



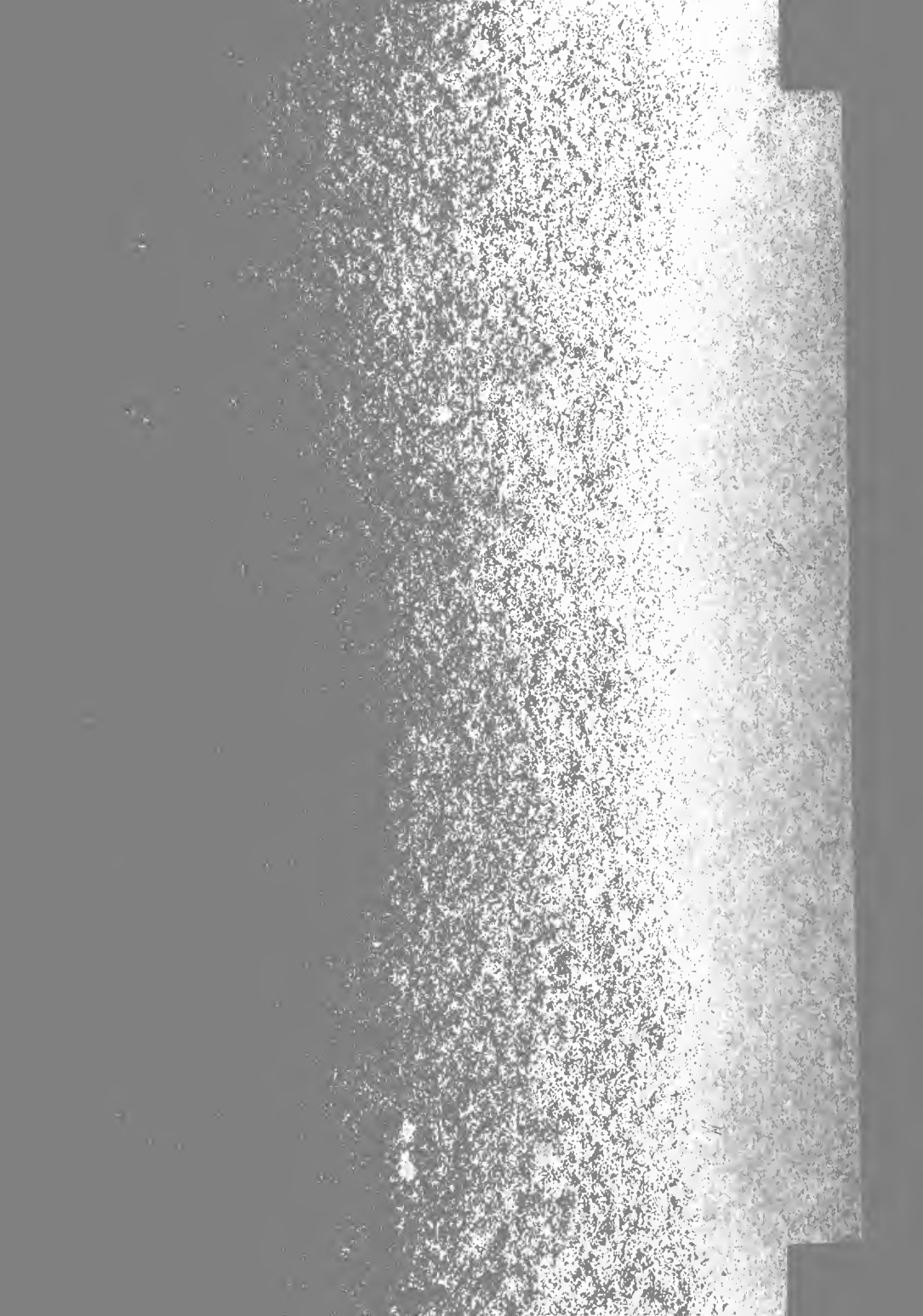
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THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

A
COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. FARQUHAR.

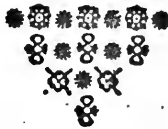
Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

— CAPTIQUE DOLIS, DONISQUE COACTI.
VIR. LIS. II. ÆNEID.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LOWNDES; T. CASLON; T. BECKETT;
and W. NICOLL;

M. DCC. LXXVI.

Case

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The Reader is desir'd to observe that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 25 to 29 in Page 12——— Also the additions made at the Theatres are distinguished by Italics between inverted Commas, as in Line 12 to 15 in Page 30.

