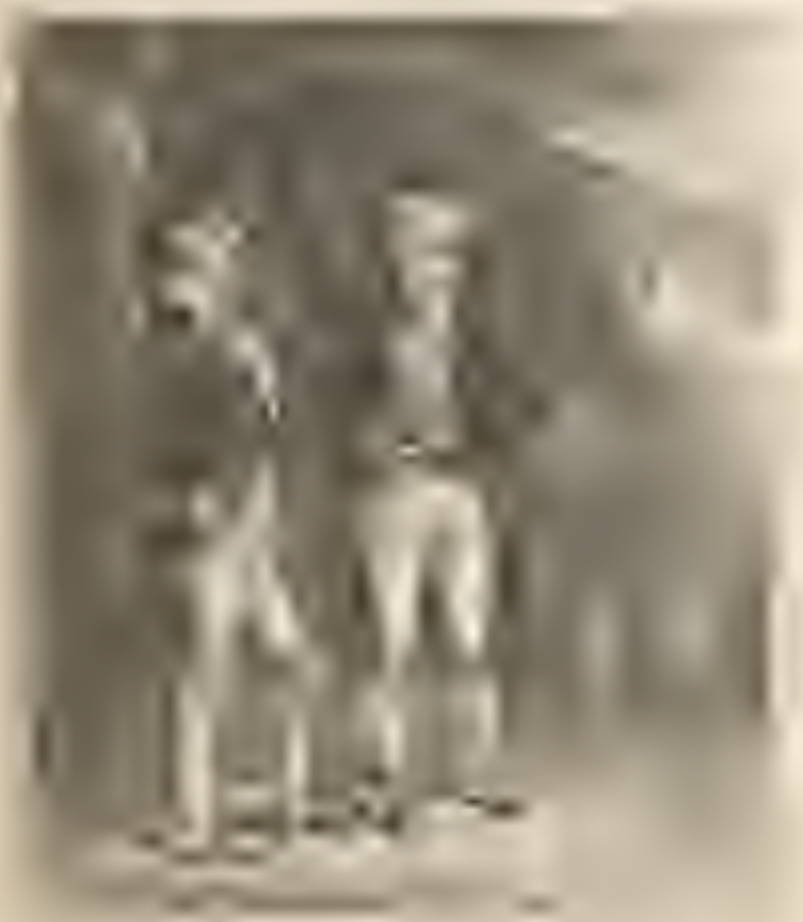

Published by Stirling & Kenney 1829

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS;

A FARCE.

BY THE REV. JAMES TOWNLEY.

WITH REMARKS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR STIRLING & KENNEY.

1828.

REMARKS.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*An Apartment in* FREEMAN'S *House.*
Enter FREEMAN *and* LOVEL.

Free. A country boy! ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time—I am now convinced of what you have so often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr Lovel?—I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James's than in your kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr Freeman; though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare:—Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks;—if there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is a hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him; and, for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lov. But, to business.—I am resolved upon my frolic.—I will know whether my servants are rogues or not; if they are, I'll bastinado the rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my impertinence. Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell the truth, Mr Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house; however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is a hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another.—Who waits? (*Enter* SERVANT.) send Robert to me. (*Exit* SERVANT.) And what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and puts me upon satisfying my curiosity.—Read it. [*Gives the letter.*

Free. I should know something of this hand. [*Reads.*

To PEREGRINE LOVEL, *Esq.*

Please your honour,

I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that you are sadly cheated by your servants.—Your honour will find it as I say. I am not willing to be known, whereof, if I am, it may bring one into trouble.

So no more from your honour's

Servant to command.

——Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take? [*Returns the letter.*

Lov. I shall immediately apply to my friend, the manager, for a disguise: under the form of a gawky country boy, I will be an eye witness of my servants' behaviour. You must assist me, Mr Freeman.

Free. As how, Mr Lovel?

Lov. My plan is this:—I gave out, that I was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke.

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town: *ecce signum!* [*Points to his boots.*

Free. It is now one o'clock.

Lov. This very afternoon I shall pay my people a visit.

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear, I'll be so countrified that you shall not know me. As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them.

Free. Shall you be able to play your part?

Lov. I am surprised, Mr Freeman, that you, who have known me from my infancy, should not remember my abilities in that way. But you old fellows have short memories.

Free. What should I remember?

