

X

2

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

Λ

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By J. G. HOLMAN,



LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1796.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH,	- - - -	Mr. Quick.
YOUNG FLOURISH,	- - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
OLD TESTY,	- - . - - .	Mr. Munden.
YOUNG TESTY,	- - - - -	Mr. Knight.
CAPTAIN O'NEIL,	- - - - -	Mr. Johnstone.
HARCOURT,	- - - - -	Mr. Incledon.
SNARE,	- - - - -	Mr. Waddy.
BLUFF,	- - - - -	Mr. Bowden.
KEEPER,	- - - - -	Mr. Thomson.
DICKY,	- - - - -	Mr. Simmonds.
FOLLOWER,	- - - - -	Mr. Blurton.
SIR SIMON'S SERVANT.	- - -	Mr. Curtis.
BAILIFFS,	- - - - -	Mr. Grey and Mr. Street.

Women.

LADY FLOURISH,	- - - - -	Mrs. Knight.
KITTY,	- - - - -	Mrs. Martyr.
MISS HARTLEY,	- - - - -	Mrs. Second.



ABROAD AND AT HOME.

A COMIC OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Room in Sir Simon Flourish's House. Enter
SIR SIMON and OLD TESTY.*

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

BUT, my good friend Testy, do lower the pitch of your voice a little; for to speak so very loud is really not well-bred.

OLD TESTY.

I'll speak as loud as I like, and say what I like. Damn your fine breeding!--an ounce of honesty is worth an hundred weight of it.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

There now---ounce and hundred weight! Can't you contrive to think, and talk a little like a Man of Fashion? When you quitted business, you shou'd have dispos'd of your vulgarity with your stock in trade. Copy me. Do you find any thing vulgar about me?

OLD TESTY.

Psha! you and I liv'd too long together to think of cajoling each other: you are as vulgar as I am—I wish you were half as honest.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

My good friend, if we are not to attempt cajoling each other, the less you say about your honesty the better.

OLD TESTY.

Why, what have you to say against my honesty?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Nothing, I am too well bred: beside, I was your partner in trade for twenty-five years.--- I reap'd half the profits of your ingenuity, and had you been honester, I might be poorer. But, my dear friend, let us settle our business a little quietly, if you will be so kind. Your son, you say, is come to town :---good. You insist he may be introduc'd to our ward, Miss Hartley :---he shall.

OLD TESTY.

That's fair.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I thought you'd say so ; because 'tis very unfair to my own son, who being absent from England, ought not to have a rival introduc'd to the Lady I wish to be his wife. But remember, as she cannot marry without our joint consent, we must agree, that which ever she prefers shall have our mutual approbation.

OLD TESTY.

Why, yes.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Ah! mine is the boy that will win her! Educated with every advantage; now receiving the last polish, the finishing stroke to his accomplishments, *in a Tour through Europe!*---Oh! he is a——

OLD TESTY.

Yes, he is a pretty boy. That youth will put foreign ingenuity to the test. If they can send him away more dissipated than they find him, I will give them credit for one miracle.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Leave your growling, good Mr. Bear, and look after your own unlick'd cub. His country breeding will render him vastly pleasing to a young lady!

OLD TESTY.

He is a model of perfection. Innocent himself, he will never suspect that evil exists, that may make him liable to imposition: but I have adopted a remedy in my choice of a profession for him.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

As how, pray?

OLD TESTY.

To render him in some degree a match for the roguery of the world, I shall make him a Lawyer.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

And I dare say, his Yorkshire simplicity will qualify him admirably for the profession!

OLD TESTY.

Well, Flourish, the only thing we were ever in one mind about, was parting, and I conclude you have no objection to it now.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

None in the least.

OLD TESTY.

I shall send my son, and mind, fair play's the word.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Certainly (*Testy going*). Let me see you out.

OLD TESTY.

Oh! damn your civility! Stay where you are,
[Exit Old Testy.]

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(Alone.) Oh! you pretty behaved, accomplished creature! Is it not strange, that in so many years acquaintance, the polish of my manners shold not have induced him to rub off his vulgar rust!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Captain O'Neill, Sir.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Shew the Captain in. [Exit Servant.]

Enter Captain O'NIELL.

I rejoice to see you, Captain O'Niell. You are welcome to town.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Sir Simon Flourish, your most obedient,— Permit me to enquire after her Ladyship, and your lovely ward, Miss Hartley.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Both in fine health and spirits; and they will very much regret not being at home to receive you.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Proud as I am always to pay them my profound respects, at this moment my business lies entirely with you, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh Lord! I hope he don't want to borrow money of me (*Aside*). Your commands, if you please, Captain.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

An affair of honour compels me to be troublesome to you.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

An affair of honour compels him to be troublesome to me! Oh, that is worse than borrowing money. (*Aside.*)

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

My wounded reputation must be heal'd.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! How have I offended him? (*Aside.*)

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Slander can only be washed out with blood.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh! my precious blood! Oh dear! Oh dear! I suppose I have said some ill-natur'd thing of him behind his back, for I am sure I never durst affront him to his face. (*Aside.*)

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

A little after your leaving Bath——

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

A little after my leaving Bath! (*repeats falteringly.*) Oh yes, some damn'd good-natur'd friend blabb'd when my back was turned (*aside*). Why really, Captain, I don't recollect what can have given you offence at Bath.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

That I readily believe; for it would be hard to expect you to recollect what you never heard.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Eh!

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I say, Sir Simon, you cannot be expected to know the insult offer'd me, by a man who did not arrive till you were gone.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh, the man that insulted you did not arrive till I was gone! Lord, what a load is off my

mind! (*Aside.*) And so Captain, a villain had the audacity to insult you.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I was insulted, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You'll not let him live. You'll tear him to atoms---I know you will---Blood and thunder! if it were my case---

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Be cool, Sir Simon---you are too desperate.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I am---I know it is my fault; but fire and fury!---Can I assist you in this business?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

That is the very cause of my visit to you---Will you honour me so far as to deliver a bit of a message for me?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, carry a challenge for you? (*eagerly.*)

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Exactly.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, and be your Second?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

If I may take the liberty to ask such a favour?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

My dear Captain, give me your hand. I am the happiest man alive to serve a friend. I'll see you through this affair; I'll take care of you. Where am I to go? What am I to do first?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Why, first of all, there is a little preparatory business. Before I can receive satisfaction for the injury done me, I must put it in the power of my adversary to give it me.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

As how, pray?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

You must know, the young man is unluckily in prison for debt: and as he has friends who are able to release him, I thought it wou'd be taking a liberty to rob them of a pleasure they have the best right to;—but they scorn to be outdone in politeness, and, I believe, wou'd let him remain till doomsday, before they would dispute the point with me.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

And so you mean to pay his debts on purpose to fight him?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I do, and I wish I had a better motive; for though injur'd honour demands atonement, I wou'd rather do one little bit of a kindness than revenge a thousand injuries.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Will it cost you much?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

More than is quite convenient, and therefore I must trespass on your goodness in a second instance.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Eh! what, how?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I shall be under the necessity of troubling you for three hundred pounds.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Lord! it is a vast deal of money: I think you had better not fight him till there is an Act of Insolvency. Or, could'nt you get a snug little room in the Prison, and fight him at his own home; that would be more genteel and accommodating. No, no—plague take it, that won't do; for if you kill him, they will keep

us there. I should like to see you fight amazingly; but then to pay three hundred pounds for it, it is very dear: I only paid a guinea to see Johnson and Big Ben, and their way of fighting is quite as fashionable now-a-days!

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Understand me, Sir Simon. I don't intend to be under an obligation to you or any man. I have brought my Commission as security for the sum.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Security! my dear friend, do you think I want security? That is like a Trader; there is no security with People of Fashion. Yet I may as well take it by way of memorandum. (*Takes the Commission.*) Well, tell me who he is, and where he is to be found. I'll carry him the money and the challenge.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Oh! by no means. He must not know the money comes from me. He may feel it unpleasant to be under an obligation to a man he has wrong'd; and to know that I had injur'd his feelings, would not be the way to satisfy mine.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You are a very strange man! There is the money, manage it your own way.

[*Gives him Notes.*]

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I thank you, and as soon as he has got the miseries of a prison a little out of his mind, you shall wait on him.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

As soon as you please. The sooner the better.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

You are too impetuous, you fiery little fellow! We must not be in a hurry, for misfortune is apt to lower a man's spirit, and I scorn to meet a foe in a state of degradation.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, you must act as you chuse, only fight soon, for I shall think of nothing else. I know I am a desperate dog. When I was at school, they us'd to call me the little Game-Cock. You are to do as you like, but were it my own affair, I should stand close, muzzle to muzzle, toe to toe.—Damme, I'd fight him in a saw-pit. I wonder I have not fought yet. I never was even ask'd to be a Second till now; but, I believe, I know pretty well from the newspapers what a Second has to do:---To load the pistols, measure the ground, take care they stand near enough, and let them fire as long as they like. I believe that is all. Oh no! If the parties are wounded, he is to leave them on the ground, to the mercy of chance, and take care of himself.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

I am not to dictate your conduct, Sir Simon; only it might be well if every Second would consider that his office is that of a Friend to adjust an affair of Honour, not of a Sheriff to witness an execution. Good morning, Sir Simon.

[*Exit.*]

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(*Alone.*) What a lucky dog I am! To be concerned in a Duel was the only thing wanting to compleat me as a Man of Fashion. I shall state the case next day in the newspapers, with my name at full length. Then a glorious confusion always takes place! People just remember the names, but forget whether they were

Principals or Seconds! Oh! my character will be up! I shall be a Man of Fashion indeed!

Enter Lady FLOURISH *and* Miss HARTLEY.

LADY FLOURISH.

My dear, Sir Simon! how glad I am you're at home! If I am ever so little a while away from you, my darling, it appears a long, tedious age. How does my lovy do? Do look tender! 'tis so becoming to you; and beside, if you don't, you know you break my heart.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Now really, Lady Flourish, you are too fond before company, indeed you are. 'Tis your only fault, my dear. But you ought to consider, that to be fond of a husband at all, is very unfashionable; and therefore, when a wife feels that amiable weakness, she ought never to expose it before people.

LADY FLOURISH.

But I can't help exposing it. Miss Hartly knows I have been talking of nothing else but my dearest the whole time I have been out: all the while I was buying my china, and my gold muslins, and my lace, I was longing to be at home with my darling.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Lord, my dear: I wish you had indulg'd your longing, and then you wou'd n't have laid out so much money. And how is my dear Miss Hartley? You don't seem in spirits.

MISS HARTLEY.

Indeed I am not: but the cause of my want of spirits must remain a secret to you. (*Aside*). They, sir, who, like me, never knew misfortune, are apt to trifle with their felicity.

SONG.

MISS HARTLEY.

THE heart that has ne'er tasted sorrow,
 E'en happiness often will cloy;
 And we ever from misery borrow
 Our knowledge of exquisite joy.

