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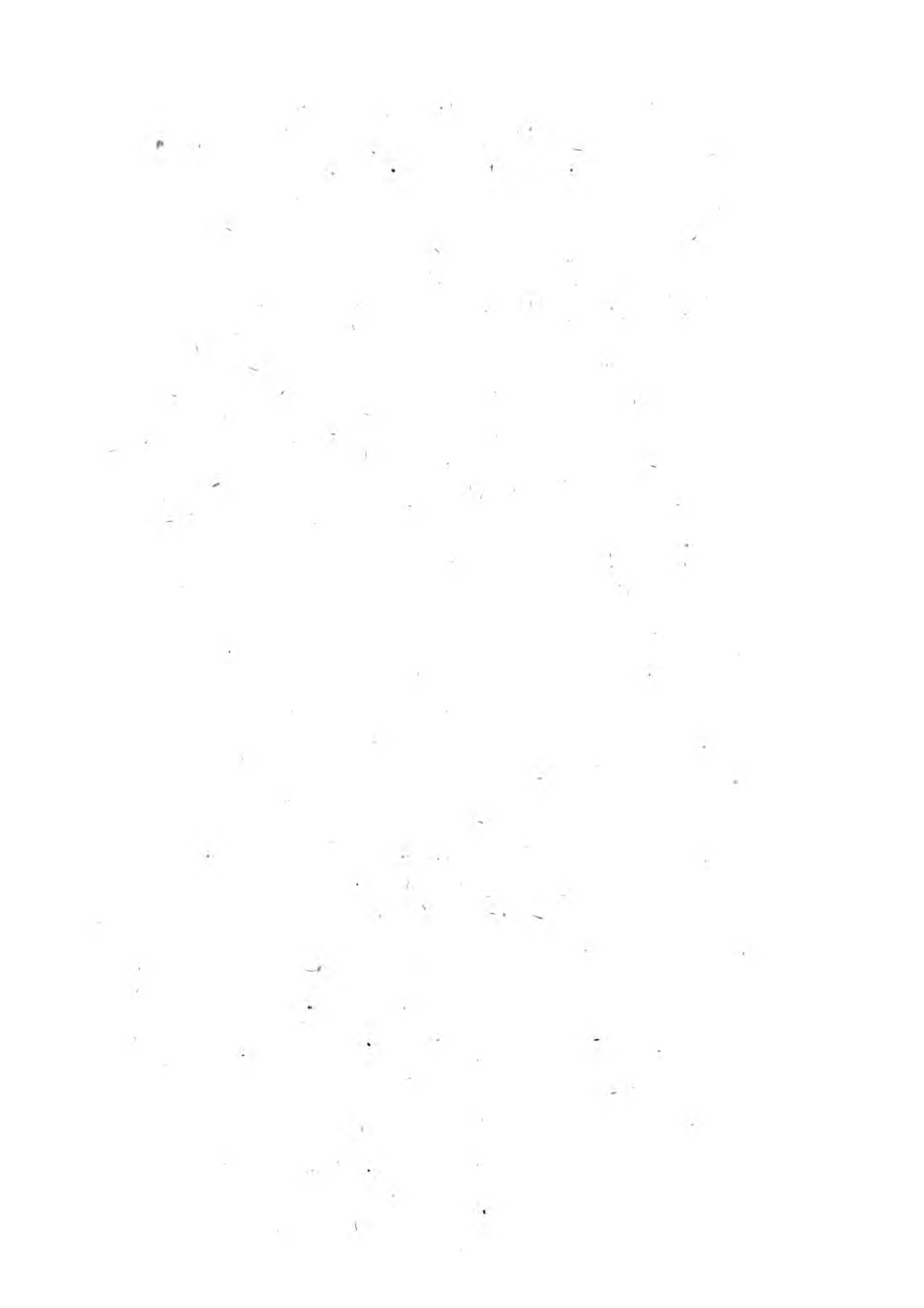
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(2)

THE DOCTOR

A N D

THE APOTHECARY.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

I N

T W O A C T S.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L,

D R U R Y - L A N E.

D U B L I N:

Printed for Messrs. P. BYRNE, P. WOGAN,
J. MOORE, and J. JONES.

MDCCLXXXIX,

Dramatis Personæ.

THOMASO,	MR. PARSONS.
STURMWALD,	MR. DODD.
CARLOS,	MR. KELLY.
JUAN,	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
GUZMAN,	MR. SEDGWICK.
DR. BILIOSO,	MR. SUETT.
PEREZ,	MR. BURTON.
ANNA,	MRS. CROUCH.
ISABELLA,	MISS. ROMANZINI.
THERESA,	MRS. BOOTH.

[The lines with inverted commas are omitted in the representation.]



THE DOCTOR

A N D

THE APOTHECARY.

A C T I.

*The outside of Thomaso's house — a
view of distant hills, with the sun
setting behind them.*

STURMWALD, GUZMAN, ANNA, ISA-
BELLA, and THERESA.

T R I O. — ANNA, ISABELLA, and
GUZMAN.

NOW the sun so faintly glancing
O'er the western hills his ray;
Ev'ning shadows quick advancing,
Triumph o'er the fading day.

B

A N N A

ANNA *and* ISABELLA.

D U E T.

Timorous love, at day affrighted,
Blushing courts the silver moon ;

STURMWALD.

“ Bacchus’ fons are now delighted,
“ Night’s the jolly fellow’s noon.”

T R I O.

Ev’ning thus our joys uniting,
To her power due homage pay.
Mirth, to dance and song inviting,
Bids us hail the close of day.

Enter THOMASO.

Thomaso. What moping yet, my friend
Guzman?—For shame, you a sailor, and
carry sorrow aboard? Zounds, if I had
lost a mistress—nay, had it been my
wife—

Theresa. Well, Sir—

Thomaso. I think I cou’d have comforted
myself. Ah Captain, how far preferable are
the charms of peace, and a country life, to
all the bustle and danger of a campaign!

Sturmwald. It may be so to you, Signor
Thomaso, who slumber in the inglorious lap of
peace

peace—but war is my element; glory is my mistress; and I have courted her amid the cannon's thunder.

