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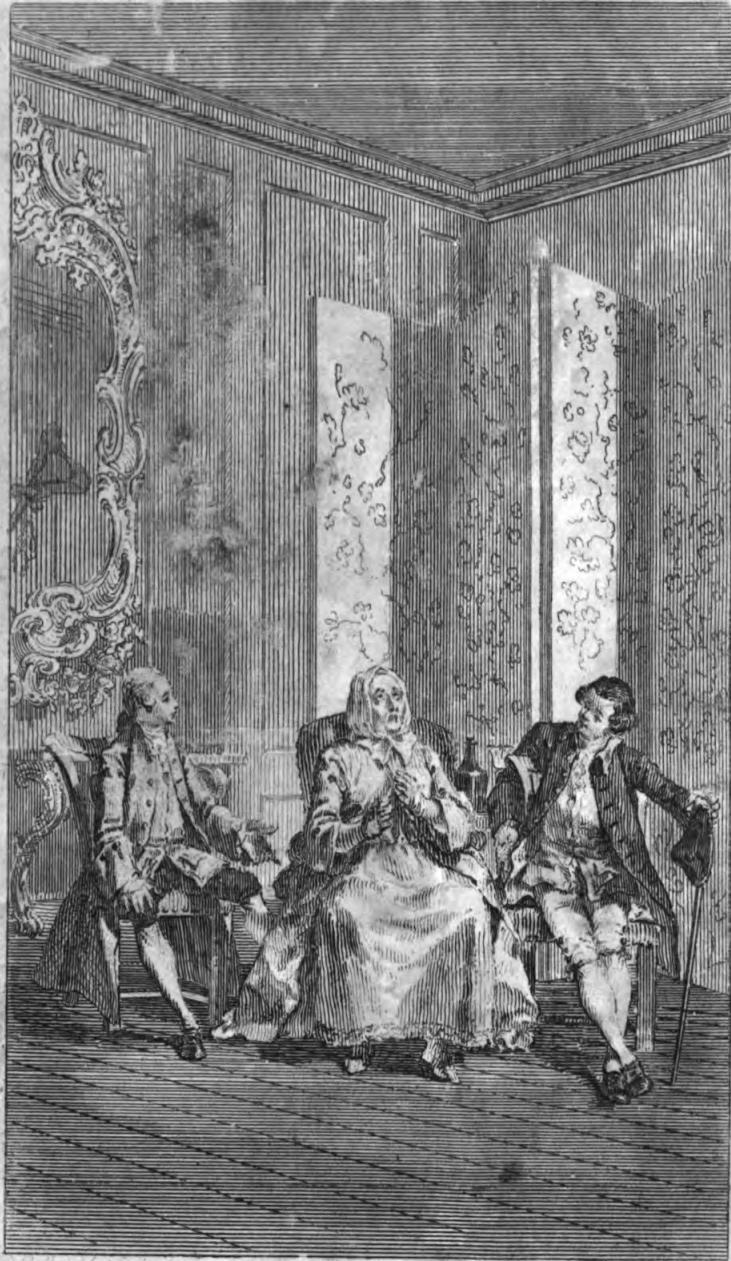
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M. adds. 108 .e. 230



M. ad 1. 1900. 230



M^r Foote in the Character of M^{rs} Cole.

THE
M I N O R,
A
C O M E D Y.

Written by Mr. F O O T E.

As it is now acting at the
New Theatre in the Hay-Market.

By Authority from the Lord Chamberlain.

Tantum Religio potuit Suadere Malorum.

The T H I R D E D I T I O N.



L O N D O N :
Printed, and Sold by J. COOTE, in Pater-noster Row ;
G. KEARSEY, in Ludgate-street ; T. DAVIES, in
Ruffel-street, Covent-Garden ; C. ETHERINGTON,
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M D C C L X.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

Mr. Grant

E H T

PERSONS in the INTRODUCTION.

FOOTE.

SMART,

CANKER,

PEARSE.

Mr. SMITH.

Mr. MISDALE.

In the COMEDY.

Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY, Mr. BADELY.

Mr. RICHARD WEALTHY, Mr. HYDE.

Sir GEORGE WEALTHY, Mr. SMITH.

