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J. V. Tomlin

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT:
A Comedy.

BY SAMUEL FOOTE.

WITH AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE MOCK
ELECTION.

Illustrated with Designs by R. Seymour ; Engraved
by Nesbit, Slader, Welch, and Johnson.



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THE COMEDY OF
THE MAYOR OF GARRATT:
WITH THE HISTORY OF
THE MOCK ELECTION HELD THERE.

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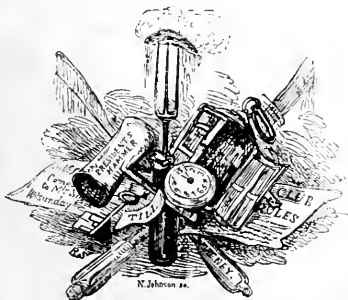




THE MAYOR OF GARRATT :
A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS :

BY SAMUEL FOOTE.

Illustrated with Designs from R. Seymour; Engraved by
Nesbit, Slader, Welch, and Johnson.



You shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the
club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on
Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till,
and help myself at table to what wittles I like; and
I'll have a bit of the brown!

LONDON :

Printed by Thomas White, Johnson's-Court, Fleet-Street;
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HISTORY
OF THE MOCK ELECTION OF
GARRETT.

MANING and BRAY, in their History of Surry, 1826, say,
" that the Hamlet of Garrett is on the road from Wandsworth to
Tooting. About two centuries ago, it appears to have been a
single house, called the *Garrett*: this house was pulled down
about fifty years ago. Garrett now contains about fifty houses.
This used to be for many years, the scene of the celebrated
mock election."

FOOTE'S "MAYOR OF GARRATT" may be deemed a faithful
epitome of the prevailing ludicrous manners observed by the
populace at Wandsworth, during the farcical election. This dra-
matist sketched so much from the life, that it is doubtful whether
every marked character in his comedy had not its living original.*
It is well-known, that he drew *Major Sturgeon* from old Justice
Lamb, a fishmonger at Acton, and a petty trading justice, whose
daughter was married to Major Fleming, a gentleman also "of the
peace," yet every way a more respectable man than his father-
in-law.

1198
The first edition of Foote's "Mayor of Garratt," was printed
in 1764, and is called "a comedy, in two acts; as is performed at
the theatre royal in Drury Lane." On turning to the "dramatis
personæ," it will be found, he performed *Major Sturgeon* himself,
and, likewise, *Matthew Mug*, in the same piece: Mrs. Clive play-
ing *Mrs. Sneak*, to Weston's *Jerry Sneak*.

* "Old Jack Jones, the sawyer," who was *Master of the Horse* at the last election
says, he remembers "when Foote, the player, came to Wandsworth, to have a full
view of all the goings on." According to his account, the English Aristophanes
"paid nine guineas for the fore room at Surgeon Squire's, facing the church, for
himself and friends to sit in, and see the fun."

I.

About the year 1796, the “*Mayor of Garratt*” was performed at the Richmond Theatre, for the benefit of Follett, the celebrated clown; and he was so happy as to secure Sir Solomon Hiram, who figured at the election at Garrett. Sir Solomon was supported by ‘Old John Jones,’ and ‘Robert Bates,’ another great officer, on his left, all in their full election uniforms. The house was crowded to excess. Sir Solomon delivered all his speeches, and every thing was performed that had been exhibited at Wandsworth, or on the hustings, by the real characters in the election. There was so great an audience that they crowded on the stage, and it was with difficulty that the scenes were shifted.

The truly ridiculous custom of electing a Mayor of Garrett, originated, says Mr. Massey, of Wandsworth, “in a party of watermen, belonging to Wandsworth, dining at the Leather Bottle, a public house at Garrett, and, while spending a merry day, being the time of a general election, in the midst of their frolic, they took it into their heads, to choose one of their company a representative of that place; and having gone through the usual ceremonies of an election, as well as the occasion would permit, he was declared duly elected.” In the Gentleman’s Magazine, July 1781, it says, “several persons who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins to Garrett Lane, had formed a kind of club, not only to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that part of the common, and to prevent others being made for the future. As the members were most of them persons in low circumstances, they agreed at every meeting to contribute some small matter, in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights.—When a sufficient sum of money was subscribed, they applied to a very worthy attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers, in the name of the president (or, as they called him, the *Mayor*) of the club. They gained their suit with costs; the encroachments were destroyed; and ever

after, the president, who lived many years, was called *The Mayor of Garrett*. This event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony upon every new parliament, of choosing *out door* members for the Borough of Garrett, has been, till lately, constantly kept up. The following being the oath of qualification, administered to the electors:—

“ The OATH of QUALIFICATION
for the

ANCIENT BOROUGH OF GARRAT,

According as it stands in the *Old Record* handed down to us

By the *Grand Volgee*,

By Order of THE GREAT CHIN KAW CHIPO,

First Emperor of the Moon,

Anno Mundi 75.

“That you have been admitted peaceably and quietly into possession of a Freehold _____

* * * *

[Here we must omit the part referred to.]

* * * *

—“ within the said manor of GARRAT; and that you did (*bona fide*) keep (*ad rem*) possession _____ (*durante bene placito*) without any let, suit, hindrance, or molestation whatever _____

* * * *

“ SWORN (*coram nobis*) at our
Great Hall on Garrat Green, covered
with the plenteous harvest of the
goddess Ceres, and dedicated to the
jovial god Comus.”

More than this we must not give of the Garrett Oath.