“ *Thomaso.* Many men of many minds,
 “ Captain; for my part, I always preferred a
 “ more quiet kind of courtship; but i'faith,
 “ you are a man of true gallantry to remain
 “ so partial to your mistress, after having
 “ lost the use of a leg and an eye in her ser-
 “ vice.

“ *Sturmwald.* A leg and an eye! Psha—
 “ trifles! while my honour, a soldier's vital
 “ spark, has escap'd unhurt.”—You may be a
 very good apothecary, Signor Thomaso, and
 may understand lotions and potions—but as to
 a soldier's honor——

“ *Theresa.* Ah, very true, Captain. He
 “ is a most provoking man, tho' he is my
 “ husband. For shame, after our good friend,
 “ Captain Sturmwald, has come all the way
 “ from Germany to marry our daughter
 “ Anna.”

Thomaso. Nay, I'm sure, “ the Captain
 “ knows,” I mean no harm.—Anna, come
 hither, child (*aside to Anna.*) Why don't you
 smile upon your husband that is to be?

Anna. Do not, my dear father, persist in
 this cruel sollicitation.

Thomaso. (*aside to her.*) Psha! how can you
 be so obstinate!—though the Captain is not
 very handsome, he is very rich. 'Tis true, he
 is rather old; but then you know you have the
 better chance of being a widow soon; and as to
 his having but one eye, it ought to be his re-

commendation, for you'll have no trouble in discovering his blind side.

Theresa. Lookee Anna—you know my way of arguing, and so does your father. It is my pleasure that you marry Captain Sturmwald ; and have him you shall !

Guzman. Have a little patience with her my dear madam."

Anna. Then you are resolved to render me miserable.

A I R. ANNA.

ON Love's blest altar burns the flame
Whence Hymen's torch should kindle bright,
To bliss which boasts fair Virtue's name,
It casts its pure and radiant light.

But ah ! shou'd avarice interpose,
With fordid and unhallow'd fires,
The prospect which their light bestows,
Repentance and despair inspires.

Da Capo.

(*Exeunt Anna, Isabella, and Guzman, into the house.*)

Theresa. Anna's reluctance is certainly owing to that impertinent slut, her cousin. I'm sure she does not inherit her obstinacy from me. When my mother proposed a husband to me, I gave my consent without a moment's hesitation. Didn't I, my dear ?

Thomasa.

Thomaso. True, my love; but then I had not lost any of my limbs in pursuit of glory, like the Captain. *(Aside to her.)*

Sturmwald. I was thinking whether I had not better talk to the young lady myself.

Theresa. To be sure—how the deuce else are you to gain her consent?

Sturmwald. I'faith I will. She'll find me very entertaining.—I'll breakfast with her to-morrow, and give her the history of my last campaign. I'll come early in the morning, that I may finish the story before dinner.

Theresa. Ha! ha! ha! *(Exit Theresa.)*

Thomaso. Well, Captain, now my wife is gone, I want to have a little talk with you about my new invented miraculous drops, as I call them, that cure all disorders.

Sturmwald. Do they cure gun-shot wounds?

Thomaso. Every thing.

Sturmwald. I wish then I had had a bottle in that engagement where I was wounded by a French dragoon in the shoulder—I'll tell you how it happen'd:

Thomaso. *(aside)* Unfortunate man that I am! He'll talk like my wife.

Sturmwald. We were fording a river, and I was about the middle of the stream—

Thomaso. *(aside.)* He won't be out of the water this half hour.

Sturmwald. A scoundrel French dragoon, upon a black horse—

Thomaso. A grey horse.

Sturmwald. Black—black as jet.

Thomaso. I beg your pardon, Captain, it was a grey horse. I have heard you tell the story twenty times, and you always said the horse was grey.—So much for that.—Now you must know my drops—

Sturmwald. You have heard me tell the story then?

Thomaso. Often.—So my drops—

Sturmwald. And what d'ye think of it?

Thomaso. One of the best stories I ever heard in my life.—So—

Sturmwald. I'm very glad you like it. I'll tell you another.

Thomaso. Curse his stories. (*Aside.*) Tomorrow, Captain, I shall be happy to hear it.

Sturmwald. Well, if you are tir'd of my company, I'll go and get a bottle of good wine, to make me sleep soundly; and so adieu, my dear father-in-law.

Thomaso. Adieu, my dear son-in-law.

(*Aside.*) What a curst bore he is for talking!

Exit.

Sturmwald. A good kind of a man enough; but can't bear to hear any body talk except himself.

Exit.

The sun sets, and Thomafo's shop is lighted up.

Enter CARLOS.

A I R. CARLOS.

WHEN wilt thou cease, thou pleasing pain,
- With cruel sway to rend my heart ?
Yet tho' of torment I complain,
Alas ! I fear to cure the smart.

Enter JUAN, with a Guittar.

A I R. JUAN.

SIGHING never gains a maid !
I'll tell you what is better far :
Call good humour to your aid,
And play the las a tune upon the sweet guittar.
If a heart has nature dealt her,
Music's charms will surely melt her ;
But shou'd the gipsy answer, *No,*
Sing tol de rol, and let her go.

Da Capo.

Carlos.

Carlos. (*aside.*) Zounds! I see some one at the door. A rival perhaps!

(*They approach, each with his hand on his sword, till Carlos perceives it to be Juan.*)

Juan!

Juan. Carlos! my dear boy, how d'ye do?

Carlos. I'm heartily glad to see you—no, i'faith, now I think again, I am not glad to see you, till I know what brought you hither!

Juan. I was going to tell you, I have an appointment with a very pretty girl in this house—

“*Carlos.* Ah! my fears.” (*Aside.*)

Juan. So I am sure you will be complaisant enough to wish me a good night.

Carlos. Faith, I am sorry to deny you. But I happen to have an assignation here myself. You perceive a light in that window?

Juan. That light is my signal.

Carlos. Egad, 'tis my signal too! So I'm sure you will be complaisant enough to wish me a good night.

Juan. Sir, this insult—

Carlos. Insult, Sir!

