



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

(5)

THE
LITTLE HUNCH-BACK:
OR, A
FROLIC IN BAGDAD.

A F A R C E.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN BY
JOHN O'KEEFFE.

AUTHOR OF TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN—SON-IN-LAW
—DEAD ALIVE—AGREEABLE SURPRIZE—POSITIVE
MAN—CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA—POOR SOLDIER—
BIRTH-DAY; OR, PRINCE OF ARRAGON—FON-
TAINBLEAU; OR, OUR WAY IN FRANCE—THE
BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—YOUNG QUAKER—
PEEPING TOM—SIEGE OF CURZOLA—LOVE IN
A CAMP; OR, PATRICK IN PRUSSIA—FARMER—
PRISONER AT LARGE—HIGHLAND REEL—THE
TOY—PHARO BANK, &c.—

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR H. CHAMBERLAINE, W. COLLES,
P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, W. M'KENZIE,
J. MOORE, J. JONES, J. HALPEN,
W. CORBET, R. BUTLER,
GRUEBER AND M'ALLISTER,
W. JONES, D. SERVANT,
AND R. WHITE.

M DCC XC.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Bassia (of Bagdad)	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Cruumpy (the Hunch-Back)		Mr. QUICK.
Cross-Leg (the Taylor)	-	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Zebede (a Jew, the Purveyor)		Mr. REEVE.
Babouc,	- - -	Mr. PAINTER.
Cadi,	- - -	Mr. EVATT.
Doctor Quinquina,	- - -	Mr. CUBIT.
Crank,	- - -	Mr. BOOTH.
Abfalom (the Barber)	-	Mr. MACREADY.
Boy,	- - -	Mr. MILBURNE.
Dominique,	- - -	Mr. ROCK.
Crier,	- - -	Mr. THOMPSON.
Courier,	- - -	Mr. LEDGER.

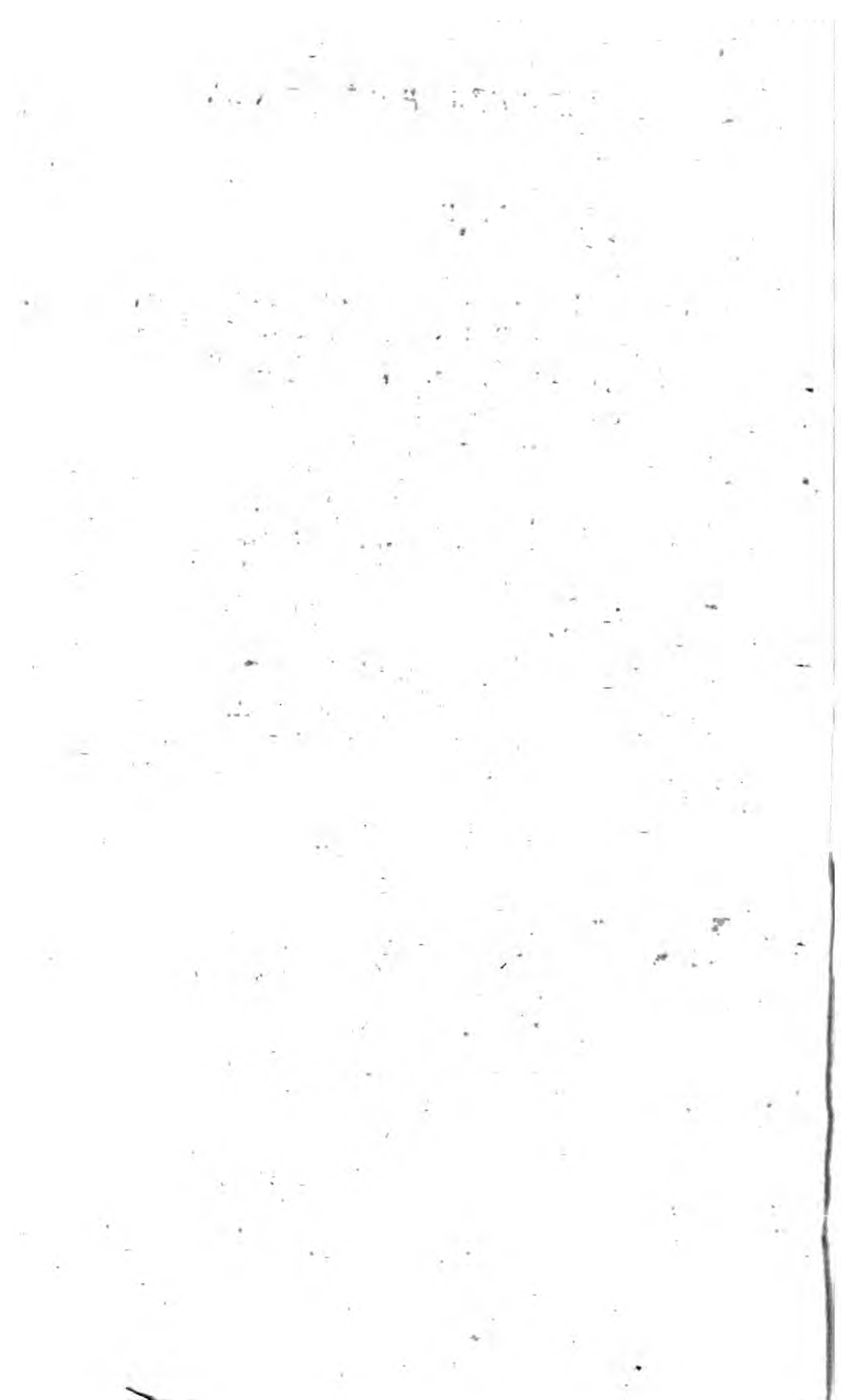
W O M E N.

Dora,	- - -	Miss ROWSON.
Juggy,	- - -	Mrs. WEBB.

Janizaries, Mutes, Officers, Mob, Boy, &c.

Scene Bagdad.

Time, an Evening, Night and Morning.



THE
LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Street in Bagdat. The Bassa's Palace in View.

ENTER ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

LET me give just one look at my bill of fare
(takes out a paper) Let's see at which of the
tradesmen's shops do I first touch in my voyage, to
lay in every delicacy for our grand entertainment (horn
sounds without) Eh! the courier with the dispatches
from Constantinople.

ENTER COURIER BLOWING HORN.

COURIER.

By'r leave! Letters for his Highness, one of the
great Officers, to ———

B

ZEBEDE.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

ZEBEDE.

Stop, I am a great Officer, Prime Caterer to the Bassa—he cou'dn't live without me, for I provide him his dinner every day.

COURIER.

Perhaps you've provided a dinner for me too.—A long post this last from *Rabba*—so I'll beat up your palace pantries if you'll give these two letters to Babouc the Aga, for his Highness the Bassa. (*gives the letters, then runs off, blowing horn*)

ZEBEDE.

Babouc the Black-a-moor! No; I will deliver them to his Highness myself, and that will shew my great care and diligence. (*Putting the letters into his pocket, drops one on the ground without knowing it*) Lie you there safe and snug; here comes my nephew, Absalom—the villain is going to marry with a christian womans, after my bringing him up so genteely; and binding him 'prentice to a barber. Ah, here's the rascal, with the very dow'rless damsel, and that hungry beggarman, Cross-Leg the taylor; I've a mind—but let me contain my passion.

ENTER ABSALOM AND DORA.

So, nephew Absalom, you're about to marry?

ABSALOM

Yes, Sir. (*bows*)

ZEBEDE.

And, Miss Dora, you're going to be married?

DORA.

Yes, Sir. (*curtsies.*)

ZEBEDE.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

3

ZEBEDE.

You have monies? (*to Absalom*)

ABSALOM.

No, Sir.

ZEBEDE.

You bring a portion? (*to Dora*)

DORA.

No, Sir.

ZEBEDE.

Where do you eat your wedding supper?

ENTER CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

At my house.

ZEBEDE.

Is it bought?

CROSS-LEG.

Yes; when you give a little money to buy it.

ZEBEDE.

Oh! then I'm to buy it.

CROSS-LEG.

Will you—Gad, old Zebede's growing kind. (*Afide.*)
I thought you wou'd; none can do it better, as
you're his Highness the Bassa's Caterer; no man, in
Bagdad, genteeler knows how to provide, and this
is only a neat little bit of supper for a poor young
couple and their few friends.

B 2

ZEBEDE.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

ZEBEDE.

Eh!

ABSALOM.

Yes, Sir, you know a poor couple have but few friends.

CROSS-LEG.

Now if you'd only take a pretty little walk (you see it's a very pleasant evening) just round to the Bassa's butcher, poulterer, fishmonger, confectioner, and wine merchant, and order us in a small joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and a hamper of Cyprus wine; you, the generous founder, shall be toasted in noble bumpers by us the grateful confounders.

ZEBEDE.

Thank'ee, Timothy Cross Leg. Then as it is a very pleasant evening, why I will take a pretty little walk, and desire the poulterer, butcher, fishmonger, confectioner, and wine merchant——

DORA.

Good Sir!

ABSALOM.

Kind Uncle!

CROSS-LEG.

Most comfortable Caterer!

} (all together)

ZEBEDE.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

5

ZEBEDEE.

If they've got a small joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and an hamper of Cyprus wine, that they take particular care to——

DORA:

What good nature!

ABSALOM.

Generous Uncle!

CROSS-LEG.

Plentiful Purveyor!

} (together)

ZEBEDEE.

To keep them safe in their shops.

CROSS-LEG.

Eh!

ZEBEDEE.

Then, my poor young couple, I wish you joy of your wedding supper. Ha! ha! ha! Eh! so you'll marry a Christian, you wicked reprobate?

[Exit.

CROSS-LEG.

(After a pause.) Oh! I wish I had only an order from the grand Signor to sew up your ugly mouth, I'd do it with as much pleasure as ever I stich'd a button-hole.

