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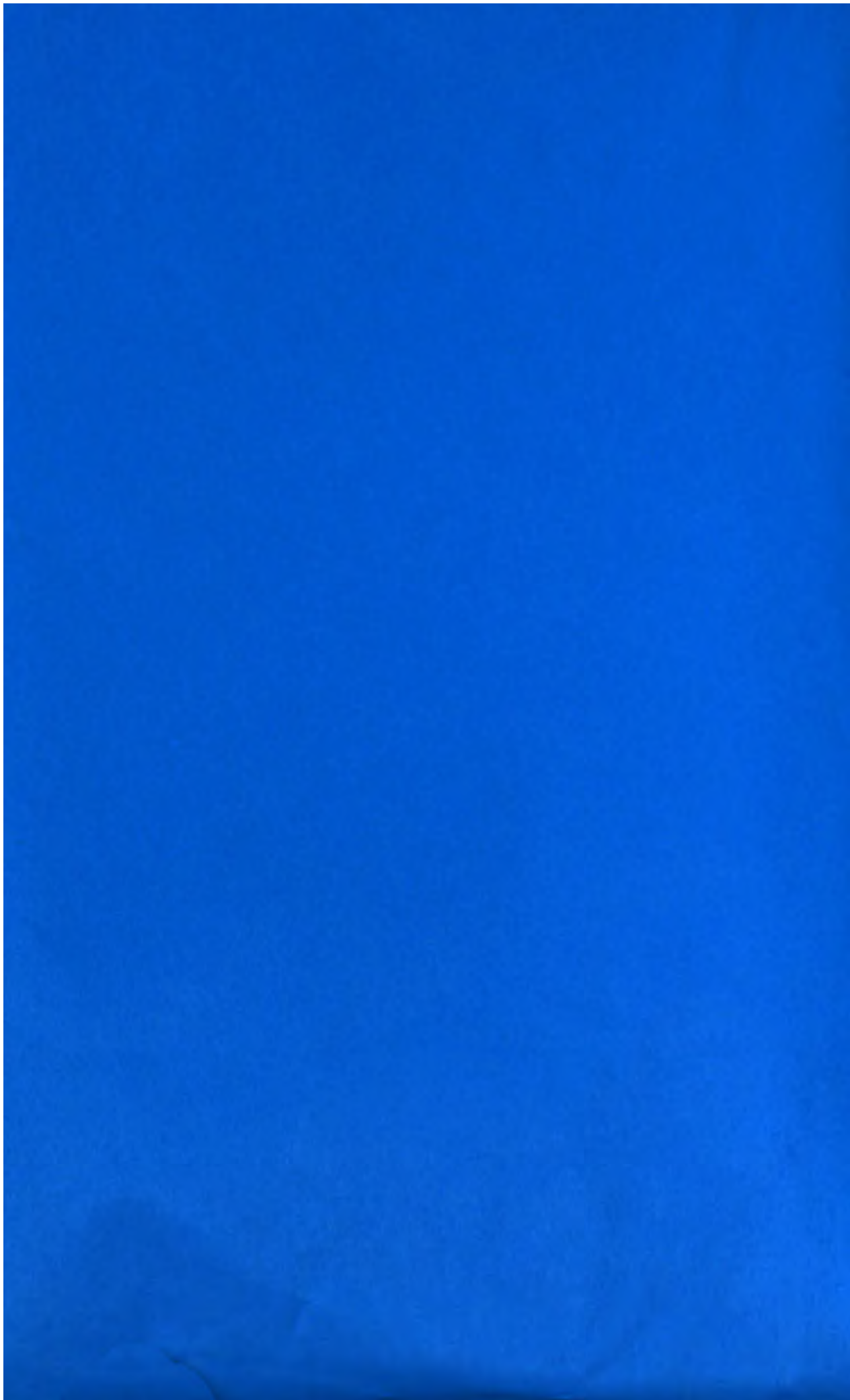
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WHO'S WHO ?

OR,

The Double Imposture.

A FARCE.—IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN POOLE,

AUTHOR OF HAMLET TRAVESTIE, INTRIGUE, ETC. ETC.



NOW PERFORMING, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

~~~~~  
SECOND EDITION.

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1816.

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(3)



## CHARACTERS.

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|                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| OLD HEADSTRONG, .....     | <i>Mr. Bartley.</i> |
| CHARLES HEADSTRONG, ..... | <i>Mr. Wallack.</i> |
| KITCAT, .....             | <i>Mr. Penley.</i>  |
| HARRY SUTHERLAND, .....   | <i>Mr. Barnard.</i> |
| ENDALL, .....             | <i>Mr. Harley.</i>  |
| SAM DABBS, .....          | <i>Mr. Munden.</i>  |
| ROBIN GRUFF, .....        | <i>Mr. Hughes.</i>  |
| SERVANT, .....            | <i>Mr. Evans.</i>   |
| MISS STIRLING, .....      | <i>Mrs. Orger.</i>  |
| MARY, .....               | <i>Miss Ivers.</i>  |

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*SCENE, a Village at a distance from London.*



# WHO'S WHO ?

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## ACT I.

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### SCENE I.

A ROOM AT HEADSTRONG'S.

*Enter* HEADSTRONG, *followed by* CHARLES.

*Char.* But listen to me, Sir;---be not deaf to my entreaties.

*Head.* Booby! be not blind to your interest.

*Char.* Only one word, my dear uncle.

*Head.* 'Tis all in vain; "*Firmness*" is the family motto of the Headstrongs, and I am resolved it shall never be disgraced in me.

*Char.* Consider, sir, I have never seen the lady you would have me marry.

*Head.* No more have I, sir; yet, you see I am as quiet as a lamb. Indeed, I have never even seen her uncle, who is also her guardian, though we have held a correspondence together these twenty years. However, not to do things precipitately, and to allow you time to become acquainted, I shall delay the signing of the necessary papers a full hour after their arrival, which I expect this very day.

*Char.* An hour, sir!

*Head.* Aye; and for a rational courtship, an hour

is a very liberal allowance :---not long enough, certainly, to acquaint you with half her good qualities, but as to any of an opposite nature, the ladies make it a rule never to expose those on this side of the marriage ceremony.

*Char.* A certain something about my heart, a sort of antipathy presumptive, tells me I shall not like her.

*Head.* I sincerely hope you will not ; you will then have an opporotun of giving me a more decided proof of your bedience. But, no matter ; in this affair, you are neither of you at liberty to exercise your taste. The business is this :---Miss Stirling's father and your's were old friends, and when they were boys at school, her father said to your father, or your father said to her's, " If ever you and I should grow up and have children, how odd it would be if they should marry one another !"

*Char.* And is that all ?

*Head.* Not quite ; for the better to secure the accomplishment of their wishes, there are clauses in their wills, providing, that if either of you form a different alliance, unless the written consent of both your guardians be obtained, the party so offending, shall be cut off with an annual allowance of fifty pounds, and the remainder of said party's fortune be appropriated to the charitable purpose of erecting divers alms-houses and hospitals, and the support of a certain number of old women.

*Char.* My dear uncle, I am in extacies !

*Head.* I am glad you have thought better of the matter.

*Char.* Not so, sir ; but I perceive that you may dispense with our marriage if you choose, and---

*Head.* Ah ! but Mr. Kitcat, the young lady's guardian and I have decided that matter ; and as he is a damn'd obstinate old fellow,---

*Char.* Aye, and as you are a damn'd obstinate old fellow---

*Head.* True, Jackanapes ; you may set your heart



at rest, and prepare for the ceremony: or, if you wish to indulge your charitable propensities, refuse the lady; and in return you will receive the affections and the blessings of all the old women in the county.