From this beginning, the mock usage gradually increased; but little account was taken of it till about 1750; Sir John Harper was elected 1777; and in 1781, he was again returned, the burlesque election being conducted with uncommon pomp and magnificence, in the plebian mode of pageantry. At this election he had six rivals to contend with;—among whom was that formidable opponent, the celebrated Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, who was then unsuccessful. Sir John Harper was by trade a weaver, and qualified, by power of face and speech, and infinite humour, to sustain the

burlesque character he assumed. His chief pretensions to represent Garrett were grounded on his reputation, circulated in printed hand-bills, which described him as a “rectifier of mistakes and blunders.” In the year 1785, Sir John Harper vacated his seat by death, when Sir Jeffrey Dunstan again became a candidate for the suffrages of the virtuous and truly independent electors of Garrett, and issued his celebrated address to the electors. On the day of election, Sir Jeffrey left London in a splendid phaeton, his procession extending a mile in length; and he was triumphantly returned by an immense majority: it was his good fortune to retain his seat for Garrett until the general election 1796, when he was ousted by Sir Harry Dimsdale, a man as much deformed as himself.

SIR JEFFREY DUNSTAN was a child of chance—a foundling. He was picked up in the year 1759, at a church-warden’s door in St. Dunstan’s in the East, and, not being owned, was reared in the work-house, so as ultimately to attain about two-thirds the usual height of manhood, with knock-knees, and a disproportionately large head. At twelve years old he was bound apprentice, for nine years, to the “trade and mystery” of a green grocer: this period was too long for Jeffrey’s soaring ideas of true independence, and having adopted the idea that “time was made for slaves,” he broke through servitude, and ran away to Birmingham. During his stay in this “workshop of Europe,” his mind gained strength, and he returned to London, in 1776, with his knees and his ideas knocking together much more than before. He soon afterwards formed a matrimonial alliance, and the fruits of this happy union were two daughters, ‘Miss Nancy’ and ‘Miss Dinah,’ who testified their filial politeness, by uniformly calling him ‘Papa.’

At the persuasion of the Proprietors of the Haymarket, Sir Jeff. reluctantly consented to perform the part of *Doctor Last*. The announcement drew a crowded house; but, notwithstanding infi-



SIR JEFFREY DUNSTAN.
Sometime Mayor of Garrett.



nite tutoring, when the curtain drew up, the heart of our hero failed him, and he blundered on making nothing of his part, until the hisses of the house at last in kindness dismissed him from the boards.

At an early period of his life, he too frequently sacrificed at the shrine of "Sir John Barleycorn," and very seldom saw the inside of a pot of beer without going to the bottom of it; indeed, his love for the quart-pot was so great, that after drinking the beer, he sometimes took the liberty of carrying away the pot, which unfortunate propensity got him into many scrapes, and his body suffered imprisonment, as well as severe castigation at the cart's tail round Covent Garden Market. His invincible attachment to "free trade" was so great, that he had four wigs for his armorial bearings, with a quart-pot for his crest.

What rendered Sir Jeffrey so very conspicuous in the metropolis, was the vending old wigs (which he used to carry in a bag carelessly thrown over his shoulder) and the singularity of his cry. He wore his shirt open, and the collar turned down, exposing his breast. In life, his face was dark and dirty, but when confined, his skin was remarkably fair and clear. After the toils of the day, Sir Jeffrey would retire to the Horse and Leaping Bar, Bethnal-green, where, in a "regular" manner, he got "regularly" drunk. Here he amused the company by singing the "London Cries," reciting his mock speeches on the corruptions of parliaments, and, placed in an arm chair on the table, nightly afforded sport to a merry company.

In 1790, this celebrated Member for Garrett exhibited a melancholy instance of a great man whose popularity is worn out. He still carried his sack, but it seemed a part of his identity, rather than an implement of his profession—a badge of past grandeur. His cry of "old wigs" had lost all its charms of eccentricity: his quips were silent too, and his brain was as empty as his sack; he slunk, and seemed to decline popular observation. If a few boys

followed him, it seemed rather from habit, than any expectation of fun—

Alas! how changed from HIM,
The life of humour, and the soul of whim,
Gallant and gay, on Garrett's hustings proud.

But it is thus the world rewards its favorites in decay!

We come now to the close of the life of this never-to-be-forgotten Mayor of Garrett. Having called at the Red Lion, (opposite the London Hospital) he was so abundantly supplied with "Hodges's best," that he soon became insensible, and being placed in a wheel-barrow, was carried to the door of his house, situate on the north side of the "Ducking-pond," and there left to perish, for he was found a corpse the next morning. Thus dying, like Alexander the Great and many heroes renowned in historic page—of suffocation from excessive drinking!

It was strongly suspected that Sir Jeffrey's death was purposely caused by giving him drugged liquor; and the surgeons of the day were eager to obtain a prize, but their hopes were disappointed by the late John Liptrap, Esq., who had the body removed to a place of safety. This gentleman paid all the expenses of Sir Jeffrey's funeral: a grave, ten feet deep, was dug close to the north wall of the watch-house of St. Mary, White-chapel. His lady lies at his feet; and Miss Dinah "sleeps the sleep of death" at his side.

Sir Jeffrey was succeeded by Sir Harry Dimsdale, a 'cosmopolite and muffin-dealer,' the last remarkable Member for Garrett.

This odd production of injured nature was well known about the streets of London. He was born in Shug-lane, Haymarket, in 1758. Of his early pursuits little is known; but we find him in 1788, receiving parochial relief from St. Martin's parish: his trade, at that period, was vending "bobbins, thread, and stay-laces, for the ladies;" he next commenced dealer in muffins. His harmless behaviour gained him many customers; and life rolled

on gaily and smoothly till "ambition fired his soul," when he aspired to the honour of representing the Borough of Garrett; to which honourable station he was elected, and he continued to fill the important office during four parliaments, though not without experiencing violent opposition from Squire Jobson the bill-sticker, Lord Goring the ministerial barber, and other eminent characters. His last procession exceeded *any thing of the kind* ever seen in London. He was placed, or rather tied, on an eminence in a carriage somewhat resembling a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, which were profusely decorated with dyed wood shavings—a substitute for ribands. The dress of Sir Harry displayed much of the "unreal mockery" of finery, being disposed in a manner which could but excite laughter; and one vast wave of the populace rolled impetuous from London after the favorite candidate and officers of the election, to be participators in the burlesque election for the Borough of Garrett.