(*Laying their hands on their swords.*)

Juan. Though, now I recollect myself, perhaps we are going to cut throats, without any cause. There are *two* fair damfels in that house. What is the name of your mistress?

Carlos.

Carlos. Anna, the daughter of old Thomaso, the Apothecary ;—and your mistress is—

Juan. Isabella ! her laughing little cousin.

Carlos. Then I *am* glad to see you, after all—and yet I am an unlucky dog, Juan. They are going to marry my dear Anna, to old Sturmwald, the German Captain. I dare not acquaint my father of my passion for her ; you know he and Thomaso are the bitterest enemies. The only resource left is, to carry her off ; and I have for this week past, in vain sought an opportunity of seeing her.

Juan. Oh, the devil !—old Thomaso's man to shut the shop up. Stand aside—

(Thomaso's man shuts up the shop, while they talk aside.)

Give me your hand Carlos—you shall see Anna ; speak to her, and carry her off this night.

Carlos. My dear Juan, how is this to be accomplished ?

Juan. The first thing is to get the old fellow out of the house.

Carlos. And how is that to be manag'd ?

Juan. Very easily—as thus : I'll act an old woman, and bring him down I'll warrant you. *(Knocks.)* Say nothing and stand aside. *(Knocks louder.)*

(Thomaso opens the window and looks out.)

Thomaso. What the devil is all that noise for ?

Juan. *(in a feigned voice.)* Pray, is this Signor Thomaso's ?

Thomaso.

Thomaso. Why, what do you want with Signor Thomaso, good woman?

Juan. The sick gentleman, Signor, at the next inn, is much worse.

Thomaso. I'm sorry for it—I wish the gentleman had been much worse an hour ago; because then I cou'd have attended him—but at present I'm going to bed.

Juan. Dear Signor, you won't leave the poor man to the mercy of an ignorant physician?

Thomaso. Why, who attends him?

Juan. Dr. Bilioso.

Thomaso. Then I give him over. Good night to you, good woman. *(Shuts the window.)*

Carlos. Our plot is ruin'd.

Juan. Not yet, Carlos. *(Knocks again still louder.)*

Thomaso. *(again opens the window.)* Zounds! what's the matter with the woman? Go about your business.

Juan. *(again in a female voice.)* The sick man has heard wonders related of your famous drops, Signor.

Thomaso. Eh! what!—Oh! ho! he has heard of my drops. Well, Madam?

Juan. And he wishes you would come to him directly, and bring a bottle in your pocket.

Thomaso. Aye, that I will—poor soul! poor soul!—I'll cure him in spite of his Physician. *(Calls within.)* Hallo! Pedro! *(To Juan.)* I'll go with you, good woman,
and

and as we walk, I'll tell you some of the cures I have performed.—I'll wait on you instantly.

(Shuts the window.)

Carlos. This is a prosperous beginning,
Juan.

Juan. Hush, not a word—we must retire.
(They retire.)

Enter THOMASO, from the house.

Thomaso. And so, good woman, you say—
Hey day, she is gone! The poor gentleman's
case is urgent, I suppose—so I'll lose no time.
What a pleasure it is to attend sensible patients!
I dare say he is a shrewd fellow, by his wishing
to try my drops. *(Exit Thomaso.)*

Juan. Ha! ha! ha! The old fox is fairly
unkennel'd.

Carlos. But how are we to get into the
house?

Juan. The door is fast.—Eh! i'faith this
shutter is unbolted, *(opens part of the shutter)* so
we will e'en get in at the shop window.

Carlos. My best friend!

(Going to climb in at the window.)

Juan. Hold! let me reconnoitre first. I
know every part of the house—follow me.

Carlos. Kind Cupid light us on our way.

Juan. Psha! Zounds! a lantern would light
us much better. So rot your heroics, and
follow me. *(Gets in at the window, and Carlos
follows.)*

Enter

Enter STURMWALD, drunk.

Sturmwald. Tol de rol, de rol——halt!——Stand to your arms, Captain Sturmwald. Do my eyes deceive me, or have the enemy besieged my father-in-law's house, and made a practicable breach in the shop window? Who the devil are they?—Thieves! No, i'faith, that can't be.—Who'd think of stealing any thing out of an Apothecary's shop? Perhaps they are gallants—have at you, my boys;—I must enter and defend my father-in-law. (*Going to climb in at the window, he stops*) but hold! a prudent general should know what force he has to contend with—besides, I forget,—old Bolus is not at home—I remember I met him just now—Egad I'll go and fetch him, and we'll surprize the enemy together. How lucky it is that I am sober! If I had taken the other bottle, my senses might have been confus'd; but now I am cool and collected. Ah! there is nothing like drinking in moderation. (*Exit.*

SCENE,

S C E N E, *the Inside of Thomaso's Shop.*

Enter JUAN and CARLOS.

Carlos. Hush! tread softly, for your life.

Juan. Why, what are you afraid of?

Carlos. If Thomaso should return! and then perhaps——

Juan. Perhaps what? Why, your whole conversation is composed of *Ifs—Buts—Perhapses—and Supposes*——a mere vocabulary of doubts.

Carlos. Hark! I hear Anna's voice—the sound transports me. Oh, Juan, I scarcely know where I am.

Juan. Why, then I'll tell you—This is an apothecary's shop; it is dark, and you are surrounded with phials, therefore take care you break none—Those are stairs before us, and lead to the room where our dear girls are——I shall go up first, and you may follow, unless you prefer staying here——I have now given you full information, and so come along.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE, *a room in Thomaso's house. The moon
is seen through a window.*

ANNA and ISABELLA.

D U E T.

Two maidens sat complaining,
And mourn'd their hapless lot,
The pangs of absence paining,
Each by her love forgot.

On every former token
Of love, while fancy hung,
Of vows so sweet, yet broken,
They deeply sighing, sung.

“ At every sound they hear,
“ With fond alarm they start,
“ Alternate hope and fear,
“ Now joy, now pain impart.”

But by each sound misguided,
Alas! they only find
Their tears, their sighs derided,
By mocking rain and wind.

On every former token
Of love, &c,

Anna.

Anna. Isabella, 'tis a whole week since I saw my Carlos; how can he say he loves me, and yet suffer them to marry me to this hateful German officer?