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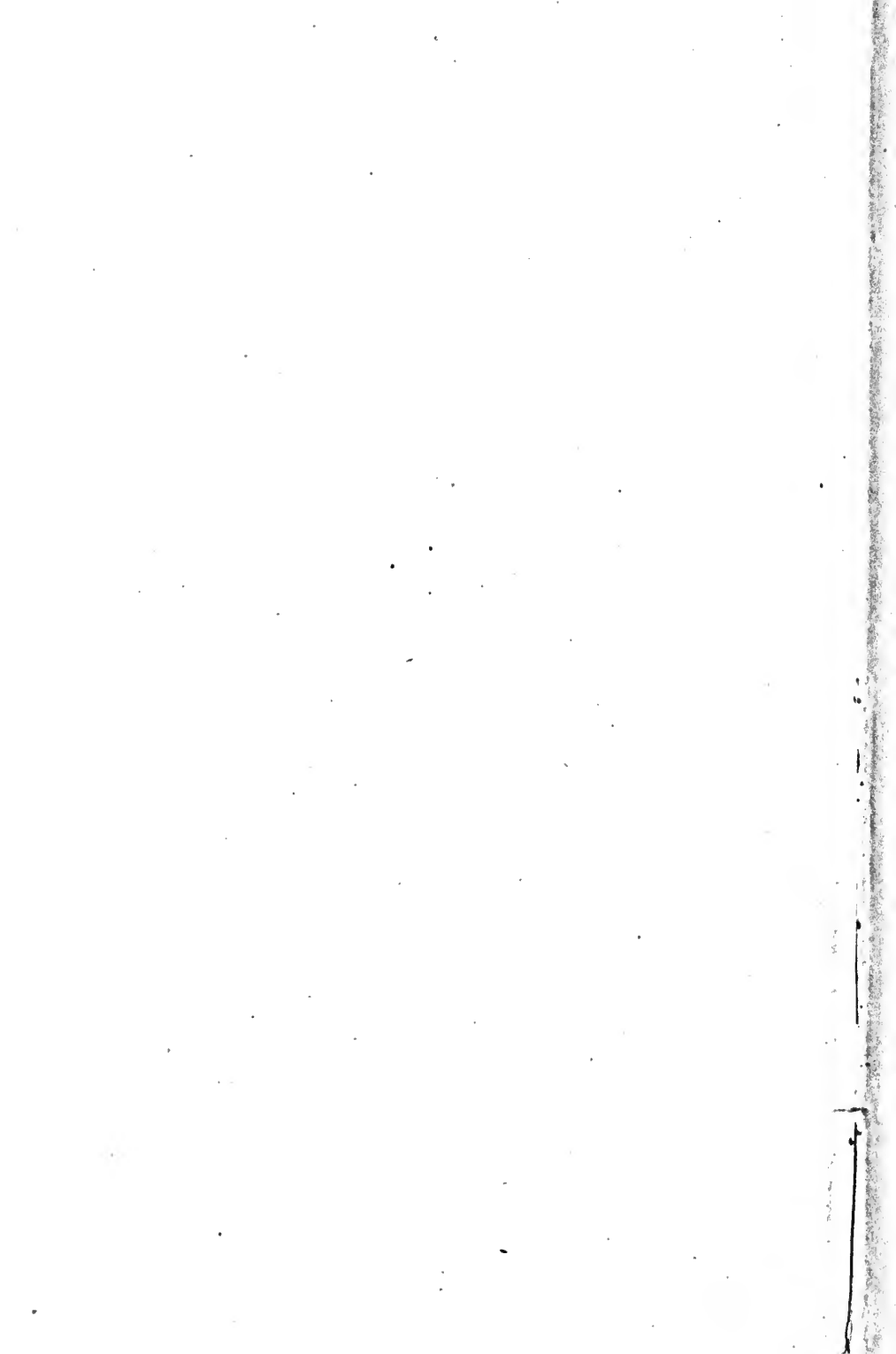
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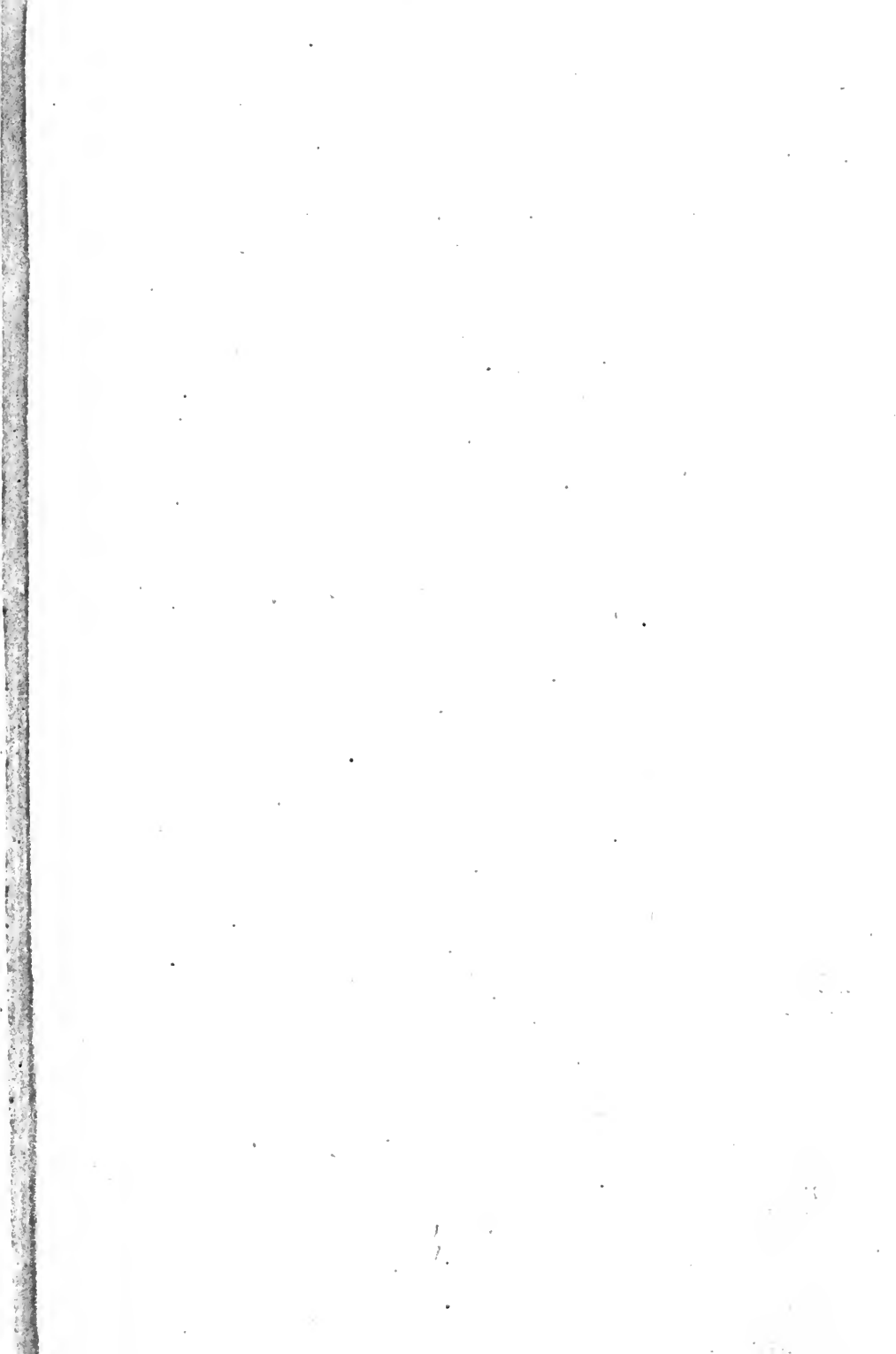
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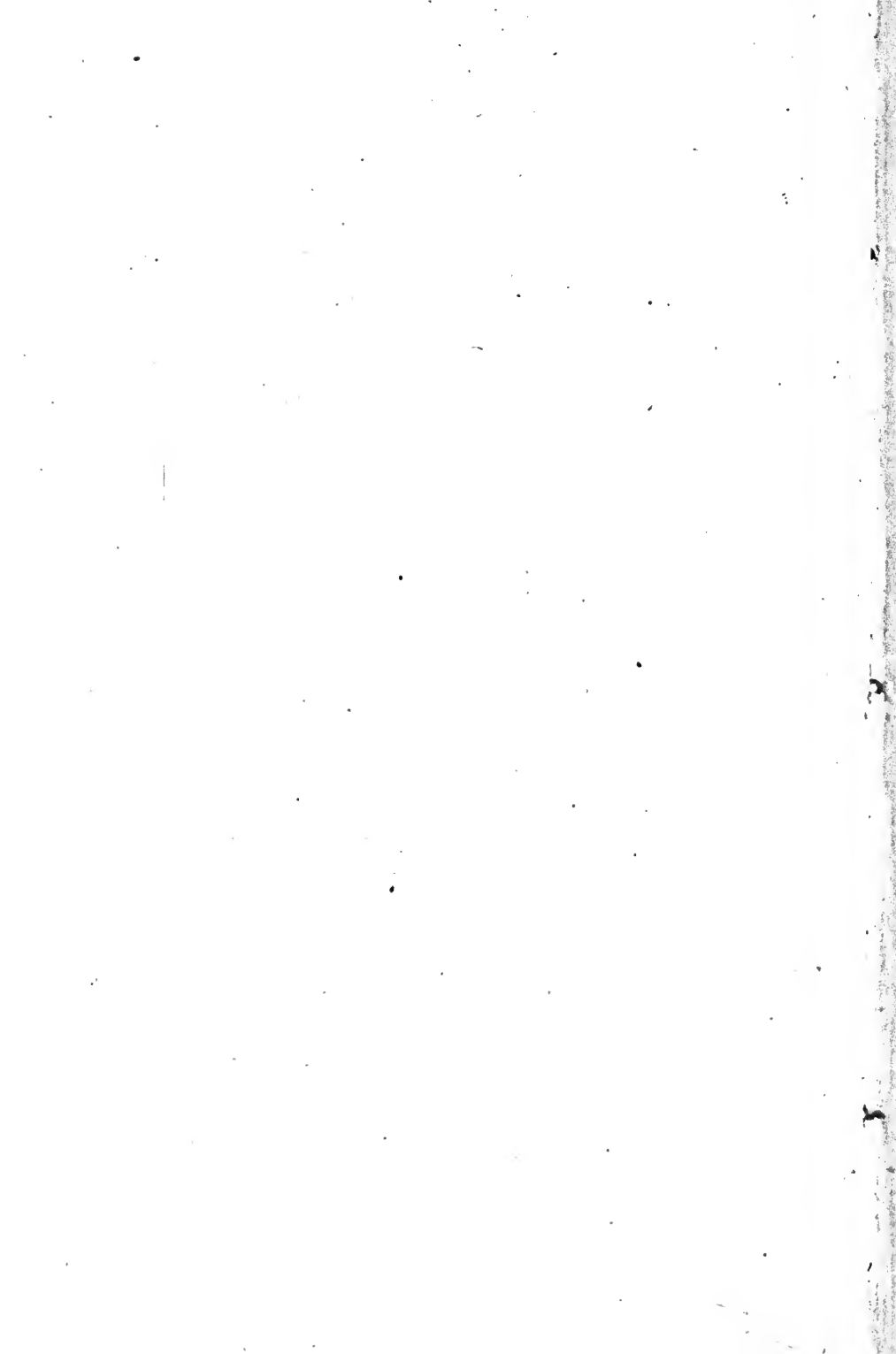
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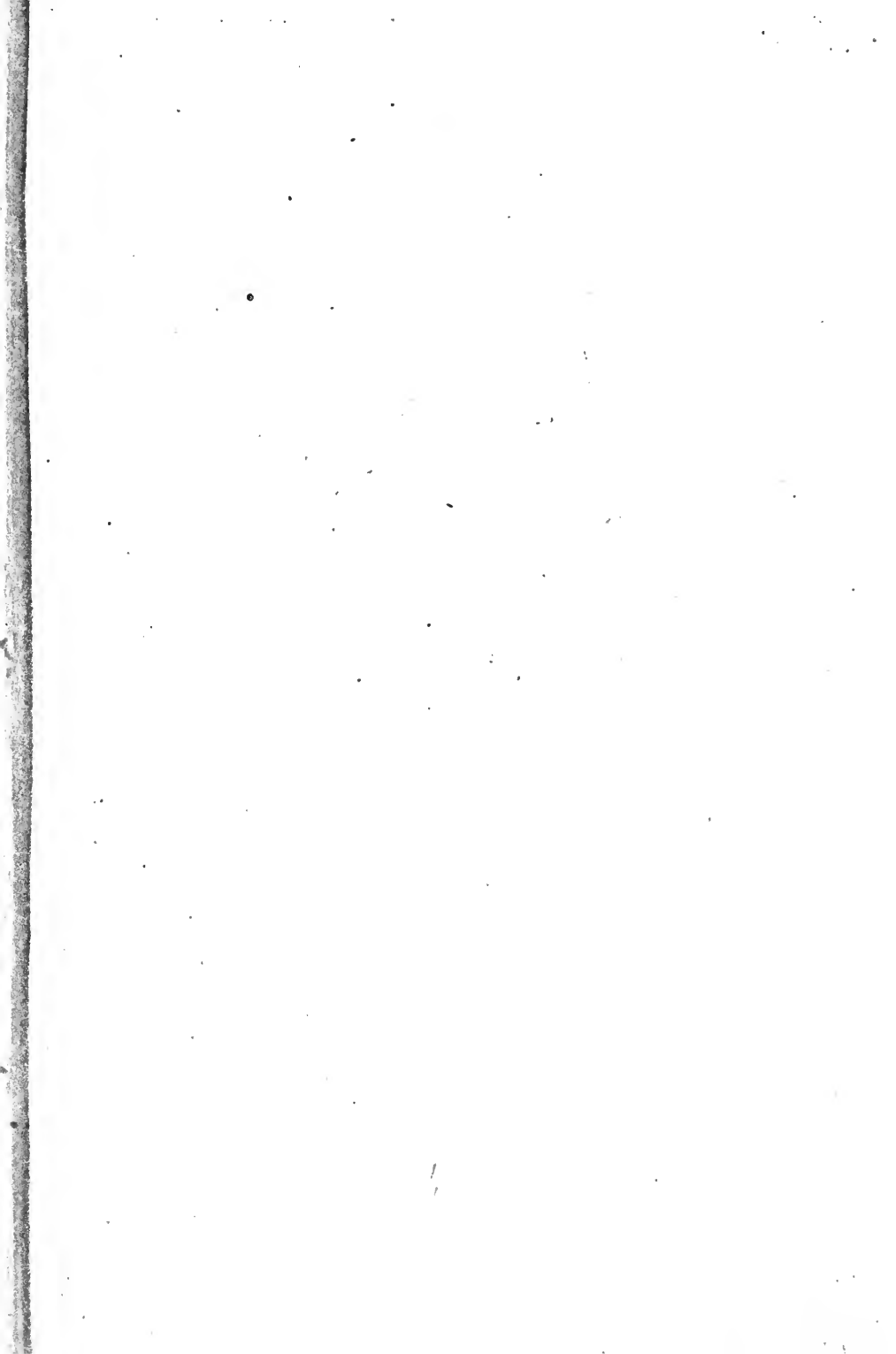