And now, all was sunshine with Sir Harry; and to make his happiness complete, he married a lady, then an inmate of St. Ann's workhouse, who in a few weeks afterwards presented him with a son and heir, of whom he was proud. In a short time the popularity of this last representative of Garrett ceased; the novelty of his person lost most of its attractions; he became neglected; illness seized him; and he died March, 1810, in St. Martin's watch-house.

No candidate starting of sufficient originality of character, the Borough of Garrett has since remained vacant; and the populace have been without a *professed* political buffoon.

Long as we live there'll be no more
Such scenes as these, in days of yore,
When little folks deem'd great ones less,
And aped their manners and address;
When, further still to counterfeit,
To mountebanks they gave a seat,
By virtue of a mobbing summons,
As Members of the House of Commons.'

G. S.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAJOR STURGEON.

SIR JACOB JOLLUP.

BRUIN.

LINT.

ROGER.

MOB.

SNUFFLE.

CRISPIN HEEL-TAP.

JERRY SNEAK.

MRS. BRUIN.

MRS. SNEAK.

THE
MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*Sir Jacob Jollup's House at Garratt.*

Enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP.

SIR J. ROGER!

Enter ROGER.

ROGER. Anan, sir!

SIR J. Sir, sirrah! and why not sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubbed me a knight for you to make me a mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

ROGER. Nic Goose, the tailor, from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, sir Jacob.

SIR J. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

ROGER. Yes, sir Jacob.

SIR J. Are the pigs and poultry locked up in the barn?

ROGER. Safe, sir Jacob.

SIR J. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

ROGER. Yes, sir Jacob.

SIR J. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

ROGER. Yes, sir Jacob.

SIR J. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and

be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

ROGER. I will, sir Jacob. [Exit Roger.]

SIR J. So, now I believe things are pretty secure.—But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—
—[a knocking at the gate.] Who is that, Roger?

ROGER. [without.] Master Lint, the potter-carrier, sir Jacob.

SIR J. Let him in. What the deuce can he want.

Enter LINT.

SIR J. Well, master Lint, your will?

LINT. Why, I come, sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

SIR J. What business?

LINT. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacoplist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

SIR J. True, master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

LINT. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, sir Jacob: Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maimed?

SIR J. Doubtless, the vestry.

LINT. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish poor by the great: but this must be a separate charge.

SIR J. No, no; all under one: come, master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

LINT. Indeed, sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What

with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

SIR J. Bad this year, the better the next—We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

LINT. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

SIR J. No such matter ; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive ; but now, physic is cheaper than food.

LINT. Marry, heaven forbid !

SIR J. No, no ; your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

LINT. Or kill, sir Jacob.

SIR J. And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

LINT. Nostrums !

SIR J. Specifics, specifics, master Lint.

LINT. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's——Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs ; an encourager of quacks, sir Jacob ?

SIR J. Regulars, Lint, regulars ; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

LINT. Plaguy liars ! Murderous dogs !

ROGER *brings the News.*

SIR J. Liars ! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

LINT. Perjuries !

SIR J. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

LINT. Fictitious, sir Jacob.

SIR J. Sworn before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of——

LINT. Forgery.

SIR J. Why, harkye, sirrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery?

LINT. I know, sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

SIR J. You impudent—

LINT. Of a dropsy, by West—

SIR J. Audacious—

LINT. A cancer, by Cleland—

SIR J. Arrogant—

LINT. A palsy, by Walker—

SIR J. Impertinent—

LINT. Gout and sciatic, by Rock—

SIR J. Insolent—

LINT. Consumption, by Stevens's drops—

SIR J. Paltry—

LINT. And squinting, by the Chevalier Taylor—

SIR J. Pill-gilding puppy!

LINT. And as to the justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

SIR J. Why, harkye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission? You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistening—

LINT. Bless me, sir Jacob, I did not think to—

SIR J. What, sirrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—turn him out.

LINT. Sir, as I hope to be—

SIR J. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licencing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum* now-a-days is no more re-

garded than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

ROGER. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

SIR J. Gad's my life! and major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON.

I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, major Sturgeon.

MAJ. S. Why, what has been the matter, sir Jacob?

SIR J. There has, major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dared to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

MAJ. S. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimused the rascal at once.

SIR J. No, no, he wanted the major more than the magistrate: a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answered the purpose.—Well, major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

MAJ. S. True, sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied; so the French may sleep in security.

SIR J. But, major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

MAJ. S. A little awkward in the beginning, sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

SIR J. No!

MAJ. S. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—and yet, we have had some desperate duty, sir Jacob.

SIR J. No doubt.

MAJ. S. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings,

from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating!—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow; that day's work carried off major Molossas.—Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

SIR J. How came that about?

MAJ. S. Why, it was partly the major's own fault: I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be ruled.

SIR J. Spirit—zeal for the service.

MAJ. S. Doubtless. But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth the evening before. At day-break our regiment formed at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The major made a fine disposition: on we marched the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where, Gardel is hanging; but, turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's-stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs barked in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

SIR J. Terrible!

MAJ. S. The major's horse took to his heels; away he scoured over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but, in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a dowse in the chops, and plumped him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

SIR J. Dreadful.

MAJ. S. Whether from the fall or the fright, the major

moved off in a month. Indeed, it was an unfortunate day for us all.

SIR J. As how ?

MAJ. S. Why, as captain Cucumber, lieutenant Pattypan, ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-green stage, we were stopped near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robbed and stripped by a footpad.

SIR J. An unfortunate day, indeed !

MAJ. S. But, in some measure to make me amends, I got the major's commission.

SIR J. You did ?

MAJ. S. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride ; otherwise we always succeeded of course ; no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us ; all men of honour ; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

SIR J. Quiet and peaceable.

MAJ. S. As lambs, sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing bout, at the Three Compasses in Acton, between captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

SIR J. Why, that was mere mutiny ; the captain ought to have been broke.