To those who all anguish wou'd smother,
 The best use of life is unknown;
 To feel for the woes of another,
 Or value the bliss that's their own.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Old Testy's stupid bumpkin of a son is to be introduced to you this morning: but there is no fear of his rivalling my boy Jack. How I long to see the rogue again! Where is he now, I wonder? May be, eating macaroni with the Grand Duke, or having the honour of kissing the toe of his Holiness the Pope. Oh! what high fellows my son is living with!

LADY FLOURISH.

Where ever he is, my dearest, he can meet nobody so fine a gentleman as his papa.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh! you are too partial, Lady Flourish----a great deal, a great deal too partial. I have news for you—Captain O'Neill has been here.

LADY FLOURISH.

Captain O'Neill in town? (*Earnestly.*)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I shou'd like to tell them of his engaging me to be his Second. (*Aside*). You know the Captain is a man of great bravery, and knowing me to be of the same turn—hum! hum we have

had a good deal of conversation on the subject of Duelling.

LADY FLOURISH.

I hope the Captain is not going to fight a Duel? (*Greatly alarm'd*).

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh dear, no.

LADY FLOURISH.

I am glad to hear you say so. I was quite agitated at the thought of any friend of your's being engag'd in so horrid a business.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I must not blab, I find. She'd lay an information, and destroy my renown. Were I a Principal instead of a Second, I shou'd be vastly oblig'd to her. (*Aside.*) I wonder how many Duels Jack has fought abroad—that is, fought, or been Second in? 'Tis just the same thing. The credit is the same, and so is the danger pretty nearly; for the Principals are often so cursedly frighten'd, that it is an even chance whether they hit their antagonist, or their own Second.

MISS HARTLEY.

Though I abhor the practice, yet when men deem such trials necessary, I hope they conduct themselves with proper courage.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

That is mighty well of you. You don't know what it is to receive a man's fire, or you wou'd not talk so lightly about it.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Young Mr. Testy, Sir.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Very well.

LADY FLOURISH.

Come, my dear, rest yourself a little before you encounter the fatigue of this Bumpkin's conversation.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Ay, do; I'll talk to him first.

[*Exeunt Lady Flourish and Miss Hartley.*]

Enter Young TESTY.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, Tom, I'm glad to see you: you are welcome to London. Oh! what a Quiz it is!

[*Aside.*]

YOUNG TESTY.

Thank you, thank you, Sir Simon. Lord! Lord! why you be quite another guise kind of a man than what you us'd to be! I remember, as thof it was but yesterday, when father and you us'd to weigh I and Jack Flourish in the great warehouse scales, and I always were heaviest.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Yes, and you'll continue heaviest as long as you live. But, Tom, don't talk about weights and scales, 'tis so vulgar. Damn Trade, and all that belongs to it. I am a Gentleman and a Knight now.

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, Sir Simon, so they tell me; but for all that, don't damn Trade; for I don't think as how you'd a' been a Gentleman and a Knight, if the money you got by the warehouse had not given you a bit of a lift.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh the vulgar young dog!

[*Aside.*]

YOUNG TESTY.

Well, Sir Simon, father sent me a courting, and so, you see, I am come ; so no more words, let's set about it.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh yes, with all my heart. I'll see if Miss Hartley is ready to receive you. What a young Savage ! I dare say they wou'd buy him at Exeter 'Change. [Exit.

YOUNG TESTY.

Well, faint heart never won fair lady. Dang it, I'll shew her a Yorkshire boy is not afraid of a pretty girl.

SONG.

YOUNG TESTY.

I NE'ER by a lass yet was scouted,
I know the right method to get her,
No cringing for me,
I'll soon let her see
That I'm bold, and she'll likè me the better.

I'm a boy that's not easily flouted,
If she give herself airs, why e'en let her,
When to kiss her I try,
" You're rude," Sir, she'll cry,
Why I am, and you like me the better.

When she finds that I'm not to be routed,
And at morn, noon, and night I beset her,
She'll alter her tone,
And readily own
Tho' I'm rude, that she likes me the better.

SCENE II.

Another Room in Sir Simon's House. Enter
SIR SIMON FLOURISH and KITTY.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

And now give me a kiss, you little rogue
you. [*Kisses her.*]

KITTY.

Lord! Sir Simon, how can you be so rude!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Now, Kitty, mind you say all the ill-natur'd
things you can to your young Mistress of this
Country Blockhead. Always praise my son
Jack to her, and he'll bring you over trinkets
enough for you to set up a raffle-shop at Mar-
gate. Here the Booby comes. Now you may
go and fetch Miss Hartley.

Enter Young Testy.

There, Mr. Testy, good bye: I leave you to
your love-making. What a Lout it is!

[*Aside to Kitty and exit.*]

YOUNG TESTY.

So this be young Madam that father wants me
to marry. Egad she is a tight lass enow!—
Well, Miss, and so father says as how he wishes
I'd marry you; and so, d'ye see, if you've no
mighty objection, we may even be ax'd in
church together.

KITTY.

What does the Booby mean! Lord, he takes
me for my Mistress! Not such a Booby as I
thought him! [*Aside.*]

YOUNG TESTY.

Why, you don't answer, Miss. Speak out—don't be shame-fac'd. So, as I was saying, I have no disliking to you, nor liking for any body else, and if you have no particular disliking to me more than to other people, I dare say we shall be as happy a couple as goes.

KITTY.

Gemini, what a flutter I am in! If I can but make him believe I am my Mistress, my fortune is made. I must try to behave like a Lady; but if I am modest, like my Mistress, I shall never pass upon him. No, no, I must be free and dashing, as fine Ladies are in general. (*Aside.*) Why, young man, I have been considering what you have been saying; and, as I don't think you quite so great a brute as I expected you to be, I don't much care if I take you upon trial.

YOUNG TESTY.

Take me upon trial!---What, does she make a horse of me? But dang it, free and easy---I like her the better. But mayhap, Miss, if I am not so great a brute now, I may be a greater when I am married. Ah! what do you say to that, my tight Filly?

KITTY.

I'll do all I can to make you fashionable.

YOUNG TESTY.

Thank you, thank you. I'll do as much for you. Dang it, I didn't think I should have been so much at home with a fine Lady.

KITTY.

What is your name, young man?

YOUNG TESTY.

Tom Testy.

KITTY:

Well, Tom.

YOUNG TESTY.

Tom! How familiar and kind!

KITTY.

I'll have you Tom. 'Tis a bargain.

YOUNG TESTY.

Is it? There's my hand, and my lips too, I like you. How little we know in Yorkshire about London folk. They told me, you fine Ladies were squeamish and shy, and all that nonsense.

KITTY.

No, Tom. That is quite gone by in high life.

YOUNG TESTY.

So much the better. Well, but Miss, and when shall we be married? Hey! let it be soon.

KITTY.

When you like, 'tis all one to me. Only, Tom, don't mention it, let us be snug. We'll steal a march; marry first, and tell the old ones after.

YOUNG TESTY.

So we will: that will be good fun.

KITTY.

Now mind, when you go home to your father, you don't tell him what we have settled.

YOUNG TESTY.

No, not I; but I don't live at father's; I've got a place of my own, do as I like, live in the Temple. I am to be a Counsellor, father says, and a plaguy good one I shall make; for it is all done by eating, and I have a fine appetite, if the London air don't spoil it. Lord, what a happy life we shall lead!

DUET.

KITTY AND YOUNG TESTY.

KITTY.

WHEN I'm married, I'll be gay,
 Still flaunting as shall please me;
 Careless what I do or say,
 No power on earth shall tease me.
 If you e'er, in jealous spite,
 Should hint at horns ideal,
 Then my way to set you right
 Will be—to make them real.

YOUNG TESTY.

Husbands, now, for horns who care,
 Must be less wise than nice, Ma'am,
 While, at market, horns will bear
 So very high a price, Ma'am:
 And for Lawyers too, like me,
 No trouble it at all is,
 Since horn-fair remov'd we see
 To Westminster old Hall is.

BOTH.

Then since we agree so easy to be,
 Let's marry as soon as we can;
 For, not to demur, whate'er may occur,
 Is surely the very best plan.

SCENE III.*The King's Bench.* HARCOURT *solus.*

HARCOURT.

Was ever man more miserably circum-
 stanced? Bred up as heir to a splendid fortune,

and all my hopes destroy'd, by the caprice of a splenetic old uncle. Shut up here, in the King's Bench, for debt ; and, not only depriv'd of the happiness of beholding the woman I adore, but asham'd to acquaint her with the wretchedness of my situation.

AIR.

HARCOURT.

ONCE, all that cou'd enchant the sight,
 Enraptur'd fancy drew,
 And deck'd each prospect of delight
 With tints of brightest hue.
 In fairy loveliness array'd,
 The beauteous objects shone,
 While charm'd I gaz'd, Hope sweetly said,
 " These prospects are thine own."

But fancy, now, from forms of joy,
 Averts her sick'ning sight ;
 Her pencil horrors wild employ,
 And scenes of blackest night ;
 The dismal pictures rise to view
 Where direst ills combine,
 Despair exclaims, " bid Hope adieu,
 These prospects now are thine."

Enter a Servant belonging to the Prison.

SERVANT.

Mr. Flourish, Sir, has sent you the book of travels he borrow'd ; and says he will call on you presently.

HARCOURT.

That good humour'd, whimsical fellow,
 Flourish, is always welcome to me.

SERVANT,

It is queer enough that his father, Sir Simon

Flourish, should be humm'd so as to think he is going the Tour of Europe, when, all the while, he never got a step farther than St. George's Fields. [Exit.

HARCOURT.

Here he comes.

[*Young Flourish singing without,
Over the Hills, &c.*

*Enter in a shabby light-colour'd Coat, with black
Breeches and Boots.*

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! my boy, Harcourt, how are you?

HARCOURT.

Why Jack, what makes you booted?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

A man ought to be booted, when he's on a journey. An't I going the Tour of Europe?

HARCOURT.

Oh! I beg your pardon. I had forgot; but you don't seem furnish'd with a very elegant riding-dress---boots and black are not very correct---hey!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

The customs of countries differ; but to tell you the truth, so much travelling has made vast havock among my leather, and as for my black small clothes, I wear them as mourning for the demise of my last colour'd pair.

HARCOURT.

But my dear Jack, what can be the joke of your staying in this sad place?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

All the joke was in getting here. Staying is not quite so comical.

HARCOURT.

But, Jack, I must know what brought you here?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Poll.

HARCOURT.

Poll!---What Poll?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Not know Poll?---Where the devil have you liv'd?---Not know Poll?---Why Poll is the rage ---In Hyde Park every morning---rides the best horse---drives the best curricule---gives the best dinners --damme, the first Dutchess in the land envies Poll!

HARCOURT.

I beg Poll's pardon for not knowing her.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

So you ought, for Poll's familiar and kind, she'd have no objection to knowing you. But the thing is, father said I shou'd be a Man of Fashion, and so I am, an't I?---Damme, you still look at my legs---well, black-legs don't make me a bit less a Man of Fashion.

HARCOURT.

Oh! by no means.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Well---But about Poll---As I was to be a Man of Fashion, who so proper to make me one as Poll? Poll has made and unmade half the fine men of the day. I kept Poll when I was at school; Poll stuck to me at college; and when father fix'd I should travel, and see the world, who so fit to shew it me as Poll?