*Char.* But in an affair of this nature, sir, the heart---

*Head.* The heart! Pooh! a pumpkin!--the pocket you blockhead!

*Char.* Very well, sir,---you seem determined to oppose me.---

*Head.* Hear me, sir. I have been your guardian these nineteen years, and an indulgent one you must allow: I humoured you in every thing while you were a child, and it would be hard indeed if I could not make you do as I please, now that you have arrived at years of discretion.

*Char. (impatiently).* Sir, sir, will you argue the point coolly with me?

*Head.* Why since you have a taste for argument, and I am determined not to be moved by any you can produce, I will indulge you. But let us be calm,---let us treat the point like logicians,---come, sit down.

*Char. (with stifled anger).* Certainly, sir; we'll be cool and temperate; we'll argue the point dispassionately. *(they sit)* If I marry Miss Stirling, --- I merely say---if I marry Miss Stirling---may I be damn'd.

*Head. (starting up)* And may I be damn'd if you don't;---so that end's the debate you scoundrel. *[Exit.*

*Char.* Here's a pretty business! Marry a girl I have never seen! O, impossible! What's to be done? I'll acquaint my uncle at once with my attachment to my dear Mary; tell him that my heart and affections---Psha! what the devil does he care about my heart and affections: he'd make me marry a Rhinoceros, if it wore a collar of gold;---that's hopeless. No, I'll---

*[Enter Servant, deliver's a Letter, Exit.]* By all that's fortunate, from Harry Sutherland, the brother of my Mary! *(reads)* "Dear Charles, I have this moment arrived at this place, with my sister, upon business of the utmost importance: come to me instantly. I am

“at the London hotel. Harry Sutherland.”—I fly to meet them. [Exit.

---

SCENE II.

A ROOM AT AN INN.

*Enter HARRY SUTHERLAND and MARY.*

*Harry.* Well, my dear sister, here we are, and now fortune be our friend.

*Mary.* Indeed, Harry, I fear this will prove but a wild scheme of your's, after all. You are not sure that your mistress is in this neighbourhood; and you have other difficulties to overcome besides the discovery of her. In the first place, as your fortune, to say no worse of it, is but slender, her uncle will refuse his consent,

*Harry.* I have the consent of the niece, which in cases of this nature, is gaining nine points out of ten.

*Mary.* You have scarcely seen her: has she already been so explicit?

*Harry.* Yes; by inference: for she has enumerated all the objections her uncle would make to an offer of marriage from me, without stating a single one on her own part.

*Mary.* But should her uncle oppose---

*Harry.* I shall run away with the niece, by all means.

*Mary.* Then if Charles should not gain *his* uncle's consent, I suppose he'll run away with *me*; and then, you know, we can all run away together.

*Harry.* That is an arrangement I may perhaps, oppose. As your guardian, I must set my face against an act---

*Mary.* Which you would be sorry the guardian of your mistress should prevent.

*Harry.* In every thing, we have two rules of right : one for the guidance of others, the other for our own. But let's to business ; we may as well know something about the principal inhabitants of this neighbourhood, (*rings a bell*) and the waiter's a likely man to inform us.

*Enter ROBIN GRUFF, bowing awkwardly.*

*Harry.* Oh, you are the waiter : you can perhaps furnish me with some information that I am in need of.

*Robin.* Any thing to make myself agreeable, sir.

*Harry.* Don't trouble yourself to be agreeable ; the useful is all we want of you. How long have you lived here ?

*Robin.* My name be Robin Gruff. I were born up at mother's, Michaelmas day, in the year of our---

*Harry.* Psha ! I can dispense with your memoirs. How long have you been waiter here ?

*Robin.* Ten years, sir ; or it may be twenty : I can't say to a day or so.

*Harry.* Will you be explicit, my good fellow ?

*Robin.* Thaukee, kindly, sir ; one had better be any thing here nor a waiter.

*Mary.* This man is so exquisitely stupid, you'll get no information from him.

*Harry.* I'll attempt him again. Have you any correspondence with the families hereabouts ?

*Robin.* I don't correspond with nobody but Peggy Stiles, sir.

*Harry.* I don't mean by writing, but---

*Robin.* Nor I, sir. My Peg and I can't write, nor read neither, sir.

*Mary.* Can neither read nor write, and yet you correspond with each other !

*Robin.* O, we saves all that fuss ; Peg do get somebody to write her letters, and I do get somebody to read 'em.

*Harry.* A mode of correspondence more to be desired for convenience than secrecy.

*Robin.* O there be no secrets, bless you : she only tells I not to be in a hurry to be married, till we've saved a bit ; for, says Peg, times be main hard, Robin, and in eight or ten years, we shall have ten or twelve children ;--and that's no joke, sir.

*Harry.* Your Peg is a close calculator, I perceive. But now, give me a direct answer to a plain question, if you can. Who are your people of consequence about here ?

*Robin.* Why that be plain, sure enough. Now let me see. The most consequentiallest of 'em all, be little Grip, the lawyer.

*Harry.* Leave the room, blockhead ; and if there be any thing human in the house, let it be sent to me.

*Robin.* Except master, I be the only human creature here ; all the rest be women. But here be young 'Squire Headstrong coming in, sir, and mayhap he be more sensible like. [Exit Robin.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Char.* Ha ! Sutherland, my boy ! I rejoice to see you. My dear Mary, this is indeed an unexpected happiness : to what am I indebted for it ?

*Mary.* To one of Harry's mad whims, I believe.

*Harry.* My visit, to be sure, is rather unexpected ; but I have an affair on hand, in which you may be serviceable to me.

*Char.* Egad, I have a disagreeable job of my own to settle ; however, let me have your story first, and if I can serve you, I will.

*Harry.* Well, then, I have had the misfortune--

*Char.* What ?

*Harry.* To fall desperately in love with a little girl who has a large fortune, without any particular objection to me.

*Char.* Then why not marry her ?

*Harry.* I despair of gaining her guardian's consent.

*Char.* Have you tried ?

*Harry.* I have never seen him.

*Char.* Then how am I to serve you ?

*Harry.* Even thus. I have discovered that he and his fair charge are coming on a visit to some family in this place, or its vicinity, and only require you to introduce me to all your acquaintance twenty miles round.

*Char.* A pleasant task truly. But, who is the lady ?---

*Harry.* My dear friend, as you have my entire confidence, I shall not hesitate to tell you :---her name is Louisa Stirling, neice to Mr. Kitcat, the celebrated painter.

*Char.* The devil it is! and you don't know the object of her journey hither ?

*Harry.* Not exactly.

*Char.* Then, my dear friend, as a return of confidence, I'll tell you :---she's coming to marry me.

*Harry.* How!

*Mary.* Charles!

*Harry.* What is the meaning of all this ?

*Char.* The meaning is, that the young lady's father and mine, who were bosom friends, entered into a sort of provisional contract that we should marry each other.

*Harry.* And what was the proviso, sir ?

*Char.* Merely that we should be born ; for they had determined on the union of their imaginary offspring, long before they were married themselves.

*Mary.* And you have consented to the marriage ?

*Char.* Consented to it! no, nor never will.

*Harry.* What's to be done in this business ?

*Char.* Our situation is difficult ; for the consent of both our guardians (who appear determined on the marriage) must be obtained, before either Miss Stirling or myself can marry contrary to the wills of our late fathers, without forfeiting our fortunes. Nothing can save us but stratagem.

*Harry.* As our danger is mutual, so must be our efforts.

*Char.* We must devise something immediately, for my intended is hourly expected.

*Harry.* We may want assistance.

*Char.* A-propos. There is the apothecary of this village,—a cunning, scheming fellow. I'll speak to him.