MAJ. S. He was ; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom ; and I don't think poor captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

SIR J. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas ?

MAJ. S. In part only : no, sir Jacob, he had great experience ; he was trained up to arms from his youth ; at sixteen, he trailed a pike in the Artillery-ground ; at eighteen, got a company in the Smithfield pioneers ; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to sir Jeffrey Grub, knight, alderman, and colonel of the yellow.

SIR J. A rapid rise !

MAJ. S. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so, after shop was shut up at night, he used to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, sir Jacob.

SIR J. Your progress was great.

MAJ. S. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

SIR J. A perfect Hannibal!

MAJ. S. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions. Let me tell you, sir Jacob, it was lucky that monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have peppered his flat-bottomed boats.

SIR J. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

MAJ. S. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

SIR J. Pray now, major, which do you look upon as the best disciplined troops—the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

MAJ. S. Why, sir Jacob, it does not become me to say: but, lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's-day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

SIR J. Indeed!

MAJ. S. No! soldiers for sunshine, cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *jenny sequi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute! You have never a spontoon in the house?

SIR J. No! but we could get you a shove-pike.

MAJ. S. No matter. Well, sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

SIR J. Oh, oh, now the murder is out ; this visit was intended for them : come, own now, major, did not you expect to meet with them here ? You officers are men of such gallantry.

MAJ. S. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, sir Jacob ; there is no resisting a red coat.

SIR J. True, true, major.

MAJ. S. But that is now all over with me. “ Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops,” as the black man says in the play ; like the Roman censorer, I shall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

SIR J. Under the shade of your laurels.

MAJ. S. True. I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate ;—*Cedunt arma togge*.

SIR J. Still in the service of your country.

MAJ. S. True ; man was not made for himself ; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

SIR J. Done like a neighbour.

MAJ. S. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimus ready filled up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time.

SIR J. A provident magistrate.

MAJ. S. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing ; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

SIR J. Why, with regard to that branch of our business, to-day, I believe, the law must be suffered to sleep.

MAJ. S. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

SIR J. No, poor rascals, they would not be able to pay ; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

MAJ. S. Pray, sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrowbone, the butcher of your town, living or dead ?

SIR J. Living.

MAJ. S. And swears as much as he used ?

SIR J. An altered man, major ; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

MAJ. S. You surprise me ; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite changed ?

SIR J. Entirely ; they say his wife has made him a methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington Common.

MAJ. S. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country—Why then we have entirely lost him ?

SIR J. In that way ; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

MAJ. S. Well done, master Matthew—but pray now, sir Jacob—

[MOB, *without*, *Huzza* !

Re-enter ROGER.

SIR J. What's the matter now, Roger ?

ROGER. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend ?

SIR J. By no means, let them be free in their choice ; I shan't interfere.

ROGER. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-tap the cobbler's being returning officer ?

SIR J. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there ?

ROGER. Yes, sir Jacob. Make way there ; stand further off from the gate : here is madam Sneak in a chair, along with her husband.

MAJ. S. 'Gad-so, you will permit me to convoy her in ?

[*Exit* Maj.

SIR J. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element ; the soldier has quite demolished the citizen.





Enter MRS. SNEAK, *handed by the* MAJOR.

MRS. S. Dear major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad.—Jerry, Jerry Sneak!—Your blessing, sir Jacob.

SIR J. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

MRS. S. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say.

Enter JERRY SNEAK, *with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c. &c.*

SNEAK. Here, lovy.

MRS. S. Here, looby. There lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

SNEAK. Yes, chuck.

MRS. S. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the fan.]

MRS. S. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite ashamed to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

SNEAK. I go, lovy. Good day to my father-in-law.

SIR J. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

SNEAK. He will be here anon, father sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley, to gather how tickets were sold.

SIR J. Very well, son Sneak. *[Exit Sneak.]*

MRS. S. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

SIR J. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contained you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

MRS. S. Meek! a mushroom! a milksop!

SIR J. Look ye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster. *[Exit Sir J.]*

MRS. S. Monster? Why, major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a beseechingly manner.

MAJ. S. Unquestionably, madam.

MRS. S. Nor would the major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

MAJ. S. I should have been too happy.

MRS. S. Indeed, sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish.

MAJ. S. Oh! madam—

MRS. S. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

MAJ. S. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

MRS. S. I know it, good sir. Oh! I am no stranger to what I have missed.

MAJ. S. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. [aside.

MRS. S. Then to be joined to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker.

MAJ. S. Melancholy!

MRS. S. To be jostled and crammed with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choked with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterers'-hall.

MAJ. S. Intolerable!

MRS. S. I see, sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

MAJ. S. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

MRS. S. Gallant gentleman!

MAJ. S. The brave must favour the fair.

MRS. S. Intrepid major!

MAJ. S. Divine Mrs. Sneak!





MRS. S. Obliging commander!

MAJ. S. Might I be permitted the honour——

MRS. S. Sir!—

MAJ. S. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand?

MRS. S. You have a right to all we can grant.

MAJ. S. Courteous, condescending, complying——

Hum——Ha!

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK.

SNEAK. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by vater.

MRS. S. I wish they had all been soused in the Thames.——A prying, impertinent puppy!

MAJ. S. Next time I will clap a sentinel to secure the door.

MRS. S. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment: my dress demands a little repair.

MAJ. S. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

MRS. S. Ladyship? He is the very Broglio and Belleisle of the army!

SNEAK. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

MRS. S. No, dolt; what, would you leave the major alone? Is that your manners, you mongrel?

MAJ. S. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

MRS. S. Mark that. I am sorry, sir, I am obligated to leave you.

MAJ. S. Madam——

MRS. S. Especially with such a wretched companion.

MAJ. S. Oh, madam——

MRS. S. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

MAJ. S. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest patience.

MRS. S. Courteous commander!

MAJ. S. Barragon of women!

MRS. S. Adieu !

MAJ. S. Adieu !