HARCOURT.

Well, why did n't Poll shew it you?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

She did, she shew'd me here.

HARCOURT.

But why not take her abroad with you?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

She wou'd not go. Poll said she wou'd do any thing but cross the water with me. And I could not find in my heart to go abroad without her. So I touch'd father's cash, and resolv'd to finish my education in my own country.

HARCOURT.

Very patriotic, truly!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Well, father went to Bath—I staid in town--- the money flew --Poll knew how to dash it. When all was gone, it was natural enough to come here, you know.

HARCOURT.

But how were you able to leave Poll?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

She did not trouble me to think about that: when the money was gone, Poll left me.

HARCOURT.

So Poll wou'd not follow your fortunes to the King's Bench!—How unkind!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

So I told her—" Ah, Poll!" said I, "'tis damn'd ill-natur'd to leave me."

HARCOURT.

And what did she say?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

She only laugh'd and said,--- " She told me at first, she'd do any thing but cross the water with me."

HARCOURT.

You must throw yourself on your father's mercy at last, and the sooner you do it the better.

Servant *brings in a Letter.*

YOUNG FLOURISH.

For me?

SERVANT.

No, Sir,---for Mr. Harcourt.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! nobody writes to me.

HARCOURT.

(*Reads.*) "I am led to believe the enclos'd notes will liberate you. They are sent for that purpose."---Astonishing!--No name.--Does any body wait?

SERVANT.

No, Sir.

[*Exit.*

HARCOURT.

This must be from my dear girl.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! you are a happy fellow! Your dear girl writes to you. Though Poll would not cross the water, she might send me a letter now and then. It is damn'd unkind.--But no, no, poor girl, I shou'dn't scold her for what she can't help. I ought to remember, Poll can't write.

HARCOURT.

This must be my Harriot's generosity. Charming girl! How could she discover my situation?---But what will not Love discover?---

YOUNG FLOURISH.

So, you're going to leave me. 'Tis devilish hard to be cut by every body.

HARCOURT.

Depend on it, my dear fellow, I will be with you soon.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! do come and see me. Don't be like Poll, afraid of crossing the water.

HARCOURT.

No, Jack---depend upon it. Adieu!---Now to my charming girl.—— [Exit.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! your's is a charming girl, indeed, to send you money.---If Poll had a million, I dare say she wou'dn't think of sending me a shilling, and yet she us'd to say she lov'd me vastly.

SONG.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

WHEN to my pretty Poll I went,
 And I to travel sought her,
 " Ah, stay at home, dear Jack," says she,
 " I cannot cross the water."
 What could I do? Away I flew,
 A curriclè I bought her;
 Six smoaking bays, all Hyde Park's gaze,
 From Tattersall's I brought her.
 " Dear Jack," says she, " how kind you be!
 (She'd coax like Eve's own daughter,)
 " With you will I both live and die,
 " Do all but cross the water."
 Then, splashing, dashing through the town,
 She drove, the stare of all,
 The echo of her rattling wheels
 Was, " There goes pretty Poll!"
 " Oh, pretty, pretty Poll!"
 From ev'ry tongue the echo rung:
 " See, there goes pretty Poll!"

What a lad then was I!

All to dress at me try,

And my praise to withhold none so currish,
With a girl so divine,
Such dinners! such wine!
What a damn'd clever dog was Jack Flourish!
But an end to my cash,
And my fame goes to smash,
No friends my good qualities nourish;
For they, once so kind,
Now agree in one mind,
What a damn'd stupid flat is Jack Flourish!

Thus, cut by my friends, by bailiffs seiz'd,
And this vile limbo near,
Yet with one hope I still was pleas'd,
That Poll my cage wou'd cheer.
To Poll I told where I must go,
And not to leave me sought her;
She, laughing, cried, "Dear Jack, you know
"I cannot cross the water."

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to Sir Simon's House. HARRIOT discovered (alone).

How distressing is my Harcourt's absence ! and the mysterious concealment of his residence encreases my anxiety ! Can he think so meanly of me, as to suppose his loss of fortune will lessen my affection ?

AIR.

MISS HARTLEY.

NOT mine the narrow soul, assur'd,
In riches joy to find ;
Not mine by title's glare allur'd,
To genuine merit blind.

In wealth and rank who seek for bliss,
Contempt or pity move,
They never chuse so much amiss,
Whose hearts were form'd for love.

Enter HARCOURT.

HARCOURT.

My life!

HARRIOT.

Oh Charles!

HARCOURT.

My angel, what a tedious absence!

HARRIOT.

If my Charles thought it so, why not sooner fly to his adoring Harriot?

HARCOURT.

I follow'd you to Bath, but, unluckily you had left it the day before I arriv'd; and what then happen'd I could not prevail on myself to disclose to you: I was resolv'd to bear my misfortunes alone; but your kindness has dispell'd them, and now I fly with gratitude to thank my deliverer.

HARRIOT.

Your deliverer!

HARCOURT.

Yes, my Harriot! attempt not to conceal your generous conduct. But for you, a prison wou'd have been my habitation for life.

HARRIOT.

A prison, Charles! Has such been your distress, and yet conceal it from me?

HARCOURT.

Can it be possible that I am not indebted to you for my deliverance?

HARRIOT.

By concealing from me your situation, you prevented me from being your deliverer. Oh, Charles! that was a false pride, which avoided the assistance of her who loves you. True affection shou'd seek occasions for receiving kindness, conscious it bestows most delight when it affords the power of obliging.

HARCOURT.

Pardon me, Harriot. Poverty will be proud. But what am I to think? See here, my love, this cover enclosed notes sufficient to discharge my debts.

HARRIOT.

Whoever has had the pleasure of releasing you, claims my gratitude, yet excites my envy.

HARCOURT.

Generous girl! To avoid suspicion, I had better leave you now, my Harriot.

DUET.

HARCOURT *and* MISS HARTLEY.

MISS HARTLEY.

AH, must you away while nature's so gay,
And all things to happiness move!
Hark! the feather'd warbler's throat
Pours of joy the swelling note,
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.

HARCOURT.

Ah! wert thou away, 'twould cease to be gay,
No longer to happiness move,
'Tis thou art the soul
Gives life to the whole,
And infuses the spirit of love.

MISS HARTLEY.

Hark! the tuneful current near
Sweetly steals upon mine ear;
And its gentle murmurs prove
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.

HARCOURT.

Ah, dear girl, wert thou not here,
No more these sounds wou'd sweet appear,
The murm'ring stream wou'd cease to prove
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.

BOTH.

Ah, dear youth, wert thou away,
Ah, dear girl, wert thou away,
No more wou'd nature's face be gay,
No more each sound wou'd sweetly prove
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Sir Simon's House. Enter Lady FLOURISH and KITTY.

LADY FLOURISH.

Kitty, did you see Old Testy's Yorkshire prodigy when he was here?

KITTY.

Yes, my Lady.

LADY FLOURISH.

I conclude he is a shocking Saracen.

KITTY.

Yes, my Lady.

LADY FLOURISH.

I suppose Miss Hartley votes him a sad bore.

KITTY.

Lord, your Ladyship! I could not think of Miss Hartley being troubled with such a brute of a fellow, especially, my Lady, as his Honour Sir Simon designs Miss for his own son; so, an't please you, my Lady, I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

Enter Captain O'NEIL.

LADY FLOURISH.

Captain O'Neil, I am prodigiously happy to see you. Kitty, you need not wait.

[*Exit Kitty.*

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I protest and vow, that meeting your Ladyship gives me the most superlative pleasure.

LADY FLOURISH.

Why then, I protest and vow the pleasure is mutual.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Your Ladyship does me a great deal of honour. I will beg of her Ladyship to say a kind word for me to Miss Hartley, for I want very much to be thought well of by that lovely girl. [*Aside*] I am glad to find your Ladyship alone.

LADY FLOURISH.

Glad to find me alone, Captain?

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Prodigiously so, my Lady. I have a favour to beg of your Ladyship.

LADY FLOURISH.

A favour of me! I hope, Captain, you are not going to ask any thing improper?

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I hope your Ladyship will not think it so.

LADY FLOURISH.

Indeed but I shall, if I ought to think it so; for tho' you are a very pretty man, and very much of a gentleman, and dance delightfully, and have a profusion of elegant accomplishments,—and——

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh! Madam, Madam, you confuse me.

LADY FLOURISH.

Do I?—Well, I protest 'tis very becoming to you. Confusion seems quite natural to you; but I will have compassion on your modesty.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

It is very generous in your Ladyship to compassionate a national infirmity. Bashfulness and the brogue always go together. But let me intreat you to take an interest in my happiness.

LADY FLOURISH.

I take an interest in your happiness! You'll absolutely make me faint.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

What shou'd your Ladyship faint about? Why, -my Lady, I but desire——

LADY FLOURISH.

Oh! you shou'd conquer your desires!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

But I only wish——

LADY FLOURISH.

Fie, fie! I must not gratify your wishes.---- Don't press me any further; for tho' I have a great deal of resolution, you have an infinity of insinuation.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I wish you would let me insinuate my meaning.---

LADY FLOURISH.

Don't shock me. I know what you want to insinuate.----Think what a dreadful thing it is to seduce the wife of your friend.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

My Lady----

LADY FLOURISH.

Oh, Captain O'Neil! how can you go to persuade me to be unfaithful to poor, dear, little Sir Simon?

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Can I believe my ears? Why fire and fury, Captain O'Neil! how durst you think of such a thing!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Here's a blessed piece of a blunder.

LADY FLOURISH.

Sir Simon, I'm quite shock'd at your intrusion. How can you be so ill-bred? I beg you'll not interfere with my concerns. "I am myself the guardian of my honour, and will not brook so insolent a monitor." [Exit.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh you Violator of Friendship! Oh you Seducer! Why, Tarquin was a Joseph to you!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Sir Simon, upon my honour, I meant not the least harm.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Why, did I not hear her say, you wanted her to be unfaithful to poor, dear, little Sir Simon.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Will you hear me, Sir Simon?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

No, you monster of iniquity! you wanted to separate a pair of fine turtle-doves.—You deluder of innocence, you destroyer of the peace of families!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Very well, Sir Simon, I plainly see what you mean. You are too fond of fighting to listen to reason; and since nothing but spilling my innocent blood will appease you, I must submit. There, Sir Simon, (*Pulling out pistols.*) I little thought to cock either of these against you.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Cock them against me!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

(*Pointing to Sir Simon.*) Take your choice, Sir,

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Take my choice! No, I shan't take my choice. [Terrified.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh, you may trust to them---they have done execution in their time. But may be, you don't think one a piece enough? Well, then, fetch a pair of your own. I'll measure out a few paces while you are gone.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

[*With horror.*] A few paces!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh! I beg your pardon: I had forgot---you like to fight muzzle to muzzle.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Muzzle to muzzle! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!---

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Well, I must assent to your savage propensities. I must fight you how you like.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

But damme, if I'll fight you at all.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Not fight me! Oh! the patience of St. Patrick cou'd not brook such contemptuous treatment! You won't even fight me?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I won't, upon my soul.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

You positively refuse to treat me like a gentleman! O what extremities you drive me to! (*Strikes him with his cane.*) How can you distress me so!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

How the devil can you distress me so?