P R O L O G U E.

*I*N ancient times when Helen's fatal charms
Roux'd the contending universe to arms,
The Græcian council happily deposes
The sly Ulysses forth—to raise recruits.
The artful captain found, without delay,
Where great Achilles, a deserter lay.
Him fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan blows;
Him Greece requir'd—against the Trojan foes.
All their recruiting arts were needful here,
To raise this great, this tim'rous volunteer.
Ulysses well could talk—he stirs, he warms
The warlike youth—he listens to the charms
Of plunders, fine lac'd coats, and glitt'ring arms;
Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy,
And list'd him who wrought the fate of Troy.
Thus by recruiting was bold Hector slain:
Recruiting thus fair Helen did regain.
If for one Helen such prodigious things
Were acted, that they even list'd kings;
If for one Helen's artful, vicious charms,
Half the transported world was found in arms;
What for so many Helens may we dare,
Whose Minds as well as Faces are so fair?
If by one Helen's eyes, old Greece could find
It's Homer fir'd to write, ev'n Homer blind;
The Britons sure beyond compare may write,
That view so many Helens every ev'ry night.







1

Sergeant Kite & Muster-roll.
Appl. Fee & Money

Remain

Drummers

Fifer

Recruits } Drummers

Collatt

Sutton

Grant

~~Addison~~ ~~Spa~~ ~~the~~

Griffiths

Witchell } Soldier

Compton

Tarrant

Drummers

Fifer

T H E

RECRUITING OFFICER.

A C T I.

SCENE the market-place.—Drum beats the
grenadier-march.

L. H. E. Enter Serjeant Kite, follow'd by Thomas Apple-Tree,
Coltár Pear-main, and the mob.

Kite making a speech.

I F any gentleman soldiers, or others, have a mind
to serve his majesty, and ~~pull down the French~~
~~king~~ if any 'prentices have severe masters, any
children have undutiful parents: if any servants have
too little wages, or any husband too much wife: let
them repair to the noble serjeant Kite, at the sign of
the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and
they shall receive present relief and entertainment.

Gentlemen, I don't beat my drum
here to insnare or inveigle any man, for you must
know gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: be-
sides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I
list only grenadiers, grenadiers, gentlemen—Pray,
gentlemen, observe this cap—This is the cap of
honour, it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of
a trigger; and he that has the good fortune to be born
six foot high, was born to be a great man—Sir, will
you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Coff. Is there no harm in't? won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can—Come, let me
see how it becomes you.

Coff. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it?
no gunpowder-plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Coff. My mind misgives me plaguily—Let me
see it—(Going to put it on) It smells wondrous
sweet and brimstone. Smell Tummas.

6 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Coff. Pray, Serjeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Coff. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. O! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at *Ware*—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Coff. My wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, ~~for we don't care for feeling one another~~—But do folks sleep found in this same bed of honour.

Kite. Sound? ay, so sound that they never 'wake.

Coff. Wauns! I wish ~~again~~ that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! then, I find, brother—

Coff. Brother! hold there friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet—Look'e, Serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—If I have a mind to list, why so—If not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing—No coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! ~~for I have serv'd twenty campaigns~~—But, fir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you, ~~a pretty young sprightly fellow~~—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base. Tho' I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built! how firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle; ~~but I scorn to wheedle any man~~—Come, honest lad, will you take share of a pot?

Coff. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is, begging your pardon, fir, and in a fair way.