*Mary.* Indeed, Charles, I tremble for your success.

*Char.* Tell me that I have your good wishes for my success, and success is certain.

*Harry.* Now fly, Charles, and sound the Doctor,—we will wait your return.

*Char.* We have each a treasure at stake, and will join heads, hearts, and hands to preserve it.

[*Exeunt Charles, Harry and Mary.*

---

### SCENE III.

THE INTERIOR OF DOCTOR ENDALL'S SHOP.

*SAM DABBS discovered at Work, with Pestle and Mortar.*

*Sam.* People may talk of the happy life of a village doctor, but the lord help his assistant, say I. Here am I scraping and squeezing, and shaking and mixing, till I am familiar with the taste of all the physic in my master's shop; and when all is over, and shop shut, I seek in vain for elegant recreation: no private play-house, no debating society!--Why did I quit London? I am the most miserable, unfortunate dog in the creation,—except my master's patients; and they, poor souls!--but that's their concern. Well, that job's job'd, (*putting a phial into paper*) That's a passport for poor Mr. Squalid. I am my master's secretary for the foreign department: I prepare for the conveyance of his subjects out of this world into the other. Oh, here he comes.

*Enter DOCTOR ENDALL.*

*End.* Well, Sam, who has called during my absence? has any thing been stirring?

*Sam.* Stirring! yes. I have been stirring with a plague to it. I have stirred up three-and-twenty prescriptions, and am as sick of them, as if I had taken them all myself.

*End.* Sam, Sam, you are a discontented rascal. Don't I give you two shillings a week, and the run of my shop—the liberty of taking as much physic as you can swallow; and when I return in the evening from visiting my patients, don't I allow you to ride my poney to the stable for your recreation?

*Sam.* Yes, and to clean him too for my recreation.

*End.* I suppose you want a sinecure, you useless blockhead!

*Sam.* Useless blockhead! Why then you confess I'm qualified for one.

*End.* Here, Mr. Swallow has got his monthly complaint again; mix up this prescription, and take it instantly.

*Sam.* Take it instantly! and what good will my taking it do Mr. Swallow?

*End.* Take it to his house, booby!--read.

*Sam.* O! ah! I see! "*the Monthly Club Dinner Emetic as usual.*" It was a cunning trick of your's, sir, to propose a club dinner; it makes my pestle and mortar jingle from morning till night.

*End.* Why, I have no reason to complain; I believe I get more by it than the landlord of the Cormorant who provides it. A naval victory has been as good as thirty pounds in my pocket.

*Sam.* How so, sir?

*End.* Why half the village have dined together, and the consequence----

*Sam.* Bless your soul, sir! In that line, the November practice of a city apothecary is worth all your's the year through.

*End.* Thanks to the convivial character of our country, a man of skill in my profession may find employment in every month: for whether we would be merry or sad; commemorate a dead patriot, or compliment a living one; rejoice at a victory, or bemoan a defeat; it is still a dinner, a dinner, and a dinner. Pray, has my good friend *Closeall*, the undertaker, been here?

*Sam.* Your friend!

*End.* Yes, sir, my friend. Why our friendship is the common talk of the place.

*Sam.* True---for they say that wherever Doctor *Endall* is, *Closeall*, the undertaker, can't be far off. He called just now to say he was *sorry* to hear another apothecary was coming to settle here; and then he grin'd, and looked as happy as if a fever had broken out in the village.

*End.* There's gratitude! I have been the making of that fellow. He has confess'd that I have sent him more customers in one year, than ever my predecessor sent him in three.

*Sam.* Why, he says you owe half your patients to his recommendation.

*End.* That's true; but he always has them in the end. O, *Sam*, the ingratitude of the world makes me mad. I'll go and settle in London; my skill is buried in this village.

*Sam.* At least the proofs of it are, sir.---Now, I'll go and take the physic out.

*End.* And make no mistakes, d'ye hear. Yesterday the emetic for Farmer *Thresher's* horse, you left at the mayor's; his worship swallowed it, and it has nearly been the death of him.

*Sam.* I will be more careful for the future, sir.

[*Exit Sam.*]

*End.* Oh, here comes my good friend, Mr. *Charles Headstrong*.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Char.* Dr. *Endall*, good morning.



*End.* Good morning, sir, I hope you are well---I do indeed, though I am an apothecary. And though I seldom shake a man by the hand without mechanically insinuating my finger towards his, pulse; nor consistently with my own professional interests, can I say to a person, "I hope you are well," without wishing him a chronic, yet to you, Mr. Charles----

*Char.* You flatter, doctor.

*End.* Not at all, sir---but to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit ?

*Char.* Merely a passing call.

*End.* What, nothing in my way ? You should be careful of your health at this season of the year, sir; for though you may not be *absolutely ill* yet *prevention*, you know-----

*Char.* But, doctor, I have something important to communicate to you, and must request your attention. (*aside*) I'll frighten him into my service. I'll pass Kitcat the painter on him, as an apothecary.

*End.* I am dumb, sir.

*Char.* My uncle---

*End.* I hope he's well, sir; he is a very worthy man, although he won't take physic:---however, as he is my friend, I won't dwell upon his failings.

*Char.* Your friend, indeed ! But if I tell you, you'll be secret ?

*End.* As my own customers defunct.

*Char.* Well, then, my uncle intends to drive you out of this place.

*End.* Impossible !

*Char.* A fact ! He has sent for a friend from London, an apothecary, and means to recommend him all over the county.

*End.* Amazement !

*Char.* Nay, more: to make the business secure, and fix the man here, he insists upon my marrying his niece.

*End.* Which you have consented to ?

*Char.* Peremptorily refused !

*End.* What's to be done? You are my friend; will you assist me in opposing this intruder?

*Char.* With all my heart; and as I have as strong an objection to the niece as a wife, as you can possibly have to the uncle as a rival, our efforts must be mutual. The first step towards saving you from opposition in your practice, must be the preventing of this odious marriage.

*End.* Then refuse the girl at once, and the business is done.

*Char.* Not so; I have reasons against that, and must have recourse to stratagem. Are you a good hand at a scheme?

*End.* Try me.---I'm agent to Twig'em, the great lottery office-keeper in London; and, between us, we have invented schemes---but, vanity apart, ask the sufferers.

*Char.* Well, sir, I'll trust you. There is a young lady whom I am determined to marry; but as she has no fortune, I am certain my uncle will not consent to our union.

*End.* Where is she?

*Char.* Fortunately she arrived here this morning.

*End.* Does your uncle know her?

*Char.* He has never seen her.

*End.* Good.---When is the doctor's niece expected?

*Char.* This very day.

*End.* Good again.---Then it's all settled.---Let your chosen fair introduce herself as the niece of ----

*Char.* Impossible! Her uncle is expected to attend her.

*End.* My assistant, Sam Dabbs, shall personate him.

*Char.* Does my uncle know him?

*End.* Not at all; he has not been with me above a month. In London, instead of attending to his business behind a druggist's counter, although the fellow was near forty, he was either studying parts to act at a private play-house, or preparing speeches on political reform, and the state of the nation, to deliver at twelve

penny evening debating clubs;---so, to save him from the gallows, his friends sent him to me.

*Char.* But if the real uncle and niece, should arrive before we effect our purpose---

*End.* We must take our chance for that. Oh, here comes Sam.

*Enter SAM hastily.*

*Sam.* Sir! Sir! you must go this instant to Mrs. Vixen's: she's dying, and her husband particularly desires---

*End.* Whenever that woman's ill her husband is in a damn'd hurry for the doctor. But I have work for you, Dabbs.

*Sam.* For me, sir?