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Not fight me? Oh 'tis cruel treatment! (*Striking him again.*)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

It is, upon my soul.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Now, will you fight me?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You are taking the worst way in the world to persuade me.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I'll try it a little more, however. (*Holding up his cane.*)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Hold, for mercy! I'll ask your pardon---anything---What will satisfy you?

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Nothing that a poltroon can offer. I am sorry I have degraded myself by striking a coward.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

So am I---very.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh, you are a desperate dog! You wou'd stand close, toe to toe---muzzle to muzzle---Damme, you'd fight in a saw-pit. Oh, you are a pretty fellow for a Second!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Very well for a Second, but not quite so well for a Principal. But, Captain, I hope you'll be kind enough not to mention this trifling affair; for 'tis a pity, the reputation a man has been collecting his whole life, should be whisk'd away in a moment.---What a vapour Honour is, that it will fly away in the dusting a coat! Do be tender, Captain---Pray don't mention this!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

In my opinion, you are too contemptible to be mentioned at all.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Your opinion I shall always have the highest respect for.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Good bye, my little game-cock. I shall remember you always stand muzzle to muzzle.--- Oh, you are a desperate dog indeed! [*Exit.*

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(*Alone.*) I have been very unlucky. I am afraid I have not acted quite like a Man of Fashion. In the first place, to interrupt a Gentleman's making love to my wife, was not at all like a Man of Fashion---no---that was very low breeding indeed. As to getting a beating---that will happen to Men of Fashion, now and then. But one part of my behaviour, I hope, sets all to rights---I behav'd very ill, and I ask'd pardon. If that is not like a Man of Fashion, the devil's in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Inside of the King's Bench, with a View of the High Wall. Enter Young FLOURISH.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I have been puzzling over maps, these two hours, to find out where I have been, or rather where I ought to have been; and 'tis a great deal more troublesome to travel in imagination than in reality: for I must keep my eyes open, while I am tracing my journey on paper; but if I had gone it in earnest, I might have slept comfortably from post to post, as most Travellers do!

Enter HARCOURT and Captain O'NEIL.

Ah! Charles, my boy, coming to see me so soon is kind indeed!

HARCOURT.

And I have brought a friend to see you.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

What a mighty queer world we live in! This is a gentleman I am proud to hear call me friend-- and yet half an hour ago I was ready to cut his throat!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Cut your friend's throat?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Why, it happens every day --don't it? Your making a wonder of that proves you live out of the world.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

By your account, to live out of the world seems the only chance one has to live at all.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

You are pretty right there; for between those who, having too little courage, want to be thought to have enough, and those who have so much, 'tis always boiling over---a quiet man's life is in a constant state of requisition.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

But, how came you two to quarrel?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

The only way that two honest men can quarrel---by mistake.---However, before we troubled our pistols to speak for us, we thought it no dishonour to speak a little for ourselves; by which means we found out, that though we met to settle a dispute, devil a dispute we had to settle.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

How was that?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Why, it appears that this same good looking

countenance of mine is unlucky enough to resemble the phiz of a Gentleman Blacklegs, who by a little trick or two in the way of his trade, disburthen'd our friend of his cash. He thought, when he met me in the Rooms at Bath, (and the place, to be sure, was not much in my favour) that he had nick'd his man and accosted me accordingly. We lost one another in the croud, and he departed in his error. I learnt his name, and follow'd him to London ; where, if I hadn't had wisdom enough to ask an explanation, I might have been sent out of the world for the misfortune of resembling a scoundrel.

HARCOURT.

How much I must ever feel bound to you !

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Ah! Harcourt, appearances are very deceitful, and he who forms his opinions from them will blunder on in the dark, let the sun shine ever so bright.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

And that is blundering indeed.

HARCOURT.

Captain O'Neil --my friend, Jack Flourish, is a very whimsical fellow.---If he had been out of Limbo, you wou'd have seen him earlier ; for I shou'd have brought him for my Second.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, you would not ; for to be Second in a Duel is, in my mind, an employment pretty nearly as honourable as to be Jack Ketch's Deputy.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

All the Flourishes are not of that opinion. I presume you are no relation to that little game-cock, Sir Simon ?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

My father a little game-cock ?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Sir Simon your father! Why, Sir Simon's son is on his travels.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, Sir Simon's son travels like a mill-horse, a great deal in a small space. But here he is, here's Jack Flourish, and if he had not had the wisdom to stay at home, he wou'd have lost the good fortune of becoming acquainted with you. He is a fool who quits Old England---for damme, if he'll find such fellows any where as he leaves behind him.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

I should be jealous of your praise, if Old England and Old Ireland were not exactly the same spot of ground. So you are, really and truly, the fine travell'd young Gentleman, Mr. Flourish? Oh, you are a hopeful boy! I assure you, your father believes you have been seen and admir'd in every Court in Europe.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

So I ought to have been seen and admir'd in every Court in Europe, but I was unluckily introduc'd at the Court of King's Bench, and am not likely to visit any other Court in a hurry.

HARCOURT.

You must contrive to be on terms with your father, to assist me in obtaining his sanction to my passion for his Ward, Miss Hartley.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

What! you have a passion for Miss Hartley? So have I too—That is unlucky.

HARCOURT.

A passion for Miss Hartley?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Yes : but I am by no means sure she has a passion for me : so, if you can prove she has for you, there are two to one against me.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I'll lay the odds.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Is it so? Enough said, then. He that can't make sport, never let him spoil it. 'Tis true, I had a liking for the young Lady, but the first principle of my liking was--to make her happy ; and as long as that is brought about, whether by you or me, is the same thing among friends. Ha! ha! ha! ha! my young Traveller, I can't help laughing to think that this very morning I was dusting the coat of a relation of your's.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

That was very kind of you ; and while your hand is in, I'll thank you to dust mine—for I'm sure it wants it.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Farewel, my young Traveller---every assistance I can give, you may depend on---Well, Charles, you are a lucky dog to get such a sweet girl as Miss Hartley. Oh, the dear creatures, how I love them !

SONG.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

IN the smiles of the fair
Is the best cure for care,
If ruffled our bosom, they charm it to ease;
Or with eye sweetly glancing,
Our hearts they set dancing,
They calm us and rouse us e'en just as they please.

The wise prop of a state,
 Or the warrior so great,
 Oft bows down to kiss Beauty's rod on his knees;
 'Tis the province of Beauty
 To teach men their duty,
 For women can do with us just what they please.

E'en the miser quits gold,
 Their bright charms to behold,
 And gives them his soul, for he yields them his
 keys;
 The dear rogues are so clever,
 Oh! bless 'em for ever,
 And may they rule over us just as they please.

HARCOURT.

Jack, I've been thinking how you are to get
 at liberty.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Have you? 'Well, how?

HARCOURT.

Acquaint your father that you are return'd
 from abroad, then get a Rule for the day, and
 see him: his joy at the sight of you may soften
 his heart, and pave the way for your forgive-
 ness.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Well said. I'll do it. I'll have a rule --I'll
 hire a horse, as we call it.

HARCOURT.

Well, my boy, success attend you. All the
 assistance I can give you depend on. Farewel,
 my young Traveller! [*Exit Harcourt.*

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Damme, 'tis a lucky thought.---Aye, but they
 won't trust me out alone. I must take one of
 their watch-dogs along with me. How shall I

manage that? I have it.---Yonder goes little Dicky. That's lucky! He's the man for my purpose. I must go to Monmouth-street myself, to brush up appearances, and so I'll take little Dicky with me, dress him smartly, and introduce him to my father as a Foreign Nobleman who came over with me.---Well said.---Huzza! Dicky! Dicky! I am so happy that I shall see the outside of that damn'd wall once more!

Enter DICKY.

DICKY.

Do you vant me, Mäster Flourish?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Dicky, my boy, you are a clever little fellow; you are the only man that can serve me.

DICKY.

Vy, then, make it vorth my vwhile, and nobody readier.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I am going to have a Rule, hire a horse, as we call it, and you shall get up behind. There is nobody else in your way fit for a Gentleman's companion :---You are the only genteel article.

DICKY.

To be sure, they are damn'd vulgar.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I am going to take you to my father's, and you must pass for a Man of Fashion.

DICKY.

Well, my Master, I'll try. I shall look it very well.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, no: I must put you on a lac'd coat.

DUET.

Young FLOURISH *and* DICKY.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

DICKY, I shall smartly dress you,

DICKY.

Vy, I'm smart enough, Lord bless you.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, no!

DICKY.

Vy so?

Vat am I to pass for, pray?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

For a man of rank, I say.

DICKY.

Vy then, dont I hit it quite?

Sure I'm drest exactly right.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Why really, Dicky, I must own

You're in the style of men of *ton*;

In side-boxes oft we view

Men of Fashion drest like you.

DICKY.

In side-bôxes oft you see

Men of Fashion drest like me.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Very true,

Just like you,

But that will not with daddy do.

DICKY.

Vy so?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

You must know
Dad's a bit of the old Beau,
And thinks it most becoming when
Men of Fashion dress like Gentlemen.

DICKY.

In side-boxes oft you see
Men of fashion drest like me.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Dad thinks it most becoming when
Men of Fashion dress like Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Young Testy's Chambers in the Temple. Young
TESTY and SNARE at Breakfast.*

SNARE.

And so you like London prodigiously?

YOUNG TESTY.

Hugely! What did my Quiz of a Father mean
by keeping me in the Country so long? I ought
to have been as wise as I am now five years ago.

SNARE.

To be sure; and your knowledge wou'd not
have surpriz'd people either.

YOUNG TESTY.

No, not at all. I am not half so knowing as
I ought to be, for all I was bred in Yorkshire.

SNARE.

That was in your favour.

YOUNG TESTY.

Oh! 'twas Heaven's mercy I was pitched into
a cutish county, or I shou'd never have been

able to shew my face here. Why, boys of sixteen here know a great deal more than I do.

SNARE.

Boys of sixteen! Men of sixteen, you mean! Sixteen! why, 'tis the prime of a man's life! Who are your greatest men on the turf?---your men of sixteen. Who keep your dashing women in the greatest style?---your men of sixteen.

YOUNG TESTY.

So I thought. It came into my head, that keeping your dashing women was a very young trick.

SNARE.

Every thing now is in a state of forwardness unknown to our ancestors. London may be termed an immense hot-house, where every thing is forc'd. You eat your fruit before it is in season. You run through your constitution before it is matured. You spend your estate before you are in possession, and get divorced from your wife before you ought to have married. 'Tis a lively system---Is it not?

YOUNG TESTY.

Aye, a short life and a merry one.

SNARE.

But you were out of luck last night.

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, a little; and when I had lost all my money, it was vastly friendly of you to lend me the 200l. but I lost them too.

SNARE.

It will happen so sometimes. A lad of spirit does not mind such trifles. I will thank you, though, to return me the money: for I am rather out of cash.

YOUNG TESTY.

Eh!

SNARE.

I'll thank you for the 200l. I lent you.

