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The Englishman Returned from
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T H E
E N G L I S H M A N
RETURNED FROM PARIS.

BEING THE SEQUEL TO
THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

A F A R C E.

IN TWO ACTS.

As performed at

The Theatres Royal in Drury-Lane and
Covent-Darden.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, N^o 77, FLEET-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

Price One Shilling.

W. N. O. M. A. S. M. N. M.

REPRINTED FROM PARIS.

AND THE

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

A. Y. A. R. C. E.

IN TWO VOLS.

As per

The Englishman in Paris
London, 1848.

D. SAMUEL ROOPE, ED.

A NEW EDITION

With a new

Introduction

PR

3461

Foe

1788

P R O L O G U E.

S P O K E N

By Mr. F O O T E.

O F all the passions that possess mankind,
 The love of novelty rules most the mind,
 In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,
 Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.
 From Lybia's deserts hostile brutes advance,
 And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France,
 From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
 Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
 As once the Lilliputions——Gulliver,
 Not only objects that affect the sight,
 In foreign arts and artists we delight,
 Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,
 In humble prose the place is Charing Cross;
 Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
 A dirty dismal entry opens wide,
 There with hoarse voice, check shirt, and callous hand,
 Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,
 Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,
 And rustic Roger falls an easy prize;
 Here's China porcelain that Chelsea yields,
 And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields.
 With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came,
 And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham,
 Factors are forced to favour this deceit,
 And English goods are smuggled thro' the street,
 The rude to polish, and the fair to please,
 The hero of to-night has cross'd the seas,

A 2

Tho'

*Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactured in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little subject of a former story,
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully shew.
For them and him we your indulgence crave,
'Tis ours still to sin on, and yours to save.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

SPOKEN

By Mrs. BELLAMY.

*A*MONG the arts to make a piece go down,
 And fix the fickle favour of the town.
 An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way
 To atone for all the errors of the play;
 Thus when pathetic strains have made you cry,
 In trips the Comic Muse, and wipes your eye,
 With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,
 Melpomene should send you sniveling off:
 But our Bard, unequal to the task,
 Rejects the dagger, and retains the mask:
 Fain would he send you chearful home to-night,
 And harmless mirth by honest means excite;
 Scorning with luscious phrase or double sense,
 To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.
 What method shall we choose your taste to hit?
 Will no one lend our Bard a little wit?
 Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.
 The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
 Up starts that fatal phalanx, call'd The Town:
 In full assembly weighs our author's fate,
 And Surly thus commences the debate:
 Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene
 The sacred rights of Tragedy profane?
 If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:
 Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul!
 Then Buck cries, Billy, can it be in nature?
 Not the least likeness in a single feature.

My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious piece;

J.et's come on Friday night and have a hiss.

To this a peruquier assents with joy,

Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.

In such distress what can the poet do?

Where seek for shelter when those foes pursue?

He dares demand protection, sirs, from you.

}

Dramatis Personæ.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

BUCK	Mr. Foote.
CRAB	Mr. Sparks.
LORD JOHN	Mr. White.
MACRUTHEN	Mr. Shuter.
RACKET	Mr. Cushing.
TALLYHOE	Mr. Castallo.
LATITAT	Mr. Dunstall.
SERGEON	Mr. Wignel.
LUCINDA	Mrs. Bellamy.

La Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants,

T H E
E N G L I S H M A N
R E T U R N E D F R O M P A R I S .

A C T I .

Crab discovered reading.

AND I do constitute my very good friend, Giles Crab, *esq.* of St. Martin in the Fields, executor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction, the management of all my affairs, till the return of my son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.

John Buck.

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see, I find myself heir, by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery, the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop abroad; together with the direction of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates business, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why how the devil came I to merit——

Lat. The defence and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common and customary, or as *Plowden* classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

*Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus,
Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britannia tibi.*

Crab. Zounds, fir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house?