[*Exit Mrs. Sneak.*]

SNEAK. Notwithstanding, sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

MAJ. S. I doubt not, master Sneak.

SNEAK. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nag's-Head, in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith. There's Jemmy Perkins, the packer ; little Tom Simkins, the grocer ; honest master Muzzle, the midwife —

MAJ. S. A goodly company !

SNEAK. Ay, and then sometimes we have the choice spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny. I have learnt myself to sing " An old woman clothed in grey." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me ; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

MAJ. S. And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

SNEAK. I never does. I never contradicts her, not I.

MAJ. S. That's right ; she is a woman of infinite merit.

SNEAK. O, a power ; and don't you think she is very pretty withal ?

MAJ. S. A Venus !

SNEAK. Yes, werry like Wenus—mayhap you have known her some time ?

MAJ. S. Long.

SNEAK. Belike, before she was married ?

MAJ. S. I did, master Sneak.

SNEAK. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand ; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—but then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

MAJ. S. The mere honey-moon.

SNEAK. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

BRUIN. [*without.*] Come along, Jane; why you are as pursy and lazy, you jade——

Enter BRUIN and WIFE; Bruin with a cotton cap on; his wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod.

BRUIN. Come, Jane, give me my wig; ; 'you slut how you have tousled the curls! Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

Enter ROGER.

ROGER. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the major.

MAJ. S. I will wait on the lady immediately.

SNEAK. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [*Exit Major.*] A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

MRS. B. Good lord, I am all in a muck——

BRUIN. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secured the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

MRS. B. 'There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

BRUIN. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: indeed if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knocked up all the trade of the Alley.

MRS. B. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

BRUIN. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

MRS. B. And pray who is more fitterer to be trusted?

BRUIN. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitched. Come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman. But first see if he has

broke none of the pipes—and, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe. [Exit Mrs. Bruin.]

SNEAK. Ods me, how finely she's managed! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

BRUIN. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

SNEAK. D'ye think so?—She is a sweet pretty creature.

BRUIN. A vixen.

SNEAK. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

BRUIN. No!

SNEAK. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forced to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

BRUIN. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

SNEAK. I durst not.—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

BRUIN. The devil!

SNEAK. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkies, and the damned fat flaps of shoulders of mutton; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married: you see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

BRUIN. An absolute skeleton!

SNEAK. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would so chury and claw her.

BRUIN. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

SNEAK. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

BRUIN. Command me at all times.

SNEAK. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

MRS. S. [without.] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

SNEAK. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice:

look-ye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house ; but as soon as ever I get home—

BRUIN. Now is your time.

SNEAK. No, no ; it would not be decent.

MRS. S. [*without.*] Jerry ! Jerry !—

SNEAK. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me ?

BRUIN. Trot, nincompoop.

SNEAK. Well, if I don't, I wish—

MRS. S. [*without.*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering ?

SNEAK. I come, chuck, as fast as I can.—Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead ! [*Exit Sneak.*]

BRUIN. *Ex quovis linguo* : who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear ?

Enter SIR JACOB.

SIR J. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man ; we have but just time for a snack : the candidates are near upon coming.

BRUIN. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

SIR J. Come, come, man ; don't be so crusty.

BRUIN. I follow, sir Jacob.—Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—but, however, it is no bread and butter of mine.—Jerry, Jerry ! —Zouuds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene continues.

SIR JACOB, MAJOR STURGEON, MR. and MRS. BRUIN,
MR. and MRS. SNEAK, *discovered.*

MRS. S. Indeed, major, not a grain of curiosity. Can it be thought that we, who have a lord-mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

MAJ. S. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: but in these piping times of peace, I wonder sir Jacob permits it.

SIR J. It would, major, cost me my popularity to quash it. The common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta*. Besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter ROGER.

ROGER. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

SIR J. Gad-so, then they will soon be upon us. Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

MAJ. S. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

SIR J. I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch rascal.—

SNEAK. And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

MRS. S. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

SNEAK. Nay, I did but—

MRS. S. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant—

SIR J. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, major,

meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

MAJ. S. Perhaps so.

SIR J. Lack-a-day, all men are alike ; their principles exactly the same ; for though art and education may disguise or polish the manners, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

MAJ. S. Indeed !

SIR J. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar : let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

MAJ. S. Ay, ay, I could have told these things formerly ; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes.

[*Mob, without, Huzza !*

SIR J. But the heroes are at hand, major.

SNEAK. Father sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of stingo above ?

SIR J. By all means.

SNEAK. D'ye hear, Roger.

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE, *a Street.*

Enter MOB with HEEL-TAP at their head ; some crying a Goose ; others a Mug ; others a Primmer.

HEEL. Silence, there ; silence !

1st MOB. Hear neighbour Heel-tap.

2d MOB. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d MOB. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin : He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

HEEL. Why then, silence ! I say.

ALL. Silence !

HEEL. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st MOB. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

ALL. No, no, no.

HEEL. Silence then, and keep the peace: what, is there no respect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

ALL. Ay, ay, ay.

HEEL. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by sir Jacob?

ALL. True, true.

HEEL. Well then, be silent and civil; stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters; where's Simon Snuffle the sexton?

SNUFFLE. Here.

HEEL. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary; for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d MOB. Room for master Snuffle.

HEEL. Here, stand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord sir Jacob! huzza!

MOB. Huzza!

SNEAK. How fares it, honest Crispin?

HEEL. Servant, master Sneak. Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

SNUFFLE. (*Reads*) "To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt: Gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being"—

HEEL. This Goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel: who is he?

SNUFFLE. A journeyman tailor, from Putney.

HEEL. A journeyman tailor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legged cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-faced ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1st MOB. No Goose! no Goose!

2d MOB. A Goose!

HEEL. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

SNUFFLE. (*Reads*) "Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug."

1st MOB. A Mug! A Mug!

HEEL. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug, before we swallow him; and unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st MOB. A Mug! a Mug!