YOUNG TESTY.

My dear friend, I could as soon give you a million. My father does not allowance me in such a grand stile as that comes to. I must catch him in a devilish good humour, aye, and in a great many of them, before I get 200l. of him.

SNARE.

'Tis damn'd shabby of you to borrow money you can't pay.

YOUNG TESTY.

Is this your friendship? Why, did not you force it on me? Did not you tell me you only liv'd in obliging your friends?

SNARE.

You make a small mistake; I told you, I only liv'd *by* obliging my friends. But as it is not convenient to you to pay the money, give me your Note, and it will do just as well.

YOUNG TESTY.

Ah! now you are my friend again. I thought you would not desert me so soon. You who so kindly took me by the hand---taught me to punt at Faro, told me the nicks and crabs at Hazard, and though you never play yourself, were so kind to introduce me to all your friends that do.

SNARE.

Here's a stamp----sign your name----I have fill'd it up. I thought you cou'dn't pay me directly.

YOUNG TESTY.

What is this?----“ On demand, I promise to
“ pay Nic. Snare, Esq. 400l. value receiv'd.”
---Dang it, man, you lent me but two.

SNARE.

And do you think I'm to be paid nothing for
my risk? Your father may disinherit you, and
I may never get a doit. No, no, I shall never
live by obliging my friends at that rate.

YOUNG TESTY.

Oh, this is damn'd scandalous! pay four hun-
dred pounds for two, and not have the worth
of a sixpence to show for it! Damn London...
I wish I had staid in Yorkshire all the days of
my life.

SNARE.

It is very ungrateful of you to put yourself in
a passion with *me*, who have taught you so
many pretty games.

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, and you want to teach me another pretty
game--to shew me that One and One make
Four.

[*Knock at the door.*]

OLD TESTY.

[*Without*] Tom! Let me in.

YOUNG TESTY.

Zounds, my father! I must open the door.

SNARE.

[*Laying bold of him.*] No, you shan't till you
have settled our business.

OLD TESTY.

Tom, I say, let me in.

YOUNG TESTY.

Coming, Sir.

SNARE.

If you don't sign, I'll tell him all your pranks.

YOUNG TESTY.

[*Signs*] There, and the devil do you good with it. Damn Gaming---damn Swindling---and damn---[*Opens the door.*] How do you do, Sir.

Enter Old TESTY.

OLD TESTY.

How do I do? You made great haste to ask me! Why, you have company. Is this the way you pass your mornings? You ought to be at study, Sir.

YOUNG TESTY.

This Gentleman comes to assist me in my studies, Sir.

OLD TESTY.

Oh! that is very kind of him. Thank you, Sir, for all you have taught my son.

SNARE.

O, Sir, 'tis a pleasure to me.

OLD TESTY.

Do you practise much at the bar, Sir?

SNARE.

Not much now, Sir. I have had in my time a pretty deal of Old Baily practise.

OLD TESTY.

And retir'd from it with your just deserts?

SNARE.

Not exactly, Sir, or I must say I should have been in a more elevated situation. Men often retire from the Bar with less than they merit.

OLD TESTY.

More's the pity. Well-- I will not intrude any longer, Tom. I call'd to give you money



to pay for your furniture and your books: never be in debt longer than you can help. Always pay your way. There's a draft for 400l. and so good morning, and thank you kindly for all you have done for my son. [*Exit.*

SNARE.

A very good kind of an old gentleman that father of your's: mind what he says—"Never be in debt longer than you can help. Always pay your way." That 400l. will just balance our little account.

YOUNG TESTY.

Why, you an't such a rogue?

SNARE.

You had better be correct in your language, young Gentleman, or you must satisfy my honour.

YOUNG TESTY.

Oh, damn your honour! Did not you hear my father say, it was for my Upholsterer and Bookseller? They have been for their money already, and if I don't pay them, who knows but they will send me to jail?

SNARE.

Oh no! Tradesmen are us'd to go without their money; but Gentlemen, like me, must touch the *ready*, or your character is lost for ever. So at once pay me, or I'll expose you.

YOUNG TESTY.

There -- plague take you --- there is the money. And now if I don't marry directly, I may go hang myself; and of two evils——

SNARE.

Marry, by all means. Good-bye, Tom. Remember, I live by obliging my friends! [*Exit.*

YOUNG TESTY.

The devil fly away with such friends! Oh, I'm in a pretty mess! If Miss Hartley hadn't taken such a fancy to me, what wou'd have become of me! 'Tis Heaven's mercy I was a likely lad!--My beauty has sav'd my bacon. I'm in a fine way--I shall certainly be arrested--I can't save my liberty, that is certain. All I can do is to try to lose it my own way. Of the two, 'tis better to marry than go to jail; but at whose suit I shall be obliged to surrender myself, my Wife's, or my Tradesmen's, depends entirely on whether the Bailiff, or the Parson does his business quickest. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Lady Flourish's Dressing-Room. A Sopba, and Sasb Window with Curtains. KITTY discover'd.

KITTY.

Well, thank my stars, I shan't long be oblig'd to do such menial business! Call'd here, and call'd there---No, no, I shall soon be young Mr. Testy's wife; and then Madam Testy will call her servants about her as haughtily as the first Lady in the land.

AIR.

KITTY.

WHAT a hard lot is ours now, indeed and indeed,
 'Tis a terrible life that we poor servants lead,
 Up early and late,
 To toil and to wait,
 To do as one's bid,
 Yet for ever be chid,

H

Ill humours to bear,
 And yet not to dare,
 Tho' with anger we burn,
 To be spiteful and cross in return.
 What a hard lot is ours then, indeed and indeed,
 'Tis a terrible life that we poor servants lead.

To be sure, when one happens a service to get in,
 Where, to aid Madam's frolics, her secrets we're let in,
 Why then, I must own, of our blabbing afraid,
 The maid is the mistress, the mistress the maid.

They coax one so pretty,
 'Tis " dear Mrs. Kitty !
 You're so kind and clever,
 I'll love you for ever."
 Our wages they double,
 Yet give us no trouble,
 And, while they're so civil,
 We're as saucy and pert as the devil.
 What a hard lot is theirs then, indeed and indeed,
 'Tis a terrible life our poor Mistresses lead !

But the times are so alter'd, these places are rare now,
 For who knows their intrigues, there are few ladies
 care now,

A *faux-pas* to conceal they will use little labour,
 Whilst each lady's in countenance kept by her neighbour.

Their spouses so kind too,
 Such foibles are blind to,
 Nay, some will assume our vocation;
 If a go-between's needed,
 We're pass'd by unheeded,
 The husband takes our occupation.
 What a strange lot is theirs then! indeed and indeed,
 'Tis a whimsical life that some husbands lead.

Enter Old TESTY.

Dear me, here comes my papa that is to be.

OLD TESTY.

What! I have found somebody at last: I have been hunting from room to room, and the devil a soul cou'd I see.

KITTY.

Sir, my Master and Mistress are not at home.

OLD TESTY.

Since I can't prove to the contrary, I incline to believe so.

KITTY.

Pray, Sir, let me show you out. You have intruded yourself into my Lady's dressing-room.

OLD TESTY.

Don't hurry me, you young baggage---and pray who are you with that pretty face?

KITTY.

Your daughter that is to be. (*Aside.*) I am Kitty, Sir.

OLD TESTY.

Kitty, you are a pretty girl. Give me a kiss, Kitty.

KITTY.

Lord, Sir, don't be rumbustical!

OLD TESTY.

I say, Kitty---this is what I have wanted a long while. (*Aside.*) I say, Kitty, do you like your place? Shou'd you have any objection to quit it, to live with a middle-aged gentleman as a *kind* of a Housekeeper, eh?

KITTY.

Lord, Sir, I hope you have no design upon my Honour!

[*With affected delicacy.*]

OLD TESTY.

No, not I---I dare say your honour has been long out of the way of any body's design---But tell me, cou'd you like such a plain-spoken, comely-looking matter-of-fact-man as myself, eh?

KITTY.

This is lucky. I'll humour the old fellow, and when I marry his son, he'll not be angry with me, for fear of my exposing him.

OLD TESTY.

Well, what do you say, my pretty?

KITTY.

I don't know what to say, Sir.---If I cou'd have it under your hand that you woudn't forsake me-----

OLD TESTY.

Under my hand---hum!---Damn it, there is no making love now without signing and sealing. A love-letter will be sent back unopen'd, unless 'tis on stamp'd paper; and Cupid himself wou'd not be half so good a go-between as a common Attorney.

AIR.

OLD TESTY.

WOMAN now by grace and feature,
Sighs and vows, will not be caught,
If you'd have the pretty creature,
The pretty creature must be bought.
You may swear,
You may tear,
You may cry,
You may lie,
You may kneel,
You may feel

All the pangs that from love's raging fervours arise,
And proclaim her an angel dropt down from the skies.

No pity she shews
 For your budget of woes ;
 She scoffs at your tears, and derides all your pain,
 And e'en darling flatt'ry assails her in vain.
 Who then finds the way
 His addresses to pay,
 In a style which this whimsical creature can fix ;
 He who drives to her door
 In a chariot and four,
 Or old Nick himself in a fine coach and six.

Well, what am I to give you under my hand ?

KITTY.

Only your promise that you love me, and
 won't forsake me.

OLD TESTY.

Come, there is no great harm in a promise
 without a penalty. (*Aside.*)---[*Takes out his
 Pocket-book and writes on a leaf.*] There, there's
 my written promise, and now, my pretty dear---
 (*Going to kiss her.*)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH,

(*Without.*) Kitty! is your Lady come home,
 Kitty?

KITTY.

Oh dear me, here is Sir Simon! What shall
 I do? Coming, Sir. I woudn't have him see
 you and me alone together, for the world.

OLD TESTY.

Nor I neither. The rascal wou'd banter me
 to death.

KITTY.

And I shou'd lose my character. Oh, dear
 Sir, hide yourself.

OLD TESTY.

Where? where?

KITTY.

Any where, Sir.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Kitty!

KITTY.

Coming, Sir---there, under the sopha, Sir.

OLD TESTY.

Zounds! I shall be cramp'd to death.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Kitty, I say.

KITTY.

Make haste, make haste.

OLD TESTY.

Well, if I must, I must. (*Gets under the sofa.*) Send him away directly.

KITTY.

Yes, Sir, yes.

Enter Sir SIMON FLOURISH.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Why, Kitty, what are you in such a bustle about? My Lady is not at home, is she?

KITTY.

No, Sir, no.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I'm glad of it. I came home on purpose to catch you alone, Kitty.

OLD TESTY.

Oh ho! you did, did you? (*From under the sofa.*)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You are the prettiest little rogue in the world, Kitty. You know how long I have been in love with you, Kitty; now, do have compassion on me!

KITTY.

Pray, Sir, be quiet, and don't take such liberties.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Why, my dear, charming Kitty.

LADY FLOURISH,

(*Without.*) Pray, Captain O'Neil, do me the kindness to walk this way.

KITTY.

My Lady's voice!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

By all that's discordant! She must not see me here with you. I told her I should not be at home till night. She'll suspect something.

KITTY.

