

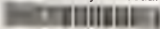






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*Published by Stirling & Kanner 1880.*

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# LOVE A LA MODE;

A FARCE,

BY CHARLES MACKLIN.

WITH REMARKS.

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EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR STIRLING & KENNEY.

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1829.





## R E M A R K S

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The success of this excellent Farce, by Macklin, was most decided. It has as great variety of character and *substantiality* of plot as might suffice for a regular play; and yet, in its laughter-provoking qualities, it is superior to most of farces. It certainly had an adventitious recommendation when it was first represented, in the satire upon the Scotch which is embodied in the character of Sir Archy Macsarcasm. Junius and Churchill had made such satire fashionable; and, which is more, they had proved it to be exceedingly palatable to the English people. Yet we cannot suppose that Macklin, in sketching Sir Archy, had any more serious design than to exhibit a sordid and rapacious character, common to all countries, and to give it a stronger individuality by incorporating with it certain national peculiarities. The peculiarities of Sir Archy, such as pride of family, and dry sarcasm, it cannot be denied, are truly Scottish. In support of our hypothesis with regard to Macklin's intention, we would adduce the parts of Squire Groom an Englishman, and Mordecai the Jew, being represented as equally despicable in point of sentiment, and vastly beneath him in respect of intellect. Even the hero, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, Macklin's own countryman, is represented in a more ridiculous, though a much more amiable light than Sir Archy. The fact of Macklin having drawn two such Scotch characters as Sir Archy, and Sir Pertinax Sycophant, may indeed create a presumption of *malice prepense* on his part; but may not the fact be accounted for by his inclination towards strong satire, and to accommodate his writings to the temper of the times? One thing is most indubitable, which we may state without the least risk of being suspected of meaning to convey any imputation on our national character, that no one, excepting Smollett, in his Lieutenant Lasmahago, has more successfully shown up the singularities and foibles of Scotchmen than Macklin. How he, an Irishman, came to grasp these with the gigantic vigour and the truth of touch which he has done, is truly astonishing; and still more so is the native rasciness

of speech which he has put into the mouth of Sir Archy. The whole is a phenomenon only exceeded by the fact of George Frederick Cooke having spoke and acted the part with a fidelity to the national idiom and mannerism which no Scotch actor ever could reach, and which, we believe, is to be henceforth unattainable. The despair of realizing in the part a little of what was achieved by Cooke, has, we believe, since Cooke's time, been the cause of no other actor of any note adventuring on the part; and hence, the farce has been condemned to comparative oblivion. We would not deny Macklin wit, but we think his wit was much less vigorous and active than his powers of perceiving what was base, grotesque, and ridiculous in human conduct, to which, and his stage knowledge, we must ascribe all the excellencies of the farce now under our notice. It is singular that it has always been acted with more *éclat* in Scotland than any where else; which is a proof that the satire concentrated in the person of Sir Archy does not tell upon the consciences of the natives, and that the national lineaments of the part are most true to nature.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edinburgh:

<i>Sir Theodore Goodchild</i> .....	Mr Lee.
<i>Sir Archy Macsarcasm</i> .....	Mr Mackay.
<i>Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan</i> .....	Mr Weekes.
<i>Squire Groom</i> .....	Mr Jones.
<i>Mr Mordcau</i> .....	Mr Mason.
<i>Attorney</i> .....	Mr Aiken.
<i>Servant</i> .....	Mr J. Stanley.
<i>Charlotte</i> .....	Miss Eyre.

# LOVE A LA MODE.

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## ACT I.

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### Scene I.

*Enter SIR THEODORE and CHARLOTTE.*

*Char.* Nay, there can be no harm in a little mirth, guardian; even those who happen to be the objects must approve the justice of it.

*Sir T.* But consider, Charlotte, what will the world say of me? Will it not be in every mouth, that Sir Theodore Goodchild was a very imprudent man, in combining with his ward to turn her lovers into ridicule?

*Char.* Not at all, sir; the world will applaud the mirth, especially when they know what kind of lovers they are; and that the sole motive of their addresses was the lady's fortune. Well, sure, since the days of giants and enchanted castles, no poor damsel has been besieged by such a group of odd mortals. Let me review my equipage of lovers: The first upon the list is a beau Jew, who, in spite of nature and education, sets up for a wit, a gentleman, and a man of taste.

*Sir T.* Ay, laugh at him as much as you will.

*Char.* The next is a downright English—Newmarket, stable-bred, gentleman jockey, who having ruined his finances by dogs, grooms, cocks, and horses, and such polite company, now thinks to retrieve his affairs by a matrimonial match with a city fortune.

*Sir T.* Ha, ha, ha! I find, madam, you have perused the Squire with great exactness.

*Char.* Pretty well, sir. To this Newmarket wight succeeds a proud, haughty Caledonian knight; whose

tongue, like the dart of death, spares neither sex nor age; it leaves none unvisited. All dread, and all feel it.

*Sir T.* Yes, yes, his insolence of family, and licentiousness of wit, have gained him the contempt and general toleration of mankind. But we must not look upon his spleen and ill-nature, my dear, as a national, but a personal vice.

*Char.* As such, sir, I always understand and laugh at him.—Well, of all my swains, he is the most whimsical; his passion is to turn every mortal into ridicule; even I, the object of his flame, cannot escape; for while his avarice courts my fortune, his pride despises and sneers at my birth.

*Sir T.* That, Charlotte, is only to show his wit.

*Char.* True, sir.—The next in Cupid's train is your nephew, guardian, a wild Irish, Prussian, hard-headed soldier, whose military humour, and fondness for his profession, make me fancy sometimes that he was not only born in a siege, but that Bellona had been his nurse, Mars his schoolmaster, and the Furies his playfellows. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir T.* Ha, ha, ha! O fye, Charlotte, how can you be so severe upon my poor nephew?

*Char.* Upon my honour, Sir Theodore, I don't mean to be severe, for I like his character extremely;—ha, ha!

*Sir T.* Well, well, notwithstanding your mirth, madam, I assure you he has gained the highest esteem in his profession.—But what can you expect, my dear, from a soldier, a mere rough-hewn soldier, who, at the age of fifteen, would leave Ireland; his friends, and every other pursuit, to go a volunteer into the Prussian service, and there he has lived seventeen years; so that I don't suppose he has six ideas out of his own profession—garrisons and camps have been the courts and academies that have formed him. But he ever had, from a child, a kind of military madness.

*Char.* O, I am in love with his warlike humour, I think it highly entertaining.

*Sir T.* As he has not made any direct addresses to you, Charlotte, let me inform him how improper such

a step would be, and even let us leave him out of our scheme to-night.

*Char.* O, sir, impossible; our day's sport, our plot, our every thing, would be imperfect without him; why, I intend him to be the leading instrument in the concert. One cannot possibly do without Sir Callaghan Brall—Bra—Brall.—Pray, guardian, learn me to pronounce my lover's name.

*Sir T.* Thou art a mad creature! Well, madam, I will indulge your wicked mirth. His name is Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

*Char.* O shocking! Callaghan O'Brallaghan! why, it is enough to choke one; and it is as difficult to be uttered as a Welsh pedigree. Why, if the Fates should bring us together, I shall be obliged to hire an Irish interpreter to go about with me, to teach the people to pronounce my name.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir T.* You may laugh, madam, but he is as proud of that name as any of your lovers are of their titles. I suppose they all dine here?

*Char.* Certainly: all but Squire Groom.

*Sir T.* O! you must not expect him; he is at York, and was to ride his great match there yesterday. He will not be here, you may be sure.—Let me see:—what is't o'clock?—almost three.—Who's there?