Lat. Sir, a man's house is his *castellum*, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandestinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deemed *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, fir, a burglary may be committed either upon the dwelling, or out-house.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your clerk, fir—The parties, he says, are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to Mr. *Crab*, the nature of a burglary, as it has been described by a late statute.

Crab. Zounds, fir, I have not the least curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman should know—

Crab. I won't know. Besides, your clients—

Lat. O, they may stay. I shan't take up five minutes, fir—A burglary—

Crab. Not an instant.

Lat. By the common law.—

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *clausum fregit*.

Crab. Dear fir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par —

Crab.

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, fir, get out of my house.

Serv. Your clients, fir——

Crab. Push him out [*the lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very minute.—[*Exit Serv.*]—This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad, every instant, I'd fly for it myself and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young master's travelling tutor, fir, just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose, the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Shew him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumsy curate of the knight's own parish church, or some needy highlander, the out-cast of his country, who, with the pride of a *German* baron, the poverty of a *French* marquis, the address of a *Swiss* foldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maister *Crab*, I am your devoted servant.

Crab. Oh, a *British* child, by the mefs.—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between *Canterbury* and *Rocheſter*, I was ſtopt, and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! what the devil could he rob you of?

Mac.

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. *Buchanan's* history, *Lauder* against *Melton*, and two pound of high-dried *Glasgow*.

Crab. A travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir *Charles*? I left him at *Calais*, with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, Maister *Crab*? In gude troth there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a shrewd guesf at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare swear, but not an unufual one at *Paris*. The *Faux-bourg* of *St. Germain's*, swarms with such, to the no small amusement of our very good friends the *French*.

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I suppose he's a perfect master of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maister of the accent.

Crab. A most astonishing progress!

Mac. Suspend your judgement awhile, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the fallies of juvenility; and must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finished piece.

Mac. You are pleased to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your—what's your name?

Mac. *Macruthen*, at your service.

Crab. *Macruthen*! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it would be wrong to sour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister *Crab*.

Crab. Oh, by no means, Master *Macruthen*; all your business was to keep him out of 'frays; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they should be. You pimp'd for him I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand pounds a year?

Mac. Why, to be sure great allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, Maister *Crab*, you know mankind. you are Sir *John Buck's* executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Could na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet?

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o'the cash: and I caw make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ; and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof, and in the presence, of thy benefactor's representative; with almost his ill-bestowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child! And, from what part of my life didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme?

Mac. Maister *Crab*, I am of a nation——

Crab. Of known honour and integrity; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure——

Crab. And one happiness it is, that though national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, Maister *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my sight. Vanish!—[*Exit Mac.*]—A fine fellow this, to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! But can it be strange, whilst the parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person whose wants perhaps, more than his abilities make desirous of it, should consider the youth as a kind of property, and not consider what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's present

present prevailing passions? But vice and folly rule the world.—Without, there!—[*Enter Serv.*]
 —Rascal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation of mankind. This turn may be term'd misanthropy; and imputed to chagrin and disappointment. But it can only be by those fools, who, through softness or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, through the wrong end of the perspective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I suppose your spirits are all afloat. You have heard your fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your usual discernment, sir, you would distinguish, in my countenance, an expression very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot died in moulting.

Luc. A person less censorious than Mr. *Crab*, might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

Crab. Distress! a pretty, poetical phrase. What motive canst thou have for distress? Has not Sir *John Buck's* death assured thy fortune? and art not thou——

Luc. By that very means, a helpless, unprotected orphan.

Crab. Pho', prithee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the sex: the objects of every woman's wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

Luc.

Luc. It would appear affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wish'd to engage you.

Crab. Your information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend, would have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy*. Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying *Sir Charles Buck*?

Crab. And do you seriously want my advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why were could you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl.—[*Enter Servant*].—Who sent for you, sir?

Ser. Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down, at the corner of the street, by a coal-cart. His clothes are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice. — Prithee why dost trouble me? I suppose you would not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I should?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice, is not a copy of your countenance, a mask; if you are obedient, I may yet set you right.

