

DACTYL.

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.

DACTYL.

Mighty well!

PUFF.

And now, because the fellow has got a
little in 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.

DACTYL.

Let it.

PUFF.

Then I shall have him sneaking and
cringing, hanging about me, and begging
a bit of translation.

DAC-

DACTYL.

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.

DACTYL.

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

BEVER.

O fye, Mr. Daçtyl!

PUFF.

Let him alone.

DACTYL.

Pray, gentlemen, let me do myself justice.

BEVER.

Younger, restrain the publisher's fire.

YOUNGER.

Fye, gentlemen, such an illiberal combat—it is a scandal to the republic of letters.

BEVER.

Mr. Daçtyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—

D A C.

DACTYL.

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

PUFF.

Then you must get somebody to mend it.

DACTYL.

Adieu!

PUFF.

Farewel! [*Exeunt severally.*]

BEVER.

Ha, ha, ha! come, let us along to the square.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But dunce with dunce is barb'rous civil war.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT.



ACT II. *Scene continues.*

Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.

YOUNGER.

POOR Daetyl! and dwells such mighty
rage in little men? I hope there is no
danger of bloodshed.

BEVER.

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.

YOUNGER.

But shall not we be late? The critical se-
nate is by this time assembled.

BEVER.

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

But

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—

YOUNGER.

Is she clever, adroit ?

BEVER.

Doubtless. I like your asking the question of me.

YOUNGER.

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

BEVER.

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.

JULIET.

And your collection is large ?

RUST.

R U S T.

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

J U L I E T.

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.

R U S T.

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

J U L I E T.

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

R U S T.

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

C

JU-

JULIET.

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 statuaries, 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. [*Afide.*]

RUST.

She is a delicate subject.—Goddeffes, Madam! zooks, had you been on Mount Ida when Paris decided the contest, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

JULIET.

Extravagant gallantry.

RUST.

In you, Madam, are concentered all the beauties of the Heathen mythology: the open front of Diana, the lustre of Pallas's eyes,—

JULIET.

Oh, Sir!

RUST.

The chromatic musick of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebe, the emperial port

port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

JULIET.

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!

JULIET.

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 it's several beauties to form you.

JULIET.

The deuce it has! [*Afide.*]

RUST.

See there the ripe Asiatic perfection, join'd to the delicate softness of Europe! In

C 2

you,

you, Madam, I burn to possess Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemnestra, the Roman nose of the empress Popæa—

JULIET.

With the majestic march of queen Befs. 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.

JULIET.

Indeed! Why, by your account, I must be an absolute olio, a perfect salamongundy of charms.

RUST.

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

JULIET.

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.

JULIET.

Why then I will explain myself. It has been said, and I believe with some shadow
of

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.

R U S T.

Madam, I, I, I—

J U L I E T.

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

R U S T.

To Endymion, Madam, Luna once listened.

J U L I E T.

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

R U S T.

Madam, you are not in earnest, not serious !

J U L I E T.

Not serious ! Why have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddess ?

C 3

R U S T.

R U S T.

I should hope—

J U L I E T.

And what should you hope? I find your devotion resembles that of the world: when the power of finning 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.

R U S T.

Permit me—

J U L I E T.

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.

R U S T.

Marry! what, marble?

J U L I E T.

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

R U S T.

Your uncle has, Madam, consented.

J U-

JULIET.

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

BEVER.

Bravo, Juliet! Gad, she's a fine-spirited girl.

JULIET.

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

RUST.

Might I be heard for a moment?

JULIET.

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?

JULIET.

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.

JULIET.

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.*]

JULIET.

Ha, ha, ha!

Enter BEVER from behind.

BEVER.

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.

JULIET.

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.

BE-

THE PATRON. 41

BEVER.

But, after all, we are in an aukward situation.

JULIET.

How so?

BEVER.

I have my fears.

JULIET.

So have not I.

BEVER.

Your uncle has resolv'd that you should be marry'd to Rust.

JULIET.

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

BEVER.

But suppose he has given his word.

JULIET.

Why then let him recal it again.

BEVER.

But are you sure you shall have courage enough----

JULIET.

To say No? That requires much resolution indeed.

BEVER.

Then I am at the height of my hopes.

JULIET.

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

BE-

BEVER.

Why, you are determined not to be his.

JULIET.

Well, and what then?

BEVER.

What then! why then you will be mine.

JULIET.