*Enter a SERVANT.*

Order the coach to the door.

*Serv.* 'Tis ready, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Sir T.* I will but just step to Lincoln's Inn Hall, and see what they are doing in your cause; it is to be ended to-day. By the time I return I suppose your company will be come. A good morning to you, Charlotte.

*Char.* Sir, a good morning.

[*Exit SIR T.*

*Morde.* (*Sings Italian without.*) Sir Theodore, your humble servant.

*Sir T.* (*Without.*) Mr Mordecai, your most obedient.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Mr Mordecai, madam.

*Char.* Show him in.

[*Exit SERVANT.*

*Morde.* (*Without.*) I see your coach is at the door, Sir Theodore; you dine with us, I hope.

*Sir T.* (*Without.*) Certainly. You'll find Miss Charlotte within. Your servant.

*Morde.* (*Without.*) Yours, Sir Theodore.

*Enter MORDECAI, singing an Italian air, and addressing CHARLOTTE fantastically.*

*Char.* O caro, caro, carissimo.

*Morde.* Voi sete molto cortese! anima mia! here let me kneel and pay my softest adoration; and thus, and thus, in amorous transport breathe my last.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! softly, softly! you would not sure breathe your last yet, Mr Mordecai?

*Morde.* Why, no, madam: I would live a little longer for your sake. [*Bowing very low.*]

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! you are infinitely polite—but a truce with your gallantry—why, you are as gay as the sun;—I think I never saw any thing better fancied than that suit of yours, Mr Mordecai.

*Morde.* Ha, ha!—a—well enough—just as my tailor fancied—ha, ha, ha! do you like it, madam?

*Char.* Quite elegant: I don't know any one about town deserves the title of beau better than Mr Mordecai.

*Morde.* O dear, madam, you are very obliging.

*Char.* I think you are called Beau Mordecai by every body.

*Morde.* Yes, madam, they do distinguish me by that title, but I don't think I merit the honour.

*Char.* Nobody more; for I think you are always by far the finest man in town. But do you know, that I have heard of your extraordinary court, the other night at the Opera, to Miss Sprightly.

*Morde.* O Heavens, madam, how can you be so severe? That the woman has designs, I steadfastly believe; but as to me—oh!

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! nay, nay, you must not deny it, for my intelligence is from very good hands.

*Morde.* Pray, who may that be?

*Char.* Sir Archy Macsarcasm.

*Morde.* O shocking! the common Pasquin of the town; besides, madam, you know he's my rival, and not very remarkable for veracity in his narrations.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! I cannot say he's a religious observer of truth, but his humour always makes amends for his invention. You must allow he has humour, Mr Mordecai.

*Morde.* O cuor mio! how can you think so? bating his scandal, dull, dull, as an alderman after six pounds of turtle, four bottles of port, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! O surfeiting! surfeiting!

*Morde.* The man indeed has something droll—something ridiculous in him;—his abominable Scots accent, his grotesque visage almost buried in snuff, the roll of his eyes, and twist of his mouth, his strange inhuman laugh, his tremendous perriwig, and his manner altogether, indeed, has something so caricaturely risible in it, that, ha, ha, ha! may I die, madam, if I don't always take him for a mountebank-doctor at a Dutch fair.

*Char.* Oh, oh! what a picture has he drawn! why, you are as severe in your portraits as Sir Archy himself.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir Archy Macsarcasm is below, madam.

*Char.* Show him up. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

*Morde.* Don't you think, madam, he is a horrid, foul-mouthed, uncouth fellow? He is worse to me, madam, than assafoetida, or a tallow-chandler's shop in the dog-days; his filthy high-dried poisons me, and his scandal is grosser than a hackney news-writer's: Madam, he is as much despised by his own countrymen as by the rest of the world. The better sort of Scotland never keep him company; but that is *entre nous, entre nous.*

*Sir A.* (*Speaks without.*) Randol, bid Sawney be here wi' the chariot at aught o'clock exactly.

*Enter SIR ARCHY.*—MORDECAI runs up to embrace him.

*Sir A.* Ha, ha, ha! my chield o' circumcision, gie's a wag o' your loof; hoo d'ye do, my bouny Girgishite?

*Morde.* Always at your service, Sir Archy:— He stinks worse than a Scotch snuff-shop. [*Aside.*]

*Sir A.* Weel, Mordecai, I see ye are as diligent in the service o' your mistress, as in the service o' your looking-glass, for your face and your thoughts are aye turned upon the ane or the ither.

*Morde.* And I see your wit, Sir Archy, like a lawyer's tongue, will ever retain its usual politeness and good-nature.

*Char.* (*Coming forward.*) Ha, ha, ha! civil and witty on both sides. Sir Archy, your most obedient.

[*Courtesies.*]

*Sir A.* Ten thoosand pardons, madam, I didna observe ye; I hope I see your ladyship weel— Ah! ye look like a divinity. [*Bowing awkwardly and low.*]

*Char.* Sir Archy, this is immensely gallant.

*Sir A.* Weel, madam, I see my friend, Mordecai here, is determined to tak awa the prize frae us a'! Ha, ha, ha! he is trick'd out in a' the colours o' the rainbow.

*Char.* Mr Mordecai is always well dressed, Sir Archy.

*Sir A.* Upon honour, he is as fine as a jay. Turn about, man, turn about, let us view your finery:— stap alang, and let's see your shapes—he has a bonny march wi' him: very weel, very elegant. Ha, ha, ha! gude troth, I think I never saw a tooth-drawer better dress'd in a' my life. [*Viewing and admiring his dress.*]

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Morde.* You are very polite, sir.

*Char.* But, Sir Archy, what is become of my Irish lover, your friend, Sir Callaghan? I hope he dines here.

*Sir A.* Ah, ah! gude faith will he! I hae brought him alang wi' me.

*Char.* What! is he in the house?

*Sir A.* Ay, in this very mansion, madam; for ye maun ken, that, like the monarchs o' auld, I never travel noo without my feul.

*Char.* Then, pray, Sir Archy, exhibit your fool.

*Morde.* Let's have a slice of him.



*Sir A.* Jauntly, jauntly, no' sae fast! he's no' in right order yet.

*Char.* How do you mean, Sir Archy?

*Sir A.* Madam, as we came hither, I coonselled him to write a love epistle to you, by way o' introduction till his courtship! he is noo about it below stairs, and in ten minutes ye may look to see an amorous billet, sic as has nae been penn'd sin' the days o' Don Quixote—Ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* O charming! I shall be impatient till I see his passion upon paper.

*Sir A.* Gude faith, madam, he has done that already; for he has composed a jargon that he ca's a sonnet upon his bewitching Charlotte, as he terms you. Mordecai, you have heard him sing it?

*Morde.* I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I have heard him roar it. Madam, we had him last night at the tavern, and made him give it to us in an Irish howl that might be heard from hence to West Chester.

*Sir A.* Ha, ha, ha! why, ye have a deevilish deal o' wit, Mordecai.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! I must hear this song.

*Morde.* Madam, your servant;—I will leave Sir Archy to entertain you for a few minutes.

*Char.* You are not going, Mr Mordecai?

*Morde.* Madam, I am only going down stairs, to see if Sir Callaghan is disengaged; and if he be, to have a laugh at him before dinner, by way of a whet—that's all, madam, only by way of a whet. [Going.]

*Sir A.* But harkye, Mr Mordecai, not a syllable o' the letter.

*Morde.* O never fear me, Sir Archy, I am as secret as a spy. [Exit.]