Lov. How I played Daniel in the Conscious Lovers, at school, and afterwards arrived at the distinguished character of the mighty Mr Scrub. [*Mimicking.*

Free. Ha, ha, ha! That is very well.—Enough—here is Robert.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Your honour ordered me to wait on you.

Free. I did, Robert—Robert!

Rob. Sir.

Free. Come here—you know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.——

Rob. I have always endeavoured that your honour should.

Free. Pray have not you some acquaintance among Mr Lovel's people?

Rob. A little, please your honour.

Free. How do they behave?—we have nobody but friends—you may speak out.

Lov. Ay, Robert, speak out.

Rob. I hope your honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an affair of this kind.

Lov. Oh, but we do insist, if you know any thing.

Rob. Sir, I am but a servant myself, and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother servant.

Free. Pshaw! this is false honesty; speak out.

Rob. Don't oblige me, good sir.—Consider, sir, a servant's bread depends upon his *carackter.*

Lov. But if a servant uses me ill——

Rob. Alas, sir, what is one man's poison is another man's meat.

Free. You see how they trim for one another.

Rob. Service, sir, is no inheritance. A servant that is not approved in one place, may give satisfaction in another. Every body must live, your honour.

Lov. Robert, I like your heartiness, as well as your caution; but, in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

Rob. The truth, sir, is not to be spoken at all times, it may bring one into trouble, whereof, if——

Free. (*Musing.*) 'Whereof, if.'—Pray, Mr Lovel, let me see that letter again. (LOVEL *gives the letter.*) Ay; it must be so. Robert!

Rob. Sir!

Free. Do you know any thing of this letter?

Rob. Letter, your honour?

Free. Yes, letter.

Rob. I have seen the hand before.

Lov. He blushes.

Free. I ask you, if you were concerned in writing this letter?—You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

Rob. Pray, your honour, don't ask me.

Free. Did you write it? answer me.

Rob. I cannot deny it. [*Bowing.*

Lov. What induced you to it?

Rob. I will tell the truth. I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot, and drunkenness, in your kitchen, sir, that, as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Lov. Go on.

Rob. I am sorry to say it to your honour; but your honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your servants; especially by Philip, who is a very bad man.

Lov. Philip? an ungrateful dog! Well?

Rob. I could not presume to speak to your honour,

and therefore I resolved, though but a poor scribe, to write your honour a letter.

Lov. Robert, I am greatly indebted to you.—Here—— [*Offers money.*

Rob. On any other account than this I should be proud to receive your honour's bounty, but now I beg to be excused. [*Refuses the money.*

Lov. Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget you.—Freeman, he must be in the secret.—Wait your master's orders.

Rob. I will, your honour. [*Exit.*

Free. Well, sir, are you convinced now?

Lov. Convinced? yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night. You or Robert must contrive some way or other to get me introduced to Philip, as one of your cottager's boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure. It must be done this afternoon; walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole.—My name shall be Jemmy.—And I am come to be a gentleman's servant, and will do my best, and hope to get a good *carackter.* [*Mimicking.*

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil.—Come along.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo, Jemmy, bravo, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Park.*

Enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day! eating, working, and sleeping!—But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters.——Ha! my dear Sir Harry!——

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

—How have you done these thousand years?

Sir H. My lord Duke!—your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir H. At Newmarket, my lord;—we have had dev'lish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear. Pox take it, I should have been there, but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house, for the decency of the thing.

Sir H. I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Pshaw! a trifle!

Sir H. The Viscount's people have been b———ly taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir H. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match, for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. [*Offers his box.*

Sir H. 'Tis good rappee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H. No! no!

Duke. 'Tis, I assure you!

Sir H. O, no!—

Duke. (*Bowing and placing his hand on his heart.*) O, upon my honour!

Sir H. (*Bowing and taking off his hat.*) Oh! oh!—

Duke. The city people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff.—I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent—When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore gad, whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

Sir H. I have just had this card from Lovel's people. (*Reads.*) 'Philip and Mrs Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and to eat a bit of supper.'

Duke. I have the same invitation; their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H. You'll be with us, my lord?—Philip's a blood.——

Duke. A buck of the first head. I'll tell you a secret, he's going to be married.

Sir H. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir H. No!

