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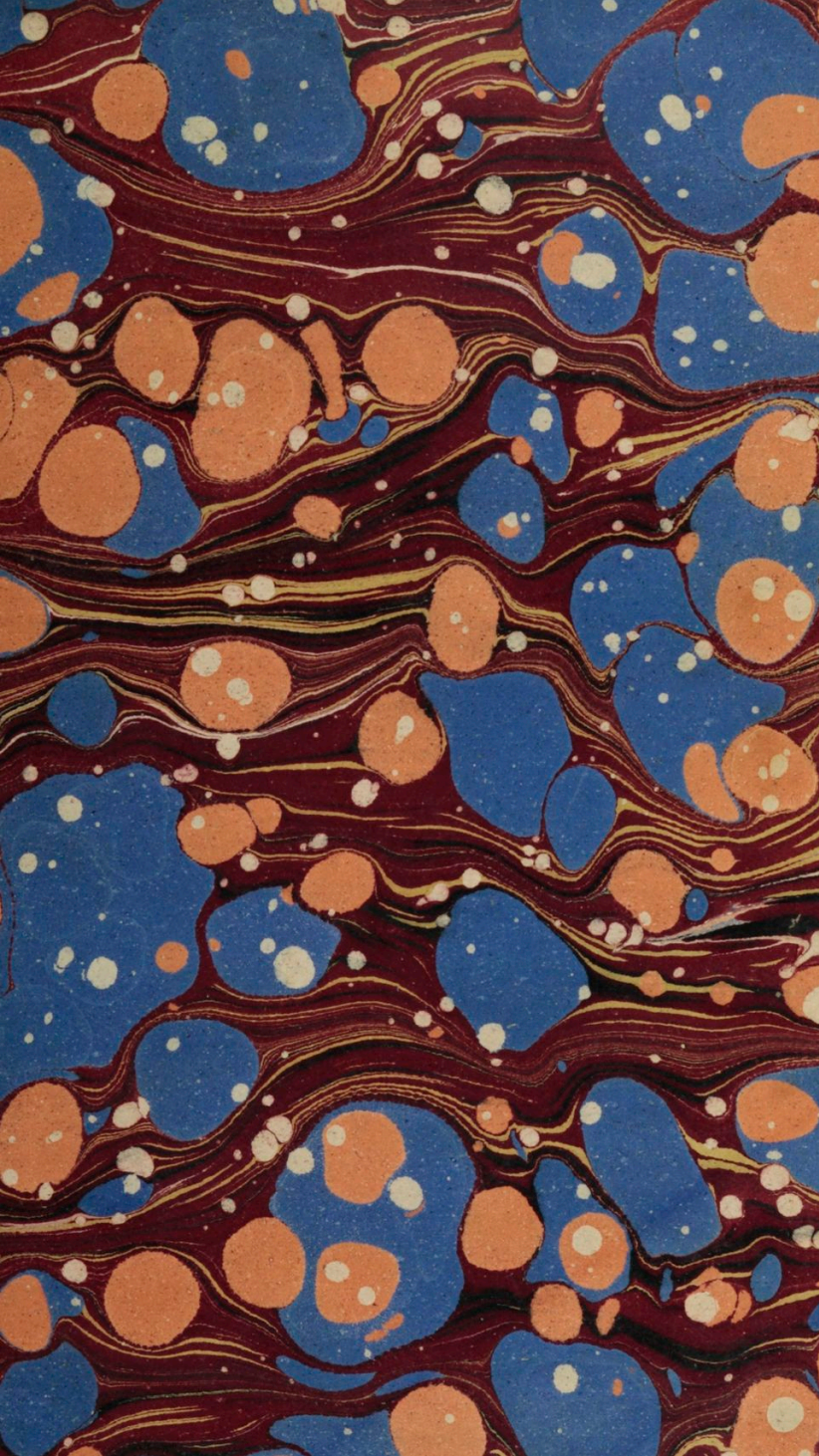
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Dr. Nichol



George Bennett, M. D.

*Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons  
of England.*









T H E  
M A I D O F B A T H ;

A C O M E D Y.

W R I T T E N by Mr. F O O T E,

P U B L I S H E D by Mr. C O L M A N.

---

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]



T H E  
*MAID OF BATH;*

A C O M E D Y,  
I N T H R E E A C T S.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE  
*S A M U E L F O O T E, Esq.*

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY  
*Mr. C O L M A N.*

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L O N D O N,  
*Printed by T. Sherlock,*  
For T. CADELL, in the Strand.

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MDCCLXXVIII.

WIND OF BATH

A COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN BATH

BY THE ACTORS

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL

AND HIS EXCELLENCY

THE DUKE OF BATH

LONDON

Printed by R. Baldwin,

at the Theatre Royal, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXII.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

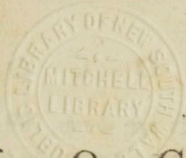
**S**OME copies of spurious impressions of this Comedy, and of the Cozeners, having been printed and circulated before the application to the Court of Chancery for an Injunction, it has been thought advisable, in vindication of the property of the Editor, as well as in justice to the deceased Author, immediately to commit to the press genuine editions of the two dramattick pieces above-mentioned, together with the Comedy of the Devil Upon Two Sticks, which had been also without authority advertised for publication.

On inspection of the spurious impressions, it appears, that all the errors of careless and ignorant transcribers are there religiously preserved; and all the additions and improvements, made by the facetious Writer, are omitted. Many instances of this will occur on perusal of these Comedies, and particularly the Cozeners; in which, besides the restoration of several passages always spoken on the stage, the Reader will find a whole scene, at the end of the First Act, and another,

another, still more entertaining and popular, at the beginning of the Third; both which were wholly wanting in the spurious Impressions.

Unauthorized publications are not only always detrimental to private property, but commonly prove injurious to the publick: For the copies, being obtained by clandestine and indirect means, are, for the most part, as has happened in the present instance, incorrect and imperfect.

PROLOGUE,



P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

W H O but has read, if you have read at all,  
Of one, they *Jack the giant-killer* call?  
He was a bold, stout, able-bodied man,  
To clear the world of *fee, faw, fum*, his plan:  
Whene'er a *monster* had within his power  
A young and tender *virgin* to devour,  
To cool his blood, *Jack*, like a skilful surgeon,  
Bled well the *monster*, and releas'd the *virgin*;  
Like the best doctors, did a method learn,  
Of curing fevers never to return.

Mayn't I this *giant-killing* trade renew?  
I have my *virgin* and my *monster* too.  
Tho' I can't boast, like *Jack*, a list of slain,  
I wield a lancet and can breathe a vein;  
To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,  
He cleft his foes, I only make mine squeak:  
As Indians wound their slaves to please the court,  
I'll tickle mine, *Great Sirs*, to make you sport.

To prove myself an humble imitator,  
*Giants* are *vices*, and *Jack* stands for *satire*:  
By tropes and figures, as it fancy suits,  
Passions rise monsters, men sink down to brutes;  
All talk and write in allegoric diction,  
Court, city, town, and country run to fiction!  
Each daily paper allegory teaches—  
*Placemen* are *locusts*, and *contractors* *leeches*:  
Nay, even *Change-Alley*, where no bard repairs,  
Deals much in fiction to pass off their wares;  
For whence the roaring there?—from *bulls* and *bears*! }

The

The gaming fools are *doves*, the *knaves* are *rooks*,  
*Change-Alley* bankrupts waddle out *lame ducks*!  
 But, ladies, blame not you your gaming spouses,  
 For you, as well as they, have *pigeon-houses*.

To change the figure—formerly I've been,  
 To straggling follies only *whisper-in*;  
 By royal bounty rais'd, I mount the back  
 Of my own *hunter*, and I keep the *pack*:  
 Tallyo!—a rank old *fox* we now pursue,  
 So strong the scent, you'll run him full in view:  
 If we can't kill such *brutes* in human shape,  
 Let's fright 'em, that your *chickens* may escape;  
 Rouse 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're grumbling,  
 And rub their gums at least, to mar their mumbling.

---

 D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE,	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
Mr. FLINT,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
Major RACKETT,	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
BILLY BUTTON,	<i>Mr. Weston.</i>
PETER POULTICE,	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
FILLUP,	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
Mynheer SOUR-CROUT,	<i>Mr. Castle.</i>
Monf. DE JARSEY,	<i>Mr. Loyd.</i>
JOHN,	<i>Mr. Jacobs.</i>
Lady CATHARINE COLDSTREAM,	<i>Mrs. Fearon.</i>
Mrs. LINNET,	<i>Miss Platt.</i>
Miss LINNET,	<i>Mrs. Jewell.</i>
MAID,	<i>Mrs. Weston.</i>
Waiters, &c.	

T H E

MAID OF BATH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Bear Inn at Bath.*

*Enter Fillup.*

*Fillup.*

**W**H Y, John, Roger, Ralphy,  
Harry Buckle! what a-dickens  
are become of the lads? Can't  
you hire?—Zure, zure, these  
whelps are enow to make a man maz'd!

*Enter several Waiters.*

*All.* Coming, Sir!

*Fillup.* Coming! ay, zo be Christmas, I think.  
Where be'st thee gwain, boy? what, I reckon  
thee ca'lt not zee for thy eyes—Here, take the  
candle, and light the gentlefolk in.

**B**

*Enter*

2 THE MAID OF BATH.

*Enter John.*

*John.* Carry a couple of candles into the  
Daphne. [*Exeunt Waiters.*]

*Fillup.* John, who is it be a comè?

*John.* Major Rackett, in a chay and four,  
from the Devizes.

*Fillup.* What, the young youth, that last zeason  
carried away wi un Mrs. Muzleneses prentice?

*John.* Miss Patty Prim, from the Gròvé?

*Fillup.* Ay, zure: Thee dost know her well enow.

*John.* The same.

*Fillup.* Zure and zure, then we shall have  
old doing and by; he is a deadly wild spark, thee  
dost know.

*John.* But as good a customer as comes to  
the Bear.

*Fillup.* That's zure enough: Then why dost  
not run and light un in? Stay! gee I the candle;  
I woole go and light un in myzelf. [*Exit.*]

*Rack.* [*without*]. Give the post-boys half a  
guinea between 'em.

*John.* Ay, there is some life in this chap!  
These are your guests that give spirit to Bath:  
Your parboil'd and pump'd, do no good that I know  
to the town, unless indeed to the physical tribe:  
How I hate to see an old fellow hobble into  
the

the house, with his feet wrapt in flannel, pushing forth his fingers like a cross in the hands to point out the different roads on a common!—  
Hush!

*Enter Rackett and Fillup.*

*Fillup.* I hope, mester, you do zee your way: There be two steps; that you do know. Well, zure, I be heartily glad to zee your honour at Bath.

*Rack.* I thank you, my honest friend Fillup.—What, have you many people in town?

*Fillup.* There ben't a power, please your honour, at present. Some zick folk that do no zort of zarvis, and a few layers that be com'd off a the zircuit, that's all.

*Rack.* Birds of passage, ha, Fillup?

*John.* True, Sir; for at the beginning of term, when the woodcocks come in, the others fly off.

*Rack.* Are you there, honest Jack?

*John.* And happy to see your honour in town.

*Rack.* Well, master Fillup, and how go you on? any clubs fixed as yet?

*Fillup.* No, Zir, not to zay fixed; there be parson Pulruddock from the Land's-End, master Eyan Thomas, a Welch attorney, two Bristol

#### 4 THE MAID OF BATH.

men, and a few port-drinking people, that dine every day in the Lion; the claret-club ben't expected down till the end of next week.

*Rack.* Any body in the house that I know?

*Fillup.* Yes, zure: Behind the bar there be Sir Christopher Cripple, fresh out of a fit of the gout, drinking a drop of punch along wy Mester Peter Poullice, the potter-carrier on the Parade.

*Rack.* The Gazettes of the Bath; the very men I want. Give my compliments to the gentlemen, and tell them I should be glad of their company. But, perhaps it may be troublesome for Sir Christopher——

*Fillup.* No, no, not at all; at present he's a little tender for zure; but I warrant un he'll make a shift to hobble into the room. [*Exit.*

*Rack.* Well, Jack, and how fares it with you? You have throve, I hope, since I saw you?

*John.* Throve? no, no, Sir: Your honour knows that during the summer, taverns and turnspits have but little to do at Bath.

*Rack.* True. But what is become of your colleague, honest Ned? I hope he has not quitted his place.

*John.* The share he had in your honour's intrigue with Miss Prim, soon made this city too hot for poor Ned.

*Rack.*

*Rack.* Then why did not the fool go to London with me? The fellow has humour, spirit, and sings a good song. I intended to have recommended him to one of the theatres.

*John.* Why, Sir, Ned himself had a bias that way; but his uncle, Alderman Surcingle the fadler, a piece of a Puritan, would not give his consent.

*Rack.* Why not?

*John.* He was afraid that kind of life might corrupt or endanger Ned's morals; so has set him up in a bagnio at the end of Long-Acre.

*Rack.* Nay, if the fellow falls after such a security——

*Sir Chr.* [*without.*] At what a rate the rascal is running! Zounds, I believe the fellow thinks I can foot it as fast as Eclipse! Slower, and be——

*Enter Sir Christopher Cripple and Fillup, followed by Peter Poultrice.*

Where is this rakehelly, rantipole?—Jack, set me a chair,—So, Sir! you must possess a good share of assurance to return to this town, after the tricks you have played.—Fillup, fetch in the punch!—Well, you ungracious young dog, and what is become of the poor wench? Ah, poor Patty! and here too my reputation is ruined as well as the girl's.

*Rack.* Your reputation? that's a good jest.

*Sir Chr.*

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*Sir Cbr.* Yes, firrah, it is; and all owing to my acquaintance with you: I, forsooth, am called your adviser; as if your own contriving head and profligate heart stood in need of any assistance from me.

*Rack.* Well, but, dear Sir Kit, how can this idle stuff affect you?

*Sir Cbr.* How? easy enough: I will be judged now by Poullice.—Peter, speak truth! before this here blot in my escutcheon, have not you observed, when I went to either a ball or a breakfasting, how eagerly all the girls gathered round me, gibing, and joking, and giggling? gad take me, as facetious and free as if I were their father!

*Poul.* Nothing but truth.

*Fillup.* That's truth, to my zertain knowledge; for I have zeen the women-folk tittering, 'till they were ready to break their zides, when your honour was throwing your double tenders about.

*Sir Cbr.* True, honest Fillup.—Before your curs'd affair, neither maid, widow, or wife was ashamed of conversing with me; but now, when I am wheeled into the room, not a soul under seventy will venture within ten yards of my chair: I am shunn'd worse than a leper in the days of King Lud; an absolute hermit in the midst of a croud! Speak, Fillup, is not this a melancholy truth?

*Fillup.*

*Fillup.* Very molycolly, zure!

*Sir Cbr.* But this is not all; the crop-eared curs of the city have taken it into their empty heads to neglect me: Formerly, Mr. Mayor could not devour a custard, but I received a civil card to partake; but now, the rude rascals, in their bushy bobs, brush by me without deigning to bow! in short, I do not believe I have had a corporation crust in my mouth for these six months: You might as well expect a minister of state at the Mansion-House, as see me at one of their feasts——

*Fillup.* His honour tells nothing but truth.

*Sir Cbr.* So that I am almost famished, as well as forsaken.

*Fillup.* Quite famished, as a body may zay, mester.

*Sir Cbr.* Oh, Tom, Tom, you have been a cursed acquaintance to me! what a number of fine turtles and fat haunches of venison has your wickedness lost me!

*Rack.* My dear Sir Kit, for this I merit your thanks: How often Dr. Carawitchet has told you, rich food and *champaigne* would produce you nothing but poor health and *real* pain!

*Str Cbr.* What signifies the prattle of such a punning puppy as he? what, I suppose, you would starve me, you scoundrel! When I am

got

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got out of one fit, how the devil am I to gather strength to encounter the next? Do you think it is to be done by sipping and sopping? [*drinks.*] But no matter! Look you, major Racket, all between us is now at an end; and, Sir, I should consider it as a particular favour if you would take no further notice of me: I sincerely desire to drop your acquaintance; and, as to myself, I am fixed, positively fixed, to reform.

*Rack.* Reform? Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Chr.* Reform! and why not? Well! you shall see! the whole city shall see! As soon as ever I get to my lodgings, I will send for Luke Lattitat and Codicil, and make a handsome bequest to the hospital.

*Rack.* Stuff!

*Sir Chr.* Then I am resolved to be carried every day to the twelve o'clock prayers, at the Abbey, and regularly twice of a Sunday.

*Rack.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Chr.* Ha, ha, ha! you may laugh; but I'll be damn'd if I don't! and if all this don't recover my credit, I am determined, besides, to hire a house in Harlequin-Row, and be a constant hearer at the countess's chapel——

*Rack.* And so, perhaps, turn out a field-preacher in time.

*Sir Chr.* I don't know but I may.

*Rack.*

*Rack.* Well then, my dear Sir Christopher, adieu! But, if we must part, let us part as friends should; not with dry lips, and in anger. Fillup, take care of the knight. [*Fillup fills the glasses.*] Well, faith, my old crony, I can't say but I am heartily sorry to lose you; many a brave batch have we broached in our time.

*Sir Chr.* True, Tom, true.

*Rack.* Don't you remember the bout we had at the Tuns, in the days of Plump Jack? I shall never forget! After you had felled poor Falstaff with a pint bumper of Burgundy, how you bestrode the prostrate hero, and in his own manner cried, "Crown me, ye spirits that de-light in gen'rous wine!"

*Sir Chr.* Vanity, mere vanity, Tom, nothing but vanity!

*Rack.* And then another day at the—But replenish, Fillup! the bowl is not empty?

*Sir Chr.* Enough, enough!

*Rack.* What, don't flinch, man! it is but to finish the bowl.—Come, Sir Christopher, one tender squeeze!

*Sir Chr.* Take care of my hand! none of your old tricks, you young dog.

*Rack.* Gentle as the lick of a lap-dog; there! —What o'clock is it, Fillup?

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*Fillup.* I'll tell you, mester [*looks at his watch*].  
Just turned a fix.

*Rack.* So soon? Hang it, Sir Kit, it is too early to part: Come, what say you to one supper more? but one, by way of sacrifice to the sacred feelings of friendship? Honest Fillup knows your taste; he will toss you up a——

*Sir Cbr.* Not a morsel, Tom, if you would give me the universe!

*Rack.* Pho, man! only a Sandwich or so.—  
Fillup, what hast got in the house?

*Fillup.* A vamous John Dorey, two pair of foals, and there be a joint of Lansdown mutton; and then, you do know, my Molly be vamous in making marrow-puddens.

*Rack.* A fine bill of fare.—Come, knight, what do you choose?

*Sir Cbr.* Me! why you seem to have forgot what I told you just now.

*Rack.* Your design to reform? not at all; and I think you quite right; perfectly so, as I hope to be saved: But what needs all this hurry? tomorrow is a new day; it will then be early enough. Fillup, send us in just what you will.

*Sir Cbr.* You are a coaxing, cajoling young dog.—Well, if it must be so, Fillup, it must.

Fillup,

Fillup, get me an anchovy-toast; and, do you hear? a red herring or two, for my stomach is damnably weak.

*Fillup.* I shall to be zure, zur. [Exit.

*Rack.* So! that's settled.—Now, Poultice! Come forward.—Well, my blades, and what news have you got stirring amongst you?

*Poul.* Except a little run of sore throats about the beginning of autumn, and a few feeble fellows that dropt off with the leaves in October, the town is in tolerable——

*Rack.* Pox of the dead and the dying! but what amusements have you got for the living?

*Poul.* There is the new playhouse, you know.

*Rack.* True: But as to the musical world; what hopes have we there? any of the opera people among you? Apropos—what is become of my little flame, *La petite Rosignole*, the lively little Linnet? is she still——

*Sir Chr.* Lost, totally lost!

*Rack.* Lost! what, left you? I am sorry for that.

*Sir Chr.* Worse, worse!

*Rack.* I hope she an't dead.

*Sir Chr.* Ten thousand times worse than all that!

*Rack.* How the deuce can that be?

*Sir Chr.* Just going to be buried alive—to be married.

*Rack.* Pho! is that all? The ceremony was, indeed, formerly looked upon as a kind of metaphorical grave; but the system is changed, and marriage is now considered as an entrance to a new and better kind of life.

*Sir Chr.* Indeed!

*Rack.* Pshaw! who talks now of the drudgery of domestic duties, of nuptial chains, and of bonds? mere obsolete words! they did well enough in the dull days of queen Bess; but a modern lass puts on fetters to enjoy the more freedom, and pledges her faith to one, that she may be at liberty to bestow her favours on all.

*Sir Chr.* What vast improvements are daily made in our morals! what an unfortunate dog am I, to come into the world at least half a century too soon! what would I give to be born twenty years hence! there will be damned fine doings then! hey, Tom? But I'm afraid our poor little girl won't have it in her power to profit by these prodigious improvements.

*Rack.* Why not?

*Sir Chr.* Oh, when you once hear the name of her partner——

*Rack.* Who is it?

*Sir Chr.* An acquaintance of yours: Only that old fusty, shabby, shuffling, money-loving, water-drinking, mirth-marring, amorous old hunk, master Solomon Flint.

*Rack.*

*Rack.* He that enjoys—owns, I mean—half the farms in the country?

*Sir Chr.* He, even he.

*Rack.* Why, he is sixty at least: What a filthy old goat! But then, how does this design suit with his avarice? the girl has no fortune.

*Sir Chr.* No more than what her talents will give her.

*Rack.* Why, the poltroon does not mean to profit by them?

*Sir Chr.* Perhaps, if his family should chance to encrease: But I believe his main motive is the hopes of an heir.

*Rack.* For which he must be indebted to some of his neighbours: In that point of light, the matter is not so much amiss. It is impossible she can be fond of the fellow; and it is very hard, with the opportunities this place will afford, if, in less than a month, I don't——

*Sir Chr.* This place! why, you don't suppose he'll trust her here for an hour?

*Rack.* How!

*Sir Chr.* Not a moment: The scheme is all settled; the rumbling old family-coach carries her immediately from the church-door to his moated, haunted, old house in the country.

*Rack.* Indeed!

*Sir Chr.* Where, besides the Argus himself,  
she

she will be watched by no less than two brace of his sisters; four as malicious, musty old maids as ever were soured by solitude, and the neglect of the world.

*Rack.* A guard not to be corrupted or cozened. Why, Sir Christopher, in a Christian country this must not be suffered. What! a miserable tattered old fellow like him, to monopolize such a tempting creature as her?

*Sir Chr.* A diabolical plan!

*Rack.* Besides, the secluding and immuring a girl possessed of her elegant talents, is little better than robbing the world.

*Sir Chr.* Infamous! worse than a rape! But where are the means to prevent it?

*Rack.* Much might be done, if you would lend us your aid.

*Sir Chr.* Me? of what use can I—And so, you rascal, you want to employ me again as your pimp?

*Rack.* You take the thing wrong: I only wish you to stand forth, my dear knight; and, like myself, be the protector of innocence, and a true friend to the publick.

*Sir Chr.* A true friend to the publick! a fine stalking-horse that! But, I fear, like other pretenders, Tom, when your own private purpose is served, the poor publick will be left in the lurch. But, however, the poor girl does deserve to be  
 saved;

saved ; and if I can do any thing, not inconsistent with my plan of reforming——

*Rack.* That was spoke like yourself. Upon what terms are you and Flint at present ?

*Sir Chr.* Oil and vinegar are scarce so opposite.

*Rack.* Poultice, you smoke a pipe with him sometimes : Pray, who are your party ?

*Poul.* Mynheer Sour Crout, Monsieur de Jarsey the port manufacturer, Billy Button the taylor, Master Flint and I, most evenings take a whiff here.

*Rack.* Are you all in his confidence on this great occasion ?

*Poul.* Upon this case we have had consultations ; but Billy Button is first in his favour, he likes his prescription the best.

*Rack.* From this quarter we must begin the attack : Could not we contrive to convene this illustrious senate to-night ?

*Poul.* I should think easily enough.

*Rack.* But before you meet here ?

*Poul.* Without doubt.

*Rack.* My dear Poultice, will you undertake the commission ?

*Poul.* I will feel their pulses, to oblige Sir Christopher Cripple.

*Sir Chr.* But, Peter, dost really think this rash fool is determined ?

*Poul.*

*Poul.* I believe, Sir Christopher, he is firmly persuaded, that nothing will allay this uncommon heat in his blood, but swallowing the pill matrimonial.

*Rack.* We must contrive at least to take off the gilding, and see what effect that will have on his courage. *[Exit Poul.*

*Sir Chr.* Well, Major, unfold! what can you mean by this meeting?

*Rack.* Is it possible you can be at a loss? you who have so long studied mankind?

*Sir Chr.* Explain.

*Rack.* Can't you conceive what infinite struggles must have been felt by this fellow, before he could muster up courage to engage in this dreadful perilous state. How often have you heard the proverbial puppy affirm, that marriage was fishing for a single eel among a barrel of snakes! what infinite odds, that you laid hold of the eel! and then a million to one but he slipped through your fingers!

*Sir Chr.* True, true.

*Rack.* Can't you, then, guess what will be his feelings and fears when it comes to the push? Do you think publick opinion, his various doubts of himself, and of her, the pride of his family, and the loud claims of avarice (his ruling passion 'till now), won't prove near an equipoise to his love?

*Sir Chr.* Without doubt.

*Rack.* At this critical period, won't the concurring advice of all his associates, think you, destroy the balance at once?

*Sir Chr.* Very probably, Tom, I confess.

*Rack.* As to our engines, there is no fear of them: Billy Button you have under your thumb; I'll purchase a pipe of port of de Jarsey; and we are sure of old Sour-Crout for a hamper of hock.

*Sir Chr.* Right, right!—But, after all, what is to become of the girl? Come, Tom, I'll have no foul play shewn to her.

*Rack.* Her real happiness is part of my project.

*Enter Fillup.*

*Fillup.* Here be Mynheer Sour-Crout and Mounseer de Jarsey a come.

*Sir Chr.* We will attend them.—Only think, Tom, what a villain you will be to make me the secret instrument of any more mischief.

*Rack.* Never fear.

*Sir Chr.* Particularly, too, now I am fixed to reform.

*Rack.* It would be criminal in the highest degree.

*Sir Chr.* Ah, rot your hypoeritical face!—I am half afraid, Tom, to trust you; I'll be hanged

D if

if you ha'n't some wicked design yourself on the girl! but, however, I wash my hands of the guilt.

*Rack.* My dear knight, don't be so squeamish! But—the gentlemen within!—Stay! who have we here? Ah, my old friend master Button!

*Enter Button.*

*Button.* Your worship is welcome to town!—But where is Sir—Oh! I understood as how your honour had sent for me all in a hurry: I should have brought the patterns before, if I had them: the worst of my enemies can't say but Billy Button is punctual. Here they be: I received them to-night by Wiltshire's waggon, that flies in eight days.

*Sir Chr.* Tomorrow, Billy, will do; take a seat.

*Button.* I had rather stand.

*Sir Chr.* I wanted to talk to you upon another affair. What, I suppose, you are very busy at present?

*Button.* Vast busy, your honour.

*Sir Chr.* This marriage, I reckon, takes up most of your time.

*Button.* Your honour?

*Rack.* Miss Linnet, and your old master Flint, you know.

*Button.* Oh, ay! But the squire does not intend to cut a dash till the spring.

*Sir*

*Sir Chr.* No! nothing has happened, I hope? affairs are all fixed?

*Button.* As a rock: I am sure, now, it can't fail; because why, I have preemptory orders to scour and new-line the coachman and footman's old frocks; and am, besides, to turn the lace, and fresh-button the suit his honour made up twenty years ago comes next Lent, when he was shreif for the county.

*Rack.* Nay, then it is determined.

*Button.* Or he would never have gone to such an expence.

*Sir Chr.* Well, Billy, and what is your private opinion, after all, of this match?

*Button.* It is not becoming, your honour knows, for a tradesman like me to give his——

*Rack.* Why not? Don't you think now, Billy, it is a bold undertaking for a man at his time of life?

*Button.* Why, to be sure, his honour is a little stricken in years, as a body may say; and, take all the care that one can, time will wear the nap from even superfine cloth; stiches tear, and elbows will out, as they say——

*Sir Chr.* And besides, Bill, the bride's a mere baby.

*Button.* Little better, your honour: But she is a tight bit of stuff, and I am confident will turn

out well in the wearing. I once had some thoughts myself of taking measure of Miss.

*Rack.* Indeed!

*Button.* Yes; and, to my thinking, had made a pretty good progress; because why, at church of a Sunday she suffered me to look for the lessons; and moreover, many a time and oft have we sung psalms out of the very same book.

*Rack.* That was going a great way.

*Button.* Nay, besides, and more than all that, she has at this precious minute of time a pincushion by her side of my own presentation.

*Rack.* Ay! and how came the treaty broke off?

*Button.* Why, who should step in in the nick, but the very squire himself?

*Sir Cbr.* I am afraid, Bill, your beauty is a little bit of the jilt.

*Button.* No, your worship; it is all along with her mother: 'Cause her great aunt, by her father's side, was a clergyman's daughter, she is as pragmatic and proud as the Pope; so, forsooth, nothing will please her for Miss, but a bit of quality binding.

*Rack.* I knew the refusal could not come from the girl; for, without a compliment, Billy, there is no comparison between you and the— why, you are a pretty, slight, tight, light, nimble—

*Button.* Yes; very nimble and slight, and we are both of a height: Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Cbr.,*

*Sir Chr.* Why, love has made Billy a poet.

*Button.* No, no; quite accident, as I hope to be kissed.

*Rack.* And your rival is a fusty, foggy, lumbering log!

*Button.* For all the world like my goose; plaguy hot and damned heavy, your honour.

*Sir Chr.* Why, Billy blazes to-day.

*Button.* And though my purse, mayhap, ben't so heavy as his'n, yet I contrives to pay every body their own.

*Rack.* I dare say.

*Button.* Ay; and I have, besides, two houses in Avon-Street; and, perhaps, a bit or two of land in a corner.

*Sir Chr.* Oh, the curmudgeonly rogue!

*Button.* And, moreover, if madam Linnet talks of families, I would have her to know that I have powerful relations as well as herself: There's Tommy Burton, my uncle's own son, that has an employment under the government.

*Sir Chr.* Ay, Billy! what is it?

*Button.* At this very time he is an exciseman a Wapping. And, besides, there is my cousin Paul Puff, that kept the great pastrycook's shop in the Strand, now lives at Brentford, and is made a justice of the peace.

*Rack.* As this is the case, I don't think it will be difficult yet to bring matters to bear.

*Sir Chr.*

*Sir Chr.* If Bill will but follow directions.

*Button.* I hope your honour never found me deficient.

*Sir Chr.* We will instruct you further within.—  
Major Racket, your hand!

*Button.* Let me help you. Folks may go further and fare worse, as they say: Why, I have some thoughts, if I can call in my debts, to retire into the country, and set up for a gentleman.

*Rack.* Why not? one meets with a great number of them who were never bred to the business.

*Button.* I a'n't much of a mechanic at present; I does but just measure and cut.

*Rack.* No?

*Button.* I don't think that I have fat cross-legg'd for these six years.

*Rack.* Indeed?

*Button.* And who can tell, your honour, in a few years, if I behaves well, but, like cousin Puff, I may get myself put in the commission?

*Sir Chr.* The worshipful William Button, esquire—it sounds well. I can tell you, Billy, there have been magistrates made of full as bad materials as you. [Exeunt,

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Mrs. Linnet and Miss Linnet.*

*Mrs. Linnet.*

—**Y**ES, Kitty, it is in vain to deny it! I am convinced there is some little, low, paltry passion, that lurks in your heart.

*Miss Lin.* Indeed, my dear Mother, you wrong me.

*Mrs. Lin.* Indeed, my dear Miss, but I don't! what else could induce you to reject the addresses of a lover like this? Ten thousand pounds a-year! Gads my life, there is not a lady in town would refuse him, let her rank be ever so——

*Miss Lin.* Not his fortune, I firmly believe.

*Mrs. Lin.* Well! and who now-a-days marries any thing else? Would you refuse an estate, because it happen'd to be a little encumber'd? you must consider the man in this case as a kind of a mortgage.

*Miss Lin.* But, the disproportion of years——

*Mrs. Lin.* In your favour, child; the incumbrance will be the sooner removed.

*Miss Lin.* Then, my dear mother, our minds; how very widely they differ! my nature is liberal  
and

and frank, though I am but a little removed from mediocrity; his heart, in the very bosom of wealth, is shut to every social sensation.

*Mrs. Lin.* And yet, Miss, this heart you have had the good luck to unlock. I hope you don't urge his offers to you as a proof of his passion for money? why, you forget yourself, Kate; who, in the name of wonder, do you think that you are? What, because that you have a baby face, and can bawl a few ballads——

*Miss Lin.* Nay, madam, you know I was never vain of my talents; if they can procure me a decent support, and in some measure repay my father and you for their kind cultivation——

*Mrs. Lin.* And how long are you sure your talents, as you call 'em, will serve you? Are a set of features secure against time? won't a single fore throat destroy the boasted power of your pipe? But suppose that should not fail, who can insure you against the whim of the publick? will they always continue their favour?

*Miss Lin.* Perhaps not.

*Mrs. Lin.* What must become of you then? Now by this means you are safe, above the reach of ill-fortune. Besides, child, to put your own interest out of the question, have you no tender feelings for us? Consider, my love (you don't want for good nature), your consent to  
this

this match will, in the worst of times, secure a firm and able friend to the family.

*Miss Lin.* You deceive yourself, indeed, my dear mother: He a friend! I dare believe the first proof you will find of his friendship, will be his positive commands to break off all correspondence with every relation I have.

*Mrs. Lin.* That's a likely story indeed! Well, child, I must set your father to work; I find what little weight my arguments have.

*L. Cath.* [*without.*] Is Mistress Linnet within?

*Mrs. Lin.* Oh, here comes a protectress of yours, Lady Catharine Coldstream; submit the matter to her: She can have no views, is well read in the ways of the world, and has your interest sincerely at heart.

*Enter Lady Catherine Coldstream.*

*L. Cath.* How is aw wi you, Mistress Linnet and Mefs? what a dykens is the matter wi Mefs? she seems got quite i'the dumps: I thought you were aw ready to jump oot o' your skens at the bonny prospec afore you.

*Mrs. Lin.* Indeed, I wish your ladyship would take Kitty to task; for what I say signifies nothing.

*L. Cath.* Ah! that's aw wrang! What has  
E been

been the mater, Mefs Kitty? you ken weel enow that children owe an implecit conceffion to their parents; it is na for bairns to litigate the wull of their friends.

*Mrs. Lin.* Especially, my lady, in a case where their own happinefs is fo nearly concerned: There is no perfuading her to accept Mr. Flint's offers.

*L. Cath.* Gad's mercy, Mefs, how comes aw this about? do na you think you ha drawn a braw ticket in the lottery o' life? do na you ken that the mon is laird of aw the lond in the country?

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship knows, madam, that real happinefs does not depend upon wealth.

*L. Cath.* Ah, Mefs, but it is a bonny engredient. Don't you think, Mestrefs Linnet, the las has got some other lad in her heed?

*Mrs. Lin.* Your ladyship joins in judgment with me: I have charged her; but she stoutly denies it.

*L. Cath.* Mefs, you munna be bashful: An you solecit a cure, your phyfician must ken the caufe o' your malady.

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship may believe me, madam, I have no complaint of that kind.

*L. Cath.* The las is obstinate. Mestrefs Linnet, cannot yourfel gi a guesf?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Lin.* I can't say that I have observed—  
Indeed, some time ago, I was inclined to believe  
Mr. Button——

*L. Cath.* What! yon taylor in Stall-Street?  
Ah, Mrs. Linnet, you are aw oot in your gueses:  
The las is twa weel bred, and twa faunzy to gi  
her heart to fik a burgis as he: Wully Button?  
nae, he is nae the lad awaw.

*Mrs. Lin.* Major Racket, I once thought—  
but your ladyship knows his affairs took a dif-  
ferent turn.

*L. Cath.* Ah! Racket! that's another man's  
mater: Lassies are apt enow to fet their hearts  
upon scarlet; a cockade has muckle charms wi  
our sex; yes. Well, Mefs, comes the wind fra  
that corner?

*Miss Lin.* Does your ladyship think, to dislike  
Mr. Flint, it is absolutely necessary to have a  
prepossession for somebody else?

*L. Cath.* Mrs. Linnet, an you wull withdraw  
for a while, perhaps Mefs may throw aff her  
reserve, when there's nobody by but ourselves;  
a mother, you ken weel, may prove ane too  
many sometmes.