*Sir A.* What a fantastical baboon this Eesraelite maks o' himsel. The fallow is the mockery o' the hale nation.

*Char.* Why, to say the truth, he is entertaining, Sir Archy.

*Sir A.* O yes, he is ridiculous, therefore very usefu' in society,—for wherever he comes there maun be laughter. But now, madam, if ye please, a word or twa o' our ain matters; ye see I dinna pester ye wi'

flames, and darts, and sighings, and lamentations, and frivolous protestations, like your silly lovers in a romance; for ye ken I always speak my thoughts wi' a blunt integrity:—madam, I love you, and gin I didna, I wad scorn to say it.

*Char.* O, Sir Archy, all the world allows you sincerity, which is the most valuable quality a friend or a lover can possess.

*Sir A.* Very true, madam, therefore I canna help gieing ye a bit o' advice concerning thae fallows aboot ye, wha ca' themsel's your lovers.—Squire Groom, doubtless, is a man o' honour, and my very gude friend, but he is a beggar, a beggar; and, touching this Mordecai, the fallow's walthy, 'tis true; yes, yes, he is walthy, but he is a reptile, a mere reptile! and, as to the Irishman, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the fallow's weel eneugh to laugh at, but I wad hae ye look aboot ye there, for ye ken that your guardian is his uncle, and, to my certain knowledge, there is a design upon your fortune in that quarter, depend upon it.

*Char.* Very possible, Sir Archy, very possible; for a woman's fortune, I believe, is the principal object of every lover's wish.

*Sir A.* Madam, your observation is very orthodox in truth—as to Mordecai, Sir Callaghan, Squire Groom, and sic like fallows; but men o' honour! men o' honour, madam, hae ither principles. I assure ye, lady, the tenour o' my affection is nae for your pecuniar, but for the mental graces o' your saul, and the divine perfections o' your body, which are indeed to me a Peru and a Mexico.

*Char.* O, Sir Archy, you overwhelm me.

*Sir A.* Madam, I speak upon the verity o' mine honour; beside, madam, gin ye marry me, ye will marry a man o' sobreeity and economy: 'tis true, I am not in the high-day o' blude, yet, as the poet sings, far frae the vale o' years; not like your young flashy whippers, that gang aff like a squib or a cracker on a rejoicing night, in a noise and a stink, and are never heard o' after.

*Char.* You are certainly right, Sir Archy, the young fellows of fashion are mere trifles.

*Sir A.* They are baubles, madam, absolute baubles, and prodigals, therefore ye should preponderate the matter weel before ye mak your election. Consider, madam, there is nae scant o' walth or honour in oor family. Lady, we hae, in the house o' Maesarcasin, twa Barons, three Viscounts, sax Earls, ae Marquisate, and twa Dukes—besides Baronets and Lairds oot o' a' reckoning.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir A.* What gars ye laugh, madam?

*Char.* I beg your pardon, sir; but—ha, ha, ha! I am laughing to—ha, ha, ha! to think what a—ha, ha! a number of noble relations I shall have.

*Sir A.* Faith will ye, madam, and other guess families than ye hae in this part o' the warld.—Odzwuns, madam, there is as much difference betwixt our nobility o' the North, and yours o' the Sooth, as there is between a hound o' blude and a mangrel.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! Pray how do you make out that, Sir Archy?

*Sir A.* Why, madam, in Scotland, a' our nobility are sprung frae monarchs, warriors, heroes, and giorious achievements; now, here i' the Sooth, ye are a' sprung frae sugar hogsheads, rum puncheons, woo packs, hop sacks, airn bars, and tar jackets; in short, ye are a composition of Jews, Turks, and Refugees, and o' a' the commercial vagrants o' the land and sea—a sort of amphibious breed ye are.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! we are a strange mixture, indeed, nothing like so pure and noble as ye are in the North.

*Sir A.* O, naething like it, madam, naething like it—we are o' another kidney. Now, madam, as ye yoursel' are na weel propagated, as ye hae the misfortune to be a child o' commerce, ye should endeavour to mak your espousals into aue o' our ancient noble families o' the North; for ye maun ken, madam, that sic an alliance will purify your blude, and gie ye a rank and consequence in the warld, that a' your pelf, were it as muckle as the bank o' Edenbrough, couldna purchase for you.

*Char.* Very true, Sir Archy, very true; upon my word your advice is friendly and impartial, and I will think of it.

*Enter MORDECAI.*

*Morde.* Here he is! he is coming, madam! he is but just giving some orders to his servant about his baggage and post-horses.

*Char.* I hope he is not going away.

*Morde.* Troth is he, madam: he is impatient to be with the army in Germany.

*SIR CALLAGHAN and SERVANT within.*

*Sir C.* Is Sir Archy Macsarcasm and the lady this way, do you say, young man?

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

*Sir C.* Then, I'll trouble you with no further ceremony.

*Enter SIR CALLAGHAN.*

*Sir C.* Madam, I am your most devoted and most obedient humble servant, and am proud to have the honour of kissing your fair hand this morning.

[*Salutes her.*]

*Char.* Sir Callaghan, your humble servant—I am sorry to hear we are likely to lose you. I was in hopes the campaign had been quite over in Germany for this winter.

*Sir C.* Yes, madam, it was quite over, but it began again; a true genius never loves to quit the field till he has left himself nothing to do; for then, you know, madam, he can keep it with more safety.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir A.* Very true, sir, very true. But, Sir Callaghan, just as ye entered the apartment, the lady was urging she should like it mightily, gin ye wad favour her wi' a slight narrative of the late transactions and battles in Germany.

*Char.* If Sir Callaghan would be so obliging.

*Sir C.* O, dear madam, don't ax me.

*Char.* Sir, I beg pardon; I would not press any thing that I thought might be disagreeable to you.

*Sir C.* O, dear madam, it is not for that; but it rebuts a man of honour to be talking to ladies of battles, and sieges, and skrimages—it looks like gasconading

and making the fanfaron. Besides, madam, I give you my honour, there is no such thing in nature as making a true description of a battle.

*Char.* How so, sir?

*Sir C.* Why, madam, there is so much doing every where, there is no knowing what is done any where; for every man has his own part to look after, which is as much as he can do, without minding what other people are about. Then, madam, there is such drumming and trumpeting, firing and smoking, fighting and rattling, every where—and such an uproar of courage and slaughter in every man's mind—and such a delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it than you can of the stars in the sky.

*Sir A.* As I shall answer it, I think it a very descriptive account that he gives of a battle.

*Char.* Admirable! and very entertaining.

*Morde.* O, delightful!

*Sir A.* Mordecai, ask him some questions—to him—to him, man—hae a little fun wi' him—smoke him, smoke him, rally him, man,—rally him. [*Whispering.*

*Morde.* I'll do it, I'll do it—yes, I will smoke the Captain.—Well, and pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in a battle?

*Sir C.* Sir!

*Morde.* I say, sir, how many might you have killed in any one battle?

*Sir C.* Kill. Um!—Why, I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would choose to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat.—Ha!—Are you answered, Mr Mordecai?

*Morde.* Yes, yes, sir, I am answered.—He is a devilish droll fellow—vastly queer.

*Sir A.* Yes, he is very queer.—But ye were very sharp upon him.—Odzwuns, at him again, at him again—have another cut at him.

*Morde.* Yes, I will have another cut at him.