*Char.* Yes; the business is this: I want to introduce you to my uncle, Mr. Headstrong, as an old gentleman from London.---Can you undertake the part?

*Sam.* Try me---Except Macbeth and Little Pickle, old men's parts used to be my *forte* at our private theatre.

*Char.* Then I will give you some employment.

*Sam.* There, sir, I always told you that I should turn my acting to some account.

*Char.* Now, observe, sir---the person you have to represent is a man of elegant manners.

*Sam.* Then blow me if I don't touch him off to a T. In London I was used to elegant company. I was at Lady Stifle's music party.

*End.* You!

*Sam.* Yes, I.---Don't you know that great folks often let out their houses like taverns, for concerts? Signor Crescendo sold me a ticket for a five-and-sixpenny dollar; and there was I, and many more like me, for any thing her ladyship knew to the contrary, elbowing the first ladies in the land. But, sir, I don't much like this business after all. I came here with a view to mend my morals, and this looks something like roguery.

*Char.* It is merely an innocent device, and if you have any immediate use for twenty pounds, they are much at your service.

*Sam.* Well, sir, if you'll assure me that the business we're going upon is honourable, I'll join you in it even though it be highway robbery.

*Char.* Then come with me, sir, and I will explain all to you by the way. Doctor, be sure not to go to my uncle's just now, lest he should discover that I have betrayed him: when I think your attendance needful, I'll send for you. Adieu. [*Exit with Sam.*]

*End.* Not go to his uncle's just yet---That's very mysterious. Perhaps, after all, the youngster has invented this story about a rival apothecary, merely to serve his own purposes. Can that old Headstrong, after all his professions of friendship for me, be such a knave? I'll go and sift him upon the subject; and if I find I have been deceived, I'll not only spoil that young rascal's projects, but if ever I have an opportunity of taking a professional revenge, curse me if I don't keep him on dry toast and water gruel for a month. [*Exit.*]

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#### SCENE IV.

A ROOM AT OLD HEADSTRONG'S.

*Enter OLD HEADSTRONG.*

*Head.* Egad! I believe the young dog has come too at last. Refuse an heiress, the booby! Heiresses are scarce game; and if he had let her slip, I warrant half the sportsmen in the kingdom wou'd have been at her heels before the week's end.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Doctor Endall, sir.

*Head.* Who?

*Ser.* Doctor Endall, sir.

*Head.* Very well; desire him to walk in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Now shall I be tormented for two hours, by that disagreeable, chattering, intrusive---

*Enter Doctor ENDALL.*

My dear doctor, I rejoice to see you. This visit is very kind.

*End.* You are very good. Truly, sir, your family is indebted to me for introducing many of its members into the world.

*Head.* Aye, and for turning many of them out too.--- But, come, sit down and tell me the news. If you were not so kind as to tell me all that is doing in the world, I might as well live in a wilderness. (*aside*) Tiresome blockhead!

*End.* You flatter, sir. But now, sir, I come to *you* for news. Have you nothing to tell *me*? Nothing? Eh, nothing?

*Head.* Why, perhaps, I have something to tell you that will surprise you.

*End.* Ha! 'tis coming!

*Head.* My nephew is going to be married.

*End.* Well, and is that all?

*Head.* All! zounds, sir! is not the news of a marriage in my family enough for once?

*End.* (*Aside*) Then it's plain enough. He is afraid to tell me, and wants to pick a quarrel as a colour to his villainy.—I'll worm the matter out of him.—To say the truth, sir, your nephew did just give me a hint of the matter this morning. He seemed averse from the marriage; but, as I suspected you might be desirous to bring it about, I persuaded him to it.

*Head.* You always act like a sensible man, and a friend, doctor.

*End.* Well, but he told me something about the uncle: pray, is he eminent in his profession?---Come, that's a home question. I shall know whether he really means to establish the doctor here. [*Aside.*

*Head.* (*Aside*) His profession!---O, my nephew has told him about his painting, I suppose.---Why he doesn't make a profession of it now---he practices merely as an amateur.

*End.* (*Aside*) Ah! then I'm ruined; for he'll give advice gratis---and people are not so fond of physic as to pay for it, when they can get it for nothing.

*Head.* But in London, doctor, he'll never make a figure; he's too fond of the amusements of the Town; he wants application, and I find he has no patience.

*End.* No patients!--pity---nothing to be done in his line without patients.

*Head.* He does not practice so much as he ought.

*End.* Of course, he can't practice without patients.

*Head.* True; so I have advised him to settle in this place.

*End.* (*Aside*) To take mine.

*Head.* I intend to introduce him to all my friends.

*End.* You do, eh! (*Aside*) Here's a pretty rascal!

*Head.* He shall not be in want of subjects to work upon.---He excels in the human figure---he has studied anatomy to advantage---he is an adept in taking subjects from life.

*End.* So are most of the profession, I believe.

*Head.* I intend to make him take you off for a beginning.

*End.* That's making short work of it; but if I suffer him---

*Head.* (*Aside*) O, I see; he thinks he's a caricaturist---My dear doctor, you misunderstand me---he's very serious, I assure you; he does'nt make a joke of these things.

*End.* A joke!--Confound him, it's no joking matter.

*Head.* No, no, he's a man of a very different turn.---He sometimes gives lectures, upon the subject of his art, to private assemblies of his friends,---he excels in that way---his articulation is delightful.

*End.* Articulation!--An anatomist too! [*Aside.*

*Head.* And his delivery---

*End.* Delivery! a man midwife!--I'm cut up at all points. Sir, I am eternally obliged to you for the favour you intend me.

*Head.* Not at all, doctor; it's no more than you deserve.

*End.* I shall choak!

*Head.* And when you are properly drawn, you shall be hung up in my great hall.

*End.* O, I shall go mad!--I can't speak, but I will

assist Charles with my whole heart, and be revenged that way—sir,—I can't speak. [*Exit in a violent rage.*]

*Head.* Poor fellow! he can't express his gratitude. He is insufferably vain, and will go mad with joy at the thoughts of having his rhubarb and magnesia countenance exhibited in my great hall.

*Enter CHARLES.*

Now, you rogue; I knew you would alter your mind: you are too much like your uncle to be serious in refusing a fine girl, with a fine fortune.

*Char. (Aside)* I must keep it up a little.—Really, sir, though in compliance with your wishes I have consented to marry the unknown fair, yet, after all, the lady may not be agreeable to me.

*Head.* Try and persuade yourself that you are over head and ears in love with her, and I'll answer for it, were she a mummy in bronze, you'd fancy her a Venus in alabaster.

*Char.* Well, sir, your pleasure shall be mine.

*Head.* Well said, my boy. And now, Charles, that you may receive our guests properly, I will give you what information I have been able to gain respecting their characters and manners; for you know I have never seen either of them.

*Char.* I am all attention, sir: first, for the uncle then.

*Head.* He is a man highly accomplished, and remarkable for the elegance of his manners; exceedingly reserved on a first acquaintance, but gradually expanding as the frost of ceremony dissolves, till you receive the full enjoyment of the various treasures of his head and heart.

*Char. (Aside)* Whoo!—His representative, poor Sam Dabbs, I fear, will fall rather short of this description. And the niece, sir?

*Head.* Oh, she is a lovely, amiable girl of eighteen, all fire and spirit, as full of mischief as a squirrel; and has been educated after the very newest fashion.

*Char.* That is—she can waltz, make fillagree pin-baskets, sing Italian arietta's, and gabble nonsense in a variety of languages.

*Head.* Why, I understand she has the command of four tongues.

*Char.* Hopeful intelligence for a husband.