SHIFT, Mr. FOOTE.

LOADER, Mr. DAVIS.

DICK, Mr. WESTEN.

TRANSFER, Mr. BLAKY.

Mrs. COLE, Mr. FOOTE.

LUCY, Mr. BURDEN.

SMIRK, assum'd by Mr. FOOTE.

The BARON, assum'd by Mr. BADELY.



TO HIS GRACE

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 dependant 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.

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 tenderness, 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 deny'd 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 eccho 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 honor, my lord, to be, with the greatest respect, and gratitude,

Your grace's most dutiful,

Most oblig'd,

And obedient servant,

Ellestree,
July 8, 1760.

SAMUEL FOOTE.



T H E
M I N O R.



INTRODUCTION.

Enter CANKER and SMART.

S M A R T.



B

U T are you fure he has leave?

C A N K E R.

Certain.

S M A R T.

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

C A N K E R.

Not a farthing.

B

S M A R T.

THE MINOR.

S M A R T.

D'you know his scheme?

C A N K E R.

Not I. But is not the door of the little theatre open?

S M A R T.

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

C A N K E R.

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

S M A R T.

I'll call him. Holo, Mr. —

Enter P E A R S E.

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

P E A R S E.

A rehearsal.

S M A R T.

Of what?

P E A R S E.

A new piece.

S M A R T.

Foote's?

P E A R S E.

Yes.

C A N K E R.

Is he there?

P E A R S E.

He is.

S M A R T.

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

CAN-

THE MINOR.

3

CANKER.

• 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 stroling —

Enter SMART *and* CANKER.

SMART.

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

B 2

whole

4 THE MINOR.

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.

Ay; 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.

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.

T H E M I N O R, §

F O O T E.

Not one.

S M A R T.

Pr'ythee why not?

F O O T E.

Why look'ee, 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.

S M A R T.

What's that?

F O O T E.

Mischief.

S M A R T.

No, pr'ythee —

F O O T E.

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

S M A R T.

I don't understand you.

F O O T E.

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 shou'd 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.

S M A R T.

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.

F O O T E.

F O O T E.

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

S M A R T.

How so?

F O O T E.

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.

C A N K E R.

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

F O O T E.

If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a subject of satyr 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 in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws
to

T H E M I N O R. 7

to the first commander in Europe, be a less ridiculous object.

S M A R T.

Are there such ?

F O O T E.

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

C A N K E R.

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

F O O T E.

At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a fluttering 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.

S M A R T.

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

C A N K E R.

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

F O O T E.

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

CAN-

§ THE MINOR.

CANKER.

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

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 ragouts, 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.

CANKER.

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.

CANKER.

Why, indeed if it be considered —

FOOTE.

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 apply'd, persecution would be the immediate cry: where then can we have recourse, but to the comic muse; perhaps, the archness and severity of her smile, may redress an evil, that the Laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.

CANKER.

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.

C

FOOTE.

FOOTE.

Come then, prompter begin:

PEARSE.

Lord, fir, we are all at a stand.

FOOTE.

What's the matter.

PEARSE.

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

FOOTE.

Indeed !

PEARSE.

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.

ACT



ACT. I.

*Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY, and Mr.
RICHARD WEALTHY.*

Sir WILLIAM.

COME, come, brother, I know the
C world. People, who have their at-
tention eternally fix'd upon one ob-
ject, can't help being a little narrow
in their notions.

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

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.

C 2

R. WEALTHY.

R. WEALTHY.

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

You dislike then my system of education.

R. WEALTHY.

Most sincerely.

Sir WILLIAM.

The whole ?

R. WEALTHY.

Every particular.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

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 WILLIAM.

Ha, ha, préjudice !

R. WEALTHY.

R. WEALTHY.

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 priviledg'd distinction of a silk gown and velvet cap.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

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 WILLIAM.

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 suburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are chang'd since the date of thy indentures; when the sleek, crop-ear'd 'prentice us'd to dangle after his mistress, with the great gilt 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. WEALTHY.

R. WEALTHY.

Wonderfully facetious!

Sir WILLIAM.

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. WEALTHY.

Infamous aspersion!