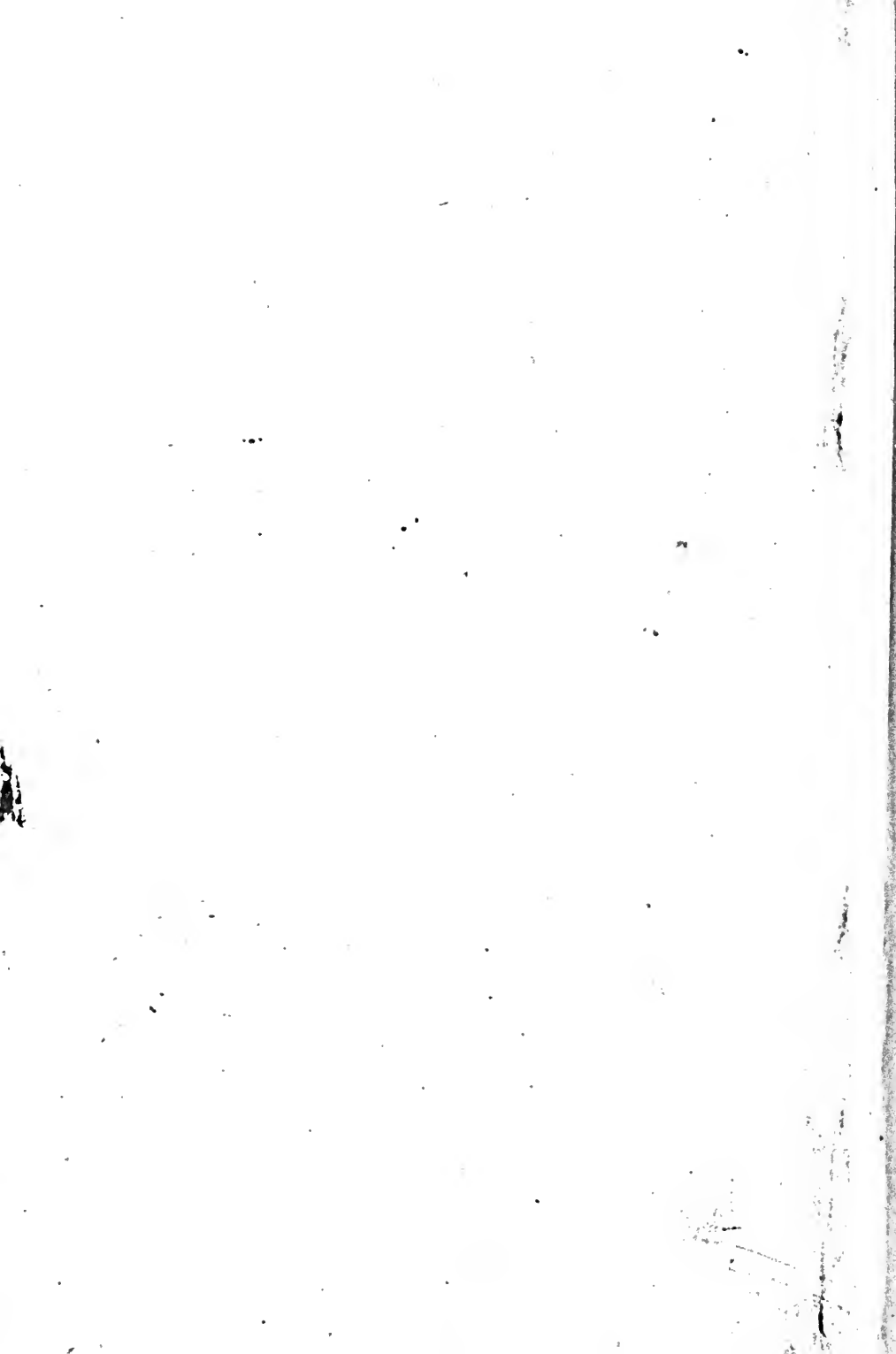
Kite. Give me your hand then; and now gentle men, I have no more to say, but this—Here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters—'Tis the king's money, and the king's drink—~~He's a generous king and loves his~~

2.

2.

Le Capt Plume

X between them



THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 7

~~Subject~~—I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

All mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huza then! huza for the king, and the honour of *Shropshire*.

All Mob. Huza!

~~Kite. Beat drum.~~ [*Exeunt shouting, drum beating a Grenadier's march.*] RH

Enter Plume in a riding habit.

Plume. By the grenadier march that thou'd be my drum; and by that shout, it shou'd beat with success—Let me see—Four a clock—*[Looking on his watch.]* At ten yesterday morning I left London—~~A hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours~~ pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

~~Drum.~~ *Enter Kite.* *R.* (*Salutes.*)

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble captain: from the banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* side, noble captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant reception indeed, Mr. Kite. I find you are fairly enter'd into your recruiting strain:—Pray what success?

Kite. I have been here a week, and I have recruited five!

Plume. Five! pray what are they?

Kite. I have list'd the strong man of *Kent*, the king of the *Gypsies*, a *Scotch* pedlar, a scoundrel attorney, and a *Welch* parson.

Plume. An attorney! wert thou mad? list a lawyer! discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Kite. Why, sir?

Plume. Because I will have no body in my company that can write; ~~no follow that can write, can draw, or~~ ~~positions~~—I say this minnte discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how stands the country affected? were the people pleas'd with the news of my coming to town?

3 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Kite. Sir, the mob are so pleas'd with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business—

But, sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country: you remember your old friend Molly at the castle?

Plume. She's not with child, I hope:

Kite. 'No, no, sir'—she was brought to bed yesterday.

Plume. *Kite*, you must father the child.

Kite. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plume. If they should, we'll take her with us; she can wash you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite. ~~As, or unmake it upon occasion.~~ But your honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. [*Draws it out.*]

Let me see, — *Imprimis*, Mrs. *Sbely Snikereyes*, she sells potatoes upon *Ormond-key* in *Dublin* — *Pegg* *Guzzle*, the brandy woman, at the horse-guards, at *Whiteball* — *Dolly Waggon*, the carrier's daughter at *Hull* — *Mademoiselle Van-bottom-flat* at the *Busi* — Then *Jenny Oakham*, the ship carpenter's widow, at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man of war's boatswain.

Plume. A full company — You have nam'd five — Come, make 'em half a dozen — *Kite* is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

Plume. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine; enter him a grenadier by the name of *Francis Kite*, I sent upon *Surlow* — I'll allow you man's pay for his felicitousness, and now go comfort the poor wench in the straw *new wife* —

Kite.

3
worthy

Please
you must marry her kids.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER: 9

Kite. I shall, sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arriy'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, sir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie—~~_____~~ was oblig'd to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it so: but he's an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, sir, will get you men, and me money, which, I think, is all we want at present—But yonder comes your friend Mr. Worthy—Has your honour any farther commands? R.

Plume. None at present. *[Exit. Kite.]* 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed.

[Enter Worthy.] ~~_____~~ *+ to R*
What, arms a-crofs, Worthy! methinks you should hold 'em open, when a friend's so near—The man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy spirit.

*Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this magick blow.*

[Slaps Worthy on the shoulder.] return'd

Wor. Plume! my dear captain, welcome! Safe and sound ~~return'd?~~ *I hope.*

Plume. I ~~Heard~~ safe from ~~Germany~~, and sound, ~~I~~ 300,
~~hope~~, from ~~London~~; you see I have lost neither leg, ~~nor~~
arm, ~~nor nose~~; then for my inside, 'tis neither trou-
bled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an
excellent stomach for roast-beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow, ~~since I was~~.

Plume. What ails thee, man? ~~no inundations nor~~
~~earthquakes in Wales~~ *I hope?* Has your father ~~rescued~~
from the dead, and re-assum'd his estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or ~~turning~~.

Wor. Come, I ~~will not~~ *but* Your once gay,

10 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

roving friend, is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Plume. Give me thy hand: if ~~they~~ ^{you} go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb as your worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a regiment——But for a woman! 'sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, ~~and can the love of one bring you into this condition?~~ pray, who is this wonderful *Helen*!

Wor. A *Helen* indeed, not to be won under a ten years siege, as great a beauty and as great a jilt.

Plume. A jilt! ~~pho!~~ is she as great a whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ~~ten thousand pities~~ but who is she? do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That impossible——I know no woman that will hold out a ten year's siege.

Wor. What think ye of *Melinda*?