*Head.* She is a wit, sir; and the lightness of her manners forms a striking contrast to the stately elegance and courtly dignity of her uncle's. Now I'll just step and give directions for their proper entertainment; and if they should arrive during my absence, pray receive them with all due ceremony. [*Exit.*]

*Char.* A hopeful case, truly! my actors are so unlike the persons they are to represent, that----- but 'tis too late for reflection, for here they are. However, a hint at their characters before my uncle's return, may be useful. My dear Mary---

*Enter MARY and SAM.*

*(Sam in an old Court Dress.)*

*Mary.* O, Charles! I shall never be able to get through this piece of artifice; I am half dead of fear.

*Char.* Courage! courage! consider that on the success of this stratagem depends our happiness.

*Sam.* Aye, courage, miss; look at me: I don't tremble and blush as you do.

*Char.* Now mark me, sir. The person you represent, is a man remarkable for the elegance of his manners: now, though you are equipped in one of the best suits I could find in my uncle's wardrobe, yet there is about you a certain vulgarity, which,---excuse me---

*Sam.* Eh! vulgarity! Then souse me into a horse-pond, if I'd give a button for your taste.

*Char.* Pardon me: I mean you must be very reserved in your manner, very pompous and dignified;—you had better not speak much.

*Sam.* O, I see.---As I am supposed to be a cut above your uncle, I am not to be familiar with him.



*Char.* Not exactly so:—but an accidental blunder, —you understand ?

*Sam.* I'll make you easy on that score. I was famous for my speeches at our debating club.

*Char.* Come, cheer up, my dear Mary ; a little self-possession, or we shall never succeed. The lady you personate is a romp---a hoyden. Endeavour to represent her with a little more spirit, and---

*Mary.* Indeed, Charles, I cannot overcome my embarrassment.

*Char.* Here he comes (*to Sam*) : you must frame some excuse for her.

*Sam.* Let me alone.

*Enter HEADSTRONG.*

*Head.* Now Charles, my boy, you must---eh !

*Char.* Mr. Kitcat and Miss Stirling, sir ; my uncle.

*Head.* Mr. Kitcat,---Madam,---I am heartily glad to see you. I hope you will pardon my receiving you in this unceremonious way, but—

*Sam.* (*With affected dignity*) O, never mind, old boy ! Tho' I am very dignified, and very elegant in my manners, I never likes to stand upon any *sans ceremonie*, as the ancients call it.—Hem !

*Char.* I suppose, sir, Mr. Kitcat means—the devil !

*Head.* I can't conceive how I miss'd your carriage, but perhaps, when you came to the park-gate—

*Sam.* O, the carriage : why the truth is I whisked my niece down in the *shay*.

*Head.* Whisk'd her down in the *shay* ! Well, this is dignity and elegance with a vengeance !

*Char.* (*aside to Sam*) Ten thousand devils ! don't open your lips again.

*Sam.* Be quiet, will you ? I'm getting on very well. Come, niece, why don't you speak to Mr. Headstrong ? Are you afraid to say *ho* to a goose ? You must excuse my niece being a little sheepish, or so.

*Head.* (*Aside*) She's a wit:—she wants drawing

out, perhaps. I'll try her.—Hem! I hope, madam, you have had a pleasant journey?

*Mary.* Ye-es, sir, (*embarrassed*)

*Head.* Had you any rain, madam?

*Mary.* No, sir.

*Head.* Then you had fine weather?

*Mary.* Yes, sir. Would to heaven I were relieved from this situation. [*Aside.*]

*Head.* A wit! a Hoyden! Damme, if she isn't quite a ninny! Your niece, sir, is rather diffident; but I hope we shall be better acquainted by and bye, and then—(*looks at Sam's dress with curious attention*) Very odd! Ecod! I could almost swear he has my coat on.

*Sam.* But let's to business. I should like to have the marriage *obsequies* performed this very morning.

*Head.* The what, sir?

*Char.* Mr. Kitcat says he wishes the ceremony performed immediately.

*Head.* With all my heart, sir; though upon consideration, I think it would not be amiss to delay it for a day or two, till the young people are better acquainted—I've a waistcoat like that too.

*Char.* Sir, the young lady's person and manners have charmed me, and with her consent, I would not delay the marriage an instant.—Speak, my beloved: do you oppose my wishes?

*Mary.* I oppose them! No, dear Charles! My present situation is most distressing, and till you have secured me, every moment will be a torment to me.

*Head.* Now curse me if that's so much amiss, considering it is the first thing she has said to him: (*to Sam*) A-propos! In your last letter you mentioned to me the death of my old acquaintance, Fidkins.

*Sam.* Did I?

*Head.* Yes; and you said there was something particular attending it.

*Sam.* Did I? (*Aside*) What the devil shall I say! Why, he died a—

*Head.* Aye, a month ago.

*Sam.* Aye; and he has been dead ever since.

*Head.* Well ; there's nothing very surprising in that.

*Char.* The less you say the better. (*to Sam*)

*Sam.* Don't bother me.

*Head.* The very breeches, too, are like mine.

*Sam.* Now, old boy ; I've had a long journey, and should like a snack. Come, give us something worth having,---something better than we are used to at home.

*Head.* I've been strangely deceived about this gentleman.---Sir, you shall have the best my house affords.

*Sam.* Then the sooner the better, for I'm devilish sharp set.

*Head.* (*aside*) The notions about elegance and dignity must have undergone a strange alteration, in London, within the last twenty years. (*To Mary*) Madam, allow me to conduct you. Charles, you will attend Mr. Kitcat. [*Exit with Mary.*]

*Char.* Your ignorance and vulgarity will betray us.

*Sam.* Psha! it's the best proof of high breeding.

*Char.* So far we have succeeded ; my uncle is deceived, and---

*Enter DOCTOR ENDALL hastily.*

*End.* Oh, lord, sir! we are all ruined!

*Char.* What's the matter?

*End.* The real Mr. Kitcat and his niece are here! I saw their carriage stop at the park-gate.

*Char.* Confusion!

*End.* There's an end of us all, I'm afraid ; but in order to gain time, I'll intercept them,---say I'm sent by your uncle to conduct them hither, and detain them as long as possible : [*aside*] and have a word or two with the doctor upon my own affairs. [*Exit.*]

*Char.* Come, sir, follow me to my uncle. We've not a moment to spare. If the real parties arrive before we succeed with him, we are lost for ever.

*Sam.* I see how it will end ;---I shall be the sufferer in this affair. I have an idea of the taste of the horse-

pond already: and fancy myself peeping into the garret windows, six times in a minute, by the gentle assistance of a blanket. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.



SCENE I.

HEADSTRONG'S PARK.

*Enter HARRY SUTHERLAND and MISS STIRLING.*

*Miss S.* Indeed, Mr. Sutherland, your conduct is highly improper. To follow me from London, without---

*Harry.* But, my dear Miss Stirling, consider the disagreeableness of your situation.

*Miss S.* Truly, my situation is not exactly such a one as a young woman with a lively imagination would sketch out for her own happiness. I am brought down here, at a day's notice, to marry a man I never saw in my life, merely because when I was an infant squalling in long-coats, my father thought I should make a very pretty wife for his friend's son, who was ambulating in a go-cart. Now only consider the folly of it.

*Harry.* Aye; and the tyranny.

*Miss S.* And my own weakness if I were to submit to it.

*Harry.* And my want of gallantry if I did not assist you to escape from it.

*Miss S.* Psha! But I did not mean that.

*Harry.* And what do you intend to do, to avoid being forced into a marriage with Charles Headstrong?

*Miss S.* Appeal to my uncle's generosity, and if that fail—

*Harry.* We'll elope, by all means.