Indeed! and is that the natural consequence? Whoever won't be his, must be yours. Is that the logic of Oxford?

BEVER.

Madam, I did flatter myself—

JULIET.

Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr. Bever: you should ever guard against flattering yourself; for of all dangerous parasites, self is the worst.

BEVER.

I am astonish'd!

JULIET.

Astonish'd! you are mad, I believe! Why, I have not known you 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, it's quite another sort of
a---Ha,

a---Ha, ha, ha! Poor Bever, how he stares!
he stands like a statue!

BEVER.

Statue indeed, Madam; I am very near petrified.

JULIET.

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 over-loading his stomach, for the knight has a noble digestion, and you will find some there who will keep you in countenance.

BEVER.

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

JULIET.

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

SCENE a Room in Sir THOMAS LOFTY'S
House.

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

Sir THOMAS.

Nothing new to-day from Parnassus?

DACTYL.

Not that I hear.

Sir THOMAS.

Nothing critical, philosophical, or political?

PUFF.

Nothing.

Sir THOMAS.

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 THOMAS.

O fye! no; sent me this morning, anonymous.

DACTYL.

Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

ALL.

ALL.

By all means ; by all means.

Sir THOMAS.

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 an-gel.

ALL.

Fine ! fine ! very fine !

DACTYL.

Such an ease and simplicity.

PUFF.

The turn so unexpected and quick.

RUST.

The satire so poignant.

Sir THOMAS.

Yes ; I think it possesses, in an eminent
degree, the three great epigrammatical re-
quisites ; brevity, familiarity, and severity.

Phillis paints fair—to look like an an-gel.

DACTYL.

Happy ! Is the Phillis, the subject, a
secret ?

Sir THOMAS.

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

PUFF.

P U F F.

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

D A C T Y L.

That was obvious enough.

P U F F.

Who is there else could have wrote it?

R U S T.

True, true.

S I R T H O M A S.

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.

P U F F.

What a noble contempt!

D A C T Y L.

What greatness of mind!

R U S T.

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.

A L L.

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

S I R T H O M A S.

Ha, ha, ha! *Molle atque facetum*. Why, to pursue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Lofty was

was to call in his poetical debts, I believe there would be a good many bankrupts in the Muse's Gazette.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha!

Sir THOMAS.

But, *à propos*, gentlemen; with regard to the eclipse: you found my calculation exact?

DACTYL.

To a digit.

Sir THOMAS.

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.

DACTYL.

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

Sir THOMAS.

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.

ALL.

Doubtless.

Sir THOMAS.

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 THOMAS.

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 supply'd with what I want in an instant.

DACTYL.

A Malbranch!

PUFF.

A Boyle!

ALL.

A Locke!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Bever.

[*Exit.*

Sir THOMAS.

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

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.

DACTYL.

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

Sir THOMAS.

Purpureo! Delicate, indeed ! Mr. Dactyl. Do you hear, Mr. Bever ? *Bibimus ore nect̄ar.* You, young gentleman, must be instructed to quote ; nothing gives a period more spirit than a happy Latin 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 bely'd.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir Roger Dowlas.

D.

Sir

Sir THOMAS.

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 prescribed the same remedy that Demosthenes us'd, and don't despair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have you digested those general rules?

Sir ROGER.

Pr--ett--y well, I am obli--g'd to you, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

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

Sir ROGER.

Y--es, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Did you open at the last general court?

Sir ROGER.

I attem--p--ted fo--ur or fi--ve times.

Sir

Sir THOMAS.

What hinder'd your progress?

Sir ROGER.

The pe--b--bles.

Sir THOMAS.

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 ROGER.

Yes; I will for the fu--ture.

Sir THOMAS.

Well, Mr. Rust, you had a *tête-à-tête* 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?

BEVER.

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

Sir THOMAS.

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 loft and gain'd since I faw you.

Sir THOMAS.

Loft! I am sorry for that.

RUST.

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

Sir THOMAS.

You mean the urn that was suppos'd to contain the dust of Agrippa!

RUST.

Suppos'd! no doubt but it did.

Sir THOMAS.

I hope no finifter accident to that inestimable relic of Rome.

RUST.

It's gone.

Sir THOMAS.

Gone! oh, illiberal! What, stolen, I suppose, by some connoisseur?

RUST.

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

Sir THOMAS.

She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun!

D A C.

DACTYL.

The Vandal!