Plume. *Melinda*! ~~she began to capitulate this time twelve-month,~~ and offered to surrender upon honourable terms; and I advis'd you to propose a settlement of five hundred pounds a year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one week to consider——When, beyond her hopes, the town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my siege into a blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My lady *Richley*, her aunt in *Flintshire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plume. Oh the devil! what a delicate woman was there! but by the rules of war now——

Wor. ~~blockade was foolish——After such a convoy of provisions was enter'd the place, you could have no thought of reducing it by surprise, you would have redoubled~~

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Δ

Kite - Puss

abled your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have dy'd upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, and push'd it with all my forces; but I was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a mistress, I have alter'd my conduct, given my address the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a goodess, she us'd you like a dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all. — Come, *Wor-*
~~thy, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring~~
~~you together; you must not think to surmount her~~
~~pride by your humility: wou'd you bring her to bet-~~
~~ter thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner~~
~~opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing~~

that I would do, should be to ~~be with her chamber-~~
~~maid, and hire three or four wenches in the neigh-~~
~~bourhood to report that I had got them with child~~

~~Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty women~~
~~in town, and left her out; or, what if we made a~~
~~ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the~~
~~ugliest.~~

Wor. These wou'd be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, ~~no lampoons, no~~ —

Plume. What! ~~no ballads!~~ and so many recruit-
ing officers in town? ~~I thought 'twas a maxim among~~
~~them, to leave as many recruits in the country as they~~
~~carry'd out.~~

Wor. Nobody doubts your good ^{But} will, noble captain,
~~in serving your country with your hot blood, witness~~
~~our friend Molly at the castle; there have been tears~~
~~in town about that business, captain.~~

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O, ~~sir, have you thought of her?~~ I began
to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*.

Plume. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my
head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had ~~once agreed some~~

A 6 might have been Man & Wife

A

make love to

young man

have you forgotten

12 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

~~to bed together, cou'd we have adjust'd preliminaries; but the wou'd have the wedding before consummation, and I was for confirmation before the wedding, she cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obstinate fool, and wou'd lose her maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for Plume.~~

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other conditions?

Certainly not;

Plume. ~~Your pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no condition at all, if I shou'd, I am resolv'd never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. Suppose I marry'd a woman that wanted a leg—such a thing might be, unless I examin'd the goods before-hand. If people wou'd but try one another's constitutions, before they engag'd, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.~~

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say, that—

~~Plume. I hate country towns for that reason—~~

If your town has a dishonourable thought of *Sylvia*, it deserves to be burnt to the ground—I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous disposition—

~~There's something in that girl more than woman, her sex is but a foil to her. The ingratitude, dissimulation, envy, pride, avarice, and vanity of her siles females do but set off their contraries in her'— In short, were I once a general, I wou'd marry her.~~

Wor. Faith, you have reason—for were you but a corporal, she wou'd marry you—But my *Melinda* coquets it with every fellow she sees— I'll lay fifty pound she makes love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it, if she does— Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, faith; I wou'd not value the conquest, without the credit of the victory.

Enter

Wedding

& suppose I were to marry a woman who wanted
a leg - & if people would but try one another
before they engaged &

5

Melinda
Sylvia

R. Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, captain, a word in your ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but friends. + 112

Kite. You know, sir, that you sent me to comfort ~~the girl woman in the draw~~, Mrs. Molly——my wife, Mr. Worthby. 5

Wor. O ho! very well, I wish you joy, Mr. Kite.

Kite. Your worship very well may——for I have got both ~~my~~ wife and child in half an hour——But as I was saying——you sent me to comfort Mrs. Molly——my wife I mean——But what d'ye think, sir? she was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how!

Kite. Why, sir, a footman in ~~blue~~ livery had brought her ten guineas ~~to buy her baby clothes~~.

Plume. Who, in the name of wonder cou'd send them?

Kite. Nay, sir, I must whisper that——Mrs. Sylvia.

Plume. Sylvia! Generous creature!

Wor. Sylvia? Impossible!

Kite. Here are the guineas, sir.——I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay, farther sir, ~~she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother.~~ The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, call'd after me, and told me, that his lady wou'd speak with me——I went, and upon hearing that you were come to town, she gave me half a guinea for the news: and order'd me to tell you, that justice Ballance, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a girl for you, *Worthby*——Is there any thing of woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship; ~~show me another woman that wou'd lose an inch of her prerogative that way, without tears, fits and reproaches. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their aversion of pleasure, she defies, and can part with the lover, tho' she dies for~~ the

THE RECRUITING OFFICER:

~~the man~~—Come, *Worthy*—Where's the best wine?
For there I'll quarter. *Head Clerk*

Wor. Horton has a fresh pipe of choice ~~Ramsden~~
which I wou'd not let him pierce before, because I
referv'd ~~the maidenhead of~~ it for your welcome to town.

Plume. Let's away then——*Mr. Kite*, go to the
lady with my humble service, and tell her, I shall
only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*,—have you seen the other recruit-
ing captain?

Kite. No, fir, I'd have you to know I don't keep
such company. *Suit R.*

Plume. Another! Who is he?

Wor. My rival in the first place, and the most un-
accountable fellow——but I'll tell you more as we
go. [Exeunt.]

Change

SCENE, *An Apartment.* 19-

[*Melinda and Sylvia meeting.* *R.*]

Mel. Welcome to town, cousin *Sylvia*, [*Salute.*] I
envy'd your retreat in the country: ~~for I can assure you, that~~
~~nothink, and all your heads of thires, are the most~~
~~irregular places for living;~~ here we have smook, noise,
scandal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every
thing to give the spleen—and nothing to divert it—
then the air is intolerable. *f. Shrewsbury*

Syl. O madam! I have heard the town commended
for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I
have lived in't! ~~for I can assure you, that~~ to a lady,
the least nice in her constitution——no air can be good
above half a year. Change of air, I take to be the
most agreeable variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin *Melinda*, there are several
sort of airs.

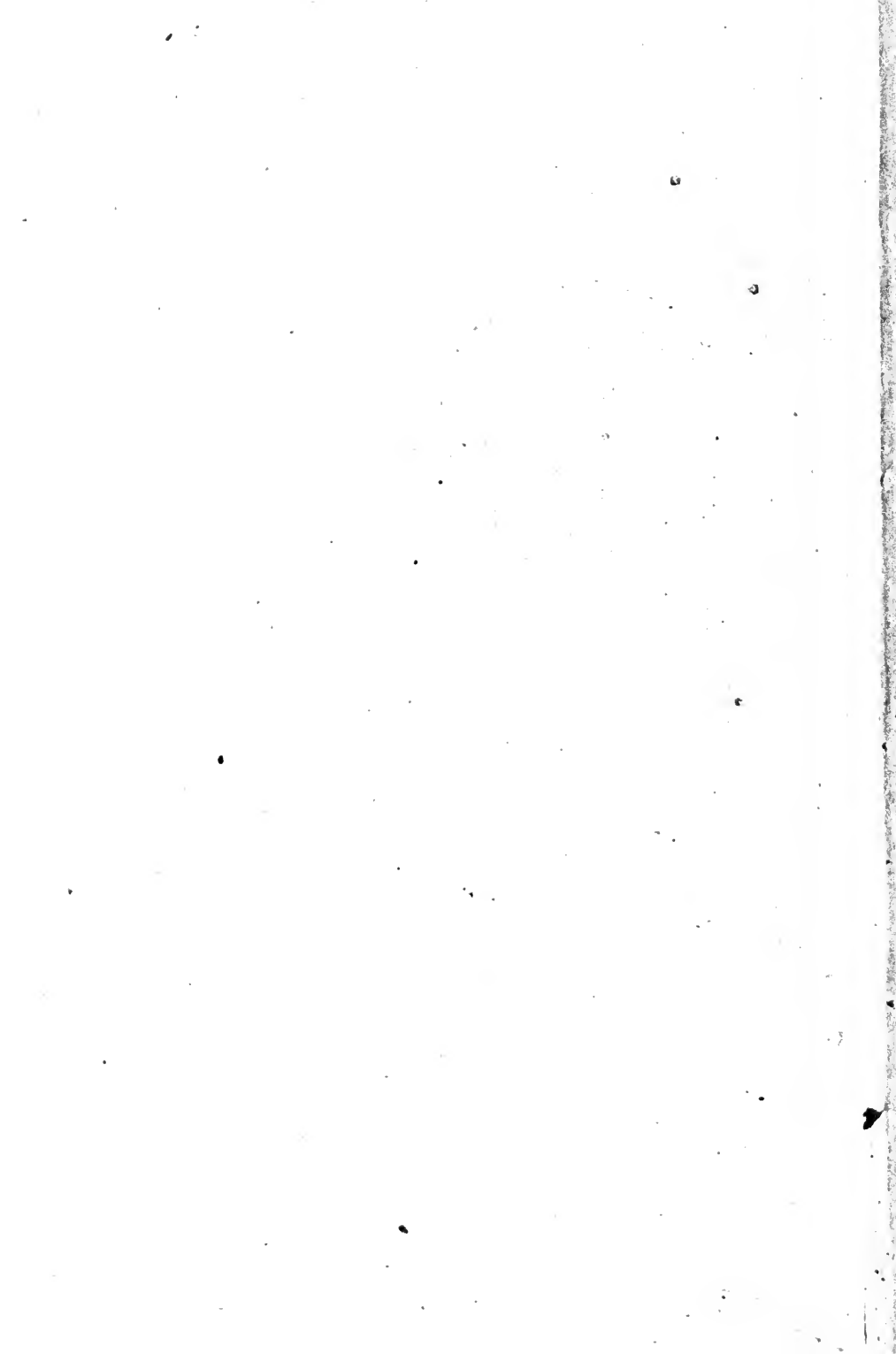
Mel. Pshaw! I talk only of the air we breathe, or
more properly of that we taste——Have not you,
Sylvia, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air?
taste