B 3

ABSALOM.

6 THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

A B S A L O M.

I'm not disappointed.

C R O S S - L E G.

So, because your Uncle won't have you marry the daughter of a Christian, and your step-father won't let you have the son of a Jew, you must both starve, poor things! You shan't this night, however, for a wedding supper you shall have, though I pawn my goose for the price of it. Hark'ee—has n't Father Anselm, the Armenian Friar, promised to marry you?

A B S A L O M.

Appointed Dora and I to come to his cell, by the Fountain of Palms, at eight.

C R O S S - L E G.

Then go you, boy, and dress in your best; Dora shall meet you there. As she cannot go home to her father's, my wife, Juggy, shall trick her out nicely. There they'll consult about the cookery. Tol, lol, lol! Courage, my young folks. Come Dora!

D O R A.

Then, my dear Absalom, don't let us be cast down by the cruelty of those who should be kind to us. True love is the best of good cheer!

C R O S S - L E G.

You shall have somewhat more substantial, I warrant! My Juggy will toss us up a comfortable morsel, without the help of—Hang me if I should think a
christian

christian wedding lucky, if the supper was provided by a Jew: Ha! ha! ha! clear up, I am but a poor taylor to be sure, but an honest mind is my workshop; there Content sings all day to the music of a good Conscience.

[*Exeunt Cross-Leg and Dora.*]

ABSALOM.

It goes cursedly against my spirit to lay all the expences of my wedding on my honest friend the taylor! What to do now to raise but a little money. Oh! for a few beards to mow, even at an asper a chin. If I—What's this (*looking on the ground, takes the letter up which Zebede dropt. Reads the superscription*) “For his Highness the Bassa of Bagdad,” trod under foot. Now if I could deliver this letter to the Bassa myself, he'd probably give me a reward sufficient to defray the charges of my wedding. How the deuce shall I get admission though? My old Uncle has always kept me at such a distance, that I'm not even known at the palace, and the attendants there are so saucy—No, they'll never let a poor strange barber pass the antichamber. (*Crumpy sings without*) Odsso! here comes little Crumpy, the Bassa's favourite Hunch-back jester; he's a good-natur'd fellow; and from my saving him from a beating in the street quarrel, that his jokes brought him into the other night—if I could prevail on him—he has high interest at court, and—(*Enter Crumpy singing and dancing*) How do you do, Mr. Crumpy?

CRUMPY.

Fellow! (*proudly, but changes on recollecting Absalom*) Ha! my gay spirited—my little finger (*holds out his hand*) don't slip my ring off. Your prowess in that re-encounter, when those villains attacked me the other night, saved—Did you ever see the like?

The

8 THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

The fellows thresh'd me as if I was a wheat-sheaf; had I the lives of seven cats they'd have hammered them out; for there I lay like a little anvil, and the rascals laid on me like so many Cyclops, turn'd me about as if I was a three-penny nail—only for your passing by just at the nick, those ruffians would have broke my bones. Yes, they'd have crack'd my ivory; their heads were so hard, and their fists so heavy, that my great wit and little body—Oh dear!

ABSALOM.

Going to the palace, I presume, Sir?

CRUMPY.

Ay, his Highness has got into a merry mood, and just sent for me.

ABSALOM.

Then, Sir, that horse with the fine trappings, that I saw the slaves take by just now, was to carry you to court?

CRUMPY.

Yes; they had the insolence to think I'd peck upon a poney; but if I must ride to court, it shall be on an elephant.

ABSALOM.

Certainly, Sir.

CRUMPY.

By virtue of my high office, lord chief justice joker, I am obliged, when called upon, to be provided with some comical story to divert him, entre nous, though my wit is as ready as any man's, I am sometimes
plaguily

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

9

plaguily put to it; but as I'm determined to keep my place, to pick up novelty and character, I get upon those night rambles in the street, which often, with a little of my ingenuity in dressing up, furnish a good merry tale or pleasant incident for the Bassa to laugh at the next morning.

ABSALOM.

I thought, Sir, you statesmen were too wise to laugh?

CRUMPY.

He that's wise enough to refuse a good hearty laugh in this world, will be cursedly bob'd, if there should be no laughing in the next. Here he has sent for me now, takes me a little unprovided, so I'll go make my bow, and retire.

ABSALOM.

What a prodigious favourite you are, Sir?

CRUMPY.

Ay, ay; the Circassian beauties dance ambassado-ries; black, blue and yellow pay compliments; courtiers smile, cringe and tell lies, but no life at court without little Crumpy (*sings and dances*). Oh, barber, could you supply me with a decent, fashionable, flourishing whisker?

ABSALOM.

Why, Sir, you've a very handsome pair already.

CRUMPY.

Only one real, t'other was pluck'd off by the roots in that affray; this is false, a favourite lock fell from
the

the forehead of a celebrated beauty at the last ball, I pick'd it up, and stuck it on with a little gum, and it graces the lip of her humble admirer. Ha! ha! ha!

ABSALOM.

How gallant!

CRUMPY.

Yet the courtiers smil'd, the ladies teehee'd, but *bont fait*—I should not wonder if the circumstance gave birth to an order of knighthood, and the black eagle and golden fleece give way to the knights of the whisker.

ABSALOM.

Ha! ha! ha! Sir, I've a letter here for the Bassa, and—

CRUMPY.

A petition? Give it me, I'll deliver it into his Highness's own hand?

ABSALOM.

Ah, Sir, if you'd only procure me the honour of laying it at his Highness's own feet?

CRUMPY.

You serv'd me; I will be grateful; you shall have an audience; come along, my noble shaver.

(going)

ABSALOM.

Ay, but will his Highness condescend to listen to so poor a fellow as I?

CRUMPY.

C R U M P Y.

What, don't you know our Bassa has travelled through Europe, been at the English court, whose king has been the model for all his noblest actions, like their gracious monarch, the father of his people, he is above the little consideration of the colour of a face, or the sod where a man first drew breath, when distress is to be relieved or merit rewarded.

A B S A L O M.

But, Sir, if any of the grand officers in waiting should stop me?

C R U M P Y.

What! when I take you by the hand?

A B S A L O M.

These court eunuchs are such great men—

C R U M P Y.

They great men! the rascals, slaves, ah, hah; trip, skip; come, tol, lol, lol. (*Exit singing and dancing, Absalom follows, admiring him.*)

SCENE

S C E N E II.

An Antichamber of the Palace.

ENTER ZEBEDE AND HABBY MEETING.

Z E B E D E.

(Greatly distressed) Oh, ruin, Habby! I'm undone, for ever.

H A B B Y.

Hey, what's the matter, master?

Z E B E D E.

I have lost (I don't know how) one of the letters the courier gave me for the Bassa. Oh, I shall lose my place that I have held so long with credit. I have been prime Purveyor to him, ay, fifteen years next Pentecost.

H A B B Y.

But this trust, how discharge?

Z E B E D E.

Discharg'd, you dog! I have charg'd and overcharg'd; take that, you scoundrel. *(strikes him.)*

H A B B Y.

What's that for?

ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

You, my clerk, throw out your inuendo's against my honesty when you see me distressed and enrag'd—get out of my sight.

HABBY.

(*Aside.*) Good master, I'll give you a blow worth two of this.

[*Exit.*

ZEBEDE.

Oh, this letter; what will become of me? If I confess I lost it, I may not only lose my place but my life too. I will deny that I did receive any letters; and, even if the courier do say he did give me them, my word will be taken before his oath: yes, that will save me; 'tis a good thought.

ENTER BABOUC ATTENDED.

BABOUC.

Zebede, the Bassa desires his letters; he'd learn if ———

ZEBEDE.

His Highness wants to learn his letters.

BABOUC.

His dispatches, the express.

ZEBEDE.

Well, express.

BABOUC.

Psha; the letters for him?

ZEBEDE.

Me; I did get no letters for him.

C

BABOUC.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

B A B O U C.

No ! Why his Highness himself saw from his window
the courier give them to you.

Z E B E D E.

The devil ! what eyes he has got ! he saw ! I quite
forgot, my memory is distracted with my accompts
and marketings. Lord—yes, here they are—What
shall I do (*aside*).

ENTER ABSALOM, LOOKING ABOUT.

A B S A L O M.

I wish Mr. Crumpy would come on, I'm afraid
to ———

Z E B E D E.

My nephew ! how dare you put your face into the
palace ? You graceless vagabond.

B A B O U C.

Go, go, friend ; what brings you here ?

A B S A L O M.

No ; I have business.

Z E B E D E.

You business, you impudent—

B A B O U C.

Guards, thrust him out.

(*Slaves attempt it. Crumpy within*)

C R U M P Y.

Very well ; you may all depend upon my influence
and interest.

ZEBEDE.

Z E B E D E.

Do stand out of the way, fellow. Here comes the Bassa's first favourite, and if he sees such shabby rogues as you here, he'll order you to the whipping post.

ENTER CRUMPY SINGING, BUT WITH GREAT CONSEQUENCE.

CRUMPY.

Eh! what noise is here? Babouc, I'll have none of these doings.

B A B O U C.

Sir, my station and rank demands—

CRUMPY.

Rank! don't I allow you to be the greatest black in the palace? Ha! my good friend, I ask you millions of pardons for making you wait. (*to Absalom.*)

Z E B E D E.

Eh! good friend! (*surprised*) How did my nephew do this! (*aside*)

A B S A L O M.

Sir! (*to Crumpy*)

CRUMPY.

Come, come along! Fling open the folding doors there. I protest a man has scarce room to pass. Come. (*to Absalom*)

A B S A L O M.

Yes, Sir, but these gentlemen may have some objections.

CRUMPY.

Gentlemen! Give me your hand. (*takes Absalom's hand*) Room there, ye slaves—stand by.

C 2

BABOUC.

B A B O U C.

Room there for Mr. Crumpy.

[Exit Crumpy with great importance, and Absalom.]