2d MOB. Hear him; hear master Heel-tap.

HEEL. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question; bring him forward; pray, is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d MOB. I believe he may.

HEEL. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve.

3d MOB. I believe he may.

HEEL. Now answer me upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brewed at the Adam and Eve?

3d MOB. I don't know.

HEEL. You lie, sirrah; an't it a groat?

3d MOB. I believe it may.

HEEL. Oh, may be so: now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart

upon ale ; this scoundrel, not content to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

MOB. No Mug ! no Mug !

HEEL. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

SNUFFLE. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

HEEL. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man ; let me tell you, master Primmer is the man for my money : a man of learning ; that can lay down the law ; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson : and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia ; ecod, George Gage, the exciseman, is nothing at all to un-

4th MOB. A Primmer !

HEEL. Ay, if the folks above did but know him—why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d MOB. Indeed !

HEEL. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d MOB. Indeed !

HEEL. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there's no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st MOB. Ay, I wish they would.

SNEAK. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate ?

HEEL. He is, master Sneak.

SNEAK. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother : why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall, 'long with deputy Firkin.

HEEL. Like enough.

SNEAK. Odds-me, brother Bruin, can you tell what's become of my wife ?

BRUIN. She's gone off with the major.

SNEAK. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden ; I will go and take a peep at what they're doing. [*Exit Sneak.*]

MOB, *without, Huzza!*

HEEL. Gad-so, the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be canvassed in order. Let us see who comes first.

1st MOB. Master Mug.

HEEL. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this master Mug does not cajole you; he's a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter MATTHEW MUG.

MUG. Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves. Mr. Heel-tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

HEEL. There, did not I tell you?

MUG. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1st MOB. He's dead.

MUG. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d MOB. Wife! I never was married.

MUG. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honest Dick Bennet.

3d MOB. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

MUG. You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good master Gubbins?

3d MOB. Pretty tight, master Mug.

MUG. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th MOB. Harkye, master Mug.

MUG. Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

4th MOB. Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

MUG. Right; she is a prodigious promising girl.

4th MOB. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

MUG. True; a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th MOB. Nay, 'tis none such a child; but you promised to get un a place.

MUG. A place! what place?

4th MOB. Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

MUG. It is done ; it is fixed ; it is settled.

4th MOB. And when is the lad to take on ?

MUG. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

4th MOB. And is it a pretty goodish birth, master Mug ?

MUG. The best in the world ; head butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th MOB. A lady !

MUG. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th MOB. Barbara Bunch ?

MUG. Yes ; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables ; only finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th MOB. Is lady Barbara's work pretty tight ?

MUG. As good as a sinecure ; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair.

4th MOB. Hair ! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

MUG. True ; but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th MOB. May be so.

MUG. It is so. Harkye, dear Heel-tap, who is this fellow ? I should remember his face.

HEEL. And don't you ?

MUG. Not I, I profess.

HEEL. No !

MUG. No.

HEEL. Well said, master Mug ;—but come, time wears—have you any thing more to say to the corporation ?

MUG. Gentlemen of the corporation of Garratt—

HEEL. Now, twig him ; now, mind him : mark how he hawls his muscles about.

MUG. The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the honourablest honour that can be conferred ; and, should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough ;

for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be owned, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port ; but what nature has denied, industry may supply ; cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed, at present, your staple commodities ; but why should not your commerce be extended ? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade ; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrass : Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears, at present, the belle ; but where lies the fault ? In ourselves, gentlemen : let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grass from the corporation of Garratt, will in a short time, at the London market, be held, at least, as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

MOB. A Mug ! a Mug !

HEEL. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has. God, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, master Mug !

MUG. Your pleasure, my very good friend ?

HEEL. No flumming me : I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do : why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about that you have raised it a penny a quart ?

MUG. A word in your ear, Crispin ; you and your friends shall have it at three pence.

HEEL. What, sirrah, d'ye offer a bribe !—d'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel !

MUG. Gentlemen—

HEEL. Here, neighbours, the fellow has offered to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

MOB. No Mug ! no Mug !

MUG. Neighbours, friends—

MOB. No Mug !

MUG. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe.

[*Exit Mug.*]

2d MOB. Let us go and pull down his sign.

HEEL. Hold, hold, no riot! but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

MOB. Agreed, agreed! [*Exit Heel-tap and Mob.*]

SIR JACOB, BRUIN, and *Wife*, come from the balcony.

SIR J. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

BRUIN. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

MRS. B. No!

SIR J. And what's your objection?

BRUIN. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games: besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, sir Jacob.

SIR J. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

MRS. B. Well, now, I protest, I am pleased with it mightily.

BRUIN. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleased.

MRS. B. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

BRUIN. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

SIR J. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear; is that a manner of treating your wife?

BRUIN. What, I suppose you would have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Enter SNEAK, in a violent hurry.

SNEAK. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you——

BRUIN. What's the matter?

SNEAK. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minikens; but the deuce a major or madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

BRUIN. And there you found them?

SNEAK. I'll tell you, the door was locked; and then I looked through the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*whispers*] as sure as a gun.

BRUIN. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

SNEAK. I durst not: what, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant, the major would have knocked me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

BRUIN. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence: you may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast.

MOB *huzzas.*

SIR J. Hey-day! What is the election over already?

Enter CRISPIN, &c.

HEEL. Where is master Sneak?

SNEAK. Here, Crispin.

HEEL. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

SNEAK. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how come master Primmer to lose it?

HEEL. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

SNEAK. So then, I have it for certain: huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam. Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

BRUIN. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

SNEAK. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

BRUIN. Tooth and nail.

SNEAK. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter MRS. SNEAK.

MRS. S. Where is the puppy?

SNEAK. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

MRS. S. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

SNEAK. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't chuse to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

BRUIN. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

SNEAK. Stand by me.

MRS. S. Hey-day! I am amazed! Why, what is the meaning of this?