Theresa. (*Within.*) Anna, why don't you go to your chamber, child?

Isabella. Heavens! your mother is not gone to bed yet.

Anna. And do you think my Carlos has really forsaken me? *My* Carlos, did I say—Yes, I will repeat it—My heart yields to the fond delusion of my tongue, and I think I love him better every time I call him mine.

(*Exit.*)

ISABELLA *sola.*

Poor Anna; I love her sincerely, and yet I am not sorry she is gone—I think Juan must be here soon—and—and perhaps our conversation would be very uninteresting to her.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. Oh, Isabella, I'm frightened out of my wits. Two men have got into the house, “and I think it is your lover and mine.”

“*Isabella.* Well, my dear, and what is there so alarming in all that?”

Enter CARLOS and JUAN.

Carlos. My dear Anna!

Anna. Ah! (*Screams.*)

Juan. My dear Isabella!

C 2

Isabella.

Ifabella. Hush! you'll wake your mother.

(Carlos shews Anna a marriage contract.)

Theresa. *(Within.)* Anna! What's the matter, child?

Ifabella. My cousin was frighten'd at something, but I am sure there was no reason to be afraid.

Anna. Do you know, *Ifabella*, this unreasonable creature has brought me a marriage contract, and would have me seize this moment to elope with him.

Carlos. *(To Ifabella.)* And do you know, *Madam*, this unreasonable creature hesitates, though she promised me long ago to elope, whenever I could find an opportunity.

Juan. Psha! Marry first, and dispute afterwards; that would be much more in the common order of things.—Come, my dear *Ifabella*, let us set them a good example;—leave dissimulation to knaves and coquettes, and lead up the dance of Hymen as first couple—

Ifabella. Why, if I were sure you wou'd never wish to change partners.

Carlos. Consider, my dear *Anna*, the moments fly.

Ifabella. *(Peeping through the key-hole.)* I vow, your mother is not in bed yet—*(To Anna.)* Away! away instantly, and leave me to keep her quiet—I'll follow you directly. *(Exeunt Anna, Carlos, and Juan.)* I'll sing, that she may suspect nothing.

A I R.

A I R ISABELLA.

I.

Ye hours that part my love and me,
And slow with envy creep,
The dawn of bliss obscur'd by clouds
Of doubt, in vain ye keep.
Still I through Sorrow's tedious night,
Hope's friendly star discern :
On that I fix my anxious eye
Until my love return.

II.

By Jealousy's pernicious power,
Untainted are my sighs :
Confiding in my Juan's truth,
My fondest wishes rise.

Still I thro' Sorrow's, &c.

Thomaso. (Without.) Hey ! Guzman ! Pedro !
where the devil are ye ?

Re-enter CARLOS, JUAN, and ANNA.

Anna. Oh, Isabella, my father is come home ;
all the doors are lock'd.

Carlos And our retreat cut off.

C 3.

Isabella.

Isabella. Then we are all lost.

Juan. No, faith, I'm afraid we are all found.
Where can we hide ourselves?

Isabella. Go into our chamber.

Anna. My father is now at the chamber door.

Carlos. In here then.

(Going into Theresa's chamber.)

Anna. That's my mother's room.

Isabella. We are in luck—My uncle, in his hurry to visit his patient, has left the door of his study open—In—In—directly. *(Exit Carlos, and Juan into the closet.)* Here comes your father.

Enter THOMASO and STURMWALD.

Thomaso. Anna! Theresa! Isabella! there are thieves in the house!

Anna. Thieves! bless me, Sir, what shall we do?

Sturmwald. Take 'em, to be sure—Take 'em, dead or alive.

Enter THERESA.

Theresa. What's that you say—Thieves in our house?

Thomaso. The Captain saw them get in.—He'll tell you the whole story.

Sturmwald. That I will, with a great deal of pleasure. As I was coming from the tavern, where I had been drinking a glass in moderation, as sober as I am now—I saw two men getting
into

into my father-in-law's house.—What's to be done, thought I—For this was enough to stagger me, you may suppose—

Thomaso. Oh! certainly, (*Aside*) that you had enough to stagger you, I believe.

Theresa. (*Taking the contract from Anna's pocket.*) Yes, and here is enough to stagger us all—This paper explains to me, that these thieves are of Cupid's gang; gentlemen who commit sentimental robberies on the hearts of young ladies.—There, Thomaso, read that!

(*Gives the contract.*)

Thomaso. What do I see! a contract of marriage, between my daughter and Carlos!

Sturmwald. Carlos! What the devil! the enemy surprize us in our own camp—Egad, we'll hold a council of war immediately; I have something in my head—

Thomaso. (*Aside.*) Yes, rather more than you ought to have.

Theresa. I tell you, I am sure young Carlos is in the house.

Sturmwald. Is he? Why then we'll break up the council.—Bella! horrida bella! is our resolve; and so let us search for the enemy.

(*Going to open Theresa's chamber door.*)

Theresa. Bless me, Captain Sturmwald—do you know that is my chamber?

Sturmwald. Well, my dear mother-in-law—and is not a lady's chamber the most likely place
to

to find a man of gallantry? However, I'll wheel to the right about, if you please.

(Goes to *Thomaso's* closet door.)

Thomaso. Stop, Captain; no person ever enters that closet but myself—'Tis here where I compose my miraculous drops.

Sturmwald. Aye, aye, I understand you—'Tis your hocus pocus shop.

Thomaso. No, Sir, 'tis my miracle shop.

“*Sturmwald*. Your magazine for the destructive ammunition of physic.

“*Thomaso*. My laboratory for the arcana of the *Materia Medica*. 'Tis the Temple of Health; and the rosy Goddess herself presides over my pestle and mortar.

“*Sturmwald*. A small room for the Temple of Health, I think, and rather dark—Suppose, father-in-law, instead of confining the poor Goddess of Health to her room, you were to let her visit some of your patients.”

Thomaso. You may sneer as you please, Captain *Sturmwald*; I have the key of that closet in my pocket, and there it shall remain—So let us finish a foolish adventure, by wishing each other a good night.