Luc.

Luc. I shall, with pleasure, follow your directions. [Exit.

Crab. Yes, so long as they correspond with your own inclination. Now we shall see what *Paris* has done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter *Buck*, *Lord John*, *La Loire*, *Bearnois*, and *Macruthen*.

Buck. Not a word, *mi Lor*, *jernie*, it is not to be supported!—after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *pavé*, to be tumbled into a kennel, by a filthy *charbonnier*; a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. J. An accident that might have happened any where, *Sir Charles*.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that *caille*, that murderous mob, with the barbarous—*Monfieur* in the mud, *huzza!* Ah, *pais sauvage*, *barbare*, *inhospitable!* ah, ah, *qu'est ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is *Maister Crab*, your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, monfieur.* *Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? *Mac*, my *Lor*, *mort de ma vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roast-beef* of the *French* comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monfieur-Jack-Roast-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Prithee take a turn or two round the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers.* *Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your life, seen any thing so, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

B

Buck.

Buck. *Pourquoi?* Why so?

Crab. Because I would not have the public curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a country so fond of strange fights, if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my person would produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'est ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha.

Ld. J. The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why so?

Ld. J. Because in this case it is impossible to have a rule for your judgement. The forms and customs which climate, constitution and government have given to our kingdom can never be transplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are some glimmerings of common-sense about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this blockhead?—[to *Buck*]—I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

Buck. My dear. [*gapes.*]

Crab. I say, you can draw no conclusion from the above premises.

Buck. Who I? Damn your premises, and conclusions too. But this I conclude from what I have seen, my dear, that the *French* are the first people

people in the universe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world, and that whosoever would either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec elegance*, must go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And these precious principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. *C'est vrai, Monsieur Crab*: and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many profelytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez*. This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois*. There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you suppose we have no porters?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that, open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visiter; for politeness in introducing a mistress, acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the *Cantons*.

Crab. Astonishing qualities!

Buck. *Retirez, Bearnois*. But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire*. *Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. *Très bien*.

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, *Monsieur Crab*, is my cook *La Loire*, and for *hors d'oeuvres, entre rotis, ragoûts, entremets*, and the disposition of a desert, *Paris* never saw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, sir, to compleat my equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first *valet de chambre*, excellent in every thing: but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, *La Jonquil* shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tye, frize, cut, curl, or comb with any *garçon perruquier*, from the land's end, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public spirit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present I had another reason for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable creatures, for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then.

Buck. *De tout mon cœur.* From the infinite civility shewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at *Paris*, has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendship to
your

your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you *English* are constitutionally fullen.—November fogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most curst recipes for good-humour, or a quick apprehension. *Paris* is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live! *Vive l'amour!* *Sans amour, et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.*

Crab. Now would not any soul suppose that this yelping hound had a real relish for the country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

Crab. To thee the most solitary spot upon earth, my dear.—Familiar puppy!

Buck. Whimsical enough. But come, *pour passer le tems*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little debate. Mi Lor, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Master *Crab* has met with his match.

Buck. And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table; ah, *quelle difference!* The ease, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *perci-flage*, the *double entendre*, the *chansons à boire*. Oh, what delicious moments have I pass'd *chez madame la duchesse de Barbouliac*.

Crab. Your mistress, I suppose.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible

for a woman of her rank, to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac*.

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. *Taisez vous, Mac*. But we lose the point in view. Now, *Monsieur Crab*, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first, the melancholy mistress is fixed in her chair, where, by the bye, she is condemned to do more drudgery than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master, to marshal the guests, in which as much caution is necessary, as at a coronation, with, "My lady, sit here," and, "Sir *Thomas*, sit there," till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroyed all apprehensions of the meat burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say Sir *Charles* was a phœnomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with, perhaps, an occasional interruption, of, "Here's to you, friends," "Hob or nob," "Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings: the cloth is removed: madam, drenched with a bumper, drops a curtesy, and departs; leaving the jovial host, with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur Crab*.