*Mrs. Lin.* Your ladyship is most exceedingly  
kind.—D'ye hear, Kitty? mind what her lady-  
ship says; do, my dear; and be rul'd by your  
friends; they are older and wiser than you. [*Exit.*

*L. Cath.* Well, Mefs, what's the caufe of aw this? what makes you fo averfe to the wull of your friends?

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship knows Mr. Flint.

*L. Cath.* Ay, unco weel.

*Miss Lin.* Can your ladyship then be at a los for a caufe?

*L. Cath.* I canna say Mr. Flint is quite an Adonis; but wha is it that in matrimony gets aw they wish? When I entermarried with Sir Launcelot Coldstream, I was een sik a sprak lafs as yourfel, and the baronet bordering upon his grand climacteric. You mun ken, Mefs, my father was fo unfaunzy as to gang out with Charley in the forty-five; after which, his fidelity was rewarded in France by a commiffion that did na bring him in a bawbee, and a pension that he never was paid.

*Miss Lin.* Infamous ingratitude!

*L. Cath.* Ay; but I dinna think they will find ony mare sik fools i' the North.

*Miss Lin.* I hope not.

*L. Cath.* After this, you canna think, Mefs, there was mickle filler for we poor bairns that were left; fo that, in troth, I was glad to get an eftablifhment; and ne'er heeded the disparity between my guid mon and myfel.

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship gave great proofs of  
your

your prudence; but my affairs are not altogether so desperate.

*L. Cath.* Gad's mercy, Mefs! I hope you dinna make any comparifon between Lady Catharine Coldstream, wha has the beft blood in Scotland that runs in her veins——

*Miss Lin.* I hope your ladyfhip does not fup-  
pofe——

*L. Cath.* A lady lineally defcended fra the great Offian himfelf, and allied to aw the illuftrious houfes abroad and at home——

*Miss Lin.* I beg, madam, your Ladyfhip——

*L. Cath.* And Kitty Linnet, a little play-a $\ddot{c}$ tor, wha gets applauded or his'd juft e'en as the mobility wulls.

*Miss Lin.* I am extremely concern'd, that——

*L. Cath.* Look'ye, Mefs, I will cut matters fhort: You ken weel enow, the firft notice that e'er I took of you was on your a $\ddot{c}$ ting in Allan Ramfay's play of Patie and Roger; ere fin I hae been your faft friend; but an you continue obftinate, and will na fuccumb, I fhall ftraitway withdraw my protection.

*Miss Lin.* I fhall be extremely unhappy in lofing your Ladyfhip's favour.

*L. Cath.* Mefs, that depends entirely on your-  
fel.

*Miss Lin.* Well, ma $\ddot{c}$ am, as a proof how highly I rate it, and how defirous I am of obeying the  
commands

commands of my parents, it sha'n't be my fault if their wishes are not accomplished.

*L. Cath.* That's aw wright now, Kitty: Gi me a kifs! you are the prudent las that I thought you. Love, Mefs, is a pastime for boys and green girls; aw stuf, fit for nothing but novels and romances; there is nathing solid, na stability.

*Miss Lin.* Madam——

*L. Cath.* But to fix your fortune at once, to get above the power o' the world, that, child, is a serious concern.

*Mrs. Lin.* [*without.*] With your ladyship's leave——

*L. Cath.* You may come in, Mrs. Linnet;

*Enter Mrs. Linnet.*

your daughter is brought to a proper sence of her duty, and is ready to coincide with your wish.

*Mrs. Lin.* We are infinitely bound to your ladyship! This is lucky, indeed! Mr. Flint is now below, madam, and begs to be admitted.

*L. Cath.* Ah! the mon comes in the nick: Shew him in, the instant. [*Exit Mrs. Lin.*]  
Now, Kitty, is your time! do na be shy, las; but throw out aw your attractions, and fix him that he canna gang back.

*Miss Lin.* Madam, I hope to behave——

*L. Cath.*

*L. Cath.* Gad's mercy, how the girl trembles and quakes! Come, pluck up a heart, and consider your aw is at stake.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid I shall be hardly able to say a single——

*L. Cath.* Suppose then you sing; gi him a song; there is nothing moves a love-sick loon mair than a song—[*Noise without.*] I hear the lad on the stairs.—But let the words be aw melting and soft: The Scotch tunes, you ken, are unco pathetic; sing him the Birks of Endermay, or the Braes of Balendine, or the——

*Enter Flint and Mrs. Linnet.*

Maister Flint, your servant! There, Sir, you ken the las of your heart: I have laid for you a pretty solid foundation; but as to the edifice, you must e'en erect it yoursel. [*Exit.*

*Flint.* Please your ladyship, I will do my endeavour.—Madam Linnet, I have made bold to bring you a present, a small paper of tea, in my pocket: You will order the teakettle on.

*Mrs. Lin.* Oh, Sir, you need not have——

*Flint.* I won't put you to any expence.

[*Exit Mrs. Lin.*

Well, Miss; I understand here by my lady, that she—that is, that you—with respect and regard to the—ah! ah! won't you please to be seated?

[*Reaches two chairs.*

*Miss*

*Miss Lin.* Sir?—My lover seems as confused as myself. [Aside.

*Flint.* I say, Miss, that as I was a-saying, your friends have spoke to you all how and about it.

*Miss Lin.* About it! about what?

*Flint.* About this here business that I come about. Pray, Miss, are you fond of the country?

*Miss Lin.* Of the country!

*Flint.* Ay: Because why, I think it is the most prettiest place for your true lovers to live in; something so rural! For my part, I can't see what pleasure pretty Misses can take in galloping to plays, and to balls, and such expensive vagaries; there is ten times more pastime in fetching walks in the fields, in plucking of daisies——

*Miss Lin.* Haymaking, feeding the poultry, and milking the cows.

*Flint.* Right, Miss.

*Miss Lin.* It must be own'd they are pretty employments for ladies.

*Flint.* Yes; for my mother used to say, who, between ourselves, was a notable housewife,

Fools that are idle,

May live to bite the bridle.

*Miss Lin.* What a happiness to have been bred under so prudent a parent!

*Flint.*

*Flint.* Ay, Miss, you will have reason to say so; her maxims have put many a pound into my pocket.

*Miss Lin.* How does that concern me?

*Flint.* Because why, as the saying is,

Tho' I was the maker,  
You may be the partaker.

*Miss Lin.* Sir, you are very obliging.

*Flint.* I can tell you, such offers are not every day to be met with: Only think, Miss, to have victuals and drink constantly found you, without cost or care on your side! especially, now meat is so dear.

*Miss Lin.* Considerations by no means to be slighted.

*Flint.* Moreover, that you may live and appear like my wife, I fully intend to keep you a coach.

*Miss Lin.* Indeed!

*Flint.* Yes; and you shall command the horses whenever you please, unless during the harvest, and when they are employed in plowing and carting; because the main chance must be minded, you know.

*Miss Lin.* True, true.

*Flint.* Though I don't think you will be vastly fond of coaching about; for why, we are

off of the turnpike, and the sloughs are deadly deep about we.

*Miss Lin.* What, you intend to reside in the country?

*Flint.* Without doubt; for then, you know, Miss, I shall be sure to have you all to myself.

*Miss Lin.* An affectionate motive!—But even in this happy state, where the most perfect union prevails, some solitary hours will intrude, and the time, now and then, hang heavy on our hands.

*Flint.* What, in the country, my dear Miss? not a minute: You will find all pastime and jollity there; for what with minding the dairy, dunning the tenants, preserving and pickling, nursing the children, scolding the servants, mending and making, roasting, boiling, and baking, you won't have a moment to spare; you will be merry and happy as the days they are long.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid the days will be hardly long enough to execute so extensive a plan of enjoyment.

*Flint.* Never you fear! I am told, Miss, that you write an exceeding good hand.

*Miss Lin.* Pretty well, I believe.

*Flint.* Then, Miss, there is more pleasure in store; for you may employ any leisure time  
that

that you have in being my clerk, as a justice of peace: You shall share sixpence out of every warrant, to buy you any little thing that you want.

*Miss Lin.* That's finely imagined!—As your enjoyments are chiefly domestic, I presume you have contrived to make home as convenient as can be: You have, Sir, good gardens, no doubt?

*Flint.* Gardens? ay, ay: Why, before the great parlour window there grows a couple of yews, as tall as a mast and as thick as a steeple; and the boughs cast so delightful a shade, that you can't see your hand in any part of the room.

*Miss Lin.* A most delicate gloom!

*Flint.* And then there constantly roosts in the trees a curious couple of owls; which I won't suffer our folks to disturb, as they make so rural a noise in the night——

*Miss Lin.* A most charming duet!

*Flint.* And besides, Miss, they pay for their lodgings, as they are counted very good mousers, you know.

*Miss Lin.* True; but within doors, your mansion is capacious, and——

*Flint.* Capacious? yes, yes; capacious enough: You may stretch your legs without crossing the threshold: Why, we go up and down stairs to

every room of the house. To be sure, at present, it is a little out of repair; not that it rains in (where the casements are whole) at above five or six places, at present.

*Miss Lin.* Your prospects are pleasing?

*Flint.* From off the top of the leads; for why, I have boarded up most of the windows, in order to save paying the tax. But to my thinking, our bed-chamber, Miss, is the most pleasantest place in the house.

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Sir, you are very polite.

*Flint.* No, Miss, it is not for that; but you must know, Miss, that there is a large bow-window facing the East, that does finely for drying of herbs: It is hung round with hatchments of all the folks that have died in the family; and then the pigeon-house is over our heads.

*Miss Lin.* The pigeon-house?

*Flint.* Yes; and there, every morning, we shall be wak'd by day-break with their murmuring, cooing and courting, that will make it as fine as can be.

*Miss Lin.* Ravishing! Well, Sir, it must be confess'd, you have given me a most bewitching picture of pastoral life: your place is a perfect Arcadia! But I am afraid half the charms are deriv'd from the painter's flattering pencil.

*Flint.* Not heighten'd a bit, as yourself shall

be

be judge. And then, as to company, Miss, you may have plenty of that when you will; for we have as pretty a neighbourhood as a body can wish.

*Miss Lin.* Really?

*Flint.* There is the widow Kilderkin, that keeps the Adam and Eve at the end of the town, quite an agreeable body! indeed, the death of her husband has drove the poor woman to tittle a bit; Farmer Dobbin's daughters, and Dr. Surplice, our curate, and wife, a vast conversible woman, if she was not altogether so deaf.

*Miss Lin.* A very sociable set! Why, Sir, placed in this Paradise, there is nothing left you to wish.

*Flint.* Yes, Miss, but there is.

*Miss Lin.* Ay! what can that be?

*Flint.* The very same that our grandfather had; to have a beautiful Eve by my side. Could I lead the lovely Linnet nothing loath to that bower—

*Miss Lin.* Oh, excess of gallantry!

*Flint.* Would her sweet breath but deign to kindle, and blow up my hopes!

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Mr. Flint! I must not suffer this, for your sake; a person of your importance and rank——

*Flint.* A young lady, Miss, of your great merit and beauty——

*Miss*

*Miss Lin.* A gentleman so accomplish'd and rich——

*Flint.* Whose perfections are not only the talk of the Bath, but of Bristol, and the whole country round——

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Mr. Flint, this is too much!

*Flint.* Her goodness, her grace, her duty, her decency, her wisdom and wit, her shape, slimmness and size, with her lovely black eyes, so elegant, engaging, so modest, so prudent, so pious, and, if I am rightly inform'd, possessed of a sweet pretty pipe.

*Miss Lin.* This is such a profusion——

*Flint.* Permit me, Miss, to solicit a specimen of your delicate talents.

*Miss Lin.* Why, Sir, as your extravagant compliments have left me nothing to say, I think the best thing I can do is to sing.

### S O N G.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invites the tuneful birds to sing;  
And as they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay, &c.

*Flint.* Enchanting! ravishing sounds! not the Nine Muses themselves, nor Mrs. Baddeley, is equal to you.

*Miss Lin.* Oh, fy!

*Flint.*

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*Flint.* May I flatter myself that the words of that song were directed to me?

*Miss Lin.* Should I make such a confession, I should ill deserve the character you have been pleas'd to bestow.

*Enter Lady Catharine Coldstream.*

*L. Cath.* Come, come, Maister Flint, I'll set your hert at rest in the instant: You ken weel enow, lassies are apt to be modest and shy; then take her answer fra me: Prepare the minister, and aw the rest of the tackle, and you will find us ready to gang to the kirk.

*Flint.* Miss, may I rely on what her ladyship says?

*L. Cath.* Gad's mercy! I think the mon is bewitch'd! he wanna take a woman of quality's word for sik a trifling thing as a wife.

*Flint.* Your ladyship will impute it all to my fears. Then I will straight set about getting the needful.

*L. Cath.* Gang your gait as fast as you list.

*Flint.* Lord bless us! I had like to have forgot—I have, please your Ladyship, put up here in a purse a few presents, that if Miss would but deign to accept——

*L. Cath.* Ah! that's aw wright; quite in the order of things: As maters now stand, there is no harm in her accepting of presents fra you, Maister Flint; you may produce.

*Flint.*

*Flint.* Here is a Porto-Bello pocket-piece of Admiral Varnon, with his image a one side, and six men of war only, all in full sail on the other—

*L. Cath.* That's a curious medallion!

*Flint.* And here is a half-crown of Queen Anne's, as fresh as when it came out from the Mint: I have refused two and eight-pence for it, a hundred times.

*L. Cath.* Yes, yes; it is in very fine preservation.

*Flint.* In this here paper, there are two mourning-rings; that, which my aunt Bother'em left me, might serve very well, I should think, for the approaching happy occasion.

*L. Cath.* How! a mourning—

*Flint.* Because why, the motto's so pat;

True, till death

Shall stop my breath.

*L. Cath.* Ay, ay; that contains mickle morality, Mefs.

*Flint.* And here is, fourthly, a silver coral and bells, with only a bit broke off the coral when I was cutting my grinders: This was given me by my godfather Slingsby; and I hope will be in use again before the year comes about.

*L. Cath.* Na doubt, na doubt! Leave that matter to us; I warrant we impede the Flint family from sawing into oblivion.

*Flint.*

*Flint.* I hope so: I should be glad to have a son of my own, if so be, but to leave him my fortune; because why, at present there is no mortal that I care a farthing about.

*L. Catb.* Quite a philosopher. Then dispatch, Maister Flint, dispatch! for you ken, at your time of life, you hanna a moment to lose.

*Flint.* True, true. Your ladyship's entirely devoted—Miss, I am your most affectionate slave! [Exit.

*L. Catb.* A faunzy lad, this Maister Flint: You see, Mefs, he has a meaning in aw he does.

*Miss Lin.* Might I be permitted to alter your ladyship's words, I should rather say, *meanness*.

*L. Catb.* It is na mickle mater what the mon is at present; wi a little management, you may mould him into any form that you list.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid he is not made of such pliant materials: But, however, I have too far advanced to retire; the die is cast! I have no chance now, unless my Corydon should happen to alter his mind.

*L. Catb.* Na, Mefs; there is na danger in that: You may ken the treaty is concluded under my mediation; an he should dare to draw back, Lady Catharine Coldstream would find means to punish his perfidy.—Come away, Mefs!

[Exit.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Bear Inn.*

*Sir Christopher Cripple, Sour-Crout, de Farsey,  
Major Rackett, and Poullice, discovered sitting  
at a table.*

*Sir Christopher Cripple.*

WE must take care that Flint does not  
surprise us; for the scoundrel is very  
suspicious.

*Rack.* There is no danger of that; I lodged  
him safely at Linnet's: Button stands centry  
at the end of the street; so that we shall be  
instantly apprised of every motion he makes.

*Poul.* Well managed, my Major!

*Sir Chr.* Yes, yes; the cunning young dog  
knows very well what he is about.

*Sour-Cr.* Upon my vord, Major Rackett  
has very fine disposition to make a figure at  
de head of de army; five or six German  
campaigns will—Ah, dat is de best school in  
de vorld for make a de var.

*Sir Chr.* Five or six German campaigns!

*Sour-*

*Sour-Cr.* Ay, Chevalier; vat you fay to dat?

*Sir Chr.* O Mynheer! nothing at all: A German war, for aught I know, may be a very good school; but it is a damned expensive education for us.

*De Jar.* C'est vrai, Chevalier; dat is all true; ce pay la, dat place is de grave for de Frenchman and de fine English Guinea.

*Sir Chr.* True, Monsieur; but our guineas are rather worse off than your men, for they stand no chance of rising again.

*De Jar.* Ha, ha, ha! dat is very vell! le Chevalier have beaucoup d'esprit, great deal of wit, ma foi.

*Rack.* I think the Knight is in luck. But don't let us lose sight of our subject! You, Gentlemen, are all prepar'd, perfect in the several parts you are to play?

*All.* Ay, ay.

*Rack.* You, Mynheer Sour-Crout?

*Sour-Cr.* I understand: I will pique his honour; de pride of his famille.

*Rack.* Right. Poullice----

*Poul.* I will alarm him on the side of his health.

*Sir Chr.* Next to his money, the thing in the world he most minds.

*Rack.* You, de Jarsey, and Button, will employ all your eloquence on the prudential side of the—Oh, dear Jarsey! here is a draft for the pipe of Port that I promis'd.

*De Jar.* Dat is right.

*Rack.* The only receipt to get bawds, boroughs, or Frenchmen. [*Aside.*—Oh, here Billy comes.

*Enter Button.*

Well, Billy! what news?

*Button.* I am vast afraid all matters are concluded at last.

*Rack.* Ay! prithee why so?

*Button.* Because why, in ten minutes after you went, out bolted the Squire, and hurry-scurried away to layer Lattitat's, who, you know, arrests his tenants, and does all his concerns.

*Rack.* True: Well—

*Button.* I suppose, to gi' him orders about drawing up the writings.

*Sir Chr.* Not unlikely. But you think Flint will come to the club?

*Button.* There is no manner of doubt of it; because why, he holloo'd to me from over the way, "What, Billy, I suppose you are bound

"to the Bear: Well, boy, I shall be hard at  
"your

“ your heels ;” and he seem’d in prodigious vast spirits.

*Rack.* I am mistaken if we don’t lower them a little. Well, Gentlemen, the time of action draws near. Knight, we must decamp.

*Sir Chr.* When you will.

*Rack.* I think, Sir Christopher, you lodge in the same house with the Linnets ?

*Sir Chr.* Just over their heads.

*Rack.* Then thither we’ll go. Ten to one, if our plot operates as I expect, the hero will return to their house.

*Sir Chr.* Most likely.

*Rack.* We are come to a crisis, and the catastrophe of our piece can’t be very far off.

*Sir Chr.* I wish, like other plays, it don’t end in a marriage.

*Rack.* Then shall I be most confoundedly bit. But come, Knight !

*Sir Chr.* Rot you ! I do as fast as I can.—I can’t think, Rackett, what the deuce makes thee so warm in this business ; there is certainly something at the bottom that I don’t comprehend. But do, Major, have pity on the poor girl : Upon my soul, she is a sweet little fyren ! so innocent and ——

*Rack.* Pho, pho ! don’t be absurd ! I thought that matter had been fully explain’d. This,  
Knight,

Knight, is no time to look back; but suppose now I should have a little mischief in hand—

*Sir Chr.* How! of what kind?

*Rack.* "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Knight, till done, and then applaud the deed!"

*Sir Chr.* It is very extraordinary, Major Rackett, if you are determined to make the devil a visit, that you can't pay it alone; or, if you must have company, what a pox makes you think of fixing on me?

*Rack.* Hey-day! ha, ha, ha! What, in the vapours again? we must have some more punch.

*Sir Chr.* You are mistaken; that won't have power to change the state of my mind: My resolves are too firm——

*Rack.* And who wishes to break them? I only ask your assistance to-night; and your reformation, you recollect, don't begin 'till tomorrow.

*Sir Chr.* That's true, indeed: But no human power shall prevail on me to put it off any longer than tomorrow.

*Rack.* Or the next day at furthest.

*Sir Chr.* May I be damn'd if I do!

[*Exeunt Rack. and Sir Chr.*

*Poul.* Come, lads, light your pipes! Which of us shall be first to attack? Billy——

*Button.*

*Button.* Won't it be rather too bold for me to begin?

*Poul.* Then let us leave it to chance.—Hush! I hear him lumbering in! compose your looks; let his reception be solemn and grave.

*Button.* Leave that chair for him.

*Enter Flint.*

*Flint.* How fares it, my lads?—Well, boys, matters are settled, at last; the little Kate has complied, and tomorrow is fix'd for the day.

*Poul.* You have settled it then?

*Flint.* As firm as a rock.

*Poul.* So you can't retreat, if you would?

*Flint.* Retreat! I have no such design.

*Poul.* You ha'n't?

*Flint.* No, to be sure, you great fool! What the deuce would Poullice be at?

*Poul.* Nay then, neighbours, what we have been saying will just signify nothing.

*Flint.* Saying? why, you have not heard—that is, nobody——

*Poul.* No, nothing very material—only—but as the matter is carried so far——

*Flint.* So far? why, I hope you have not found out any flaw! Kitty has not——

*Poul.* No, no; nothing of that; no, upon my word! I believe, a very modest, prudent, good girl, neighbour.

*All.*

*All.* No manner of doubt.

*Flint.* Well then? but what a plague is the meaning of this? you all sit as silent and glum—why, can't you speak out, with a pox?

*Poul.* Why, Squire, as we are all your fix'd friends, we have been canvassing this matter amongst us.

*Flint.* You have?

*Poul.* Marriage, you know very well, is no trifling affair; too much caution and care can't be us'd.

*Flint.* That I firmly believe, which has made me defer it so long.

*Poul.* Pray lend me your hand! how is the state of your health? do you find yourself hearty and strong?

*Flint.* I think so; that is, I—you ha'n't observ'd any bad symptoms of late?

*Poul.* No; but you us'd to have pains flying about you.

*Flint.* Formerly; but since I have fix'd my gout to a fit, they are gone: that, indeed, lays me up for four or five months in a year.

*Poul.* A pretty long spell: And, in such a case, now, do you think that marriage—

*Flint.* The most best receipt in the world: Why, that, man, was one of my motives: Wives, you know, are allow'd to make very good nurses.

*Poul.*

*Poul.* That, indeed——

*Flint.* Ay; and then they are always at hand; and, besides, they don't cost one a farthing.

*Poul.* True, true. Why, you look very jolly, and fresh; does not he?

*All.* Exceedingly.

*Poul.* Yet he can't be less than——let me see! Wasn't you under old Syntax at Wells?

*Flint.* He died the year I left school.

*Poul.* That must be a good forty years since.

*Flint.* Come sheep-shearing next.

*Poul.* Then, Squire, you are hard upon sixty.

*Flint.* Not far away, Master Poultrice.

*Poul.* And Miss Linnet—sixteen: You are a bold man! Not but there are instances, where men have survived many years such disproportionate marriages as these.

*Flint.* Surviv'd! and why should they not?

*Poul.* But then their stamina must be prodigiously strong.

*Flint.* Stamina!

*Poul.* Let us see, Button! there was Dr. Dotage, that married the Devonshire girl; he had a matter of——

*Button.* No, no; he dropped off in six months.

*Poul.* True, true; I had forgot.

H

*Flint.*

*Flint.* Lord have mercy!

*Button.* Indeed, an old master of mine, Sir Harry O'Tuff, is alive, and walks about to this day.

*Flint.* Hey!

*Poul.* But you forget where Sir Harry was born, and how soon his lady eloped.

*Button.* In the honey-moon; with Captain Pike, of the guards: I mind it full well.

*Poul.* That, indeed, alters the case.

*Flint.* Well, but, Billy, you are not serious in this? you don't think there is any danger of death?

*Button.* As to the matter of death, the Doctor knows better than I, because why, that lies in his way: But I shall never forget Colonel Crazy, one of the best customers that ever I had; I never think of him without dropping a tear.

*Flint.* Why? what was the matter with him?

*Button.* Married Lady Barbary Bonnie, as it might be about midnight on Monday——

*Flint.* Well?

*Button.* But never more saw the sweet face of the sun,

*Flint.* What! did he die?

*Button.* Within an hour after throwing the stocking.

*Flint.*

*Flint.* Good Lord! that was dreadful indeed! Of what age might he be?

*Button.* About your time of life.

*Flint.* That is vastly alarming. Lord bless me, Bill, I am all of a tremble!

*Button.* Ay, truly, it behoves your honour to consider what you are about.

*Flint.* True.

*Button.* Then, what a world of money must go! running forwards and backwards to town, and jaunting to see all the fine sights in the place——

*Flint.* I sha'n't take her to many of them: perhaps I may shew her the Parliament-house, the plays, and Boodles, and Bedlam, and my Lord-Mayor, and the lions.

*Button.* And then the vast heap of fine cloaths you must make——

*Flint.* What occasion for that?

*Button.* As you ar'n't known, there is no doing without; because why, every body passes there for what they appears.

*Flint.* Right, Billy; but I believe I have found out a way to do that pretty cheap.

*Button.* Which way may be that?

*Flint.* You have seen the minister that's come down to tack us together——

*Button.* I have: Is he a fine man in the pulpit?

*Flint.* He don't care much to meddle with that ; but he is a prodigious patriot, and a great politician to boot.

*Button.* Indeed ?

*Flint.* And he has left behind him, at Paris, a choice collection of curious rich cloaths, which he has promis'd to sell me a pennorth.

*Poul.* Pho ! what Billy talks of are trifles to the evils you are to expect : To have a young girl break in upon all your old ways ; your afternoon's nap interrupted, and perhaps not suffer'd to take your pipe of a night——

*Flint.* No ?

*Poul.* All your former friends forbidden your house——

*Flint.* The fewer comes in, the less will go out : I sha'n't be very sorry for that.

*Poul.* To make room for her own numerous clan——

*Flint.* Not a soul of them shall enter the doors.

*Poul.* A brood of babes at your board, whose fathers she herself won't find it easy to name ——

*Flint.* To prevent that, I'll lock her up in a room.

*Poul.* The King's-Bench will break open the door.

*Flint.* Then I'll turn her out of the house.

*Poul.*

*Poul.* Then her debts will throw you into a gaol.

*Flint.* Who told you so?

*Poul.* A dozen of proctors.

*Flint.* Then I will hang myself out of the way.

*Poul.* So she will become possessed of her jointure, and her creditors foreclose your estate.

*Flint.* What a miserable poor toad is a husband, whose misfortunes not even death can relieve!

*Button.* Think of that, Squire, before it be too late.

*Flint.* Well, but, friends, neighbours, what the deuce can I do? Are you all of a mind?

*De Jar.* All, all; dere is no question at all. What, a garson of your antient famille, to take up with a pauvre petite bourgoise a?

*Flint.* Does that never happen in France?

*De Jar.* Never, but when Monsieur de Baron is very great beggar, and de bourgoise has damn'd deal de guinea.

*Poul.* That is none of our case.

*Flint.* No, no.—Mynheer, do your people never make up such matches?

*Sour-Cr.* Never, never: What! a German dishonour his stock! Why, Mester Flint, should Mistrefs Linnet bring you de children for de

ten generations to come, they could not be chose de Canons de Stratsbourg.

*Flint.* No?

*Poul.* So, Squire, take it which way you will, what dreadful danger you run!

*Flint.* I do.

*Poul.* Loss of friends——

*Button.* Pipe and afternoon's nap——

*Sour-Cr.* Your famille gone to de dogs——

*De Jar.* Your peace of mind to de devil——

*Poul.* Your health——

*Button.* Your wealth——

*Poul.* Plate, money, and manors——

*All.* Your——

*Flint.* Enough, dear neighbours, enough! I feel it, I feel it too well! Lord have mercy, what a miserable scrape am I in! And here too, not an hour ago, it cost me the Lord knows what in making her presents.

*Poul.* Never mind that; you had better part with half you are worth in the world.

*Flint.* True, true.—Well then, I'll go and break off all matters this minute.

*Poul.* The wisest thing you can do.

*Button.* The sooner the better.

*Flint.* No doubt, no doubt in the—And yet, Button, she is a vast pretty girl: I should be heartily sorry to lose her. Dost think one  
could

could not get her on easier terms than on marriage?

*Button.* It is but trying, however.

*Flint.* To tell truth, Billy, I have always had that in my head; and, at all events, I have thought of a project that will answer my purpose.

*Button.* Ay, Squire! what is it?

*Flint.* No matter.—And, do you hear, Billy? should I get her consent, if you will take her off my hands, and marry her when I begin to grow tired, I'll settle ten pounds a-year upon you, for both your lives.

*Button.* Without paying the taxes?

*Flint.* That matter we will talk of hereafter.

[*Exit.*

*Poul.* So, so! we have settled this business, however.

*Button.* No more thoughts of his taking a wife.

*Poul.* He would sooner be tied to a gibbet. But, Billy, step after him (they will let you in at Sir Christopher Cripple's) and bring us, Bill, a faithful account.

*Button.* I will, I will. But where shall you be?

*Poul.* Above, in the Phoenix; we won't stir out of the house. But be very exact!

*Button.* Never fear,

[*Exeunt.*

*A Cham-*

*A Chamber.**Miss Linnet alone.*

*Miss Lin.* Heigh-ho! what a sacrifice am I going to make! but it is the will of those who have a right to all my obedience; and to that I will submit.—[*Loud knocking at the door.*] Bless me! who can that be at this time of night?—Our friends may err; and projects, the most prudentially pointed, may miss of their aim: But age and experience demand respect and attention, and the undoubted kindness of our parents' designs claims, on our part, at least a grateful and ready compliance.

*Enter Nancy.*

*Miss Lin.* Nancy, who was that at the door?

*Nancy.* Mr. Flint, Miss, begs the favour of speaking five words to you.

*Miss Lin.* I was in hopes to have had this night at least to myself.—Where is my mother?

*Nancy.* In the next room, with Lady Catharine, consulting about your cloaths for the morning.

*Miss Lin.* He is here.—Very well; you may go.

[*Exit Nancy.*]*Enter*

*Enter Flint.*

*Flint.* She is alone, as I wished.—Miss, I beg pardon for intruding at this time of night : But——

*Miss Lin.* Sir!

*Flint.* You can't wonder that I desire to enjoy your good company every minute I can.

*Miss Lin.* Those minutes a short space will place, Mr. Flint, in your power : If 'till then you had permitted me to——

*Flint.* Right. But, to say truth, I wanted to have a little ferus talk with you of how and about it. I think, Miss, you agree, if we marry, to go off to the country directly.

*Miss Lin.* If we marry? is it then a matter of doubt?

*Flint.* Why, I will tell you, Miss: With regard to myself, you know, I am one of the most antientest families in all the country round——

*Miss Lin.* Without doubt.

*Flint.* And as to money and lands, in these parts, I believe, few people can match me.

*Miss Lin.* Perhaps not.

*Flint.* And as to yourself, (I don't speak in a disparaging way) your friends are low folks, and your fortune just nothing at all.

I

*Miss*

*Miss Lin.* True, Sir: But this is no new discovery; you have known this——

*Flint.* Hear me out. Now as I bring all these good things on my side, and you have nothing to give me in return but your love, I ought to be pretty sure of the possession of that.

*Miss Lin.* I hope the properly discharging all the duties of that condition, which I am shortly to owe to your favour, will give you convincing proofs of my gratitude.

*Flint.* Your gratitude, Miss! but we talk of your love! and of that I must have plain and positive proofs.

*Miss Lin.* Proofs! of what kind?

*Flint.* To steal away directly with me to my lodgings——

*Miss Lin.* Your lodgings!

*Flint.* There pass the night; and in the morning, the very minute we rise, we will march away to the Abbey.

*Miss Lin.* Sir!

*Flint.* In short, Miss, I must have this token of your love, or not a syllable more of the marriage.

*Miss Lin.* Give me patience!

*Flint.* Come, Miss! we have not a moment to lose; the coast is clear: Should somebody  
come,

come, you will put it out of my power to do what I design.

*Miss Lin.* Power? Hands off, Mr. Flint! Power? I promise you, Sir, you shall never have me in your power!

*Flint.* Hear, Miss!

*Miss Lin.* Despicable wretch! From what part of my character could your vanity derive a hope that I would submit to your infamous purpose?

*Flint.* Don't be in a——

*Miss Lin.* To put principle out of the question, not a creature that had the least tincture of pride could fall a victim to such a contemptible——

*Flint.* Why, but, Miss——

*Miss Lin.* It is true, in compliance with the earnest request of my friends, I had consented to sacrifice my peace to their pleasure; and, though reluctant, would have given you my hand.

*Flint.* Vastly well!

*Miss Lin.* What motive, but obedience to them, could I have had in forming an union with you? Did you presume I was struck with your personal merit, or think the fordidness of your mind and manners would tempt me?

*Flint.* Really, Miss, this is carrying——

*Miss Lin.* You have wealth, I confess; but where could have been the advantage to me? As a reward for becoming your drudge, I might perhaps have received a scanty subsistence; for I could hardly suppose you would grant the free use of that to your wife, which your meanness had denied to yourself.

*Flint.* So, so, so! By and bye she will alarm the whole house!

*Miss Lin.* The whole house? the whole town shall be told! Sure, the greatest misfortune that Poverty brings in its train, is the subjecting us to the insults of wretches like this, who have no other merit than what their riches bestow on them.

*Flint.* What a damnable vixen!

*Miss Lin.* Go, Sir! leave the house! I am ashamed you have had the power to move me; and never more let me be shocked with your sight!

*Enter Lady Catharine and Mrs. Linnet.*

*L. Cath.* How's aw wi you within?—Gad's mercy, what's the mater wi Mefs? I well hope, Maister Flint, it is nae you wha ha fet her a wailing.

*Mrs. Lin.* Kitty, my love!

*Miss Lin.* A modest proposal of that gentleman's making——

*L. Cath.*

*L. Cath.* Of what kind?

*Miss Lin.* Only this moment to quit my father and you, and take up my lodging with him.

*L. Cath.* To-night! aw that is quite out of the order of things; that is ne'er done, Maister Flint, till after the ceremony of the nuptials is said.

*Flint.* No? then, I can tell your ladyship, it will never be done.

*L. Cath.* How!

*Enter Major Rackett, Sir Christopher Cripple, and Button.*

*Sir Cbr.* We beg pardon for taking the liberty to come in, Mrs. Linnet; but we were afraid some accident might have happened to Miss.

*Mrs. Lin.* There has, Sir.

*Rack.* Of what kind?

*Mrs. Lin.* That worthy gentleman, under pretence of friendship to us, and honourable views to my daughter, has hatched a treacherous design inevitably to ruin my child.

*Sir Cbr.* What, he? Flint?

*Mrs. Lin.* Even he.

*Sir Cbr.* An impudent son of a—Billy, lead me up, that I may take a peep at the puppy.—Your servant, young gentleman! what, is it true  
that

that we hear? A sweet swain this, to tempt a virgin to sin! Why, Old Nick has made a mistake here—he used to be more expert in his angling—for what female on earth can be got to catch at this bait?

*L. Cath.* Haud, haud you, Sir Christopher Cripple! let Maister Flint and I have a short conference upon the occasion.—I find, Maister Flint, you ha made a little mistake; but marriage will set aw matters right i' the instant: I suppose you persevere to gang wi Mefs to kirk in the morning.

*Flint.* No, madam; nor the evening neither.

*L. Cath.* Mercy a Gad! what, do you refuse to ratify the preliminaries?

*Flint.* I don't say that neither.

*Sir Chr.* Then name the time in which you will fulfil them: A week?

*L. Cath.* A fortnight?

*Mrs. Lin.* A month?

*Flint.* I won't be bound to no time.

*Rack.* A rascally evasion of his, to avoid an action at law.

*Sir Chr.* But, perhaps, he may be disappointed in that,

*L. Cath.* Well, but, Maister Flint, are you willing to make Mefs a pecuniary acknowledgment for the damage?

*Flint.*

*Flint.* I have done her no damage, and I'll make no reparation.

*Rack.* Twelve honest men of your country may happen to differ in judgment.

*Flint.* Let her try, if she will.

*Sir Chr.* And I promise you she sha'n't be to seek for the means.

*L. Cath.* If you be nae afraid o' the laws, ha you nae sense o' shame?

*Rack.* He sense of shame?

*L. Cath.* Gad's wull, it sha' cum to the proof: You mun ken, gued folk, at Edinbrugh, laist winter, I got acquainted with Maister Foote, the play-actor: I wull get him to bring the filthy loon on the stage——

*Sir Chr.* And expose him to the contempt of the world; he richly deserves it.

*Flint.* Ay, he may write, you may rail, and the people may hiss, and what care I? I have that at home that will keep up my spirits.

*L. Cath.* At hame?

*Rack.* The wretch means his money.