Theresa. I shall take you with me, young ladies, to prevent further accidents. Captain *Sturmwald*, where will you sleep?

Sturmwald. No where, Madam—I suspect the enemy is in ambushade. I will be the centinel of the night—Rest securely, while I guard

guard you—Here I take my post, and shall be on the watch, in case the enemy shou'd make a fall.

Thomaso. Well, Captain, I have no objection—Here is the key of the house, in case you chuse to refresh yourself with a walk in the morning.

(Hangs up the key.)

Q U I N T E T T.

ANNA, ISABELLA, THERESA, STURMWALD,
and GUZMAN.

But see the moon ascending high,
Reigns the empress of the sky ;
And in the zenith of her power,
Presides o'er Midnight's solemn hour.

THERESA.

You must bid adieu—*(to Anna)*
Yes, Miss, so must you—*(to Isabella)*

ANNA and ISABELLA.

Must we bid adieu ?
Wherefore should we part ?
Spare my aching heart.

THOMASO.

THOMASO.

Come let's go to bed ;
Spare my aching head.

STURMWALD.

Let him go to bed ;
Spare his aching head.

ALL.

Bid adieu !

(Exit Theresa, with Anna and Isabella.)

(Exeunt Thomaso and Guzman, at the door in the middle of the scene, and Sturmwald places himself on a couch, before Thomaso's closet door.)

“ A I R. STURMWALD.

“ Come on, my boys, now I'm commander,

“ Tho' you're as brave as Alexander.

“ —Heigho ! *(yawning)*

“ —You lie.

“ On my guard here am I.

“ I fear no ambush, no entrapping.

“ No one shall catch old Sturmwald napping.”

(Falls asleep.)

Juan

Juan and Carlos come out of the closet.

Carlos. Softly, softly—First let us secure the key of the shop door, to let ourselves out.

(Takes the key.)

Juan. That this old remnant of mortality shou'd think of rivalling a young fellow, with his five senses in perfection!

Carlos. But to our plot, good Juan—our plot—We have no time to lose.

Juan. Faith, that's very true—So in you must go, my old commander.

(They wheel the couch into Thomaso's closet.)

A I R. CARLOS.

Bacchus now his nap is taking ;
But his pow'r can ne'er subdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.

Bacchus shou'd, on Venus waiting,
Hold the cup with bended knee ;
None but fools, his worth o'er-rating,
With the servant make too free.

Juan

*(Juan comes out of the closet, and brings with him
Sturmwald's cloak, hat, and patch.*

D U E T. CARLOS *and* JUAN.

Bacchus now his nap is taking ;
But his pow'r can ne'er subdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.

END OF ACT I.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, *The outside of Dr. Bilioso's house.*

Enter GUZMAN and PEREZ.

GUZMAN.

BUT pray, Perez, is Doctor Bilioso informed of his son's attachment to my cousin, Anna?

Perez. Oh dear, no. My old master hates Signor Thomaso to that degree, that he would rather see his son hanged than married into the family.

Guzman. Though unacquainted with poor Carlos, I sympathize with him—had my Leonora lived—

Perez. Ah! but she is gone—and your honour has been doleful and dumpish, as one may say, ever since you came home from sea! Oh! I love to hear you talk of old stories—you make

D

me

me so melancholy, and so happy, that I cry by the hour together.

Guzman. Poor fellow !

Perez. And pray, good Signor Guzman, when you was voyaging about on the stormy main, and fighting the Algerines, was not you now and then frightened too much to think of your love ?

Guzman. No, Perez.—True love purifies the soul from every base alloy.

A I R. GUZMAN.

I.

LET angry Ocean to the sky,
In proud despite his billows roll ;
Let thunders to his threats reply,
Fear is a stranger to my soul.
Within the heart which love illumes,
And blesses with his sacred rays,
If meaner passion e'er presumes,
It fades before the hallow'd blaze.

II.

Tho' War with fullen aspect low'r,
And crimson o'er the troubled wave,
And emulate the lightning's power,
The dangers of the fight I brave.
Within the heart, &c.

(Exit.

“ Perez.

“ *Perez.* Here comes my master—and as
“ cross as usual.”

Enter DR. BILIOSO.

Dr. Bilioso. What a cursed neighbourhood is this for a physician to live in. No such thing as an asthma, or a fit of the gout, to be met with from year's end to year's end. All the villagers are such a set of d—n'd vulgar, healthy dogs—never have the pleasure of seeing a meagre, bilious, gentleman-like man within ten miles of the place.—“ How comfortable it
“ would be to live at Constantinople, where the
“ plague rages all the year.”—And then people laugh more here, than in all Spain besides.—Ah! I don't like laughing. Well, *Perez*—any body ill this morning?

Perez. (*sighing*) No, Sir—all well.

Dr. Bilioso. Aye—and will remain so as long as this plaguy fine weather lasts—no chance of another influenza.—I, who am the physician, am the only sick man in the parish.

Perez. Yes, your worship seems stuck up here by way of a medical scarecrow, to frighten away sickness.

Dr. Bilioso. Or rather like an electrical conductor—I save the neighbourhood from danger, by attracting it to myself.—Ah! I lost the only good patient I had, in my friend Alvarez—as fine a corpulent—inactive subject as a physician would wish for. What with repletion, and want of exercise, the good soul was always ailing.

D. 2.

I had

I had great expectations from him—but he grew stingy as he grew rich—avarice produced abstinence, and he starved away the only hopes I had left.

Perez. There's the traveller who was taken ill at the next inn—

Dr. Bilioso. Aye, the only person I have at present under my care, and he is a foreigner—no native would have behaved so civilly as to be taken ill—Not got well, I hope?

Perez. Yes, so they say—the apothecary, Thomaso, was sent for to him last night.

Dr. Bilioso. What! send for my enemy—my antagonist, Thomaso, the apothecary? A man of honour wou'd have sooner died under his physician's hands, than have played him such a trick.

Perez. And he took some of Thomaso's quack medicine.

Dr. Bilioso. O curse his quack medicine—I hate all violent remedies—they make an end of a business so soon;—they either kill or cure; and then either way one loses the patient.