Sir WILLIAM.

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. WEALTHY.

Invention!

Sir WILLIAM.

These are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

I do. None at all.

Sir WILLIAM.

Why so?

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

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 WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

Looke, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request

request ; but if directly or indirectly you interfere with my banishment of that willful, headstrong, disobedient huffy, all ties between us are broke ; and I shall no more regard you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

I shall attend the issue.

Sir WILLIAM.

You will lend your aid, however ?

R. WEALTHY.

We shall see how you go on.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A letter, sir.

Sir WILLIAM.

Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it ?

SERVANT.

The person is without, sir.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

THE MINOR. 17

examine him 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.

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. WEALTHY.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

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?

D

SHIFT.

S H I F T.

I did fir.

Sir WILLIAM.

Your name, I think, is Shift.

S H I F T.

It is fir.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

S H I F T.

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 retain 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 WILLIAM.

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 —

S H I F T.

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 WILLIAM.

Oh, fir, I beg your pardon.

S H I F T.

THE MINOR. 19

S H I F T.

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

Sir W I L L I A M.

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

S H I F T.

At my father's.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Hum. —— And what was he ?

S H I F T.

A gentleman.

Sir W I L L I A M.

What was you bred ?

S H I F T.

A gentleman.

Sir W I L L I A M.

How do you live ?

S H I F T.

Like a gentleman.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Cou'd nothing induce you to unbosom yourself.

S H I F T.

Looke'e Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain opennefs and generosity, a je ne ſçai quoi in your man-

D 2

ner,

ner, that I will unlock : You shall see me all.

Sir WILLIAM.

You will oblige me.

S H I F T.

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 empress, 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 WILLIAM.

A pleasant fellow, — Who were your parents?

S H I F T.

I was produced, sir, 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, sir. But as to this happy pair, I owe little besides my being; I shall drop them where they dropt me, in the street.

Sir WILLIAM.

Proceed.

S H I F T.

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 sir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from

from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise, from their masters. Here, firrah, light me across the kennel.—I hope your honour will remember poor Jack,—You ragged rascal, I have no halfpence.—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 W I L L I A M.

Very well.

S H I F T.

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

Sir W I L L I A M.

How did you gain admittance there ?

S H I F T.

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 all my virtues.

Sir W I L L I A M.

How did you obtain that ?

S H I F T.

S H I F T.

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 WILLIAM.

Some truth in that.

S H I F T.

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 WILLIAM.

Poor devil.

S H I F T.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

How so ?

S H I F T.

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 WILLIAM.

Explain.

S H I F T.

Why, fir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which however disesteemed at present,

sent, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator, Mimickry.

Sir WILLIAM.

Why you are deeply read, Mr. Shift.

SHIFT.

A smattering. — But as I was saying, fir, nothing came amiss to my master. Bypeds, 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 at Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren 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 WILLIAM.

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 Sufi-
nuto's

nuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten templers, 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-rooft, 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 WILLIAM.

I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements ; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

S H I F T.

Command me.

Sir WILLIAM.

You can be secret as well as serviceable.

S H I F T.

Mute as a mackrel.

Sir WILLIAM.

Come hither then. If you betray me to my son.

S H I F T.

Scalp me.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

S H I F T.

And, I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir

T H E M I N O R. 25

Sir W I L L I A M.

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. —

S H I F T.

Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Nay, pray,—there would soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

S H I F T.

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

Sir W I L L I A M.

Pry'thee peace, for five minutes.

S H I F T.

I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

S H I F T.

Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir W I L L I A M.

I am going to tell it you.

S H I F T.

Proceed.

E

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

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

S H I F T.

Ay, that will be a coup de maître.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

S H I F T.

I don't like a city plot.

Sir WILLIAM.

I tell thee it is my own.

S H I F T.

I beg pardon.

Sir WILLIAM.

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.

S H I F T.

Immediately?

Sir WILLIAM.

No; when at age. In about three months.

S H I F T.

I understand you.

Sir WILLIAM.

Now, sir, guessing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have, in a feign'd character, associated myself with

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——

S H I F T.

What then ?

Sir W I L L I A M.

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 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.

S H I F T.

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

Sir W I L L I A M.