*Sir A.* Do, do.—He'll bring himsel' intull a damn'd scrape presently. [*Aside.*

*Morde.* (*Going to Sir C. and sneering at him.*) He, he, he! but, hark'ye Sir Callaghan—he, he, he!—give me leave to tell you now, if I was a general—

*Sir C.* You a general! faith then, you would make a very pretty general! (*Turns MORDE. about.*) Pray, madam, look at the general—ha, ha, ha!

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir C.* O, my dear Mr Mordecai, be advis'd, and don't prate about generals! it is a very hard trade to learn, and requires being in the field late and early—a great many frosty nights and scorching days—to be able to eat and drink, and laugh and rejoice, with danger on one side of you, and death on the other—and a hundred things beside, that you know no more of than I do of being high priest of a synagogue; so hold your tongue about generals, Mr Mordecai, and go and mind your lottery tickets, and your cent. per cent on 'Change Alley.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir A.* Ha, ha, ha! he hath tickled up the Eesraelite—he has gien it the Moabite on baith sides o' his lugs.

*Char.* But, Sir Callaghan, sure you must have been in imminent danger in the variety of actions you have gone through.

*Sir C.* O! to be sure, madam, who would be a soldier without danger? Danger, madam, is a soldier's greatest glory, and death his best reward.

*Morde.* Ha, ha, ha! that is an excellent bull! death a reward! Pray, Sir Callaghan, no offence, I hope; how do you make death being a reward?

*Sir C.* How! Why don't you know that?

*Morde.* Not I, upon honour.

*Sir C.* Why, a soldier's death, in the field of battle, is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive as Cæsar or Alexander, or any dead hero of them all.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* Very well explained, Sir Callaghan!

*Sir A.* Axcellently weel! very logically, and like a true hero.

*Sir C.* Why, madam, when the history of the English campaigns in America comes to be written, there is your own brave young general, that died the other day in the field of battle before Québec, will be alive to the end of the world.

*Char.* You are right, Sir Callaghan, his virtues, and

those of his fellow-soldiers in that action—ay, and of those that planned it too, will be remembered by their country, while Britain, or British gratitude, has a being.

*Sir A.* Oh! the Highlanders did gude service in that action—they cut them, and slash'd them, and whapt them aboot, and play'd the very deevil wi' them, sir. There's nae sic thing as standing a Highlander's Andrew Ferara; they will slaughie aff a fallow's head at ae dash, slap; it was they that did the business at Quebec.

*Sir C.* I dare say they were not idle, for they are tight fellows. Give me your hand, Sir Archy; I assure you, your countrymen are good soldiers—ay, and so are ours too.

*Coar.* Well, Sir Callaghan, I assure you, I am charmed with your heroism, and greatly obliged to you for your account. Come, Mr Mordecai, we will go down to Sir Theodore, for I think I heard his coach stop.

*Morde.* Madam, I attend you with pleasure; will you honour me with the tip of your Ladyship's wedding finger? Sir Callaghan, your servant; yours, yours, look here, here. *[Exit, leading CHARLOTTE.]*

*Sir C.* I find he is a very impertinent coxcomb, this same Beau Mordecai.

*Sir A.* Yes, sir, he is a damned impudent rascal.

*Sir C.* I assure you, I had a great mind to be upon the quivive with him, for his jokes and his mockeries, but that the lady was by.

*Sir A.* Yes, he is a cursed impudent fallow—because he is suffered to speak tull a man o' fashion at Bath and Tunbridge, and other public places, the rascal always obtrudes himself upon ye. But, Sir Callaghan, hae ye wiitten the letter to the lady?

*Sir C.* I have not.

*Sir A.* Hoo happen'd that, man?

*Sir C.* Why, upon reflecting, I found it would not be consisting with the decorums of a man of honour, to write to a lady in the way of matrimonial advances, before I had first made my affections known to her guardian, who is, you know, my uncle; so I have

indited the letter to him instead of the lady, which is the same thing, you know.

*Sir A.* Ha, ha! exactly, exactly; for so ye do but write about it, ye ken it matters not to whom.

*Sir C.* Ay, that is what I thought myself: so here it is. (*Takes out a letter.*) 'To Sir Theodore Goodchild.'

*Sir A.* Ay, let's have it—I warrant it's a bonny epistle.

*Sir C.* (*Reads.*) 'Sir,—As I have the honour to bear the character of a soldier, and to call Sir Theodore Goodchild uncle, I do not think it would be consisting with a man of honour to behave like a scoundrel.'

*Sir A.* That's an excellent remark, Sir Callaghan, an excellent remark, and vera new.

*Sir C.* Yes, I think it is a good remark. (*Reads.*) 'Therefore I thought proper, before I proceeded any farther (for I have done nothing as yet), to break my mind to you, before I engage the affections of the young lady.'—You see, Sir Archy, I intend to carry the place like a soldier, à la militaire, as we say abroad, for I make my approaches regularly to the breast-work, before I attempt the covered way.

*Sir A.* Excellent! that's excellent.

*Sir C.* Yes, I think it will do. (*Reads.*) 'For as you are a gentleman, and one that knows my family by my father's side, which you are sensible is as ould as any in the three kingdoms, and oulder too— So I thought it would be foolish to stand shilli shalli any longer, but come to the point at once.' You see, Sir Archy, I give him a rub; but by way of a hint about my family, because why, do you see, Sir Theodore is my uncle, only by my mother's side, which is a little upstart family, that came in vid one Strongbow but t'other day—lord, not above six or seven hundred years ago; whereas my family, by my father's side, are all the true ould Milesians, and related to the O'Flaherty's, and O'Shocknesses, and the Mac-Lauchlins, the O'Donnaghans, O'Callaghans, O'Geoghaghans, and all the tick blood of the nation—and I



myself, you know, am an O'Brallaghan, which is the ouldest of them all.

*Sir A.* Ha, ha, ha! ay, ay! I believe you are o' an auncient family, Sir Callaghan, but you are oot in æ point.

*Sir C.* What is that, Sir Archy?

*Sir A.* Whar ye said ye weré as auncient as ony family i' the three kingdoms.

*Sir C.* Faith, then, I said nothing but truth.

*Sir A.* Hut, hut, but awa' man, hut awa', ye manna say that; what the deel, consider oor families i' the North; why, ye o' Ireland, sir, are but a colony frae us, an ootcast! a meer ootcast, and as such ye remain tull this hour.

*Sir C.* I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, that is the Scotch account, which, you know, never speaks truth, because it is always partial;—but the Irish history, which must be the best, because it was written by an Irish poet of my own family, one Shemous Thurlough Shannaghan O'Brallaghan, and he says, in his chapter of gencalogy, that the Scotch are all Irishmen's bastards.

*Sir A.* Hoo, sir! bastards! do ye mak us illegeetemate, illegeetemate, sir?

*Sir C.* Faith I do—for the youngest branch of our family, one MacFergus O'Brallaghan, was the very man that went from Carrickfergus and peopled all Scotland with his own hands; so that, my dear Sir Archy, you must be bastards of course, you know.

*Sir A.* Hark ye, Sir Callaghan, though yer ignorance and vanity wad mak conquerors and ravishers o' yer auncestors, and harlots and Sabines o' oor mithers—yet, ye sall prove, sir, that their issue are a' the children o' honour.

*Sir C.* Hark'e, hark'e, Sir Archy, what is that ye mentioned about ignorance and vanity?

*Sir A.* Sir, I denoonce ye baith ignorant and vain, and mak yer maist o't.

*Sir C.* Faith, sir, I can make nothing of it: for they are words I don't understand, because they are what no gentleman is used to; and, therefore, you must unsay them.

*Sir A.* Hoo, sir! eat my words? a North Briton eat his words?