*Miss S.* Your assurance astonishes me.—elope! No, sir; an elopement must be our last resource.

*Harry.* My dear Louisa, you have made me happy—let me fly—

*Miss S.* What have I said?—now—now—no transports; consider, we are in the enemy's camp—this is Mr. Headstrong's park: for the present you must leave me. I must return to my uncle, Mr. Kitcat, whom I left making a sketch at the park entrance, and endeavour to delay his arrival. If I am seen here, as Charles has introduced his mistress to his uncle under my name, it will be fatal to his project.

*Harry.* And not one—

*Miss S.* Well, there, you may take my hand.

*Harry.* You have made me the happiest man on earth. [Exit.

*Miss S.* I have done a very imprudent thing, but I dare not reflect upon it, lest I should repent, and change my mind. (*going—returns*) As I live here's some one coming this way. [Retires up the stage.

*Enter* HEADSTRONG.

*Head.* I never was so disappointed in all my life. Instead of seeing, as I expected, a respectable well-bred man, this Mr. Kitcat is a coarse, ill-mannered, illiterate booby. He offered to lay me a pot of porter that my wig would fit his head, and, without ceremony, pulled it off, across the table, to try. He had his fingers in every dish, eat voraciously of all, and bit a piece out of every peach till he found one to his taste. I thought he was skilled in paintings, and took him to view my little collection: worse and worse! he took my "*Cupid sharpening his arrows*" for a naked young Robin Hood; and when I called his attention to my exquisite "*Fall*

of Phaeton," damn me if he didn't ask me whether I had ever seen the sign of the "Tumble-down-dick," in the Borough. Eh! who have we here? (*seeing Miss S.*) Your servant, madam.

*Miss S. (coming forward.)* Who can this be? Excuse me, sir; I believe I have made some mistake: allow me to retire.

*Head.* Whom do you seek, madam?

*Miss S. (Aside)* What can I say? Nobody, sir,—that is—Mr. Headstrong, sir—but it's no matter—I'll—(*going*)

*Head.* Your visit is fortunate—I am Mr. Headstrong. A very pretty girl this.

*Miss S.* Heavens! You Mr. Headstrong? Then I'm lost.

*Head.* Heavens! then I am lost! this is very strange!

*Miss S.* How shall I escape from him? Not you, sir—your nephew I mean—some other time—good morning, sir! (*going*)

*Head. (Aside)* A strange female desire to see my nephew! There's some mystery in this—Madam, I must request an explanation of this visit to my nephew.—Present circumstances render it absolutely necessary.

*Miss S.* Worse and worse! What shall I say? I have it; I'll make him as anxious to get rid of me as I am to be gone.—I understand, sir, your nephew is on the point of being married.

*Head.* This very day, madam.

*Miss S.* Cruel man! Sir, he is under a promise of marriage to me. [*Aside*] I think this will make him wish me a thousand miles off.

*Head. (Aside)* This then accounts for his reluctance to marry Miss Stirling.—Madam, this affair requires explanation, and fortunately here is my nephew.

*Miss S.* O lud! I'm ruined.

*Head.* Ruined! The villian! the villian!

*Miss S.* I must not see him, indeed, sir—pray allow me to retire.

*Head.* Conceal yourself in that arbour. He shall do

you justice, or he is no longer a nephew of mine.—Your name, madam ?

*Miss S.* My name—Oh, Sally Primrose, a farmer's daughter, from Shropshire.

*Head.* Retire, Miss Primrose, and leave this affair to me.

*Miss S. (Aside)* In what a labyrinth has this unlucky meeting involved me. (*Retires into the arbour.*)

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Head.* Now for my gentleman !

*Char.* My dear sir, I am impatient for the consummation of my happiness.

*Head.* Happiness ! how dare you think of happiness ?

*Char.* I do not understand you, sir.

*Head.* I have found you out, sir.

*Char.* Sir, I am ignorant of your meaning.

*Head.* No foolery, sir—You are on the point of giving yourself in marriage to Miss Stirling, when your affections are already disposed of in another quarter.

*Char. [Aside.]* Then Mary is discovered ;—or perhaps he merely suspects something, and this is a manoeuvre to try me.

*Head.* This hesitation convicts you, sir ; but I'll convince you that I know your secret.—Shropshire, sir, Shropshire.

*Char.* Shropshire ! What the devil does he mean by Shropshire !

*Head. [Aside]* He thinks I am but half informed, and braves me. You may have heard the name of Sally, perhaps, sir ?

*Char.* Sally !

*Head.* Yes, sir, Sally ;—Sally Primrose.

*Char.* Sally Primrose. Ha ! ha ! ha ! this is all a jest :—I never heard the name before.

*Head.* This is too much :—then know to your confusion, the lady is here.

*Char.* Here, sir !

*Head.* Aye ; here, sir. I dare say you'll swear you never *saw* her before. Come forth, Miss Primrose.

*[He leads Miss Stirling from the arbour.]*

*Char.* I assure you I never saw this lady in my life.

*Head.* Just as I said. Here's an unblushing rascal!

*Char.* Depend on it, here is some imposture.

*Head.* Fye! fye! your impudence is beyond bearing. However, sir, I shall leave you to the just resentment of Miss Primrose; and till you have arranged this matter to her satisfaction, never dare to let me see your damn'd impudent face again. [*Exit.*

*Char.* Madam, whatever may be your intentions---

*Miss S.* Hush! I am Louisa Stirling.

*Char.* You!

*Miss S.* I am. My saucy lover, Mr. Sutherland, has informed me of all your schemes. But how to extricate ourselves from this situation?

*Char.* 'Tis done; and a thought strikes me by which this accident shall be the means of procuring you my uncle's consent to your marriage with Sutherland.

*Miss S.* But how am I to get back to my uncle, Mr. Kitcat? Indeed, I should not be surprised if he reached the house before us.

*Char.* No fear of that; a chattering apothecary is sent to guide him, who will lead him half-a-dozen miles out of his way: and for your escort I shall give you Harry Sutherland.

*Miss S.* But suppose my escort should turn traitor and run away with me.

*Char.* Why then, as a punishment for his offence, we must condemn him to imprisonment for life; and you shall have the custody of him. [*Exeunt.*

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## SCENE II.

ANOTHER PART OF HEADSTRONG'S PARK.

*Enter* ENDALL *and* MR. KITCAT.

*Kit.* Why do you loiter thus, sir? You say Mr. Headstrong sent you to conduct me to his house; but at every turn, it appears we are further from it than ever. My niece, no doubt is there, and alarmed at my absence.



*End.* Why certainly, Mr. Kitcat, we might have saved [*aside*] about three miles; but I thought you would like to see the park. [*aside*] I have not had spirit to say a word to the doctor about my own business yet: I'll take courage, and pump him now.--Hem! I understand, sir, you intend to--practise in this place?

*Kit.* I do, sir.

*End.* [*aside*] It's very true, I see.--Your practice in London was rather limited.

*Kit.* Rather so, sir. In the country all nature presents itself. In London one is confined principally to the human subject.

*End.* That's enough in all conscience, if a man can get plenty of it.

*Kit.* True, sir; but having attained some proficiency in that branch of the art, I am desirous of practising in another.

*End.* Another! May I beg to know which you mean, sir?

*Kit.* Cattle.

*End.* Cattle! [*aside*] So I'm to be supplanted by a damn'd cow-doctor!

*Kit.* Besides, sir, one's prospects about London are very limited; here they are open and extensive.

*End.* Then let me undeceive you; you have no prospect at all here.

*Kit.* There we differ. I think I never beheld finer.

*End.* But you'll find the difference when you have been here a short time.