Crab. It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

Buck. *C'est vrai*. But *à propos*, he is dead, as you say, and you are——

Crab.

Crab. Against my inclination, his executor.

Buck. *Peut être*; well, and ———

Crab. Oh, my task will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoined to see performed; your marriage with your old acquaintance *Lucinda*.

Buck. *Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde!* & comment.—

Crab. Prithee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But could we not have an *entrevüe*?

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na' ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yourself in a more suitable garb, upon a first visit to your mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

Buck. *Serviteur.* But, however, *Mac's* hint may not be so *mal à propos.* *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi *Lor*, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilet is but the work of ten minutes. *Mac*, dispose of my domestics à leur aise, and then attend me with my portefeuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in my last voyage from *Fontainebleau* to *Compeigne*,

Serviteur, Messieurs;

Car le bon vin

Du matin

Sortant du tonneau,

Vaut bien mieux que

Le Latin

De toute la Sorbonne.

[Exit.

Crab.

Crab. This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father, what a puppy *Paris* would produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence, an importation of every foreign folly: and thus the plain persons and principles of old *England*, are so confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions; a piece of patch-work; a mere harlequin's coat.

Ld. F. Do you suppose then, sir, that no good may be obtained——

Crab. Why, prithee, what have you gained?

Ld. F. I should be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, sir, the shaking off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison of certain national and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

Crab. You shew the favourable side, young man: but how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable laws of nature; he is a traitor to the community, where providence has placed him; and should be denied those social benefits he has rendered himself unworthy to partake. But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

Ld. F. I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab*. Principles that call for perpetual practice, cannot be too soon received. I sincerely thank you, sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

Crab.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young man waits here, till your puppy is powdered. You may ask him after your *French* acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow. [Exit.

Luc. I'm afraid, sir, you have had but a disagreeable tête-à-tête.

Ld. 7. Just the contrary, madam. By good sense, tinged with singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab's* manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to 'em, I know his integrity, and can never be disoblighd by his sincerity.

Ld. 7. This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good sense can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess, was taught me by a very severe mistress, adversity. But you, sir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buck*, not to have known my situation.

Ld. 7. I have heard your story, madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting; you'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible I should

should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

Ld. J. Could I hope, madam, your present critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I should take the liberty to presume, if the suit of *Sir Charles* be rejected——

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngster! what I suppose you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes, in modern morality. But at present you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller.—[*Exit. Ld. J.*]—I would speak with you in the library. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I shall attend you, sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What could my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl; obedience is thy province.

*Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove
That sometimes duty can give laws to love.*

[*Exit.*]

A C T

A C T II.

Buck *at his Toilet, attended by three Valets de Chambre and Macruthen.*

Mac. **N**Otwithstanding aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether Maister *Crab* is so honest a man.

Buck. Prithee, *Mac*, name not the monster. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all.

Did ever mortal see such *mirroirs*, such looking-glass as they have here too! One might as well address oneself, for information, to a bucket of water. *La Fonquill, mettez vous le rouge, assez. Eh bien, Mac, miserable! Hey!*

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this place; I really could have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this—[*Enter Ld. John*—My dear Lord, *je demande mille pardons*, but the terrible fracas in my chaise has so *gâtéed* and disordered my hair, that it required an age to adjust it.

Ld. *J.* No apology, Sir *Charles*, I have been entertained very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

Ld. *J.* The very individual lady that's soon to make you a happy husband.

Buck!

Buck. A happy who? husband! What two very opposite ideas confounded *ensemble!* In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what accident have you discovered, that I was upon the point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un mari! Diable?*

Ld. J. The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possess'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratified, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Ld. J. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire *Racket*, and Sir *Toby Tallyhoe*, who call themselves your honour's old acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident could they discover my arrival! My dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this Embarras.

Racket and Tallyhoe without.