*Sir C.* Indeed you must, and this instant eat them.

*Sir A.* Ye sall first eat a piece o' this weapon.

[*Draws.*

*Sir C.* Poo, poo, Sir Archy, put up, put up—this is no proper place for such work; consider, drawing a sword is a very serious piece of business, and ought always to be done in private: we may be prevented here; but if you are for a little of that fun, come away to the right spot. my dear.

*Sir A.* Nae equivocation, sir; dinna ye think ye hae gotten Bean Mordecai to cope wi'. Defend yersel', for, by the sacred honour o' Saint Andrew, ye sall be responsible for makin us illegeetemate, sir, illegeetemate.

*Sir C.* Then, by the sacred crook of Saint Patrick, you are a very foolish man to quarrel about such a trifle. But since you have a mind for a tilt, have at you, my dear, for the honour of the sod. Oho! my jewel! never fear us, you are as welcome as the flowers of May.

[*They fight.*

*Enter CHARLOTTE.*

*Char.* O bless me, gentlemen! what are you doing? what is all this about?

*Sir C.* Madam, it is about Sir Archy's great grandmother?

*Char.* His great grandmother!

*Sir C.* Yes, madam, he is angry that I said my ancestor, Fergus O'Brallaghan, was a gallant of hers.

*Char.* Grandmother! pray, Sir Archy, what is the meaning of all this?

*Sir A.* Madam, he has cast an affront upon a hale nation.

*Sir C.* I am sure if I did, it was more than I intended; I only argued out of the history of Ireland, to prove the antiquity of the O'Brallaghans.

*Sir A.* Weel, sir, sin' ye say ye didna intend the affront, I am satisfied.

[*Puts up his Sword.*

*Sir C.* Not I, upon my honour;—there are two things I am always afraid of; the one is, of being affronted myself, and the other, of affronting any man.

*Sir A.* Very weel, sir, very weel.

*Char.* That is a prudent and a very generous maxim, Sir Callaghan. Sir Archy, pray let me beg that this affair may end here: I desire you will embrace and be the friends you were before this mistake happened.

*Sir A.* Madam yer commands are absolute.

*Char.* Sir Callaghan—

*Sir C.* Madam, with all my heart and soul. I assure you, Sir Archy, I had not the least intention of affronting or quarrelling with you. [*Offers to embrace.*]

*Sir A.* (*Starting from him with contempt.*) Very weel, sir, very weel.

*Sir C.* Oh! the curse of Cromwell upon your proud Scotch stomach.

*Char.* Well, gentlemen, I am glad to see you are come to a right understanding—I hope 'tis all over.

*Sir A.* I am satisfied, madam; there is an end on't. But now, Sir Callaghan, let me tell ye as a friend, ye should never enter intul a dispute about lecterature, history, or the anteequity o' families, for ye hae gotten sic a wicked, awkward, cursed jargon upon yer tongue, that ye are never inteeligible in yer language.

*Sir C.* Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, it is you that have got such a cursed twist of a fat Scotch brogue about the middle of your own tongue, that you can't understand good English when I spake it to you.

*Sir A.* Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is droll eneugh, upon honour—ye are as guid as a farce or a comedy; but ye are oot again, Sir Callaghan, it is ye that hae the brogue and not me; for a' the world kens I speak the Sooth Country sae weel, that wharever I gang I am always ta'en for an Englishman: but we wull mak judgment by the lady, which of us twa has the brogue?

*Sir C.* O, with all my heart. Pray, madam, have the brogue!

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! not in the least, Sir Callaghan, not in the least.

*Sir C.* I am sure I could never perceive it.

*Char.* Pray, Sir Archy, drop this contention, or we may chance to have another quarrel—you both speak most elegant English; neither of you have the brogue; neither. Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* The ladies are come, madam, and Sir Theodore desires to speak with you.

*Char.* I will wait on him. (*Exit SERV.*) Gentlemen, your servant—you will come to us! [*Exit.*]

*Sir A.* Instantly, madam. Weel, Sir Callaghan, dinna let us drap the design o' the letter, notwithstanding what has happened.

*Sir C.* Are we friends, Sir Archy?

*Sir A.* Pooh! upon honour am I; it was a' a mistake.

*Sir C.* Then give me your hand; I assure you, Sir Archy, I always love a man when I quarrel with him, after I am friends.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Dinner is served, gentlemen.

*Sir A.* Come along, then, Sir Callaghan—I will bring you and the lady together after dinner, and then we shall see hoo ye'll mak yer advances in love.

*Sir C.* O never fear me, Sir Archy—I will not stay to make a regular siege of it, but will take her at once with a coup de main, or die upon the spot; for, as the old songs says, Sir Archy— [*Sings to an Irish tune.*]

You never did hear of an Irishman's fear,

In love or in battle, in love or in battle;

We are always on duty, and ready for beauty,

Tho' eannons do rattle, tho' eannons do rattle:

By day and by night, we love and we fight;

We're honour's defender, we're honour's defender;

The foe and the fair, we always take care

To make them surrender, to make them surrender.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II,

Scene I.—*Continues.*

*Enter SIR ARCHY and CHARLOTTE.*

*Sir A.* Adzwups, madam, step intul ps for a mo-

ment, ye wull crack yoursel wi' laughter; we hae gotten anither feul come to divert us unexpectedly, which I think is the highest finished feul the age has produced.

*Char.* Whom do you mean, Sir Archy?

*Sir A.* Squire Groom, madam; hut sic a figure, the finest ye ever beheld: his little half beuts, black cap, jockey-dress, and a' his pontificalibus, just as he rid the match yesterday at York. Anteequity, in a' its records o' Greek and Roman folly, never produced a senator, visiting his mistress, in so complete a feul's garb.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous! I thought I had done wondering at the mirror of folly; but he is one of those geniuses that never appear without surprising the world with some new stroke.

*Enter MORDECAI.*

*Morde.* O madam! ha, ha, ha! I am expiring—such a scene betwixt your two lovers, Squire Groom and Sir Callaghan:—they have challenged each other.

*Char.* O Heavens! I hope not.

*Sir A.* Ha, ha, ha! that's gude, that's gude! I thought it would come to action; ha, ha, ha! that's clever—now we sall hae ane o' them pink'd; ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* How can you laugh, Sir Archy, at such a shocking circumstance!

*Morde.* Don't be frightened, madam, ha, ha, ha! don't be frightened! neither of them will be killed, take my word for it—unless it be with Claret, for that's their weapon.

*Char.* O, Mr Mordecai, how could you startle one so?

*Sir A.* O, I am sorry for that—gude faith, I was in hopes they had a mind to shew their prowess before their mistress, and that we should hae a little Irish or Newmarket bluid spilt;—but what was the cause of challenge, Mordecai?

*Morde.* Their passion for this lady, sir. Squire Groom challenged Sir Callaghan to drink your ladyship's health in a pint bumper—which the knight gal-

lantly accepted in an instant, and returned the challenge in a quart—which was as gallantly received and swallowed by the Squire, ha, ha, ha! and out-braved by a fresh daring of three pints; upon which I thought proper to decamp; not thinking it altogether safe to be near the champions, lest I should be deluged by a cascade of claret.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* O monstrous! they will kill themselves.

*Morde.* Never fear, madam.

*Groom.* (*Within hallooing.*) Come along, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, haux, haux, hark forward, my honeys.

*Morde.* Here your champion comes, madam.