ALL.

The Visigoth!

RUST.

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

Sir THOMAS.

Indeed! what can that be?

PUFF.

That must be something curious, indeed.

RUST.

It has cost me infinite trouble to get it.

DACTYL.

Great rarities are not had without pains.

RUST.

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

Sir THOMAS.

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 unex-
pected and wonderful accident.

Sir THOMAS.

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

Mr. Bever, you remark my quotation?

D 3

BEVER.

BEVER.

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 THOMAS.

You are, Mr. Rust, extremely obliging.

ALL.

Very kind, very obliging indeed.

RUST.

It was not much hurt by the fire.

Sir THOMAS.

Very fortunate.

RUST.

The edges are foil'd by the link; but ma-
ny of the letters are exceedingly legible.

Sir ROGER.

A li--ttle roo--m, if you p--lease.

RUST.

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

Sir THOMAS.

Number forty-five?

RUST.

The same.

BEVER.

You are a lucky man, Mr. Rust.

RUST.

RUST.

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

DACTYL.

You may depend upon us.

RUST.

For as the paper has not suffer'd the law, I don't know whether they may not feize it again.

Sir THOMAS.

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

BEVER.

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 THOMAS.

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 father secur'd 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.

BEVER.

I am happy, Sir Thomas, if—

Sir THOMAS.

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.

BEVER.

I hope I shall never forfeit—

Sir THOMAS.

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.

BEVER.

Your confidence does me great honour.

Sir THOMAS.

But this must be on a certain condition.

BEVER.

Name it.

Sir THOMAS.

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

BEVER.

There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can ask, that I shall not chearfully grant.

Sir

Sir T H O M A S.

Nay, in fact it will be serving yourself.

B E V E R.

I want no such inducement.

Sir T H O M A S.

Enough. But we can't be too private.
[*Shuts the door.*] Sit you down. Your Christian name, I think, is—

B E V E R.

Richard.

Sir T H O M A S.

True ; the same as your father's. Come, let us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick, acknowledg'd, that the English have reach'd the highest pitch of perfection in every department of writing but one---the dramatic.

B E V E R.

Why, the French critics are a little severe.

Sir T H O M A S.

And with reason. Now, to rescue our credit, and at the same time give my country a model, [*shews a manuscript*] see here.

B E V E R.

A play ?

Sir T H O M A S.

A *chef d'oeuvre*.

B E V E R.

Your own ?

Sir T H O M A S.

Speak lower. I am the author.

B E V E R.

B E V E R.

Nay, then there can be no doubt of it's merit.

Sir T H O M A S.

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

B E V E R.

What is it, Sir Thomas ?

Sir T H O M A S.

I shall surprize you. The story of Robin Crusoe. Are not you struck ?

B E V E R.

Most prodigioufly.

Sir T H O M A S.

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.

B E V E R.

A pretty difficult task.

Sir T H O M A S.

True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearsal at Drury-lane playhouse, and this night is to make it's appearance.

B E V E R.

To-night ?

Sir T H O M A S.

This night.

B E V E R.

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

Sir

Sir THOMAS.

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

BEVER.

I beg pardon.

Sir THOMAS.

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.

BEVER.

A reasonable caution.

Sir THOMAS.

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

BEVER.

Oh, then, you will acknowledge the piece to be your's?

Sir THOMAS.

No.

BEVER.

How then?

Sir THOMAS.

My design is to give it to you.

BEVER.

To me !

Sir

Sir THOMAS.

To you.

BEVER.

What, me the author of Robinson Crusoe!

Sir THOMAS.

Ay.

BEVER.

Lord, Sir Thomas, it will never gain credit; so compleat a production the work of a stripling! Besides, Sir, as the merit is your's, why rob yourself of the glory?

Sir THOMAS.

I am entirely indifferent to that.

BEVER.

Then why take the trouble?

Sir THOMAS.

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.

BEVER.

Their censure is praise.

Sir THOMAS.

Doubtless. But indeed my principal motive is my friendship for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determin'd

termin'd to fix your fame on an immoveable basis.

B E V E R.

You are most excessively kind; but there is something so disingenuous in stealing reputation from another man—

Sir T H O M A S.

Idle punctilio!

B E V E R.

It puts me so in mind of the daw in the fable—

Sir T H O M A S.

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 playhouse, and there

Attendant fail,

Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T.



A C T III. *Scene continues.*

Enter BEVER, reading.