Duke. Yes he is, and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir H. Then we may depend upon your grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll be with you. Have you any thing for us?

Sir H. Yes, a little bit of poetry. I must be at the Cocoa-tree myself till eight.

Duke. Heigho!—I am quite out of spirits.—I had a d——d debauch last night, baronet.—Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece.—Ha! there are two fine girls coming, faith;—Lady Bab,—ay, and Lady Charlotte.

[*Takes out his glass.*

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes, Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad if she would keep her teeth cleaner.—Your English women are d——d negligent about their teeth. How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay, the world says you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord!

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, d——n it, that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she is a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old Countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money.—Rot it, I never save a shilling; indeed I am sure of a place in the Excise. Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode, ha! Here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire. [*They retire.*

Enter LADY BAB'S MAID, *and* LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

Lady B. Oh! fie! Lady Charlotte, you are very indelicate; I'm sorry for your taste.

Lady C. Well, I say it again, I love Vauxhall.

Lady B. O my stars! why, there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

Lady C. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha!—Runelow for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of Runelow, when did you see the colonel, Lady Bab?

Lady B. The colonel? I hate the fellow. He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man for all that: soldiers, you know, have their mistresses every where.

Lady B. I despise him. How goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him. You are to be at Lovel's to-night, Lady Bab?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind. I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh, but Mrs Kitty has taste.

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The duke might show his judgment much better. [*Holding up her head.*

Lady C. There he is, and the baronet, too.—Take no notice of them; we'll rally them by-and-by.

Lady B. Dull souls! let us set up a loud laugh and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay; let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us; we shall certainly be mobbed.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

DUKE *and* SIR HARRY *come forward.*

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us. I must follow——

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must,—I must have a party of raillery with them, a bon mot or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu; I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, hark ye, there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so, you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle.—Adieu. [*Exit.*

Sir H. What a coxcomb that is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was a cow-boy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my lord Duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. *O tempora, O mores!*

Re-enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Sir Harry, prithee what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—— [*Makes a motion as with the dice-box.*

Sir H. Fie, my lord Duke.

Duke. Look ye, Baronet, I insist on it.—Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it?—But I shall lose the girls.—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha!—Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.——

Duke. Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the rest do.—Tol, lol, lol. O curse the gout!

[*Exit, singing and dancing.*

Sir H. (*solus.*) He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment; so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

——Mr Philip, your servant.

Phi. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry: I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company.—My master is gone into Devonshire: —we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phi. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding supper, Philip?

Phi. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir H. The duke tells me so.

Phi. The duke's a fool.

Sir H. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phi. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you; Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch; I have such wine for you!

Sir H. I am your man, Phil.

Phi. Egad, the cellar shall bleed: I have some burgundy that is fit for an emperor; my master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my lord What-d'ye call-him with, but I told him it was all gone, ha! charity begins at home, ha!—Odso, here is Mr Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he is a dry one. Don't let us be seen together; he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phi. Away, away; remember burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right—long corks! ha, Phil? (*Mimicks the drawing of a cork.*)—Yours. [*Exit.*

Phi. Now for a cast of my office;—a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary.——Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh! Philip: how do you do, Philip?—You have lost your master, I find?

Phi. It is a loss, indeed, sir. So good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time. Sir, your servant. [*Going.*

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phi. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phi. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phi. It is so, sir; sir, your servant. [*Going.*

Free. Oh, Mr Philip, pray stay, you must do me a piece of service.

Phi. You command me, sir. [*Bows.*

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest (PHILIP *bows.*) rascals in the world. [*Aside.*

Phi. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man; poor fellow, he has a great number of children, and has sent me one of 'em, a tall, gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folk say they can do nothing with him.

Phi. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlicked cub.

Phi. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir. Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir; in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it. [*Aside.*

Phi. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James's; and for a table or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or any thing—

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phi. I always leave it to the gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea; I beg he may be taken care of.

Phi. That he shall, I promise you. (*Aside.*) Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly. [*Aside.*

Phi. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now, directly; call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phi. Sir, I'll be with you in a minute. I will but step into the market, to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants now they are at board wages—humph!

Free. How happy is Mr Lovel in so excellent a servant! [*Exit.*

Phi. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a-week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas. D—n all such sneaking scoundrels, I say. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*The* SERVANTS' *Hall, in* LOVEL'S *House.* KINGSTON *and* COACHMAN, *drunk and sleepy.—Knocking at the door.*

King. Somebody knocks.—Coachy! go, go, to the door, coachy.