*Flint.* And what better friend can any man have? tell me the place where its influence fails? ask that gentleman how he got his cockade. Money! I know its worth, and therefore can't too carefully keep it: At this very instant I have a proof of its value; it enables me to laugh at  
that

that squeamish impertinent girl, and despise the weak efforts of your impotent malice : Call me forth to your courts when you please ; that will procure me able defenders, and good witnesses too, if they are wanted. *[Exit.*

*Sir Chr.* Now there's a fellow that will never reform !

*Rack.* You had better let him alone ; it is in vain to expect justice or honour from him : What a most contemptible cur is a miser !

*Sir Chr.* Ten thousand times worse than a highwayman : That poor devil only pilfers from Peter or Paul, and the money is scattered as soon as received ; but the wretch that accumulates for the sake of secreting, annihilates what was intended for the use of the world, and is a robber of the whole human race.

*Rack.* And of himself into the bargain.

*Button.* For all the world like a magpie ; he steals for the mere pleasure of hiding.

*Rack.* Well observed, little Bill.

*Button.* Why, he wanted to bring me into his plot ; yes ; he made proposals for me to marry Miss after his purpose was served——

*Sir Chr.* How !

*Button.* But he was out in his man ! let him give his cast cloaths to his coachman ; Billy Button can afford a new suit of his own.

*Rack.*

*Rack.* I don't doubt it at all.

*Button.* Fellow! I am almost resolved never to set another stitch for him as long as I live.

*Sir Cbr.* Right, Button, right. But where is Miss Kitty?—Come hither, my chicken! Faith, I am heartily glad you are rid of this scoundrel; and if such a crippled old fellow as I was worthy your notice—But, hold, Kate! there is another chap I must guard you against——

*Miss Lin.* Another, Sir! who?

*Sir Cbr.* Why, this gentleman.

*Rack.* Me?

*Sir Cbr.* Ay, you: Come, come, major, don't think you can impose upon a cunning old sportsman like me.

*Rack.* Upon my soul, Sir Christopher, you make me blush.

*Sir Cbr.* Oh, you are devilish modest, I know! But to come to the trial at once: I have some reason to believe, major, you are fond of this girl; and, that her want of fortune mayn't plead your excuse, I don't think I can better begin my plan of reforming than by a compliment paid to her virtue: Then, take her, and with her two thousand guineas in hand.

*Mrs. Lin.* How, Sir!

*Sir Cbr.* And expect another good spell, when Monsieur le Fevre sets me free from the gout.

*Button.* Please your worship, I'll accept her with half——

*L. Cath.* Gi me leave, Sir Christopher, to throw in the wedow's mite on the happy occasion: The bride's garment, and her dinner, shall be furnished by me.

*Sir Chr.* Cock-a-leeky soup!

*L. Cath.* Sheep's head singe'd, and haggies in plenty.

*Sir Chr.* Well said, Lady Catharine.

*Miss Lin.* How, Sir, shall I acknowledge this goodness?

*Sir Chr.* By saying nothing about it.—Well, Sir! we wait your answer.

*Rack.* I think the lady might first be consulted: I should be sorry a fresh prosecution should follow so fast on the heels of the——

*Sir Chr.* Come, come, no trifling! your resolution at once.

*Rack.* I receive, then, your offer with pleasure.

*Sir Chr.* Miss!

*Miss Lin.* Sir, there is a little account to be first settled between this gentleman and an old unhappy acquaintance of mine.

*Sir Chr.* Who?

*Miss Lin.* The major can guess—the unhappy Miss Prim.

*Sir Chr.* You see, major, your old sins are rising in judgment.

*Rack.* I believe, madam, I can satisfy that.

*Miss Lin.* I sha'n't give you the trouble.—  
But first, let me return you all my most grateful thanks for your kind intentions towards me: I know your generous motives, and feel their value, I hope, as I ought; but might I be permitted to chuse, I beg to remain in the station I am: My little talents have hitherto received the publick protection, nor, whilst I continue to deserve, am I the least afraid of losing, my patrons. [*Exeunt.*



# E P I L O G U E.

Written by R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. JEWELL.

**C**ONFIDING in the justice of the place,  
 To you *The Maid of Bath* submits her case:  
 Wrong'd, and defeated of three several spouses,  
 She lays her damages for nine full houses.  
 Well, Sirs, you've heard the parties, *pro* and *con*.  
 Do the *pro's* carry it? shall the suit go on?  
 Speak hearts for us! to them we make appeal:  
 Tell us not what you think, but what you feel:  
 Ask us, why bring a private cause to view?  
 We answer with a sigh—because 'tis true:  
 For tho' invention is our Poet's trade,  
 Here he but copies parts which others play'd,  
 For on a ramble, late one starry night,  
 With Asmodeo, his familiar sprite,  
 High on the wing, by his conductor's side,  
 This guilty scene the indignant Bard descried;  
 Soaring in air, his ready pen he drew,  
 And dash'd the glowing satire as he flew:  
 For in these rank luxuriant times, there needs  
 Some strong bold hand to pluck the noxious weeds.  
 The rake of sixty, crippled hand and knee,  
 Who sips on claret, and repents on tea;  
 The witless macaroni, who purloins  
 A few cant words, which some pert gambler coins;  
 The undomestick Amazonian dame,  
 Staunch to her *coterie*, in despite of Fame;  
 These are the victims of our Poet's plan:  
 But most, that *monster*—an unfeeling man.  
 When such a foe provokes him to the fight,  
 Tho' maim'd, out sallies the puissant knight;  
 Like Withrington, maintains the glorious strife,  
 And only yields his laurels—with his life.



Just Published,

The C O M E D Y of

*The Cozeners ;*

And in a few Days will be Published,

The C O M E D Y of

*The Devil Upon Two Sticks ;*

Both, written by the same Author,

And published by the same Editor.



T H E  
N A B O B ;

A C O M E D Y .

WRITTEN by Mr. FOOTE,

PUBLISHED by Mr. COLMAN.

---

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]



T H E  
N A B O B ;

A C O M E D Y,  
I N T H R E E A C T S.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE  
S A M U E L F O O T E, *Esq.*

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY  
*Mr.* C O L M A N.

---

L O N D O N,  
*Printed by T. Sherlock,*  
For T. C A D E L L, in the Strand.

---

M D C C E L X X V I I I.



P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE,

At the Theatre-Royal in DUBLIN,

On the 19th of November, 1773.

U PWARDS of twenty years are fled and wasted  
Since in this spot your favour first I tasted.  
Urg'd by your smiles thro' various realms to roam,  
The Muse now brings her motley cargo home;  
For frugal Nature, with an equal hand,  
Bestows peculiar gifts to every land.  
To France she gave her rapid repartee,  
Bows, and *bons mots*, fibs, fashions, flattery,  
Shrugs, grins, grimace, and sportive gaiety :  
Arm'd with the whole artillery of love,  
Latium's soft sons possess the powers to move :  
Humour, the foremost of the festive crew,  
Source of the comic scene, she gave to you ;  
Humour, with arched brow, and leering eye,  
Shrewd, solemn, sneering, subtle, slow and sly ;  
Serious herself, yet laughter still provoking,  
By teasing, tickling, jeering, gibing, joking :  
Impartial gift, that owns nor rank nor birth !  
'Tis theirs who rule the realm, or till the earth ;  
Theirs who in senates wage the wordy war,  
And theirs whose humble lot conducts the car :  
If aught deriv'd from her adorns my strain,  
You gave, at least discover'd first, the vein.  
Should wide experience, or maturing age,  
Have brought or mirth or moral to the stage,

To

To you, the patrons of the wilder song,  
 The chaster notes in justice must belong:  
 But should infirmities with time conspire,  
 My force to weaken or abate my fire,  
 Less entertainment may arise to you,  
 But to myself less danger will ensue.  
 If age contracts my muscles, shrills my tone,  
 No man will claim those foibles as his own;  
 Nor, if I halt or hobble thro' the scene,  
 Malice point out what citizen I mean:  
 No foe I fear more than a legal fury,  
 Unless I gain this circle for my jury.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir MATTHEW MITE,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
Sir JOHN OLDHAM,	<i>Mr. Gentleman.</i>
Mr. THOMAS OLDHAM,	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
YOUNG OLDHAM,	<i>Mr. Du-Bellamy.</i>
Mr. MAYOR,	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
TOUCHIT,	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
FIRST ANTIQUARIAN,	<i>Mr. Loyd.</i>
SECOND ANTIQUARIAN,	<i>Mr. Hamilton.</i>
SECRETARY,	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
RAPINE,	<i>Mr. Lings.</i>
NATHAN,	<i>Mr. Castle.</i>
MOSES,	<i>Mr. Jacobs.</i>
JANUS, }	
PUTTY, }	<i>Mr. Weston.</i>
CONSERVE,	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
WAITER,	<i>Mr. Ward.</i>
LADY OLDHAM,	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
SOPHY,	<i>Miss Ambrose.</i>
Mrs. MATCH'EM,	<i>Mrs. Gardner.</i>
CROCUS,	<i>Miss Craven.</i>

Beadle, Servants, &c.

T H E



T H E

N A B O B.

A C T I.

*A Chamber.*

*Enter Lady Oldham and Sir John Oldham.*

*Lady Oldham.*

**N**O T a syllable more will I hear!

*Sir John.* Nay, but, my dear——

*L. Old.* I am amazed, Sir John,  
at your meanness! or that you could  
submit to give his paltry proposals so much as a  
reading!

*Sir John.* Nay, my dear, what would you have  
had me done?

*L. Old.* Done? returned them with the con-  
tempt they deserved. But, come, unfold! I am  
calm: Reveal the pretty project your precious  
head has produced.

B

*Sir*

*Sir John.* Nay, my dear, as to that, my head produced——

*L. Old.* Nay, I don't wonder that shame has tied up your tongue! But, come; I will spare the confusion, and tell you what you would say. Here, Lady Oldham, Sir Matthew Mite has just sent me a letter, modestly desiring that, in return for the ruin he has brought on me and my house, I would be so kind as to bestow upon him my darling daughter, the hopes of my— And is it possible you can be mean enough to think of such an alliance? Will you, Sir John, oblige me with an answer to a few short questions?

*Sir John.* Without doubt.

*L. Old.* I suppose you consider yourself as sprung from a family at least as ancient as any in the county you live in?

*Sir John.* That I fancy will not be denied.

*L. Old.* Nor was it, I fancy, dishonoured by an alliance with mine?

*Sir John.* My Lady, the very reverse.

*L. Old.* You succeeded, Sir, to a patrimony, which though the liberal and hospitable spirit of your predecessors would not suffer to encrease, yet their prudence took care should never be diminished?

*Sir John.* True.

*L. Old.* From the public and private virtues of  
your

your ancestors, the inhabitants of the neighbouring borough thought their best and dearest interests in no hands so secure as in theirs ?

*Sir John.* Right.

*L. Old.* Nor till lately were they so tainted by the fashion of the times, as to adopt the egregious absurdity, That to be faithfully served and protected above, it was necessary to be largely bribed and corrupted below ?

*Sir John.* Why, I can't say, except now and then a bit of venison, or an annual dinner, they have ever put me to any great——

*L. Old.* Indulge me yet a moment, Sir John ! In this happy situation, did the last year cheerfully close ; our condition, though not opulent, affluent, and you happy in the quiet possession of your family honours,

*Sir John.* There is no gainsaying of that.

*L. Old.* Now, look at the dismal, shocking reverse !

*Sir John.* There is but too much reason in what your ladyship says.

*L. Old.* And consider, at the same time, to whom you are obliged.

*Sir John.* Why, what could we do ? your ladyship knows there was nobody more against my giving up than yourself.

*L. Old.* Let me proceed. At this crisis,

preceded by all the pomp of Asia, Sir Matthew Mite, from the Indies, came thundering amongst us; and, profusely scattering the spoils of ruined provinces, corrupted the virtue and alienated the affections of all the old friends to the family.

*Sir John.* That is nothing but truth.

*L. Old.* Compelled by the same means to defend those that were employed in attacking your interest, you have been obliged deeply to encumber your fortune; his superior address has procured a return; and probably your petition will complete the ruin his opposition began.

*Sir John.* Let us hope all for the best.

*L. Old.* And who can tell, but you may be soon forced to part with your patrimony, to the very insolent worthless individual, who has been the author of your distress?

*Sir John.* I would sooner perish, my Lady!

*L. Old.* Parallel instances may be produced; nor is it at all unlikely, but Sir Matthew, taking a liking to your family mansion, has pursued this very method to compel you to sell it.

*Sir John.* It is, my dear, to avoid this necessity that I wish you to give his letter a reading.

*L. Old.* Is it possible, not to mention the meanness, that you can be weak enough to expect any real service from that infamous quarter?

*Sir*

*Sir John.* Who can tell, my love, but a consciousness of the mischief he has done us, may have roused some feelings that——

*L. Old.* His feelings! will he listen to a private complaint, who has been deaf to the cries of a people? or drop a tear for particular distress, who owes his rise to the ruin of thousands?

*Sir John.* Well, Lady Oldham, I find all that I say signifies nothing.—But here comes brother Thomas; two heads are better than one; let us take his opinion, my love.

*L. Old.* What need of any opinion? the case is too clear; nor indeed, if there had been a necessity for consulting another, should I have thought your brother the properest man to advise with on the occasion.

*Sir John.* And why not? there is not a merchant whose judgment would be sooner taken.

*L. Old.* Perhaps not, on the value of merchandize, or the goodness of a Bill of Exchange: But there is a nicety, a delicacy, an elevation of sentiment, in this case, which people who have narrowed their notions with commerce, and considered during the course of their lives their interest alone, will scarce comprehend.

*Enter Mr. Thomas Oldham.*

*Thomas.* So, sister! what! upon your old topic, I find?

*L. Old.*

*L. Old.* Sir!

*Thomas.* Some pretty comparifons, I fuppose, not much to the honour of trade.

*L. Old.* Nay, brother, you know I have always allowed merchants to be a ufeul body of men; and confidered commerce, in this country, as a pretty refource enough for the younger fhoots of a family,

*Thomas.* Exceedingly condefcending, indeed! And yet, fifter, I could produce you fome inftances where the younger fhoots have flourifhed and throve, when the reverend trunk has decayed.

*L. Old.* Perhaps, brother Thomas—

*Thomas.* Nay, nay, don't let us revive our antient difputes!—You feem warm; no mifunderftanding, I hope?

*Sir John.* No, no; none, in the leaft: You know, my lady's temper's apt to be lively now and then.

*Thomas.* Nay, fifter—But, come! what has occafioned this mighty debate?

*Sir John.* You know, brother, how affairs ftand between Sir Matthew and us.

*Thomas.* Well!

*Sir John.* He has fent us here a kind of a compromife; I don't know well what to call it; a fort of a treaty.

*Thomas.*

*Thomas.* That in your hand?

*Sir John.* Yes; and I can't prevail on my lady to give it a reading.

*Thomas.* And why not?

*L. Old.* To what end?

*Thomas.* A very natural one; in order to know the contents.

*L. Old.* Of what importance can they be to us?

*Thomas.* That the letter will tell you. But surely, Lady Oldham, you are rather too nice. Give it me!

*Sir John.* Is it your ladyship's pleasure?

*Thomas.* Psha! here's a rout, indeed!—One would be apt to suspect that the packet was pestilential, and came from the Archipelago, instead of the Indies. Now let us see what this formidable memorial contains! [*opens the letter.*  
 “ To Sir John Oldham, Sir Matthew Mite hav-  
 “ ing lately seen, at Lady Levant's rout, the  
 “ eldest Miss Oldham, and being struck with  
 “ her personal charms, proposes to her father  
 “ the following treaty.”

*L. Old.* A very monarchical address!

*Thomas.* “ *Imprimis*; Upon a matrimonial  
 “ union between the young lady and him, all  
 “ hostilities and contention shall cease, and Sir  
 “ John be suffered to take his seat in security.”

*L. Old.*

*L. Old.* That he will do, without an obligation to him.

*Thomas.* Are you, sister, certain of that?

*L. Old.* You don't harbour the least doubt of our merits?

*Thomas.* But do they always prevail?

*L. Old.* There is now, brother Thomas, no danger to dread; the restraint the popular part of government has in this instance laid on itself, at the same time that it does honour to them, distributes equal justice to all.

*Thomas.* And are you aware what the expence will be to obtain it?—But, pray, let me proceed!—“Secondly, as Sir Matthew is bent upon  
“a large territorial acquisition in England, and  
“Sir John Oldham's finances are at present a little out of repair, Sir Matthew Mite will make  
“up the money already advanced in another  
“name, by way of future mortgage upon his  
“estate, for the entire purchase, five lacks of  
“roupees.”

*L. Old.* Now, Sir John! was I right in my guesses?

*Sir John.* Your ladyship is never out.—But, brother Thomas, these same lacks—to what may they amount?

*Thomas.* Sixty thousand, at least.

*Sir John.* No inconsiderable offer, my lady.

*L. Old.*

*L. Old.* Contemptible ! But pray, Sir, proceed.

*Thomas.* “ Or if it should be more agreeable  
“ to the parties, Sir Matthew will settle upon  
“ Sir John and his Lady, for their joint lives,  
“ a jagghire.”

*Sir John.* A jagghire ?

*Thomas.* The term is Indian, and means an annual income.

*L. Old.* What strange jargon he deals in !

*Thomas.* His stile is a little Oriental, I must own ; but most exceedingly clear.

*L. Old.* Yes, to Cossim Ali-Khan, or Mier Jaffeir. I hope you are near the conclusion.

*Thomas.* But two articles more. [*reads*] “ And  
“ that the principals may have no cares for the  
“ younger parts of their family, Sir Matthew  
“ will, at his own expence, transport the two  
“ young ladies, Miss Oldham’s two sisters, to  
“ Madrafs or Calcutta, and there procure them  
“ suitable husbands.”

*L. Old.* Madrafs, or Calcutta !

*Thomas.* Your patience, dear sister !—“ And  
“ as for the three boys, they shall be either made  
“ supercargoes, ships’ husbands, or go out cadets  
“ and writers in the Company’s service.”

*L. Old.* Why, he treats my children like a parcel of convicts : Is this their method of supplying their settlements ?

*Thomas.* This, with now and then a little kidnapping, dear sister.—Well, madam, you have now the means of getting rid of all your offspring at once: Did not I tell you the paper was worth your perusal? You will reply to his wish; you can have no doubts, I suppose.

*L. Old.* Not the least, as I will shew you. [*Tears the letter.*] And, if Sir John has the least spirit or pride, he will treat the insolent principal as I do his proposals.

*Thomas.* But that method, as things stand, may not be altogether so safe. I am sorry you were so hasty in destroying the letter: If I remember rightly, there is mention made of advancing money in another man's name.

*L. Old.* We have been compelled to borrow, I own; but I had no conception that he was the lender.

*Thomas.* That's done by a common contrivance; not a country lawyer but knows the doctrine of transfer.—How much was the sum?

*Sir John.* Ten thousand pounds.

*Thomas.* And what, Sir John, were the terms?

*Sir John.* As I could give no real security, my estate being settled till my son John comes of age, I found myself obliged to comply with all that was asked.

*Thomas.* A judgment, no doubt.

*Sir John.* They divided the sum, and I gave them a couple.

*Thomas.* Which will affect not only your person, but personal property; so they are both in his power.

*Sir John.* Too true, I am afraid!

*Thomas.* And you may be sent to a gaol, and your family turned into the streets, whenever he pleases.

*L. Old.* How! Heaven forbid!

*Thomas.* Not the least doubt can be made.— This is an artful project: No wonder that so much contrivance and cunning has been an overmatch for a plain English gentleman, or an innocent Indian. And what is now to be done? Does your daughter Sophy know of this letter?

*L. Old.* Sir John?

*Sir John.* It reached my hands not ten minutes ago.

*Thomas.* I had some reason to think, that, had you complied, you would not have found her very eager to second your wishes.

*L. Old.* I don't know that, brother: Young girls are easily caught with titles and splendor; magnificence has a kind of magick for them.

*Thomas.* I have a better opinion of Sophy. You know, Lady Oldham, I have often hinted, that my boy was fond of his cousin; and possibly

my niece not totally averſe to his wiſh ; but you have always ſtopp'd me ſhort, under a notion that the children were too nearly allied.

*L. Old.* Why, brother, don't you think——

*Thomas.* But that, ſiſter, was not the right reaſon ; you could have eaſily digeſted the *couſins*, but the *compting-houſe* ſtuck in his way : Your favourite maxim has been, that citizens are a diſtinct race, a ſort of creatures that ſhould mix with each other.

*L. Old.* Bleſs me, brother, you can't conceive that I——

*Thomas.* Nay, no apology, good Lady Oldham ! perhaps you have a higher alliance in view ; and let us now conſider what is to be done. You are totally averſe to this treaty ?

*L. Old.* Can that be a queſtion ?

*Thomas.* Some little management is neceſſary, as to the mode of rejection : As matters now ſtand, it would not be prudent to exaſperate Sir Matthew.

*L. Old.* Let Sir John diſcharge the debt due to him at once.

*Thomas.* But where ſhall we get materials ?

*L. Old.* Can that be a difficult taſk ?

*Thomas.* Exceedingly ſo, as I apprehend : But few can be found to advance ſo large a ſum on ſuch ſlender ſecurity ; nor is it to be expected, indeed,

indeed, unless from a friend to relieve, or a foe to ruin.

*L. Old.* Is it possible Sir Matthew can have acted from so infernal a motive, to have advanced the money with a view of distressing us deeper?

*Thomas.* Sir Matthew is a profound politician, and will not stick at trifles to carry his point.

*L. Old.* With the wealth of the East, we have too imported the worst of its vices. What a horrid crew!

*Thomas.* Hold, sister! don't gratify your resentment at the expence of your justice; a general conclusion from a single instance is but indifferent logick.

*L. Old.* Why, is not this Sir Matthew——

*Thomas.* Perhaps as bad a subject as your passion can paint him: But there are men from the Indies, and many too, with whom I have the honour to live, who dispense nobly and with hospitality here, what they have acquired with honour and credit elsewhere; and, at the same time they have increased the dominions and wealth, have added virtues too to their country.

*L. Old.* Perhaps so: But what is to be done? Suppose I was to wait on Sir Matthew myself.

*Thomas.* If your ladyship is secure of commanding your temper.

*Sir*

*Sir John.* Mercy on us, brother Thomas, there's no such thing as trusting to that!

*L. Old.* You are always very obliging, Sir John! if the embassy was to be executed by you——

*Thomas.* Come, come, to end the dispute, I will undertake the commission myself.

*L. Old.* You will take care, brother, to make no concessions that will derogate from——

*Thomas.* Your dignity, in my hands, will have nothing to fear.—But should not I see my niece first? she ought to be consulted, I think.

*Sir John.* By all means.

*Thomas.* For, if she approves of the knight, I don't see any thing in the alliance so much to be dreaded.

*L. Old.* I will send Sophy to her uncle directly; but I desire the girl may be left to herself; no undue influence! [Exit.

*Thomas.* The caution was needless.

*Sir John.* Why, really, now, brother, but that my lady's too warm, I don't see any thing so very unreasonable in this same paper here that lies scattered about. But, I forget, did he mention any thing of any fortune he was to have with the girl?

*Thomas.* Pho! a paltry consideration, below his concern.

*Sir John.* My lady herself must own there is something generous in that.

*Thomas.* Will you stay and represent the case to Sophy yourself?

*Sir John.* She is here!

*Enter Sophy.*

Your uncle, child, has something to say to you: You know he loves you, my dear, and will advise you for the best. [Exit.

*Thomas.* Come hither, Sophy, my love! don't be alarmed. I suppose my lady has opened to you, that Sir Matthew has sent a strange kind of a romantic letter.

*Sophy.* But she did not seem, Sir, to suppose that it deserved much attention.

*Thomas.* As matters now stand, perhaps more than she thinks. But come, my good girl, be explicit: Suppose the affairs of your family should demand a compliance with this whimsical letter, should you have any reluctance to the union proposed?

*Sophy.* Me, Sir? I never saw the gentleman but once in my life.

*Thomas.* And I don't think that would interest you much in his favour.

*Sophy.* Sir!

*Thomas.*

*Thomas.* No prepossession? no prior object that has attracted your notice?

*Sophy.* I hope, Sir, my behaviour has not occasioned this question.

*Thomas.* Oh, no, my dear; it naturally took its rise from the subject. Has your cousin lately been here?

*Sophy.* Sir!

*Thomas.* Tom Oldham, my son?

*Sophy.* We generally see him, Sir, every day.

*Thomas.* I am glad to hear that: I was afraid some improper attachment had drawn him from the city so often of late.

*Sophy.* Improper! I dare say, Sir, you will have nothing of that kind to fear from my cousin.

*Thomas.* I hope not: And yet I have had my suspicions, I own; but not unlikely you can remove 'em: Children rarely make confidants of their fathers.

*Sophy.* Sir!

*Thomas.* Similarity of sentiments, nearness of blood, and the same season of life, perhaps may have induced him to unbosom to you.

*Sophy.* Do you suppose, Sir, that he would discover to me, what he chose to conceal from so affectionate a father?

*Thomas.* Nay, prithee, Sophy, don't be grave! What, do you imagine I should think his preferring

ferring your ear to mine, for a melting passionate tale, any violent breach of his duty?

*Sophy.* You are merry, Sir.

*Thomas.* And who knows but you might repay the communication with a similar story? You blush, *Sophy*.

*Sophy.* You are really pleased to be so very particular, that I scarce know what answer to make.

*Thomas.* Come, my good niece, I will perplex you no longer: My son has concealed nothing from me; and did the completion of your wishes depend on my approbation alone, you would have but little to fear: But my lady's notions are so very peculiar, you know, and all her principles so determined and fixed——

*Sophy.* The merits of my cousin, which she herself is not slow to acknowledge, and time, might, I should hope, soften my mother.

*Thomas.* Why then, my dear niece, leave it to time, in most cases the ablest physician. But let your partiality for Tom be a secret!—I must now endeavour to learn when I can obtain an audience from Sir Matthew.

*Sophy.* An audience from *him*?

*Thomas.* Yes, child; these new gentlemen, who from the caprice of Fortune, and a strange

chain of events, have acquired immoderate wealth, and rose to uncontrolled power abroad, find it difficult to descend from their dignity, and admit of any equal at home. Adieu, my dear niece! But keep up your spirits! I think I foresee an event that will produce some change in our favour. [*Exeunt.*

*Sir Matthew Mite's Hall.*

*Janus and Conserve discovered.*

*Conf.* I own the place of a porter, if one can bear the confinement—And then, Sir Matthew has the character of—[*low tap.*] Use no ceremony, Mr. Janus; mind your door, I beseech you.

*Janus.* No hurry! keep your seat, Mr. Conserve; it's only the tap of a tradesman: I make those people stay till they collect in a body, and so let in eight or ten at a time; it saves trouble.

*Conf.* And how do they brook it?

*Janus.* Oh, wonderfully well, here with us. In my last place, indeed, I thought myself bound to be civil; for as all the poor devils could get was good words, it would have been hard to have been sparing of them.

*Conf.* Very considerate!

*Janus.*

*Janus.* But here we are rich; and as the fellows don't wait for their money, it is but fair they should wait for admittance.

*Conf.* Or they would be apt to forget their condition.

*Janus.* True.

*Conf.* Upon the whole, then, you do not regret leaving my lord?

*Janus.* No; Lord Levee's place had its sweets, I confess; perquisites pretty enough: But what could I do? they wanted to give me a rider.

*Conf.* A rider?

*Janus.* Yes; to quarter Monsieur Frissart, my Lady's valet de chambre, upon me; so you know I could not but in honour resign.

*Conf.* No; there was no bearing to be rid by a Frenchman; there was no staying in after that.

*Janus.* It would have been quoted as a precedent against the whole corps.

*Conf.* Yes. Pox on 'em! our masters are damned fond of encroachments. Is your present duty severe?

*Janus.* I drudge pretty much at the door; but that, you know, is mere bodily labour; But then, my mind is at ease; not obliged to rack my brain for invention,

*Conf.* No?

*Janus.* No; not near the lying here, as in my last place.

*Conf.* I suppose not, as your master is but newly in town; but you must expect that branch to encrease.

*Janus.* When it does, I shall insist the door be done by a deputy. [Two raps.

*Conf.* Hark! to your post!

*Janus.* No; sit still! that is some aukward body out of the city; one of our people from Leadenhall-Street; perhaps a director; I sha'n't stir for him.

*Conf.* Not for a director? I thought he was the commanding officer, the Great Captain's captain.

*Janus.* No, no; quite the reverse; the tables are turned, Mr. Conserve: In acknowledgment for appointing us their servants abroad, we are so obliging as to make them directors at home.

[A loud rapping.

*Conf.* That rap will rouse you, I think.

*Janus.* Let me take a peep at the wicket. Oh, ph! is it you, with a pox to you? How the deuce came your long legs to find the way hither?—I shall be in no haste to open for you.

*Conf.* Who is it?

*Janus.* That eternal teizer, Sir Timothy Tall-boy.

boy. When once he gets footing, there is no such thing as keeping him out.

*Conf.* What, you know him then?

*Janus.* Yes, rot him, I know him too well! he had like to have lost me the best place I ever had in my life.

*Conf.* How so?

*Janus.* Lord Lofty had given orders on no account to admit him. The first time, he got by me under a pretence of stroking Keeper the house-dog; the next, he nick'd me by desiring only just leave to scratch the poll of the parrot, Poll, Poll, Poll! I thought the devil was in him if he deceived me a third; but he did, notwithstanding.

*Conf.* Prithee, Janus, how?

*Janus.* By begging to set his watch by Tompion's clock in the Hall; I smother'd his design, and laid hold of him here: [*taking hold of his coat.*] As sure as you are alive, he made but one leap from the stairs to the study, and left the skirt of his coat in my hand?

*Conf.* You got rid of him then?

*Janus.* He made one attempt more; and, for fear he should slip by me, (for you know he is as thin as a slice of beef at Marybone-Gardens), I slapped the door in his face, and told him, the dog was mad, the parrot dead, and the clock stood;

stood ; and, thank Heaven, I have never sat eyes  
on him since. [Knock louder.]

*Conf.* But the door !

*Janus.* Time enough.—You had no particular  
commands, master Conserve ?

*Conf.* Only to let you know that Betsy Robins  
has a rout and supper on Sunday next.

*Janus.* Constant still, Mr. Conserve, I see. I  
am afraid I can't come to cards ; but shall be sure  
to attend the repast. A nick-nack, I suppose ?

*Conf.* Yes, yes ; we all contribute, as usual :  
The substantials from Alderman Sirloin's ; Lord  
Frippery's cook finds fricasees and ragouts ; Sir  
Robert Bumper's butler is to send in the wine ;  
and I shall supply the desert.

*Janus.* There are a brace of birds and a hare,  
that I cribbed this morning out of a basket of  
game.

*Conf.* They will be welcome.—[Knock louder.]  
But the folks grow impatient !

*Janus.* They must stay till I come.—At the  
old place, I suppose ?

*Conf.* No ; I had like to have forgot ! Betsy  
grew sick of St. Paul's, so I have taken her a  
house amongst the new buildings ; both the air  
and the company is better,

*Janus.* Right,

*Conf.*

*Conf.* To say truth, the situation was disagreeable on many accounts. Do you know, though I took care few people should behave better at Christmas, that because he thought her a citizen, the housekeeper of Drury-Lane Theatre, when his master mounted, refused her a side-box?

*Janus.* No wonder Miss Betsy was bent upon moving.—What is the name of her street?

*Conf.* Rebel-Row: It was built by a messenger who made his market in the year forty-five. But shall Miss Robins send you a card?

*Janus.* No, no; I shall easily find out the place. [*Knock.*] Now let us see; who have we here? Gads my life, Mrs. Match'em! my master's amorous agent: It is as much as my place is worth to let her wait for a minute.

[*Opens the door. Exit Conf.*]

*Enter Mrs. Match'em, some Tradespeople, who bow low to Janus, and Thomas Oldham.*

*Match.* So, Sir! this is pretty treatment, for a woman like me to dangle at your gate, surrounded by a parcel of tradespeople!

*Janus.* I beg pardon; but, madam——

*Match.* Suppose any of my ladies had chanced to drive by: In a pretty situation they'd have seen me! I promise you I shall make my complaints to Sir Matthew.

*Janus.*

*Janus.* I was receiving some particular commands from my master.

*Match.* I shall know that from him. Where is he? let him know I must see him directly; my hands are so full I have not a moment to spare.

*Janus.* At that door the groom of the chamber will take you in charge; I am sure you'll be admitted as soon as announced.

*Match.* There is as much difficulty to get a sight of this signior, as of a member when the parliament's dissolved! [Exit.]

*Janus.* Soh! what, you have brought in your bills? damned punctual, no doubt! The steward's room is below.—And, do you hear? when you are paid, be sure to sneak away without seeing me.

*All Trades.* We hope you have a better opinion——

*Janus.* Well, well, march! [Exe. Tradesmen.]  
So, friend; what is your business, pray?

*Thomas.* I have a message to deliver to Sir Matthew.

*Janus.* You have? and pray what is the report?

*Thomas.* That's for his ear alone.

*Janus.* You will find yourself mistaken in that.

*Thomas.* How?

*Janus.*

*Janus.* It must make its way to his, by passing thro' mine.

*Thomas.* Is that the rule of the house?

*Janus.* Ay; and the best way to avoid idle and impertinent praters.

*Thomas.* And of that you are to judge?

*Janus.* Or I should not be fit for my post. But, you are very importunate; who are you? I suppose a Jew broker, come to bring my master the price of the stocks?

*Thomas.* No.

*Janus.* Or some country cousin, perhaps?

*Thomas.* Nor that neither.

*Janus.* Or a voter from our borough below? we never admit them but against an election.

*Thomas.* Still wide of the mark.—[*Aside.*] There is but one way of managing here; I must give the Cerberus a sop, I perceive.—Sir, I have really business with Sir Matthew, of the utmost importance; and if you can obtain me an interview, I shall think myself extremely obliged,

[*Gives money.*]

*Janus.* As I see, Sir, by your manner, that it is a matter of moment, we will try what can be done; but you must wait for his levee; there is no seeing him yet.

*Thomas.* No?

*Janus.* He is too busy at present; the waiter

at Almack's has just brought him home his macaroni dress for the hazard-table, and is infracting him to throw the dice with a grace.

*Thomas.* Then where can I wait?

*Janus.* If you will step into that room, I will take care to call you in time. [*Exit Mr. Old.*] —*Looking at the money.*] A good sensible fellow! At first sight, how easily one may be mistaken in men! [*Exit.*]

## A C T II.

*A Chamber. Sir Matthew Mite in his gaming dress, a Waiter attending.*

*Mite.*

**M**A I N and chance?

*Waiter.* Five to nine, please your honour.

*Mite.* I am at all that is set. How must I proceed?

*Waiter.* With a tap, as the chances are equal; then raise the box genteelly and gently, with the finger and thumb.

*Mite.* Thus?

*Waiter.* Exactly, your honour. Cinque and quater: You're out.

*Mite.* What is next to be done?

*Waiter.* Flirt the bones with an air of indifference, and pay the money that's set.

*Mite.* Will that do?

*Waiter.* With a little more experience, your honour.

*Mite.* Then pass the box to my neighbour?

*Waiter.* Yes; or you make a back hand, if you please.

*Mite.* Cou'dn't you give me some general rules? for then, you know, I might practise in private.

*Waiter.* By all means. Seven, Sir, is better nicked by a stamp.

*Mite.* So?

*Waiter.* Yes. When you want to throw six and four, or two cinques, you must take the long gallery, and whirl the dice to the end of the table.

*Mite.* Thus?

*Waiter.* Pretty well, please your honour. When your chance is low, as tray, ace, or two deuces, the best method is to dribble out the bones from the box.

*Mite.* Will that do?

*Waiter.* Your honour comes rapidly on.

*Mite.* So that, perhaps, in a couple of months, I shall be able to tap, flirt, stamp, dribble, and whirl, with any man in the club?

*Waiter.* As your honour has a genius, you will make a wonderful progress, no doubt: But these nice matters are not got in a moment; there must be parts, as well as practice, your honour.

*Mite.* What! parts for the performance of this?

*Waiter.* This? Why, there's Sir Christopher Clumsey, in the whole losing his fortune, (and  
I believe

I believe he was near a twelvemonth about it) never once threw, paid, or received, with one atom of grace.

*Mite.* He must have been a dull devil, indeed.

*Waiter.* A mere dunce! got no credit by losing his money; was ruined without the least reputation.

*Mite.* Perhaps so. Well, but, Dick, as to the oaths and phrases that are most in use at the club?

*Waiter.* I have brought them here in this paper: As soon as your honour has got them by heart, I will teach you when and in what manner to use them.

*Mite.* [*after looking at the paper.*] How long do you apprehend before I may be fit to appear at the table?

*Waiter.* In a month or six weeks. I would advise your honour to begin in the Newmarket week, when the few people left do little better than piddle.