You must stop, Zebede, till Mr. Crumpy has his audience.

Z E B E D E.

And my poor rascally nephew. Dear me, what is all this?

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

A magnificent Apartment in the Palace.

ENTER BASSA AND BABOUC.

B A B O U C.

Zebede is bringing your Highness the dispatches from Constantinople.

B A S S A.

Oh, Babouc! happy is the wife of a Bassa whose government is at a distance from the sublime Port, and good was my friend, the Vizier, to appoint me Bassa of Bagdad. While the seraglio there is distracted with cabal and faction; here, an Emperor in epitome, I enjoy all the pleasures of peace and security, my nod gives death, and my smiles preferment? have you ordered the dance, the banquet, and sent for my little Hunch-back Jester? My soul, and every sense, are this evening devoted to laugh, love, and joy. (*Crumpy sings without*).

B A B O U C.

Here is Crumpy, please your Highness.

B A S S A.

Approach, my man of whim and frolick.

C R U M P Y.

(*Without*) Stand aside, make way there.

B A S S A.

Ha! ha! ha! he has got introducing some of the Mesopotamian Plenipo's.

C 3.

ENTER

ENTER CRUMPY, WITH GREAT IMPORTANCE,
TAKES A SWEEP ROUND, PUTS THE OFFICERS AND
SLAVES ASIDE.

CRUMPY.

Room—hem! Sir, permit me the honour of introducing to your Highness this most magnificently—magnanimous—Come in, Barber.

ENTER ABSALOM.

BASSA.

Impertinence! your office is to please; a step beyond that and you offend, remember, Crumpy—

CRUMPY.

I wish you'd remember Crumpy when there's a good place to give away.

BASSA.

Leave me!

CRUMPY.

When I go I shan't take you with me; this humble barber comes with an humble petition.

BASSA.

A petition, I were indeed unworthy of the luxuries of life myself, did I lose an opportunity of diffusing the comforts of it to all around me—What's your grievance? (*Absalom, kneeling, delivers the letter*)

CRUMPY.

That's his grievance, and he delivers it to your Highness.

BASSA.

How came you by this? the grand Vizier's hand!

ABSALOM.

ABSALOM.

Sir, I found it in the street.

CRUMPY.

Yes, Sir, the grand Vizier's hand was at a poor barber's foot.

BASSA.

(Reads) "The joys of a long and happy life attend my dear Abdallah, the success of our Russian and Austrian enemy has set Constantinople in a clamour against the christians, the rumour of your partiality for this sect has reach'd the Emperor, who, to appease the Divan, was compell'd to send you the dreadful letter you receive with this."—Eh! this is part of the dispatch the courier gave Zebede for me; how careless must he have been to lose it! *(aside)* *(reads)* "The orders for your death, contain'd in that mandate, being merely a matter of state policy, you may safely disobey, your mind may be satisfied, as I inclose you the copy of your pardon; but the conditions are, that in future, you treat the christians under your government with the utmost rigour.

"Your friend for ever,

"SELIM, VIZIER."

Yes; Zebede drop'd this; and here, hadn't it been found by the merest accident—Had I received only the other, from what I imagine the contents to be, my life was gone *(Aside)* Ah! you have done me a signal service! *(to Absalom)*

CRUMPY.

Eh! What's that?

BASSA.

You found this letter in the street?

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY:

Yes, Sir, he found it in the street, upon my honour !
Did you ?

ABSALOM.

Yes, my Lord, and thought it my duty to deliver
it to your Highness.

CRUMPY.

Of such consequence ! then I'll come in for my
share (*aside*). Yes, my Lord, I thought it my duty
to see it delivered to your Highness ; the young man
here was for running back in a vast hurry to finish
dressing a lady, daughter of a grand French merchant ;
but, says I, man alive, never mind her ; bring this to
the Bassa directly : for, my Lord, says I, is the most
generous, liberal, prince-conditioned—he won't mat-
ter what he gives you and I for this piece of service.
Well, Sir, he would go, I insisted he should come ; he
brandishes his curling tongs ; I whip'd out my sabre,
tuck'd him under my arm, and in five strides of a game
cock, dash'd into the palace, cut, kick'd, shuffled and
elbow'd my way through the guards, mutes, janiza-
ries.—Here I have brought him, while poor made-
moiselle waits, her hair half papered, half friz'd, fret-
ting like an affronted porcupine, ha ! ha ! ha !

BASSA.

For which the three first requests you make, if in
my power, I grant them (*to Absalom*).

CRUMPY.

Oh, Sir, I thank you, hem !—you'll grant us our
three first requests !—So, here we have a brace and a
half of promises from a Lord ; but one performance
we'll get the Lord knows when !

BASSA.

Here (*to slaves*) take this young man (*pointing to
Absalom*) cloath him splendidly.

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

Aye, take me, and cloath me splendidly.

BASSA.

You ! it's the—

CRUMPY.

Psha !—His Highness calls me young man ; you know he's always complimenting me.

BASSA.

And let my treasurer instantly pay him down 1000 zingerlees.

CRUMPY.

My good, bountiful Lord !—it is really too much ! 3000 is full sufficient for me.

BASSA.

You ! (*Smiling*) I mean—

CRUMPY.

I know you mean every thing that's good for me. As to the splendour of the robes, the more gold lace the better ; they'll fit me : and I have a little bag for the 5000 zingerlees. Come along barber, you shall have a hundred and fifty for your trouble ; and the rest shall rest with me.

BASSA.

Why, I mean it all for—

CRUMPY.

Me. I know it—but I will be generous—I will give the lad the fifty, as I said I would—Come, I am good myself, and I do good ; but till I am big myself I will be good for little. Shaver, follow me.

[*Exeunt Crumpy, Absalom, and officers.*]

BASSA.

Finding this letter was a most fortunate circumstance ! Yes, here's my pardon (*looking at a paper that he had taken from the letter*) the conditions of it, severity to the Christians. Persecution is against my nature ;

nature ; but to disobey, would be ingratitude to my prince. I'll do it by proclamation through the city, order the Cadi here, ha ! ha ! ha ! Here comes Zebede. How will he bring himself off for losing this ! as yet I don't think he knows it has been brought to me.

ENTER ZEBEDE, BOWING.

ZEBEDE.

This letter for your Highness. (*gives it.*)

BASSA.

From Constantinople, signed by the Emperor himself.—Ay, this is the dreadful mandate ; but now it brings no terrors (*aside*). (*Reads*) “ Trusty and well-beloved, greeting: We do command you, that within three hours after the receipt of this, you have yourself strangled ; but first leave orders for your head to be cut off—and sent to us This fail not to do, on pain of our high displeasure.” Ha ! ha ! ha !

ZEBEDE.

Well ; I did not think that strangling and beheading was so good a joke.

BASSA.

Yes ; he does not know that I am in possession of this other letter, that countermands this order. (*reads*) “ Given at our Sublime Port, 1167th year of the Hegira, ACHMET.”

Since my Emperor thinks I should die, I obey, (*kisses the letter*) and this night I sup with Mahomet—to try my very careful steward (*aside*). I'll first settle my worldly affairs, instantly prepare your accounts for my inspection.

ZEBEDE.

Oh ! the devil ! I have cheated him so damnably that my head goes off, if he finds out my rogueries (*aside*). Sir, you'd best think of nothing now but obeying

obeying the Emperor's command, he may be angry, indeed; he says, instantly fend me your head, on pain of our high displeasure.

B A S S A.

Now I'll put his fidelity to the full proof (*aside*) I am surpris'd my friend the Vizier would not interpose in my behalf, not even to condole or comfort me. Pray was there no other letter came with this?

Z E B E D E.

No; as I am an honest man, this is all the letter I got—Except the one I dropp'd (*aside*).

B A S S A.

Then I must die!

Z E B E D E.

Do, my Lord, it will prove your great loyalty, and your readiness to oblige the Grand Signior, dear, yes, my Lord, and here your Lordship may have all done in your own house, so comfortable every thing; all the conveniencies of death here within yourself; your own trusty mutes, with a fine soft silk string, will choak you so gently; and then you have your own faithful black Babouc, with his shining scimeter of Damascus too—he'll slive off your head I warrant; he'll do it so neatly, that you'll never say after, Babouc, you did hurt me that time. I'll order them to prepare (*going*).

B A S S A.

But, my good steward, prepare your own accounts, I'll look over your book.

Z E B E D E.

Oh! the devil! then Babouc will have the first slice at my head (*aside*).

BASSA.

B A S S A.

I'll leave a fair name behind me; bring hither your accounts.

Z E B E D E.

Oh! my dear lord, you and your head are old acquaintance, and since you're so soon to part for ever, at such a time don't think of troubling it with my foolish totums of sugar, rice, coffee, soap, and candles. You mutes, you ministers of death prepare *(speaking to the officers)*.

B A S S A.

Prepare supper *(suddenly changes to sprightliness)*.

Z E B E D E.

You forget your Highness was engaged to sup above with Mahomet.

B A S S A.

Ha! ha! ha! Why no; I'll send him an apology?

Z E B E D E.

Apology!

B A S S A.

Ay, and you shall take it.

Z E B E D E.

Me!

B A S S A.

Or suppose, Zebede, you go sup with him in my stead?

Z E B E D E.

Thank you, Sir; but I eat no supper now-a-days.

B A S S A.

Refuse the honour of supping above with our great prophet!

ZEBEDE.

Z E B E D E.

'Tis a great honour, but I'd rather eat even a pork chop here below, than partake of the finest feast that was ever prepar'd above for Mahomet's table.

B A S S A.

(*Changing to firm resentment*) Where's the other letter you received for me.

Z E B E D E.

Ruin'd! Somebody's told him. (*aside, and terrified*). Oh! mercy, my lord; as I hope for heaven I dropt it out of my pocket.

B A S S A.