Perez. And so Thomaso—

Dr. Bilioso. Oh rot him—I'll go to the rascally quack directly; my patients are my property—and shall I tamely suffer my property to be taken from me? I'll trounce the dog. No, no, if a Doctor's patients are permitted to slip through his fingers, and get well by stealth, there's an end to all law and justice. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE,

SCENE, *A room in Thomaso's house.*

Enter THOMASO.

Thomaso. Ah ha ! the Captain off already—I did'n't expect he had shaken off the effects of last night's dose quite so soon. I can hardly reconcile it to myself to sacrifice poor Anna to such a lot. My conscience revolts against it, and whispers—Aye : but then my wife talks so much louder than my conscience ; and so there's an end of the matter.

Enter JUAN (behind) disguised as STURMWALD, and CARLOS disguised as a Notary, who listens at the corner of the scene.

Juan. (in a hoarse voice) Father-in-law, good morning to you.

Thomaso. Eh ! what ! bless my soul, son-in-law, how do ye do ? There seems to be a wonderful change in your voice.

Juan. All the effects of last night.

Thomaso. I suppose so—a violent cold no doubt—my drops are remarkably good for the voice.

Juan. No, no, never mind—I'll tell you a story—

Thomaso. I'd rather you'd let it alone.—
Come now—one spoonful will be enough.
—'Tis a most wonderful remedy—I have it here
in this closet.

Juan. Curse your drops.—I am sure the lovers
of your daughter and niece are now in the
house.

Thomaso. Well, Captain, perhaps you know
best—but upon my soul I don't believe a word
of the matter. Now let me fetch a bottle of
drops.

Juan. My jealousy is alarm'd, Sir—and I
must be your son-in-law this morning, or not at
all—No reply! I have brought this gentleman
with me; he is my notary, and has drawn up a
marriage contract. So call your wife and the
bride; let us sign and seal, and then to church
immediately.

Thomaso. Well, but, Captain—

Juan. I'm commanding officer to-day. So
no more words, father-in-law. (*Exit Thomaso.*)
Ha! ha! ha! Well Carlos, how have I imi-
tated the old German Captain?

Carlos.—To a miracle. I wish I may play my
part half as well.

Juan. Psha! what difficulty is there in it
—the old folks will take you for the notary
who has prepared the contract of marriage
between Anna and Sturmwald; instead of that
you will substitute the other contract, in which
your own name is inserted. But here they
come.

I

Enter

Enter THOMASO, THERESA, and ANNA.

Anna. No, nothing shall shake my constancy
—every obstacle you raise, serves but to increase
my affection.

A I R. ANNA.

THE summer heats bestowing
Their influence on the rose,
Perfect its charms when blowing,
And every sweet disclose.
Yet summer suns denying
The zephyr and the shower,
Their fervid glow applying,
Destroy their fav'rite flower.
The love-sick heart requiring
The sunshine of success;
Continual bliss desiring,
Yet sickens with excess.
The fond, the secret tear,
Soft passion keeps alive;
The breath of doubt and fear,
Like zephyrs bid it thrive.

Juan.

Juan. Well, Signor Thomaso, have you looked over the contract?

Thomaso. I have; and find it perfectly right.

Juan. Very well; but where's Isabella?

Theresa. Oh, I'll call her.—Isabella!—
but I assure you I would not trust her with any body else.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isabella. My dear Juan, what means——

Juan. (*aside to her.*) Hush, my love——
ask no questions——persuade Anna to sign that paper—it is a contract of marriage between her and Carlos, who you see personates the notary.

(*Carlos offers the contract to Anna, who puts it aside.*)

“ *Anna.* No, nothing shall induce me to
“ sign this hated paper. Oh Carlos, why
“ are you not here to snatch me from impending
“ ruin!

“ *Thomaso,* Daughter, do not oblige me to
“ exert my authority.

“ *Theresa.* Let her beware of my authority,
“ which is much greater,

Juan. “ Psha, psha! persuasion is better
“ than authority.”——Let her cousin talk to
her. (*Isabella whispers Anna.*) “ These girls
“ know the way to each others hearts; there——
“ mother——

“ mother-in-law, you see, she hangs out a smile
“ of truce already.

“ *Theresa.* My dear daughter, you transport
“ me.”

Juan. Come sign your consent to the marriage.

Theresa. Sign it—aye, that I will—Come husband—

(Anna and Theresa sign the contract.)

Thomaso. Egad, Captain, I don't understand that notary's whispering my daughter, I,—

Juan. 'Tis his way—come sign your name.

Thomaso. No Sir—*(to Carlos.)*—I insist upon knowing what you mean?

Carlos. What I mean?

Juan. If you put him in a passion, take care of yourself; he is the most choleric fellow—you had better sign at once.

A I R.

A I R. CARLOS.

THIS marriage article, *(to Thomaso.*
In ev'ry particle,
Is free from flaw, Sir ;
I know what's law, Sir.

Zounds, Sir, my character none shall accuse !
Behold this artifice, true love devising, *(to Anna, aside.*
Your Carlos thus to all but you disguising ;

Witness—Thomaso my skill dares abuse. *(to Juan.*
My only chance, I see, is pique pretending ;
(to Anna aside.

On that alone success is now depending.
Throughout this nation, *(to Thomaso.*
High my reputation,
For law precision is,
And expedition is,
In bonds, conveyances, d'ye mind,
And instruments of any kind,
Kind fortune see, at length, our prayers heeding,
Relenting, gives us promise of succeeding.

(to Anna aside.
In this transaction *(to Thomaso.*
The law is my friend ;
I'll bring my action,
Which you must defend.

Thomaso frighten'd, signs the contract.

Juan.

Juan. Come, come, now all's finish'd, let us away to church.

Theresa. Well, I'll be with you in a moment. (*Exit.*)

Carlos. (*aside to Juan.*) For heaven's sake, Juan, let us be gone. If Sturmwald should wake, we are ruin'd.

Juan. (*aloud.*) "I beg your pardon for detaining you."—Mr. Notary, conduct these ladies to my house, and I'll follow you immediately.

(*Exeunt Anna, Isabella, and Carlos.*)

Thomaso. Stop! stay—What! without my wife's leave!