SO ends the first act. Come, now for the second. “Act the second, shewing”—the coxcomb has prefac’d every act with an argument too, in humble imitation, I warrant, of *Monf. Diderot*—“shewing 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 a homily. Let’s see; how does this end? “Exit *Crusoe*, and enter some savages, dancing a faraband.” There’s no bearing this abominable trash. [*Enter JULIET.*] So, Madam; thanks to your advice and direction, I am got into a fine situation.

JULIET.

What is the matter now, Mr. Bever?

BEVER.

The *Robinson Crusoe*.

JU.

JULIET.

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?

BEVER.

Me, Madam!

JULIET.

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

BEVER.

You are inclin'd to be pleasant:

JULIET.

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

BEVER.

He has reason; for fatherly fondness goes
far.

JULIET.

I don't understand you.

BEVER.

You don't!

JULIET.

No.

BEVER.

Nay, Juliet, this is too much; you know
it is none of my play.

JULIET.

Whose then?

BEVER.

Your uncle's.

JULIET.

My uncle's! then how, in the name of
wonder, came you to adopt it?

BEVER.

BEVER.

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

JULIET.

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

BEVER.

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

JULIET.

What, is it bad, then?

BEVER.

Bad! most infernal!

JULIET.

And you have consented to own it?

BEVER.

Why, what could I do? he in a manner
compell'd me.

JULIET.

I am extremely glad of it.

BEVER.

Glad of it! why, I tell you 'tis the most
dull, tedious, melancholy—

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

The most flat piece of frippery that ever
Grubstreet produc'd.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

It will be damn'd before the third act.

JULIET.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

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

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

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

JULIET.

Ah, Bever, Bever! you are a miserable politician. Do you know, now, that this is the luckiest incident that ever occur'd?

BEVER.

Indeed!

JULIET.

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

BEVER.

You will pardon my want of conception: but these are riddles---

JULIET.

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?

BEVER.

My piece!

JULIET.

Sir Thomas! I know by his walk. Fly, and
E pray

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 look to be damn'd.

BEVER.

You need not doubt that.

[Exit.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOFTY.

SIR THOMAS.

So, Juliet; was not that Mr. Bever?

JULIET.

Yes, Sir.

SIR THOMAS.

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.

JULIET.

He seems pretty certain, Sir.

SIR THOMAS.

Indeed I think he has very little reason to fear: I confess I admire the piece; and feel a much for it's fate as if the work was my own.

JULIET.

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

SIR THOMAS.

Better not. My affections are strong, Juliet, and my nerves but tenderly strung; however,
intel-

intelligent people are planted, who will bring me every act a faithful account of the process.

JULIET.

That will answer your purpose as well.

Sir THOMAS.

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 chose 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 falls, I am concealed, 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 wedged so close in the pit that I could scarcely get out.

E 2

Sir

THE PATRON.

Sir THOMAS.

The house was full then?

JOHN

As an egg, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

That's right. Well John, and did matters go swimmingly? hey?

JOHN.

Exceedingly well, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

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

JOHN.

Very well, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

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 THOMAS.

No! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Ay, attention! that is the true, solid, substantial applause. All else may be purchased; hands move as they are bid: but when the audience is hushed still, afraid of losing a word, then---

JOHN.

Yes, they were very quiet indeed, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

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

JOHN

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 THOMAS.

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?

ROBIN.

Sir, I, I, I,——

SIR THOMAS.

Stop, Robin, and recover your breath. Now, Robin.

ROBIN.

There has been a woundy uproar below.

SIR THOMAS.

An uproar! what, at the playhouse?

ROBIN.

Ay.

SIR THOMAS.

At what?

ROBIN.

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

Sir T H O M A S .

At the players! how can that be? Oh, now I begin to conceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays. What, Robin, I suppose, hal-
lowing, and clapping, and knocking of sticks?

R O B I N .

Hallowing! ay, and hooting too.

Sir T H O M A S .

And hooting!

R O B I N .

Ay, and hissing to boot.

Sir T H O M A S .

Hissing! you must be mistaken.

R O B I N .

By the mass, but I am not.

Sir T H O M A S .

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?

R O B I N .

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

Sir T H O M A S .

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

R O B I N .

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

Sir T H O M A S .

With Friday! The public taste is debauched.

ed; 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?

STAYTAPE.

Over, Sir! no; nor never will be.