R.H

no 9-

.....



taste air! you might as well tell me, I might feed upon air: but pr'ythee, ~~my~~ dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the *Welch* mountains made our fingers ake in a cold morning at ~~the~~ boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of an horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled with neither spleen, cholick, nor vapours; I need no salts for my stomach, no harts-horn for my head, nor wash for my complexion. I can gallop all the morning after the hunting-horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. ~~In short, I can do every thing with my father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I'm sure I can do every thing my mother could, were I put to the trial.~~

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin.

Syl.—*And there's a pleasure sure*

In being mad, which none but madmen know. — *FL*

Mel. Thou poor romantick *Quixote*!—Hast thou the vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly officer, that rambles o'er half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice, ~~in an obscure part of the world?~~

Syl. Pshaw! what care I for his thoughts; I shou'd not like a man with confin'd thoughts; it shews a narrowness of soul. ~~Constancy is but a dull sleepy quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly virtues; nor do I think it deserves a place with bravery, knowledge, policy, justice, and some other qualities that are proper to that noble sex.~~ In short, *Melinda*, I think a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my sex.

Mel. ~~That is, you are tir'd of an appendix to our sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in petticoats,~~

Q.

Act

B. Mel. ~~What if you were a breecher~~—O' my conscience, *Sylva*, hadst thou been a man, thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the world, which a man can never do thorough, without half a hundred friendships, and as many amours but now I think on't, how stands your affair with *Mr. Worthy*?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, ~~madam~~?

Syl. I say, that you should not use that hopeful fellow so inhumanly. He's a gentleman of parts and fortune; and besides that, he's my *Plume's* friend, and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in ~~man~~ ~~breecher~~ in good earnest—But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly coxcomb.

Indeed Syl. ^o madam! you never saw him, perhaps since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, madam?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, madam.

Mel. Better it had, madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship's as plain as ~~me~~ to the full. *S. m*

Mel. Were I sure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a rake, ~~only~~ officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e madam, you're in your own house.

Mel. And if you had kept in your's, I shou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, madam, I shan't desire to have my visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl.

6
L. Sacz — Letter

23 1/2 -

714 6 -

1

Balance - Again D^t Little
Oliver - Paper

THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 17

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations and so, madam, your humble servant. *[Exit R.]*

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, madam?

Mel. Did you not see the proud nothing, how she swell'd upon the arrival o' her fellow.

Luc. ~~Her fellow has not been let's enough arriv'd to occasion any great swelling, madam;~~ I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't if I can help it—~~Let me see—~~ I have it—Bring me pen and ink ~~hold, I'll go write in my closet.~~

Luc. An answer to this letter, I hope, madam?

[Presents a letter.]

Mel. Who sent it?

Luc. Your captain, madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tir'd of him, send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The messenger's gone, madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write.

[Exeunt.]

Mel. E.
Lucy - R.

24

A C T II.

SCENE, *E. An Apartment.*

25

1

R. *Enter Justice Ballance and Plume.*

Ball. Look'e, captain, give us but ~~bread~~ for our money, and you shan't want men. ~~I remember that for some years of the last war, we had no blood, no wounds, but in the officers mouths; nothing for our millions but news-papers not worth a reading—Our army did nothing but play at prison-bars, and hide and seek with the enemy; but now ye have brought us colours, and standards, and prisoners—~~ Ad's my life, captain, get us but another ~~martial of France, and I'll go myself for a soldier.~~

Plume. Pray, Mr. Ballance, how does your fair daughter?

Ball

18 THE RECRUITING OFFICER:

2.

Ball. Ah, captain? what is my daughter to a marshal of France? We're upon a nobler subject, I want to have a particular description of the battle of ~~Martin~~.

Plume. The battle, sir, was a very pretty battle ~~no~~ ~~any one should desire to see~~, but we were all so intent upon victory, that we never minded the battle: All that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the ~~Enemy~~, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia*?

enemy

Ball. Still upon *Sylvia*! For shame, captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the war; victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a mistress, I confess; but as a friend, Mr. *Ballance*—

seduce

Ball. Come, come, captain, never mince the matter, wou'd not you ~~seduce~~ my daughter, if you cou'd.

Plume. How, sir! I hope she's not to be ~~seduced~~.

man

Ball. Faith, but she is, sir; ~~and any woman in England of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and vigour.~~

Look'e, captain, once I was young, and ~~was~~ an officer as you are; and I can guets at your thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I wou'd have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the comparison breaks: the favours, sir, that—

Ball. Pho, pho, I hate set speeches; if I have done you any service captain, 'twas to please myself; ~~I love~~ ~~thee~~, and if I could part with my girl, you shou'd have her as soon as any young fellow I know: but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service; and the more prudence than to follow the camp; but she's at her own disposal, she has fifteen hundred pounds in her pocket, and so—*Sylvia, Sylvia.*

[Calls. Enter

2.
Sylvia 2^{ce}

slant

slanted

3

L. Servant } Croper
L. James }
William }

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

3

L. Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are some letters, sir, come by the post from London, I left them upon the table in your closet.

Ball. And here is a gentleman from ~~Germany~~. [*Pre-
sents Plume to her.*] Captain you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my letters and wait on you. X & [*Exit.* L.]

above

L.

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Plume. You are indebted to me a welcome, madam, since the hope of receiving it from this fair hand, was the principal cause of my seeing England.

L. Syl. I have often heard, that soldiers were sincere, shall I venture to believe publick report?

M. Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private insurance; for I swear, madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet; ~~and~~ ~~you will~~ but you know, sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My will, madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open the ~~document~~ ~~which was drawn the evening before the battle of~~ ~~Alford~~, you will find whom I left my heir.

*paper
our let
Bottle*

Syl. Mrs Sylvia Ballance, [*Opens the will and reads.*] Well, captain, this is a handsome and a substantial compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I shou'd have been in the possession of your legacy ~~but~~ ~~and~~ ~~think~~ ~~for~~ you shou'd have left some thing to your little boy at the Castle.

Plume. That's home, [*Aside.*] My little boy! Lack-a-day, madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine, ~~why~~ the girl, madam, is my serjeant's wife, and so the poor creature gave out that I was father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity. — That was all, madam — My boy! No, no, no.

*my friends
ought to support
her*

Enter L.