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.

S H I F T.

Out of your sight !

Sir W I L L I A M.

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.

E 2

S H I F T.

S H I F T.

How do you escape your son's notice ?

Sir W I L L I A M.

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 farther supply.

S H I F T.

Natural enough.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Pray do you know, — I forget 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 till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

S H I F T.

What, little Transfer the broker ?

Sir W I L L I A M.

The same. Do you know him ?

S H I F T.

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

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

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 sav'd, we din'd, sup'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 WILLIAM.

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 WILLIAM.

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

SHIFT.

Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a niger
to

to a nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a butterfly.

Sir WILLIAM.

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.

S H I F T.

I will do it.

Sir WILLIAM.

Within I'll give you farther instructions.

S H I F T.

I'll follow you.

Sir WILLIAM. *Going, returns.*

You will want materials.

S H I F T.

Oh, my dress I can be furnish'd with in five minutes. (*Exit Sir Wil.*) A whimsical old blade, this. I shall laugh if his 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

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, 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 G E O R G E.

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 but just enough left to discharge the baron ; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

L O A D E R.

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 Huffarians.

Sir G E O R G E.

You had your share, Mr. Loader.

L O A D E R.

Who, I ! Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your tick, by the baron,
my

my dear. What, I am no cinque and quater man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings, this morning?

Sir GEORGE.

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

LOADER.

Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let 'em say what they will. Here, sir, 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 GEORGE.

Any body here this morning, Dick?

DICK.

No body, your honour.

LOADER.

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

DICK.

DICK.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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.

LOADER.

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

DICK.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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.

F

Sir

Sir G E O R G E.

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.

D I C K.

Laud, fir, I want learning.

Sir G E O R G E.

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

Enter fir 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 W I L L I A M.

I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburg; 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.

Sir G E O R G E.

But how did she receive my embaffy? What hopes?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Why dere was monsieur le chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by gad I guesfs 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 pretty 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 GEORGE.

Insolent mechanic!—but she despis'd him.

Sir WILLIAM.

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 word, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to throw himself at your feet.

Sir GEORGE.

Well, well, baron.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

F 2

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

Give it me. *Reads.*

Les preliminaires d'une traité entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la signora Diamenti.

A bagatelle, a trifle: She shall have it.

L O A D E R.

Harkee, knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir GEORGE.

Read, read. The eloquence of angels, my dear baron.

L O A D E R.

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

Sir GEORGE.

The preliminaries of a subsidiary 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.

L O A D E R.

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

Sir

T H E M I N O R. 37

Sir G E O R G E.

I am told so.

L O A D E R.

Told so! why did you never see her?

Sir G E O R G E.

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

L O A D E R.

'Hey-day. Why what the devil——

Sir G E O R G E.

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.

L O A D E R.

The devil.

Sir G E O R G E.

'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 in taverns; houses, you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy ——

L O A D E R.

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

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir GEORGE.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

I shall.

Sir GEORGE.

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

LOADER.

Who, old Moll! Ay, ay, she's your market woman. I wou'd not give fix-pence for your signoras. One armful of good, wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship-load of their trapping, tawdry trollops. But hark'ee, baron, how much for the table? Why, she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir WILLIAM.

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.

LOADER.

Strip me, if I would set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce,
with

with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not — [Ex. Bar.]

Sir G E O R G E.

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. C O L E.

Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

L O A D E R.

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. C O L E.

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

L O A D E R.

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

Mrs. C O L E.

Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do?
I han't

I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the ——
Oh, mercy on me, there's a twinge ——

Sir G E O R G E.

What is the matter, Mrs. Cole!

Mrs. C O L E.

My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of —— Oh law, what, you have been in town these two days.

Sir G E O R G E.

Since Wednesday.

Mrs. C O L E.

woman
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.

L O A D E R.

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

Mrs. C O L E.

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

L O A D E R.

T H E M I N O R. 41

L O A D E R.

What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs. C O L E.

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

L O A D E R.

Poor old girl!

Mrs. C O L E.

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 *reformation* the work of a day. No, no, no.—Oh!

Sir G E O R G E.

Not worfe, I hope.

Mrs. C O L E.