*Kit.* I don't quite understand you, sir. I can't see why my being here should alter the prospects.

*End.* Whatever view you may have in your eye, let me tell you, we have a person in your way already here; and the place won't afford comfortable practice for *two*.

*Kit.* I don't see how this applies to me. I intend to practise merely for my own amusement.

*End.* So much the worse; and to be plain, I am the person you come to oppose.

*Kit.* You, sir! I should'nt have taken him for a painter.

*End.* Now, consider that I get my living by the profession, and if you oppose me, I'm ruined: agree to my proposal,

*Enter SAM behind.*

And I'll do you a service you little expect.

*Kit.* Well, sir.

*End.* Though my business is chiefly with the two-legged part of the creation, yet, I sometimes dabble a little in the cattle way myself. Now, sir, agree not to interfere with my biped customers, and I'll make over the whole of my quadruped connexion to you without reserve.

*Kit.* Sir, I accept your offer. Now what is the service you are to render me?

*End.* To put you on your guard against a plot. You must know that young Headstrong, in order to avoid a marriage with your niece, has introduced a fellow to his uncle under your name. But go instantly to the house, and you may be in time to prevent ill consequences.

*Sam.* [*behind*] O, thou treacherous jalup-monger!

*Kit.* Amazement! will you accompany me?

*End.* If I do, young Headstrong will put me into the horsepond for this. [*Aside*] No, sir; I have an engagement, and as I am rather past my time, I must wish you a good morning. [*Exit.*

*Kit.* This is an extraordinary event.

*Sam.* Now for a bold hit, or it is all over with us. I'll pass myself upon him as old Headstrong; (*coming forward, and calling after Endall in a subdued voice*), Impostor! knave! rascal! and this, I take it, is one of his accomplices.

*Kit.* What's in the wind now? Who dares address such language to me?

*Sam.* That's a good joke; I, Simon Headstrong, Esquire.

*Kit.* Have I the happiness of seeing Mr. Headstrong ?

*Sam.* You know best what you can see, sir ; but is this my ground ? are those my trees ? or are these my clothes ?

*Kit.* This is most fortunate.—Sir, I rejoice in thus meeting with you.

*Sam.* Why, it must be—my dear friend Mr. Kitcat.

*Kit.* The same ; the same.

*Sam.* O, this is too much happiness ! (*Embraces him*).

*Kit.* I am just in time to prevent the execution of a deception—

*Sam.* I know it ; and the man that just left you is the impostor.

*Kit.* He the impostor !

*Sam.* However, it is but part of a more villainous plot. My steward, a crafty old knave, has a design to get his own nephew married to your niece, and on your arrival, to get me out of the way, and pass himself for me.

*Kit.* Monstrous ! Fortunate discovery !

*Sam.* Now we'll humour the villain. I'll stay away ; you go to the house—call him Mr. Headstrong—behave to him as you would to me—and be sure not to let him perceive that you know him to be only my steward.

*Kit.* Excellent ! But for my niece ?

*Sam.* True—I have it. I know a girl who, for twenty pounds, would marry any body. She shall pass for your niece, and marry the old rogue's nephew ; and I warrant he'll repent it as long as he lives.

*Kit.* Admirable ; come, let's about it instantly ; I delight in seeing roguery over-reach itself. But where is my niece, Louisa, all this time.

*Sam.* [*aside*] Safe with her lover.—Oh, she lost you in the windings of the park, and prudently came to my house : luckily none of my people have seen her. Now I'll go for the girl I spoke of, and be with you in a crack. Wait my return at yonder gate. Come, bundle, my old boy.

*Kit.* Bundle, my old boy! I did'nt expect to see a Chesterfield;—but the coarseness of Mr. Headstrong's manners astonishes me. [Exit.

*Sam.* Now I'll go up to old Headstrong's—confess so much as can no longer be concealed, and, by professing myself a repentant rogue, cheat on without danger of discovery. [Exit.

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### SCENE III.

A ROOM AT HEADSTRONG'S.

*HEADSTRONG, MARY, AND CHARLES discovered seated at a Table, at the point of signing Papers.*

*Head.* I think we had better not sign till Mr. Kitcat returns; however, as you both seem anxious about it, give me a pen— O, here he is.

*Enter SAM hastily.*

*Sam.* Hold, sir; don't sign. You have been deceived. I am not Mr. Kitcat.

*Head.* How!

*Char.* Confusion! The villain has betrayed us.

*Head.* You not Mr. Kitcat! and is not this lady Miss Stirling?

*Sam.* I'll out with the whole truth now—The lady really is Miss Stirling.

*Head.* And my nephew—

*Sam.* Is as innocent of it all as a sucking pig.

*Head.* Then to you, madam, I apply for an explanation.

*Mary.* To-to-to me, sir.

*Sam.* Don't tell him, miss; I'll explain it all—You see, sir, as the young lady had never seen your nephew, she thought it as well to have a peep at him before she consented to marry him—so she gave her uncle the slip, two stages off—got me to personate him, and determined to run away if she didn't like Mr. Charles.—The real uncle is arrived; and as I cannot conveniently be a rogue any longer, I think it as well to confess all, and be honest.

*Char.* What do you intend by this? [*Aside to Sam.*

*Sam.* My original is here, so this is our only hope.

*Head.* Miss Stirling is this true ?

*Mary.* Ye-es,—sir.

*Head.* Then I hope my nephew has made a favourable impression on you. But where is your uncle ?

*Sam.* Oh, he is but a little way off. I must take Miss to him: he would be furious if he knew she had been here.

*Head.* Then I won't say I have seen her before; and when you return, my dear, I'll receive you as if it were your first visit.

*Sam.* Exactly so.

*Head.* And pray who are you, sir ?

*Sam.* I—O, I'm nobody, sir—a servant, sir—this lady's servant.

*Head.* (*Aside*) Ecod, I suspect that's my coat; I thought so at first: I'll examine my wardrobe. I've some directions to give the servants, and will return instantly.—O, you cunning baggage, I love you for your ingenuity. (*Exit.*)

*Char.* Now pray what am I to understand by all this ?

*Sam.* There's no time for talking: that treacherous lump of rhubarb has exposed our plans. I shall want your assistance Miss; but come along, and I will tell you the rest by the way. (*Exeunt.*)

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#### SCENE IV.

HEADSTRONG'S PARK.

*Enter KITCAT, MARY, and SAM.*

*Kit.* Now, my good girl, you understand;—This gentleman's steward intends to impose himself upon me as his master, and get his nephew married to my niece.—Now we mean to give into the imposition; I shall therefore introduce *you* as my niece, marry the young fellow to you, and as a reward for your assistance in this affair, I shall give you twenty pounds at your wedding.

*Mary.* Thank'ee, sir.

*Kit.* Now I think we may proceed.

*Sam.* One word more, Sir.—My steward has the impudence of the devil; and I dare say will receive you without embarrassment. Do every thing he proposes, and be sure not to let him know you are up to him till you hear from me.

*Kit.* I'll be careful, depend on't.

*Exeunt MARY and KITCAT.*

*Sam.* This is a noble scheme of mine. I did not think I was so clever. Let me see—What reward shall I demand, if we succeed? Mr. Charles shall buy me a commission in a marching regiment. I'll fly from physic to war. The change is not very great; 'tis attaining the same end by different means—the same operation, but performed with a different instrument—a *bullet* instead of a *bolus!* *(Exit.*

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## SCENE V.

### HEADSTRONG'S LIBRARY.

*Enter HEADSTRONG, MARY, and KITCAT.*

*Head.* Well, I am heartily glad to see you at last—but why so late?