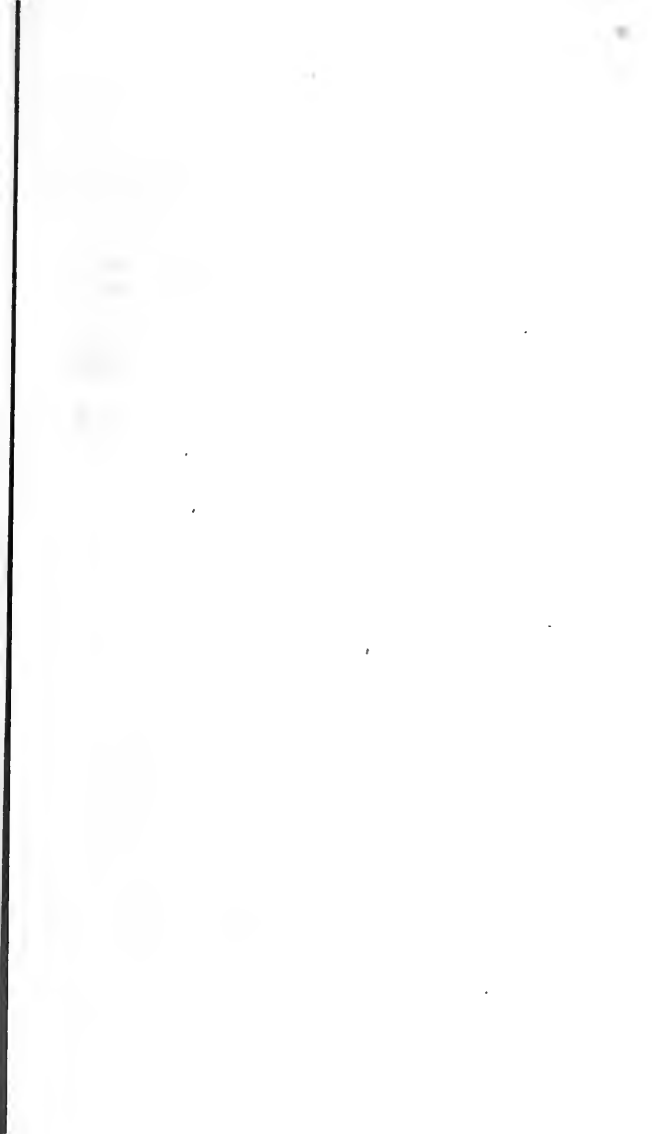
SNEAK. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

MRS. S. Why the fellow is surely bewitched.

SNEAK. No, I am unwitched, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband, I hope?

BRUIN. That's right: at her again.

SNEAK. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and do-





mineer over me as you have done ; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wisit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep they key of the till, and help myself at table to vhat wittles I like ; and I'll have a bit of the brown.

BRUIN. Bravo, brother Sneak, the day's your own.

SNEAK. An't it? vhy, I did not think it vas in me. Shall I tell her all I know?

BRUIN. Every thing. You see she is struck dumb.

SNEAK. As an oyster. Besides, madam, I have something funder to tell you: 'ecod, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids. There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

MRS. S. Why, doodle ! jackanapes ! harkye, who am I ?

SNEAK. Come, don't go to call names. Am I? vhy, my wife, and I am your master.

MRS. S. My master ! you paltry, puddling puppy ! you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling, whelp !

SNEAK. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

MRS. S. Have I, sirrah, demeaned myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee ? Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance ? Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it ? Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak ; to take up at last with such a noodle as he !

SNEAK. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me ; you know you were pretty near your last legs.

MRS. S. Was there ever such a confident cur ? My last legs ! Why, all the country knows I could have picked and choosed where I would. Did not I refuse squire Ap-Griffith from Wales ? Did not counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth ? Did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay ?

SNEAK. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

MRS. S. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

BRUIN. O fie, sister Sneak.

SNEAK. Hold her fast.

MRS. S. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, is it you that have stirred up these coals then? He is set on by you to abuse me.

BRUIN. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

MRS. S. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the major.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON.

Oh, major! such a riot and a rumpus! Like a man, indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them:—but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not got his bullies to back him.

SNEAK. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin: what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

BRUIN. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

MAJ. S. Lookye, master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

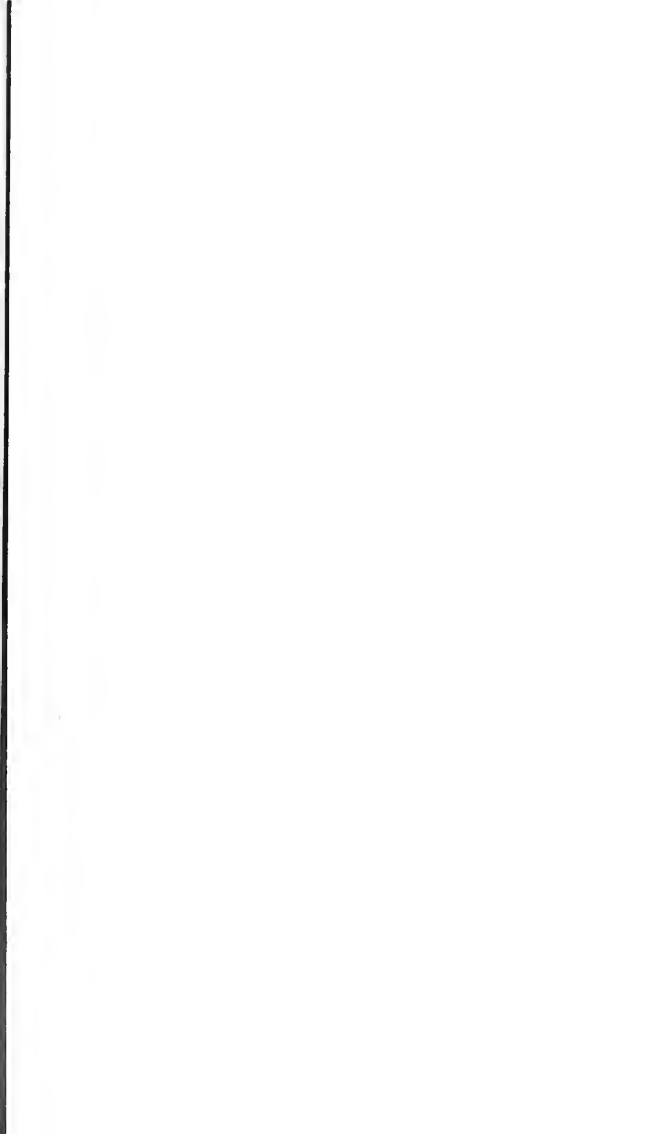
BRUIN. What then?