Sir THOMAS.

What do you mean?

STAYTAPE.

Cut short.

Sir THOMAS.

I don't comprehend you.

STAYTAPE.

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 THOMAS.

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

STAYTAPE.

Why then, Sir, Robinson Crusoe is dead.

Sir THOMAS.

Dead!

STAYTAPE.

Ay; 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 THOMAS.

Staytape, Juliet, run and stop them ; say I am gone out ; I am sick ; I am engaged : but, whatever you do, be sure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr--

STAYTAPE.

Sir, they are here.

Sir THOMAS.

Confound---

Enter PUFF, DACTYL, and RUST.

RUST.

Ay, 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 THOMAS.

Yes, yes ; I have been told it before.

DACTYL.

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 would act it.

Yes ;

DACTYL.

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. Dactyl, that was terribly treated ; but that he attributes to the people's fondness for certain funambuli, or rope-dancers ; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town : Sir Thomas, have you ?

Sir THOMAS.

How should I ; do you suppose I trouble my head about tumblers ?

RUST.

Nay, I did not---

BEVER, *speaking without.*

Not to be spoke with ! Don't tell me, Sir ; he must, he shall.

Sir THOMAS.

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.

THE PATRON.

R U S T.

Affairs! no bad news? I hope Miss Julè is well.

S I R T H O M A S.

Very well; but I am most exceedingly---

R U S T.

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.

S I R T H O M A S.

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

R U S T.

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

S I R T H O M A S.

You are mistaken Mr. Rust; but---

R U S T.

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

S I R T H O M A S.

Ay, ay.

D A C T Y L.

And mine; for I suppose we sha'n't see him soon.

P U F F.

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

R U S T.

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

D A C T Y L *and* P U F F.

So are we.

R U S T.

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.*]BEVER, *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 THOMAS.

Mr. Bever, I hope you don't---that is---

BEVER.

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

Sir THOMAS.

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.

BEVER.

My play ! zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

Sir THOMAS.

Speak lower, dear Dick ; be moderate, my good, dear lad !

BEVER.

Oh, Sir Thomas, you may be easy enough ;
you

you are safe and secure, remov'd far from that precipice that has dashed me to pieces.

Sir THOMAS.

Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you. The critics, the real judges, will discover in that piece such excellent talents---

BEVER.

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

Sir THOMAS.

May be not.

BEVER.

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

Sir THOMAS.

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?

BEVER.

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 THOMAS.

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--

BEVER.

No, Sir Thomas ; I have done with the stage : the Muses and I meet no more.

Sir THOMAS.

Nay, there are various roads open in life.

BEVER.

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

Sir THOMAS.

Then marry : you are a pretty smart figure ; and your poetical talents---

BEVER.

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

Sir THOMAS.

With infinite pleasure.

BEVER.

Then give me your niece ; her hand shall seal up my lips.

Sir THOMAS.

What, Juliet ? willingly. But are you serious, do you really admire the girl ?

BEVER.

BEVER.

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

Sir THOMAS.

What, is Juliet appriz'd? Here, Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an instant.

BEVER.

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

Enter JULIET.

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, Juliet! you know what has happen'd.

JULIET.

I do, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Have you reveal'd this unfortunate secret.

JULIET.

To no mortal, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Come, give me your hand. Mr. Bever, child, for my sake, has renounc'd the stage, and the whole republic of letters; in return, I owe him your hand.

JULIET.

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

Sir THOMAS.

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
coun-

countenance, that now-a-days that is no reflection at all.

JULIET.

Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr. Rust.

Sir THOMAS.

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 THOMAS.

For Heaven's sake, Mr. Rust!

RUST.

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

Sir THOMAS.

Juliet! Mr. Bever! what can I do?

BEVER.

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

RUST.

Hey! how! what?

BE-

BEVER.

The curiosity that has cost you so much pains.

RUST.

What, my Æneas! my precious relict of Troy!

BEVER.

You must give up that, or the lady.

JULIET.

How, Mr. Bever!

BEVER.

Never fear; I am sure of my man.

RUST.

Let me consider—As to the girl, girls are plenty enough; I can marry whenever I will; but my paper, my phenix, that springs fresh from the flames, that can never be match'd.—Take her.

BEVER.

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

RUST.

I am dumb.

Sir THOMAS.

Now, Juliet.

JULIET.