*Enter SQUIRE GROOM drunk.*

*Groom.* Madam, I beg a million of pardons for not being with you at dinner—it was not my fault, upon my honour—for I sat up all night, on purpose to set out betimes; but, about one o'clock, last night, at York, as we were all damned jolly, that fool, Sir Roger Bumper, borrowed my watch to set his by it:—there it is—look at it, madam, it corrects the sun—they all stop by it at Newmarket:—And so, madam, as I was telling you, the drunken blockhead put mine back two hours, on purpose to deceive me—otherwise, I would have held fifty to one, I should have been here to a second.

*Char.* O, sir, there needs no apology; but how came you to travel in that extraordinary dress?

*Groom.* A bet, a bet, madam.—I rid my match in this very dress, yesterday: So Jack Buck, Sir Roger Bumper, and some more of them, layed me an hundred each, that I would not ride to London and visit you in it, madam—ha, ha! don't you think I have touched them, madam? ha! I have taken them all in,—Ha! han't I, madam?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* You have, indeed, sir; pray, what time do you allow yourself to come from York to London?

*Groom.* Ha! time! Why, bar a neck, a leg, or an arm, sixteen hours, seven minutes, and thirty-three

seconds—sometimes three or four seconds under, that is, to the Stone's end, not to my own house.

*Sir A.* No, no, not tull yer ain house, that would be too much.

*Groom.* No, no, only to the Stone's end; but then, I have my own hawks, steel to the bottom, all blood—stiekers and lappers every inch, my dear,—that will come through if they have but one leg out of the four. I never keep any thing, madam, that is not bottom—game, game to the last; ay, ay, you will find every thing that belongs to me game, madam.

*Sir A.* Ha, ha, ha! weel said, squire—yes, yes, he is game, game to the bottom.—There, walk aboot, and let us see yer shapes.—Ha! what a fine figure; why, ye are sae fine a figure, and hae sae gude an understanding for it, it is a pity ye should ever do ony thing a' yer life but ride horse-races.—Diinna ye think he's a cursed idiot, Mordecai?

[*Whispering MORDECAI.*

*Morde.* Um! he is well enough for a squire—ha, ha!

*Groom.* Madam, I am come to pay my respects to you, according to promise. Well, which of us is to be the happy man? you know I love you—may I never win a match if I don't.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* O, sir, I am convinced of your passion—I see it in your eyes.

*Sir A.* Weel, but Squire, ye hae gien us nae account how the match went.

*Char.* Pray, what was the match, sir?

*Groom.* Our contribution, madam. There are seven of us;—Jaek Buck—Lord Brainless—Bob Rattle—(you know Bob, madam, Bob's a damn'd honest fellow)—Sir Harry Idle—Dick Riot—Sir Roger Bumper—and myself. We put in five hundred a-piece, all to ride ourselves, and all to carry my weight.—The odds, at starting, were six and seven to four against me the field round; and the field, ten, fifteen, and twenty to one—for you must know, madam, the thing I was to have rid was let down—do you mind?—was let down, madam, in his exercise.

*Sir A.* That was unlucky.

*Groom.* O, damn'd unlucky! however, we started off score, by Jupiter; and for the first half-mile, madam, you might have covered us with your under petticoat. But your friend Bob, madam—ha, ha! I shall never forget it; poor Bob went out of the course, and ran over two attorneys, an exciseman, and a little beau Jew, Mordecai's friend, madam, that you used to laugh at so immoderately at Bath—a little, fine, dirty thing, with a chocolate-coloured phiz, just like Mordecai's. The people were in hopes he had killed the lawyers, but were damniably disappointed, when they found he had only broke a leg of one, and the back of the other.

*Onnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir A.* And hoo did it end, Squire? Wha wan the subscription?

*Groom.* It lay between Dick Riot and me. We were neck and neck, madam, for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground—made running every inch;—but at the first loose, I felt for him, found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pull'd up—pretended to dig and cut—all fudge, all fudge, my dear; gave the signal to pond, to lay it on thick—had the whip-hand all the way—lay with my nose in his flank, under the wind—thus, snug, snug, my dear, quite in hand; while Riot was digging and lapping, right and left—but it would not do, my dear, against foot, bottom, and head; so, within a hundred yards of the distance-post, poor Dick knock'd up, as stiff as a turnpike, and left me to canter in by myself, and to touch them all round; for I took all the odds, split me—Ha! wasn't I right?—Ha! took the odds. Ay, ay, took all the odds, my dear.

*Onnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir A.* Weel, it is wonderful to think to what a pitch of excellence our nobeelity are arrived at in the art of sporting;—I believe we excel a' the nobeelity in Europe in that science, especially in jockeyship.

*Groom.* Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I will do—I will start a horse, fight a main, hunt a pack of hounds,



ride a match or a fox chase, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast, with any nobleman in Europe, for a thousand each—and I say done first,—denn me.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir A.* Why, I ken ye wull, and I wull gang your halves. Why, madam, the Squire is the keenest sportsman in a' Europe: Madam, there is naething comes amiss till him; he will fish, or fowl, or hunt—he hunts every thing—every thing frac the flae i' the blanket to the elephant in the forest. • He is at a'—a perfect Nimrod; are ye not, Squire?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Groom.* Yes, denn me, I am a Nimrod, madam; at all, at all—any thing, any thing. Why, I ran a snail with his grace, the other day, for five hundred—nothing in it—won it hollow, above half a horn's length.

*Sir A.* By above half a horn's length, that was hollow indeed, Squire.

*Groom.* O, devilish hollow.

*Sir A.* But where is Sir Callaghan a' this time?

*Groom.* O! he's with Sir Theodore, who is joking him about his drinking bumpers with me, and his passion for you, madam.

*Sir A.* Ye mun ken, gentlemen, this lady and I hae laid a scheme to hae a little sport wi' Sir Callaghan—now, if you will stap behind that screen, and promise to be silent, I'll gang and fetch him, and ye sall hear him mak love as fierce as ony hero in a tragedy.

*Groom.* Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

*Sir A.* Then do ye retire, madam, and come in tull him, as if ye came on purpose—I'll fetch him in an instant.

*Char.* I shall be ready Sir Archy, [Exit.

*Sir A.* Get ye behind, get ye behind, gentlemen.

[Exit.

*Groom.* Ay, ay, we'll squat, never fear, Sir Archy—an Irishman make love! I should be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love. What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? Do you think he'll make love in Irish?

*Morde.* Something very like it, I dare say, Squire. Let us retire, here they come. [Both retire,

*Enter* SIR ARCHY and SIR CALLAGHAN.

*Sir A.* Speak bauldly, man; ye ken the auld proverb, 'Faint heart——'

*Sir C.* That is true—'never won fair lady.'—Yes, I think now I have got a bumper or two, I may tell her my passion, and bring the point to an eclairsissement.

*Sir A.* Ay, that's right, man! stick to that, she will be wi' you in a twinkling.—Your servant, I wish ye gude success. [*Exit.*

*Sir C.* Sir Archy, your servant! Well, now what am I to do in this business?—I know it is a great scandal for a soldier to be in love in time of war—I strive to keep her out of my mind, but can't; the more I strive to do it, the more she comes in. I am upon the forlorn-hope here, so must e'en make my push with vigour at once.

*Enter* CHARLOTTE.

*Char.* Sir Callaghan, your servant.

*Sir C.* Madam, I humbly beg your pardon, for not seeing of you sooner; but I was spaking a soliloquy to myself, about your ladyship, and that kept me from observing you.

*Char.* Sir Theodore told me you wanted to speak to me upon some particular business.