*Mite.* Right: So I shall gain confidence against the club's coming to town.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mrs. Crocus, from Brompton, your honour.

*Mite.* Has she brought me a bouquet?

*Serv.*

*Serv.* Your honour?

*Mite.* Any nosegays, you blockhead?

*Serv.* She has a boy with a basket.

*Mite.* Shew her in! [*Exit Servant.*—Well, Dick, you will go down to my steward, and teach him the best method of making a rouleau. And, do you hear? let him give you one for your pains.

*Waiter.* Your honour's obedient! You'd have me attend every morning?

*Mite.* Without doubt: It would be madness to lose a minute, you know. [*Exit Waiter.*

*Enter Mrs. Crocus.*

Well, Mrs. Crocus; let us see what you have brought me. Your last bouquet was as big as a broom, with a tulip strutting up like a magistrate's mace; and, besides, made me look like a devil.

*Crocus.* I hope your honour could find no fault with the flowers? It is true, the polyanthus were a little pinched by the easterly winds; but for pip, colour, and eye, I defy the whole parish of Fulham to match 'em.

*Mite.* Perhaps not; but it is not the flowers, but the mixture, I blame. Why, here now, Mrs. Crocus, one should think you were out of your senses, to cram in this clump of jonquils!

*Crocus.*

*Crocus.* I thought your honour was fond of their smell.

*Mite.* Damn their smell! it is their colour I talk of. You know my complexion has been tinged by the East, and you bring me here a blaze of yellow, that gives me the jaundice. Look! do you see here, what a fine figure I cut? You might as well have tied me to a bundle of sun-flowers!

*Crocus.* I beg pardon, your honour!

*Mite.* Pardon! there is no forgiving faults of this kind. Just so you served Harry Hectic; you stuck into his bosom a parcel of hyacinths, though the poor fellow's face is as pale as a primrose.

*Crocus.* I did not know——

*Mite.* And there, at the opera, the poor creature sat in his side-box, looking like one of the figures in the glass-cases in Westminster-Abbey; dead and drest!

*Crocus.* If gentlemen would but give directions, I would make it my study to suit 'em.

*Mite.* But that your cursed climate won't let you. Have you any pinks or carnations in bloom?

*Crocus.* They are not in season, your honour; Lillies of the valley——

*Mite.* I hate the whole tribe! What, you  
want

want to dress me up like a corpse! When shall you have any rose-buds?

*Crocus.* The latter end of the month, please your honour.

*Mite.* At that time you may call.

*Crocus.* Your honour has no further commands?

*Mite.* None. You may send nossegays for my chairmen, as usual. [*Exit Mrs. Crocus.*] Piccard! Here, take that garland away: I believe the woman thought she was dressing a may-pole. Make me a bouquet with the artificial flowers I brought from Milan.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Would your honour please to see Madam Match'em?

*Mite.* Introduce her this instant.

*Enter Mrs. Match'em.*

My dear Match'em! Well, what news from Cheapside?

*Match.* Bad enough; very near a total defeat.

*Mite.* How so? you were furnished with ample materials.

*Match.* But not of the right kind, please your honour. I have had but little intercourse with that part of the world; My business has chiefly lain

lain on this side of the Bar; and I was weak enough to think both cities alike.

*Mite.* And arn't they?

*Match.* No two nations can differ so widely! Though money is supposed the idol of merchants, their wives don't agree in the worship.

*Mite.* In that article I thought the whole world was united.

*Match.* No; they don't know what to do with their money; a Pantheon subscription, or a masquerade ticket, is more negotiable there than a note from the Bank.

*Mite.* What think you of a bracelet, or a well-fancied aigret?

*Match.* I should think they must make their way.

*Mite.* I have sent some rough diamonds to be polished in Holland; when they are returned, I will equip you, Match'em, with some of these toys.

*Match.* Toys? how light he makes of these things!—Bless your noble and generous soul! I believe for a trifle more I could have obtained Lady Lurcher last night.

*Mite.* Indeed?

*Match.* She has been pressed a good deal to discharge an old score, long due to a knight from the North; and play-debts, your honour

F

knows,

knows, there is no paying in part : She seemed deeply distressed ; and I really believe another hundred would have made up the sum.

*Mite.* And how came you not to advance it ?

*Match.* I did not chuse to exceed my commission ; your honour knows the bill was only for five.

*Mite.* Oh, you should have immediately made it up ; you know I never stint myself in these matters.

*Match.* Why, had I been in cash, I believe I should have ventured, your honour. If your honour approves, I have thought of a project that will save us both a good deal of trouble.

*Mite.* Communicate, good Mrs. Match'em !

*Match.* That I may not pester you with applications for every trifle I want, suppose you were to deposit a round sum in my hands.

*Mite.* What, Match'em, make you my banker for beauty ? Ha, ha, ha !

*Match.* Exactly, your honour. Ha, ha, ha !

*Mite.* Faith, Match'em, a very good conceit.

*Match.* You may depend on my punctuality in paying your drafts.

*Mite.* I don't harbour the least doubt of your honour.

*Match.* Would you have me proceed in Patty Parrington's business ? She is expected from Bath in a week.

*Mite.*

*Mite.* And what becomes of her aunt?

*Match.* That Argus is to be left in the country.

*Mite.* You had better suspend your operations for a while. Do you know, Mrs. Match'em, that I am a-going to be married?

*Match.* Married? your honour's pleased to be pleasant: That day I hope never to see.

*Mite.* The treaty wants nothing but her friends' ratification; and I think there is no danger of their with-holding that.

*Match.* Nay, then, the matter is as good as concluded: I was always in dread of this fatal stroke!

*Mite.* But, Match'em, why should you be so averse to the measure?

*Match.* Can it be thought, that with dry eyes I could bear the loss of such a friend as your honour? I don't know how it is, but I am sure I never took such a fancy to any man in my life.

*Mite.* Nay, Match'em!

*Match.* Something so magnificent and princely in all you say or do, that a body has, as I may say, a pleasure in taking pains in your service.

*Mite.* Well, but prithee, child——

*Match.* And then, when one has brought matters to bear, no after-reproaches, no grumblings from parties, such general satisfaction on all sides! I am sure, since the death of my hus-

band, as honest a man, except the thing he died for——

*Mite.* How came that about, Mrs. Match'em?

*Match.* Why, Kit was rather apt to be careless, and put a neighbour's name to a note without stopping to ask his consent.

*Mite.* Was that all?

*Match.* Nothing else. Since that day, I saw no mortal has caught my eye but your honour.

*Mite.* Really, Match'em?

*Match.* I can't say, neither, it was the charms of your person—though they are such as any lady might like—but it was the beauties of your mind, that made an impresson upon me.

*Mite.* Nay, prithee, Match'em, dry up your tears! you distress me! Be persuaded you have nothing to fear.

*Match.* How!

*Mite.* Why, you don't suppose that I am prompted to this project by passion?

*Match.* No?

*Mite.* Pho! no; only wanted a wife to complete my establishment; just to adorn the head of my table.

*Match.* To stick up in your room, like any other fine piece of furniture?

*Mite.* Nothing else; as an antique bust or a picture.

*Match.*

*Match.* That alters the case.

*Mite.* Perhaps, I shall be confined a little at first; for when you take or bury a wife, decency requires that you should keep your house for a week: After that time, you will find me, dear Match'em, all that you can wish.

*Match.* Ah! that is more than your honour can tell. I have known some of my gentlemen, before marriage, make as firm and good resolutions not to have the least love or regard for their wives; but they have been seduced after all, and turned out the poorest tame family fools!

*Mite.* Indeed?

*Match.* Good for nothing at all.

*Mite.* That shall not be my case.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Your honour's levee is crouded.

*Mite.* I come. Piccard, give me my coat!—I have had some thoughts of founding in this town a seraglio; they are of singular use in the Indies: Do you think I could bring it to bear?

*Match.* Why, a customer of mine did formerly make an attempt; but he pursued too violent measures at first; wanted to confine the ladies against their consent; and that too in a country of freedom.

*Mite.* Oh, fy! How the best institutions may fail, for want of a man proper to manage!

*Match.*

*Match.* But your honour has had great experience. If you would bestow the direction on me——

*Mite.* Impossible, Match'em! in the East we never confide that office to your sex or complexion. I had some thoughts of importing three blacks from Bengal, who have been properly prepared for the service; but I sha'n't venture till the point is determin'd whether those creatures are to be considered as mere chattels, or men. [Exeunt.

*A Saloon.*

*Enter Mayor, Touchit, Natban, Moses, &c.*

*Serv.* Walk in, gentlemen! his honour will be presently here.

*Touchit.* Do you see, Mr. Mayor? look about you! here are noble apartments!

*Mayor.* Very fine, very curious, indeed! But, after all, Master Touchit, I am not so over-fond of these Nabobs; for my part, I had rather sell myself to somebody else.

*Touchit.* And why so, Mr. Mayor?

*Mayor.* I don't know—they do a mortal deal of harm in the country: Why, wherever any of them settles, it raises the price of provisions for thirty miles round. People rail at seasons and crops; in my opinion, it is all along with them there folks, that things are so scarce.

*Touchit.*

*Touchit.* Why, you talk like a fool! Suppose they have mounted the beef and mutton a trifle; a'n't we obliged to them too for raising the value of boroughs? You should always set one against t'other.

*Mayor.* That, indeed, is nothing but fair. But how comes it about? and where do these here people get all their wealth?

*Touchit.* The way is plain enough; from our settlements and possessions abroad.

*Mayor.* Oh, may be so. I've been often minded to ask you what sort of things them there settlements are; because why, as you know, I have been never beyond sea.

*Touchit.* Oh, Mr. Mayor, I will explain that in a moment: Why, here are a body of merchants that beg to be admitted as friends, and take possession of a small spot in a country, and carry on a beneficial commerce with the inoffensive and innocent people, to which they kindly give their consent.

*Mayor.* Don't you think now that is very civil of them?

*Touchit.* Doubtless. Upon which, Mr. Mayor, we cunningly encroach, and fortify by little and by little, till at length, we growing too strong for the natives, we turn them out of their lands, and take possession of their money and jewels.

*Mayor.*

*Mayor.* And don't you think, Master Touchit, that is a little uncivil in us?

*Touchit.* Oh, nothing at all: These people are but a little better than Tartars or Turks.

*Mayor.* No, no, Master Touchit; just the reverse; it is *they* have caught the Tartars in us.

*Touchit.* Ha, ha, ha! well said, Mr. Mayor. But, hush! here comes his honour. Fall back!

*Enter Sir Matthew Mite.*

*Mite.* Oh, Nathan! are you there? You have split the stock, as I bid you?

*Nathan.* I vas punctually obey your directions.

*Mite.* And I shall be in no danger of losing my list?

*Nathan.* Dat is safe, your honour; we have noting to fear.

*Mite.* Moses Mendoza! You will take care to qualify Peter Pratewell and Counsellor Quibble? I shall want some speakers at the next General Court.

*Moses.* Please your honour, I shall be careful of dat.

*Mite.* How is the stock?

*Moses.* It vas got up the end of the veek.

*Mite.* Then sell out till you sink it two and a half. Has my advice been followed for burning the tea?

*Moses.*

*Moses.* As to dat matter, I vas not enquire dat; I believe not.

*Mite.* So that commodity will soon be a drug. The English are too proud to profit by the practice of others: What would become of the spice trade, if the Dutch brought their whole growth to market?

*Moses.* Dat is very true. Your honour has no farder commands?

*Mite.* None at present, master Mendoza.

[*Exit Mendoza.*]

*Nathan.* For de next settlement, would your honour be de bull or de bear?

*Mite.* I shall send you my orders to Jonathan's. Oh, Nathan! did you tell that man in Berkshire, I would buy his estate?

*Nathan.* Yes; but he say he has no mind, no occasion to sell it; dat de estate belong to great many faders before him.

*Mite.* Why, the man must be mad; did you tell him I had taken a fancy to the spot; when I was but a boy?

*Nathan.* I vas tell him as much.

*Mite.* And that all the time I was in India, my mind was bent upon the purchase?

*Nathan.* I vas say so.

*Mite.* And now I'm come home, am determined to buy it?

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*Nathan,*

*Nathan.* I make use of de very vords.

*Mite.* Well then! what would the booby be at?

*Nathan.* I don't know.

*Mite.* Give the fellow four times the value, and bid him turn out in a month.—[*To Touchit.*] May I presume, Sir, to ask who you are, and what your business may be?

*Touchit.* My name, Sir, is Touchit, and these gentlemen some friends and neighbours of mine. We are ordered by the Christian Club, of the borough of Bribe'em, to wait upon your honour, with a tender of the nomination of our two members at the ensuing election.

*Mite.* Sir, I accept their offer with pleasure; and am happy to find, notwithstanding all that has been said, that the union still subsists between Bengal and the ancient corporation of Bribe'em.

*Touchit.* And if they ever are severed, I can assure your honour the Christian Club will not be to blame. Your honour understands me, I hope?

*Mite.* Perfectly. Nor shall it, I promise you, be my fault, good Mr. Touchit. But, (you will forgive my curiosity, Sir!) the name your club has adopted, has at first a whimsical found; but you had your reasons, no doubt.

*Touchit.* The very best in the world, please  
your

your honour: From our strict union and brotherly kindness, we hang together; like the primitive Christians too, we have all things in common.

*Mite.* In common? I don't apprehend you.

*Touchit.* Why, please your honour, when the bargain is struck, and the deposit is made, as a proof that we love our neighbours as well as ourselves, we submit to an equal partition; no man has a larger share than another.

*Mite.* A most Christian-like dispensation!

*Touchit.* Yes; in our borough all is unanimity now: Formerly, we had nothing but discontents and heart-burnings amongst us; each man jealous and afraid that his neighbour got more and did better than him.

*Mite.* Indeed?

*Touchit.* Ay, and with reason sometimes: Why, I remember, at the election some time ago, when I took up my freedom, I could get but thirty guineas for a new pair of jack-boots; whilst Tom Ramskin over the way had a fifty-pound note for a pair of wash-leather breeches.

*Mite.* Very partial indeed!

*Touchit.* So, upon the whole, we thought it best to unite.

*Mite.* Oh, much the best. Well, Sir, you may assure your principals that I shall take care

properly to acknowledge the service they do me.

*Touchit.* No doubt, no doubt. But—will your honour step a little this way?—Though no question can be made of your honour's keeping your word, yet it has always been the rule with our club to receive the proper acknowledgment before the service is done.

*Mite.* Ay, but, Mr. Touchit, suppose the service should never be done?

*Touchit.* What then must become of our consciences? We are Christians, your honour.

*Mite.* True; but, Mr. Touchit, you remember the proverb?

*Touchit.* What proverb, your honour?

*Mite.* There are two bad pay-masters; those who pay before, and those who never pay.

*Touchit.* True, your honour; but our club has always found, that those who don't pay before are sure never to pay.

*Mite.* How! impossible! the man who breaks his word with such faithful and honest adherents, deserves richly a halter. Gentlemen, in my opinion, he deserves to be hanged.

*Touchit.* Hush! have a care what you say.

*Mite.* What is the matter?

*Touchit.* You see the fat man that is behind; he will be the returning officer at the election.

*Mite.*

*Mite.* What then?

*Touchit.* On a gibbet at the end of our town there hangs a smuggler, for robbing the custom-house.

*Mite.* Well?

*Touchit.* The mayor's own brother, your honour; Now, perhaps, he may be jealous that you meant to throw some reflection on him or his family.

*Mite.* Not unlikely.—I say, gentlemen, whoever violates his promise to such faithful friends as you are, in my poor opinion, deserves to be damned!

*Touchit.* That's right! stick to that! for tho' the Christian Club may have some fears of the gallows, they don't value damnation of a farthing.

*Mite.* Why should they, as it may be so long before any thing of that kind may happen, you know?

*Touchit.* Good! good again! Your honour takes us rightly, I see: I make no doubt, it won't be long before we come to a good understanding.

*Mite.* The sooner the better, good master Touchit; and, therefore, in one word, pray what are your terms?

*Touchit.* Do you mean for one, or would your honour bargain for both?

*Mite,*

*Mite.* Both, both.

*Touchit.* Why, we could not have afforded you one under three thousand at least; but as your honour, as I may say, has a mind to deal in the gross, we shall charge you but five for both.

*Mite.* Oh fy! above the market, good Mr. Touchit!

*Touchit.* Dog-cheap; neck-beef; a penny-loaf for a halfpenny! Why, we had partly agreed to bring in Sir Christopher Quinze and major Match'em for the very same money; but the major has been a little unlucky at Almack's, and at present can't deposit the needful; but he says, however, if he should be successful at the next Newmarket meeting, he will faithfully abide by the bargain: But the turf, your honour knows, is but an uncertain estate, and so we can't depend upon him.

*Mite.* True. Well, Sir, as I may soon have occasion for all the friends I can make, I shall haggle no longer; I accept your proposals: In the next room we will settle the terms.

*Touchit.* Your honour will always find the Christians steady and firm.—But, won't your honour introduce us to his Worship whilst we are here?

*Mite.* To his Worship? to whom?

*Touchit.* To the gentleman in black.

*Mite,*

*Mite.* Worship? you are mad, Mr. Touchit! That is a slave I brought from the Indies.

*Touchit.* Good lack! may be so! I did not know but the gentleman might belong to the tribe, who, we are told by the papers, conferred those splendid titles upon your honour in India.

*Mite.* Well, Master Touchit, what then?

*Touchit.* I thought it not unlikely, but, in return to that compliment, your honour might chuse to make one of the family member for the corporation of Bribe'em.

*Mite.* Why, you would not submit to accept of a Negro?

*Touchit.* Our present members, for aught we know, may be of the same complexion, your honour; for we have never set eyes on them yet.

*Mite.* That's strange! But, after all, you could not think of electing a black?

*Touchit.* That makes no difference to us: The Christian Club has ever been persuaded, that a good candidate, like a good horse, can't be of a bad colour. [Exit with friends.]

*Enter Thomas Oldham and others.*

*Mite* [to Oldham]. What is your business, and name?

*Thomas.* Oldham.

*Mite.*

*Mite.* The brother of Sir John? I have heard of you: You are, if I mistake not, a merchant?

*Thomas.* I have that honour, Sir Matthew.

*Mite.* Um! honour!—Well, Sir; and what are your commands?

*Thomas.* I wait on you in the name of my brother, with——

*Mite.* An answer to the message I sent him. When do we meet to finish the matter? It must be tomorrow, or Sunday, for I shall be busy next week.

*Thomas.* Tomorrow?

*Mite.* Ay; it is not for a man like me to dangle and court, Mr. Oldham.

*Thomas.* Why, to be plain, Sir Matthew, it would, I am afraid, be but losing your time.

*Mite.* Sir?

*Thomas.* As there is not one in the family, that seems the least inclined to favour your wish.

*Mite.* No? ha, ha, ha! that's pleasant enough! ha, ha, ha! And why not?

*Thomas.* They are, Sir Matthew, no strangers to your great power and wealth; but corrupt as you may conceive this country to be, there are superior spirits living, who would disdain an alliance with grandeur obtained at the expence of honour and virtue.

*Mite.*

*Mite.* And what relation has this sentimental declaration to me?

*Thomas.* My intention, Sir Matthew, was not to offend; I was desired to wait on you with a civil denial.

*Mite.* And you have faithfully discharged your commission.

*Thomas.* Why, I'm a man of plain manners, Sir Matthew; a supercilious air, or a sneer, won't prevent me from speaking my thoughts.

*Mite.* Perfectly right, and prodigiously prudent!—Well, Sir; I hope it won't be thought too presuming, if I desire to hear my sentence proceed from the mouth of the father and daughter.

*Thomas.* By all means; I will wait on you thither.

*Mite.* That is not so convenient, at present. I have brought from Italy, antiques, some curious remains, which are to be deposited in the archives of this country: The Antiquarian Society have, in consequence, chosen me one of their body, and this is the hour of reception.

*Thomas.* We shall see you in the course of the day?

*Mite.* At the close of the ceremony. Perhaps, I shall have something to urge, that may procure me some favour from your very respectable

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family.—

family.—Piccard, attend Mr. A—a—a to the door.

*Thomas.* I guess your design. [Exit.

*Mite.* Who waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

Step to my attorney directly; bid him attend me within an hour at Oldham's, armed with all the powers I gave him. [Exit Servant.

I will see if I can't bend to my will this sturdy race of insolent beggars!—After all, riches to a man who knows how to employ them, are as useful in England as in any part of the East: There they gain us those ends in spite and defiance of law, which, with a proper agent, may here be obtained under the pretence and colour of law.

[Exit.

## A C T III.

*The Antiquarian Society.**Secretary.*

SIR Matthew Mite, preceded by his presents; will attend this honourable Society this morning.

1 *Ant.* Is he apprised that an inauguration-speech is required, in which he is to express his love of vertù, and produce proofs of his antique erudition?

*Sec.* He has been apprised, and is rightly prepared.

2 *Ant.* Are the minutes of our last meeting fairly recorded and entered?

*Sec.* They are.

1 *Ant.* And the valuable antiques which have happily escaped the depredations of time ranged and registered rightly?

*Sec.* All in order.

2 *Ant.* As there are new acquisitions to the Society's stock, I think it is right that the members should be instructed in their several natures and names.

1 *Ant.* By all means. Read the list!

*Sec.* " *Imprimis*, In a large glass-case, and in fine preservation, the toe of the slipper of

“ Cardinal Pandulpho, with which he kick'd the  
 “ breech of King John at Swinstead-Abbey, when  
 “ he gave him absolution and penance.”

2 *Ant.* A most noble remains !

1 *Ant.* An excellent antidote against the pro-  
 gress of Popery; as it proves the Pontiff's inso-  
 lent abuse of his power !—Proceed.

*Sec.* “ A pair of nut-crackers presented by  
 “ Harry the Eighth to Anna Bullen the eve of  
 “ their nuptials; the wood supposed to be  
 “ walnut.”

1 *Ant.* Which proves that before the Reforma-  
 tion walnut-trees were planted in England.

*Sec.* “ The cape of Queen Elizabeth's riding-  
 “ hood, which she wore on a solemn festival,  
 “ when carried behind Burleigh to Paul's; the  
 “ cloth undoubtedly Kidderminster.”

2 *Ant.* A most instructive lesson to us, as it  
 proves that patriotic princesses wore nothing but  
 the manufactures of England !

*Sec.* “ A cork-screw presented by Sir John  
 “ Falstaff to Harry the Fifth, with a tobacco-  
 “ stopper of Sir Walter Raleigh's, made of the  
 “ stern of the ship in which he first compassed  
 “ the globe; given to the Society by a clergy-  
 “ man from the North-Riding of Yorkshire.”

1 *Ant.* A rare instance of generosity, as they  
 must have both been of singular use to the reve-  
 rend donor himself !

*Sec.* “ A curious collection, in regular and  
 “ undoubted succession, of all the tickets of  
 “ Islington-Turnpike, from its first institution  
 “ to the twentieth of May.”

*2 Ant.* Preserve them with care, as they may  
 hereafter serve to illustrate that part of the  
 English History.

*Sec.* “ A wooden medal of Shakespeare, made  
 “ from the mulberry-tree he planted himself; with  
 “ a Queen Anne’s farthing; from the Manager of  
 “ Drury-Lane Playhouse.”

*1 Ant.* Has he received the Society’s thanks?

*Sec.* They are sent.

*Enter Beadle.*

*Beadle.* Sir Matthew Mite attends at the door.

*1 Ant.* Let him be admitted directly.

*Enter Sir Matthew Mite, preceded by four Blacks; first Black bearing a large book; second, a green chamber-pot; third, some lava from the mountain Vesuvius; fourth, a box. Sir Matthew takes his seat; Secretary receives the first present, and reads the label.*

*Sec.* “ Purchas’d of the Abbé Montini at  
 “ Naples for five hundred pounds, an illegible  
 “ manuscript in Latin, containing the twelve  
 “ books of Livy, supposed to be lost.”

*Mite:*

*Mite.* This invaluable treasure was very nearly falling into the hands of the Pope, who designed to deposit it in the Vatican Library, and I rescued it from idolatrous hands.

1 *Ant.* A pious, learned, and laudable purchase!

*Sec.* [*receives the second present, and reads the label.*] “A sarcophagus, or Roman urn, dug from the temple of Concord.”

*Mite.* Supposed to have held the dust of Marc-Antony’s coachman.

*Sec.* [*receives the third present, and reads.*] “A large piece of the lava, thrown from the Vesuvian volcano at the last great eruption.”

*Mite.* By a chymical analysis, it will be easy to discover the constituent parts of this mass; which, by properly preparing it, will make it no difficult task to propagate burning mountains in England, if encouraged by premiums.

2 *Ant.* Which it will, no doubt!

*Mite.* Gentlemen! Not contented with collecting, for the use of my country, these inestimable relics, with a large catalogue of petrifications, bones, beetles, and butterflies, contained in that box, [*pointing to the present borne by the fourth Black.*] I have likewise laboured for the advancement of national knowledge: For which end, permit me to clear up some doubts relative to a material and interesting point in the  
English

English history. Let others toil to illumine the dark annals of Greece, or of Rome; my searches are sacred only to the service of Britain!

The point I mean to clear up, is an error crept into the life of that illustrious magistrate, the great Whittington, and his no-less-eminent Cat: And in this disquisition four material points are in question,

1st. Did Whittington ever exist?

2d. Was Whittington Lord-Mayor of London?

3d. Was he really possessed of a Cat?

4th. Was that Cat the source of his wealth?

That Whittington lived, no doubt can be made; that he was Lord-Mayor of London, is equally true; but as to his Cat, that, gentlemen, is the gordian knot to untie. And here, gentlemen, be it permitted me to define what a Cat is. A Cat is a domestic, whiskered, four-footed animal, whose employment is catching of mice; but let Pufs have been ever so subtle, let Pufs have been ever so successful, to what could Pufs's captures amount? no tanner can curry the skin of a mouse, no family make a meal of the meat; consequently, no Cat could give Whittington his wealth. From whence then does this error proceed? be that my care to point out!

The commerce this worthy merchant carried  
on,

on, was chiefly confined to our coasts; for this purpose, he constructed a vessel, which, from its agility and lightness, he aptly christened a Cat. Nay, to this our day, gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported in nothing but Cats. From thence it appears, that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing Cat, that was the source of the magistrate's wealth, but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying Cat; that, gentlemen, was Whittington's Cat.

1 *Ant.* What a fund of learning!

2 *Ant.* Amazing acuteness of erudition!

1 *Ant.* Let this discovery be made public directly.

2 *Ant.* And the author mentioned with honour.

1 *Ant.* I make no doubt but the city of London will desire him to sit for his picture, or send him his freedom in a fifty-pound box.

2 *Ant.* The honour done their first magistrate richly deserves it.

1 *Ant.* Break we up this assembly, with a loud declaration, that Sir Matthew Mite is equally skilled in arts as well as in arms.

2 *Ant.* *Tam Mercurio quam Marti.* [*Exe. Ant.*

*Mite.* Having thus discharged my debt to the public, I must attend to my private affairs. Will Rapine, my attorney, attend as I bid him?

*Serv.*

*Serv.* He will be punctual, your honour.

*Mite.* Then drive to Hanover-Square.

*Putty* [*without*]. I will come in!

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* There's a little shabby fellow without, that insists on seeing your honour.

*Mite.* Why, who and what can he be?

*Serv.* He calls himself Putty, and says he went to school with your honour.

*Serv.* [*within.*] His honour don't know you!

*Putty.* I will come in! Not know me, you oaf? what should ail him? Why, I tell you we were bred up together from boys. Stand by, or I'll——

*Enter Putty.*

Hey! yes, it is—no, it a'n't—yes, it is Matthew Mite.—Lord love your queer face! what a figure you cut! how you are altered! well, had I met with you by chance, I don't think I should ever have known you. I have had a deuced deal of work to get at you.

*Mite.* This is a lucky encounter!

*Putty.* There is a little fat fellow, that opens the door at your house, was as pert as a prentice just out of his time: He would not give me the least inkling about you; and I should have re-

I

turned

turned to Shoreditch as wise as I came, if some folks who are gazing at the fine gilt coach in the street, hadn't told me 'twas yours. Well, Master Mite, things are mainly changed since we were boys at the Blue-Coat: Who could have thought that you would have got so up in the world? for you know you were reckoned a dull one at school.

*Serv.* Friend, do you know who you talk to?

*Putty.* Yes, friend, much better than you do. I am told he is become a Knight, and a Nabob; and what of all that? For your Nabobs, they are but a kind of outlandish creatures, that won't pass current with us; and as to knights, we have a few of them in the city, whom I dare speak to without doffing my hat. So, Mr. Scrape-trencher, let's have no more of your jaw!—I say, Mat, doesn't remember one Easter-Tuesday, how you tipt the barrow-woman into Fleet-Ditch, as we were going about with the hymns?

*Mite.* An anecdote that does me infinite honour!

*Putty.* How all the folks laughed to see how bolt upright she stood on her head in the mud! ha! ha! ha! And one fifth of November, I shall never forget! how you frightened a preaching methodist taylor, by throwing a cracker into the pulpit.

*Mite.*

*Mite.* Another pretty exploit!

*Putty.* At every bounce, how poor Stitch capered and jumped! Ah! many's the merry freak we have had! for this I must say, though Mat was but bad at his book, for mischiefful matters there wafn't a more ingenous, cuterer lad in the school.

*Mite.* Yes; I have got a fine reputation, I see!

*Putty.* Well, but Mat! what, be'st dumb? why doesn't speak to a school-fellow?

*Mite.* That at present is more than I'll own.— I fancy, Mr. A--a--a, you have made some mistake.

*Putty.* Some mistake?

*Mite.* I don't recollect that I ever had the honour to know you.

*Putty.* What, don't you remember Phil Putty?

*Mite.* No.

*Putty.* That was prentice to Master Gibson, the glazier in Shoreditch?

*Mite.* No.

*Putty.* That at the Blue-Coat-Hospital has often faved your bacon by owning your pranks?

*Mite.* No.

*Putty.* No! What, then, mayhap you ben't Mat Mite, son of old John and Margery Mite, at the Sow and Saufage in St. Mary Axe, that took the tarts from the man in Pye-corner, and

was sent beyond sea, for fear worse should come on it?

*Mite.* You see, Mr. Putty, the glazier, if that is your name and profession, you are entirely out in this matter; so you need not repeat your visits to me. *[Exit.*

*Putty.* Now here's a pretty purse-proud son of a——who, forsooth, because he is grown great by robbing the heathens, won't own an old friend and acquaintance, and one too of the livery beside! Dammee, the great Turk himself need not be ashamed to shake hands with a citizen! "Mr. Putty the glazier!" well, what a pox am I the better for you? I'll be sworn our company has made more money by a single election at Brentford, than by all his exploits put together. *[Exit.*

*Sir John Oldham's house.*

*Enter Mr. Thomas Oldham, followed by a Servant.*

*Thomas.* Sir Matthew Mite is not come?

*Serv.* No, Sir,

*Thomas.* Is Tom here?

*Serv.* Mr. Oldham is, I believe, with Miss in the parlour.

*Thomas.* Let him know I would see him.  
*[Exit Serv.]* Poor boy! Nay, I sincerely grieve for them both! this disappointment, like an untimely

untimely frost, will hang heavy on their tender years: To conquer the first and finest feelings of nature is an arduous task!

*Enter Young Oldham.*

So, Tom! still attached to this spot, I perceive?

*Y. Old.* Sir, I arrived but the instant before you.

*Thomas.* Nay, child, I don't blame you. You are no stranger to the almost-invincible bars that oppose your views on my niece; it would be therefore prudent, instead of indulging, to wean yourself by degrees.

*Y. Old.* Are there no hopes, then, Sir, of subduing my aunt?

*Thomas.* I see none: Nay, perhaps, as matters now stand, a compliance may be out of her power.

*Y. Old.* How is that possible, Sir? out of her power?

*Thomas.* I won't anticipate: Misfortunes come too soon of themselves; a short time will explain what I mean.

*Y. Old.* You alarm me! Would you condescend to instruct me, I hope, Sir, I shall have discretion enough——

*Thomas.* It would answer no end. I would have you both prepare for the worst: See your  
cousin

cousin again; and remember, this, perhaps, may be the last time of your meeting.

*Y. Old.* The last of our——

*Thomas.* But Sophy is here. I must go in to Sir John. [*Oldham bows low to Sophy and retires.*]

*Enter Sophy.*

*Sophy.* Sir! What can be the meaning of this? My uncle Oldham avoids me! you seem shocked! no additional misfortune, I hope?

*Y. Old.* My father has threatened me, in obscure terms, I confess, with the worst that can happen.

*Sophy.* How!

*Y. Old.* The total, nay, perhaps, immediate loss of my Sophy.

*Sophy.* From what cause?

*Y. Old.* That in tenderness he chose to conceal.

*Sophy.* But why make it a mystery? have you no guess?

*Y. Old.* Not the most distant conception. My lady's dislike would hardly prompt her to such violent measures. I can't comprehend how this can possibly be; but yet my father has too firm, too manly a mind, to encourage or harbour vain fears.

*Sophy.* Here they come. I suppose the riddle will soon be explained.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir John, Lady, and Thomas Oldbam.*

*L. Old.* But what motive could he have for demanding this whimsical interview? he could not doubt your credentials, or think his presence could be grateful to us.

*Thomas.* I have delivered my message.

*L. Old.* Perhaps he depends on his rhetorical powers: I hear he has a good opinion of them. Stay, Sophy! Sir Matthew Mite, distrusting the message we begged your uncle to carry, desires to have it confirmed by ourselves: I fancy, child, you will do yourself no violence in rejecting this lover. He is an amiable swain, I confess!

*Sophy.* I shall be always happy in obeying your ladyship's orders.

*L. Old.* Are you sure of that, Sophy? a time may soon come for the trial.

*Sir John.* Well, in the main, I am glad of this meeting; it will not only put a final end to this business, but give us an opportunity of discussing other matters, my dear.

*L. Old.* Is that your opinion, Sir John? I fancy he will not be very fond of prolonging his visit.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir Matthew Mite!

*L. Old.*

*L. Old.* Shew him in!—Now, Sir John, be on your guard; support this scene with a dignity that becomes one of your birth and——

*Sir John.* Never fear my dignity, love. I warrant you I'll give him as good as he brings.

*Enter Sir Matthew Mite.*

*Mite.* I find the whole tribe is convened.—I hope I am not an intruder; but I confess the extraordinary answer I received from the mouth of this worthy citizen, to a message conveyed by my secretary, induced me to question its authenticity, unless confirmed by yourselves.

*L. Old.* And why should you think our reply so very extraordinary?

*Mite.* You must give me leave to smile at that question.

*L. Old.* A very decisive answer, I own!

*Mite.* You are, Lady Oldham, a woman of the world, and supposed not to be wanting in sense.

*L. Old.* Which this conduct of mine inclines you to doubt?

*Mite.* Why, to be plain, my condition and your own situation considered, prudence might have dictated a different reply.

*L. Old.* And yet, Sir Matthew, upon the maturest deliberation, all the parties, you see, persist in giving no other.

*Mite.*

*Mite.* Is it so? You will permit me, Lady Oldham, to desire one of those reasons which influenced this august assembly upon the occasion?

*L. Old.* They will, I dare say, appear but trifling to you.

*Mite.* Let us have them, however.

*L. Old.* First, we think it right to have a little regard to *her* happiness, as she is indebted for her existence to us.

*Mite.* Which you think she risks in a union with me? [*Lady Oldham bows.*] And why so? I have the means to procure her, madam, those enjoyments with which your sex is chiefly delighted.

*L. Old.* You will, Sir Matthew, pardon my weakness; but I would much rather see my child with a competence, nay, even reduced to an indigent state, than voluptuously rioting in pleasures that derive their source from the ruin of others.

*Mite.* Ruin! what, you, I find, adopt the popular prejudice, and conclude that every man that is rich is a villain?

*L. Old.* I only echo the voice of the public. Besides, I would wish my daughter a more solid establishment: The possessions arising from plunder very rarely are permanent; we every day see what has been treacherously and rapaciously gained, as profusely and full as rapidly squandered.

*Mite.* I am sorry, madam, to see one of your fashion, concur in the common cry of the times; but such is the gratitude of this country to those who have given it dominion and wealth.

*Thomas.* I could wish even that fact was well founded, Sir Matthew. Your riches (which perhaps too are only ideal) by introducing a general spirit of dissipation, have extinguished labour and industry, the slow, but sure source of national wealth.

*Mite.* To these refinements I have no time to reply. By one of your ladyship's hints I shall profit at least: I shall be a little more careful of the plunder I have made. Sir John Oldham, you recollect a small sum borrowed by you?

*Sir John.* I do.

*Mite.* The obligations for which are in my possession at present.

*Sir John.* I understand as much by your letter.