Coa. I'll not go; do you go, you black dog.

King. Devil shall fetch me if I go.

Coa. Why, then let them stay; I'll not go, d—e; ay, knock the door down, and let yourself in. [*Knocking.*

King. Ay, ay, knock again, knock again.

Coa. Master is gone into Devonshire, so he can't be there, so I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I; I'll go to sleep too.

Coa. You lie, devil, you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep; I am king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk you are as sulky as a hell.—Here is cooky coming; she is king and queen too.

Enter COOK.

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times, and nobody hears.—Why, coachman!—Kingston!—Ye drunken bears, why don't one of you go to the door?

Coa. You go, cook; you go.

Cook. Hang me if I go.

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go; Mollsy Pollsy, go.

Cook. Out, you black toad; it is none of my business, and go I will not. [*Sits down.*

Enter PHILIP, *with* LOVEL, *disguised.*

Phi. I might have staid at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket. What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phi. Ah, hah! my lads, what, finished already?—

These are the very best of servants; poor fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their master's good journey. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't. [*Aside.*

Phi. Yo ho! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by. They are as fast as a church.—Jemmy!

Lov. Anon.

Phi. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes,—I loves ale.

Phi. You dog, you shall swim in burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy, what's that?

Phi. Cook, wake the worthy gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake them, sir, if I might, heh?

Phi. Jemmy, wake 'em, Jemmy. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip—Mr Coachman.

[*Gives him a slap on the face.*

Coa. Oh! oh! what? zounds! Oh! d—n you.

Lov. What, blackey, blackey. [*Pulls him by the nose.*

King. Oh, oh! what now? curse you! oh—Cot tam you.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phi. Ha, ha, ha! well done, Jemmy.—Cook, see those gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed.

Coa. She shan't see us to bed; we'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exeunt reeling.*

Phi. You see how we live, boy?

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.

Phi. Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phi. My master, to be sure; who else? ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph! [*Aside.*

Phi. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. So! [*Aside.*

Cook. Prithee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phi. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I am 'squire Freeman's boy.—heh.

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound; and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a-week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! that is good;—Freeman shall have it. [*Aside.*

Cook. I must step to my tallow-chandlers, to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phi. Well said, cook, that is right, the perquisite is the thing, cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe? [*Calls.*

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress.

Cook. Take that box and follow me. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Yes, mistress. (*takes the box.*) Who is this? (*sees* LOVEL.) hee, hee, hee! this is a pretty boy,—hee, hee, hee!—Oh, this is pretty red hair, hee, hee, hee! You shall be in love with me by-and-by.—Hee, hee.

[*Exit, chucking* LOVEL *under the chin.*

Lov. A very pretty amour. (*Aside.*) Oh, la! what a fine room is this;—is this the dining-room, pray, sir?

Phi. No, our drinking room.

Lov. La, la! what a fine lady here is. This is madam, I suppose?

Enter KITTY.

Phi. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer—Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phi. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? [LOVEL *bows.*

Phi. A boy of Freeman's, a poor silly fool.

Lov. Thank you. [*Aside.*

Phi. I intend the entertainment of this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr Philip.

Phi. But I beg that I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. [*Fawningly.*

Phi. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family.

Lov. A dog! (*Aside.*) O la, la, what, have you got five hundred pounds?

Phi. Peace, blockhead.

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phi. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear.

Phi. Yes, and be cuckolded. [*Apart.*

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one: I was half boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native:—*Comment vous porter vous, Mounsieur?* [*Awkwardly.*

Phi. Pshaw! pshaw!

Kit. One is nothing without French; I shall shine at the bar.—Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anon.

Kit. (*Mocking him.*) Anon! Can you speak French?

Lov. Yees.—French! He, he, he! [*Laughing.*

Kit. O the fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do, and let me new-mould you a little:—You must be a good boy and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night. [*She ties and powders his hair.*

Lov. Yes, a'n't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural! This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy; it is so coarse and so carroty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the poll.

Phi. & Kit. Ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*

Kit. There, now you are something like.—Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the Servants' Guide.

Phi. Come, sir, first, hold up your head;—very well:—turn out your toes, sir;—very well;—now call coach.