Then heaven shall be your reward; first for your negligence of such a precious charge, next your perfidy in denying you received it. Dispatch him. (*to mutes*)

Z E B E D E.

Oh! Lord! where, where is this letter?

B A S S A.

Here (*shows it*) brought to me by my guardian angel.

ENTER CRUMPY. ELEGANTLY DRESSED.

C R U M P Y.

Ay; brought to him by me and his other—You see what a pair of fine angels we are. Come, my friend—

B A S S A.

Perform your duty (*to the mutes, who seize Zebede, he drops on his knees*)

Z E B E D E.

Oh! save my life!

ENTER ABSALOM, RICHLY HANDED.

A B S A L O M.

My uncle in the hands of the mutes! Dread Lord, I claim as one of the three requests you promis'd me. Whatever be his crime pardon it.

C R U M P Y.

Half the promises were mine; so let him be half choak'd.

D

ABSALOM.

A B S A L O M.

Hold.

C R U M P Y.

Be quiet; his crime deserves death. Pray what has he done, my Lord? *(to Bassa)*

Z E B E D E.

This my nephew! *(looking with surprise at Absalom's dress).*

B A S S A.

The important service of bringing me that letter, lost by his negligence, has a claim much beyond that promise. Live *(to Zebede: the mutes quit him)*

Z E B E D E.

Gracious Highness *(with great joy)* Oh! my dear nephew—you damn'd scoundrel; what, did you give him the letter? *(apart)* my beloved lad, you have sav'd my life—I'll hang you; you pick'd my pocket, you thief. *(apart).*

B A S S A.

Instantly let me see your accounts; then quit my service and my sight for ever.

[Exeunt Bassa and attendants.]

[Exit Zebede, on the opposite side, with a revengeful look at Absalom.]

C R U M P Y.

Now, why would you interfere? One little squeeze of the bow-string would have done no harm to a Jew.

A B S A L O M.

What brought my uncle into this scrape?

C R U M P Y.

Your's! Well, I wou'dn't suffer such a rogue to be an uncle of mine, even my father—tho' according to the present state of things, no man can be born before
his

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

27

his father ; yet if mine was a bad man, I'd disinherite him, I would by—he's as great a little old robber— Since now you've money, damn it, never own such a rascally relation. I and my guitar are tun'd for a frolic. I must fall now into the streets in search of a night adventure, to lay in a morning's hearty laugh for the Bassa. You'll come. When I'm in my joking humour I like to have one in company that's able to fight for me. I can fight myself, but I'd as lief let it alone. Indeed I have never been matched ; bigger than myself won't fight me ; less than myself I scorn to fight ; and a man exactly my own size must be such a microcosm, such a neat picture of perfection, that I could not find in my heart to hurt him. Come.

A B S A L O M.

I'm engag'd. Near my time to meet Dora at the Friar's, and then to supper with the taylor. (*aside*)

C R U M P Y.

Nay, do come, boy.

A B S A L O M.

You must excuse me to-night—Every expence poor Cross-Leg may be at, I am now able to reimburse. (*aside*)

Good bye, generous Sir, I humbly thank you for the honour you have procur'd me.

C R U M P Y.

Aye, but don't, like other great men, forget the friend that raised you ; so as I'm going to-night upon perhaps some dangerous frolick, if in your walks you should find any hard fists rais'd over my fine head, remember, my brave barber, my sword and shield are your razor and bason. Tol! lol! lol! (*sings and dances*)

[*Excunt severally.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

D 2

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A STREET; CROSS-LEG'S HOUSE NEAR THE FRONT; TOWARDS THE BACK, THE DOCTOR'S AND ZEBEDE'S. LATE IN THE EVENING, A TUMULTUOUS HUZZAING WITHOUT.

ENTER CADI WITH OFFICERS, CRIER, AND A GREAT MOB; ZEBEDE AND CROSS-LEG, WITH A BASKET, FOLLOWING.

CADI.

CRIER, proclaim the proclamation.

CRIER.

"All take notice, by order of his Highness the
"Bassa. Any Christian who offends a Mussulman
"shall receive the bastinado; and death if he kills
"one, even by chance."

ZEBEDE.

(Apart to Cross Leg) Ah! ha! Did you hear that,
master Cross Leg!

CRIER.

"Take notice, That any Jew who kills a Mussul-
"man shall be hung on a gibbet thirty feet high."

CROSS-LEG.

(Apart to Zebede) Did you hear that, old Zebede
Zebede sneaks into his house)

CADI.

CADI.

Now to the market-place, and the four gates.

[Exeunt all, mob buzzing.]

CROSS-LEG.

What could have wrought this sudden change in the Bassa, he that was always such a friend to the Christians to begin now to persecute us! Yet, ha! ha! ha! I'm glad the Jews are included for sake of that old arch knave Zebede. Wife, Juggy, Juggy. *(calls and knocks at the door)* Hang'd! I shall dread to take up my shears to make a measure, for fear they should take an affidavit I'm going to snip off their noses. My prentice-boy is a Mussulman, and if I should kick him, though I even caught him cribbing my cabbage, I'm lug'd before the Cadi, and bastinado'd with my own lapboard.—My wife is so busy preparing our supper, that I fancy she hasn't heard me *(knocks loud)*. Abfalom and Dora by this time are married, and if they bring the jolly father, Anselm, with them, I've got a glass of good wine here *(pointing to his basket)* It's necessary; for this plaguy proclamation has let down my spirits, and taken away my appetite—dangerous to be in the street! Now if we had all our little company safe within the walls of my castle, and some merry fellow to tickle the guitar, while I tune up my small pipes in a chearful song, I'd lock my doors for the night, and we'd all be as snug as the lady in the lobster *(Crumpy sings without)*. What's yonder! a Mussulman! I'll get out of his way *(knocks very loud at his door)*—Deafen this wife of mine. Juggy!

(calls, Juggy opens the door)

JUGGY.

Now, husband, what kept you so long?

D 3

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

I say, wife, what kept you so long ?

ENTER CRUMPY, AT THE SIDE, AND PLAYING ON HIS GUITAR.

CRUMPY.

Oh! honest friend!

CROSS-LEG.

As you say, Sir, it's a very fine night ;—heaven save the firmament!

(goes into his door, and shuts it hastily)

CRUMPY.

What the devil's the matter with all the Christians and Jews I meet in the street? I frighten them away, as if I was some hob-goblin! Even the pretty girls trip from me, that us'd to take such pleasure in list'ning to my guitar, laughing at my jokes, and throwing up their veils to cast languishing ogles on my comely person—Nobody, *(looking about)* zounds! I begin to despair of an adventure—Though by my office, I'm privileged to say what I please, yet the character of jester is difficult to support. He! he! he! my introducing the barber into his presence was rather lucky; yet, damn it, I've got some how flat—being oblig'd to tell the same story three times over, and my patron is always gaping for new jokes, like boys at bob-cherry—Eh! for a nice neat story to have for the Bassa, spick and span!—I'd venture a few knocks o'the pate, or even get into a hobble for one—but, zounds!—I can meet with no living being, except our Turks, and they're so muz'd with their betel and opium—my only gig is amongst Jews and Christians—none can I meet—the devil!—I can't make fun out of the posts and window-

window-shutters! I'll try if my instrument can't draw some company about me; if it's only a few cocks and hens (*sits on a bench at Cross-Leg's door and plays, Cross-Leg opens a window and peeps*)

CROSS-LEG.

A rare musician! if he wasn't a Mussulman I'd—but it's now so dangerous even to talk to one, for fear of giving the least offence. Ha! ha! ha!—I should like to invite him in, his guitar would add such life to our little entertainment (*aside*)—(*Crumpy plays*) Oh! sweet!—I think as we are all such quiet folks, there's no danger of a quarrel to bring us under the penalty of the proclamation—I'm strongly tempted to venture—Juggy, come here and listen—she is so busy dressing supper—Ecod! I'll ask him in; I'll try his temper first, and if he's good-humour'd, there'll be no fear of— (*throws a flower pot on Crumpy*)

CRUMPY.

Hey!

CROSS-LEG.

Zounds! in trying his patience, I have try'd his skull!

CRUMPY.

Lucky I've so many yards of muslin in my turban!

CROSS-LEG.

Sir, I ask pardon, I thought nobody was there.

CRUMPY.

No body—Yes, Sir, and pray mind there's some head here—Ha! ha! ha!—My friend, do you know you've made me laugh?

CROSS-LEG.

Well, I'd take two knocks on my pate before you could make me laugh so—

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

I'm laughing to think, that if my head had been a glass bottle, what a clatter you'd have made about my ears.

CROSS-LEG.

Sir, I only intended to clear it for fresh flowers in the morning.

CRUMPY.

Ha! ha! ha! All wet! You rogue, you must have stain'd my vest.

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! my dear Sir!—If you'd only light enough to see my sign, you'd find that Cross-Leg, the taylor, has done no fault but what he can easily rectify.

CRUMPY.

A taylor!—Oh, oh!—then you spoil people's cloaths for the good of trade. Ha! ha! ha!

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir. Ha! ha! ha! And since you take my blunder in such good humour, if you'll only send me the stuff, I shall be proud to make you a new vest for nothing; and then—Sir, your guitar is most melodious.

CRUMPY.

Is it? (*plays*)

CROSS-LEG.

Beautiful! He's so good-natur'd too!—I think no harm can come of asking him in (*aside*)—Sir, worthy Sir! we've an humble wedding here to-night, and if you'll honour us with your agreeable company, and partake of our little supper, you'll make us the happiest of folks?

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

Ha! ha! ha! I delight in a wedding; the pleasure of the occasion draws out my jokes, like party-colour'd ribbons from a juggler's mouth—I'll engage I'll set every lad's wish agog to be a bridegroom, and make the bride laugh, without bringing a blush into her face? Pray who's to be married?

CROSS-LEG.

A poor, but very honest lad, Sir; one Abfalom.