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *Hot-tentots* have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I'll receive 'em *en cérémonie*.

Enter

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey boy, hoix, my little *Buck*.

Buck. *Monsieur le Chevalier, votre très humble serviteur.*

Tally. Hey.

Buck. *Monsieur Racket, je suis charmé de vous voir.*

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. *Ne m'entendez vous? Don't you understand French?*

Rack. Know *French!* No, nor you neither, I think, *Sir Toby*, foregad I believe the papistes ha bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd and transformed him too. Let me perish, *Racket*, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we used to read of at school, in *Ovid's Metamorphis*; and that they have turned him into a beast.

Rack. A beast! No, a bird, you fool. Lookee, *Sir Toby*, by the Lord *Harry*, here are his wings.

Tally. Hey! eod and so they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket*, he came over with the wood-cocks.

Buck. *Voilà des véritables Anglois.* The rustic rude ruffians!

Rack. Let us see what the devil he has put upon his pole, *Sir Toby*.

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear *Savage*, keep your distance.

Tally. Nay, fore *George* we will have a scrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a scrutiny.

Buck. *En grace. La Jonquil*, my Lor, protect me from these pyrates.

Ld. 7.

Ld. J. A little compassion, I beg, gentlemen. Consider, Sir *Charles* is on a visit to his bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a band-box. *Racket*, hocks the heels.

Rack. I have 'em, knight. Foregad he is the very reverse of a bantam cock; his comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here! What are these fellows, pastry-cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for a——but you have company, I see.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpressibly happy. These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what I believe they call in this country, a rout.—My dear Lor, if you don't favour my flight. But see if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet.

Ld. J. Now's your time, steal off; I'll cover your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to re-settle my *cheveux*.—*Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher* my I or.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby*, stole away!

Buck. *O mon Dieu*.

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our purpose. You must know we intend to kick up a riot, to-night, at the play-house, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

Ld. J. Pray, sir, what is your cause of contention?

Tally. Cause of contention, hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Racket.

Racket. Angry about! Why you know we are to demolish the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. J. I beg to be excused.

Rack. May hap you are a friend to the *French*.

Ld. J. Not I, indeed sir. But if the occasion will permit me a pun, tho' I am far from being a well-wisher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come to-night, you'll split your sides with laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the battle of *Blenheim*. Come along, *Racket*. [*Exit*.

Ld. J. Was there ever such a contrast?

Crab. Not so remote as you imagine; they are scions from the same stock, set in different soils. The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally, but matures nothing; the last slip, tho' stunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your friend. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Lucinda, with a Servant.

Luc. When Mr. *Crab*, or Sir *Charles*, enquire for me; you will conduct them hither.—[*Exit. Serv.*]
—How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the issue; but still, in my circumstances, a state of suspense is, of all situations, the most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter

Enter Sir Charles, Macruthen, Ld. John, and Crab.

Buck. *Mac*, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir *Charles Buck* craves the honour of kissing your hand.

Buck. *Très humble se viteur.* *Et comment se porte Mademoisellè.* I am ravished to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.*—*Eh bien, ma reine!* Why you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dress'd you most diabolically. Why, what a *coiffeuse* must you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total absence of rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a cargo from *Deffreney* the day of my departure; shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, sir, but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country, and, with a commercial people, you known, sir *Charles*, all artifice——

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chere.* A proper proportion of red, is an indispensable part of your dress; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear, in public, without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman, who puts on the first, would make very little difficulty in pulling of the last.

Buck. Oh, Monsieur *Crab's* judgment must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your *London* here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no disttess for diversions. We have an opera.

Buck.

Buck. *Italien*, I suppose, *pitoiable*, shocking, *assommant*! Oh, there is no supporting their *hi, hi, hi*. *Ah, mon Dieu!* *Ah, chassé brillant soleil,*

Brillant soleil,

A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's music and melody.

Luc. What a fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma princesse*.

Luc. Oh, then we have plays.

Buck. That I deny, child.