MAJ. S. Then! why then you would be broke.

BRUIN. Broke! and for what?

MAJ. S. What! read the articles of war. But these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

SNEAK. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?





MAJ. S. Now, sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth! all suspected for the faults of a few.

SNEAK. Ay, and not without reason; I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did. Father sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

MAJ. S. Stop whilst you are safe, master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past. But for you——

BRUIN. Well.

MAJ. S. Dread the whole force of my fury.

BRUIN. Why, lookye, major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts——

MAJ. S. Box! box!—Blades! bullets! bagshot!

MRS. S. Not for the world, my dear major oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimings, must his dear blood be spilt by a broker?

MAJ. S. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracasés we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

MRS. S. Major! sir Jacob! what, are you all leagued against his dear ——? A man! yes a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abused by a brute, you would not.

SNEAK. Oh, lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping. My life, my lovy, don't weep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep?

MRS. S. Last legs! you lubberly—— [strikes him.

SIR J. Oh, fie, Molly!

MRS. S. What, are you leagued against me, sir Jacob?

SIR J. Pr'ythee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

MRS. S. Why, has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt, indeed! 'ecod, I could trample him under my feet,

SNEAK. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

MRS. S. Did you ever hear such an oaf? Why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Lookye, Jerry, mind what I say; go get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

SNEAK. What shall I do, father sir Jacob?

SIR J. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done; so we will get our honest friend, Heel-tap, to execute the office: he is, I think, every way qualified.

MOB. A Heel-tap!

HEEL. What, do you mean as master Jerry's deputy?

SIR J. Ay, ay, his *locum tenens*.

SNEAK. Do, Crispin; do be my *locum tenens*.

HEEL. Give me your hand, master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *locum tenens*.

SIR J. So, that is settled: but now to heal the other breach: come, major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

MAJ. S. Your son-in-law, sir Jacob, does deserve castigation: but on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

SIR J. That's right. As a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now if the

major had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

MAJ. S. Sir Jacob, no shoes ; a major must be never out of his boots ; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

SNEAK. What, are all the vomen engaged ? why then my *locum tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, major.

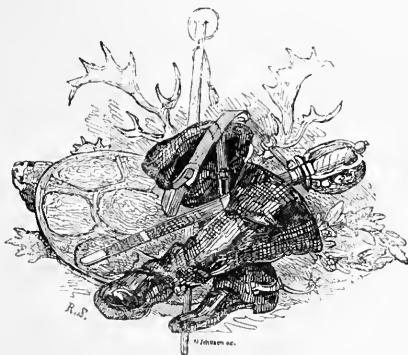
MAJ. S. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,

I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword and shield,

SIR J. As harmless in the chamber as the field.









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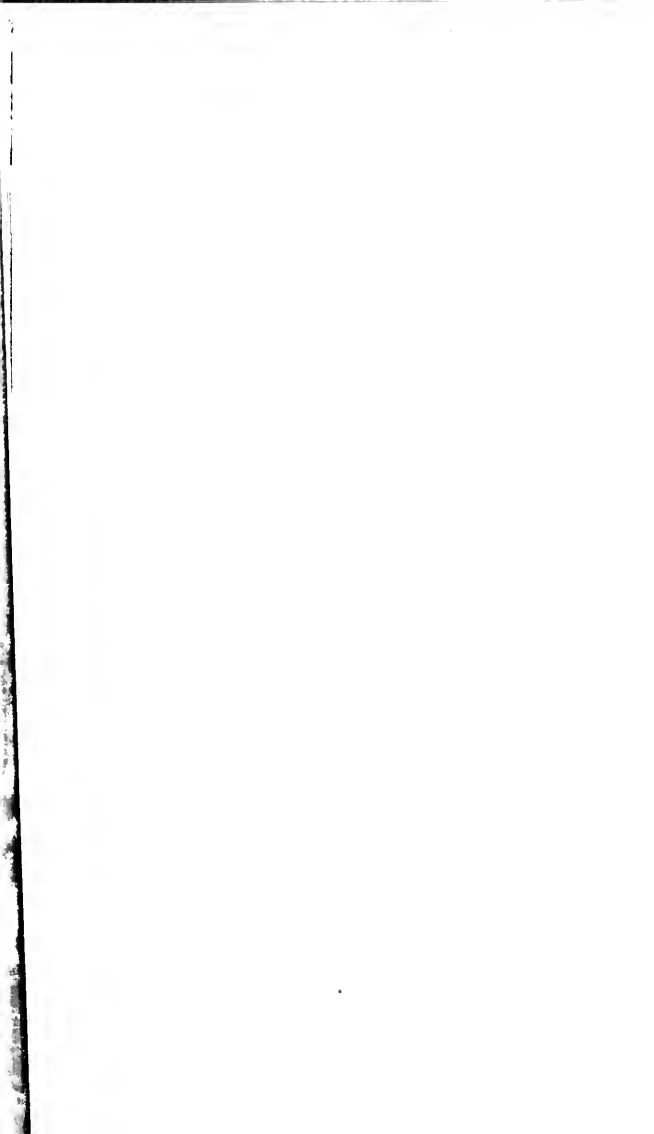
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