*Mite.* As I find there is an end of our treaty, it would be right, I think, to discharge them directly.

*Sir John.* I can't say that is quite so convenient; besides, I understood the party was to wait till the time that Jack comes of age.

*Mite.* I am told the law does not understand what is not clearly expressed. Besides, the probable event of your death, or the young gentleman's

shyness

shyness to fulfil the agreement, are enough to put a man on his guard.

*Thomas.* Now comes on the storm.

*Mite.* And, that my prudence might not suffer in that lady's opinion, I have taken some precautions which my attorney will more clearly unfold.—Mr. Rapine!

*Enter Rapine.*

You will explain this affair to Sir John: I am a military man, and quite a stranger to your legal manœuvres.

*Rap.* By command of my client, Sir Matthew, I have issued here a couple of writs.

*L. Old.* Sir John!

*Sir John.* What?

*Rap.* By one of which, plaintiff possesses the person, by t'other goods and chattels, of Sir John the defendant.

*Mite.* A definition very clear and concise!

*L. Old.* Goods, Sir? what, must I be turned out of my house?

*Rap.* No, madam; you may stay here till we sell, which perhaps mayn't happen these two days. We must, indeed, leave a few of our people, just to take care that there is nothing embezzled.

*L. Old.* A short respite, indeed! For a little

time, I dare say, my brother Oldham will afford us protection. Come, Sir John, nor let us indulge that monster's malice with a longer sight of our misery.

*Rap.* You, madam, are a wife, and may go where you please; but as to Sir John——

*L. Old.* Well!

*Rap.* He must not stir: We are answerable for the possession of him.

*L. Old.* Of him? a prisoner? then indeed is our ruin complete!

*Sophy.* Oh, uncle!—You have been pleased, Sir, to express an affection for me: Is it possible, Sir, you can be so cruel, so unkind to my parents——

*Mite.* They are unkind to themselves.

*Sophy.* Let me plead for mercy! suspend but a little!—My uncle, you, Sir, are wealthy too!—Indeed we are honest! you will not run the least risque.

*Mite.* There is a condition, Miss, in which you have a right to command.

*Sophy.* Sir!

*Mite.* It is in your power, and that of your parents, to establish one common interest amongst us.

*L. Old.* Never! after rejecting, with the contempt they deserved, the first arrogant offers you made, do you suppose this fresh insult will gain us?

*Mite.*

*Mite.* I am answered.—I presume, Mr. Rapine, there is no longer occasion for me?

*Sophy.* Stop, Sir! Mr. Oldham teaches me what I should do. Can I see their distress? Heaven knows with what eagerness I would sacrifice my own peace, my own happiness, to procure them relief! [Kneels to Sir Matthew.

*Thomas.* Rise, niece! nor hope to soften that breast, already made too callous by crimes! I have long seen, Sir, what your malice intended, and prepared myself to baffle its purpose. I am instructed, Sir, in the amount of this man's demands on my brother: You will there find a sum more than sufficient to pay it.—And now, my dear sister, I hope you will please to allow a citizen may be useful sometimes.

*Mite.* Mr. Rapine, is this manoeuvre according to law?

*Rap.* The law, Sir Matthew, always sleeps when satisfaction is made.

*Mite.* Does it? Our practice is different in the Mayor's Court at Calcutta.—I shall now make my bow; and leave this family, whom I wished to make happy in spite of themselves, soon to regret the fatal loss sustained by their obstinate folly.

*Thomas.* Nor can it be long, before the wisdom of their choice will appear; as by partaking of  
the

the spoil, they might have been involved in that vengeance, which soon or late can't fail to fall on the head of the author: And, Sir, notwithstanding your seeming security, perhaps the hour of retribution is near!

*Mite.* You must, Master Oldham, give me leave to laugh at your prophetic effusion. This is not Sparta, nor are these the chaste times of the Roman republic: Now-a-days, riches possess at least one magical power, that, being rightly dispensed, they closely conceal the source from whence they proceeded: That wisdom, I hope never to want.— I am the obsequious servant of this respectable family! Adieu!—Come along, Rapine!

[*Exit with Rapine.*]

*L. Old.* Brother, what words can I use, or how can we thank you as we ought? Sir John! Sophy!

*Thomas.* I am doubly paid, Lady Oldham, in supplying the wants of my friends, and defeating the designs of a villain. As to the mere money, we citizens indeed are odd kind of folks, and always expect good security for what we advance.

*L. Old.* Sir John's person, his fortune, every——

*Thomas.* Nay, nay, nay, upon this occasion we will not be troubled with land: If you, sister, will place as a pledge my fair cousin in the hands of my son——

*L. Old.* I freely resign her disposal to you.

*Sir*

*Sir John.* And I.

*Thomas.* Then be happy, my children! And as to my young cousins within, I hope we shall be able to settle them without Sir Matthew's assistance: For, however praiseworthy the spirit of adventure may be, whoever keeps his post, and does his duty at home, will be found to render his country best service at last! [*Exeunt.*]

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MDCCLXXVIII.



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**T**HAT the Publick may not be deceived, and the Reputation of the Author injured, by the publication of Pieces, fabricated in order to take an undue advantage of the general curiosity, the Comedy of A TRIP TO CALAIS is here printed, as originally written, and intended for representation; together with all the Alterations and Additions which the Writer thought necessary, when he afterwards produced it on the stage, under the title of THE CAPUCHIN.

DRAMATIS



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Colonel CROSBY.

O' DONNOVAN.

MINNIKIN.

KIT CODLING.

DICK DRUGGET.

LUKE LAPELLE.

GREGORY GINGHAM.

TROMFORT.

KIT CABLE.

LA JEUNESSE.

SERVANT.

Soldiers, Porters, Shoe-Blacks, &c.

Lady KITTY CROCODILE.

Miss LYDELL.

Mrs. MINNIKIN.

Mrs. CLACK.

JENNY MINNIKIN.

HETTY.

ABBESS.

NUN.



# TRIP TO CALAIS.

## A C T I.

*Scene, Hotel d'Angleterre.*

*Enter Kit Cable, Dick Drugget, and Jenny Minnikin.*

*Cable.*

**H**ARKEE, meffmate! look about! you had better bring-to in this creek! Here you will find the best moorings. The *Hotel d'Angleterre* they calls it in French; but you'll find the names of things plaguily transmogrified all along this coast.

*Dick.* They be civil people, no doubt.

*Cable.* Civil? ay, ay; if you will bring a good cargo of cash, you are welcome to anchor here as long as you list: But you will find the duties high at out-clearance; therefore take

**B**

care,

care, d'ye see, and don't run aground. I must take t'other trip to the port, for your stowage.  
[Exit.]

*Dick.* I hope by this time your sea-sickness is pretty well gone?

*Jenny.* Much mended, dear Dicky, I thank you.

*Dick.* Well, my dear Jenny, here we are, safely landed in the French country, however. And now, what's next to be done? Consider, my love, we have not a moment to lose; your father will not be long behind us, I am sure.

*Jenny.* No question of that; therefore our best way will be to get out of his power as soon as we can.

*Dick.* By what means?

*Jenny.* By the means which we came hither in search of; by being married, you know.

*Dick.* True: But how the deuce shall we procure a parson? Perhaps the man of the house may assist us: But, plague on't! I can't *parley Francee*; tho' I understand a few words here and there.

*Jenny.* But I can, Dicky, you know. What, do you think I was five years at madam Van-slopping's, the Swiss French boarding-school at Edmonton, for nothing at all?

*Dick.* True, true; I had forgot.—But I don't think

think it any mark of their manners, to let us wait here so long without asking us in. Here, house, house!

*Jenny.* Peace, Dicky! how is it possible they should know what you want?—*Maison! seignior de Terre!*

*Dick.* Who? what?

*Jenny.* *Seignior de Terre* is as much as to say Landlord in English.

*Dick.* True, true. Oh! here the man comes.

*Enter Monsieur Tromfort.*

*Tromf.* Monsieur! Mademoiselle!

*Dick.* To him, Jenny!

*Jenny.* Monsieur, nos sommes Anglois, & nous avons grand occasion d'un pretre!

*Tromf.* A quoi faire?

*Jenny.* Faire? pour nous joindre lui & moi ensemble, I think.

*Dick.* That is marriage, she and me: You understand me, Mounseer?

*Tromf.* Ah-ha! pour le mariage! tres bien; perfectly vell, Sir.

*Dick.* Gad's my life, he speaks English! how lucky we were in the choice of a house!—And what may your name be, Mounseer?

*Tromf.* Tromfort, at your ver good service.

*Dick.* Why, look'ee! Mounseer Tromfort; in

a word, our business is this: This here young gentlewoman and I——

*Jenny.* Stop, Dicky, and let me explain matters to Monsieur Tromfort; because why, I speak the language, you know.

*Dick.* But, Miss, our landlord understands English.

*Jenny.* No matter; don't contradict me, Dicky; you know I could not never bear that from a child. You must know then, Monsieur, that Mr. Matthew Minnickin, my father, is one of the most respectable pin-makers in the whole city of London; and that I am his daughter.

*Tromf.* Ah-ha! I understand; maister Minnicky, *gros marchand d'épingle? c'est tout simple.*

*Jenny.* And this here young man that you see, is Dicky Drugget, father's 'prentice at home.

*Tromf.* *Fort bien; ver vell!*

*Jenny.* Now, father being minded to provide me a husband, for fear I should otherwise provide one for myself——

*Tromf.* *Fort bien!* dat vas ver vell fancy: Pardie, monsieur Minnicky has great deal of wit!

*Jenny.* Yes, well enough; if so be that he had got me a man to my mind; but he was so undutiful as never to think of consulting of me.

*Tromf.*

*Tromf.* Oh, fy, fy, Monsieur Minicky! dat was terrible ting.

*Jenny.* Ay, was it not, Monsieur? quite monstrous, as a body may say; and so you would own, if you was to see the creature he fix'd on: Kit Codling, a fat fishmonger, hard by the 'Change. They say the man is well enough to pass in the world; one of the livery, a pretty good speechefyer, minds his shop, and is careful and sober; but, Lord, what signifies that? he has no more idera of drefs than a Dutchman; and as to cotillions, I suppose he knows as much about them as a cow.

*Tromf.* Oh, fy, fy! *Mauvaise partie*, bad partie!

*Jenny.* And so, Dicky and I being bred up together, as it were, and being a genteelish virtuous young man——

*Tromf.* Ah, vas *tres gentile*.

*Jenny.* Yes; for except lying out all night now and then, hating to be so vulgar as to stay in the shop, frequenting the tavern in search of good company, running his father in debt for his credit, and gracing his conversation with the oaths most in fashion, I don't believe the lad has a single vicé in the world.

*Tromf.* Dat is ver extraordinary!

*Jenny.* And yet you can't think what an orationing

tioning father us'd to make every day: But, between you and I, Monsieur, father and mother are but a couple of fogrum old fools; ben't they, Dicky?

*Dick.* To say truth, little better, my dear.

*Jenny.* Why, what a noise they made about my only running from school for three or four days with Monsieur Chaffon, our *maitre de dance*, just as if they thought I would never come back again; ha, ha!

*Dick.* To say truth, Mounseer, Miss Jenny amongst them had but a very bad time; for this I must confess to her face, she is the most best-temper'dest girl in the world; for let her but say and do what she pleases, and you will scarcely hear a cross word come out of her mouth in a month.

*Tromf.* *Vraiment?*

*Dick.* Then, to prove what a dutiful daughter she always has been, she constantly used to steal out to see Breslaw, the plays, and hear Signiora Gamberbelly at the opera, on purpose to prevent their being tired with her company at home.

*Tromf.* *Ver confiderate!*

*Dick.* And whenever the old folks charg'd her with doing any thing wrong, she never told them a word of truth in her life.

*gaining*

*Tromf.*

*Tromf.* No?

*Dick.* No; for fear of making her parents uneasy.

*Tromf.* Ver *aimable* indeed!

*Jenny.* Nay, Monsieur, Dicky was always very partial to me.—And so, we taking a fancy to one another, and to prevent father from exposing himself by such a ridiculous choice as Kit Codling, we agreed to give the old ones the slip, and take a little tour to the kingdom of France.

*Tromf.* *Bien imaginée!* dat vas vell imagin!

*Dick.* And so, Mounseer——

*Jenny.* Nay, Dicky, don't interrupt me, my dear!—And so, as I was a-saying, if you can contrive to procure us a marrying doctor, for I am told there are one or two who have set up in that way in this town, we shall take it, Monsieur, as a very particular favour.

*Tromf.* I shall be ver happy, *tres charmée!* to be capable to serve-a you.

*Jenny.* Vast polite! and indeed, as I have often told Dicky, the French always are so.

*Tromf.* Indeed, I have great regard for de Englis; and ven dey come over, I never refuse my protection.

*Jenny.* Mighty civil, indeed!

*Tromf.* Why, every summer dere come here

to my house a great many my lors; and I let 'em stay two, tree months, just as long as dey please.

*Dick.* What, for nothing, Mounseer?

*Tromf.* *Presque la meme chose!* almost de very same ting; dey never pay noding at all, only just for dere eating, drinking, and sleeping.

*Jenny.* How generous and noble!

*Tromf.* Yes; I always have great *penchant*, great partiality, for dose of your country. Vy, dere vas some time ago, ven my house and my good vas burn down by de fire, I never vas take noding at all from de French.

*Dick.* No?

*Tromf.* *Pas une sous*; but suffer my lors Anglois to build-a my hotel up again to dere own taste, vidout de least interruption.

*Dick.* How kind, to give that preference to us!

*Jenny.* That indeed was the very excess of good breeding!

*Tromf.* And ven dey bring over good many guinea, lumb'ring heavy great ting, I make de change vid de louis, dat vas so pretty, and as light as de cork.

*Jenny.* How disinterested!

*Tromf.* And as I know Messieurs les Anglois come here to improve demselves by travel in France, I advise dem always to stay here as

long

long as dey can, and never to tink of going home, till all dere monies be gone.

*Dick.* What a fine thing it is to get such a friend in foreign parts!

*Jenny.* True, Dicky. Well, but, Monsieur, do you think you can provide us with the party we want?

*Tromf.* *Pour la mariage?* for marry you? dere is no doubt.

*Dick.* But there is no time, Mounseer, to be lost, for we expect Miss's father and mother to follow us in the very first ship.

*Tromf.* Dere is de Doctor Coupler live just-a by, in de very next street.

*Jenny.* Then fend for him directly.

*Tromf.* Very probable he is not at home at dis time.

*Dick.* No?

*Tromf.* He commonly take de opportunity of dese dark night, to step cros de Shannel, and sup- ply his friend on t'oder side vid de brandy and tea.

*Dick.* Oh, what, I reckon, the Doctor smuggles a little?

*Tromf.* Yes, for little amusement, just *pour passer le temps*; for he is ver fond of de sea.

*Dick.* Will you enquire, Mounseer, if we can- not meet with the Doctor?

*Tromf.* *A l'instant*; dis very moment.

*Enter a very old Waiter.*

*Eh bien? La Jeunesse!* vat is de matter?

*La Jeu.* Dere is anoder vessel from Dover, just-a put into de port.

*Dick.* Is there? Then ten to one your father is in her!

*Tromf.* Dat will be ver *mal-à-propos!*

*Dick.* Hadn't I better run down to the key, and take a peep at who lands.

*Tromf.* By all mean; de very best dought in de world.

*Dick.* Stay you here, Miss; I will be back in a trice. [Exit.

*Tromf.* A ver pretty gentleman, dat Maister Druggy!

*Jenny.* Yes, Dicky is thought very well on.

*Tromf.* He has ver great head; *beaucoup de politique!*

*Jenny.* Yes, yes; he has wit enough when he will.

*Tromf.* *Ma foi,* Maister Dicky be *fort!* a ver happy man, to be sure!

*Jenny.* How so, Monsieur Tromfort?

*Tromf.* How so? *pardie,* to have engage de affection of so *aimable* a Mademoiselle.

*Jenny.* Dear me, Monsieur, and d'ye think so?

*Tromf.* *Assurement.*

*Jenny.* Really? But you French are so given to flattery!

*Tromf.*

*Tromf.* *Point de tout*, not at all! Will you permit-a me, Mademoiselle, just to have de honour to kifs-a your hand?

*Jenny.* My hand, Monsieur? what good can that do you?

*Tromf.* Ah! my God! how fine! vite as snow, and soft as de silk! Vat would I give to be dat dere Monsieur Dicky!

*Jenny.* Why, is it possible, Monsieur, that you can think me equal to your own country ladies?

*Tromf.* Ah, Mademoiselle, dere is no comparison at all in de world: Vat havock your charm would make in dis contry!

*Jenny.* I am not quite so certain of that.

*Tromf.* Dere is no doubt at all: *Pour la preuve*; De very first-a Frenchmans you vas see, is proud to drow himself at your feet.

*Jenny.* At mine? who can that be, Monsieur?

*Tromf.* *Votre tres humble*, Mademoiselle; it is *moi*, me myself.

*Jenny.* You?

*Tromf.* *Moi*. Permit-a me, Mademoiselle, to declare de force of my passion, dat burn my ver—

*Jenny.* For me? why, I have scarce been in your company a couple of minutes.

*Tromf.* Von instant is enough for your charm to make-a de conquest; de very first glance, your bright eyes shoot me quite to de heart. Ah!

how it make-a me pat, pat, pat, pat! *Fait moi l'honneur* to place-a your hand just here a my side.

*Jenny*. Here is an audacious old fop! I'll try how far the impudent puppy will go.—Why, really, Monsieur, you're so amiable, and your manners so very polite, and so civil, that if it had not been for a prior engagement, I don't know but I might be tempted to listen.

*Tromf*. Courage, Monsieur Tromfort! Stay but littel time, Maister Dicky, begar I make you a cocu before you vas marry. [*aside*.]—Engagement! vat is dat?

*Jenny*. The young man you saw here but now.

*Tromf*. Maister Dicky; ver vell?

*Jenny*. We are come over hither to marry, you know.

*Tromf*. Vy not?

*Jenny*. What, and at the same time encourage another's addressees?

*Tromf*. To be sure. *En France*, de lady always take de husband to make sure of de lover; de one *pour la politique*, de oder for de passion.

*Jenny*. Ay; but what would my countrywomen say at so very quick a——

*Jenny*. Say? ah-ha! she begin to capitulate. [*aside*.]—Say? dat you take de ver vise step. Oh, Mademoiselle, dere be many pretty my lady who vait at my hotel for de vind, dat can tell many comic storie of Monsieur Tromfort.

*Jenny*.

*Jenny.* Oh, I don't doubt it at all!—Was there ever such an impudent coxcomb!—If one did but know, indeed, the name of some of the ladies, it would be a kind of excuse.

*Tromf.* *Pardonnez moi! jamais de man of honour; never tell de name of de lady. La voici!* looky here! look at dis *plumet*; dis pretty white fedder [*shews a shabby white feather*]; dis trophy of my victory I receive from de hand of de pretty my lady.

*Jenny.* That indeed is a proof; and yet, Monsieur, it is a sort of wonder too, for you are not over young, nor, between ourselves, remarkably handsome; and besides all that, you have but one eye.

*Tromf.* Dat is true; but den consider, Mademoiselle, dat de little god Cupid has got never a vone.

*Jenny.* Right; and I believe the lady must have been near as blind as the god.

*Tromf.* Not at all. But, *ma chere* Mademoiselle, we lose time; and Maister Dicky may come back from de port. Dere is, in dis littel room, de ver pritt picter, which permit-a me to have de honour to shew you.

*Jenny.* Nay, but, Monsieur——

*Tromf.* Dere must be a littel compulsion to make de lady do vat she like [*pulls her.*] *Venez ma!*

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Hands off, you insolent ruffian!

[*Strikes him.*]

*Tromf.* *Diable!*

*Jenny.* The vanity and impudence of this fellow exceeds all the accounts I have heard of his country.

*Tromf.* By gar, for de soft hand, it is de most hard I ever vas feel!

*Jenny.* Not half so much as you merit. A pretty account you give of the English; and a fine return for all the favours you have received at their hands!

*Tromf.* *Pardie, c'est une espèce de virago.—Mais, Mademoiselle!*

*Jenny.* However, the gentleman will soon be back, and return you thanks for this piece of civility.

*Tromf.* *Mais, Mademoiselle, you vas know de mode of dis country, de littel gallantry to de pretty fine vomans.*

*Jenny.* Gallantry! what, from a fellow like you, a pitiful publican?

*Tromf.* *Diable!* publican? dat be good enough for de maker of pin.

*Jenny.* Here he comes.

*Enter Dick Drugget.*

*Dick.* Zounds, Miss, here they all be!

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* All! who?

*Dick.* Father, mother, and your aunt Clack, the milliner from out of Pall-Mall.—But, you seem flurried; there has nothing happened, I hope?

*Jenny.* Happened? that saucy Frenchman has taken such liberties!

*Dicky.* How!—Zounds, Sir, how dare you—

*Tromf.* Monsieur Dicky—

*Jenny.* Nay, the fellow is only fit to be laughed at: Besides, at present we want him.—Harkee, Monsieur, if you wish to have your folly forgot, and not be exposed, as you richly deserve, you must immediately lend your assistance.

*Tromf.* *Vid plaisir.*

*Jenny.* Where can I conceal myself from my angry relations?

*Tromf.* Dere is but littel time for to tink. Ah-ha! I have it. I vill dis instant put you into de *couvent*, vere my sifter is nun.

*Jenny.* But they will soon find me out, and force me from them.

*Tromf.* You must pretend to have de grand inclination to become de bon catolick.

*Jenny.* And will that do?

*Tromf.* Never fear! Mademoiselle *est bien riche*, and de French priest never give up de convert ven she have got great deal of guinée, *jamais*.

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* In the mean time, what is to become of my friend?

*Tromf.* De best way for Maister Dicky is to take de littel trip to Dunkirk or Boulogne, 'till matters be settle.

*Jenny.* May I venture, Monsieur, to trust myself in your hands?

*Tromf.* By gar, Mademoiselle, dere is more danger from your hand dan from mine!

*Jenny.* We English, Monsieur, are an odd sort of people; it is near as dangerous to provoke our women as men.

*Tromf.* By gar, I believe so. No, no; *l'affair est faite*; I have done.—*Ma femme*, mylittel wife, shall conduct Mademoiselle—*La Jeunesse!* [*Calls.*]

*Enter La Jeunesse.*

*La Jeu.* Monsieur?

*Tromf.* Go to my wife; tell her to take Mademoiselle to de *couvent*, and leave her dere vid my sifter. After dinner, I vill bring you de news to de grate.

*Jenny.* Well, Dicky, adieu! expect to hear from me soon.

*Dick.* Be as quick as you will, I shall think it an age. Dearest Jenny, farewell! [*Exit.*]

*Tromf.* *Jusque à revoir*, Mademoiselle!

*Jenny.* Servant, Monsieur Tromfort!

*Tromf.*

*Tromf.* *Ma foi*, Mademoiselle be a great littel fool, to prefer Monsieur Dicky to such anoder as me. By gar, de Englis voman have no judgment at all! she vill repent by-and-by; more pity for she!—*La Jeunesse!*

*Enter La Jeunesse.*

Have you sent dose bag of guinea to Dunkirk, to be melt?

*La Jeu.* *Oui, Monsieur.*

*Tromf.* Ver vell. [*Exit La Jeunesse.*]—*Après tout* Messieurs *l'Anglois*, all de Englis people, be ver great fool, to come here, spend dere money, in searsh after vat dey never will find! to shange dere roasta beef and pudding, for our rotten ragout; see de comedy, de play, dey don't comprehend; talk vid de people dey don't underst and; *tant mieux!* so much de better! In ver few year, I shut up my hotel, set up my coach, my carosse, and call myself monsieur le marquis de Guinea, in compliment to Messieurs *l'Anglois*; ver pritt title, by gar! ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

*Enter La Jeunesse, Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, and Kit Codling.*

*Mrs. Min.* This unnatural hussy, to run thus

D

away

away from her parents! and into foreign parts, as they say, amongst Pagans and Papiſts, and a parcel of—And here we have been toſs'd and tumbled about, that I don't know whether I ſtand upon my head or my heels.

*Min.* And then that lanthorn-jaw'd hound at the gate, to ſeize my tobacco-box! and I'll be ſworn there was not a couple of pipe-fulls.

*Mrs. Min.* Ay, ay, poor toads, they are glad to get hold of any thing they can get. Well, if I once more ſet ſight of old Powl's, if ever they get me below Bridge again, unleſs a-pleaſuring, perhaps, during the ſummer, in a hoy to Margate—Pray, ſon Codling, how long were we in failing over the ſea?

*Codl.* I can tell you, madam Minnikin, exact to a minute; becauſe why, I have promis'd neighbour Index, the printer, to make obſervations on all the ſtrange things that I ſee, that he may print them next time, 'long with his Six Weeks Tour to the Continent. Let's ſee; here is my Journal: [*reads*] “ June the 10th, em-  
 “ barked at ſeven in the morning, at Dover,  
 “ aboard the Mercury, vind South and by Eaſt;  
 “ nine o'clock, vind weer a little to the Veſt;  
 “ ſhell'd half a buſhel of peas; eleven o'clock,  
 “ vind ditto, eat ditto; twelve and half, pluck'd  
 “ a couple

“ a couple of fowls; very odd to see how the  
 “ vind blew the feathers about; *nota bene*, fea-  
 “ thers will swim in the salt sea.”

*Min.* Vast curious observations, indeed!

*Mrs. Min.* Nay, I always said, son Codling had a good head of his own. Why, Matthew Minnikin, if he goes on but as he begun, I don't know but his'n may be as useful as many of the Voyages that have been printed of late.

*Min.* Ay, Margery, if he could but get some strange beastesses, or carry home a foreign savage or two, for a show.

*Mrs. Min.* But go on, son Codling, I beg!

*Codl.* “ Two o'clock, road beginning to be  
 “ consumedly rough, was so much jolted, that  
 “ I could not write any more.”

*Mrs. Min.* Write? I'm sure I was not able to stand; so they popp'd me into a hole in the wall, I think they call'd it a *cabin*; Lord bless us, 'twas more liker a coffin!

*Clack.* The sea has been rather rumbustious, I own; but then, sister, the land makes us ample amends.

*Mrs. Min.* Amends! in what way?

*Clack.* Bless me, sister, how can you ask? I profess I feel myself quite a different person: The people here are all so gay, and well-bred! Did not you observe, when I accidentally

sneez'd, how politely all the people pull'd off their hats?

*Mrs. Min.* Pshaw! what signifies their grins and grimaces, their scrapes and congees? do you, sister, seriously think, that the French folks are more cleverer than we?

*Clack.* Ridiculous! is there a mortal can doubt it? Why, without their assistance, how should we be able to dress ourselves, or our victuals? And then, as to cleverness, did you observe those little children, as we came up from the key?

*Mrs. Min.* Yes; and to my thinking, I never saw such a parcel of brown brats in my life.

*Clack.* I declare I was ashamed, quite blush'd for my country, to hear mere infants, quite babies, as I may say, sputter French, more freer and glibber than your daughter Jane, who has had a French master these five years.

*Mrs. Min.* That's true, I must own; but then I don't find that they be more cuter to get our lingo, than we to learn theirs.

*Clack.* Because why, they think it beneath them.

*Mrs. Min.* Who the deuce be all these?

*Enter several Porters with small parcels.*

*La Feu.* De porter from de custom-house, along vid your baggage.

*Exit.*

*Codl.* Baggage? zooks, any one of these might have carried it all.

*Clack.* Ay! there, there, brother, you have another proof of their breeding; all of them eager to be useful to strangers.

*Min.* Yes, pox take them, in hopes, I suppose, of being handsomely paid.—Well, Monfieurs, how much are you to have?

*Clack.* Fy, Mr. Minnikin! don't expose your meanness, the moment you are landed.—Monfieur, you will satisfy these gentlemen for the trouble they have taken. And, Mr. Codling, do try and get us a good room, if you can.

*La Feu. Venez ici!*

[*Exeunt Porters, bowing and scraping.*]

*Min.* Hey-day! who the deuce have we here?

*Mrs. Min.* As I live, a couple of shoe-blacks, with muffs and bag-wigs!

*Enter Shoe-blacks, who bow with great ceremony, and take snuff.*

*Min.* There, there, Margery! dost thou see? mark their smirking, bowing and sneezing!

*Clack.* Ay, sister Minnikin, there! you see how courteous and civil the very lowest people are here: Shew me a shopkeeper, in  
your

your whole ward, that can do his honours so well! See how politely they offer their snuff to each other; and look! if the sweet little creatures are not set down to cards on their stools!

*Min.* Yes, yes; I see well enough.

*Clack.* Not like our vulgar fellows, at Putt or All-fours, but a party at Piquet, I'll be sworn!

*Enter La Jeunesse, Luke Lapelle, and Gregory Gingham.*

*La Jeu.* Dis vay, my lor! one, two, dree step; take care-a, my lor!

*Mrs. Min.* Bless me, my dear, if here a'n't Mr. Lappelle, from Bond-Street! and neighbour Gingham, as sure as a gun! fresh from Paris, I warrant.

*Min.* Well met, neighbour Gingham! What, you've been fetching home fashions, I reckon?

*Ging.* Hush, Master Minnikin! there is no need to make proclamation in foreign parts, of what business we be.

*Clack.* Brother Minnikin's tongue will now-and-then run too fast for his wit.

*Min.* Nay, I said nothing, I am sure.

*Lap.* Excuse moi, Monsieur Minnikin! you mentioned

mentioned fetching of fashions; and that, as the French say, was *tantaramount* to calling us tailors.

*Clack.* The very same thing.

*Min.* Why, sure, Gregory Gingham, thee be'st not ashamed of thy calling, be'st?

*Ging.* That is another man's matter, you knows: How is it our fault, (d'ye mind me?) if the French folks will take us for lords? They saw something in us that was above the vulgar, I reckon.

*Mrs. Min.* Nay, for the matter of that, Matthew, it is at worst but being quit with Mounseer; for, I'll be sworn, there are many of their Counts and Marquisses that comes over to us, (aye, and are received by the best quality too, at their tables) who, if the truth was known, are little better than tailors at home.

*Codl.* Right! well said, Madam Minnikin! With this odds in their favour, (plague take 'em!) that them there fellows make a good hand and profit by their pride and presumption; whilst our foolish folks are forced to pay pretty high fees for their titles. I reckon, your *lordships* were swingingly fous'd on the road?

*Ging.* To say truth, the bills did mount pretty high,

high, and we did not chuse to chaffer with them, because why, we wa'n't willing to bring a disgrace on our dignity.

*Clack.* Wisely done, for the honour of England!

*Codl.* Honour? I can't say that ever I heard that Old England received much honour from tailors; unless, indeed, when they lifted in Elliot's Light-horse.

*Lap.* That may be the case, Master Minnikin, with those of the trade who live in the city; but I would have you to know, the knights of the needle are another sort of people at our end of the town.

*Clack.* Doubtless.

*Lap.* It is not in the fashions only that we take the lead; we rule likewise over the *Belles Lettres*, as the French call them.

*Min.* How?

*Lap.* Give laws to the drama; damn a play when we please; or hiss an actor off the stage, when we take a dislike to the rascal.

*Codl.* Ay? it is the first I ever heard of a tailor's goose hissing!

*Lap.* Yes, yes; why, I myself, at the head of my journeymen, have more than once played the part of THE PUBLICK.

*Min.* You surprize me!

*Lap.*

*Lap.* And am known, at all our houses of call, by the name of *Tom Town*.

*Clack.* Mr. Lapelle, you are but losing your labour: Honest good sort of people enough; but mere cits, quite ignorant of what is going on in the world!

*Lap.* Yes, yes, they look of that cut; not of the right stuff, as the French say, to make *bucks desprits* on.

*Clack.* And pray what news is stirring in Paris?

*Lap.* *Tojours* gay, as the French say, Mrs. Clack.

*Mrs. Min.* I reckon there be powers of our country folks there.

*Lap.* I suppose so; for I saw a good many aukward people, as they say, *à la comedy*, and at the *Coloffus*; but I chose to avoid them.

*Mrs. Min.* And why so?

*Codl.* I reckon there were some of his masters amongst them; and it would not have been decent to be too forward, for a tradesman, like he.

*Lap.* *Pardonnez moi!* that was not it; it is always the rule with me, when I travels, to avoid *les Anglois*, as the French say, the English, as much as I can.

*Codl.* I reckon the French, as they don't know his trade, are more politer and civil.

*Lap.* No; there's a roughness, a *bourgoisfy*,

## 26 A TRIP TO CALAIS.

about our barbarians, that is not at all to my taste; not a bit, as the French say, to my *gout*.

*Clack*. I don't wonder at it. I hope you left the royal family all in good health.

*Lap*. Yes; Mr. *le Roi*, as the French say, looked pretty jolly; and I was at his grand *couvert*, and *cowshoe* a-Sunday: His majesty looked at me very hard.

*Clack*. Indeed?

*Mrs. Min*. Ay; wondering, I suppose, how such a one as he could contrive to get in.

*Lap*. This relation of yours, Mrs. Clack, is but a low kind of a body.—No, no, Mrs. Minikin, his majesty and I have been acquainted, many a time and oft have I been at court, when he was only the *dolphin*.

*Clack*. Pray, how long, Mr. Lapelle, was you coming from Paris?

*Lap*. Two days and a night.

*Clack*. Are the accommodations good upon the road?

*Lap*. Their horses, their *chevauxes*, as the French call them, are not quite so nimble as our'n; but then, to make amends, like the French, I *courier* the post, without stopping; unless, perhaps, to take a slight *repas* of a bit of *jambun*, or a *hamlet*.

*Min*. But how do you like your jaunt,  
neighbour

neighbour Gingham? You are rather silent, I think.

*Lap.* This, you know, is only Gingham's first trip: Besides, to like Paris, a man must *parle vous* in perfection; speak their lingor perfectly well.

*Ging.* For the matter of that, master Lapelle, the postilions did not seem to take very readily all that you said on the road.

*Lap.* Them there fellows! how should they? mere country bumpkins! little better, as we say in French, than a parcel of *pheasants*!

*Clack.* Ay, hogs, I suppose, like our own.

*Lap.* True, Mrs. Clack; quite *corochans*, as we say.

*Mrs. Min.* Have they pretty good victuals in these parts, neighbour Gingham?

*Ging.* Victuals? soup, that tasted as if wrung from a dish-clout, and rags stewed in vinegar, are all the victuals I have seen.

*Lap.* Ah! poor Gingham has a true English stomach; nothing will do but substantial; he has no taste for *ragoutes*, *intermeats*, and *rottis*.

*Ging.* Nay, you know, at the last town, my wife fished out a large piece of blue apron, upon the top of her fork.

*Mrs. Min.* What! did Mrs. Gingham come with you?

*Ging.* Yes; and is about as well pleased as myself.

*Mrs. Min.* Where is she?

*Ging.* In a room hard-by, with Mrs. Lapelle.

*Lap.* How often have I cautioned you not to give her that name here in France? suppose any of the people should hear you!

*Clack.* What, then, I suppose it is not Mrs. Lapelle, that is, your real wife, that is with you?

*Lap.* Yes, yes; but you know nothing can be so vulgar in France, as voyaging about with one's wife; so I make her pass for my mistress, and always calls her *Mademoiselle*.

*Clack.* And she fares never the worse, I'll be sworn.

*Lap.* *Au contraire*, as they say; besides, it is the onliest method to keep her to one's self.

*Mrs. Min.* How so?

*Lap.* No Frenchman scruples to make love to a wife; because why, 'tis not the fashion for the husband to care a farthing about her; but to seduce a man's mistress, that he is imagined to love, is a crime that is never forgiven.

*Clack.* Lord, Mr. Lapelle, we are like the French in a great many things.

*Lap.* Yes, we endeavour; and, to say truth, improve every day in our morals.

*Clack.* But mayn't we join the ladies within?

*Lap.*

*Lap.* By all means—but mind the caution I gave!—Yes; Mademoiselle and I by accident picked up Gingham and wife. We met them in the *Fauxbourg* of *St. German*; and as we were to set out about the same time, we thought it would be, as the French say, for us four to come to Calais together, an agreeable *tête-à-tête* on the road.

*Clack.* Well, I should like vastly to see Paris before my return; but the journey is so very expensive! cost a world of money, no doubt?

*Lap.* Why, as I know how to manage, not altogether so much: It is true, we paid our bills like lords, on the road; but it shall go hard, Mrs. Clack, if I don't make the real lords refund, when I send in their bills.

*Clack.* All the reason in life.

*Lap.* This, with a good cargo of lace conveyed by Mademoiselle, and some rich suits that I know how to smuggle safely to Dover, will, I should think, carry me scot-free to Bond-Street.—But, pray, what brings all your family?

*Clack.* We will inform you within.