You join me, Sir, to an unfortunate bard, but, to procure your peace--

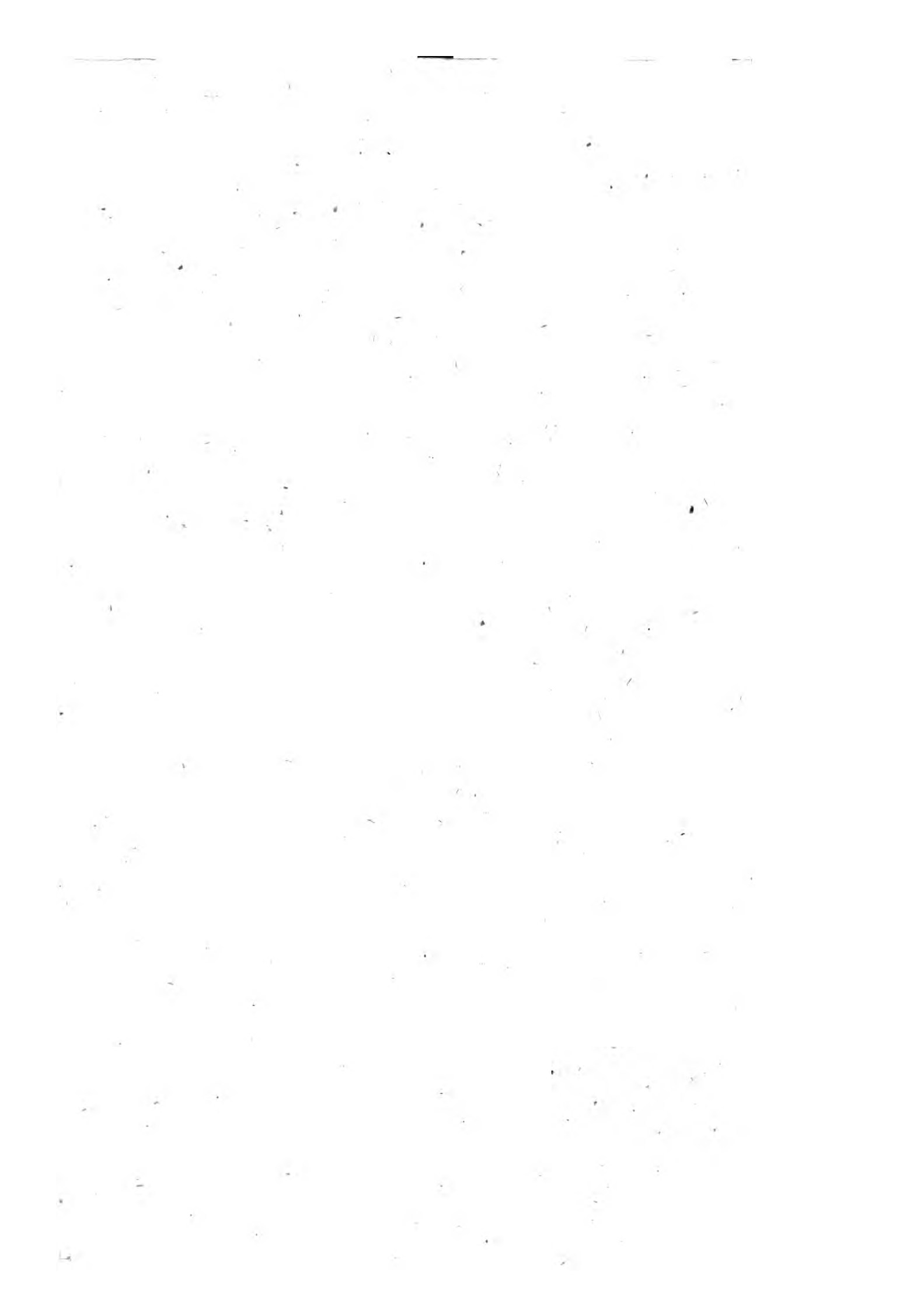
Sir THOMAS.