Lov. What is, 'call coach?'

Phi. Thus, sir, coach, coach, coach! [*Loud.*

Lov. Coach, coach, coach! [*Imitating.*

Phi. Admirable! the knave has a good ear.

Lov. I ha' gotten two ears.

Phi. Now, sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. Oh la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phi. Then it is high time you should begin now; what's a servant good for that can't tell a lie.

Kit. And stand to it.—Now I'll lecture him.—(*Takes out a book.*) This is the Servants' Guide to Wealth, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the customs: necessary for all servants.

Phi. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains, and remember them well—Come, Kitty, begin.

Kit. (*Reads.*) Advice to the footman:

Let it for ever be your plan
To be the master, not the man,
And do as little as you can.

Lov. He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all,—not I.

Kit. At market never think of stealing,
To keep with tradesmen *proper* dealing;
All stewards have a fellow-feeling.

Phi. You will understand that better one day or other, boy.

Kit. To the groom:

Never allow your master able
To judge of matters in the stable.
If he should roughly speak his mind,
Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd,
Lame the best horse, or break his wind.

Lov. Oddines! that's good; he, he, he.

Kit. To the coachman:

If your good master on you doats,
Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,
But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
And let the horses eat the manger.

Lov. Eat the manger! he, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time.—Here, boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phi. Ha, ha, ha!—very good; but now for business.

Kit. Right—I'll go and get out one of the damask table cloths, and some napkins; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart. [*Exit.*

Phi. That it shall; come, Jemmy. [*Exit.*

Lov. Soh, soh! it works well. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—*The Servants' Hall, with the Supper and Sideboard set out.*

Enter PHILIP, KITTY *and* LOVEL.

Kit. Well, Phil, what think you? don't we look very smart?—Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phi. 'Tis all very well; but——

Kit. But what?

Phi. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phi. I don't know; he's a queer son of a——

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phi. Here he is.

Enter TOM.

And why won't you make one to-night, Tom?—Here's cook, and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again I will not make one.

Phi. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phi. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest—ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honester than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Harkee, you Mr Honesty, don't be saucy.

Lov. This is worth listening to. [*Aside.*

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid of your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah! cully? afraid, sirrah! afraid of what? [*Goes up to* TOM.

Phi. Ay, sir, afraid of what?

[*Goes up on the other side.*

Lov. Ay, sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up too.*

Tom. I value none of you: I know your tricks.

Phi. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house. And that you, Mr Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged. [*Strikes* LOVEL.

Phi. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. Ah! What do you strike the boy for?—It's an honest blow. [*Aside.*

Tom. I'll strike him again.—'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses.—There's your good friend, mother Barter, the old clothes-woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, sir; and did you never—ha?

Phi. Well, and did you never—ha?

Lov. Ah! Did you never—ha?

Tom. No, never: I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that. (*Snapping his fingers.*) His houour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company; and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers.—Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue is the only honest servant in my house. [*Aside.*

Kit. Out, you meally-mouthed cur.

Phi. Well, go, tell his honour, do; ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that; damn an informer! but yet I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other: that's all. [*Exit.*

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phi. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel, you will not. (*Aside.*)—O la! here's a fine gentleman.

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Ah! ma chere Mademseille! comment vous portez vous? [*Salutes.*

Kit. Fort bein, je vous remercier, Monsieur.

Phi. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Philip?

Phi. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But my dear Kitty. [*Talk apart.*

Phi. Jemmy!

Lov. Anon.

Phi. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Yes, I will, but won't you ask *he* to drink? [*Pointing to the Duke.*

Phi. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by.—Come along.

Lov. Yes. [*Exeunt* PHILIP *and* LOVEL.

Kit. Indeed, I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up.—You have a damned vile collection of pictures, I observe, above stairs, Kitty; your squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste? that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre eau de luce.—My head aches confoundedly.—(*She gives a smelling bottle.*)—Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married?

Kit. Pardonnez moi, for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be god-father, faith.

Kit. How you rattle, Duke. I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, Mademseille.

Kit. Your grace loves a play?

Duke. No, except at the Theatre Francois,—it is a dull, old fashioned, entertainment; I hate it.

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy. (*Attempting to quote.*) O Romeo! Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy mother, or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a cabbage-net.