*Lap.* Gingham, you will escort Mrs. Minnikin? Mrs. Clack, as the French say, will you accept of my *brass*? [Exeunt, with ceremony.]

## A C T II.

*A French Apartment.*

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin and Mrs. Clack.*

*Mrs. Minnikin.*

**I** TELL you, Matthew, it is all a purtence, merely to keep out of our hands! Why, what should she do in a convent?

*Min.* Mayhap, Margery, she may take it in her head to turn nun.

*Mrs. Min.* Lord, Matthew, how can't think of any such a thing? She nun! no, no; she's more likely by half to bring people into the world, than to take any one out on't. What say you, sifter Clack?

*Clack.* I am pretty much of your mind, I must confess; but we shall know more of the matter when Kit Codling comes back.

*Min.* D'ye think they'll permit'n to see her?

*Mrs. Min.* That, I suppose, will depend on herself. Oh, here comes Mr. Codling.

*Enter Codling.*

Well, son, what news from the runagate? have you seen her?

*Codl.*

*Codl.* Not I: They first shew'd me up to a room with iron rails at one end, like a begging-grate; and upon ringing the bell, there popped out of t'other side the bars an old gentlewoman, drest in a blanket, with a black handkerchief over her head.

*Mrs. Min.* Yes; I have heard the Papishes have such dresses amongst them: Who was she?

*Codl.* I took her to be one of the clargywomen that belong to the place. I asked, if they had veigled one Miss Minnikin into their clutches, in hopes to make her a Papish: At the word *veigled*, the old woman turn'd up the whites of her eyes, and with her hands cross her stomach, like a child that is saying her catechise, made a jaculation; I fancy, in the outlandish tongue; upon which, I told her to let me have none on her hypocrisy canting, but to answer direct to my questions.

*Clack.* How rude! it was lucky she did not understand you.

*Codl.* Understand me? yes, as well as you do: Pho, mun, they be all Englishwomen that be locked up in that church. She owned that Miss Jenny was there.

*Mrs. Min.* She did?

*Codl.* Then I asked if I could not change a few words with her, by way of a little discourse; they

they said no, because why, Miss was out of order at present.

*Min.* A pretence; nothing else.

*Codl.* So I reckon. Then I desired the gentlewoman to open the hatch, and let me in doors to see her, for I had a word or two for her private ear from her parents; upon that, the old gossop set up such a grumbling, called me profligate harrytick, and wondered I could be so empiety to think they ever suffered a man to enter their doors; 'pon that, I told her, that if none of her complishes were more handsome than she, ecod they might open their doors without any great danger; ha, ha! this made the old one as mad as the deuce!

*Clack.* I tould you what would happen, if you sent such a rough creature as he.

*Codl.* No; we grew more milder at last; and she offer'd to shew her, if her father and mother would come.

*Mrs. Min.* Then, Matthew, let us go to her this instant! Son Codling will shew us the way.

*Codl.* For the matter of that, I don't believe you will speed much better than me.

*Clack.* And why not?

*Codl.* When I ask'd her, if as how she thought Jenny had serussy a mind to turn to their way, she said she didn't make the least doubt on't; for

for that Miss had all the true outward and visible signs of an inward vacation.

*Mrs. Min.* Who have we here?

*Enter Father O'Donovan, a Capuchin.*

*Codl.* I don't know; a mountebank, I reckon; or mayhap a man that shews sleight of hand.

*O'Don.* Save you, good jontlemen!

*Mrs. Min.* No, no; it is an Englishman, I know by his tongue.—Well, friend, who and what are you?

*O'Don.* Plaife you, I am a poor Capuchin, that belongs to this convent here in the town.

*Codl.* Capuchin? and pray, honest friend, what trade is that in the French?

*O'Don.* Trade! the devil a bit of a trade that it is: By my shoul, if I had a mind to be of a trade, do you think I would have quitted my haymaking in England?

*Mrs. Min.* What is it, then, that you follow?

*O'Don.* It is a kind of profession, my dear.

*Mrs. Min.* A profession!

*O'Don.* Ay; we makes professions of poverty, that we may be sure to want for nothing as long as we live.

*Codl.* And how do you get what you want?

*O'Don.* By asking it from those that can give it.

*Codl.* Godso! then you are a beggar, I fancy.

*O'Don.* Who? a beggar? what the divil put that in your head?

*Mrs. Min.* What d'ye call yourself else?

*O'Don.* I am only a mendicant, honey.

*Codl.* I wonders you prefer so idle a life.

*O'Don.* And why so? d'ye think that I would not rather that other people should work for me, than work for myself? not that I should mind working neither, but only becaafe it is so very laborious.

*Mrs. Min.* And are folks now very charitable in this here part of the world?

*O'Don.* Charitable! the devil of any charity's in it: It is, honey, a Christian kind of a bargain, struck up among us, I think.

*Clack.* A bargain?

*O'Don.* Ay; whilst they work for us, we pray for them; they take care of our bodies, and, in return, my dear, we take care of their shouls.

*Codl.* Souls! never stir, father, if this ben't one of their friars!

*Mrs. Min.* Sure as can be, son Codling has hit it. Who can tell, husband, as he is our countryman, and one of the gang, but, for a little spill of money, he may put us in a way to get our daughter out of their clutches?

*Min.*

*Min.* It is but trying, however.

*Mrs. Min.* And pray, good Sir, by what name may we call you?

*O'Don.* Father O'Donnovan, at your humble service.

*Mrs. Min.* Will you do us the favour to step a little this way?—Son Codling, have a look-out, that we ben't interrupted.—Why, you must know, that a daughter of ours has run away from her friends, and *voluns, noluns*, taken shelter here in a cloister.

*O'Don.* Run away from her friends? By my shoul, that was very foolishly done!

*Mrs. Min.* Now if you could put us in a way, by hook or by crook, to get her out of the convent——

*O'Don.* Me? what, me? to get a parson out of a convent?

*Mrs. Min.* If you would be so kind to assist——

*O'Don.* Fy! consider, woman, what you are asking.

*Min.* Nay, Sir!

*O'Don.* Upon my conscience, here is one of the most blackest conspiracies broke out against Popery, since gunpowder-treason.

*Mrs. Min.* Patience, sweet Sir!

*O'Don.* To tempt one of my order to be guilty of sacredness!

*Mrs. Min.* Indeed, good Sir, I had no such thing in my head.

*O'Don.* Pace, woman! What is it better than sacredness, to break into a convent, and take any cratur out by compulsion?

*Mrs. Min.* But, Sir——

*O'Don.* I tell you, even to force a young woman from thence, that is willing to lave it, is one of the biggest robberies that can be committed.

*Mrs. Min.* My dear——

*O'Don.* And, to extenuate the matter, here is a dutiful poor young body, that flies from her parents, and takes refuge in the arms of the church——

*Mrs. Min.* Hear me a word, reverend Sir!

*O'Don.* We shall see what the Commandant will say to this business! Take my word for it, my friends, you will be all saaz'd in an instant, and locked up in prison aboard the gallies for the rest of your lives.

*Mrs. Min.* Mercy on us!—Sister Clack, try if you can't mollify his choler a little, or we shall be clap'd up in the quision directly.

*Clack.* Can you, reverend Sir, be so cruel to your country-folks here——

*O'Don.* Pace, woman!

*Clack.* Indeed they had no bad intentions; they only wanted to ask your reverence's  
advice,

advice, and meant to leave a small sum in your hands——

*O'Don.* Sum? do you main to insult me? Don't you know, woman, that we must never touch money?

*Clack.* To bestow upon poor objects that want it; but, if so be your reverence is forbidden to touch it, why, to be sure, we won't dare to——

*O'Don.* Why, lookee, mistress; to handle money is against the rules of our order, which we dare not break through: If, indeed, it was put into a purse, why, there would be no occasion, d'ye see, for me to touch it.

*Clack.* Brother Minnikin, have you ever a purse?

*Mrs. Min.* Here, here is mine, sister Clack.

*O'Don.* Why, as you saam to be well-disposed people, and only want a little wholesome advice; why, that, d'ye see, may alter the case.

*Mrs. Min.* Nothing else, indeed, reverend Sir.

*O'Don.* Why, d'ye mind me, it would not be dacent for me to stir in this matter; becaase why, as we are monks, you know, it is our duty to bring over and pervert as many shouls as we can.

*Mrs. Min.* True, reverend Sir; but there is  
nothing

nothing of that in the matter; the girl, Heaven knows, has no more mind to be preverted than any of us.

*O'Don.* How! more shame for her! but may I believe you?

*Mrs. Min.* All a pretence, nothing else; she is run away with an idle 'prentice of ours, to avoid that young man there before you.

*O'Don.* Have you brought with you no letters of recommendation to any strangers of your acquaintance, that live in this town?

*Mrs. Min.* We know no mortal; we have not been landed an hour.

*O'Don.* Because a little interest in this case would go a great way; not but there are some of our own country folks, that live here in great credit: Perhaps you may have known them at home.

*Mrs. Min.* Does your reverence remember their names?

*O'Don.* There is Mr. Mac-Rappum, that lives in the Square, one of the best-natured craturers alive: He got the jail-distemper, by attending his own trial at the Old-Bailey.

*Mrs. Min.* Poor gentleman!

*O'Don.* So the judge advised him to try for seven years the air of America.

*Mrs. Min.* And did he reap any benefit?

*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* He has put off the jaunt for awhile.

*Mrs. Min.* Why so?

*O'Don.* I don't know; they talk that that place is all in combustion at present; so being a peaceable man, he chose to be set down here in his way.

*Mrs. Min.* Dost know him, Matthew?

*Min.* Not I.

*O'Don.* Then there is one 'Squire Copywell, that is but lately come over; a very fatigous, humourfome man: He laid a bet with a frind of his, out of fun, that he would draw a bill in the hand-writing of Sir Timothy Tradewell, so like that the banker should pay it without hesitation.

*Mrs. Min.* And did he?

*O'Don.* You may say that: But, when they come to find out the mistake, the banker, being a crusty dull fellow, and not understanding a joke, talked of going to law with the 'squire.

*Mrs. Min.* Lord bless us! how could they—

*O'Don.* Nay, I don't know, my shoul; them there English have some strange maxims amongst them; so the 'squire, not caring to throw away his money to lawyers, chose to come and live here, rather than make any more words of the matter.

*Clack.*

*Clack.* I'd have done the very same thing, had I been the 'squire.

*O'Don.* Nay, for the matter of that, you have no more manners than morality among you in England.

*Mrs. Min.* How, reverend Sir! I thought we was remarkable for——

*O'Don.* Pace, woman, and hold your pallaver! Was there ever such ill breeding as Lord Constant's to Sir Henry Hornbeam, that lives hard-by here at Ardres.

*Clack.* Indeed, I never heard nothing about it.

*O'Don.* My lord was obligated to go about his affairs into the North for a month, and left his disconsolate lady behind him in London.

*Mrs. Min.* Poor gentlewoman!

*O'Don.* Upon which, his friend Sir Henry used to go and stay there all the day, to amuse and divert her.

*Mrs. Min.* How good-natured that was in Sir Henry!

*O'Don.* Nay, he carried his friendship much further than that; for my lady, as there was many highwaymen and footpads about, was afraid that some of them would break into the house, and so desired Sir Henry to lie there every night.

*Mrs. Min.* Good soul! and he did, I dare say?

*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* To be sure: There is not a more politer man in the world. So, hearing in the middle of the night a little noise below stairs, he run'd down to see what was the matter; finding all safe, in coming up again, he chanced to make a little mistake.

*Mrs. Min.* How so?

*O'Don.* Instead of going to his own bed, he stepped into my lady's.

*Clack.* That might happen very well, in the dark.

*O'Don.* And there falling asleep, never once found out his mistake 'till the maid came up in the morning.

*Clack.* He must have been vastly surprized, to be sure.

*Mrs. Min.* And, I warrant me, so was my lady.

*O'Don.* Without doubt. But now comes the upshot of all: I reckon, you suppose my lord thought himself much obliged to Sir Henry?

*Clack.* To be sure.

*O'Don.* Not he, by my shoul! nay, more worfer than that, he had the ill manners to bring an action against him.

*Clack.* What, after Sir Harry had told him the story?

*O'Don.* Ay, and my lady likewise; so it must be

true, as you know, becaafe why, they could not both be miftaken.

*Clack.* There was no danger of that.

*O'Don.* So, Sir Harry, not chufing to live any longer amongft fuch under-bred people, has fettled here for his life.

*Clack.* Why, as there is fo much good company, it must be vaft agreeable living here, I fhould think.

*O'Don.* You may fay that; and indeed this place is fo pleafant, that every day one ingenious parfon or other comes over to live. Upon my fhoul, among ourfelves, I belave the folks on your fide the water begin to grow a little iealous.

*Clack.* No wonder.

*O'Don.* Infomuch, that they have made application to the magiftrates here to fend fome of them forcibly back.

*Mrs. Min.* But I dare fay the French were more politer than that.

*O'Don.* To be fure. Indeed, out of compaffion, they have compelled three or four that were poor to return; becaafe why, it couldn't be very agreeable to them, you know, to live here without money.

*Mrs. Min.* To be fure.

*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* And then, the English are indulged in the free exercise of their religion.

*Mrs. Min.* Oh, then they go to church?

*O'Don.* No, no; if they find 'em preaching or praying, they hang up the minister, and send the congregation all to the gallies.

*Mrs. Min.* Dost hear that, Matthew Minnikin?

*O'Don.* So now, as I was a-telling, if you can get any frind to speak to the——Boo-boo-boo! upon my shoul, I had like to have forgot the most materialist parson of all: Does any of you know Lady Kitty Crocodile?

*Clack.* Lady Kitty! nobody better; I have had the honour of working for her ladyship this many years.

*O'Don.* Then your business will be done in a trice. Between ourselves, the ladies always rule the roast in this part of the world.

*Clack.* I dare believe her ladyship will be very willing to serve us.

*O'Don.* I don't doubt it at all; she is one of the most worthiest women alive: She couldn't bear to stay in England after the death of her husband, every thing there put her so much in mind of her loss. Why, if she met by accident with one of his boots, it always set her a-crying; indeed, the poor gentlewoman was a perfect Niobe.

*Clack.* Indeed, I found her ladyship in a very incontionable way, when I waited on her upon the mournful occasion. Indeed, she was rather more chearful when she tried on her weeds; and no wonder, for it is a dress vastly becoming, especially to people inclined to be fat. But I was in hopes, by this time she had got over her griefs.

*O'Don.* Not at all, indeed. Indeed, with the French she is sasionous and pleasant enough; but she no sooner sets sight on any thing English, than the tears burst out like a whirlwind.

*Clack.* Then, if we can do without it, we won't trouble her ladyship.

*Mrs. Min.* True; we will first try, sister, what we can do at the convent.

*O'Don.* By all means: And, d'ye hear, you need not mention any thing about the purse; you understand me?

*Clack.* Oh, father, you need not fear us.

*O'Don.* Nay, it is not for that; but becaase one's charity, you know, should be private; and therefore, to devulge it would take away most of the merit. [Exit.

*Clack.* True, true. What's next to be done?

*Mrs. Min.* Why, we had best go after the wench to the convent.

*Clack.*

*Clack.* But take care what you say! you see what a hobble we had like to have got into.

*Mrs. Min.* Never you fear; I warrant, I know how to behave myself. [Exeunt.

*Scene, a Convent.*

*Enter Abbess and Jenny.*

*Abbess.* Only, daughter, consider to what temptation you are exposed in the world.

*Jenny.* The more merit, mother, then in me, to resist them.

*Abbess.* Attacked by enemies from every quarter.

*Jenny.* I am a girl of spirit, mother, and am determined to face them.

*Abbess.* But they will be too powerful, child, for you to resist.

*Jenny.* Then, like abler officers, I must surrender. I suppose there will be no danger of their refusing me quarter.

*Abbess.* Daughter, daughter, I am afraid your affections are carnal.

*Jenny.* Mother, mother, they are like other girls of my age.

*Abbess.* Why won't you accept a spiritual spouse?

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Because I have found one of flesh and blood much more to my mind.

*Abbess.* Consider, that is a union that will continue for ever.

*Jenny.* And do you call that a recommendation, good mother?

*Abbess.* The other, child, must be finally dissolved by death.

*Jenny.* Like many of my countrywomen, perhaps, I mayn't have patience to tarry altogether so long. But come, mother, I can, I believe, give good guesses at your meaning: You have a notion that I should bring a pretty good fortune to this spouse of your recommendation?

*Abbess.* True, daughter.

*Jenny.* To which, as I never heard of any children produced by this unaccountable union, you will succeed? Now I must tell you, I ha'n't a farthing of fortune.

*Abbess.* Daughter?

*Jenny.* I am entirely dependant upon father, who, I am positively sure, won't part with a farthing to you. He give any thing to your church, as you call it? why, he's never so happy as when he can rob our own vicar at home of his dues.

*Abbess.* What, daughter, have you no separate portion?

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Not a doit.

*Abbess.* And your father so fixed an heretic as you have described him?

*Jenny.* Hates a Papish worser than poison.

*Abbess.* Well, child, as I find you have no immediate call to the veil, I shall at this time press it no further: Your best way will, I think, be to return to your father.

*Jenny.* Not quite so soon, if you please. I have told you what induced me to leave him; now, if you will screen me from his pursuit, 'till I can otherwise dispose of myself, tho' I am not rich, I have a few guineas here that will thank you.

*Abbess.* Why, as the compelling a daughter to marry is a profanation of one of our sacraments, I am bound in duty, if I can, to prevent it.

*Jenny.* Is it? gad, I like that part of your creed well enough.

*Enter a Nun.*

*Nun.* The father and mother of that amiable child are now at the grate.

*Jenny.* Lord, good mother, what shall I do?

*Abbess.* Let them know, she shall attend them directly. [Exit Nun.]

*Jenny.* How, mother!

*Abbess.*

*Abbess.* Fear nothing! if they insist on the taking you hence, urge an affection you feel for our faith, and that you wish to wait here for our ghostly instructions; in such a case, this is a secure sanctuary from the secular arm.

*Jenny.* I understand you, good mother. [*Exe.*

*Scene, the Grate.*

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, and Codling.*

*Min.* This jade is the plague of our lives!

*Mrs. Min.* Peace, Matthew! by rough means we shall gain nothing, I am sure; let us try what a little mollification will do. Son Codling, keep out of sight, if you please.

*Enter the Abbess and Jenny.*

*Abbess.* This, I presume, is the person you want.

*Mrs. Min.* Yes, Mistress, this is the party, indeed.—So, Jenny, how could you be so naughty, child, to run away from your father and me?

*Min.* Yes, and to consort with a parcel of Pap——

*Mrs. Min.* Peace, Matthew! there be good and bad of all sorts, as they say.

*Min.*

*Min.* True; and I warrant her she'll make choice of the worst.

*Mrs. Min.* Well, but, come, Matthew, it is never too late to repent.

*Clack.* True, sister; and I dare say, my niece is ready to return back with us, and will do every thing we can desire her.

*Jenny.* I am sensible of the respect and duty I owe to my parents——

*Mrs. Min.* Very well said, child! it is a long lane that has no turning.

*Jenny.* And shall always be ready to obey their commands.

*Min.* Do you hear, Mistress? then open the doors, and let her come out.

*Jenny.* Pardon me, Sir; that cannot be.

*Min.* Why not?

*Jenny.* Because a much more important duty detains me.

*Min.* And pray what pretty duty may that be?

*Jenny.* This pious and reverend lady will tell you.

*Min.* Come, mistress, let us have it then.

*Abbes.* Your daughter, son, by a miraculous operation, has had her eyes opened to the perilous paths in which she was straying.

*Min.* Yes, yes, she has wandered long enough, to be sure.

*Abbess.* And has begged our advice to direct her in the right road.

*Min.* And if she takes it, it will be the first time in her life.

*Abbess.* Say not so, son; you are too rash in your judgment.

*Min.* To come to the proof, will she marry the young man we have provided?

*Abbess.* She has provided a better match for herself.

*Min.* The devil she has! what, a 'prentice-boy that wants two years to be out of his time?

*Abbess.* Son, I don't comprehend you.

*Min.* Dick Drugget, I mean; as arrant a scape-grace——

*Abbess.* Son, I know no such person as Drugget.

*Min.* What, he has chang'd his name, I suppose, since he came over! like enough.

*Abbess.* Son, we err, I believe, as to the person; the spouse your daughter wishes to wed, is Saint Francis.

*Min.* Saint Francis! who the devil is he? what, has she pick'd up a Frenchman already? like enough: But if that be the case, Mistress, you may give my service to Mr. Saint Francis, and tell him he shall never touch a single penny of mine as long as he lives.

*Abbess.*

*Abbess.* Saint Francis stands in need of no fortune.

*Min.* He is so rich? so much the better for he. And you may over and above tell him, notwithstanding she looks so demure, that he could not have met with such a headstrong, obstinate, peremptory vixen, if he had searched all the country round.

*Abbess.* Saint Francis will, notwithstanding, cherish the dear child in his bosom.

*Min.* Will he? then, if the dear child don't kick his guts out in less than a month, she is confoundedly altered! But come, Mistress; mayhap, we may find friends here, although we be strangers: We'll see if there be no laws against kidnapping other folks' children away!

*Abbess.* You grow indecent, son; we must leave you.

*Min.* In England now I would have horpurs'd-corpus'd her out of your hands in an hour!

*Abbess.* Daughter, pay your reverence to your relations! *[Jenny curtsies, and retires from the grate, with the Abbess.]*

*Min.* An hypocritical slut! And harkee, Mistress! before I goes, I will tell you a bit of my mind: Notwithstanding your whining and canting, and sanctified looks, I don't think you are a bit better than you should be, d'ye

see me; and, if the truth was known, you are little better, I believe, than an old matchmaking bawd!

*Mrs. Min.* Matthew, consider where you are! have a care what you say!

*Min.* Prithee, woman, be quiet! Losers have leave to speak in all countries, I hope.

*Mrs. Min.* And of what use is your speaking?

*Clack.* True, sifter. But come; let us go to Lady Kitty, as the friar advised us; perhaps she may put us in a way.

*Mrs. Min.* Right, sifter. Come, Matthew, there is no time to be lost.

*Min.* Lost? we had better leave her to her own wicked ways: She will find that punishment enough, in the end.

*Mrs. Min.* But she is our daughter, Matthew, you know; let us do our duty, however.

*Min.* Well, well! Come, son Codling!

*Codl.* I'll follow you, father, when I have made an observation or two, to put into neighbour Index's Tower.—“The clargywomen in these parts don't use any linen; and instead of doing like our'n, they wear their woollen smocks over the rest of their cloaths. *Nota bene*, if they can catch any young women into their clutches, they locks them up in dens like wild beasteses, that are kept in the Tower.” [*Exe.*

*Scene,*

*Scene, a Hotel.*

*Enter Miss Lydell and Hetty.*

*Miss L.* Sure never was so capricious a being!

*Hetty.* Not of the same mind two minutes together! I am astonished, Miss, how you are able to bear it.

*Miss L.* I only wait for a fair occasion to quit her ladyship; such a one, I mean, as would justify me to my friends.

*Hetty.* For that, Miss, you can't be long at a loss.

*Miss L.* Ah, Hetty, it is impossible for you to guess at the half of her art: My relations, seduced by her frequent professions, trusted me to her care, expecting, what I am satisfied never will happen, a permanent establishment for me by means of her favour.

*Hetty.* Why, sure, Miss, she can't for shame but do something handsome for you, after having drag'd you in her train, as I may say, almost over the world.

*Miss L.* There, Hetty, is the source of her present behaviour: She knows what she has promised, and wants to force me to some indis-

cret

creet act of impatience, as an apology for the breach of her faith.

*Hetty.* Ay? is she so cunning as that?

*Miss L.* For at the same time that she is teasing, torturing, and loading me with every mortification in private, you see with what particular regard and attention she affects to treat me in public.

*Hetty.* True enough, I must own, Miss; exactly like her pretended grief for Sir John: She howls and cries over the poor boot, for all the world like the strange creature I have read of.

*Miss L.* Hush, Hetty! she is here.

*Enter Lady Kitty Crocodile.*

*L. Kitty.* In close committee, I see! What mischief are you two brewing together?—I am astonish'd, Miss Lydell, at your seducing my servants; is this a proper return, Miss, for all the obligations you owe me?

*Miss L.* I am sorry your ladyship should think me capable——

*L. Kitty.* Capable?—Leave the room, with your inquisitive impertinent face! You want some tale to run tattling with, to the rest of the crew.

[*To Hetty.*

*Hetty.* *Crew?* I don't understand what your ladyship means by the *crew*; tho' we are ser-

vants,

vants, we may be as good Christians as other people, I hope; and tho', to be sure——

*L. Kitty.* Hold your insolent tongue, and quit the room, when I bid you!

*Hetty. Crew?*—With all my heart; I have no objection to quitting the room, nor the house neither, for the matter of that. *Crew*, indeed; marry come up! [Exit.

*L. Kitty.* So, Miss! these are the fruits of your little hypocritical plots; these lessons have been taught them by you.

*Miss L.* Me, Madam? Can your ladyship suppose, that I would descend so low as to——

*L. Kitty.* Descend, Miss? I don't understand you: Pray, in what respect are you so much better than they? Is it because I have permitted you to sit at my table, that you give yourself these airs of importance? Though your father was parson of the parish, yet I hope I was not obliged at his death to provide for all his beggarly tribe.

*Miss L.* Madam, I never presumed——

*L. Kitty.* And yet, has not my generosity been extended to every branch? There was your mother; did not I, by my own single interest, get her into the Alms-House at Bromley; where, except meat, drink, and cloaths, she is amply provided with every thing a woman of her condition can want?

*Miss L.*

*Miss L.* I never denied——

*L. Kitty.* Was not your brother Tom, Miss; made a guinea-pig upon my recommendation?

*Miss L.* Granted, Madam.

*L. Kitty.* And as to you, did not I, for no reason that I know, unless indeed that you are a distant relation; take you into my house, put you above my own woman, and make you one of my maids of honour at once?

*Miss L.* I hope, Madam; I have not proved ungrateful.

*L. Kitty.* No, Miss? How often have I caught you ogling and throwing out lures to Sir John in his life-time?

*Miss L.* I hope, Madam, Sir John never charged me with any designs of that nature.

*L. Kitty.* No; there was your security, Miss; you knew he was too generous and good to expose your infamous arts; but you could not conceal them from me!

*Miss L.* Nay, for Heaven's sake; Madam——

*L. Kitty.* In Italy too, there was Prince Pincossi and Cardinal Grimsky; you could not help throwing out your traps to ensnare them.

*Miss L.* Me, Madam?

*L. Kitty.* Yes, you; what else, at my assemblies, could make them prefer your conversation to mine? I hope you have not the impudence

dence to suppose, that your person and figure would bear any comparifon.

*Miss L.* Madam, I never presumed——

*L. Kitty.* Besides, Miss, you know I never durst carry you with me to any conference I had with the Pope, for fear you should be trying some of your coquetish airs upon him.

*Miss L.* Mercy upon me!

*L. Kitty.* And here too, Colonel Crosby, the only decent man in the town, when I was in Calais before, never missed my toilet a morning; but now, when he comes, won't tarry a moment, unless indeed when you are in waiting.

*Miss L.* I am so confused at the strange charges your ladyship brings, that I protest I don't know what answer to make!

*L. Kitty.* I do really believe you. But you see, Miss, all your little contrivances are fully discovered; and I should tell you, Miss Lydell, that you are the most artificial, cunning, hypocritical, mischievous minx, that ever I met with, but my humanity and my good breeding prevents me: A woman of quality should never lose sight of her station.

*Miss L.* Was I capable of but half the crimes your ladyship lays to my charge, I should detest myself full as much as your ladyship hates me. But I can't wish, Madam, that your ladyship

I

should

should keep about your person a young creature to whom you have been pleased to take such an aversion: Send me, therefore, Madam, to my poor mother; her age and infirmities must want my assistance.

*L. Kitty.* Who hinders you, Miss? You may go when you please.

*Miss L.* Your ladyship will send with me some person of confidence? or, at least, a line to my mother, intimating, that I have neither dishonoured myself, or deserted your ladyship?

*L. Kitty.* So! here is another stroke of your art! You want to persuade people, that, through caprice, grown tired of your company, I have the cruelty to throw you at once upon the wide world: No, Miss! that won't do; you should be a little more careful to cover the hook.

*Enter a Servant and Colonel Crosby.*

*Serv.* Colonel Crosby. [Exit.

*Colonel.* I hope I am not an intruder.—Bless me, what has happened? Miss Lydell in tears!

*L. Kitty.* Yes; the poor child has just received a letter from her mother, one of the best kind of women that ever was: Dry up your tears, Lydia, my love!—You sullen, fulking,

ing, stomachful slut!—Poor Mrs. Lydell has but very bad health, Colonel Crosby; and the dear girl, who is indeed a most affectionate dutiful daughter—Go up to your room, you pouting, perverse, little vixen—You see, Colonel! but be comforted, Lydy, my dear! though you should lose your mother, you may be certain of finding a mother in me.

*Colonel.* I hope, Miss, there is no immediate imminent danger.

*L. Kitty.* The poor child's tender nature, and amiable heart, makes her dread the worst that can happen.—What, is the wench petrified? move off, and don't stand sniveling here!—She wishes, Colonel, to withdraw to her chamber: But don't brood over your sorrows, my love! order my coach, and take a little airing, my dear!—I hope it will overturn, and break every bone in your skin. [*Exit Lydia.*]

*Colonel.* How amiable in your ladyship is this attention for so deserving an object!

*L. Kitty.* I am afraid, Colonel, you will think it a weakness: Excess of humanity is my foible, I know; but a generous mind, such as yours, Colonel, will pardon the error.

*Colonel.* Error! it is the glory, the pride of your sex; it is the invincible Ægis of Pallas, that must subdue every heart it attacks!

*L. Kitty.* Sorrows naturally soften the mind; and, Heaven knows, I have had a plentiful portion. The dear man, whose resemblance I wear on my wrist——

*Colonel.* For Heaven's sake, madam——

*L. Kitty.* And for ever will wear—But what necessity for this idle delusion? is not thy sweet image deeply graved in my heart?

*Colonel.* Indeed your ladyship should not give way to these transports; they may endanger your health.

*L. Kitty.* Look here! Can I then lament him too much?—But thou art but gone before me, my love!

*Colonel.* Let me respect the sacred hour of sorrow, nor interrupt it by useless consolation, and impertinent form! [Exit.

*L. Kitty.* A short space will unite us, never to bear the torture of separation again! Oh, that it was permitted me, with my own hand to shorten the time! this night, the arched vault should inclose us! to the cold chamber of death I would with rapture descend——

*Enter Hetty.*

How came that ill-bred puppy let in, without announcing his name?

*Hetty.*

*Hetty.* I fancy, Madam, the servants were out of the way.

*L. Kitty.* That is always the case! Sure never was poor lady pestered by such an infamous set! But you all know and take advantage of my patient and mild disposition!

*Hetty.* To be sure, poor dove!—There are some English people below, beg to have the honour of seeing your ladyship.

*L. Kitty.* Do I know them?

*Hetty.* Mrs. Clack of Pall-Mall, with two or three more.

*L. Kitty.* Let Mrs. Clack first be admitted. Is the room fit to receive them?

*Hetty.* Would your ladyship see her in the Chamber of Tears?

*L. Kitty.* Where else? Light the candles, and shut out the sun! [Exit *Hetty.*

This part that I play begins to grow horribly tedious. In my husband's lifetime, indeed, I had one consolation at least, that I could always make him pay me in private for the good humour and fondness that I lavished on him in public: But now, I have no other resource but in servants; and they too at times are rebellious. These English creatures get such odd notions about liberty into their heads! I fancy the Turks would make  
good

good domestics enough; but then the brutes are so tame and submissive, that it is scarce possible to teaze and torment them: Now the great pleasure of power, is in ruling over sensible subjects, who wince and feel the yoke when it galls them.—Bless me! who is this?—Yes, my lord, in thy tomb all my wishes lie bur—

*Enter Hetty.*

*Hetty.* The room is ready, my lady.

*L. Kitty.* I wish the room was on fire, and you in the middle on't! plague on you! I was afraid it was the Colonel come back.

*[Exeunt.*

## A C T III.

*Enter Colonel Crosby.**Colonel.*

**T**HERE is a peculiarity in Miss Lydell's distress that I don't quite comprehend; it appears to arise from a deeper source than Lady Kitty derives it. I wish I could see her ladyship's woman! The girl seems to have caught a good deal of the manners of her class in this country; curious, arch, and corrupt: With a proper application, there will be no difficulty, I fancy, to get at the family-secrets.— Here she comes.

*Enter Hetty.*

You are in a prodigious hurry, Mrs. Hetty! Nothing uncommon has happened, I hope?

*Hetty.* Uncommon? no, no, Colonel; our affairs generally keep pretty much the same train: Hurry-scurry — sending — recalling — commanding — forbidding — Lord have mercy upon me! To live here, one should have the art of the Holloway-cheefecake-man, and be in a hundred places at the very same time.

*Colonel.*

*Colonel.* She seems in a right cue for my purpose.—You are upon no commission at present?

*Hetty.* Not immediately; but I must not be out of the way; for as my lady is deck'd out in her dismals, perhaps she may take a fancy to faint.

*Colonel.* Poor lady! Lady Kitty is, indeed, a most extraordinary instance of the sincerity and fervor of conjugal love.

*Hetty.* Yes; I believe there are very few women can match her.

*Colonel.* And Miss Lydell seems to have caught the infection. How long, pray, has her mother been so exceedingly ill?

*Hetty.* Whose mother?

*Colonel.* Miss Lydell's.

*Hetty.* I never heard a word of her sickness.

*Colonel.* No! because, my lady was——

*Hetty.* Yes; as I guessed: This is one of her tricks; some story she has trump'd up.

*Colonel.* Indeed?—Oh, Mrs. Hetty; though it is not usual in this country to give veils, I suppose you know it is the practice to pay some little occasional compliment, for the good offices of those whom the injustice of Fortune has placed in a station below us.

*Hetty.* I have always said, for politeness, no nation could equal the French.

*Colonel.*

*Colonel.* You will permit me to discharge this duty in part. [Gives her money.]

*Hetty.* One may see by your manner, Colonel, where you have passed the greatest part of your time.

*Colonel.* I don't know any body's approbation I am more ambitious to have.—But, Mrs. Hetty; as to Miss Lydell; there seems to be a fixed melancholy hang on her brow.

*Hetty.* I don't wonder at it.

*Colonel.* But even now I surprized her in tears.

*Hetty.* Like enough. I suppose she has been under the lash; my lady has been, as usual, employing her talents in teasing.

*Colonel.* Talents in teasing?

*Hetty.* Yes; it is a little amusement her ladyship takes every morning, just by way of exercise, between breakfast and dinner.

*Colonel.* Oh, you wrong her ladyship: Indeed, I never saw stronger proofs of delicate and tender affection.

*Hetty.* Ha, ha! how easily you men are imposed on!

*Colonel.* Nay, but, my dear girl, prithee don't be so giddy. To deal seriously with you, I can't help taking a warm interest in what relates to Miss Lydell.

*Hetty.* Upon my word, she richly deserves it.

*Colonel.* And should be sorry to find her present very alarming distress owing to any indiscretion of hers.

*Hetty.* On that head, you may make yourself perfectly easy.

*Colonel.* But how shall we be able to account for——

*Hetty.* In the most natural way in the world.

*Colonel.* Will you be kind enough to lend your assistance?

*Hetty.* With all the pleasure in life. You can be secret, I hope.

*Colonel.* You will find me a man of honour in every respect.

*Hetty.* In one instance, you have just given me a convincing proof, I confess. Why then, as to this lady of ours; in hypocrisy she would be an over-match for a Methodist.

*Colonel.* Really?

*Hetty.* And as to cruelty, there never was so ingenious, so refined a tormentor: The Fathers of the Inquisition themselves, would be proud to receive instructions from her. I could give you such a history——

*Colonel.* Is it possible?

*Hetty.* This room is too public; besides, perhaps her ladyship may pop in and surprize us,  
for

for she is as suspicious and prying as a custom-house officer. Dare you venture yourself in my room for a moment?

*Colonel.* If you are not apprehensive of danger, I must, Miss Hetty, be a coward indeed, if I——

*Hetty.* Oh, as to my own part, I know I am secure; you are engaged too deeply elsewhere.

*Colonel.* Me, child?

*Hetty.* Ha, ha, ha! Lord have mercy! how oddly you look! What, d'ye think I have not found you out before this? Nay, for the matter of that, my lady knows as much as myself; and, to tell you the truth, I believe that was the cause of the scene to which you were partly a witness.