*Sir C.* Why, look you, madam, for my part, I was never born or bred in a school of compliments, where they learn fine bows and fine speeches; but in an academy, where heads, and legs, and arms, and bullets, dance country-dances without the owner's leave, just as the fortune of war directs. Therefore, madam, all that I can say to you is, that your eyes have made me a prisoner of war; that Cupid has made a garrison of my heart, and kept me to devilish hard duty; and if you don't relieve me, I shall be a dead man before I come to action.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir A.* He begins very weel; he is got intul the heat o' the battle already. [*Aside.*

*Char.* But, Sir Callaghan, among all your symptoms of love, you have forgot to mention one, that I am told is very elegant, and very powerful.

*Sir C.* Pray, what is that, madam ?

*Char.* A song that I hear you have made, and set yourself, in the true Irish taste.

*Sir C.* Madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing the Muses in the shape of a song, and I hope you will pardon my putting your ladyship's name to it.

*Char.* Upon one condition I will, which is, that you will do me the favour to let me hear you sing it.

*Sir C.* O dear madam, don't ax me ; it is a foolish song, a mere bagatelle.

*Char.* Nay, I must insist upon hearing it, as you expect or value the smiles, or fear the frowns of your mistress ; for by your poetry I shall judge of your passion.

*Sir C.* Then, madam, you shall have it, if it were ten times worse—hem, hem ! fal, lal, lal, la ! I don't know how I shall come about the right side of my voice.

*Sir A.* Ay, ay, noo for it, noo ye shall hear sie a sang as has nae been penn'd sin' the time they first clipp'd the wings and tails o' the wild Irish. [*Aside.*]

*Sir C.* Now, madam, I tell you before-hand, you must not expect such fine singing from me as you hear at the opera ; for, you know, we Irishmen are not cut out for it like the Italians.

Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,  
That darken the day and enlighten the night ;  
I sing of a woman—but such flesh and blood,  
A touch of her finger would do your heart good.

With my fal, lal, lal, &c.

Ten times in each day to my charmer I come ;  
To tell her my passion, but can't, I am struck dumb ;  
For Cupid he seizes my heart by surprise,  
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.  
Her little dog Pompey's my rival, I see ;  
She kisses and hugs him, but frowns upon me ;  
Then pry'thee, my Charlotte, abuse not your charms,  
Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms.

*Sir A.* Come, now the sang's o'er, let us steal aff.

[*Aside.*]

*Groom.* He is a damn'd droll fellow !—Instead of a lap-dog take me to your arms.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir A.* Hush! softly, dinna let him see us; steal aff, steal aff—he is an axcellent droll fallow; a deevilish comical child. {*Exeunt SIR A., GROOM, and MORDE.*

*Char.* Well, Sir Callaghan, your poetry is excellent; nothing can surpass it but your singing.

*Sir C.* Look'e, madam; to come to the point, I know I can't talk fine courtship, and love, and nonsense, like other men, for I don't spake from my tongue, but my heart; so that if you can take up your quarters for life with a man of honour, a sincere lover, and an honest Prussian soldier, now is your time, I am your man: what do you say, madam? Come, speak the word boldly, and take me to your arms.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! don't be so violent, Sir Callaghan—but, say a lady were inclined to do herself the honour of going before a priest with you, I suppose you would have so much complaisance for your mistress, as to quit your trade of war and live at home with her, were she to request it of you?

*Sir C.* Why, look you, madam, I will deal with you like a man of honour in that point too, and let you into a secret. I have received the king my master's money (and a brave king he is, I assure you) for above seventeen years, when I had none of my own; and now I am come to a title and fortune, and that he has need of my service, I think it would look like a poltroon to leave him;—no, madam, it is a rule with me never to desert my king, or my friend in distress.

*Char.* Your sentiment is great, I confess; I like your principles; they are noble and most heroic, but a little too military for me—ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

*Sir C.* What! does she decline the battle? Well, then, I'll not quit the field yet, though; I'll reconnoitre her once more, and if I can't bring her to action, why then I'll break up the camp at once, ride post to Germany to-morrow morning, and so take my leave in a passion, without saying a word.

*Enter SIR ARCHY and MORDECAI.*

*Morde.* Pr'ythee, what is the meaning of all this, Sir Archy? the house seems to be in the possession of bailiffs, and Sir Théodore looks and speaks as if an earthquake had just happened.

*Sir A.* Your conjecture, is very right, Mr Mordecai, 'tis a' o'er wi' him—he is undone—a beggar, and so is the girl.

*Morde.* You astonish me.

*Sir A.* It is an unexpected business; but 'tis a fact, I assure ye; here he is himsel, poor déevil, hoo dismal he looks.

*Enter SIR THEODORE and an ATTORNEY.*

*Sir T.* You are the attorney concerned for the creditors, Mr Atkins?

*Attor.* I am, Sir Theodore, and am extremely sorry for the accident.

*Sir T.* I am obliged to you, sir, you do but your duty: the young lady is that way, sir; if you will step to her, I'll follow you. [*Exit ATTORNEY.*] I hope you will excüse me, Sir Archy—this is a sudden and unhappy affair; I am unfit for company; I must go and open it myself to poor Charlotte.

*Morde.* But pray, Sir Archy, what has occasioned all this?

*Sir A.* Faith, Mordecai, I dinna ken the particulars—But it seems, by the word of Sir Theodore himsel, that he and a rich merchant in Holland, his partner and joint guardian over this girl, are baith bankrupts, and, as the lawyer that is withoot there confirms, have failed for aboon a hundred thousand pounds mair than they can answer.

*Morde.* But how is this to affect the young lady?

*Sir A.* Why, sir, the greatest part of her fortune was in trade, it seems, with Sir Theodore and his partner; besides, the suit in Chancery, that she had wi' the company, for aboon forty thousand pounds, has been determined against her this very day, so that they are a' undone. Beggars! Beggars!

*Morde.* I understood that the affair was clearly in her favour.

*Sir A.* O, sir, ye dinna ken the law—the law is a sort of hocus pocus science, that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket: and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it—Here the parties come, and seemingly in great affliction.

*Enter SIR THEODORE and CHARLOTTE.*

*Char.* Dear sir, be patient, and moderate your sorrow; it may not be so terrible as your apprehensions make it; pray, bear up.

*Sir. T.* For myself I care not. But that you should be involved in my ruin, and be left fortuneless, your fair expectation of a noble alliance blasted! your dignity and affluence fallen to scorn and penury——

*Char.* It cannot prove so bad, sir; I will not despair, nor shall you—for though the law has been so hard against me, yet, in spite of all its wiles and treachery, a competency will still remain, which shall be devoted to mitigate your misfortunes. Besides, Sir Archy Macsarcasm is a man of honour, and on his promise and assistance I will rely.

*Sir A.* Wull ye! ye may as weel rely upon the assistance o' the philosopher's stone;—what the deevil, wad she marry me to tinker up the fortunes o' broken citizens? But I wull speak till them, and end the affair at ance. I am concerned to see you in this disorder, Sir Theodore.

*Char.* O, Sir Archy, if all the vows of friendship, honour, and eternal love, which you have so often made me were not composed of idle breath, and deceitful ceremony, now let their truth be seen.

*Sir A.* Madam, I am sorry to be the mesenger o' ill tidings, but a' our connexion is at end; our house hae heard o' my addresses till you; and I hae had letters frae the dukes, the marquis, and a' the dignataries o' the family, remonstrating, nay, expressly prohibiting my contaminating the blood of Macsarcasm wi' ony thing sprung frae a hogshed or a coonting-house. I assure ye my passion for ye is mighty strong, madam, but I canna bring disgrace upon an honourable family.