Well she may, if she sees me in this rumpl'd condition. Oh dear, what shall I do? where shall I run?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Here here,----come, quick.

KITTY.

Oh dear! oh dear!

[*Both go behind the window-curtain.*]

Enter Lady FLOURISH and Captain O'NEIL.

LADY FLOURISH.

This way, Captain O'Neil. Allow me to shew you into my little dressing-room.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Your Ladyship does me great honour.

LADY FLOURISH.

Pray, sit down. I conducted you here, Captain O'Neil, that I might not be agitated again by Sir Simon's intrusion.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Vastly well.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Mada the reason of my calling now is--

LADY FLOURISH.

I know your reasons very well, you can't impose on me, though you have on my husband.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

My dear Lady, I wish to be understood.

LADY FLOURISH.

I don't in the least doubt it: but gentlemen of your country, with the best intentions in the world, sometimes find it a very difficult matter. But I understand you perfectly; the passion you ventur'd to intimate this morning—

CAPT. O'NEIL.

I have, now, my Lady, entirely relinquish'd---

LADY FLOURISH.

What! you barbarous man, have you ensnared my susceptible heart; and do you now abandon your conquest?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

I ensnare your susceptible heart!

LADY FLOURISH.

Yes, you inhuman creature!----Oh! Oh! (*crying*) 'Tis too much, too much to bear!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(*Rushing from behind the curtain.*) 'Tis too much for me to bear. To hear one's wife make love to another man, is too much for anybody to bear!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Sir Simon!

LADY FLOURISH.

Sir Simon!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Yes, the wrong'd Sir Simon.---Is this the way you reward my faithful love, my fond attachment? [*Lady Flourish sinks on the sofa, fainting.*

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Get her a little water, Sir Simon :---I'll give her some air. [*Going towards the window.*

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Don't give her any air, she'll be better without it.

[*Captain O'Neil runs to open the window, throws aside the curtains, and discovers Kitty: She screams, which calls the attention of Lady Flourish.*]

LADY FLOURISH.

Very well, Sir Simon! This is your faithful love---your fond attachment!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Oh, the blessing of mutual affection! These are the fond turtle-doves.---Faith you are well pair'd.

LADY FLOURISH.

I shall never recover this terrible shock!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Now the impediment is remov'd, let me recommend a little ventilation to your Ladyship. (*Opens the window.*) Pray sit, and enjoy it as comfortably as you can (*Runs to the sofa, and draws it back towards the window, by which Old Testy is discovered*) What have we got here! It looks like a great turtle, left on the shore by the retiring of the tide. (*Pointing to Lady Flourish and Kitty.*) Favour me with one of your fins. (*Raising him up by the arm.*)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Mr. Testy, what the devil do you do here?

LADY FLOURISH.

Mr. Testy, what is your business in my dressing-room?

OLD TESTY.

Your dressing-room is a place of wonderful business indeed!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Pray, to which party do you belong ?

OLD TESTY.

Which party ! You see I am *out* now ; and, what is not uncommon, I kept my place as long as I cou'd.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What do you mean by your *outs* and *ins* in my house ? I have a great mind to make an example of you. To be found under the sopha, in my wife's dressing-room ! Why, the Bank of England could hardly pay the damages a liberal *crim. con.* Jury would give me.

FINALE.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I'LL teach you to play the antic :

OLD TESTY.

So you can, for you know how.

LADY FLOURISH.

They will surely drive me frantic.

KITTY.

I am innocent, I vow.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

O be quiet !

Make no riot.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Make no riot ! but I will.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

You've forgot.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

No, I've not ;

No, with you I'm very still.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Come, agree,

For I see

You had all the self-same plan,

All but the modest Irishman.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

For no good he came, 'tis certain.

LADY FLOURISH.

I know nothing why he came ;

OLD TESTY.

Why went you behind the curtain ?

LADY FLOURISH.

Ah, Sir Simon, blush for shame !

OLD TESTY.

Oh, the curtain !

LADY FLOURISH.

Pretty flirting ;

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

True, my tender, darling wife,

Constant dove !

LADY FLOURISH.

Faithful love !

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Psha ! leave off this foolish strife,

For you had all the self-same plan.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

But me and the modest Irishman.

KITTY.

Ma'am, forgive me ;

LADY FLOURISH.

That I'll never.

KITTY.

Don't forget your freaks are known :

LADY FLOURISH.

Character you've lost for ever :

KITTY.

Pray, my lady, where's your own ?

LADY FLOURISH.

I don't heed it,

Servants need it,

Ladies do as well without.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Come, give o'er,
Talk no more,

Why keep up this foolish rout,
When you had all the self-same plan?

LADY FLOURISH.

KITTY.

But me } and the modest Irishman.
But me }

ALL.

Suspicious certainly appear,
But I'm in my conscience clear,
And therefore nothing have to fear;
For you had all the self-same plan,
But me and the modest Irishman.

ALTERNATELY.

'Tis quite shocking,
You're but mocking,
You to innocence pretend!
You're found out,
Past a doubt:

Cease your folly to defend;
For you had all the self-same plan,
But me and the modest Irishman.

ACT III. SCENE I.*A Garden. HARCOURT and HARRIOT discovered.*

DUET.

HARCOURT and MISS HARTLEY.

TELL me, my love, wou'd'st thou forego
 Transports, which only lovers know——
 To heal at once the poignant smart
 That still must rack the anxious heart;
 Trembling, lest all its scheme of joy
 Fortune for ever shou'd destroy.
 Ah no! the throbbings of delight,
 Which in each pulse proclaim thy sight,
 The bounding heart's tumultuous beat,
 Swelling its kindred heart to meet,
 Are joys for which all pain I'd prove,
 And never, never cease to love.

HARRIOT.

Here comes Sir Simon. Heavens! how shall
 I account for your being here?

HARCOURT.

Don't be alarm'd, my love; I'll think of
 some excuse. [*They turn up the Stage.*]

Enter Sir SIMON.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Eh! who have we here? a young man *tete a tete*
 with my Ward! Well done; it runs through the
 family; I'll be bound there isn't an unpair'd
 turtle in my whole establishment. This is a
 worse business than my wife's a great deal, for
 this young lady will wish to carry her fortune

as well as her inclinations, out of my family. Now, though my wife may send her affections on a visit, I still keep at home all I married her for. (*Harcourt and Miss Hartley come forward.*) Pray, Miss Hartley, have I the honour of knowing this Gentleman?

MISS HARTLEY.

The Gentleman, Sir, has business with you.
[*Retires.*]

HARCOURT.

Sir, your son, who is my particular friend, *both of the same College*, has commissioned me to acquaint you of his safe arrival in England.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

My boy arrived! Huzza! Sir, I shall be proud of your acquaintance. How soon may I expect to see my son?

HARCOURT.

Very shortly, Sir. I got the start of him, and hasten'd to make you happy with this intelligence.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

How far have you been travelling, Sir?

HARCOURT.

Just as far as your son, Sir Simon?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, Sir, and how do you like foreign parts?

HARCOURT.

Ah! Sir, I believe Travellers, who have seen more of foreign countries than I have, will give the palm to Old England.

AIR.

HARCOURT.

Thy glory in war let those loudly proclaim,
Who mistake discord's blast for the trumpet of fame;

And give slaughter the meed of renown;
 'Tis, Britain, thy praise,
 The sword ne'er to raise
 In ravage and plunder's fell cause;
 But to guard sacred honour's pure laws,
 And the pride of the base to bring down.
 Still o'er the fall'n foe
 Let pity's tear flow,
 Not sound forth the triumph of blood.
 No, Britain, thou art great and good;
 Let this thy glory be,
 This let admiring nations see,
 That with thee
 Dwells sweet Humanity.

Sir, I must now take my leave.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Won't you stay till your friend arrives?

HARCOURT.

Now, Sir Simon, I am particularly engaged;
 but I shall hope for the pleasure of being fur-
 ther known to you.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You honour me very much, Sir, and a thou-
 sand thanks for your kind visit. [*Exit* Harcourt.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(*Alone.*) My son return'd, and so soon to see
 him! This atones for all my disasters. The
 sight of my accomplish'd boy will almost com-
 pensate for the loss of being Second in a Duel
 to an Irishman; will almost make me forget
 the hearty threshing he gave me, and my wife's
 making love to him. These are misfortunes, to
 be sure—but Jack is come home, and I will think
 no more of them. [*Exit.*

HARRIOT *comes forward.*

HARRIOT.

I will endeavour to repress every anxious thought, and dwell only on the prospect of future happiness.

AIR.

MISS HARTLEY.

COME, smiling Hope, dispel each chilling fear,
 And with thy glowing beams my bosom cheer;
 On future blessings dart thy vivid ray,
 Chasing the low'ring clouds of doubt away;
 To bright perspective still direct my eye,
 And cast in shade the blightest objects nigh.

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter BLUFF, the Bailiff, and Followers.

BLUFF.

Are you sure, Tom, you dogg'd the right man?

1st. FOLLOWER.

Quite sure, Master Bluff.

BLUFF.

And why didn't you take him?

1st. FOLLOWER.

Because he got into church before I could get at him.

BLUFF.

And so I am to be kept waiting here till he chuses to come out of church? Oh, here he comes.

Enter Young TESTY and KITTY.

YOUNG TESTY.

Well, the job is done; I'm a married man for the first time in my life. 'Tis devilish comical. I wonder how I shall like it! Mrs. Testy, how do you do, my dear?

KITTY.

How do you do, Tom?

YOUNG TESTY.

Tom! I don't know whether I like to be call'd Tom now. It don't shew respect enough from a Wife to her Husband.

KITTY.

Respect from a Wife to a Husband! O Tom! your Country Education! I see you will be very troublesome to me.

YOUNG TESTY.

I don't know whether I shall be troublesome or no. Dang it, one can't begin too soon to shew one is determin'd to wear the breeches. (*Aside.*) Mrs. Testy, I desire you will consider what is due to a Husband.

KITTY.

And I desire, Mr. Testy, you will consider what is due to a Wife.

BLUFF.

And I desire, Mr. Testy, you will consider what is due to a Creditor. (*Taps him on the shoulder.*) I am sorry, good folks, to interrupt your nuptial harmony. Here's a little bit of a writ against you.

YOUNG TESTY.

At whose suit?

BLUFF.

Your Bookseller's.

1st. FOLLOWER.

And here's another.

YOUNG TESTY.

At whose suit?

1st. FOLLOWER.

Your Upholsterer's.

KITTY.

Writes against my dearly beloved? How soon
the comforts of matrimony begin!

YOUNG TESTY.

Well, I don't mind; when I touch my wife's
fortune I shall be at liberty directly.

KITTY.

Your debts must be very small, if your wife's
fortune will pay them. [*Aside.*

YOUNG TESTY.

Where must I go?

BLUFF.

That depends on how much of the *ready* you
have got.

YOUNG TESTY.

Damn it, they are all for the ready. I say,
wife---my dear:—

KITTY.

(*Sulkily.*) What do you want?

YOUNG TESTY.

Have you got any of the ready?]

KITTY.

No, not I.

YOUNG TESTY.