Luc. No plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The assertion is a little whimsical.

Buck. Aye that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous in their representation.

Luc. Sir, I own myself unequal to the controversy; but, surely *Shakspeare*—My Lord, this subject calls upon you for its defence.

Crab. I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the *Chinese Orphan*, in the preface to which Mr. *Voltaire* calls the principal works of *Shakspeare* monstrous farces.

Ld. *J.* Mr. *Crab* is right, madam. Mr. *Voltaire* has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great master of the passions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcusable.

Luc. What could it be, my Lord?

Ld. *J.* The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author; that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable defamation.

Luc. And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a spirited expression, no people upon earth——

Buck. You are imposed upon, child; the *Lequesne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gaussen*, what dignity, what action! But, à propos, I have myself wrote a tragedy in *French*.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. *En verité*; upon *Voltaire's* plan.

Crab. That must be a precious piece of work.

Buck. It is now in repetition at the *French* comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gaussen* perform the principal parts. Oh, what an *eclat*! What a burst will it make in the parterre, when the king of *Ananamaboe* refuses the person of the princess of *Cochineal*!

Luc. Do you remember the passage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And first the king.

*Ma chere princess, je vous aime, c'est vrai ;
De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.
Mais ce n'est pas honnête pour un homme tel que moi,
De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.*

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the princess; she is, as you may suppose, in extreme distress.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. *Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,
Ayez pitie de moi ; je suis inconsolable.*

[Then he turns his back upon her, at which she in a fury]

Monstre

*Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!*

[Then he]

*Pensez vous, madame, à me donner la loi,
Votre haine, votre amour, sont les mêmes choses
à moi.*

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. 7. Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's passion and poetry, and reason and rhyme. Oh how I detest blood, and blank verse! There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural, in the rich rhimes of the *theatre François!*

Ld. 7. I did not know Sir Charles was so totally devoted to the *belles lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taste, I am every night at the *Caffé * Procope*, and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curst country, I make no doubt but you would have seen my name among the foremost of the *French academy.*

Crab. I should think you might easily get over that difficulty, if you will be but so obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen shall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impossible. From the barbarity of my education, I must ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. *En verité?*

Crab. *En verité.*

Buck. You flatter me.

* A coffee-house opposite the French comedy, where the wits assemble every evening.

Crab. But common justice.

Mac. Nay, maister *Crab* is in the right, for I have often heard the French themselves say, Is it possible that gentleman can be *British*?

Buck. Obliging creatures! And you concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. J. Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will.

Buck. No; I read no *English*. When *Mac* has turned it into *French*, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *eclaircissement*. Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monsieur *Crab*, my Lor, *Mac*.

Crab. Along with us. [*Exit.*

Buck. A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment!

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that *Crab*, *ma petite*. But, *à propos*, How d'ye like my Lord.

Luc. He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

Buck. *Pas trop*. But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign?

Buck. Aye, something so *English* in his manner.

Luc.

Luc. Foreign, and *English!* I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the ease, the *je ne sçai quoi*, the *bon ton*.—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma chere*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je pense, ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Aye, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summoned the garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the allusion, I believe my Lord is too good a commander, to commence a fruitless siege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chere*.

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr. Crab had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for intailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man, who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that in my

presence, at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heydey! What, in heroics, *ma reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! so soon to trample on his ashes, whose fond heart, the greatest load of his last hours were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. *Ma foi, elle est folle,* she is mad, *sans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred relation, regard another? Can the monster who is corrupt enough to contemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?—impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. *Vous allez trop vite,* you are too quick, *ma chere.* If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the least inclination to do.

Luc. No, sir? Why you own that marriage—

Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the *Louis*'.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the law—

Buck,

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine*. I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir !

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid, than my living a batchelor.

Luc. O, fir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma belle*, I have found one to your hand ?