*Char.* No more—Your apology is baser than your perfidy: there 's no truth, no virtue in man.

*Sir A.* Gude troth, nor in women neither, that has nae fortune. But here is Mordecai—now,—madam—a wandering Eesrealite, a casualty—a mere casualty, sprung frae annuities, bills, bubbles, bears, and lottery tickets, and can hae nae family objections;—he is pas-

sionately fond of you ; and till this offspring of accident and mammon I resign my interest in ye.

*Morde.* Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you ;—but—  
a—matrimony is a subject I have never thoroughly considered, and I must take some time to deliberate, before I determine upon that inextricable business. Besides, madam, I assure you, my affairs are not in a matrimonial situation.

*Char.* No apology, sir. Begone—I despise them and you.

*Enter SQUIRE GROOM.*

*Groom.* Haux ! haux ! what's the matter here ! What is all this ? What, are we all at fault ? Is this true, Sir Theodore :—I hear that you and the filly have both run on the wrong side of the post.

*Sir T.* It is true ; But I hope, sir, that will make no alteration in your affection.

*Groom.* Hark'e, Sir Theodore, I always make my match according to the weight my thing can carry. When I offered to take her into my stable, she was sound, and in good case—but I hear her wind is touched ; if so, I would not back her for a shilling ; I'll take her into my stud if you please. She has a good fore hand, sets both her ends well, has good paces, a good deal of fashion, some blood, and will do well enough to breed out of—but she cannot carry weight sufficient to come through. Matrimony, Sir Theodore, is a curs'd long course, devilish heavy, and sharp turnings ;—it won't do—can't come through, my dear, can't come through.

*Sir A.* I think, squire, ye judge very nicely. Noo, in my thoughts, the best thing the lady can do is to snap the Irishman.

*Morde.* Well observed Sir Archy.

*Groom.* Macsarcasm has an excellent nose, and hits off a fault as well as any hound I ever followed.

*Sir A.* It wad be a deevilish lucky match for her. The fallow has a gude fortune, is a great blockhead, and loves her vehemently ; three as good qualities for a matrimonial bubble as a lady in her circumstances wad wish. Snap him, snap him, madam.

*Morde.* Hush ! he's here.

*Enter SIR CALLAGHAN.*

*Sir A.* Ha! my gude friend, Sir Callaghan, I kiss your hand; I hac been speaking to the lady in your behalf, wi' a' the eloquence I hac; she is enamour'd o' your person, and ye are just come i' the nick to receive her heart and her hand.

*Sir C.* By the honour of a soldier, madam, I shall think that a greater happiness than any that fortune can bestow upon me.

*Sir A.* Come, come, madam, true love is impatient, and despises ceremony; gie him your hand at ance.

*Chor.* No, sir, I scorn to deceive a man who offers me his heart: though my fortune is ruined, my mind is untainted; even poverty shall not pervert it to principles of baseness.

*Sir C.* Fortune ruined! Pray, Sir Theodore, what does the import of all this language mean?

*Sir T.* The sad meaning is, Sir Callaghan, that, in the circuit of fortune's wheel, the lady's station is revers'd; she, who some hours since was on the highest round, is now degraded to the lowest; this, sir, has turned the passion these gentlemen profess'd for her into scorn and ridicule; and I suppose will cool the fervency of yours.

*Sir C.* Sir Theodore, I assure you, I am heartily glad of her distress.

*Sir T.* Sir!

*Sir C.* When she was computed to have a hundred thousand pounds, I loved her, 'tis true; but it was with fear and trembling, like a man that loves to be a soldier, yet is afraid of a gun; because I looked upon myself as an unequal match to her: but now she is poor, and that it is in my power to serve her, I find something warm about my heart here, that tells me, I love her better than when she was rich, and makes me beg she will take my life this instant, and all I have into her service.

*Sir T.* Generous, indeed, Sir Callaghan.

*Sir C.* Madam, my fortune is not much, but it is enough to maintain a couple of honest hearts, and have something to spare for the necessities of a friend, which is all we want, and all that fortune is good for.



*Sir T.* Here, take her, sir, she is yours, and what you first thought her, mistress of a noble fortune.

*Groom.* What!

*Morde.* How's this?

*Sir A.* Gently! hush! softly! he is only taking him in—he is taking him in—the bubble's bit.

*Sir T.* And had she millions, your principles deserve her;—she has a heart, loving and generous as your own, which your manly virtue has subdued, and tempered to your warmest wishes.

*Sir C.* Pray, Sir Theodore, what does all this mean? Are you in jest, or in earnest! By my honour, I don't know how to understand one word you say. First, she has a fortune, then she has no fortune—and then she has a great fortune again! this is just what the little jackanapes about town call humbugging a man.

*Sir T.* Sir, I am serious.

*Sir C.* And pray, what are you, madam? Are you, serious too, or in joke?

*Char.* Such as I am, sir, if you dare venture upon me for life, I am yours.

*Sir C.* By the integrity of my honour, madam, I will venture upon you, not only for life, but for death too! which is a great deal longer than life, you know.

*Sir T.* I hope, nephew, you will excuse the deceit of my feigned bankruptcy, and the pretended ruin of the lady's fortune; it was a scheme devised to detect the illiberal selfish views of prodigals, who never address the fair but as the mercenary lure attracts—a scheme to try and reward your passion, which hath shown itself proof against the times' infection.

*Sir C.* Faith, then, it was no bad piece of generalship in you. But now she has surrendered herself prisoner of war, I think I have a right to lay her under contribution—for your kisses are lawful plunder, and mine by the laws of love.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Char.* O, Sir Callaghan, you take away my breath.

*Sir C.* O you are a clever little creature. Upon my honour, her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

*Groom.* Why, the knowing ones are all taken in here—double distanced; zounds! she has run a erimp upon us.

*Morde.* She has jilted us confoundedly.

*Sir A.* By the cross o' St Andrew I'll be revenged ; for I ken a lad of an honourable family, that understands the auncient classics in a' their perfection, he is writing a comedy, and he shall insinuate baith their characters intill it.

*Morde* And I will write a satire upon her in which she will have an intrigue with a life-guard man, and an opera-singer.

*Groom.* I can't write ; but I'll tell you what I'll do ; I'll poison her parrot, and cut off her squirrel's tail, demn me.

*Sir C.* Hark ye, gentlemen, I hope you will ax my leave for all this—if you touch a hair of the parrot's head, or a hair of any thing that belongs to this lady ; or if you write any of your nonsensical comedies or lampoons, I shall be after making bold to make a few remarks on your bodies ;—hah ! I have an excellent pen by my side, that is a very good critie, and that can write a very legible hand upon impertinent authors.

*Sir A.* Hoot awa, hoot awa, Sir Callaghan, dinna talk in that idle manner, sir—our swords are as-sharp and as responsible as the swords o' ither men. But this is nae time for sic matters ; ye hae got the lady, and we hae got the willows—I am sorry for the little Girgishite here, because he has bespoke his nuptial-chariot and a' his liveries ;—and, upon honour, I am very sorry for my gude friend the Squire here—the lady's fortune wad hae been very convenient till him, for I fancy he is fetlock deep in the turf ;—and upon honour, I am sorry for the lady, for she has missed being matched intill the house o' Macsarcasm, which is the greatest loss o' a'.

*Sir C.* The whole business together is something like the catastrophe of a stage play ; where knaves and fools are disappointed, and honest men rewarded.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

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LEPITH :

Printed by R. Allardica.