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?

D I C K.

A case of French drams.

G

Mrs. C O L E.

Mrs. COLE.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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

Mrs. COLE.

Ay, I am a going; a waisting and a waisting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.—No.—When people are mist, then they are mourn'd. 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 GEORGE.

Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

LOADER.

May I lose 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 cha-

character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter DICK, with a dram.

L O A D E R.

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

Mrs. C O L E.

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.

L O A D E R.

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

Mrs. C O L E.

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

L O A D E R.

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

Mrs. C O L E.

Ay; A young thing from the country.

L O A D E R.

Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. C O L E.

Impossible! She is engaged to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

LOADER.

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 dye, Mr. Loader?

LOADER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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

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.

LOADER.

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.

LOADER.

T H E M I N O R.

45

L O A D E R.

Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs. C O L E.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

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

Mrs. C O L E.

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 G E O R G E.

Why not?

Mrs. C O L E.

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 could not bear their barbarity. Wou'd 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.

L O A D E R.

L O A D E R.

Brand me, what a country!

Sir G E O R G E.

Oh, scandalous!

Mrs. C O L E.

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

Enter D I C K.

D I C K.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

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

Mrs. C O L E.

True, sir George. Mr. Loader, your arm——Gently, oh, oh!

Sir G E O R G E.

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

Mrs. C O L E.

Not a drop—I shall see you this evening.

Sir G E O R G E.

Depend upon me.

Mrs.

THE MINOR. 47

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 GEORGE.

Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. COLE.

Or if that shou'd 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 GEORGE.

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.

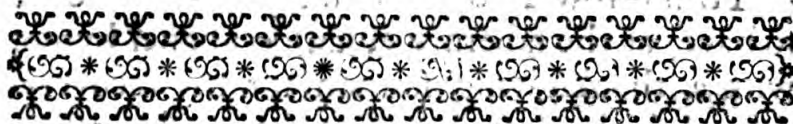
LOADER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

I'll go to them immediately.


A C T



A C T II.

Enter DICK, introducing TRANSFER.

DICK.

 Y master will come to you presently.

Enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir GEORGE.

Mr. Transfer, your servant.

TRANSFER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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.

TRANSFER.

Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money! I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorsement, was as current as cash.

H

If your uncle Richard now would join in this security —

Sir GEORGE.

Impossible.

TRANSFER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

So do I. But as that will be confider'd, in the premium —

TRANSFER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

Lack! — How much have you brought?

TRANSFER.

Who, I? — Dear me, None.

Sir GEORGE.

Zounds, none!

TRANSFER.

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.

H

Sir

THE MINOR.

Sir GEORGE.

Why what the devil can I do ?

TRANSFER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

My Honour prest ! Yes, my Honour is not only prest, but ruin'd, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That blockhead Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

TRANSFER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

Damn your sorrow.

TRANSFER.

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 GEORGE.

How, dear Transfer ?

TRANSFER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

Hey !

TRANS-

THE MINOR. 51

TRANSFER.

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 GEORGE.

Well.

TRANSFER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

Blubber and blankets ! Why, you old rascal, do you banter me ?

TRANSFER.

Who I ! O law, marry heaven forbid.

Sir GEORGE.

Get out of my — you stuttering scoundrel.

TRANSFER.

If your honour would but hear me. —

Sir GEORGE.

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.

H. 2. *Enter*

Enter LOADER.

LOADER.

What's the matter?

Sir GEORGE.

He can't supply me with a shilling! And wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlas.

LOADER.

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 GEORGE.

Why, prythee, of what use wou'd his —

LOADER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

Indeed.

LOADER.

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

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.

TRANSFER.

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

LOADER.

I told him so; Well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, pr'ythee, if thou could'st not procure us some of the ready, for present spending.

TRANSFER.

Let me consider.

LOADER.

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

TRANSFER.

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

LOADER.

Who?

TRANSFER.

Statute, the scrivener.

LOADER.

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

TRANS-

TRANSFER.

A hard man, master Loader.

Sir GEORGE.

No matter.

TRANSFER.

His demands are exorbitant.

Sir GEORGE.

That is no fault of ours.

LOADER.

Well said, knight.

TRANSFER.