CRUMPY.

A barber!—my intimate friend!

CROSS-LEG.

You a friend to my friend Abfalom!—Stop a moment, my dear Sir—Juggy—a light (*retires*)

CRUMPY.

Ha! ha! ha! but, zounds! don't tread down your house, through your hurry to let me into it—but never mind, with a pack of cards I'll build as good—I hope no wind will rise till I get out again—I'll sing here, curse me if I venture to dance—Ha! ha! ha! Abfalom going to be married!—Sly rogue! wou'dn't tell me!—but I find the taylor don't know of the barber's good fortune, by my means.

ENTER CROSS-LEG (FROM THE HOUSE.)

CROSS-LEG.

Do, Sir, please to walk in—we expect Abfalom and his bride every moment from the Friar's—You'll have a so-so supper, but a hearty welcome—We've only got a bit of fish, Sir, as it's Friday.

CRUMPY.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

C R U M P Y.

Never talk! I'd sup with my friend upon the fin of a herring—if any fun should offer here, I'd make the most of it. (*aside*)

C R O S S - L E G.

Pray step in, Sir—Please to stoop, Sir, my door is low.

C R U M P Y.

And we tall fellows—hem!

C R O S S - L E G.

Juggy, hold the light (*they go in, and the door shuts*) (*within*) up stairs, Sir—this way, Sir—have a care, there's an ugly turn—

C R U M P Y.

(*Within*) All very well! How do you do, Ma'am? Ha! ha! ha!

ENTER ABSALOM AND DORA.

A B S A L O M.

The facetious father Anselm has kept us so long, that poor Cross-Leg's supper will—

ENTER HABBY, FROM ZEBEDEE'S.

H A B B Y.

I think that's Absalom's voice?

D O R A.

Where are you, my love?

A B S A L O M.

So dark, I can scarce distinguish the taylor's door. Oh, here!

H A B B Y.

H A B B Y.

Absalom!

A B S A L O M.

That Habby—Ha, my boy—What, my uncle's gone to bed, and you are come to sup with us (*joyful*)

H A B B Y.

Hush!—are you marry'd?

A B S A L O M.

Yes.

H A B B Y.

Then all's safe—I've engag'd the mate of an English tartane, that now lies in the Tygris, to take us to one of their factories, and thence for Europe by their next ships—So to lay in a little sea store, Absalom, you step with me to your uncle's, I've something there for you.—Dora, do you sneak into your step father's, the Doctor's, and pick up there what you can.

A B S A L O M.

I thought I had made my fortune to-day; but Crumphy seizing the Bassa's two other promises, makes it necessary to get a little more cash; but the taylor is waiting for us.

H A B B Y.

Never mind his supper. Come, business—plague!—

D O R A.

But, my love, if we part now, when, where and how shall I meet you?

H A B B Y.

Leave all that to me—Softly!

A B S A L O M.

My dearest! (*kisses her hand*)

H A B B Y.

Foolish!—You'll have time enough for kissing. Go, (*to Dora*). Come—

[*Exeunt. Dora into Doctor's, and Absalom and Habby into Zebede's.*]

S C E N E.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

S C E N E II.

INSIDE OF CROSS-LEG'S.

(Turkish boy brings on a table, lays cloth, &c. and goes off)

ENTER CROSS-LEG, CRUMPY AND JUGGY,
(LAUGHING)

A L L.

Ha! ha! ha!

J U G G Y.

That's the handsomest song, Sir, I ever heard.

C R U M P Y.

Then you like my singing?

C R O S S - L E G.

Much.

C R U M P Y.

So do I. Ha! ha! ha!

J U G G Y.

What comical things you jokers say.

C R U M P Y.

Jokers should say comical things.

J U G G Y.

And you can dance—do Sir, pray—

C R U M P Y.

Dance! pray excuse me?

J U G G Y.

Excuse me, Ha! ha! ha! Lord, if I don't delight in you; you're so jocobus.

C R O S S - L E G.

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir ; as my wife Juggy says, you're quite jocosus. Ha ! ha ! ha ! But I'm to equip you with a suit. I'll cut a measure. Juggy, the parchment.

CRUMPY.

Parchment ! you'll not put me into a lawsuit ? Ha ! ha ! ha !

CROSS-LEG.

Oh ! you courtiers, Ha ! ha ! ha ! Do you know, Sir, I'd try to be one myself ; that's—in the small way.

CRUMPY.

What, like me ?

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir ; only I'm so much afraid I might have my head chopp'd off. Ha ! ha ! ha !

GRUMPY.

Oh, ho ! master taylor, you've an eye to your upper button. Ha ! ha ! ha !

CROSS-LEG.

Right, Sir. Ha ! ha ! ha !

CRUMPY.

I tell you I was all right 'till put wrong, by accident, when an infant. I was the prettiest, plumpest little rogue—why I was named the Blossom of Beauty, and Bud of Delight.

JUGGY.

Lord ! how odd !

CRUMPY.

I was an absolute cherry on the tree.

CROSS-LEG.

Then the birds have been pecking at you a good deal, Sir ?

E

CRUMPY

C R U M P Y.

But one unlucky day, my mother's maid, starting upon the sudden sight of her sweetheart, struck out my first two teeth with my coral; flapp'd one of the bells into this left eye; knock'd me off the nursery-table, and, breaking my back, made me—regardez—l'effet—(*shewing his bunch*)

A L L.

Ha! ha! ha!

C R U M P Y.

Ay, you may laugh; but this hunch props my fortune at court; but, Ha! ha! ha! Do you know, that by the help of a second looking-glass, I often stand and laugh at it myself!

J U G G Y.

Ha! ha! ha! Yes, Sir; and in the front glass, you, and your hunch peeping over, must look the picture of the ape and her brat in the fable. Ha! ha! ha!

C R U M P Y.

Ay; but if it even griev'd me—there's a nose, what say you to that feature? (*takes hold of it*) So much beauty before—I reflect that with my hunch—I leave all my sorrows behind me—(*all laugh*) and then there's a leg. (*puts it up*)

C R O S S - L E G.

So it is, Sir. Look, Juggy, his honour stands upon a most fine turn'd pedestal—

J U G G Y.

A beautiful calf!

C R U M P Y.

For all this, I'll lay the price of my new suit of cloaths, I shew as good a leg in company as this.

C R O S S - L E G.

Oh, no, Sir! No, no; you don't!

C R U M P Y.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK. 39

CRUMPY.

(Puts up his other.) That's as good. Gad I've won! They're fellows, and good fellows too. Ha! ha! ha!

JUGGY.

Very handsome—beautiful—

(admiring, then turns)

CROSS-LEG.

(Apart to Juggy) Did you ever see such a bandy rascal? but he's a great man, and we must flatter him.

JUGGY.

But I protest, husband, I will wait no longer for Ab-salom and Dora; our little supper will be quite spoil'd; and since you have invited this gentleman, and prevented his getting a better elsewhere, if he will condescend to partake of our homely meal—

CROSS-LEG.

It's certainly very bold of such lowly folks as us to expect that his highness, the Bassa's chief favourite, would humble himself to—

JUGGY.

Hold your tongue, for here's the supper.

CROSS-LEG.

Supper!—then I'll stop my mouth.

ENTER BOY, WITH A DISH OF FISH, &c. WHICH HE PLACES ON THE TABLE.

[Exit.]

JUGGY.

It's as pretty a little bit—Come, pray, Sir, make free; you know, if fish gets cold—

CROSS-LEG.

It's a nice morsel!—Juggy, help the gentleman, and hold your clack.

E 2

CRUMPY.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

CRUMPY.

Why, faith, you seem to live very comfortable here—and your morsel does look so nicely tempting—Egad, I will. *(they all set)*

JUGGY.

Do, pray, Sir; we had this prepar'd for a young couple.

CROSS-LEG.

Ay; by their stay father Anselm has brought them in to sup with his brethren in their refectory; those holy fathers, Sir, love to live well.

CRUMPY.

If it's holy to live well, this is the most pious dish I ever tasted. *(eating)*

JUGGY.

Then do, Sir, pray eat heartily?

CROSS-LEG.

Juggy, fill a glass—Sir,
(Juggy fills, and offers a glass to Crumpy)

CRUMPY.

Why, right; fish should swim three times; water, sauce, and wine. *(all laugh and drink)* As I'm Mahometan I'm forbid wine; but when I'm amongst you Christians—Ha! ha! ha!

CROSS-LEG.

Right, Sir; at Rome do as Rome does.

JUGGY.

(Helping Crumpy) That's a neat morsel, Sir.

CRUMPY.

I'll taste it with attention. *(all laugh)*

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! Sir! I don't wonder at the Baffa putting you into office, or giving you a fine pension—I'd do just the same

same ; and I think you'd do so by me. You might get a body a skirt of something pretty at court though ?

JUGGY.

Will you never ha'done with your bodies and skirts ?
— Always shewing the taylor !

CROSS-LEG.

won't. (*apart to Juggy*) My wife, Sir, is as sharp as a needle ; but, Sir, as I was saying, what a place would I give such a witty gentleman as you, was I a Beglarbeg, or a Walachian despot, I'd give you the finest place—

GRUMPY.

I believe you are a Holland stadtholder, for you've given me a very fine Dutch plaice ; (*all laugh*) but I must try to kick up some frolick here to night, to make out a joke for the Bassa, that bill (*slipping a paper into Cross-Leg's pocket*) sets the taylor and Zebede by the ears, that's some mischief (*aside*)

CROSS-LEG.

Aye, now you talk of us Christians, Mr. Crumpy, as you are such a great man at court, if you'd only use your interest to get this cruel new law against us repeal'd—

GRUMPY.

New law, what ! Oh ! true the proclamation. Oh ! oh ! Now I have it. (*aside*)

JUGGY.

Sir, that's what made my good man at first so much afraid of asking you in.

CROSS-LEG.