Have n't you, indeed!---search.

KITTY.

I have nothing but two pocket pieces and a
silver bodkin.

BLUFF.

Come, come, poor as a rat---I see you

must go to prison directly ; I have no room for such paupers as you : so come along.

YOUNG TESTY.

My darling---and must I be torn from my loving wife? [Sobbing.]

KITTY.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! 'tis very distressing.

YOUNG TESTY.

Bless my soul, who is that coming yonder---Sure, 'tis Jack Flourish ; it is---Stand back a little.

Enter Young FLOURISH and DICKY, both dressed in Monmouth-street Finery.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Here I am once more at large in London streets. What a luxury it is again to be jostled about, and nearly run over by the coaches and carts! Lord, how happy I am to be out of that damn'd cage, though only for a day! Dicky, you look vastly well.

DICKY.

Yes, my master, good clothes become me.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

As I was obliged to have a jailor to attend me, it is lucky, Dicky, I cou'd get one so much of a gentleman.

DICKY.

It wou'd be damn'd hard if I cou'd not behave like a gemman, who have liv'd all my life in gemmen's company, in the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and the Debtors Side of New gate.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, Dicky, 'tis certainly very genteel to be intimate in those places ; but, -you know, one shou'd not brag of one's connections : so mum's the word before my father ; I must pass you

off for a Foreign Count ; so mind your hits, Dicky.

YOUNG TESTY.

Ecod, I'll speak to him. Don't let him see your face. Do you walk a little that way ; (*to Kitty* (for as I am going to ask a favour of him, it might not be so prudent to let him know I have married his Mistress.

KITTY.

Lord ! you fool, many a gentleman would be much oblig'd to you for marrying his Mistress.
[*Exit.*

YOUNG TESTY.

I say, Jack---Jack Flourish---

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Eh !

YOUNG TESTY.

What, don't you know me ? I know you, you see, for all your outlandish clothes.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

What, Tom Testy ?

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, I be Tom Testy.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I am devilish glad to see you.

YOUNG TESTY.

Be you indeed ! that's right. 'Tis lucky to meet friends when one wants them, is it not ? One should never be shy of a friend when he is in trouble, shou'd one ?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, to be sure not. What the devil does he mean ?
[*Aside.*

YOUNG TESTY.

If I was to meet a friend with a Bailiff at his elbow---(*Flourish turns and looks at Dicky*) I should be as glad to see him as if I met him walking with a Nobleman.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Bailiff and Nobleman! Yes, yes, he twigs me. He knows Dicky here in his real and masquerade character both. [*Aside.*]

YOUNG TESTY.

I say, I should be as happy to shake hands with him at one time as another.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

And so should I, upon my soul. (*Shaking hands.*) O damn it, all's up---I am found out -- [*Aside.*] I say, Tom---I see how the thing is--- How the devil came you to know it?

YOUNG TESTY.

Know it! dang it, I could not help knowing it; for before he said a word, he gave me such a cursed thump on the shoulder, as nobody would have ventur'd to have done that hadn't the law to back him.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Eh! [*Looking about and seeing Bluff.*]

BLUFF.

Come, come, I an't to stay here a whole Term arresting you. Will the Gemman bail you or not?

YOUNG TESTY.

Aye, Jack, will you bail me?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I bail!---I bail you! Here's an affair! What, Tom, you arrested?-- ha! ha! well said, young Rural.

YOUNG TESTY.

Don't laugh! don't laugh, Jack---What will you do for me?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I can't bail you, I'm not an housekeeper. But where are you going?

YOUNG TESTY.

[*To Bluff.*] Ay, where am I going?

BLUFF.

Straight to the King's Bench.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

The King's Bench---that's unlucky-- [*Aside.*] for then we shall know more of one another than I wish. I say, Tom, Newgate is a very pretty prison. You had better go to Newgate.

YOUNG TESTY.

Newgate! Don't mention it.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Well, there is no persuading people to their good against their inclination. If you will go to the King's Bench, I will certainly come and see you there.

YOUNG TESTY.

Will you be so kind?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I will, upon my soul.

YOUNG TESTY.

It is vastly good-natur'd of you.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Not at all. It won't be putting me out of my way in the least.

YOUNG TESTY.

It is your good-nature makes you say so--- Good-bye, Jack; we shall meet again soon, then.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, Tom, much sooner than I wish. [*Aside.*] Farewel.

YOUNG TESTY.

Good-bye, you'll not forget to come.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, not I: but if I should, here is a Gentleman will remind me.

[*Exeunt Young Flourish and Dicky*

BLUFF.

Take care of him. [*To one of his Followers, who exit with Young Testy.*] Now how stand our other jobs?

QUARTETO.

BLUFF and FOLLOWERS.

JEMMY Chimer, the rhymer, from his garret I haw'd,
By Sir Thunder O'Blunder I was cursedly maul'd;
For young Stakeall of Rakehall I was sent on the scout,
So I sought him and caught him at Lady Plunder's rout.

Blessing on those gaming-houses!

Oh, the thought our spirits rouses,

They're the cause of our well-doing,

They draw in ten flats to ruin.

Charming Faro!

Game so rare O!

Fleece away, ye dames of style,

Fill your purses,

Laugh at curses,

Bailiffs bless you all the while.

1st. I've a writ for Colonel Spendall,

2d. I have one for Doctor Endall,

3d. And I one for Simon Lendall.

ALL.

Bravo! Nab 'em, have 'em tight,

Merry then we'll be at night;

These will yield a jovial quaff

To us Officers o' th' staff.

SCENE III.

Sir Simon's House. Enter Sir SIMON and Old TESTY.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I am surpriz'd you have the assurance to enter my doors again. Where the devil are you come to hide yourself now? There is no sofa here for you: but you may get up the chimney if you will.

OLD TESTY.

Pshaw! I am come on business: you'll, may be, like worse your darling Boy---Your accomplish'd Traveller is not far off.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I know it.

OLD TESTY.

You know it, do you? What, you know he is in the King's Bench?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What do you say?

OLD TESTY.

In Banco Regis.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What the devil should he do in the King's Bench. He is just arrived from abroad, and I shall see him in a few minutes.

OLD TESTY.

In a few minutes! So you may, but you must gallop to St. George's Fields, then---ha! ha! ha! the all-accomplish'd youth that has been getting the finishing stroke to his fashionable education! Well, you have not been much

out---it is the finishing stroke to many a fashionable education.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What is come to the man! That damn'd sofa you crept under, has cramp'd your faculties as well as your limbs. Don't tease me with your nonsense.

YOUNG FLOURISH,

[*Without.*] Par ici, Monsieur le Comte.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

There, there, what dy'e say now? My son is in the King's Bench, is he?

OLD TESTY.

Why here he is faith, and I've been told a damn'd lie then.

Enter YOUNG FLOURISH *and* DICKY.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

My dear, dear Jack, come to my arms.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ab! mon Pere, comment vous portez vous? O mon Dieu! I had forgot---I must speak English now.---How do you do, father?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, forgot your English, boy?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

'Tis so long since I have spoken it, that it is as awkward to me, as the acknowledgment of an old friend to a man who has got sudden promotion. Well, father, how do you do?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Happy to see you, my boy.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Bien oblige---Damn it, there I go again.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Never mind, Jack, it shews your breeding.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! Testy! how are you, my old boy?

OLD TESTY.

La! la!--- There's French for you, puppy.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

As sulky as ever, eh! (*Slapping him on the shoulder.*) Why don't you travel and polish a bit, my old Buck?

OLD TESTY.

Polish a bit, my *old* Buck! Don't be so damn'd familiar, or I shall try whether my cane can't polish a bit my *young* Buck.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

What a sour old Crab it is, father. *Permittez moi a vous---* (*Stopping himself.*) Psha! that is, permit me to introduce to you my friend and companion, Count Tipstaffo Kingsbencheni.

OLD TESTY.

Those damn'd foreign names---I never cou'd learn one of them.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I am the Count's most obsequious humble servant.

DICKY.

Vy, my Master, for matter of that---

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Silence, you dog, or you'll ruin me. The Count speaks little English---Hush!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, my boy, tell me where have you been.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

You'll know all in good time, father: to tell you at once where I have been, would surprise you too much.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Really!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

It wou'd, upon my honour.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, then, you have been further than you expected to go?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Not *further*. I have been *where* I did not expect to go.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Indeed!

OLD TESTY.

Now the old doting fool will swallow all his lies for gospel.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, Jac', come tell me all about it. I say, are the women very pretty abroad?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

If I had not found them so pretty at home, I might have been able to tell you. (*Aside*) The women, Sir, are, to be sure, very handsome; but leaving England to seek Beauty, is like going abroad to look for Liberty. The prime commodities are in our own market.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, Jack, in what Court did you chiefly reside?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

In what Court?---Why, where I chiefly resided was not exactly a Court; but it belong'd to one.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

And so, my son liv'd in a palace?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, yes, a kind of a palace---large enough of all conscience: rooms rather shabby, though---not kept neat---and surrounded by a damn'd high wall.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Aye, for fear people shou'd get in:

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, for fear people shou'd get out.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, so afraid to part with you?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Oh! very much---Once I have the honour to get in, 'tis devilish hard to get out again.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Now, in my mind, that is carrying civility too far.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

But how is my mother-in-law, Lady Flourish; eh? why you look glum, Father; has any thing happened?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

O! nothing, but what is so common now-a-days, that 'tis quite a folly to think about it. But I am very rude to pay so little attention to your friend the Count. Sir, wou'd you be pleased to take some refreshment?

DICKY.

I thanks your Honour, nothing at all: I took a *drap* of gin as I came along.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Oh! curse you, you stupid dog.

OLD TESTY.

A drap of gin!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

'Tis a strange liqueur for a foreign nobleman! The Count speaks English pretty fluently, though rather queerly.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, yes, he don't speak much; but the little he does, he speaks like a native.

OLD TESTY.

Yes, like a native of Broad St. Giles's.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Don't let him hear you: h'ell be offended,

and he is a damn'd fighting little fellow, when he is provok'd.

Enter Servant, and gives a Letter to Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH,

(Opens it.) It looks like a woman's hand.

(Reads.) "This comes to desire you to tell Mr. Testy, that his son is in the King's Bench. This is from one who is much concern'd in his welfare." Why, Testy, you find there is a little bit of a mistake. 'Tis your son, not mine, that is in the King's Bench---ha! ha! ha! ha!

OLD TESTY.

I don't know whether I am awake, or asleep, alive or dead.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Ha! ha! ha! he would have it you were in the King's Bench.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

(Confus'd, and endeavouring to overcome it by assum'd gaiety) I in the King's Bench! yes! I look vastly as if I had been in the King's Bench --ha! ha! ha!

ALL

(Laugh at Testy) Ha, ha! ha! ha!

OLD TESTY.

It can't be. 'Tis out of all human possibility.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You may soon be convinc'd; you may see him in a few minutes-- but you must gallop to St. George's Fields, then---ha! ha! ha! ha!

OLD TESTY.

I'll go directly, and if I find him there, I'll disinherit him; and I'll adopt---damme--I'll adopt one of the Catabaw Indians.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

We will go along with you.