Duke. Bravo! bravo! bravo! You are devilish handsome, Kate—kiss me. [*Offers to kiss her.*

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Sir H. Oh, oh! are you thereabouts, my lord Duke?

That may do very well, by-and-by;—however, you'll never find me behind hand. [*Offers to kiss her.*

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner; nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you;—let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire——

Duke. A knight of the shire! ha, ha, ha!—a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. O, lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, this is good morility.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord—Now, Sir Harry?

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt——

Duke. Zounds! sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here.—Ha' done, Sir Harry—

Sir H. Not I.—Why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity. [*Slow.*

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity if we refuse the supplies? [*Quick.*

Kit. Peace, peace! here's Lady Bab.

Enter LADY BAB'S SERVANT, *in a chair.*

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady B. Mrs Kitty, your servant.—I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do ye do?—My lord Duke, your servant—and Sir Harry too—yours.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted——

Lady B. I am afraid I have trespassed in point of time—(*looks on her watch.*)—But I got into my fav'rite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning.—Some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh, you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B. Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Sir H. I never heard of it.

Kit. Shikspur! Shikspur!—Who wrote it?—No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Duke. Shikspur! Who wrote it.

Sir H. Who wrote it? Why Ben Jonson.

Duke. O, I remember, it was Kolly Kibber!

Kit. Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other.—Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID *in a chair.*

Dear Lady Charlotte—

Lady C. Oh! Mrs Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house.—Such a fit of the colic seized me.—Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here?—My chairmen were such drones—My lord Duke, the pink of all good breeding!

Duke. Oh, ma'am— [*Bowing.*

Lady C. And Sir Harry—your servant, Sir Harry. [*Formally.*

Sir H. Madam, your servant—I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park.

Sir H. The Park? I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations. [*Scornfully.*

Sir H. Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coolness of late, and despise you—a trumpery baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility: that sly dog the marquis——

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir; the marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I—I—madam?—I scorn such a thing! I only asked what wages you had? I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—egad, I am confounded—My lord duke, what shall I say to her? Pray help me out. [*Aside.*

Duke. Ask her to show her thick legs—ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*

Enter PHILIP *and* LOVEL, *loaded with bottles.*

Phi. Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble your blood. Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lov. (*Affecting to be drunk.*) Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phi. I have made him free of the cellar. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free; I am very free.

Phi. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, madam. I will certainly wait on their lordships and their ladyships too. [*Aside and exit.*

Phi. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper? Have you had your tea?

All. A dance, a dance! no tea, no tea.

Phi. Here, fiddler; (*calls.*) I have provided a very good hand, you see.

Enter FIDDLER, *with a wooden leg.*

Sir H. Not so well legged, Mr Philip.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. Le drolle!—Hark'ye, Mr——which leg do you beat time with?

All. Ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*

Sir H. What can you play, Domine?

Fid. Any thing, an't please your honour, from a jig to a sonato.

Phi. Come here—where are all our people?—

Enter COACHMAN, COOK, KINGSTON, *and* CLOE.

I'll couple you; my lord Duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry, Lady Charlotte, coachman and cook, and the two devils together, ha, ha, ha!

Duke. With submission, the country dances by-and-by.

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the Duke and Mrs Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us. [SIR HARRY *bows.*

All. Minuet, Sir Harry! Minuet, Sir Harry!

Fid. What minuet would your honours please to have?

Kit. What minuet?——Let me see——play Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

[*A minuet by* SIR HARRY *and* KITTY, *awkward and conceited.*

Lady C. Mrs Kitty dances sweetly.

Phi. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phi. Come, now to supper—a gentleman and a lady —Here, fiddler, (*gives money.*) Wait without.

Fid. Yes, an't please your honour.

[*Exit, with a tankard; they sit down.*

Phi. We will set the wine on the table; here is claret, burgundy, and champagne, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies; there are tickets on every bottle—if any gentleman chooses port———

Duke. Port? 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you?—Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country.—The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. [*A pause.*

Duke. Now, Mrs Kitty, here's a very fine fowl. Shall I send you a *walker* or a *flyer?*

Sir II. Why, my lord duke, your wit's on the *wing.*

Duke. Yes, Sir Harry, and yours seems to have *walked* off. Ha, ha, ha! But come, Lady Charlotte "hob or nob?"