For, Sir, if you should, which is impossible, be affronted, or receive the smallest hurt under this poor Christian roof, what wou'd become of me and my dear orthodox spousy ?

E 3

CRUMPY.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

CRUMPY.

Eh ! this promises a joke (*aside*)

CROSS-LEG.

This fish is very sweet, but it has a great many bones !

C R U M P Y.

Bones ; a good hint (*aside*)—and so you were afraid if any thing should happen to me in your house, 'twould bring you into the clutches of the Cadi, and his bailiffs and terrible catchpoles (*eats greedily*)

J U G G Y.

That we were, Sir.

C R U M P Y.

As you say, this fish is very sweet, but it has a damn'd deal of bones indeed ; and as I have a curs'd narrow swallow—Egad ! I must take care—

J U G G Y.

Pray do, Sir ; but don't spoil your meal.

CROSS-LEG.

I was saying, Sir ; this severity to us is rather hard ; for, was I the Bassa of Bagdad (*Crumpy eating greedily, throws himself into violent contortion, flares and gapes*)

J U G G Y.

You see how you get yourself laugh'd at, with you^r Beglarbegg and Bashaw, you noodle (*to Cross-Leg.*)

CROSS-LEG.

Now, Sir, am I a noodle ?

C R U M P Y.

Cluck !—Cluck !—

(grimaces, and points to his throat)

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

Ay, Sir, laugh; for ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing at it myself, ha! ha! ha! and yet, Sir, if you look into history, as unlikely things have happen'd.

JUGGY.

I vow, husband; your folly makes the gentleman laugh so, that he can't eat—

CROSS-LEG.

Why, Sir, now recollect pray, wasn't the Grand Vizier to Mahomet the Second a cobbler?—And the great Prince Menzikoff was a pastry-cook.

CRUMPY.

(Grimacing).

JUGGY.

Entertaining gentlemen with cobblers and pastry-cooks.

CRUMPY.

Cluck!—Cluck!—*(grimaces)*

CROSS-LEG.

Ha! ha! ha! Well, Sir, to be sure it was a good joke, ha! ha! ha! and I'm glad it makes you so merry; but if I'm not allow'd to be a Bashaw, don't let us have our fish cold *(Crumpy grimaces)*

JUGGY:

Why, husband, you're so very ridiculous, that I vow to heaven, if you have n't set the gentleman into convulsions, laughing at you! Do pray, Sir, eat your supper, and never mind him. *(Crumpy grimaces)*

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! well, Sir, with submission to your great wit and grand quality—yet for a man to be laugh'd at, at one's own table, tho' one's poor!—

JUGGY.

J U G G Y.

Why sure the gentleman can't speak! (*looking at Crumpty with terror*) I've heard say, a fit of laughing is as bad as a fit of crying—Eh!—Oh, Lord! husband, something's the matter! Do, Sir, take a glass of wine!

CROSS-LEG.

No, then I will—Sir, your health (*drinks*) which of us now is the laugh against? Ha! ha! ha!

J U G G Y.

(*Alarmed*) Mercy!—(*Crumpty points to his throat*) the fish!—a bone stuck in his throat—hit him on the back. (*she hits him*)

CROSS-LEG.

Zounds! wife, you'll knock his hump off, and then he'll lose his place at court (*filling wine*)

J U G G Y.

Will you let the bottle alone, and do something—

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! very well! but I thought I could not do better—

J U G G Y.

Dear Sir, have you finish'd your supper?

(*Crumpty groans*)

CROSS-LEG.

No; but his supper has finish'd him!

J U G G Y.

Yes, he's choak'd!

CROSS-LEG.

In our house!—a Mahometan!—then we shall be choak'd!

J U G G Y.

Oh dear! good Sir,—if you can't speak, do tell us?

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

Wife, be quiet, (*puts his ear to Crumpy*) he's quiet!—not only a Mussulman, but the Bassa's prime favourite!—if he's found dead in our house, you and I are thrown over a cross stick and hang'd like a pair of breeches.

JUGGY.

He's dead!

CROSS-LEG.

As Adam, the first taylor.

JUGGY.

Ah? (*screams*)

CROSS-LEG.

The devil!—have you a mind to bring the Janizary's patrol upon us?

JUGGY.

This comes of your peeping in the streets at night—you can't sit to your supper without music, and be curs'd to your fine ears!

CROSS-LEG.

I'll try some wine down his gullet.

JUGGY.

We were happy and well, and you cou'dn't quietly wait for Absalom and Dora, but you must bring your great turbans, and your Crumpy's and Humpy's in upon us.

CROSS-LEG.

I think still, there's life—Absalom's a barber, if he was come, he should bleed him!—Stay, I'll cut open a vein with my shears.

JUGGY.

Do.

CRUMPY.

(*Groans*)

CROSS-LEG.

Was that you, Juggy?

JUGGY.

JUGGY.

No; you devil! 'twas the man you kill'd—you wou'd ask a Turk to eat fish of a Friday, and then talk of bleeding him with your shears.

CROSS-LEG.

Zounds! I'd bleed him with a pick-axe, if it could bring him to life (*Crumpy makes a noise*)

JUGGY.

Did you hear? Tim, suppose you try to thrust the bone down with a horn spoon.

CROSS-LEG.

No; I'll put it up with these nut-crackers—but hold, we may squeeze out the little life he has left—Juggy, my dear, do you step down stairs, and open the street door softly, Doctor Quinquina's house is not six doors off: if his soul has not got out of hearing, the Doctor may whistle it back again: listen; is the street clear?

JUGGY.

Yes; there's a moon tho'.

CROSS-LEG.

Our side of the way, to the Doctor's, is all in the shadow, I'll take Crumpy on my back (*takes him up*) Come along, you most ugly son of a broken back!—I wish my back had been broke before I had ask'd you up my stairs.

JUGGY.

A pretty thing, that honest women must go to market to buy fish for you to choak yourself with; you most abominable freight! (*shakes him by the whisker, one comes off in her hand*)

CROSS-LEG.

Zounds! Have you pluck'd off his eye-brow? By the Lord she'll pull him to pieces before I can get him off my back!

[Exit Juggy.]

This little Turk is not as big as half a Christian, and yet he is as heavy as two popes. Oh, dear!

[Exit with Crumpy.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

THE STREET BEFORE CROSS-LEG'S HOUSE.

(MOON LIGHT) ENTER JUGGY AT THE DOOR.

JUGGY.

Nobody in the way; and if there should, what will become of us? Will you make haste, you Tim Cross-Leg!

ENTER CROSS-LEG (STUMBLING) WITH CRUMPY ON HIS BACK.

CROSS-LEG.

Now, Juggy, you will leave your pattens in the entry.

JUGGY.

Come, quick!

CROSS-LEG.

Any one in the street?—If the patrol catches us!

JUGGY.

Stop! Is not that a watchman's staff sticking out?

CROSS-LEG.

Yes; keep back (*frightened*)—Oh! no; it's only a barber's pole.

JUGGY.

Do you think there's any life?

CROSS-LEG.

Hold your tongue. Give just one knock at the Doctor's door. (*she knocks a great deal*)—What the devil do you want to alarm the town?

JUGGY.

Lord, how I tremble! I've given five knocks instead of one!

CROSS-LEG

CROSS-LEG.

If this same doctor cures him, why then he'll be well —may be—and if he kills him, it's only another death added to the doctor's list; and I shift the danger off my shoulders (*it darkens*) that cloud comes across the moon rarely.

DOMINIQUE.

(*Within,*) Who's there? (*they start*)

CROSS-LEG.

It's only Dominique the doctor's manwife. Do you answer?

JUGGY.

Can't you?

CROSS-LEG.

Answer, I tell you.

JUGGY.

Indeed I shan't.

CROSS-LEG.

And I'm sure I won't then.

DOMINIQUE.

Who's there? (*very loud*)

BOTH.

It's I! (*much terrify'd*)

DOMINIQUE.

And who are you knocking at peoples doors at night? Go along, or I'll call the patrol.

CROSS-LEG.

Oh, Lord!

JUGGY.

I tell you Tim Cross-Leg, fling Mr. Crumpy down, and let us run away!

(*The door opens suddenly, Doctor Quinquina and Dominique rush out*)

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

Qui est la, Who is dat? You, Dominique, stand here. I say, who are you? It's so dark I cannot know any man's face!

CROSS-LEG.

I'm glad of that; I'll darken my voice too.

DOCTOR.

Speak what you want, or I'll knock your visage
(*laying hold of Dominique*)

DOMINIQUE.

Lord, Sir, it is I! Here is the man.

JUGGY.

(*presents Juggy*)

Here, Sir; here is the man (*points to Cross-Leg*)

CROSS-LEG.

An't please you, master Doctor, I and my mother here—

JUGGY.

Mother—Sirrah!—upon my word (*apart*)

CROSS-LEG.

She's a midwife, Sir, and having been call'd up to a poor woman that was suddenly taken ill, I thought I'd see her safe—so coming along, she desired me—Billy, says she, what is that leaning against that there postels? I directly went to look—for I'm a very dutiful boy—an't I mammy?

DOCTOR.

Diable! Vat you call me out in de cold street chattering about you and your mammy (*going in enrag'd*)

CROSS-LEG.

But, Sir, I've brought you a patient—and he brings you a fee.

DOCTOR.

You are de patient vid de fee; dat is quite anoder ting!

F

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman—

DOCTOR.

(points to Crumphy)

Sacre Dieu! vat is dat?

(looks close up at Crumphy and starts)

JUGGY.

Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman we saw leaning; he seem'd to have been taken ill—

CROSS-LEG.

And knowing you to be a doctor—

DOCTOR.

C'est vrai—dat all de town knows—I'm a very great doctor—

CROSS LEG.

Finding him so bad, we brought him to you in hopes—

DOCTOR.