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

LOADER.

Unnecessary.

TRANSFER.

Five per cent. legal interest.

Sir GEORGE.

He shall have it.

TRANSFER.

Ten, the premium.

Sir GEORGE.

No more words.

TRANSFER.

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

LOADER.

We will give it.

TRANS-

T R A N S F E R.

As for what he will demand for the risque—

Sir G E O R G E.

He shall be satisfy'd.

T R A N S F E R.

You pay the attorney.

Sir G E O R G E.

AmPLY, amPLY. Loader, dispatch him.

L O A D E R.

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 T R A N S F E R.

T R A N S F E R.

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

L O A D E R.

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

T R A N S F E R.

Enough, enough.

L O A D E R.

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

T R A N S F E R.

They shall be forth coming.—You would not have the hay, with the flints!

L O A D E R.

L O A D E R.

Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of the Baronets Burrough, 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 G E O R G E.

You are obliging.

L O A D E R.

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

Enter DICK.

D I C K.

Your uncle, fir, has been waiting some time.

SIR G E O R G E.

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. W E A L T H Y.

So, fir, what, I suppose, this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his
his

his heels in your hall, whilst your presence chamber is crowded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

Sir G E O R G E.

Oh, a proof of my respect, dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduc'd you into such company?

R. W E A L T H Y.

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 were determin'd our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir G E O R G E.

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

R. W E A L T H Y.

And how are all these to be paid?

Sir G E O R G E.

That I submit to you, dear nuncle.

R. W E A L T H Y.

From me!—Not a soufe to keep you from the Counter.

Sir G E O R G E.

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

R. W E A L T H Y.

Here's a diabolical distinction! Here's a prostitution of words!—Honour! Sdeath, that a
 I rascal,

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 GEORGE.

Oh, a truce to this threadbare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. WEALTHY.

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 GEORGE.

A prudent resolution.

R. WEALTHY.

One commission, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing.—It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter —

Sir GEORGE.

Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margern and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimonn.

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir GEORGE.

Sir GEORGE.

Dispatch, dear nuncle.

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir GEORGE.

What d'you mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. WEALTHY.

I do.

Sir GEORGE.

What, moi-me?

R. WEALTHY.

You, you.—Your answer, ay, or no?

Sir GEORGE.

Why then concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or farther circumlocution,—No.

R. WEALTHY.

I am glad of it.

Sir GEORGE.

So am I.

R. WEALTHY.

But pray, if it would 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 GEORGE.

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

R. WEALTHY.

What, perhaps, I am the stumbling block.

I 2

Sir

Sir G E O R G E.

You have hit it.

R. W E A L T H Y.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

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. W E A L T H Y.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

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. W E A L T H Y.

The duce!

Sir G E O R G E.

And could you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

R. W E A L T H Y.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

Oh, a horrid, barbarous scheme?

R. W E A L T H Y.

THE MINOR.

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R. WEALTHY.

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 Fuller's-earth, to scour out the dirty spots, contracted by commerce.

Sir GEORGE.

Impossible!

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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

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

Sir GEORGE.

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

R. WEALTHY.

A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

Sir GEORGE.

Ah la jòlie petite Bourgeoise; Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure
her

her emergence from the mercantile mud, no consideration wou'd be spar'd.

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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

R. WEALTHY.

Indeed!

Sir GEORGE.

And upon his quitting the contagious connexion, he is permitted to resume his rank.

R. WEALTHY.

That's fortunate.

Sir GEORGE.

So, nuncle Richard, if you will fell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house, and quit St. Mary Ax for Grosvenor-square——

R. WEALTHY.

What then?

Sir GEORGE.

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. WEALTHY.

T H E M I N O R. 63

R. W E A L T H Y.

Amazing condescension!

Sir G E O R G E.

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

R. W E A L T H Y.

I can contain no longer. Hear me, spend-thrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head.

Sir G E O R G E.

Hey day, what's the matter now?

R. W E A L T H Y.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

Infamous aspersions!

R. W E A L T H Y.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

Better our name had perish'd! insupportable! soap-boiling, uncle!