Luc. As how ? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon enfant* ; tho' I have an irresistible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms ; in the possession of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted shall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, fir, your other. For this is——

Buck. I grant, not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cicisbei*. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing: Thy mistress ! Gracious heaven ! Universal empire should not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse could a woman of the least sense or spirit make, for so unnatural a connection !

Buck. Fort bien !

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très bien !

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: For thy dress, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien !

Luc. Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name, to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquisitions; *c'est-à-dire*, that I can, with a most intrepid *sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle*. And when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. *Pour jamais !* Foregad she would make an admirable actress. If I once get her to *Paris*, she shall play a part in my piece. [Exit.

Luc. I am ashamed, this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Dear Mr. Crab—

Enter

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Ld. *J.* We have been unwillingly, madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, should be in his morals so much below.—

Crab. Prithee why didst thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket ?

Ld. *J.* If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. *Crab*—

Luc. My lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe, I guess at your generous design ; but my temper is really so ruffled, besides I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

Ld. *J.* Dear madam, can I assist ?

Luc. Only by desiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

Ld. *J.* No apology. You honour me, madam.

Crab. And prithee, wench, what is thy scheme ?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punished, methinks.

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither ?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place these things on the table, a chair on each side: very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice*.
 [*Exit Lettice.*]

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, so, I thought she would come to; but, I confess not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma belle*, see me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, Sir *Charles*. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into some expressions not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah *bagatelle*. Name it not.

Luc. *Voulez-vous du thé, monsieur?*

Buck. *Volontiers*. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of *beverage*; I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit of conversation, and that—

Luc. *En voulez-vous encore?*

Buck. *Je vous rends mille grâces*.—But what has occasioned me, *ma reine*, the honour of your message by Mr. *Crab*?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir *Charles*, I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your house, a more decent, and ceremonious *adieu*, than our last interview would admit of.

Buck.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere*? I thought your flinty heart had, at last relented. Well, *ma reine*, *adieu*.

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it so.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation, however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the pleasure of living with you is denied me, in our deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death? When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs unutterable! The tea we drank, urged by despair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poison'd,

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart would have shared all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your generosity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it mayn't be too late. *Macruthen, Jonquil!* physicians, apothecaries, oil and antidotes. Oh! *je meurs, je meurs.* Ah, la diableffe! [*Exit.*

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Crab. A brave wench. I could kiss thee for this contrivance.

Ld. 7.

Ld. *J.* He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see—Can't we make a further use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose, we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young thing here, has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care, my girl sha'nt go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound,
Lucy.

Ld. *J.* I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Psha, don't scorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room, whilst I go plague the puppy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Physician, Surgeon. *Buck in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are symptoms of a strong poison.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miserable devil? What's he alive still?

Mac.

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O what could provoke me to return from *Paris*?

Crab. Had you never been there, this could not have happened.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poison'd him, *Racket*?

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my estate, my—save but my life, take all.

Crab. First then renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee; and, in which she is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my soul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witnessess. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag shall be reserved. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assigned to your old friends here.

Buck.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come *Racket*, let's rummage.

[*Exeunt Racket and Tallyhoe.*]

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these panders to your pride. pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil*.

Crab. Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends, the *French*; unable to resist you, whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first, by unmanly means, sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, adieu *La Jonquil*.

[*Exeunt Jonquil and Bearnois.*]

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda*.

Enter Lucinda and Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Buc. Aye, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir *Charles*. But you allow me to be an excellent actress.

Buck. Oh, curse your talents!

Crab. This fellow's public renunciation, has put your person and fortune in your own power: and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. 7.

Ld. *J.* With more transport, than Sir *Charles* the news of his safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at present, in a condition to take possession of your post.

Buck. What ?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private friend; his assistant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho !

Mac. But, Sir *Charles*, as I find the affair of the poison was but a joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your blisters ?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happiness to be born a *Briton*, let it be your boast; know that the blessings of liberty are your birth-right, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that *French* fashions are as ill-suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

*A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find,
That poison for your punishment design'd
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

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