Lady C. Done, my lord; in burgundy if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. [*They drink; a pause.*

Phi. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round. I have a health for you—Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh; a pause.*

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*

Phi. My lord duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty——

Phi. Oh! no—a health and a sentiment.

Duke. A health and a sentiment?——No, no, let us have a song——Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it?—Well then, Mrs Kitty, we must call upon you: will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song; ay, ay, Sir Harry's song! Sir Harry's song.

Duke. A song to be sure; but first—preludio—(*Kisses* KITTY.) Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

[*Kissing round;* KINGSTON *kisses* CLOE *heartily.*

Sir H. See how the black devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but—hem—I must clear up my pipes——hem——this is Sir Harry's song; being a new song, entitled and called, 'The Fellow Servant, or All in Livery.' [KITTY *sings.*

Come here, fellow servant, and listen to me,
I'll show you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.

Chorus. Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here, fellow servant,
And there, fellow servant,
And all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroid'ry drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest,
What is he? I'faith, but a servant at best.
Both high, &c.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves,
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its knaves,
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.
Both high, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.
Both high, &c.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in arms,
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.
Both high, &c.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing, and love;
And when sick of one place, to another we'll move,
For with little and great, the best joy is to rove.

Chorus. Both high and low in this do agree,
That 'tis here, fellow servant,
And there, fellow servant,
And all in a livery.

All. Bravo! bravo!

Duke. Now, Mrs Kitty, will you allow me to recommend a glass of *Nono*, just to correct the assiduity of the stomach?

Kit. If your grace pleases.

Phi. How do you like the song, my lord Duke?

Duke. It is a damned vile composition.

Phi. How so?

Duke. O very low! very low indeed.

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so. I couldn't make a worser.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! you are a rascal! I'll pull you by the nose! [*All rise.*

Duke. Look ye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! what you will—pistols—

Duke. Done—behind Montague House—

Sir H. Done—with seconds—

Duke. Done.

Sir H. Loaded!

Duke. With powder!

Sir H. Done.

Duke. And ball.

Sir H. Damme, do you want to murder me?

Phi. Oh for shame, gentlemen. My lord Duke!—Sir Harry,—the ladies! fie! (DUKE *and* SIR H. *affect to sing,—a violent knocking.*) What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phi. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. (*Exit* KINGSTON.) It sounds like my master's rap. Pray heaven it is not he.

Enter KINGSTON.

Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is my master and Mr Freeman: I peeped through the key-hole, and saw them by the lamp-light. Tom has just let them in.

Phi. The devil he has! What can have brought him back.

Kit. No matter what——away with the things.——

Phi. Away with the wine——away with the plate. Here coachman, cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand——out with the candles——away, away.

[*They carry away the table, &c.*

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

[*They all run about in confusion.*

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

Phi. No, no, no. He'll see you then—

Sir H. What the devil had I to do here!

Duke. Pox take it, face it out.

Sir H. Oh no; these West Indians are very fiery.

Phi. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lov. (*Without.*) Philip—where's Philip?

Phi. Oh the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs—Sir Harry, run down into the cellar—My lord Duke, get into the pantry—away, away.

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Anywhere, anywhere—up the chimney, if you will.

Phi. There—in with you. [*All go into the pantry.*

Lov. (*Without.*) Philip——Philip!——

Phi. Coming, sir. (*Aloud.*) Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phi. Egad, this is black Monday with us; sit down—seem to read your book. Here he is, as drunk as a piper. [*They sit down.*

Enter LOVEL *with pistols, affecting to be drunk,* FREEMAN *following.*

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where

are all my myrmidons?—What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phi. He is very drunk indeed. (*Aside.*) Mrs Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Come, sit down Freeman—lie you there.—(*Lays his pistols down.*) I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.

Phi. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Lov. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phi. Accounts, sir! to-night?

Lov. Yes; to-night!—I find myself perfectly clear—you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phi. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. I'll settle 'em all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lov. What a cursed lie that is! [*Aside.*

Duke. Philip—Philip—Philip. [*Peeping out.*

Phi. Plague take you!——hold your tongue. [*Aside.*

Free. You have just nicked them in the very minute. [*Aside to* LOVEL.

Lov. I find I have—mum—(*Aside to* FREEMAN.) Get some wine, Philip—(*Exit* PHILIP.) Though I must eat something before I drink—Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? lard, your honour, we are at board wages.