R. W E A L T H Y.

Traduce a trader, in a country of commerce! It is treason against the community. And, for your

your punishment, I wou'd have you restor'd to the fordid condition from whence we drew you. And like your predeceffors, the Picts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and black-berries.

Sir G E O R G E.

A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. W E A L T H Y.

One pleasure I have, that to this goal 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 G E O R G E.

Insolent mechanic! But that his Bourgeois' blood would have foil'd my sword——

Enter BARON *and* LOADER.

Sir W I L L I A M.

What is de matter?

Sir G E O R G E.

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

Sir W I L L I A M.

Vat, you from the boiler of soap!

Sir G E O R G E.

Me.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka
you

you, mister mounfieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontry——

Sir G E O R G E.

How !

Sir W I L L I A M.

De impertinence to fit down, play wid me ?

Sir G E O R G E.

What is this ?

Sir W I L L I A M.

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

L O A D E R.

But baron——

Sir W I L L I A M.

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

L O A D E R.

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

Sir W I L L I A M.

May be.

L O A D E R.

Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand signor. 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.

66 THE MINOR.

Sir WILLIAM.

Was dat all!

LOADER.

Upon my honour.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

LOADER.

Nothing like it.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

A gentleman, to enquire for Mr. Loader.

LOADER.

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 oil-man. [*Exit.*

Sir WILLIAM.

I beg pardon, chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir GEORGE.

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

Enter LOADER.

LOADER.

Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir GEORGE.

Shew him in, by all means. [*Exit* Load.

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

You have affair.

Sir GEORGE.

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

Enter LOADER, *with* SHIFT, *as* SMIRK.

LOADER.

Here, master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Harkee, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark. Here she has brought you 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 GEORGE.

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

SMIRK.

You have.

Sir GEORGE.

Could you assist me?

SMIRK.

Doubtless.

Sir GEORGE.

But directly?

K 2

SMIRK.

S M I R K.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

Can that be done?

S M I R K.

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 G E O R G E.

Very artificial. But this must be conceal'd.

S M I R K.

Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and *folitaire* 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 G E O R G E.

True, upon my word, your profession requires parts.

S M I R K.

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

Sir

Sir G E O R G E.

Never.

S M I R K.

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 would force you to bid, whether you would or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir G E O R G E.

You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

S M I R K.

No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me, to vie with that great man. But as I was saying, my predecessor, 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 seiz'd with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bed-side, 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 advice that great man.

Sir

Sir G E O R G E.

No, no.

S M I R K.

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 G E O R G E.

That was bold.

S M I R K.

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 judgement. I resolv'd to consult my friends. I told them the affair — you 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 the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; lady Dy Jofs, 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

to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: some recommended a tye, others a bag; one mentioned a bob, but was soon overrul'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 G E O R G E.

What was her decision?

S M I R K.

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 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

Sir G E O R G E.

So, that was fixt.

S M I R K.

Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the trial. 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 founced 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 G E O R G E,

What was that?

S M I R K.

Why, sir, the lot was a guido; a single figure, a marvellous fine performance; well preserv'd, and highly finished. 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

T H E M I N O R. 73

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 G E O R G E.

That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

S M I R K.

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 too 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 G E O R G E.

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

S M I R K.

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 surpris'd—Ha, ha, ha, — heigh ho. [*Exit.*

L

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!

LOADER.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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

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. 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 G E O R G E.

Upon my credit a fine figure. Awkard— 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, prythee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you—Come, miss.

L U C Y.

O, sir.

Sir G E O R G E.

Child.

L U C Y.

If you have humanity, spare me.

Sir G E O R G E.

In tears! What can this mean? Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Lookee, 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.

L 2

LUCY.

LUCY.

Indeed you wrong me, sir; indeed you do.

Sir GEORGE.

Wrong you! How came you here, and for what purpose?

LUCY.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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 GEORGE.

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 GEORGE.

Fear nothing.

LUCY.

May heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir GEORGE.

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

LUCY,

LUCY.

None.

Sir GEORGE.

You know Mrs. Cole?

LUCY.

Too well.

Sir GEORGE.

How came you then to trust her!

LUCY.

Mine, fir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir GEORGE.

And artless too?

LUCY.

As innocence.