Sturmwald. (*in the closet.*) Halloo! death and fury! where am I?

Thomaso. Eh! what's that?

Sturmwald. Thieves! thieves!

Thomaso. I'm lost in amazement.

Juan. Did not I tell you one of the rogues was hid there?—I'll run and fetch an Alguazil.

Thomaso. You run.—Why, you forget you are lame.

Juan. (*in his natural voice.*) Egad so I do—but I am so interested in this business.

Thomaso. And you have recover'd your voice too.

Juan. (*resuming his hoarse voice.*) No, faith, I think I'm as hoarse as ever.

Sturmwald. Thomaso! Signor Thomaso!

Thomaso.

Thomaso. 'Tis the Captain's voice. Egad, I'll fetch an Alguazil myself, and make sure of one of ye.

(Exit.)

Sturmwald. Signor Thomaso!

Juan. Have a little patience. *(Aside.)* What's to be done! If I attempt the door, I meet the Alguazil. I must e'en try this chamber-window.

Pulls off Sturmwald's hat, cloak, and patch; throws 'em down at the closet-door; and then goes into Theresa's chamber.

Re-enter THOMASO.

Thomaso. An Alguazil will be here presently, and then, Mr. Scoundrel.—*(Sees the cloak and patch.)* Hey dey! what's all this? *(Takes 'em up.)*

Sturmwald. *(in the closet.)* Will nobody hear me!

Thomaso. It is Sturmwald! Oh, my mind misgives me. *(Going to the door.)*

(He hears the noise of phials breaking in the closet, and rushes in.)

Re-enter THOMASO and STURMWALD.

Thomaso. All my phials of drops broken! Let me tell you, Captain Sturmwald—

Sturmwald.

Sturmwald. Zounds! Sir, you shall tell me nothing but what I desire to know. I say, Sir, how did I come in that closet?

Thomaso. That's the very question I want to ask you; and, if we both ask the same question, how the devil are we to get an answer?

Sturmwald. Why, you dirty scrap of an Apothecary, how dare you laugh at me thus?

Thomaso. I laugh! Look at the bottles you've broke—I believe I shall never laugh again.

Sturmwald. You are all in the plot—'tis a trick to abuse me; but I'll be revenged. S'blood and thunder! to make a jest of me, who have fought in sixteen different battles! Did you know that?—

Thomaso. Yes, you have often told me the names of them all. But do hear me, Captain.

Sturmwald. I'll hear nothing but revenge. —To cram me up in a dark closet, among pickled snakes, and stuffed alligators; *me*, who have liv'd amidst fire and smoke, who have fought for every Prince in Europe by turns, and always had the honour to be wounded! “Who, to this hour, bear the trophies of war in every limb, and rejoice in the aches, the cramps, and the twinges of glory!”

THERESA enters, and THOMASO explains to her, in dumb shew, what has passed.

Theresa. I am sure, Captain, I don't wonder at your being angry with my husband—— he's a poor blundering creature, as I often tell him.

Thomaso. Nay, the Captain knows I never mean to offend him. I've done all I can——

Theresa. Psha! so you always say. Go, get an Alguazil, and seek for the rogues that have stolen our two girls, do. (*Exit Thomaso.*) Come, Captain, suppose you and I follow him. For my sake be patient.—The brave never refuse the requests of the fair.

Sturmwald. Never; and to prove it, I'll tell you a story of what happen'd when I was in Germany. (*Exeunt.*)

JUAN comes softly out of THERESA'S room in women's clothes.

Juan. This confounded window is too closely barr'd even for a mouse to creep through. However, in this disguise, I think I shall get off undiscovered;—or, if I should be questioned, I'll pass for a patient, come to ask Thomaso's advice.

Dr. Bilioso.

Dr. Bilioso. (*speaking to a servant as he comes on.*) Don't tell me—I say he is at home, and I will see him.

Juan. Who comes here?—*Dr. Bilioso himself!*

Enter DR. BILIOSO. (Seeing JUAN.)

Dr. Bilioso. But I beg pardon; you want advice, I presume;—let me feel your pulse. (*Attempting to take Juan's hand.*)

Juan. (*struggling.*) Zounds! I shall be discovered. (*Aside.*) Dear Sir, pray let me alone—my nerves are so weak—and you agitate me so.

Dr. Bilioso. Why, really Madam, you have rather agitated me. I think I never yet met with a Lady so strong in the arm. Pray, what is your complaint, Ma'am?

Juan. My complaint is against Thomaso, who has killed a poor friend of mine.

Dr. Bilioso. Oh, he has done worse than that—he has taken a patient away from me, after I had given him over. So if he recovers the man, he ruins my reputation.—There's an unfeeling scoundrel, for you!

Juan. Ah, you and I mean the same person—the poor gentleman at the next inn.—But Thomaso's drops have done for him—my poor friend is no more.

Dr. Bilioso. I'm heartily glad of it—very sorry for it, I mean. I thank you for the news,

however. Now I have that rogue, **Thomaso**, in my gripe.

Juan. Lose no time, Sir, but get an officer immediately, and secure **Thomaso**.

Dr. Bilioso. That I will.—Aye, aye—(*Going.*)

Juan. Surely, Sir, you will have the gallantry to conduct me safe out of this house.—If I should be insulted!

Dr. Bilioso. Insulted! Lord, Ma'am, there's no danger of that. Nature has furnish'd you with such powers of defence; united the charms of your sex, to the strength of ours. You are a glass of Nature's choicest cordial, Madam; sweet and strong at the same time.

(*Exit, leading Juan off.*)

SCENE *changes to a Wood, with a Village seen at a distance through the Trees.*

Enter ANNA and CARLOS.

Carlos. Consider, my dear Anna, we have your father's signature to our contract of marriage.

Anna. But will he give his voluntary consent, to what has been procur'd by artifice?

Carlos. Fear nothing, my dear; trust to me.

A I R.

A I R. CARLOS.

AM I belov'd? Can you refuse?
Alas! my heart for pity sues,
That heart whose constancy you've known;
That heart you've fondly call'd your own.
Ev'ry moment, as it flies,
Warns us where our danger lies.
Ah! there's ruin in delay;
Lovely Anna, let's away.