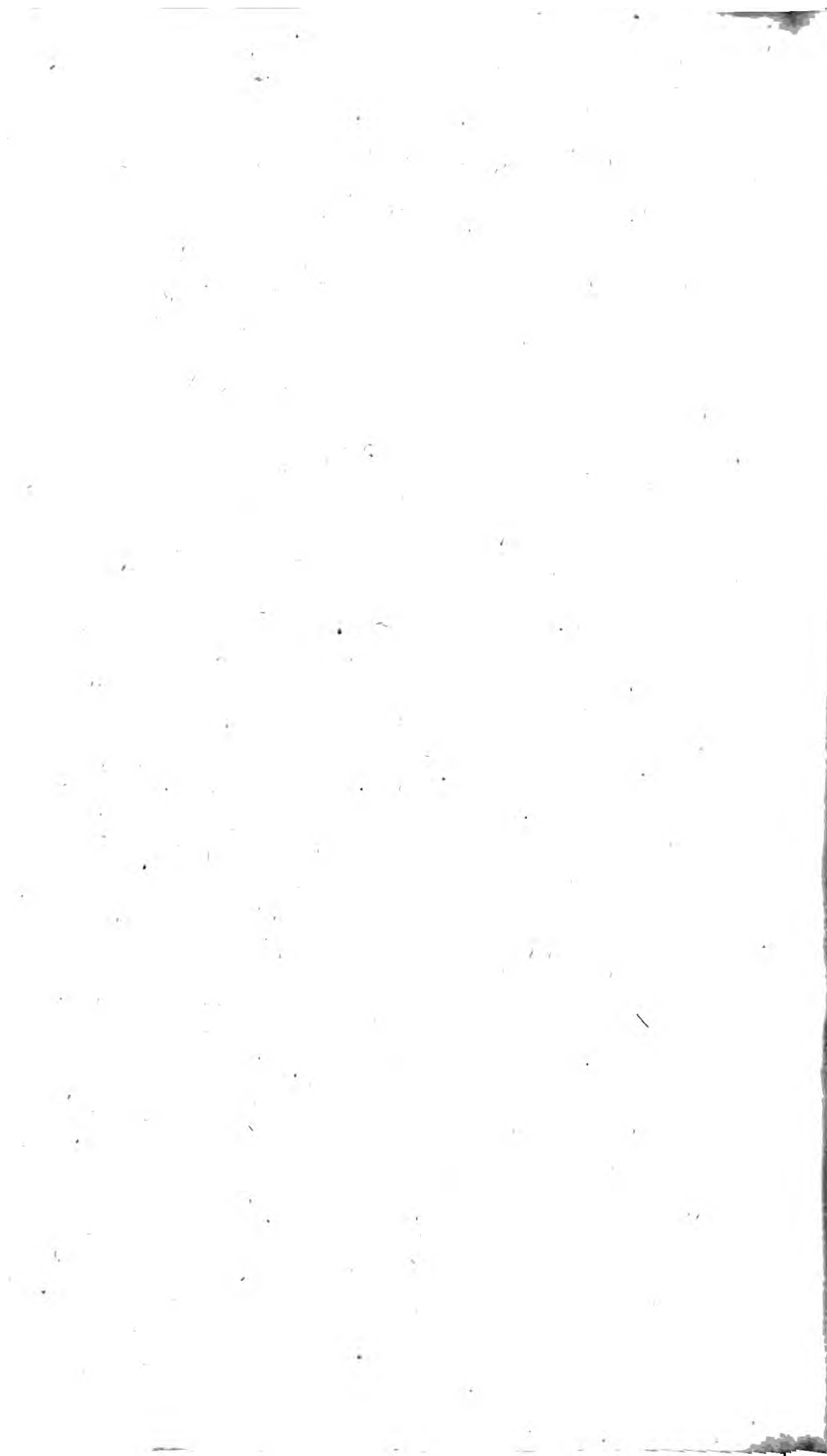
You oblige me for ever. Now the secret dies with us four. My fault. I owe him much;

Be it your care to shew it;

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

FINIS.





The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial statements. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income.

In the second section, the author details the various methods used to collect and analyze data. This involves a combination of direct observation, interviews, and the use of specialized software tools. The goal is to gather comprehensive information that can be used to identify trends and make informed decisions.

The third section focuses on the challenges faced during the data collection process. One major challenge is ensuring the accuracy and reliability of the data. This requires careful attention to detail and a thorough understanding of the underlying processes. Another challenge is the time and resources required to collect and analyze large amounts of data.

Finally, the document concludes with a discussion on the future of data analysis. It highlights the potential of new technologies, such as artificial intelligence and machine learning, to revolutionize the way data is processed and analyzed. These tools can help to automate many of the manual tasks involved in data collection and analysis, leading to more efficient and accurate results.