Sir GEORGE.

Give it me.

LUCY.

It will tire you.

Sir GEORGE.

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

LUCY.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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

LUCY.

Some months ago, fir, I was consider'd as the joint heirs of a respectable, wealthy merchant;

merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir G E O R G E.

His name.

L U C Y.

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 G E O R G E.

I applaud your piety.

L U C Y.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

Wou'd no friend receive you?

L U C Y.

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

Sir G E O R G E.

How came you to know this woman?

L U C Y.

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 procur'd 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 G E O R G E.

Unfortunately indeed!

L U C Y.

By the decency of appearances, I was some time impos'd 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

Sir GEORGE.

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 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 lye conceal'd, and, perhaps, be rewarded on both sides.

I have it, — 'tis engender'd, piping hot.

And

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And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with a plot. [Exit.

Enter Sir WILLIAM and RICH. WEALTHY.

R. WEALTHY.

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 WILLIAM.

Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

R. WEALTHY.

Let us have it over then.

Sir WILLIAM.

I have already alarm'd all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have them here, with a legion of bayliffs and constables.— Oh, you have my will about you.

R. WEALTHY.

Yes, yes.

Sir WILLIAM.

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, sir, 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.

M

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Oh, the bunglers?

SHIFT.

Now for it, youngster.

*Enter Sir GEORGE, driving in LOADER
and another.*

Sir GEORGE.

Rascals, robbers, that like the locust, mark
the road you have taken, by the ruin and de-
folation you leave behind you.

LOADER.

Sir George.

Sir GEORGE.

I 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 sir, are
you here! — I am glad you have not escap'd
• us however.

R. WEALTHY.

What de devil is de matter!

Sir GEORGE.

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

hours. They are dexterously 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 GEORGE.

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 design'd her. Abominable hypocrite! Who, tottering under the load of irreverent age, and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceeds in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions, to the most infernal purposes.

Mrs. COLE.

I hope your Honour—

Sir GEORGE.

Take her away. As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguish'd in your pennance. Which, I promise you, shall be most publicly and plentifully bestowed. [Exit COLE.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

The constables, sir.

Sir GEORGE.

Let them come in, that I may consign these gentlemen to their care. [To Sir Will.] Your let-

ters 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 WILLIAM.

Why, don't you know me!

Sir GEORGE.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

Nay, but George.

Sir GEORGE.

Insolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

Don't you know him?

Sir GEORGE.

Know him! The very question is an affront.

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir GEORGE.

My father! Impossible!

Sir WILLIAM.

That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir

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Sir GEORGE.

My father alive! Thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir WILLIAM.

Alive! Ay, and I believe I sha'n't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir GEORGE.

But, dear sir, the report of your death — and this disguise — to what —

Sir WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir WILLIAM.

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 GEORGE.

Perhaps, sir, I may match 'em.

SHIFT.

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

Sir GEORGE.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

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 GEORGE.

I can't boast of my goodness, fir, but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not so totally destitute of —

Sir WILLIAM.

Ay? Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir GEORGE.

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 WILLIAM.

To what?

Sir GEORGE.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean?

SHIFT.

I believe I can guess.

Sir WILLIAM.

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 grand-

grand-father, 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 WILLIAM.

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

R. WEALTHY.

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

Enter Sir GEORGE and LUCY.

Sir GEORGE.

Fear nothing, madam, you may safely rely on the ——

LUCY.

My father!

R. WEALTHY.

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 WILLIAM.

Brother!

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

Sir!

LUCY.

Father!

R. WEALTHY.

Rise, child, 'tis I must ask of thee forgiveness. Can'st 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 completed. Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but —

Sir GEORGE.

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

R. WEALTHY.

Name it.

Sir GEORGE.

That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. WEALTHY.

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

Sir WILLIAM.

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

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Sir GEORGE.

I thank you for us both.

R. WEALTHY.

Happiness attend you.

Sir WILLIAM.

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, fir.

Sir WILLIAM.

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 GEORGE.

I am no stranger to his abilities, fir. 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, fir, 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.

N

SHIFT.

S H I F T, *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, would 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 labor, 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 befell,
 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 fure, 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

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

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