Ventre Bleu! you tink I am to take into my house all de bad vagabond you pick out of the street? Allez—bring him to the vatch-house for to-night, and in de morning dey will send him to de hospital—take de man from my door!

JUGGY.

Lord, Sir, he's no man but a gentleman.

CROSS-LEG.

Noble Sir, only look close at him; his fine cloaths prove he's some very great personage.

DOCTOR.

Eh! bygar his coat do shine vid gold!

(looking at Crumphy)

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir, if the lining agrees with the outside, he may turn out a good patient!

DOCTOR.

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK. 53

DOCTOR.

I vil never turn out a good patient; bring de gentleman in, I vil cure him in half of tree minutes.

CROSS-LEG.

Move him gently, there—take care of his leg, Juggy.

DOCTOR.

Oui, take care of his jug, legge! (*goes in and speaks*) You, Dominique, assist to help the gentleman up to my laboratory.

(*Cross-Leg and Juggy put Crumpy in and shut the door*)

CROSS-LEG.

Good doctor, there you have him; and now, kill or cure him as you can—Come Juggy.

JUGGY.

Run for it (*drums and Turkish march without*)

PATROL.

(*Without*) The twelfth hour; all's well.

JUGGY.

Get in! (*they go in*)

CROSS-LEG.

(*Peeping out at the door*) All's well!

(*Cross-Leg shuts the door*)

S C E N E IV.

DOCTOR'S STUDY, WITH BOOKS, PHIALS AND ANATOMICAL SUBJECTS.

ENTER DORA.

DORA.

Lud! I've got into step-father's study, forrounded by his horrid skeletons near one!—then no chance of the street door being open'd again to-night—How shall I get out! perhaps my Abfalom and Habby are waiting for me. (*listens*) The Doctor's up! sure somebody's

F 2

come

come in below—since I have got my jewels (*boxes & casket*)—I must only watch patiently for the first opening of the hall door.

DOCTOR.

Bring him up (*without*)

DOR A.

Oh, Lord!—they've been robbing the church-yard!

DOCTOR.

(*Without*) Help my patient up here.

DOR A.

No! it's not a dead man!

DOCTOR.

Quick, you Dominique, then lock the street door.

DOR A.

Then I must be quick and first get out, if I can
(*stands behind the door*)

ENTER DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

Help the gentilhomme up to my laboratory (*very busy*) Here! place him in my own easy grand chaise (*places an elbow chair*) We will see what we cannot do for him. Come, *depechez vous*, Dominique.

ENTER DOMINIQUE, (DOCTOR TURNS SUDDENLY AND LAYS HOLD OF HIM)

DOCTOR.

Sit you down, Sir. (*thrusts Dominique into the chair, and feels his pulse without looking at him*) Ah! you're much *malade*! very bad!

DOMINIQUE.

Not I, Sir! I'm very well.

DOCTOR.

Diable! What, Dominique! Get you out of my grand chaise (*Dominique rises*) What you mean?—Where is the sick gentleman, my patient?

DOMINIQUE.

DOMINIQUE.

Patiently waiting below, Sir.

DOCTOR.

And vy you and de midwife no bring him up, Sire!

DOMINIQUE.

Lord, Sir! the midwife and her son Billy are gone—they flung the gentleman into the hall, flap'd the door, and run away.

DOR A.

(Aside) Then the door's not lock'd yet!

DOCTOR.

Dey are rogues!—dey have first pick'd his pocket— if so, he can't pay me my fee; but he seems nobleffe from his gold coat, so I will cure him at a venture— Sir, vil you please to walk up? *(calls)* He's weak— Dominique, you go assist him. *[Exit Dom]* I vil hold de light for you myself; I am not too proud for dat. *(takes a candle and exit.)*

DOR A.

Now is my time to get out before the door is fasten'd for the night.

DOCTOR.

Dominique, bring the gentilhomme up gently. You see you must carry him—don't knock his head vid de bannisters—he is very weak—ah! pauvre?—very well?—bien!—softly!—up vid him—ah, hah!— *(Doctor walks in backwards with the candle, and still looking towards the door)* Dere, now he is safe, and vel up—set him on his leg on de landing—Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur? *(bowing at the door)* Ay, he cannot talk, he is so weak;—lift him up, and bring him in, set him gently—

DOMINIQUE.

(Without) Lord, if he hasn't a hunch!

DOCTOR.

Ciel!—'tis Mr. Crumpy the Bassa's favourite, Little

Hunch-Back, joker ! Mon-dieu ! if I cure him it will make my fortune at court, tol, lol, lol, (*sings and capers*) take care you, Dominique, don't hurt his hump ! How do you do, Sir ?

(*making a bow towards the door*)

D O R A.

Now for it—(*she blows out the candle in the Doctor's hand and exit hastily. A noise heard of tumbling down stairs*)

DOMINIQUE.

(*Without*) Oh, Lord !

ENTER DOMINIQUE (FRIGHTENED)

DOCTOR.

Sacre Dieu !—Vat is dat ?

DOMINIQUE.

Hush ! don't make a noise, Sir ; who or whatever that is, it has tumbled the sick gentleman from the top of the stairs to the bottom.—Yes ; it has certainly kill'd him !

DOCTOR.

Kill'd de man dead !—Ah ! malheureux, den I've lost my fee ! We must instantly send his dead body to the court (*going*)

DOMINIQUE.

Hold Sir !—Do you forget the proclamation against the Christians ?—so severe that they're getting out of the city as fast as they can carry off their effects. Why, Sir, if his dead body is found here—

DOCTOR.

C'est vrai, 'twill be said I did kill him ! I shall be hang' , and my head will undergo amputation—I am miserable !—but vat was dat, that did do dis ?

DOMINIQUE.

Lord, Sir ! no time for enquiry now—the only thing to think of now is to save our lives, by getting rid of Mr. Crumpy's foul case.

DOCTOR.

D O C T O R.

En verite, 'twould vex me to be hang'd for killing such an ugly coquin, if it was even me-dat did kill him, it would be some comfort—ah, ha!—I have conceive grand thoughts (*brightens up*) Dominique, we must get dis Monsieur Crumpy out of my house, and I have tink of de way to put him into somebody else's house. Get me a rope, dat is all I vant, and den run up stairs and open de sky-light window dat goes out to de leads a-top of my house—

D O M I N I Q U E.

Suppose, Sir, you feel his pulse?

D O C T O R.

Feel a dead man's pulse! Ah, Hébeté! Quick, do my command (*going*)—Stop! (*he turns*)—I will go up myself and open de sky-light window, while you get de rope.

D O M I N I Q U E.

I don't know where to find a rope.

D O C T O R.

Den if you don't, de hangman vil find a rope for you and me, allez, depechez vous. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E V.

A ROOM AT THE TOP OF ZEBEDE'S HOUSE, A TABLE, ACCOMPT BOOKS, CHESTS, STRONG BOXES, &c.

E N T E R H A B B Y.

H A B B Y.

So, Abfalom and Dora, with their booty from uncle and step father, I have left safe on board the English sloop—my coming back takes all suspicion from me; and I'll pick up something for myself too, and then for Europe with the youngers—Egad, old master Zebede, we have already made a rare haul upon your chests

chests and bags here, that will teach you to beat your clerks as you've done me.

Z E B E D E.

(*Without*) Up another story.

H A B B Y.

Zounds! here he comes to see what I've done to his books.

ENTER ZEBEDEE AND CROSS-LEG.

Z E B E D E.

Aye, this garret is my compting-house, ha! ha! ha!

CROSS-LEG.

Up in the clouds, like my workshop!

Z E B E D E.

Now your business?

CROSS-LEG.

Private.

Z E B E D E.

Habby, go down! (*he's going*) Oh, stop!—Have you put all my accounts into confusion, to puzzle my master, the Bassa, if he should look over them.

(*apart to Habby*)

H A B B Y.

Yes, Sir; you'll find all here in a very fine confusion.

[*Exit.*

CROSS-LEG.

How this draft of Crumpy's came into my pocket I don't know! except it was to pay for his supper—however, if the Jew here will but give me cash, I'll have made a good night's job of it. (*aside*)

Z E B E D E.

An unseasonable hour for you to call!

CROSS-LEG.

I thought money never came out of season with a Jew; discount that bill (*gives it*)

ZEBEDEE.

THE LITTLE HUNCH BACK. 57

Z E B E D E.

I have no objection—that is, for the premium—
Why this is payable to Mr. Crumpy? Oh, he has sent
you for the monies?

CROSS-LEG.

Yes—I'm plaguy bad at a lie; I wish my wife had
come (*aside*)

Z E B E D E.

But where is Little Hunch back himself?

CROSS-LEG.

(*Confus'd*) He's—I—I—suppose he's at home. By
this the Doctor has made anotomy of him (*aside*)

Z E B E D E.

Eh! (*examining the bill*)

CROSS-LEG.

I'm all on the tenters! But even if Crumpy's death
should be found out, I shall now have money to carry
me to Europe with the other Christians, that are get-
ting from the Bassa's persecution (*aside*)

Z E B E D E.

'Tis a good bill, but I suspect not come honestly by;
and I cou'd stop you and it, but as you are a neighbour
I will pay you the whole money, if you give me half.

CROSS-LEG.

(*Aside*) I'm found out—why man—did you think I'd
wrong—(*embarras'd*)

Z E B E D E.

Hush! Hunch-Back is a damn'd little impudent
scoundrel—it's nothing to me if any body has robb'd,
or even cut his windpipe.

CROSS-LEG.

I choak him! or know any thing at all of his death—
Oh, Lord! what do you go to say that for? (*terrify'd*)

Z E B E D E.

(*Calmly*) Why, is he dead?

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

Why, if he—how should I know whether he's dead or alive? You've a bad conscience, Mr. Zebede, that's what makes you so frighten'd as you are. (*endeavouring to conceal his perturbation*)

Z E B E D E.

Me!—why should I be frighten'd?

CROSS-LEG.