*Colonel.* Nay, but, child——

*Hetty.* Hush! step into that room: I must introduce Mrs. Clack, the Mantua-maker, to an audience; after which, I'll be with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Lady Kitty discovered in deep mourning; the room hung with black; a lamp on the table.*

*L. Kitty.* What the deuce keeps this woman so long? I grow most terribly tired of my attitude; but to this creature I must keep my character up: She is an absolute Gazette, and at

her return will publish me in every part of the town.

*Enter Hetty and Mrs. Clack.*

*Hetty.* There you see her ladyship sits; absorb'd in grief, quite absent; she knows nothing of us.

*Clack.* Poor dear lady!

*Hetty.* I will endeavour to rouse her attention.

*L. Kitty.* Gone, lost, for ever lost!

*Hetty.* Please your ladyship! madam!

*L. Kitty.* Why will you tease me to sustain a tedious life? I have no relish for rich wines, or delicate viands; the bread of affliction is the best banquet for me.

*Clack.* And that is but coarse food, Heaven knows.

*L. Kitty.* Don't I hear some other voice in the room? my eyes are grown so misty and dim——

*Hetty.* With crying!—Mrs. Clack, your ladyship's mantua-maker, from England, to pay her duty; and desires your ladyship's commands for that country.

*L. Kitty.* Let her approach.—How d'ye do, Mrs. Clack?—Hetty, child, you may go to your dinner.—A good creature; an humble kind of friend, Mrs. Clack: To her care and attention,

ention I think myself deeply indebted; as she will find when they open my will.

*Hetty.* For Heaven's sake! your ladyship makes my blood run cold in my veins.

*L. Kitty.* D'ye think, Hetty, you shall lament me?

*Hetty.* Can your ladyship doubt it? I should almost break my heart, if your ladyship was not to leave me a farthing.

*L. Kitty.* Should you? Kind soul!—I shall try the experiment, you hypocritical slut!

*Hetty.* But when our superiors are so considerate as to think of their menials in their last moments, to be sure it gives poor servants greater spirits to cry for their loss.

*L. Kitty.* Doubtless. You may go. [*Exit Hetty.* Well, Mrs. Clack, you find me vastly altered since the death of Sir John.

*Clack.* To be sure, your ladyship is something changed since the day I had the honour to try on your ladyship's cloaths for your ladyship's wedding.

*L. Kitty.* True. You, I think, Mrs. Clack, decked me out like another Iphigenia, to be sacrificed at the temple of Hymen. Don't you recollect the tremors, the terrors, that invaded each nerve, on that solemn, that awful occasion? You must remember, with what reluctance

luctance I was dragged by Sir John to the altar.

*Clack.* To be sure, your ladyship shewed a becoming coyness upon the occasion. I remember, about the hour of bedding, you hid yourself behind the bottle-rack in the beer-cellar, to avoid Sir John; if your ladyship had not happened to have coughed, we should not have found you.

*L. Kitty.* The conflict was great: But, dear Mrs. Clack, what could I do? Troy stood a siege for only ten years; now sixteen were fully accomplished before I was compelled to surrender.

*Clack.* That was standing out a vast while, to be sure. I recollects, what added to your ladyship's grief was, that the nuptials should happen to fall out in the middle of Lent.

*L. Kitty.* Dear Clack, you renew my confusion: Little did I think ever to fully that sacred season, by the celebration of such a festivity.

*Clack.* But there could not be so much harm in the matter neither, as marriages, your ladyship knows, are all settled above.

*L. Kitty.* By that argument I was induced to surrender; with, however, an express stipulation, that all connubial intercourse should be suspended Wednesdays and Fridays.

*Clack.*

*Clack.* That must have been a vast denial to both parties, no doubt.

*L. Kitty.* How, Mrs. Clack! you wou'dn't insinuate that I was prompted to the connection by any——

*Clack.* Far from it, my lady! I only meant, that it must give your ladyship pain to refuse Sir John any favour; for, to be sure, never was any lady half so happy in a partner as you.

*L. Kitty.* How irreparable must then be my loss! Yes, Clack, he possess'd my whole heart, and possesses it still: My waking thoughts are all devoted to him; in sleep his lov'd image is ever before me—starting from my couch,

“ I cry aloud; he hears not what I say:

“ I stretch my empty arms; he glides away!”

*Clack.* Vast mournful indeed! But I should think your ladyship might find out a cure.

*L. Kitty.* Which way?

*Clack.* Fill your empty arms with something substantial, and I warrant 'twill frighten the phantom.

*L. Kitty.* Clack, I don't comprehend——

*Clack.* I only recommends to your ladyship the proscription I made use on myself: There was my first husband, sweet Mr. Snip, though a staymaker, as portly a person.—I really believes,

believes, I should have followed the dear soul to his grave, hadn't our foreman, Tom Clack, step'd in to console me; indeed, the match was very convenient, as he had done all my husband's business during the time of his sickness.

*L. Kitty.* I am astonish'd, woman, at your presumption. Do you recollect to whom you are addressing this language?

*Clack.* I beg pardon! But I thought in these matters your ladyship was like the rest of our sex; and though Sir John——

*L. Kitty.* Peace! nor let your unhallow'd lips profane the dear name! even now, his sacred shade seems to upbraid me: See there!

*Clack.* There? where? I sees nothing, I'm sure.

*L. Kitty.* How awful, how tremendous, he looks! his front furrow'd, for the first time, with a frown!

*Clack.* Lord bless me! I wish I was well out of the house!

*L. Kitty.* But, be pacified, dear lord of my life; no second to thee shall succeed:

“ First let the opening earth a passage rend,  
 “ And let me thro' the dark abyss descend,  
 “ Before I break the plighted faith I gave!  
 “ Thou hadst my vows, and shalt for ever have;  
 “ For whom I lov'd on earth, I'll worship in the grave!” }  
 }  
 }

*Clack.*

*Clack.* Never stir, if she ben't talking of poetry! her brain's turn'd, to be sure.

*L. Kitty.* He beckons! lead on, my lov'd lord! thy summons I with rapture obey. His arms encircle me round; and now together we plunge into the gulph! the raging billows surround us! now they rise o'er our heads! now we sink, we sink, in silence together! and, oh—[*falling.*] Curse the chair! how came I to miss it?

*Clack.* Mercy upon us! help, for Heaven's sake, help! What, is there nobody left in the house?

*Enter Hetty.*

Lord, Mrs. Hetty, I am glad you are come! My poor lady! she is quite gone, I am afraid.

*Hetty.* On the ground! in one of her fits, I suppose.—No doubt, it is dreadful to you; but we are us'd to 'em every day. Step and call some more of the—[*Exit Clack.*] How came your ladyship to fall on the ground?

*L. Kitty.* Where the deuce have you been? that old fool was so frightened, she never thought of bringing the chair. She has pinch'd me as black as a coal.

*Hetty.* Would your ladyship please to recover now, or shall I fetch in the hartshorn?

L

*L. Kitty.*

*L. Kitty.* This woman is an idiot; so there is no occasion at present.

*Hetty.* Come back, Mrs. Clack; my lady begins to revive,

*Re-enter Mrs. Clack.*

and upon these occasions she wishes to have but few people by. T'other side, Mrs. Clack. So, so, so!

*L. Kitty.* Am I recall'd to hated life again?

*Hetty.* Your ladyship has had a violent struggle. Nothing more than usual, I hope, has happened.

*Clack.* I believe indeed it was partly my fault: In order to comfort my lady, I was rash enough to recommend another husband—

*L. Kitty.* Recall not the detested idea, unless you wish to see me sink again at your feet!

*Clack.* I beg your ladyship's pardon! I can't think what in the world could possess me! Indeed, Lord Harry Huntwidow, hearing that I was going over, did desire me to deliver a letter:

*L. Kitty.* To me? presumptuous man! how dar'd he encourage a hope—Had not he heard that Don Juan de Mustachio, a Spanish grandee of the very first class, had laid his Golden Fleece at my feet?

*Hetty.*

*Hetty.* True enough.

*L. Kitty.* Didn't the Palsgrave of Saltsplash, a sovereign Prince on the banks of the Rhine, offer to share his power with me? and, after all, to submit to a subject!—This Lord Harry, *Hetty*, is an absolute beggar: Red-faced, rabbit-back'd, with a pair of legs like a couple of drumsticks.

*Hetty.* Marry come up, my scurvy companion!

*Clack.* As soon as ever I return, I shall deliver his lordship his letter.

*L. Kitty.* Hold, *Clack*; let it lie on the table.

*Clack.* Will your ladyship deign then to give it a reading?

*L. Kitty.* By no means, *Mrs. Clack*. Put it amongst the other papers, *Hetty*, which in a few days are to expire in the flames,

*Hetty.* It shall, *Madam*.

*L. Kitty.* A monthly sacrifice I offer up, *Mrs. Clack*, before the dear image of him I adore.

*Hetty.* We shall have a fine blaze; for this month has been very prolific.—My lady's illness had made me like to forget; your relations, *Mrs. Clack*, grow impatient without.

*L. Kitty.* Who are they?

*Clack.* A sister of mine, and her husband, to beg your ladyship's interest to get their daughter out of a convent.

*L. Kitty.* A convent! how got she there?

*Clack.* Run away from her parents, with a paltry 'prentice, to avoid the man of their chusing; and purtends, on purpose to plague 'em, that she wants to be a nun; and, what is worser, threatens to turn Papiſh if they torment her.

*L. Kitty.* Of what uſe can I be?

*Clack.* If your ladyſhip could order the child to be deliver'd back to her parents——

*L. Kitty.* This is a matter of weight, Mrs. Clack, and muſt be conſidered maturely: I am too ill, at preſent, to admit an audience. I ſhall deſire the governor to direct a guard to eſcort your niece to my preſence; we ſhall then ſee what is beſt to be done. Hetty, let the governor know my deſire. But this, Mrs. Clack, I muſt tell you; if the girl's converſion is the matter in queſtion, I can on no account interpoſe; the friendſhip I have with the Pope ties my hands where the Holy See is concern'd.

*Clack.* Nothing of that, believe me, my lady.

*L. Kitty.* But don't indulge a ſurmise, which was circulated, even at Rome itſelf, with too much ſucceſs, that any thing ſenſual tainted the intercourse between the reverend Pontiff and me.

*Clack.* Heaven forbid that I ſhould think of any ſuch thing!

*L. Kitty.* Malice, join'd with credulity, gave  
riſe

rise to the fable : Sacred sentiments, that spring in kindred minds, first began and cemented the union. Every avenue, but what friendship permits, is guarded by thy lov'd image, my lord ! thou, who art the alphabet, the beginning, the ending, the very Great A and Z, of all my tender affections. [Exit.

*Clack.* Poor lady ! she is in a piteous plight ; for all the world like Mrs. Andromedy, that one sees at the theatre.

*Hetty.* Ay, Mrs. Clack ; to all widows she is indeed a shining example.

*Clack.* True. Why, I myself, if my husband had left me in circumstances accordingly, should have taken on a great deal more than I did ; but folks, who have their living to get, can't afford to cry, you know, as much as your people of fashion ; besides, every body has not the gift of incontinence, like to my lady.

*Hetty.* True, true. But you had better step out to your friends, and let them know what measures my lady has taken.

*Clack.* I will, I will ; they will be impatient, no doubt. [Exit.

*Hetty.* Colonel, you may appear.

*Enter Colonel.*

Well, Sir, after what you have seen and heard, I suppose all your doubts are remov'd.

*Colonel.*

*Colonel.* Perfectly satisfied; a new edition of the Ephesian Matron, with amazing improvements. But poor Miss Lydell! I own her situation distresses me greatly.

*Hetty.* The damsel, it is true, is in terrible durance: Do you feel yourself knight-errant enough to fly to her rescue?

*Colonel.* Would the lady, d'ye think, accept of my service?

*Hetty.* It is but a poor compliment to suppose that she wou'dn't prefer the soft bondage of love, to the galling fetters she wears.

*Colonel.* Can I then, Mrs. Hetty, hope for nothing more than a preference?

*Hetty.* I don't think myself at liberty, Colonel, to tell you all that I know. In the drawing-room, you will find the young lady alone: As you gave me a handsome retainer, I have been in court and open'd the cause; do you speak to the merits; you are a good pleader, and I make no doubt will succeed.

*Colonel.* I will go and labour hard for a verdict.

*Hetty.* You will find the court inclined to your suit. But, Colonel, you have no objections, when you have delivered the damsel, to break the chains of her confidante too?

*Colonel.* The romance would be irregular else.

[Exit.

*Hetty.* So! her ladyship's power draws towards a period;

a period; she must provide new subjects, at least. She supposed the hopes from her Will would secure me; but the day is too distant; besides, I know her too well to have any reliance—

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Bless me, Mrs. Hetty, what can be the matter? Here is a file of musqueteers coming into the house.

*Hetty.* The girl, I suppose, from the convent. A new whim of my lady's: I will go to them; you have nothing to fear. [Exeunt.

*Scene changes to another Apartment.*

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, and Codling.*

*Mrs. Min.* Now, son Codling, boldly put in your claim. We will support you, I warrant.

*Enter Mrs. Clack.*

Well, sister, what news from my lady?

*Clack.* Small hopes, I am afraid: The gentlewoman herself is in a desperate taking; but Jenny will be forth-coming, however. I fancy here she is, by the noise on the stairs.

*Enter Lapelle.*

*Lap. Servitude, Monsieurs and Mesdames!—*  
Why, what the deuce is the matter? There is  
your

80 A TRIP TO CALAIS.

your daughter below, furrounded by a troop of *soldas*, as the French call them.—Here she is.

*Enter Jenny and soldiers.*

*Mrs. Min.* So, Jenny! You see what you have brought yourself to, to be made a show on in the streets, guarded like a——

*Jenny.* I am not the first, Madam, who has suffered for the sake of Religion.

*Mrs. Min.* Religion? Rebellion, you hypocritical slut!

*Jenny.* Can I give a stronger proof of my sincerity, than in quitting a life of affluence and ease, to embrace poverty, fasting, and penance?

*Min.* Not one of the three, but thee wouldst run twenty miles to avoid! No, no, Jenny, that's all a pretence; it is not poverty, but something else, you want to embrace.

*Lap.* Hold, Monsieur Minnikin! You are a little too hasty: *Jeunes filles*, as the French say, are not to be treated so roughly; suffer me to *parle un peu*. Is it true, *Madamoiselle*, *mon amy* Codling, because you are *amorew* of somebody else——

*Jenny.* My duty, Sir, directs me not to contradict what a father affirms.

*Min.* Yes, yes, you are plaguy dutiful all of a sudden!

*Clack.*

*Clack.* Hush! Here comes my lady; leave the matter to her.

*Enter Lady Kitty and Hetty.*

*L. Kitty.* Hetty, order the guards to withdraw. [*Exe. Sold.*]—Which are the parties? and what their cause of complaint?

*Min.* Why, please your ladyship, our business is this: That young flut that stands there, who, between ourselves, for all her sanctified looks—

*L. Kitty.* Honest friend, you are too familiar and loud.

*Lap.* Hush, Matt! and let me open the matter.—Matt Minnikin, my lady, an honest *bourgeois*, that lives *dans* the *citè*, won't set fire to the Thames, though he lives near the Bridge; a namesake, but no relation to Mr. *Mat-Chavel*—

*L. Kitty.* You too are pretty forward, I think! And, pray, Sir, who and what may you be?

*Lap.* *Per vous service*, as the French say, my name is Lapelle; by distraction, a Frenchman, though a native of *Londre*; my purdeceffors were mesugees, and came over after the revolution of the edict of Nantz. Don't you think, my lady, there is a *quelque chose* in my manner, a something, that speaks me sprung from the French?

M

*L. Kitty.*

*L. Kitty.* Rather more relative in your modesty, Mr. Lapelle.

*Lap.* *Powteter*, my lady.

*L. Kitty.* But let this honest man tell his own story; he seems very able.

*Lap.* With all my heart; *de tout mon cur*, as the French say.—Come, Matthew! *alons!*

*Min.* Why, I say, my lady, as I was saying, that girl there——

*Lap.* *Pardy asses sbenteel*; and, for an English face, a pretty jolly visage enough.

*L. Kitty.* Peace, Sir!

*Lap.* My lady, *pardunn!*

*Min.* Rather, I say, than marry this honest neighbour of ours, as reputable a tradesman——

*Lap.* *Cest vrais*; Monsieur Codling lives in *beaucope de credit*.

*L. Kitty.* Nobody called on you as a voucher.

*Lap.* *Affurement*, my lady.

*Min.* She has run away along with our 'prentice; but as we followed pretty close at their heels, not having time to complete their project, she has taken refuge here in a convent; and says, moreover, if we persist, she will promiscuously turn Papish and Nun.

*Lap.* *Pour* a Papish, *powteter*; but *pour la nun*, *pardonnez moi!* my lady, *que ditiez vous?*

*L. Kitty.* Will nobody silence this impertinent

nent

ment jackanapes?—Well, child, you hear what your father alleges.

*Jenny.* May I crave your ladyship's private ear for a moment?

*L. Kitty.* Withdraw; not out of the room.—Well, child; what are the objections to the man your parents have chosen?

*Jenny.* Two as strong ones as any mortal can have: I hate him, and I love another.

*L. Kitty.* Pretty frank, I must own.—And as to the change of religion——

*Jenny.* A mere fetch, to keep out of their hands.

*L. Kitty.* You have no hopes that your parents will yield?

*Jenny.* Mother, perhaps, might comply; but no mule is so headstrong as father.

*L. Kitty.* And you, I suppose, are as determined as he?

*Jenny.* Never once gave up a point in my life.

*L. Kitty.* I dare say. But, if they were to desire you to marry the 'prentice——

*Jenny.* They would find me a dutiful daughter.

*L. Kitty.* Then you have no objection to obey their commands, when they happen to contain the very things that you wish?

*Jenny.* Not in the least.

*L. Kitty.* And after having produced, and at

their own expence trained and sustained you, you would still suffer them, I dare say, to support and protect you?

*Jenny.* As in duty they are bound.

*L. Kitty.* And they might direct you, provided you govern'd them?

*Jenny.* In every respect.

*L. Kitty.* Well said, my little American! you would be an heroine, child, on the other side the Atlantic. Why, in your case, Miss Jenny, I don't see what we can do: There is, indeed, one expedient, if you find you have courage enough to perform it.

*Jenny.* I shall not flinch, my lady, when it comes to the push.

*L. Kitty.* There are, my dear, two men who solicit your hand; one favour'd by you, the other your father approves.

*Jenny.* My situation exactly.

*L. Kitty.* Suppose then, by way of reconciling all parties, you were to marry 'em both?

*Jenny.* The happiest thought in the world! I wonder it never came into my head.—But, I am afraid, my lady, we have not dignity enough to do such a thing as this without danger.

*L. Kitty.* We will consider of this at our leisure.—How should you like living with me in this town?

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Of all things upon earth.

*L. Kitty.* We will see what can be done.—  
Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, I have been founding your daughter; a little time and some proper persuasions, may induce her to comply with your wishes.

*Mrs. Min.* We are highly indebted to your ladyship's goodness!

*L. Kitty.* One of my maids of honour is returning to England; I shall have no objection to promoting Mrs. Clack's niece to the place.

*Clack.* Brother Minnikin!—We shall be bound to pray for your ladyship.

*L. Kitty.* Here Lydia comes, and the Colonel close with her!

*Enter Colonel and Lydia.*

Lydia, my dear, though with the greatest regret, yet the design is so laudable, I consent that you may return to your mother; these honest people, my love, will conduct you with care.

*Colonel.* My Lydia, Madam, will not want their assistance.

*L. Kitty.* Colonel? I don't understand you.

*Colonel.* That honour I propose having myself.

*L. Kitty.* How, Colonel!—Shall I crave a word?

word? I hope you have no bad designs on the girl.

*Colonel.* None but such as I hope her friends will approve?

*L. Kitty.* Is it possible you can be in earnest?

*Colonel.* What should make your ladyship doubt it?

*L. Kitty.* Indeed? Nay, if that be the case, it would be criminal in me to conceal a secret in which your honour is concerned: Those tears, which my humanity made me attribute to her filial fears for her mother, flow'd from a more ignoble source.

*Colonel.* How, Madam!

*L. Kitty.* A love, perhaps, for one of my menials. How far it proceeded, I sha'n't take upon me to say; but, to avoid scandal, I found myself obliged to discard him.

*Colonel.* Ha, ha! what a happy invention!

*L. Kitty.* I don't understand you.

*Colonel.* Why, to deal with your ladyship plainly, your address is ill employ'd upon me: I own it consummate; but I have been a conceal'd witness to some of your arts, and shall hardly be impos'd on again. Come, Miss Lydia; you will take leave of her ladyship: Her past favours may soon be acknowledg'd.

*L. Kitty.* Is this true, Lydia?

*Miss L.*

*Miss L.* Your ladyship's approbation, on an event so honourable and advantageous for me, I make no doubt of obtaining.

*L. Kitty.* Is it possible that you can quit my protection, and throw yourself into the arms of a renegade?

*Colonel.* How, Madam!

*L. Kitty.* Was not your father a rebel?

*Colonel.* True, Madam.

*L. Kitty.* And a'n't you an officer in the service of France?

*Colonel.* I was, Madam; but my present royal master, who is above the narrow prejudice of punishing the principles of parents in their unfortunate offspring, has accepted my service, and restored my family to the rights of their country. For that spot I shall embark in the morning; leaving your ladyship to lament the loss of a subject to exercise your mischief and malice upon; which I fancy you will more heavily miss, notwithstanding your weeds, than the poor knight who was happy, though even by death, to escape from so unfeeling a tyrant!

*L. Kitty.* Barbarous, inhuman monster! how dare you recal the memory of the dear—had he lived, thus to see me insulted—but that could not have been; Thou wouldst never have

borne

borne it, my love!—but I am rightly punish'd, for suffering even a thought to be diverted from thee!—Hetty, lead to my closet, there to compose my ruffled——

*Hetty.* Please your ladyship, I must beg to be excus'd; I am engag'd to take on with Miss Lydy.

*L. Kitty.* Is it so? well, well! You will follow me with your niece. You see in me, Mrs. Clack, another Darius, deserted at my utmost need, by those my former bounty fed. But, what have I to do with mankind? all my wishes and wants lie beyond them! I desire no companion but thee:

“ Whilst on thy form I fix my eager eyes,  
“ The world I laugh at, and its threats despise.” [*Exit.*]

*Colonel.* The world will be even with your ladyship, or I am greatly mistaken.—Come, my love, it is time to prepare for our voyage.

*Lap.* You are bound, Colonel, for *Angleterre*, as the French call it?

*Colonel.* By the very first ship.

*Lap.* I wonder that you, who have resided so long in France, can bear the thoughts of living at London.

*Colonel.* It is that very circumstance that will give it an additional relish: And believe this,  
master

Master Lapelle, as a truth; no man ever yet deserted his country, unless he had previously been by that country deserted.

*Lap.* *Commons* can that be? *permette moi* to laugh, as they say: You see how this town is crouded with *Anglois*.

*Colonel.* Too true, I confess; and particularly, Master Lapelle, by those of your business; who, at the same time that they are exclaiming in every paper against the importation of French manufactures, have engross'd almost the whole of that part of the smuggling trade to themselves. I dare say, you are at present furnish'd with a pretty good cargo.

*Lap.* To oblige some *my lors*, who are my particular friends, I can't say——

*Colonel.* Nay, be cautious how you trust me with your secrets! there may be some danger.—Come, Miss; in this house we have nothing further to do.

*Miss L.* I can't say, but I feel some concern for the young victim Lady Kitty has just got into her power.

*Hetty.* You may discard your fears about her! unless I am mistaken, they are very properly match'd, and will prove a mutual plague to each other. But, should it be otherwise, there seems to be a kind of dramatic justice in the

change of your two situations : You, Miss, are rewarded for your patient sufferings, by the protection of a man of honour and virtue ; whilst she, rebellious to the mild dictates of parental sway, is subjected to the galling yoke of a capricious and whimsical tyrant !

END of the TRIP TO CALAIS.

THE  
CAPUCHIN;  
A COMEDY,  
IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

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P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. F O O T E.

**C**RITICS, when'er I write, in every scene  
Discover meanings that I never mean :

Whatever character I bring to view,  
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,  
But every babe his christ'ning owes to you. }

"The comic poet's eye," with humorous air,  
Glancing from Watling-Street to Grosvenor-Square,  
He bodies forth a light ideal train,  
And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain ;  
Meanwhile, your fancy takes more partial aim,  
"And gives to airy nothing place and name."

A limner once, in want of work, went down  
To try his fortune in a country town ;  
The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd  
To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade ;  
Originals, and copies—ready made. }

To the new painter all the country came ;  
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, squire, and dame,  
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,  
All ask a likeness—taken from the life.  
Behold the canvas on the easel stand !

A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd his hand ;  
But, ah ! the painter's skill they little knew,  
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.

The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient store  
Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before ;  
God, dame, or hero of the days of yore. }

The

P R O L O G U E.

The Cæsars, with a little alteration,  
 Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation;  
 To represent the rector and the dean,  
 He added wigs and bands to prince Eugene;  
 The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces  
 From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.

Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,  
 His works adorn'd each room, and spread his fame.

The country Men of Taste admire and stare,

“ My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!

“ Miss Dimple's languish too! extremely like!

“ And in the stile and manner of Vandyke!—

“ Oh! this new limner's pictures always strike.

“ Old, young, fat, lean, dark, fair, or big or little,

“ The very man or woman to a tittle!”

Foote and this limner in some points agree;

And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by Me.

When, by the royal licence and protection,

I shew my small academy's collection,

The connoisseur takes out his glass, to pry

Into each picture with a curious eye;

Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,

And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.

From various forms Apelles Venus drew:

So from the million do I copy you.

“ But still the copy's so exact,” you say:

Alas! the same thing happens every day!

How many a modish, well-dress'd fop you meet,

Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-Street.

In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-Alley,

'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!

As honest Crispin understands his trade,

On the true human scale his lasts are made;

## P R O L O G U E.

The measure of each sex and age to hit,  
And every shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.

My warehouse, thus, for Nature's walks, supplies  
Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of every size.

Sit still and try 'em, Sirs; I long to please you:  
How well they fit! I hope you find 'em easy!  
If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it;  
But, if well made, I wish you health to wear it!

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR HARRY HAMPER,	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
DOCTOR VIPER,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
O' DONNOVAN,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
COLONEL,	<i>Mr. L'Esrange.</i>
MR. MINNIKIN,	<i>Mr. Edwin.</i>
KIT CODLING,	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
DICK DRUGGET,	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
TROMFORT,	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
LA JEUNESSE,	
PETER PACKTHREAD,	
KIT CABLE,	

Postillions, Porters, Shoe-Blacks, &c.

MRS. MINNIKIN,	<i>Miss Sherry.</i>
MRS. CLACK,	<i>Miss Platt.</i>
JENNY MINNIKIN,	<i>Mrs. Jewell.</i>
ABBESS,	<i>Mrs. Love.</i>
NUN.	

T H E

C A P U C H I N.

[*In order to avoid swelling the bulk, and encreasing the Price, of these Pieces, such Passages in the Capuchin as are exactly similar to those in the Trip to Calais, are not reprinted; but the Reader is referred to the Pages in which the Dialogue and Fable connect the two Dramas.*]

A C T I.

[*The first variation from the Trip to Calais is by the following insertion, after Tromfort's speech ending, "for he is ver fond of de sea," p. 9.*]

*Tromfort.*

**S**OME littel time past, ve vas have anoder gentleman of de same kind in dis town: He vas a *grand autere; diable,* a man of great deal of vit, *beaucoup d'esprit.*

Jenny. Ay?

O

*Tromf.*

*Tromf.* Oh, *oui!* he vas write de pretty paragraph in de Gazette, vat you call your newspaper? by gar, he lay about him like *le diable!* Poff, poff, poff! he make all de my lors, ay, and my ladies too, shake in dere two shoe.

*Dick.* What brought him here?

*Tromf.* He vas come over here vid my lady Deborah Dripping.

*Jenny.* Is her ladyship here?

*Tromf.* No; she vas go to Italy to visit de Pope.

*Dick.* And leave the Doctor behind?

*Tromf.* You know he vas Protestant *Pretre*: Not but he vas ver polite, and offered to turn Papist, to wait on de lady.

*Dick.* That was very complaisant of the Doctor. Where is he now?

*Tromf.* He is gone gouverneur to shew dis country to a chevalier *Angtois*, an English knight, I dink dey call, Sir Harry de Hamper.

[*The Dialogue then proceeds without any variation to p. 22; where, instead of the entrance of Lapelle, Gingham, and La Jeunesse, the Act was continued, and concluded, as follows.*]

*Mrs. Min.* Bless me, what a rumbling is that!

*Re-enter Codling.*

*Codl.* I fancy, an old neighbour of yours, that has just drove into the yard.

*Min.*

*Min.* Who can it be?

*Codl.* Master Hamper, that kept the great tea-shop at the corner of Cornhill; you remember him?

*Min.* What should ail me? many a tiff have we taken at Mother Red-Cap's, in our Sunday-nights' walks up to Hampstead.

*Mrs. Min.* Ay, but, Matt, times are altered with him now: Since the death of his brother, he is become a knight banneret, and perhaps may chuse to forget his old friends.

*Min.* Ay, ay, like enough. Upon his coming to his means, he grew too proud to live in the City; so shut up shop, and I ha'n't got sight of him since. Son Codling, dost know what brought him here?

*Clack.* Sir Harry Hamper! is he here? I shall be happy to see him; I had the honour to furnish him with some tom-bore waistcoats when he set out on his tower.

*Min.* Tower! what a deuce could provoke him to leave home?

*Clack.* Wanted to see the world, I suppose.

*Min.* See the world? what, just as he is going out on't?

*Clack.* And to qualify him for the honour of a young lady of quality's hand, that lives in our Square, to whom he paid his addresses; but she nâs upon his polishing a little.

*Min.* A young lady? what, Harry Hamper? Zounds, why, he is ten years older than I am! on the wrong side of seventy, I'll be upon oath.

*Clack.* Ay, that is as you reckon him; but he dates his birth from the day of his succeeding to the family honours.

*Mrs. Min.* About five years ago.

*Min.* He is not far from the mark; once a man, and twice a child!

*Codl.* To my thinking, these mounseers have disfigured him strangely; if it had not been for Peter Packthread, his old shopman, whom he keeps as his valet de sham, I should never have known him.

*Min.* I reckon he is as proud as Old Nick.

*Codl.* I can't say much as to that. Peter says that his master has not pick'd up much of their lingo, so his speech is pretty much as it was; he talks to every body, runs from one thing to t'other, and rattles away at his old rate, I can tell you.

*Mrs. Min.* But how does he manage to call for such things as he wants?

*Codl.* He pick'd up a clergyman, as he pass'd thro' this town, and carried him with him, as his travelling tuterer. Oh, here he is.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Harry Hamper, Peter Packthead, Dr. Viper, and Two Postillions.*

*Sir H.* Come, come! come along, Doctor! Peter, give the postillions thirty souses a-piece.

*Peter.* 'Tis put down, they are to have but five, in the book.

*Sir H.* No matter; it will let them know we are somebody, Peter.

*Peter.* What significations that? ten to one, we shall never see them again.

*Sir H.* Do as you are bid! [*Peter pays the Post.*

*Peter.* There! Pox take 'em, see how they grin! ay, ay, I dare be sworn you ha'n't seen such a sum this many a day.

*1st Post.* *Serviteur! bonne voyage, Monsieur* my lor! [*Exeunt Post.*

*Sir H.* There, there, Peter! my lord! I have purchased a title for ten-pence; that is dog-cheap, or the devil's in't!

*Peter.* Nay, in that respect, the folks here make but little difference between their dogs and your worship, I think; for every mangy cur I have met with, is either *prince*, or *my lord*, or *marquis*.

*Clack.* I am happy to see your honour in France.

*Sir H.* What, Mrs. Clack! and Master Minnikin and wife, as I live! How fares it, my old City friends?

*Min.*

*Min.* Thank you, thank you, Sir Harry! What, you have been the grand tower, I suppose.

*Sir H.* Ay, Matt: What's money without manners? I have enough of the first, to be sure; and I wanted to see if I could not pick up a little of the last.

*Clack.* And how does your honour like France?

*Sir H.* Only the first spot in the world, Mrs. Clack: For eating, drinking, laughing, and loving, *vive la France!* hey, Domine?

*Mrs. Min.* Eating! sure your honour does not think their victuals are better than our'n.

*Sir H.* Victuals! Lord help your roast-beef and plumb-pudding soul! why, there are no such things in the country.

*Min.* No! I have heard, indeed, they had not over much plenty; but I didn't think the poor creatures were so bad off as that.

*Sir H.* What, because a whole family does not get round a sir-loin of beef, or a saddle of mutton, and devour it like a kennel of hounds! Can there be any thing so savage, as to eat up sheep and oxen like a parcel of cannibals: I wonder they don't dress them in their fleece and their hides; hey, Domine!

*Viper.* Doubtless, Sir Harry, the French elegance would never be able to digest such gross animal food in its natural form; he therefore is the best cook with them who can disguise it the best.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Min.* Indeed?

*Sir H.* To be sure. Why, except a side dish of stew'd snails, or some fricaseed frogs, I haven't known the name of any thing I have tasted since I came over.

*Min.* Lord have mercy upon us!—And as to love, Sir Harry, I should think that was pretty near over with you.

*Sir H.* Domine, did you ever hear such a blockhead!—Why, fool, it was my own fault, or I might have gone into keeping.

*Min.* Into keeping? you?

*Sir H.* Me! ask Domine only. What was the name of the duchess?

*Viper.* What signifies naming of one? there was not a day, that I didn't receive several commissions of a similar nature.

*Mrs. Min.* Indeed?

*Sir H.* Domine Viper receiv'd the letters, and us'd to read 'em to me in English.

*Viper.* They at last became so exceedingly troublesome, that I was oblig'd to recommend to Sir Harry the entertaining an Opera girl, in order to convince them that they had mistaken their man; and that so far from receiving, we were able to pay.

*Sir H.* And so he got me Mademoiselle Mouche, a sweet lovely syren; and the little rogue was so  
excessively

excessively fond, Domine Viper thinks she will hardly survive my departure.

*Min.* Wonderful!

*Sir H.* Fell into 'stericks at my going off in the chay; didn't she? so I left Domine to console her a little; but you found the way to make her easy at last.

*Viper.* A difficult job.

*Sir H.* I had some thoughts of carrying her over to England, and taking a box for her at the Opera during the season; but I thought it might give offence in a certain quarter that you know, Mrs. Clack.

*Clack.* There might have been some danger in that.

*Sir H.* Otherwise, Mademoiselle, the Doctor, and I, should have made a sweet *tête-à-tête* on the road.

*Min.* I reckon she must a' cost you a power of money.

*Sir H.* Cost? that's always uppermost in a citizen's mouth: Not a farthing, you fool! I am sure, she would have quitted me, if I had but made her the offer. Domine!

*Viper.* Oh! mere passion; not an idea of interest.

*Sir H.* Domine heard, indeed, by accident, she had contracted some debts to support her relations, for she is the best creature on earth;  
and

and wanted vastly to have a small service of plate, and some ear-rings.

*Mrs. Min.* Which you gave her, I reckon?

*Sir H.* Not I: I was oblig'd to get Domine to manage the business. Had she had the least suspicion of me, there would have been the devil to pay; we should have all been off in an instant.

*Mrs. Min.* The Doctor has, I find, been very useful to you, Sir Harry.

*Sir H.* Could have done nothing without him: Not a week ago, he got me out of a devilish scrape.

*Min.* How?

*Sir H.* Got to picquet with a count, a great man of the Doctor's acquaintance; I can't say, I know much of the game; but what of that? one wou'dn't appear ignorant amongst the French, you know, for the honour of England.

*Clack.* Oh fy! by no means.

*Sir H.* Egod, the count gave me a trimming; lost a devilish deal more than I had in the country; but Domine made it up for me, among his acquaintance, upon my only giving my note.

*Mrs. Min.* All one as if you had been in London?

*Sir H.* The very same thing.

*Clack.* And pray, your honour, what news is stirring in France?

*Sir H.* *Toujours* gay, as they say, Mrs. Clack.

*Clack.* I reckon there be powers of our country folks there.

*Sir H.* I suppose so; for I saw a good many aukward people, as they say, *a la bowlivards*, and at the Colossus; but I chose to avoid them.

*Min.* Why so? I should have been ready to leap out of my skin at the sight of a countryman in foreign parts.

*Sir H.* Like enough, Matthew; but you are a *burgeois*, as you know; but the Doctor says, that *un humm de quality*, when he voyages, ought to shun *les Anglois*.

*Clack.* I hope you left the royal family all in good health.

*Sir H.* Yes; Mr. *le Roi*, as the French say, looked pretty jolly and well; I saw him in one of the glass-cases at church, and was afterwards at his grand *couvert*, as they call it; his majesty looked at me very hard: Domine thinks he was struck with my figure.