L - Enter ~~James~~ ^{Servant} *Williams*.
Serv. Madam, my master has receiv'd some ill news from London, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the captain's pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd. *Exit L.*

Plum. Ill news! Heavens avert it, nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assur'd, that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my *Sylvia*, he shall freely command both.

~~*Syl.* The necessity must be very pressing, that would engage me to endanger either.~~

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Change

SCENE, ^{2^d} *Another apartment.*
L - Enter *Ballance* and *Sylvia*.

Syl. Whilst there is life, there is hope, sir? perhaps my brother may recover.

Ball. We have but little reason to expect it; the doctor acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no son——Poor *Owen*!——But the decree is just, I was pleas'd with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punish'd with the loss of an heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only hope of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts, and new prospects.

L *Syl.* My desire ^{to be} ~~of being~~ punctual in my obedience requires that you would be plain in your commands, sir.

Ball. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about ~~and~~ 2000 pounds a year: this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality, and a title; you must set a just value upon yourself, and in plain terms, think no more of Captain *Plume*.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman, sir.
Ball.

Plum & N.
Sylvia - L.

~~Pelastor Chant~~
"Green Room"

R. L
Dorothy

THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 21

Ball. And I do so still, he's a very pretty fellow; but tho' I like him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family; fifteen hundred pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness, but,—odds my life, ~~twelve hundred~~ ²⁰⁰⁰ pounds a year would ruin him, quite turn his brain: a captain of foot worth ~~twelve hundred~~ ²⁰⁰⁰ pound a year! 'tis a prodigy in nature: ~~Besides this, I have five or six thousand~~

~~pounds in woods upon my estate. O! that would make him stark mad: for you must know, that all captains have a mighty aversion to timber, they can't endure to see trees standing: then I shou'd have some rogue of a builder, by the help of his damn'd magick art, transform my noble oaks and elms into cornishes, portals, fashes, birds, beasts and devils, to adorn some magotty, new-fashion'd bauble upon the *Tobacco*; and then I shou'd have a dog of a gardener bring a *babeas corpus* for my *terra firma*, remove it to *Chelsea*, or *Tavistockham*, and clap it into grass-plate and gravel-walk.~~

Enter ~~Justice Ballance~~ *W. Williams*

Ser. Sir, here's one with a letter below for your worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, shew me the messenger.

[Exit with ~~Servant~~ *W.]*

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.—If my brother dies, ah poor brother! if he lives, ah poor sister! 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again.—Follow my own inclinations, and break my father's heart; or obey his commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate fortune, a pretty fellow and a pad; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass.—That will never do neither.

Enter Justice Ballance ~~and Servant~~

Ball. Put four horses to the coach. *[To a servant who goes out.]* ~~Ho, Sylvia.~~

Syl. Sit.

Ball.

22 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Ball. How old were you when your mother dy'd?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then, *Sylvia*, I must beg that once in your life you wou'd grant me a favour.

Syl. Why shou'd you question it, sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advise of your friend; that you wou'd take the coach this moment, and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you receiv'd just now?

Ball. No matter, I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons—But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, sir.

Ball. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man, without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent, and so, *Sylvia*, the coach is ready; farewell. [*Leads her to the door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer.

{ *Reads.*

S I R,

MY intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him, that he had from his friend Captain Plume; and my friendship and relation to your family, oblige me to give you timely notice of it: the Captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin *Sylvia*. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended, and that you wou'd immediately send my cousin into the country, is the advice of,

Sir, your humble servant,

M E L I N D A.

Why

Exit Syl. R.

Written

Sylvia doljens.

5

Kate — 2 Quince

Apples

Pearmain

Prob.

5

THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 23

Why the devil's in the young fellows of this age, they are ten times worse than they were in my time; ~~and he made my daughter a whore, and forswore to be a gentleman, I could have almost pardon'd it, but to tell tales before hand is monstrous~~ — Hang it, I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and feather? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy. R.

Worthy! your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, sir, to be the messenger of ill news.

Ball. I apprehend it, sir, you have heard that my son *Owen* is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, sir. *much*

Ball. He's happy, and I'm satisfy'd: the strokes of Heaven I can bear; but injuries from men, *Mr. Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, sir, you're under no apprehension of wrong from any body.

Ball. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour, in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you shou'd.

Ball. This letter, sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a design upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author, (*Takes up a bit.*) Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. (*Going. R.*)

Ball. Hold, sir, the contents I have told you already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with *Mr. Worthy* had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! Dear sir, let me pick up the pieces of this letter; 'twill give me such a hank upon her pride, to have her own an intimacy under her hand: this was the luckiest accident! (*Gathering up the letter.*) The aspersion, sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a little quarrel between her and *Miss Sylvia*.

Ball.

24 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Ball. Are you sure of that, sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle, just now, as she over-heard it. But I hope, sir, your daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the account.

Ball. No, no, poor girl, she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company, she begg'd leave to be gone into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, sir!—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough, women are as subject to pride as men are; and why mayn't great women, as well as great men, forget their old acquaintance?—But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal—I'm glad my daughter's gone fairly off tho'. (*Aside.*) Where does the captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Ball. Your pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a day or two to the death of my son: the decorum of mourning is what we owe the world, because they pay it to us. Afterwards, I'm yours over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Change

S C E N E, *The Street.*

R. Enter *Kite*, with *Costar Pear-main* in one hand, and *Thomas Apple-tree* in the other, drunk.

Kite sings.

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away—Over, &c.

[*The mob* sings the chorus.

H's

Balance - 1.
Worth - 2.

"W. Grice & Co. Bank"

6

Li. Capt Plume. P. Book. Money

6

*We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills, and far away—Over, &c.*

Kite. Hey boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play: we live, as one shou'd say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—We are all princes—Why—why, you are a king—You are an emperor, and I'm a prince—now—an't we—

X G

Tho. No, serjeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. No, I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing-act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done: you are a justice of peace, and you are *an Emperor* a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Cost. Ay, but I'll be no king.

~~Kite. What then?~~

~~Cost. I'll be a queen~~

~~Kite. A queen?~~

Cost. Ay, *Queen* of England, that's greater than any king of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith; huzza for the *King* [Huzza!] But heark'e, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. *King* *Queen*, did you never see the king's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em fet in gold, and as like his majesty, ~~God~~ blefs the mark. See here, they are fet in gold,

[Takes two guineas out of his pocket, gives one to each.]

Tho. The wonderful works of Nature!

[Looking at it.]

Cost. What's this writing about? Here's a poly, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*—What's that, serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus*?—Why, *Carolus* is Latin for king *George*; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard—serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

B

Kite.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know; I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old friend, when I am over the hills, and far away. *[They sing, and put up the money.]*

U.E. L

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain:
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Come on my men of mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: who are these hearty lads? L

P.C. *Kite.* Off with your hats; 'ounds off with your hats: this is the captain, the captain.

Tbo. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

R.C. *Cost.* Ay, and lieutenant captains too; s'flesh, I'll keep on my nab.

Tbo. And I'fe scarcely d'off' mine for any captain in England: my vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are these jolly lads, serjeant?

X L.C. *Kite.* A couple of honest brave fellows that are willing to serve the king: I have entertain'd 'em just now, as volunteers, under your honour's command.

X L.C. *Plume.* And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want, those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals. *Goes a little*

Cost. *Tbo.* Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! are you listed?

Tho. *Cost.* Flesh! not I: are you *Costar*?

Cost. *Tbo.* Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not listed! ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, I'faith.

Cost. Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home. *Going to*

Tbo. Ay, ay, come.