Enter ISABELLA.

Carlos. Well, Isabella, any news of Juan?

Isabella. Alas! none — Every human being that passed at a distance, did my pliant fancy conjure up into a likeness of Juan.

Carlos. The rising ground, on the left hand, commands a prospect of the road—Let me try, whether friendship may not see more clearly than love. *(Exit.*

Anna. Are not we a couple of wild girls, Isabella?

Isabella. Not incorrigible, my dear cousin, however; we have pursued a very effectual mode of taming ourselves, by getting married.

Anna. To be sure, we have utter'd the fatal, *Yes.*

Isabella. The fatal, *Yes.* Why, my dear, do you think our lovers are such fools, as to think

the better, or the worse of our affection for them,
because we have said, *Yes*?

A I R ISABELLA.

How mistaken is the lover,
Who on words builds hopes of bliss!
And fondly thinks we love discover,
If perchance we answer, *Yes*,
Prompted often by discretion,
Is the seeming kind expression,
When the tongue, the heart belying,
Dares not venture on denying ;
But in spite of discontent,
Gives the semblage of consent.

How mistaken, &c.

Ah ! how vain is art's profession,
Tho' the fault'ring tongue comply !
What avails the cold confession,
If th' averted eyes deny !

Happier far the experienc'd swain,
Knows he triumph must attain,
When in vain successful trial,
Language gives the faint denial :
While the eyes betray the fiction,
In delightful contradiction ;
And the cheeks with blushes glow,
And the tongue still falters, *No*.

How mistaken, &c.

Enter

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. Here is Juan—So all we have to do, is to mount our horses and gallop off.

Enter JUAN.

Juan. Hold! you're mistaken—You've something else to do, I assure you. We have certainly been traced from the village—Doctor Bilioso, and Signor Thomaso, are both coming up the hill, different ways, and will most likely meet at this spot.—But they are here.

(Anna, Isabella, Carlos, and Juan, retire up the stage.)

*Enter Dr. BILIOSO and THOMASO, meeting—
Each with an Alguazil.*

Dr. Bilioso. Oh! you vile quack! Where's my patient?

Thomaso. Where is my daughter, you old rogue—
—“ You have assisted your son to run away with
“ her—Lay hold of him, Alguazil.

“ *Dr. Bilioso.* What! Why, I brought an
“ officer to seize you. Here, do your duty.

(To the Alguazil.)

Juan. *(coming forward.)* Dear gentlemen,
what's the matter?

Dr. Bilioso.

Dr. Bilioso. Why, Sir, that fellow is a quack, and has killed one of my patients.

Thomaso. That's impossible; for though he calls himself a physician, he has no patients to kill.

Dr. Bilioso. What! Do you forget the poor gentleman at the inn?

Thomaso. Well, he was fair game—You had given him over.

Dr. Bilioso. Zounds, Sir, what does that signify?—I have given over fifty people in my time, who have recovered afterwards.

Juan. (*aside.*) My plot has taken, I perceive—they believe him dead yet.—(*To Thomaso.*) I'faith, this is a serious affair. You had better compound this business.

Thomaso. He won't agree to it—He hates me so.

Juan. (*aside to Thomaso.*) Let me talk to him. (*Aside to Dr. Bilioso.*) Sir, when I see so valuable a life as your's in danger—

Dr. Bilioso. My life in danger!

Juan. From that bloody minded apothecary—I find, your son has eloped with his daughter, and he is resolved to be revenged, by assassinating you and your whole family. See, how he looks at you!

Dr. Bilioso. Ratsbane and arsenic in his countenance!

Juan. (*aside to Thomaso.*) “Did you ever see such a determin'd dog.” He is resolved to hang you!

Thomaso. I dare say he has the rope in his pocket. Pray, mollify him.

Dr.

Dr. Biliofo. (*aside to Juan.*) I'faith, I don't half like him—Tell him, I'll forgive him.

Juan. Dismiss your Alguazils. (*Exit Alguazils.*) You bind yourselves to stand by my determination.

Dr. and Thomaso. We do.

Juan. Then, I believe, all parties are satisfied. Appear, appear!

ANNA, CARLOS, and ISABELLA, *come forward.*

Anna. My dear father!

Thomaso. Zounds, what is all this!

Enter THERESA, STURMWALD, and GUZMAN.

Sturmwald. A general muster of the whole corps, egad; deserters and all. You are my prisoner, Madam. (*To Anna.*)

Carlos. No, Sir, not while I can defend her.

Anna. (*to Sturmwald.*) Oh, Sir! hear me—the brave are ever generous; do not attempt a life so dear to me—

Sturmwald. Bullets and gunpowder! why don't you love me then?—I thought you told me, mother-in-law, it was all maiden coyness in her.

Theresa.

Theresa. Stuff and nonsense—Take her, Captain Sturmwald, she is your's—Defend your honour.

Sturmwald. And that my honour may be worth defending, I'll take care it shall not be tarnished by an unjust action—Anna, your mother says you are mine.—If so, I dispose of what is mine—thus:—(*giving her hand to Carlos.*) Come, come, we have by mistake opposed the union of hearts on their march to form a junction, and we are defeated. So much the better—who wou'd wish to conquer in a bad cause? You must consent to unite these turtles.
(*to Thomaso.*)

Thomaso. Has my wife any objection?

Theresa. I'll have nothing to do with it—so act as you please.

Thomaso. Why then give me your hand, Doctor (*to Dr. Bilioso*) and here's an end of old quarrels.—Take my daughter, young man, (*to Carlos*) and you take my niece (*to Juan*); and you (*to Sturmwald*) take my wife if you will. Egad, I am in such a good humour, I cou'd give away any thing.

FINALE.

F I N A L E.

'TIS joy inspires the vocal lay,
And animates the choral song ;
Of love we sing the gentle sway !
May constancy the theme prolong.
Old Time, with joys unceasing,
Shall add to Hymen's store ;
Our friendship still encreasing,
When youth shall be no more.

T H E E N D.



T H E C R I T I C .