OLD TESTY.

Come then, call a coach there---I'm mad---
stark mad. [Exit Old Testy.]

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Won't you go, Jack?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

What, to the King's Bench? I wonder what kind of a place it can be. I have a great mind to go out of curiosity. What do you say, Count? Will you go by way of a lounge?

[Dicky going to speak, Young Flourish stops him.]

You need not speak, the Count nods assent.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Aye, it will be a new sight to the Count.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Not very. (*Aside.*) Come, Dicky, for go we must, you know.

DICKY.

Aye, aye, returnable---*nolens, volens.*

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Hush! yes, yes, the Count and I will go with you, and see this queer kind of a place. What do you stop for, father?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

To let the Count go first.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Aye, by all means. I beg the Count's pardon.

[They go off ceremoniously.]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the King's Bench; KITTY and Young TESTY, with the Keeper, discovered.

KEEPER.

Though the prison is so full, you have got as good as a room to yourselves, for there is only one gentleman belongs to it.

YOUNG TESTY.

One gentleman belongs to it!

KEEPER.

Yes. He is gone *out* on a Day Rule, but he must be home soon; he'll be pleasant company for you and the Lady.

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, very! 'Tis devilish pleasant to have a gentleman sleep in the room with one's wife.

KEEPER.

It may be a little awkward to the Lady at first, but she'll soon come into it.

OLD TESTY,

(Without.) Where is this ungracious villain?

YOUNG TESTY.

Oh lord! Oh lord! here's my father. Hide yourself, hide yourself, *(to Kitty, who conceals herself behind one of the beds.)* Now I shall have it sweetly.

Enter Old TESTY, Sir SIMON, and Young FLOURISH.

OLD TESTY.

Let me come to the rascal---*(they hold him.)*
Why, you graceless wretch, what have you to say for yourself?

YOUNG TESTY.

Lord, father, you have come upon me in such a hurry, I have not settled what I have to say for myself.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

They have lodg'd him in my room, by Jupiter. [Aside.

OLD TESTY.

You to turn out profligate and extravagant, when I took such care to the contrary! Didn't I breed you out of the way of all manner of harm!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Yes, and therefore not knowing it, when he saw it, how was he able to avoid it?

YOUNG TESTY.

Aye, how was I able to avoid it?

OLD TESTY.

Till you came to London, did you know what it was to have more than six-pence in your pocket?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Then how the devil did you expect him to know the value of guineas, when you trusted him with them?

OLD TESTY.

Hold your tongue, will you?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Didn't I always tell you how foolish you were to bring him up in that ridiculous way. I knew *my* plan was the best, was it not, my boy?
(To Young Flourish.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Oh certainly, rather; no doubt about it.

KEEPER.

Oh, here's Master Flourish come home.----
Pray, Master Flourish—

(Young Flourish *makes signs to him to hold his tongue.*]

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Master Flourish come home ! Why, how the devil does he know you ?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

(*Crossing over to the Keeper.*) Ah! what, Bobby, is it you?---Hold your tongue you, dog--- Oh! I knew Bobby abroad! Bobby was head jailer to the Emperor of Morocco. Ah! Bobby! how do you do, Bobby---how long have you been in England, Bobby?

KEEPER.

How long have I—

YOUNG FLOURISH.

(*Putting his hand to his mouth, and drawing him aside.*) I want to talk with you, Bobby, about the Emperor's two daughters, Boblatilda and Gruntawiska. Come this way-- Excuse me (*To Sir Simon.*) I have some secrets to talk to Bobby about. (*They go up the stage.*)

OLD TESTY.

Well, you rascal, what can you say for yourself, you stupid dolt?

YOUNG TESTY.

Why father, if I have been a stupid dolt one way, I have been pretty cunning another. I was cheated out of my money, to be sure, but I have cheated other people out of a Wife.

OLD TESTY.

A Wife! What does the blockhead mean?

YOUNG TESTY.

Not such a blockhead as you think...-Suppose now, I should have married Miss Hartley, all out of my own head, without any of your help?

OLD TESTY AND SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Married Miss Hartley!

YOUNG TESTY.

Aye, married Miss Hartley; and suppose she

M

shou'd like me well enough to follow me to prison.

Enter Miss HARTLEY, HARCOURT, and O'NEIL.

OLD TESTY.

Prodigious!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Nothing but my own eyes cou'd have convinc'd me.

OLD TESTY.

Come to my arms. All is forgiven. You are a clever boy. I did not think it had been in you. Eh! Simon, what do you think of my boy now?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I am petrified!

OLD TESTY.

Huzza! huzza! Yorkshire for ever!—Huzza!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I am glad to find you so merry; we heard you were come here, and thinking a friend of our's might be in a little hobble, we came to intercede.

OLD TESTY.

There needs no intercession; 'tis all right—'tis all as it shou'd be, my dear girl. (*To Miss Hartley*) We have heard of your marriage. Take him, take him, take your husband.

MISS HARTLEY.

Sir!

OLD TESTY.

Nay, don't be shame-fac'd; it is all known; 'tis all forgiv'n.

HARCOURT.

All known! all forgiv'n! Generous conduct! our mutual affection made us overlook every other consideration, and marriage has now ratified the union of our hearts.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What is all this?

OLD TESTY.

Why, Tom, what the devil, has your wife married another husband so soon?

HARCOURT.

What do you mean?

OLD TESTY.

Why what the devil right have you to marry Tom's wife?

YOUNG TESTY.

My wife! that is a good one. I believe they are all mad. I never saw that fine Lady in my life.

OLD TESTY.

You didn't? And all you have been telling me about your marriage is a damn'd lie then -- Let me come at him. *[They hold him.]*

YOUNG TESTY.

Will you be quiet, father, and hear a little reason? I tell you I married Miss Hartley, and you shall have her own word for it. Mrs. Testy! Mrs. Testy!

Enter KITTY.

There, what do you say now? There's my wife!

OLD TESTY.

The devil it is!

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

YOUNG TESTY.

Why, what the devil do you all laugh at?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Only at a little error in your politics. My rural Machiavel, instead of the Mistress, you have married the Maid!

YOUNG TESTY.

What!

KITTY.

It is very true, husband.

YOUNG TESTY.

The devil it is!

OLD TESTY.

Well, Mr. Wiseacre, you have married all out of your own head, without my help, and now you may keep your precious bargain without my help. You may starve, you may rot in a prison, for you shall never have sixpence from me.

KITTY.

Lord, Sir, how can you be so unkind! You didn't look so cross at me the last time I saw you.

OLD TESTY.

Eh! what?

KITTY.

Don't you remember, how good-humour'd you look'd just before you got under the sofa.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh! now the murder is out. I say, Testy, you had better give hush-money, for if we old fellows let the girls tell all they know about us, it may not be for our credit: besides, the world may be spiteful enough to say you are angry with your son, because you wanted to marry the girl yourself.

KITTY.

I don't know, Sir, as to marrying, but I have a little bit of paper here, which—

OLD TESTY.

Hold your tongue—Say no more. I believe you are quite good enough for the blockhead you have got, and so he may pack into Yorkshire again, and carry you with him as a sample of a London Fine Lady.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

But this gentleman's taking the liberty of marrying our Ward without our consent is a thing which----

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh! 'tis a very great insult----and a word in your ear, my little game-cock—If you mean to call him to account for it, I'll be your Second.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I don't want to have any thing to do with Seconds.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

When I was going to fight him, you were to have been my Second, and I only offer to return the obligation.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, is this the gentleman you redeem'd out of prison, to have the pleasure of fighting?

HARCOURT.

Is it to you, then, I owe my liberty? Generous man!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh, it was very generous, to be sure, to release you out of prison, that I might have the satisfaction of sending you out of the world. But Sir Simon, this gentleman, in fortune, is equal to the Lady he has wedded.

HARCOURT.

Captain O'Neil, I am not conscious of what you are asserting.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

But I am, or I wou'd not assert-it. Understanding that your Uncle had taken it into his head to be angry with you for nothing at all, I called on the old gentleman to talk with him a little about it---“ If your Nephew had been

guilty of a dishonourable action," said I, "devil a word wou'd O'Neil offer in his behalf; but as he has been a dupe to the villainy of others, restore him to your favour, and launch him into the world again, with experience for his Pilot."---So the old gentleman shook hands with me, and swore he was ready to do the same with you as soon as you pleased.

HARCOURT.

Thanks are too poor for such nobleness of soul!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Nobleness of soul! for walking a few steps out of my common road, for the pleasure of reconciling a discarded Nephew to a rich old Uncle. Oh! if people wou'd but just lengthen their morning's walk to do a few good natur'd actions, they can scarcely conceive what health and spirits such exercise wou'd give them, and how much sweeter they wou'd rest for it at night!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Harcourt, I give you joy.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Give him joy.--why, you part with your Mistress very easily.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

'Tis the fashion, father.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, I think we may all adjourn, we have staid in this dismal place long enough.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I have for one, I'm sure.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Then let us be gone directly.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

That is sooner said than done.

Enter DICKY.

DICKY.

Master Flourish, here is the man, from Monmouth Street. He knows you are come home, and he must and will have his cloaths. He has got mine.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Must have his cloaths---Knows you are come home! Why, that is the Count. I smell powder.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

And that is a scent I know you're not fond of.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Hush!---Knows you are come home! What, this *is* your home then?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Why, father, the---the---the---

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

The- -the---I thought there was something damn'd odd about that Emperor of Moroco's Jailer, and I suppose you will tell me now, the Count is the Emperor himself.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Come, father, the truth must out---The two different systems of education have at last been compleated in the same college; and though I don't think keeping Terms here absolutely necessary for the finish of every young gentleman's education; yet, as a school of adversity it has taught me this lesson---Never, by folly and extravagance, to run the chance of returning, when once you do me the honour to take my name out of the books

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Come, you must forgive him. You know the brave are always compassionate.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Very true; besides, it is useless to repine at

what is past, especially as you acknowledge you have learn'd some good, which I am not quite sure you would have done by travelling--- And if your friends here will be but indulgent, you may possess all the credit of going *Abroad* with the advantage of having remained *at Home*.

FINALE.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Now put an end to silly strife,
Malice is but folly;
Let's wisely pass a merry life,
Waste no jot in care.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Why that's well said, come, let's away
With hearts good humour'd, faces gay,
And sing fal, lal, &c.

HARCOURT.

Possessing all I prize on earth,
Farewel, melancholy,
Each hour will give new pleasure birth,
Blest with thee, my fair.

Miss HARTLEY.

Then tune to joy the dulcet note,
On harmony let pleasure float,
And sing fal, lal, &c.

YOUNG TESTY.

To harmony I don't object,
While I've luck to meet it;
In home duets I can't expect
Much of harmony.

KITTY.

Come let's be wise, and from this day,
With hearts good humour'd, faces gay,
We'll sing fal, lal, &c.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Our mirth and joy may all partake,
Humbly I intreat it,
And let your cheering plaudits make
Our poet full of glee.

OLD TESTY.

Then tune to joy the dulcet note,
On harmony let pleasure float,
And sing fal, lal, &c.

THE END.