And why should I, if you go to that?

Z E B E D E.

Why, what the devil are you at?—one wou'd think you had been concern'd in—

CROSS-LEG.

Every body knows that I'm a man—that—despises all that kind of—what sort of—unlucky dismal looking place to bring a man into.

Z E B E D E.

Dismal!—(*looks round*) Be quiet, you're enough to make one afraid, indeed, (*with fear*)

CROSS-LEG.

Oh, Lord! (*aside*) (*a brick falls down the chimney*) What do you do that for?—None of your tricks.

Z E B E D E.

Gad, I'm in no humour for tricks! (*frighten'd*)

CROSS-LEG.

Mr. Crumpy may be dead for what I know; but if he thinks I had any hand in it, I'd tell him he lyed—aye, to his very whiskers.

(*Crumpy is let down the chimney*)

Z E B E D E.

What's that! (*looking at Crumpy*)

(*Cross-Leg sneaks off.*)

Z E B E D E.

(*Falls on his face*) Are you the devil, or the cat?—but what could bring puffs in a pair of gold breeches—
it

it is certainly the—Oh? Samuel, Saul, and the Witch of Endor?—Oh! don't stare so with your big bull's eyes, and your wide mouth like a maiden jay (*Crumpy stoops his body*) Oh! you are very polite—Eh! he looks—if it should be a live man he's a robber! I'll drag this great chest of plate and dollars out of this room—I wish I had Habby here to help me, it's so heavy (*lays hold of the chest with both hands, and putting his strength to it as if expecting great weight, suddenly falling on his back, he pulls it over him*) Oh! death of Israel!—the chest is so light it must be quite empty! (*Crumpy bows*) What, you know that, you damn'd thief (*rises hastily, opens the lid of the chest, and looks it it*) Yes, my money and plate is all gone, and you've come down my chimney for more, you drop gibbet!—but I will defend my property, if you were Bel and the Dragon (*strikes Crumpy, who falls*) you banditti!—bandeliro!—you Arab, plunderer of caravans; come before the Cadi, speak—Eh!—he's dead!—bless me!—if it should be I that has kill'd him—a hunch! save me, if it isn't Mr. Crumpy himself only come down my chimney to play his jets upon me—or if it should be he that did rob my chest, the Bassa will never believe me—he's dead!—Oh! heavens! now I recollect the proclamation against the Jews! If this is found out, it is certain death for me; and as I'm already in disgrace—nobody saw me strike him—few people in the streets, and so near morning, the watch are gone off their stands—you nasty little beast!—you was my plague when alive, and now you must throw your death upon me with your gambols (*feels Crumpy*) he is yet warm—but once he's out of my house, let him die or live! Come on my back, and the devil take your hump. [*Exit, with Crumpy on his back.*]

S C E N E V.

THE STREET. (DAY BREAK)

(ZEBEDE DISCOVERED PLACING CRUMPY UP AGAINST A WALL)

ENTER CRANK AND CABIN-BOY.
(CRANK ELEVATED WITH WINE)

CRANK.

(Sings) "God save great George our King"—
the Christian passengers are waiting in my sloop—they'll
find brandy enough in my lockers to amuse them—tell
them we will fall down the pool this tide.*[Exit boy.*These pippin-squeezers to break up company, we never
begin to cotton together and be jolly till it comes to the
little hours *(sings)* tol! lol! lol!

"How can we depart,

"When friendship has grappled each man by the
heart."

ZEBEDEE.

There, stand or tumble down for Zebede—good
morning to you, Mr. Crumpy—*(going)*.

CRANK.

Holloa!—stop!

ZEBEDEE.

Yes; there he stops for you.

[Exit Zeb.

CRANK.

Take one bottle with me—you won't—a pint—a
gill—then you're a sneaking rascal!—so that's your
Bagdad Scanderoon manners. I wish I was back again
in Old England—What a damn'd country this is, that
I can't get one honest fellow to take a bottle with me.

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

Cluck!—Cluck!

CRANK.

Who's that? (*turns and looks at Crumpy*)—a very capital Turk, upon my honour! How do you do, Sir? (*bows*) You might make a leg, I don't expect you'll take off your hat, because you have none—will you do me the favour to take a glass with me, or I must turn into my hammock—Eh! what d'ye say?—Oh! I know you're not allow'd wine—none of your winking!—over the way they have the nicest liquor—how he licks his lips (*aside*) but come along—Eh! you may give a civil answer though—damme! who minds your grinning or grunting? Very proud—but the Grand Turk himself needn't be ashamed to talk to a Briton. Hark ye, my-lad, if you intend to affront me, damme if I don't lend you a dowse o'the chops (*strikes him down*) rise and stand up to me, an Engl shanan scorns to strike a fall'n enemy.

ENTER CADI AND JANIZARIES.

CADI.

Seize him!

CRANK.

Will you drink a bottle with me?

CADI.

Yonder's his Highness the Bassa himself coming from the mosque.

ENTER THE BASSA (ATTENDED)

ENTER BABOUC, ZEBEDE, DOCTOR, CROSS-LEG, AND JUGGY, FOLLOWED BY A CROWD, &c.

BASSA.

The matter here?

CADI.

Please your Highness this Christian has kill'd a Mus-fulman!

G

BASSA.

BASSA.

Heavens! it's Hunch-Back (*looks down on him attentively, and with great concern*)

CROSS-LEG.

How I tremble!—if he finds out 'twas I—Oh! cruel man (*to Crank*) How could you be so wicked as to take his life?

JUGGY.

(*Apart to Cross-Leg*) Don't go near the body, or it will bleed afresh!

DOCTOR.

Nobody suspect 'twas I did kill him. I am so frighten'd (*aside*)

ZEBEDE.

I have got his murder off my shoulders mighty lucky! (*aside*) What a wicked man you must be to kill my dear little friend!

BASSA.

What proof, that this is the murderer?

CRANK.

Please your worship—Mr.—my Lord Mayor—I confess I did give this pretty little gentleman a dowse, but if it did kill 'twas in my own defence.

BASSA.

How?

CRANK.

CRANK.

I can't drink alone—he wou'dn't drink with me—I should die without drinking—so let your jury of twelve bring it in manslaughter.

BASSA.

(*Apart to Babouc*) I've thought of a method to come at the truth of this matter. Whoever kill'd him, instead of punishment shall have a reward. This buffoon was once my favourite, but growing most intolerably stupid, I've long wished him out of my way. Give the Briton a purse of a thousand tomilees.

CRANK.

If I've kill'd a man I cou'd weep for it; but the price of blood shall never stain this hand (*throws the purse down on the ground*)

ZEBEDE.

I cou'd cry myself for poor Crumpy—but give me the purse, for finding you wanted to get rid of him, to oblige your Highness, 'twas I that kill'd him.

DOCTOR.

You! Begar, it was I dat did de murder him, to please you, my Lord, vid von grande kick of my fist I did give him de fine knock, a tumble down my tree pair of stair; and den I did drop his body down your chimney—so give de money—

CROSS-LEG.

To me (*holds out his hand*) for with a fish bone, at my house, I gave him the fatal Cluck!—Cluck! (*mimicks*)—and that I might be sure of his being kill'd, I brought him to the Doctor's.

JUGGY.

Aye; but who went to the market to buy that fish? My Lord, on the word of a woman, 'twas I that put the very bone on his plate that stuck in his grottle!—

BASSA.

So the reward has extorted a confession I wanted, and convicted you all of intentional murder from your own lips—Guards, seize them—In reality his death grieves me, and the man that extracts the bone, and restores the life of my poor favourite, shall have the purse I promis'd.

CRUMPY.

Then that man am I (*puts his hand to his mouth and takes out the bone*) lay the cash here (*holds out his other hand, springs up, sings and capers*)

BASSA.

What is this! (*amaz'd*)

CRUMPY.

A frolick; ha! ha! ha!—I've suffer'd this delicate little body of mine to be lug'd, thumpt, jumbled and tumbled all night, only to make a laugh for you this morning—and if you don't laugh, egad, you may be cram'd into chimnies, and kick'd down stairs yourself in future for Crumpy!

ZEBEDE.

What!

DOCTOR.

Comment!

CROSS-LEG.

Juggy!—(*Crumpy grimaces to them as he appear'd when choak'd*)

BASSA.

BASSA.

Why, by Mahomet, it has been a laughable night's frolick indeed!—but all, but the honest Englishman, whose truth was above hope of reward or fear of punishment, shall die.

CRUMPY.

I Sieur Crumpy, Lord Chief Justice Joker, swear upon my hunch and honour, that nobody shall die, except Zebede the Jew, Quinquina the Doctor, Crois-Leg the Taylor, and Dame Juggy his orthodox spoufy.

ENTER OFFICER AND GUARDS, WITH ABSALOM, DORA, AND OTHER CHRISTIANS PRISONERS.

OFFICER.

My Lord, we took these suspected Christians, with those rich goods, on board.

(Shewing bales, caskets, &c.)

CRANK.

My sloop, a breach of the peace with England, my Lord!

CRUMPY.

A truce!

BASSA.

(To Absalom) What, my preserver flying from my favour!

ABSALOM.

A B S A L O M.

I fear'd, Sir, I should forfeit that, by turning Christian, and, converted by Dora, here I—

Z E B E D E.

(Looks at the caskets) You began your Christianity by robbing your uncle—justice, my Lord, on this—

C R U M P Y.

Stop; well remembered!—the barber and I here have yet two promises to claim; one is, that you'll give the purse to the generous Englishman, to give to me when I refuse next to drink with him—the other, that you'll repeal the law against the Christians—and the other—

B A S S A.

What three?

C R U M P Y.

Be quiet—this is the best of all—that you'll hang Zebede and the Doctor, if they don't give their consent and capital fortunes to this worthy young couple.

B A S S A.

Presuming on my friend, the Vizier's favour, I'll grant them.

C R U M P Y.