*Kit.* The beauty of the scenery around your estate was an attraction I could not resist; and it has afforded some little employment to my pencil. *(aside)* This steward must be a consummate knave; he does'nt seem in the least embarrassed in the exercise of his roguery.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Head.* Ah! Allow me, Mr. Kitcat, to introduce my nephew to you; and to you, madam, your future husband. *(To Mary)* Your uncle little thinks you have met before.—And now, my dear sir, if you have the writings with you, we'll execute them instantly.

*Char.* Sir, I am impatient till my happiness is complete.

*Kit. (aside).* The imposture is plain enough: their eagerness convicts them.—I have not the papers with me, but—

*Char.* No matter, sir, here is one which will be sufficient till the deeds arrive. If you will sign it first, my uncle will follow you.

*Kit.* The young one is as undaunted a rogue as the old steward, his uncle. Give me the pen, sir. There, (*he signs*) and may you be happy with *my niece*.

*Char.* Now, uncle.

*Head.* (*Signs.*) There's my name.—This is a happy day;—Shake hands, my old boy; you and I can't expect many such as this, and egad we'll make the most of it.

*Kit.* True—By the Lord, though, I can hardly help laughing at them. (*aside*)

*Charles.* Now, my dear Mary, our happiness is secure, and we'll leave the old gentlemen to undeceive each other.—We will withdraw.

*Kit.* And take my advice, get married instantly—A young hypocrite. (*aside*)

*Char.* We'll do as you advise us, depend on it.

(*Exeunt CHARLES and MARY.*)

*Kit.* Now I'll open upon the old steward.—I'll begin with a hit at his menial situation. (*aside*) Hem! you seem to have a very comfortable place of it here.

*Head.* Place of it! O, he means my estate, I suppose.—Why yes, sir, I have no reason to complain.

*Kit.* And I dare say it supplies all your wants.

*Head.* Aye, and a great deal more, or it wouldn't be worth having.—I sell ten times as much as I consume.

*Kit.* Here's a thief!—and pray, is the family acquainted with your proceedings?

*Head.* To be sure! I make no secret of it—I may do as I please, here.

*Kit.* Then I suppose they have confidence in you, and don't suspect—

*Head.* Suspect!—Pooh! they know it—Besides it's a very common thing among gentlemen in my situation. I've a right to make as much money by the estate as possible.

*Kit.* I never yet heard of a steward who thought otherwise.—Have you been long in this situation?

*Head.* About two and twenty years, I believe.

*Kit.* And during that time you have contrived to scrape together a pretty round sum, I dare say.

*Head.* (*Aside*) These inquiries are damn'd impertinent, tho'!—Why yes, sir, I have saved a tolerable fortune.

*Kit.* I can hold no longer.—Which you have accumulated by fraud, embezzlement, and every species of rascality.

*Head.* Sir!

*Kit.* And which, when you sink into a guilty grave, you will bequeath to your nephew, who appears to be as consummate a knave as yourself.

*Head.* Mr. Kitcat!

*Kit.* Impostor! You may now throw off your mask—your machinations are detected, and you may expect to be turned out of this house within an hour.

*Head.* Ha! ha! ha! turn me out of my own house!—Harkee sir; are you really Mr. Kitcat?

*Kit.* I am—but for the person you take to be my niece—

*Head.* That's sufficient—It is but too evident that he's a little—(*touching his forehead*) and I should be as mad as he to quarrel with him.

*Kit.* But here comes your master—

*Enter SAM.*

(*to Sam*) My dear Mr. Headstrong, I have given this miscreant an introductory chastisement, and now let me entreat that you will turn him out of your house this instant.

*Sam.* All in good time. (*aside*)—Damn it—here comes my master, and all's over.

*Enter ENDALL.*

*End.* (*to Kitcat*) Ah! my dear doctor!

*Kit.* Doctor, sir! What do you mean by doctor?

*End.* (*to Headstrong*) My dear Mr. Headstrong, as I have made an amicable arrangement with the doctor there—

*Head.* I shan't speak a word till I know whether I'm awake, or whether that man is in his right senses.—Leave me, doctor.



*Kit.* He a doctor! There is some mystery here!

*End.* (*Seeing Sam*) Well, Sam, as you have done your part in the business, you had better go back to the shop—you'll find plenty to do.

*Kit.* Back to the shop! Ha, I begin to suspect. Where's my niece? where's my niece?

*Sam.* Here come all the pretty dears.

*Enter CHARLES and MARY. HARRY and MISS STIRLING.*

*Head.* I think I may venture a word now.—Charles, am I awake?

*Kit.* (*To Miss Stirling*) My dear niece, explain this affair to me.

*Head.* Your niece! Psha! that's Sally Primrose. Charles Headstrong, what is the meaning of all this?

*Kit.* Charles Headstrong! pooh! that's Charles Headstrong with my niece. (*Points to Harry*)

*Head.* With your niece! But I see how it is! Poor man! he takes another woman for his own niece, and wants to persuade me that I don't know my own nephew.

*Char.* I believe I can best unravel this apparent mystery. (*To Kitcat*) This gentleman, sir, really is Mr. Headstrong, and I am his nephew.—The fact is, that as we were all doubtful of obtaining your consent to our marriage, according to our several wishes, we have had recourse to various stratagems to obtain it—have succeeded as you perceive, and now throw ourselves upon your mercy.

*Kit.* And pray, sir, who are you that have defrauded me of my niece?

*Harry.* Be not harsh, sir. My name is Henry Sutherland, brother to that young lady; and I am a gentleman.

*Kit.* A very poor one, no doubt.

*Harry.* As to my fortune, sir,—but since no man is expected to expatiate on his own defects when he is endeavouring to recommend himself, I must be silent on that subject.

*Kit.* Mr. Headstrong.—Since I find you are really Mr. Headstrong, accept my sincere apology for the harsh language I applied to you:—they imposed you upon me as your steward, and—

*Head.* Say no more about it. It's well our quarrel

was *tete-a-tete*, for I dare say we appeared like two damn'd fools.

*Kit.* No doubt: but here are four green horns staring us full in the face, who have been cunning enough to out-wit us; and I think the best thing we can do, is to forgive them and make them happy.

*Head.* With all my heart.

*End.* (*To Kitcat*) Now my dear doctor—

*Kit.* Zounds, sir! I'm no doctor:—don't doctor me.

*End.* What then, a'n't you my rival exterminator from London? Am I then still to retain the entire possession of my old field of action?

*Char.* The whole village will still be at your mercy.

*End.* Then I'll set the bells a ringing immediately.

*Char.* Tolling, more likely, doctor.

*Head.* But where is the rascal who has caused all these mistakes?—Oh, there he is—Come forth, sirrah.

*Sam.* Ah! I see how it will be; I shall be the stalking horse for both parties, to vent the remnants of their anger upon.

*Head.* Well, sirrah! what have you to say for yourself?

*Sam.* I know I have no mercy to expect; but, as I have an unconquerable aversion to a dry-beating, either toss me in a blanket, or pump upon me; any thing but an ungentlemanly dry-beating.

*Char.* A pardon for him, sir.

*Head.* Well, he may go—but, I'll thank him to leave my clothes behind him.

*Char.* And you may take with you the reward of your labours. (*Gives money*)

*Sam.* What twenty pounds!

*Harry.* And as I am under an equal obligation to you (*gives notes*) accept my acknowledgements also.

*Sam.* Another twenty! why then, my fortune being made, according to the custom of the world, I might laugh at my past rogueries, and let you see, *Who's Who*—But, no; I'll throw myself upon my friends, and I trust to their kindness for a merciful sentence on—**THE DOUBLE IMPOSTURE.**

THE END.