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it—here. (*Rises.*) Open the pantry door—I'll be about your board wages! I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.

Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry. [*Opposing him.*

Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman. Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine. [*Sits down again.*

Kit. Had not my master better go to bed?

[*Makes signs to* FREEMAN *that* LOVEL *is drunk.*

Lov. Bed! not I—I'll sit here all night—'tis very, very pleasant; and nothing like variety in life.

Sir H. (*Peeping.*) Mrs Kitty, Mrs Kitty.

Kit. Peace, on your life. [*Aside.*

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's, sir—hem—

PHILIP *brings wine.*

Lov. Soh—very well—now do you two march off—march off, I say.

Phi. We can't think of leaving your honour: for, egad if we do, we are undone. [*Aside.*

Lov. Begone—my service to you, Freeman—this is good stuff.

Free. Excellent. [*Somebody in the pantry sneezes.*

Kit. We are undone—undone. [*Aside.*

Phi. Oh! that is the Duke's damned rappee. [*Aside.*

Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought.

Lov. D—n it! there are thieves in the house—I'll be among 'em— [*Takes a pistol.*

Kit. Lack-a-day, sir, it was only the cat—they sometimes sneeze for all the world like a Christian—here, Jack, Jack!—he has got a cold, sir—puss, puss!—

Lov. A cold? then I'll cure him—here, Jack, Jack!—puss, puss!

Kit. Your honour won't be rash—pray, your honour, don't— [*Opposing.*

Lov. Stand off—here, Freeman—here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed, as you see—Freeman—I'll hold you five to four—nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry door.

Free. Try, try, but I think it impossible.

Lov. I am a damned good marksman. (*Cocks the pistol and points it at the pantry door.*)—Now for it! (*A violent shriek, and all is discovered.*)—Who the devil are all these? One, two, three, four. Why, Mrs Kitty, your cat has kittened—two Toms and two Tabbies!

Phi. They are particular friends of mine, sir—servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phi. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our own expense, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.

Lov. Take up that bottle.—(PHILIP *takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.*)—Bring it back—Do you usually entertain your company with tokay, monsieur?

Phi. I, sir, treat with wine!

Lov. O yes, from humble port to imperial tokay too! Yes, I loves kokay. [*Mimicking himself.*

Phi. How! Jemmy my master!

Kit. Jemmy! the devil!

Phi. Your honour is at present in liquor—but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Lov. (*changing his countenance and turning his wig.*) We'll set all to rights now. There, I am sober, at your service—what have you to say, Philip? (PHILIP *starts.*) You may well start—Go, get out of my sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his Grace the Duke of—

Lov. And the impudence familiarly to assume his title—your grace will give me leave to tell you, that is the door—and, if ever you enter there again, I assure you, my lord Duke, I will break every bone in your grace's skin—begone—I beg their ladyships' pardon, perhaps they cannot go without chairs—Ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! [SIR HARRY *steals off.*

Duke. Low bred fellows! [*Exit.*

Lady C. I thought how this visit would turn out. [*Exit.*

Lady B. They are downright Hottenpots. [*Exit.*

Phi. & Kit. I hope your honour will not take away our bread?

Lov. Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate-house—you'll shine in the bar, madam. I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phi. & Kit. Oh, sir—good sir!

Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning—and there, madam, is the book, you lent me, which I beg you'll read night and morning before you say your prayers.

Kit. I am ruined and undone. [*Exit.*

Lov. But you, sir, for your villany, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to show you the way out.—Your keys, sir?

[PHILIP *gives keys.*

Enter TOM.

——Tom, I respect and value you—you are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement: be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house (*points to* PHILIP.)—and then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow servant.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phi. What a cursed fool have I been?

[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.

Lov. Well Charles, I must thank you for your frolic—it has been a wholesome one to me—have I done right?

Free. Entirely; no judge could have determined better; as you punished the bad, it was but justice to reward the good.——You have made Tom very happy.

Free. And I intend to make your Robert so, too. Every honest servant should be made happy.——But what an insufferable piece of assurance is it in some of these fellows, to affect and imitate their masters' manners.

Lov. What manners must those be which they can imitate?

Free. True.

Lov. If persons of rank would act up to their standard, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them; but, when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example.

THE END.

LEITH:
Printed by R. Allardice.