*Viper.* I overheard him whisper as much to the Duke de Tremouille.

*Clack.* How long was your honour coming from Paris?

*Sir H.* Two days and a night.

*Clack.* Are the accommodations good on the road?

*Sir H.* Their *chevauxes*, their horses, as the French call 'em, arn't quite so nimble as our'n; but then, to make amends, like the French, I *cowrir* the post without stopping; unless, indeed, to take a slight *repas* of *jambunn* or a *hamlet*.

*Clack.* The country's vast pleasant, I reckon.

*Sir H.* La-la: Their country-folks, their *pheasants*, as the French call 'em, don't seem quite so tidy as our'n: but they don't look upon them there creatures in France; mere hogs, *cowssons*, as they say.

*Mrs. Min.* Why, sure they be Christians, as well as——

*Sir H.* Christians? why, so may all the world, if they like it; but it a'n't in every body's power to be a gentleman born: Hey, Domine Viper?

*Viper.* True, true, Sir Harry. The laws of subordination are too much neglected in England; all is mere anarchy there; it must be owned, France is the only spot for a gentleman.

*Sir H.* True. Why, a gentleman born may kill a common fellow in Paris, for less money than it would cost an unqualified man in England to shoot a hare or a partridge.

*Viper.* Right, Baronet: Poor rogues are so

plenty in Paris, there is no danger of destroying the game.

*Sir H.* Well said, Domine Viper!—But, Madam Clack, what makes all your family here? Like me, come over to be polish'd, I reckon.

*Min.* Not we; we be contented, Sir Harry, to rub on in our rust. You remember our daughter Jenny?

*Sir H.* Vastly well; and she promis'd to turn out a devilish fine girl!

*Min.* Pretty well, as to that.

*Sir H.* What, I suppose you have brought her here, just to fashion her; give her the *gout*.

*Min.* No, no; 'tis a freak of her own: Run away with our 'prentice, to avoid neighbour Codling.

*Sir H.* A girl of spirit, however!

*Enter La Jeunesse.*

*La Jeu.* Monsieur, on a servie.

*Sir H.* What does he say, Domine Viper?

*Viper.* The dinner's on the table, Sir Harry.

*Sir H.* Oh, oh!—Domine! it wou'dn't be decent, as them there people are but tradesfolks, you know, to ask them to dinner?

*Viper.* Why, yes, you may venture, Sir  
Harry:

Harry : It is not minded in London; and this town is little better than an English colony.

*Sir H.* True, true.—Come, good people; as we are all country folks, suppose we sit down to table together?

*Min.* By all manner of means.

*Sir H.* Domine, you will escort Mrs. Minnikin? Mrs. Clack, will you accept of my *brass*? [Exit.

## A C T II.

[*The same in the Trip to Calais, to p. 43, where O'Donovan's speech was altered, and the scene finished, in the following manner.*]

*O'Don.* So now, as I was a-telling, if you can get any frind to speak to the governor, why, if they take it into their heads to restore her to you, you may chance to have your daughter again.

*Min.* True, reverend Sir. But, before we trouble any body, we will first try what we can do at the convent ourselves.

*O'Don.* By all mains. And, d'ye hear, you need not mention any thing about the purse; you understand me?

*Clack.* Your reverence need not fear us.

*O'Don.* Nay, it is upon account of yourselves that I speak; becaase one's charity should be private, you know; therefore, to make publication would take away most of the merit. If you fail, I will step to the convent, and see what can be done.

*Mrs. Min.* Very kind, reverend Sir. Then, we will go after the girl to the convent directly.

*Clack.*

*Clack.* But take care what you say! you see what a hobble we had like to have got into.

*Mrs. Min.* Never fear; I know how to behave myself. [Exeunt.]

*O' Don.* It was an odd freak of St. Francis to forbid us touching of money; unless, indeed, his first followers were a parcel of pickpockets, and he thought of this method to break them. But, however, as the hereticks are gone, and there is no danger of giving offence, by St. Francis's lave I will examine the contents of this purse. Stay! who have we here?

[Draws back.]

*Enter Viper.*

*Viper.* The wind is veering, and when it comes fair, my old knight within will be for hying homewards by the very first ship. Let me see: Can I hit on no scheme to give him one little squeeze more? To be sure, what with tailors, *traiteurs*, toymen, the girl, and the gaming-table, my trip to Paris has turn'd out pretty well. One smart parting blow I should be glad to——

*O' Don.* Save you, good Sir!

*Viper.* Damn these bare-footed beggars! a set of lazy, lubberly—You may as well shift your ground, father; you will get nothing from me.

*O' Don.*

*O' Don.* Be it ever so little! we have nothing but the benevolence of good Christian peo—Hey! sure it can't be! by my shoul, but it is!—What, Doctor Viper! who expected to see you at Calais?

*Viper.* Pray, honest friend, when did our acquaintance commence?

*O' Don.* It is not a very long standing. Come, do shake your memory a bit, Doctor, and you will soon recollect me.

*Viper.* It will be to no purpose.

*O' Don.* I warrant. Surely, my dear, when you were the doer of the Scandalous Chronicle, was not I death-hunter to the very same paper?

*Viper.* Hey! why, you can't be Phelim O'Flam!

*O' Don.* Not now; but I was about twelve months ago.

*Viper.* What could induce you to turn Capuchin?

*O' Don.* A few murders.

*Viper.* Murders?

*O' Don.* Yes; in order to pay off my lodging, I kill'd a couple of dozen of people, that happen'd to be alive and in good health; so the printer would employ me no longer.

*Viper.* I told you, O'Flam, what would happen; why, you became a perfect Drawcanfir;  
put

put more people to death than any three physicians in London.

*O'Don.* What then, Doctor Viper? sure, your poisonous pen did more mischief than me: My dead men walk'd about afterwards, and did their business as if nothing had happen'd; whilst the stabs made on peoples' good names, by your rancour and malice, will admit of no consolation.

*Viper.* How is this?

*O'Don.* In short, my dear Doctor, the only difference between us is this; my dead men are all alive, and your live men had much better be dead.

*Viper.* Do you know, firrah, to whom you are speaking?

*O'Don.* You may say that; from the top to the bottom, every chink and cranny, my dear.

*Viper.* Pay then proper respect to my cloth.

*O'Don.* What, d'ye mane it is a priest that you are?

*Viper.* Without doubt.

*O'Don.* Then, upon my shoul, it must be of your own ordination, like Mr. Melchizedeck. A priest? I'll wager my frock against the price of a mass, that you can't tell how many the thirty-nine articles are.

Q

*Viper.*

*Viper.* An impudent, audacious——

*O'Don.* A priest? What, because you was parish-clerk to the Moravian meeting-house in the Old-Jewry, and us'd to snuffe out their bawdy hymns to the tune of beastly ballads and jiggs? from thence you got expell'd for robbing the poors' box——

*Viper.* Me?

*O'Don.* Then you became advertisement-sticker to lottery-offices, auctioneers, stage-coaches, and mountebank-doctors; but being detected in selling the bills for waste paper to grocers, you got your dismissal, you know——

*Viper.* Rascal! I know?

*O'Don.* After that you turn'd swindler, and got out of gaol by an act for the relief of insolvent debtors.

*Viper.* Many honest men have been in the same situation.

*O'Don.* Lave honesty out, if you please. Then you became doer of the Scandalous Chronicle; mow'd down reputations like muck; push'd yourself into the pay of lady Deborah Dripping, produced anonymous paragraphs against her of your own composition, and got paid by her for not putting them into your paper.

*Viper.*

*Viper.* Where the devil could the fellow collect all this story?

*O' Don.* Now from here, I suppose, you will soon return home as a fugitive, and pay your old debts by a new act of parliament.

*Viper.* Well but, Mr. O'Flam——

*O' Don.* O' Donnovan, if you please. So you see, Doctor Viper, you are pretty well known; and all your friends and acquaintance shall soon know you as well as me in this town.

*Viper.* The devil! well, but, my dear friend, what can be the meaning of this? why should we two quarrel?

*O' Don.* Whose fault was it, Doctor, I pray?

*Viper.* Fault? nobody's fault: I was a little forgetful; that is all. What! we have been connected before; and why shou'dn't we now? ours is a natural alliance; we are poor dogs, and rich men are our game.

*O' Don.* For the matter of that, I have no objection to hunting in couples.

*Viper.* That is right. Come, let us in, and drown all animosity in a bottle of Burgundy.

*O' Don.* I will wait upon you at night; but I have a little bit of business at present.

*Viper.* Of what kind?

*O' Don.* To get a girl out of a convent, and restore her to her friends and relations.

*Viper.* A girl?

*O' Don.* Ay, the daughter of them there English within.

*Viper.* Is the girl handsome?

*O' Don.* I don't know that, but she's young.

*Viper.* That will go a good way. And fled from her friends?

*O' Don.* With a lover, they say.

*Viper.* Gad, a thought is just pop'd into my head, that, I fancy, will yield us both a good deal of profit.

*O' Don.* Of what kind?

*Viper.* I will inform you within. But where were you bound?

*O' Don.* To the convent.

*Viper.* Suspend your visit a while. Come with me; I must introduce you to a friend of mine in the house. But, I hope this greasy garb has not tainted your mind with any coyness or qualms.

*O' Don.* Not a bit; it is a convenient dress when one can't get any other: It suits well with the cold of a winter distress; but when the sun and summer of plenty returns, I shall shed my coat like a colt.

“ When the devil was ill, the devil a monk would be;

“ When the devil was well, the devil a monk was

he.”

[*Exeunt.*

[*The*

[*The scenes at the Convent succeeded, as in the Trip to Calais; and the Act ended with no other variation than the following small alteration in Mrs. Clack's speech, p. 52. The Third Act was all new.*]

Clack. True, sister. But come; let us go to THE GOVERNOR, as the friar advised us; perhaps HE may put us in a way.

## A C T III.

*O'Donnovan, Sir Harry Hamper, and Viper, at a table with wine and glasses.*

*Viper.*

**W**HAT, then, you know her, Sir Harry?  
*Sir H.* From a child; and a sweet little rose-bud she was! by this time, she is in full bloom, no doubt.

*Viper.* You seem to express yourself with some ardor and warmth, as if you felt a fancy for this fine delicate flower.

*Sir H.* Pho, pho! what chance have I to get the possession?

*Viper.* I don't know that; a little contrivance, and the help of a friend, have brought more unlikely matters to bear.

*Sir H.* Why, Domine, if you would lend your assistance, there might be some hopes, I confess.

*Viper.* Of me, Sir Harry, you are always secure: But in my old friend here, you will find a more able assistant.

*O'Don.* You are pleas'd to compliment, dear Doctor Viper. Unless you are greatly fallen  
 off,

off, for turning bachelors into husbands, husbands into cuckolds, and maids into mistresses, there was not a better practitioner within the bills of mortality.

*Viper.* My dear monk, a truce to your compliments.

*O'Don.* Oh, the divil a bit of a compliment!

*Viper.* Well, well, you are always too kind to your friends: But, upon this occasion, your knowledge of this country——

*O'Don.* That, indade——

*Viper.* And, above all, the virtues of that frock, will stand us in excellent stead.

*O'Don.* Why, to say truth, I know but little else it is good for.

*Viper.* Well, shall we have its assistance?

*O'Don.* You may say that.

*Viper.* If this scheme succeeds, knight, it will do you immortal honour in England; your intrigue at Paris was a fine preparation.

*Sir H.* Do you think that is generally known?

*Viper.* In the mouth of every mortal.

*Sir H.* Ay? that is lucky indeed! But how shall we bring this business about?

*Viper.* Nothing so easy. Flam is, you know, desired by the family, if they can't succeed themselves, to get the girl out of the convent.

*Sir H.* True.

*Viper.*

*Viper.* That design is a sufficient pretence for visiting the girl.

*Sir H.* Can't be a better.

*Viper.* As there is little probability that he should prevail with Miss to return to her father and mother, let him pretend to have had an interview with the young fellow her favourite, who lies concealed in the town.

*Sir H.* Well?

*Viper.* That, moved to compassion by their tender attachment, he is determined to lend his aid to accomplish his wishes.

*O'Don.* By this mains, a little spill will be gained from that quarter too [*aside*].—Has she the shiners, d'ye think?

*Viper.* I warrant she is not come here unprovided. That he is ready to conduct her where her lover lies hid, and lend his ministry to finish his business.

*O'Don.* I am but a lay-brother, you know.

*Viper.* Nor I neither: But, for all that, I wouldn't scruple to tack together twenty couple a-day.

*Sir H.* I don't doubt it.

*O'Don.* That, to be sure, is an answer.

*Sir H.* But how does all this concern me?

*Viper.* I was coming to that. When the monk has got possession of Miss, what prevents him

him from bringing the girl to my lodging? where, instead of her swain, she will be agreeably surprized to encounter Sir Harry.

*Sir H.* It is a very fine plot, to be sure: But, Domine, suppose the young thing should be skittish, and not quite approve of the change?

*Viper.* We must leave you to settle that business; but, from your dress and address——

*O'Don.* In trot, she must be more than woman, to refuse such a figure.

*Viper.* A few presents in hand, and vast promises upon returning to England——

*Sir H.* And you think she will comply?

*O'Don.* Oh, never fear; she will melt in a moment.

*Viper.* Besides, at worst, Flam and I shall be near you; and if a little compulsion should be required——

*O'Don.* Is it a rape that you mean? upon my shoul, Doctor Viper, you are after stepping before me a good deal in mischief.

*Viper.* A rape! no, no; nothing like it, dear Flam; only a little compulsion, to give the lady an apology for following her own inclinations. Hey, Sir Harry! what are your sentiments upon the occasion?

*Sir H.* Should like it of all things in the world! I am quite agog 'till I——How pretty

it will be, to see the poor thing pout, and snivel, and sob, and pat me, and cry I warrant, "Go, you naughty thing!"—But is not there some danger? won't their magistrates, their policy, as they call it here, take it amiss?

*Viper.* Oh, no; a gentleman here does whatever he pleases: Besides, it is but a step cross the Channel, and there, you know, we are safe.

*Sir H.* True, true.

*Viper.* And, upon second thoughts, let things turn out as they will, I think it will be right, at your time of life, to report it a rape; it will do your vivacity and vigour a good deal of credit.

*Sir H.* Will it?

*Viper.* To be sure. A rape, and upon a nun too, for so we must call her; it will shew a noble contempt for decency, religion, and virtue, and can't fail recommending you to all people of spirit.

*Sir H.* I should think so: How one improves by one's travels! Why, this would never have come into my head, had I stay'd in the city.

*Viper.* Oh, fy! never; that air is too foggy.

*Sir H.* I used to be a little factious now and then; but that! Lord, that's nothing at all!

*Viper.* Oh, no merit in that; the natural consequence of your food and your fuel.

*Sir H.* But you will take care to paragraph me well in the papers; for if it should not be known, why——

*Viper.* The main point will be lost. Never fear! in my old paper, I still keep a place open: That no time may be lost, I will send it to-night.

*Sir H.* I can't help laughing, to think how my old friends, in Portfoken and Dowgate, will stare when they comes to the article.

*Viper.* Ready to burst with envy, I warrant!— Well, O'Flam, you know your part; set off as soon as you please.

*O'Don.* Upon my shoul, Doctor Viper, there are a few scruples and qualms that begin to rise in my stomach.

*Viper.* Zounds, man, gulp 'em down then as fast as you can!

*O'Don.* Upon my conscience, they won't go; they stick still in my throat.

*Viper.* Hark'ee, Flam! Would not a little *aurum potabile*, a small decoction of guineas, remove the obstruction?

*O'Don.* Why, to daal freely, Doctor, I look upon it there is some small danger in what we are about. Now, as to you two, you are but birds of passage, you know; and being well winged, can take your flight whenever you please.

*Viper.* Well?

*O'Don.* Now, as to myself, tho' I am at home here, yet for all that I am but a stranger; and being, besides, as bare as a board, it is but raasonable that Sir Harry should spare me some of his feathers, that may, in case of need, carry me out of gun-shot, you know.

*Sir H.* By all manner of means.

*Viper.* But how shall we manage it? The rules of your order are so very severe as to money! I believe I had better receive it; and, if you should want——

*O'Don.* No, no, Doctor; you are a good casuist, and have silenced most of my scruples: Besides, at confession tomorrow, it is but lumping in this with my other transgressions.

*Viper.* Sir Harry?

*Sir H.* Oh, by all manner of means; here!

*Viper.* Throw it into his cowl.

*O'Don.* No, no; I can conceal it very well in my sleeve.—He might have knocked against the other, perhaps; and that would not have been altogether so decent.

*Viper.* Well, well; all obstacles being removed, dispatch, my dear Flam, as soon as you can.

*O'Don.* I sha'n't neglect them. I must go to vespers.—But, Doctor Viper, as you are a conscientious man, and one of the cloth, don't you think

think it would be right to have a few prayers put up, for certain persons, who have in agitation some important affairs?

*Viper.* Why, it mayn't be amiss.

*O' Don.* The community, you know, is always considered upon these occasions.

*Viper.* Oh, I dare say Sir Harry won't scruple.

*Sir H.* Not in the least. But, to say truth, the reverend father has drawn me dry for the present.

*Viper.* Oh, you may be soon supplied in the house. Come, I will advance: Here, here!

*O' Don.* And in passing by the trunk for the poor, if I was to drop in something handsome, you know it might draw down a blessing upon our design.

*Sir H.* Domine, give him the whole purse!

*O' Don.* I shall have great pleasure in serving so pious a man. Save you, gentlemen! [*Exit.*]

*Sir H.* A shrewd sensible fellow this O' Flam, let me tell you.

*Viper.* Yes, yes; he knows what he's about.

*Sir H.* But, Domine, after the business is finish'd, how shall we dispose of the girl?

*Viper.* Restore her to her friends, and make it a merit.

*Sir H.* But if she should turn out coy, and complain of ill usage?

*Viper.*

*Viper.* We must impute it to spite, as by your means she is deprived of her lover.

*Sir H.* That, indeed—But will they believe it?

*Viper.* Believe it! Flam and I will swear to the fact.

*Sir H.* That indeed—But who have we here?

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin and Mrs. Clack.*

Oh, Mrs. Clack! what success have you had?

*Clack.* Came away just as we went; the young jade whines about fasting and penance like a Methodist teacher, and talks of embracing poverty, as if she was a peer of the realm.

*Min.* She poverty? 'tis all a pretence! it is somebody else she wants to embrace.

*Sir H.* Why, Domine and I have been laying our noddles together.

*Clack.* Your worship is wonderfully kind!

*Viper.* Sir Harry has employed a priest here in this town; perhaps you have seen him?

*Mrs. Min.* D'ye mean his reverence with the long beard?

*Viper.* The same. The friar is just dispatch'd to the convent; and as the great point is to get the girl out of their clutches, he is to persuade her that she is to be conducted directly to Drugget.

*Mrs. Min.* But, instead of that, he is to bring her to us?

*Viper.*

*Viper.* No, no; that would be too abrupt! to Sir Harry Hamper; who, as a friend to the family, will teach her her duty, and what she owes to her friends.

*Clack.* That will be very kind in his honour.

*Sir H.* I shall spare no means, Mrs. Clack, to make her submit.

*Mrs. Min.* But I hope his honour won't push things to extremities; for you know, Matthew, she still is our child.

*Min.* Extremities! Sir Harry has undertaken a more difficult task than he is aware of: The young slut is so headstrong and fractious, that my old friend will find it out of his power, if she continues obstinate, to make her comply.

*Sir H.* Well, well; it is but trying, however.

*Viper.* You will take care to be in the house if we should want you. Come, Sir Harry, we must hie home, to wait for the monk.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Viper.*]

*Clack.* Come, good folks, who can tell but his honour may compass this job?

*Min.* I can't say I have any great expectations. My old friend, when he liv'd amongst us, was never over-famous for his powers of persuasion; and I can hardly think that age has improv'd his abilities.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Street.*

*Enter Dick Drugget.*

*Dick.* It is impossible for me to quit this town, and leave my dearest Jenny behind me; there my heart's treasure lies hid, and there, spite of myself, I am carried by an irresistible impulse. To see her, I suppose, is impossible; and equally difficult to give or receive any intelligence. Hush! I must hide.—Hey! no, sure! yes; it is Jenny herself! but who the deuce can it be that conducts her?

*Enter O'Donovan and Jenny.*

*O'Don.* The house is hard-by, at the other end of the town; and stands alone, between the inn and the snuff-shop.

*Jenny.* Your goodness, my dear father, to a poor unfortunate victim, I want words to acknowledge. Your self-denial and mortified state place you above the reach of any pecuniary—

*O'Don.* My sweet pretty cratur! in acts of charity, indade, to folks poorer than we are, if any such can be found, we are always plaas'd to convey any donations.

*Jenny.* I shall think myself happy to assist so pious a purpose [*feels for her purse*].—Bless me!

is not that my dear Dicky, who stands there at the corner?

*O' Don.* Dear Dicky! who the divil is he?

*Jenny.* The very youth to whom you were going to convey me.

*O' Don.* Pho, pho! how can that be? becaase why, I left him at home; and how can he be in two places at once? unless, indade, he had wings.

*Jenny.* His impatience, I suppose, made him follow you hither.

*O' Don.* Pox take his impatience! But I tell you, Miss, it can't be; becaase why, I never saw that parson before.

*Jenny.* But I have, and therefore can't doubt; I must run to him, father; for I know it is he.

*O' Don.* Is it? Then my best way is to run from him as fast as I can. [Exit.

*Jenny.* Dicky!

*Dick.* My dearest Jenny! this is an unexpected pleasure indeed. But who was that with you?

*Jenny.* The honest father you sent to conduct me.

*Dick.* Me? I have neither seen nor spoke to a soul.

*Jenny.* No!

S

*Dick.*

*Dick.* No. This is some plot of your parents, to get you into their clutches.

*Jenny.* Perhaps so. But where can we go? have you secur'd no retreat?

*Dick.* How could I, my love? as I hadn't the smallest hopes of—But here comes the priest again, and somebody with him; let us turn down this street, and avoid him. [Exeunt.

*Enter O'Donnovan and Viper.*

*O'Don.* There, there they go!

*Viper.* I see, I see. A fine girl, as I live! too nice a tid-bit for an apprentice, or my musty old knight: I'll try if I can't secure her myself.—O'Flam! you know Bet Bonnet, the milliner's girl, that lived with me in London?

*O'Don.* You may say that.

*Viper.* When I went with the knight, I left her in my lodgings in town; step to her this instant.

*O'Don.* Well?

*Viper.* Explain to her the business of Hamper, convey her to him as Minnikin's daughter; she knows well enough how to assume the airs of a novice.—But there is hardly time to instruct her. Ten to one, too, this blockhead will

will make some damn'd blunder or other.—  
O'Flam!

*O' Don.* Well?

*Viper.* Upon second thoughts, you had best undertake this business yourself.

*O' Don.* What d'ye main?

*Viper.* Pass yourself on the knight as the party.

*O' Don.* What, me, for old Minnikin's daughter?

*Viper.* Ay.

*O' Don.* Oh, lave off! I shall be easily taken for a lovely lass, to be sure.

*Viper.* Why not? he must be in the dark, to execute his own intentions, you know.

*O' Don.* That is true. But how shall I hide my voice? he may see that, you know, without the help of a candle; besides, I am told I have a small twilt in my tongue.

*Viper.* Oh, as to that, Hamper is no critic in dialects; besides, say little, and soften your tones as much as you can.

*O' Don.* But if he should turn out too familiar, what will I do then, Doctor Viper?

*Viper.* It will be easy enough to repel any violence from a man of his age. Besides, I will think of some expedient to bring you speedy relief.

*O'Don.* Well, well! upon my shoul, after all, there is a good daal of fun in the fancy.

*Viper.* You are to take him for Drugget, you know.

*O'Don.* No bad match for my linsy-woolsey.

*Viper.* Oh, a truce to your wit now, and dispatch, I beseech you.

*O'Don.* I go, I go. [Exit.

*Viper.* They are either housed, or must return back again; this is no thoroughfare. Oh, here they come.

*Enter Dicky and Jenny.*

I am glad I have met with you. Come, come! I hav'n't a moment to lose.

*Jenny and Dicky.* Sir!

*Viper.* That rascally priest is gone for the guard; you will have a file of musqueteers here in a minute.

*Dicky.* What have I done?

*Viper.* Done! don't you know, that to steal a girl from a convent in this country is a capital crime?

*Dicky.* Sir, as I hope for mercy, I am innocent!

*Viper.* Innocent! besides, a priest to accuse you! won't they find you together? is not that proof enough of your guilt? In a word, I know  
your

your whole story; I pity, and am ready to serve you.

*Jenny.* Good Sir, what can we do?

*Viper.* You hav'n't a moment to lose: Run to the port, throw yourself into the first vessel you see, and make for England as fast as you can.

*Dicky.* And what must become of Miss Jenny?

*Viper.* Leave her to my care; I am well known in this town, and can conceal her with ease.

*Jenny.* But, Sir, how—who—

*Viper.* Oh, child, be under no apprehensions; my motive is solely compassion: Besides, my cloth is a sufficient security.

*Dicky.* Cloth? perhaps the gentleman is a clergyman—

*Viper.* Hush! that must not be known where we are.

*Jenny.* On that sacred character I can safely rely.

*Viper.* We lose time! a truce to your regrets, and your raptures; I will soon bring you together, I warrant. That way leads to the quay. Come, Miss; it is but a step to my house.

*Jenny.* This wonderful escape I owe to your goodness.

*Viper.* I could do no less, as a Christian. [*Exe.*

*A Chamber,*

*A Chamber, darkened.*

*Sir Harry Hamper alone.*

*Sir H.* Miss will soon be here, I suppose. Well, after all, for improving the mind, and removing foolish prejudices, there is no country like France: No wonder our young folks of fashion turn out such fine fellows, ecod!—Here she is, I believe. No.—A lad who comes over here at nineteen or twenty, may well pick up all the pretty accomplishments, when I, at seventy, in less than three months, have learnt to game, whore, despise my own country, laugh at religion, and, as far as inclination will go, am ripe and ready for any frolic or fun. Well said, old Harry! After all this, my young mistress in London can't refuse me, I think; the devil's in her, if I hav'n't done enough to convince her that I have scowered off all the sneaking sniveling cit, and am as profligate as if I had been born a—  
Hush! the door opens.

*Enter O'Donovan.*

*O'Don.* Sir Harry!

*Sir H.* Well?

*O'Don.* Are you sure you are there?

*Sir H.* Without doubt.

*O'Don.*

*O' Don.* And alone?

*Sir H.* Yes.

*O' Don.* And no light?

*Sir H.* Don't you see?

*O' Don.* I didn't know but you might have a candle concaaled.

*Sir H.* Where? in my pocket?

*O' Don.* Come, Miss, you may enter. [*Exit.*]

*Jenny* [*within*]. Hands off, you rude ruffian!

*Sir H.* What the deuce noise are they making?

*Jenny.* What, are they all dead in the house? no creature to lend me assistance?

*Sir H.* What can this mean?

*Jenny.* Or have you all conspired to betray me? For Heaven's sake, some Christian body——

*Mrs. Min.* [*within.*] It is my daughter's voice. Here, house!

*Min.* [*within.*] Zounds, break down the door!

*Mrs. Min.* Which room are they in?

*Min.* The noise came from this.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, Colonel, O' Donovan, and Codling.*

*Min.* Have you seen any thing of my daughter, Sir Harry?

*Sir H.* Your daughter!

*Jenny.* Unhand me! This door too is locked. What, will no mortal come to me?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Min.* There she is.

*Min.* Let me come! [*Breaks open the door.*]

*Enter Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Protect me, save me——

*Mrs. Min.* It is her. Look up, Jenny! don't you know us, my child?

*Jenny.* My mother? Oh, Madam!

*Mrs. Min.* Recover your fright; you are now out of danger. What has been the matter, my love?

*Jenny.* The greatest villain, the greatest monster!

*Min.* Who? what?

*Jenny.* First got me into his power, by the pretended sanctity of his character——

*Min.* Well?

*Jenny.* Finding his delusive offers rejected, proceeded to violence, when my cries brought you to my aid.

*Min.* This is some *parle vous rascal*! they don't mind a rape or a robbery here.

*Mrs. Min.* Not they; Lord send us safe to Old England, say I!

*Min.* Come out here! let us have a peep at your muns, Mounseer, if you please. [*Pulls out Viper.*] Hey! who the devil——Why, this is Sir Harry's Domine Viper!

*Omnes.* Sure enough!

*Min.*

*Min.* His tuterer, as sure as a gun! But who the deuce is he; Sir Harry?

*Sir H.* Heaven knows! I pick'd him up here in this town.

*Mrs. Min.* Some vagaboning feller, I warrant.

*Min.* The rascal won't make a reply. Come, friend! who and what are you?

*Viper.* What right have you to enquire?

*Min.* Your villainous attack on my daughter gives me a right; and before we part I will know.

*Viper.* Will you? Then ask it of those that will tell you.

*Min.* What, can nobody——

*Clack.* Perhaps his reverence here may; for he seems to know most of the folks in the town.

*O'Don.* Me? I know nobody out of the convent.—I belaaue I had better shaar off; for perhaps by-and-bye they may take it into their heads to make some enquiries after me of myself; and, for the present, it will be more conuanient to drop the acquaintance. [Exit.

*Min.* But, what the deuce, can nobody give us an account who he is? Where's landlord?

*Colonel.* You seem all strangers to this honest gentleman.

*Min.* Oh, this perhaps is somebody who belongs to the town. Why, Sir, if you could give us some information——

T

*Colonel.*

*Colonel.* Nay, I can't boast the honour of his acquaintance, nor, from the account of his countrymen, should I be very ambitious to make it.

*Min.* Ay, like enough; and pray, Sir, who—

*Colonel.* The various particulars of his history would be rather too tedious at present: thus far I may venture to say; his residence here is not a mere matter of choice.

*Viper.* Is the preferring the genial climate of France, to the fogs of your favourite isle, any great matter of wonder? In short, I like neither your country nor people.

*Colonel.* For which you have doubtless very good reasons: But believe this as a truth, Master Viper; no man ever yet deserted his country, unless he had been first by his country deserted.

*Viper.* You are very partial, Colonel (for I know you), considering England as a spot to which you can never lay any claim.

*Colonel.* Why not?

*Viper.* Wasn't your father a rebel?

*Colonel.* True.

*Viper.* And are not you an officer in the service of France?

*Colonel.* I was; but my present royal master, above the narrow prejudice of punishing the principles of parents in their unfortunate offspring,

Spring, has accepted my service, and restored my family to the rights of their country.

*Clack.* Well said!

*Sir H.* Ay, and well done too! to reclaim by clemency, is the noblest victory a monarch can gain over his subjects.

*Min.* But what can we do with this fellow? is there no method of punishing such a——

*Colonel.* Let him alone; a gentleman of his particular turn can't long escape the prying eyes of the police in this town; and I promise you they shan't want a key to his character.

*Sir H.* But, Colonel, I begin to suspect that I too have been bit by this Viper; couldn't I stop him, just to make him account for——

*Viper.* Stop me? you had best take care of yourself: You forget a few obligations of yours I have in my pocket; which, as I find you are quitting this country, I shall endeavour to get better secured. [Exit.]

*Sir H.* Now there is a rascal!

*Colonel.* How came you to place any confidence in a man without the smallest recommendation?

*Sir H.* Lord, who could suppose that a countryman would impose upon——

*Colonel.* Your countrymen? the very last

people, unless they are well known, you should trust or cherish in France.

*Sir H.* And why so?

*Colonel.* The necessity they lie under of shifting their quarters, is, with but too many of them, their only reason for crossing the Channel.

*Min.* Indeed?

*Colonel.* And I will venture to say, without the concurrence of some of these gentry, no considerable fraud has ever been committed upon our young giddy travellers in this part of the world.

*Codl.* Vast curus indeed! that shall go into my journal. "Observation: The French who rob and cheat the British subjects in Paris, are all of them English."

*Mrs. Min.* Ay, ay; all birds of a feather. Let us go home and leave them, as fast as we can. Well, Jenny, I hope there is an end of all thy vagaries: Thee seest what premunirers thy wilfulness had near brought us into.

*Clack.* Nay, sister, don't press the girl for the present: Let Mr. Codling continue his courtship; and in time, I warrant, the girl will comply.

*Codl.* Why, father-in-law that was to have  
been,

been, it seems to me, and to say truth, from the samples I have had, before I settles I should like to see a little more of the world.

*Min.* Nay, Master Codling, you may do as you list; nobody wants to compel you.

*Mrs. Min.* For the matter of that, if Dick Drugget's friends are inclined, they are well to pass in the world; and who can tell, in the end, but one match may be as good as the other?

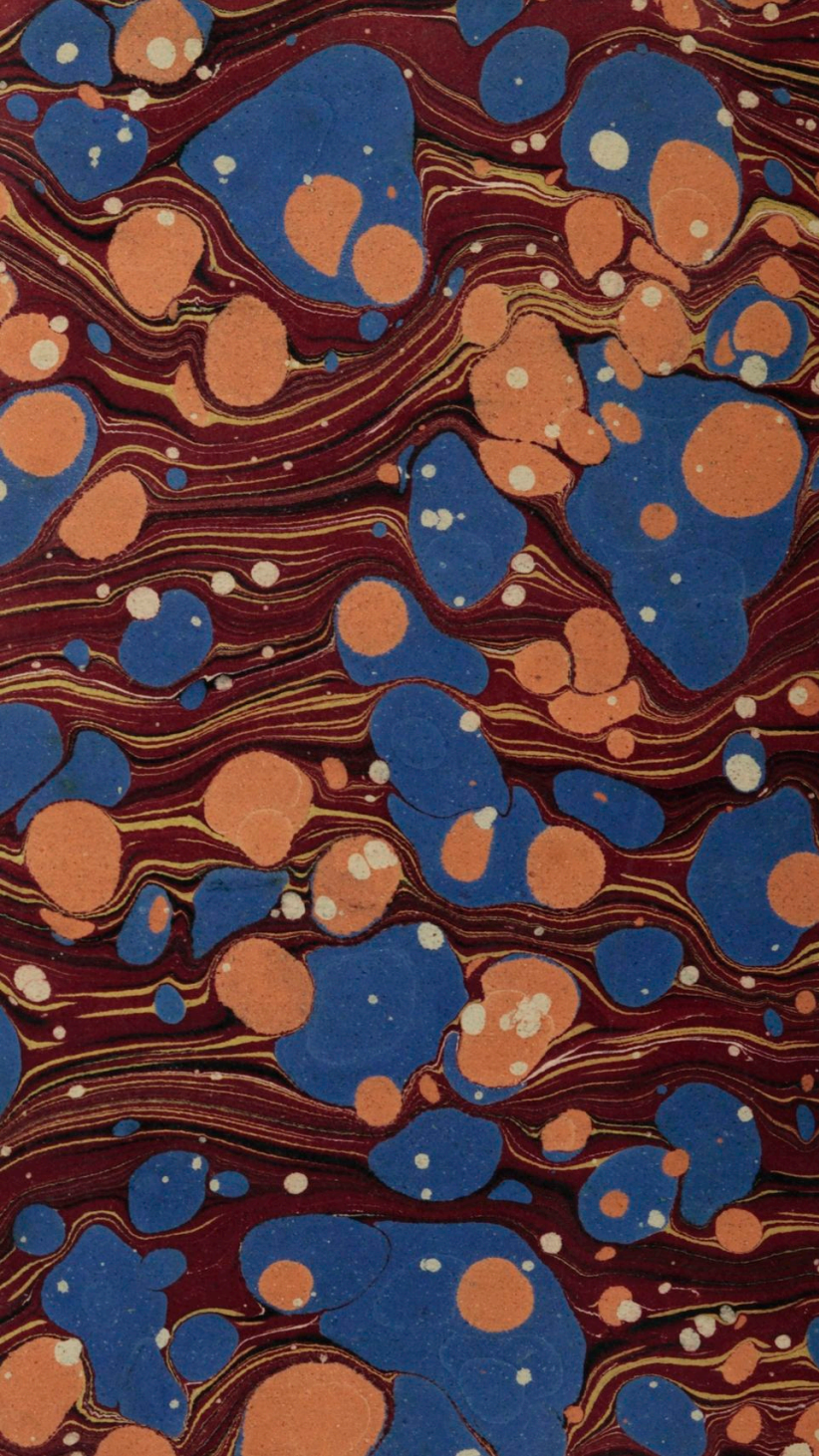
*Codl.* Why, as they are so vast fond of each other, I think it is the best step you can take. For my part, I have made up my mind: I'll part with my shop, voyage round the world for the rest of my life, and, like other great travellers, communicate my obserwations, for the good of my country.

*HP*  
*a*

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