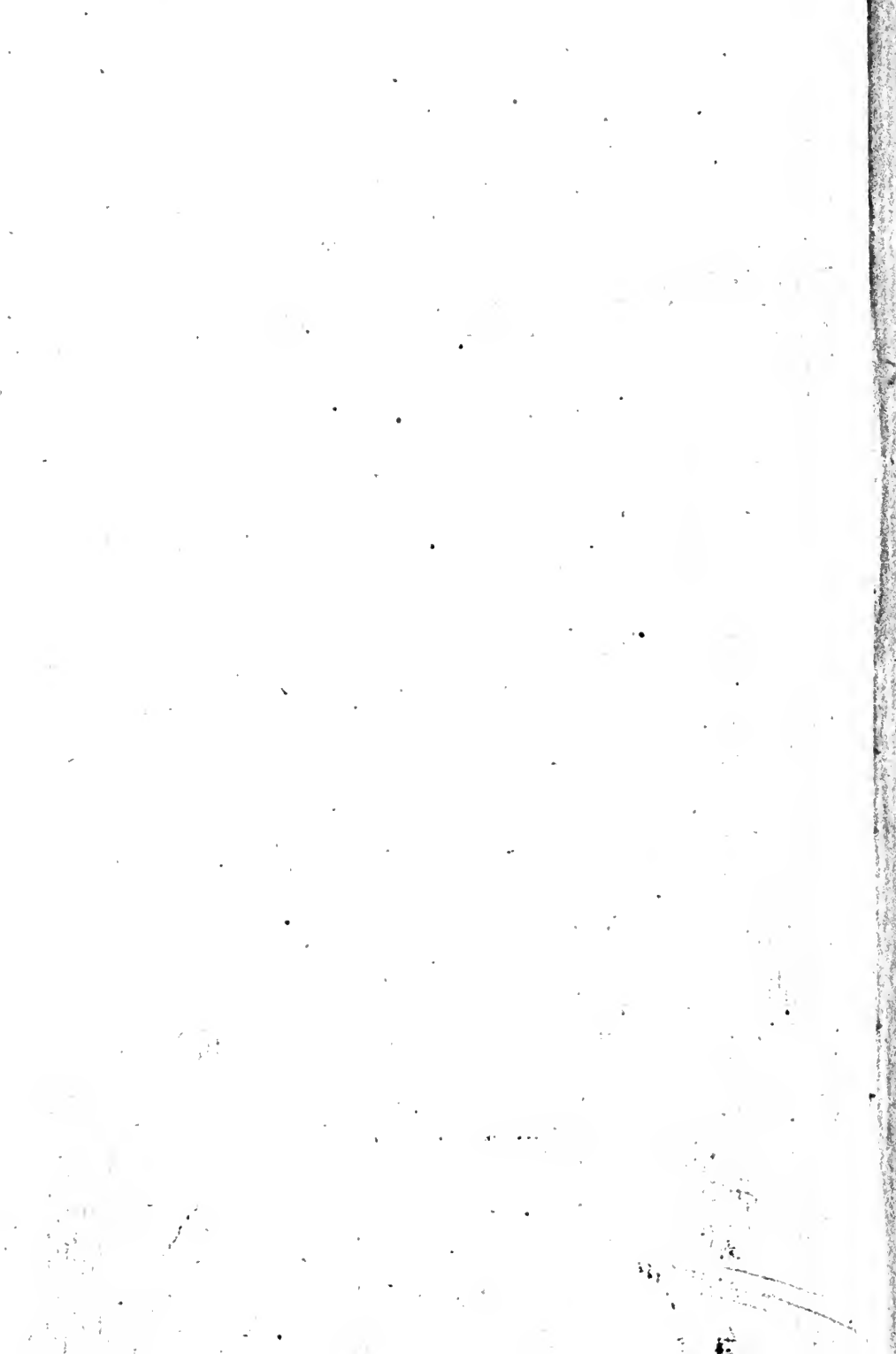
X L.C. *Kite.* Home! for shame, gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your captain: dear *Tummas*, honest *Costar*.

Tbo. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both centinels in this place, for two hours, to watch

Dance

.....
.....



watch the motion of St. *Mary's* clock, you; and you the motion of St. *Chad's*: and he that dares stir from his post, till he be reliev'd, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

on R.

L.C. *Plume.* What's the matter, serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

L.C. *Kite.* I'm too mild, sir! they disobey command, sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an example to the other.

R.C. *Coff.* Shot, *Tummas?* *Looking over his R. Shoulder*
Plume. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter? *X L.C.*

Tbo. We don't know! the noble serjeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, sir, — but —

Kite. They disobey command, they deny their being listed.

Tbo. Nay, serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot: but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the king's money?

Coff. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd one and twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Coff. Wounds, if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent six-pence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain. *Produce the money?*

Tbo. And I: look ye here, sir. *Do*

Coff. Nothing but the king's picture, that the serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea, one and twenty shillings; t'other has the fellow on't.

L.C. *Plume.* The case is plain, gentlemen, the goods are found upon you: those pieces of gold are worth one and twenty shillings each.

Coff. So it seems, that *Carolus* is one and twenty shillings in *Latin*.

Tbo. 'Tis the same thing in *Greek*, for we are listed.

Coff. Flesh! but we an't, *Tummas*: I desire to be carry'd before the mayor, captain.

[Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.]
B 2 *Plume.*

28 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*—— your damn'd tricks will ruin me at last—— ~~I won't lose the fellows tho', if I can help it——~~ Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tbo. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me, or neighbour *Coster* here, to take such an oath, 'twou'd be downright perjury.

Plume. Look'e, rascal, you villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog—— Come, how was't? *(To them.)*

Tbo. Nay then, we'll speak; your serjeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon—— and——

Cost. Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak; you know I can ~~swear~~—— And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present. *(Draws his sword.)*

Plume. How! by way of a present! the son of a ~~whore!~~ *fan!* I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows, like you! scoundrel, rogue, villain!

[Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.] *L.*

Botb. O brave noble captain! huzza! a brave captain, 'faith.

Cost. Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is *Latin* for a beating: this is the bravest captain I ever saw—— wounds I have a month's mind to go with him.

Enter Plume. *L.*

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you ~~are!~~—— Look'e, gentlemen, I ~~love a pretty fellow~~ I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper, to steal slaves. *X/M*

I. Cost. Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me, but as I went myself: I went a volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carry'd a musket, and now I command a company.

R. Tbo. Mind that, *Costar*: a sweet gentleman.

Plume.

7
Kite

2
Whispering Coaster

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets, my serjeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing; you are both of you at your liberty. *X D* *Goer up*

Cost. Thank you, noble captain—I-cod, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, wou'd he always hold in this mind. *(Comes down C)*

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours: what think you now of a purse of ~~Five~~ gold out of ~~a~~ *an enemy's* pocket, after you have dash'd out his brains with a but-end of your firelock? eh!

single Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear Costar;

[Cries and pulls back his arm.]

Cost. I wull—I wull—I wull—Waunds, my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand, and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your friend with you if you can. *X* *Is behind*

[Aside.]

Cost. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar, I cannot leave thee—Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honest simpler lads in your company, than we two have been, I'll say no more. *X M.*

Plume. Here, my lad, *[Gives him money.]* Now your name?

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Plume. And yours.

Cost. Costar Pearmain.

Plume. Well said Costar! Born where?

Plume, enters their names in his pocket-book.
Tho.

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Tho. Duck ^{*Yorkshire*} ~~*An Hertfordshire*~~

Plume. Very well; courage, my lads— Now we'll sing, *Over the hills, and far away.*

Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten

banister

But we return all gentlemen,

While conquering colours we display,

Over the hills and far away.

Kite, take care of 'em.

Exit L.

L

Enter Kite, with Halberd.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows now! here you have complain'd to the captain, I am to be turn'd out, and one of you will be serjeant. "Which of you is to have my halberd?"

"Both Recruits. I.

"Kite. So you shall—in your guts—" *But in*

~~some new times, march you sons of whores~~

[Beats them off.]

25-

ACT III.

SCENE, The market-place.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes: we lov'd two ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, Fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts, ~~magnets fill their heads,~~ ~~and she takes 'em by the tails, they snort, kick up their heels,~~ and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore ~~a couple of poor melancholy monsters.~~ What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor,

Wor's ready

*Plume
Worthy
Kite*

Plumer Aid you?
Costar - In Somersetshire - I might have been born
in Gloucestershire, if I'd liked.

25. M.

"Conduit St." 1

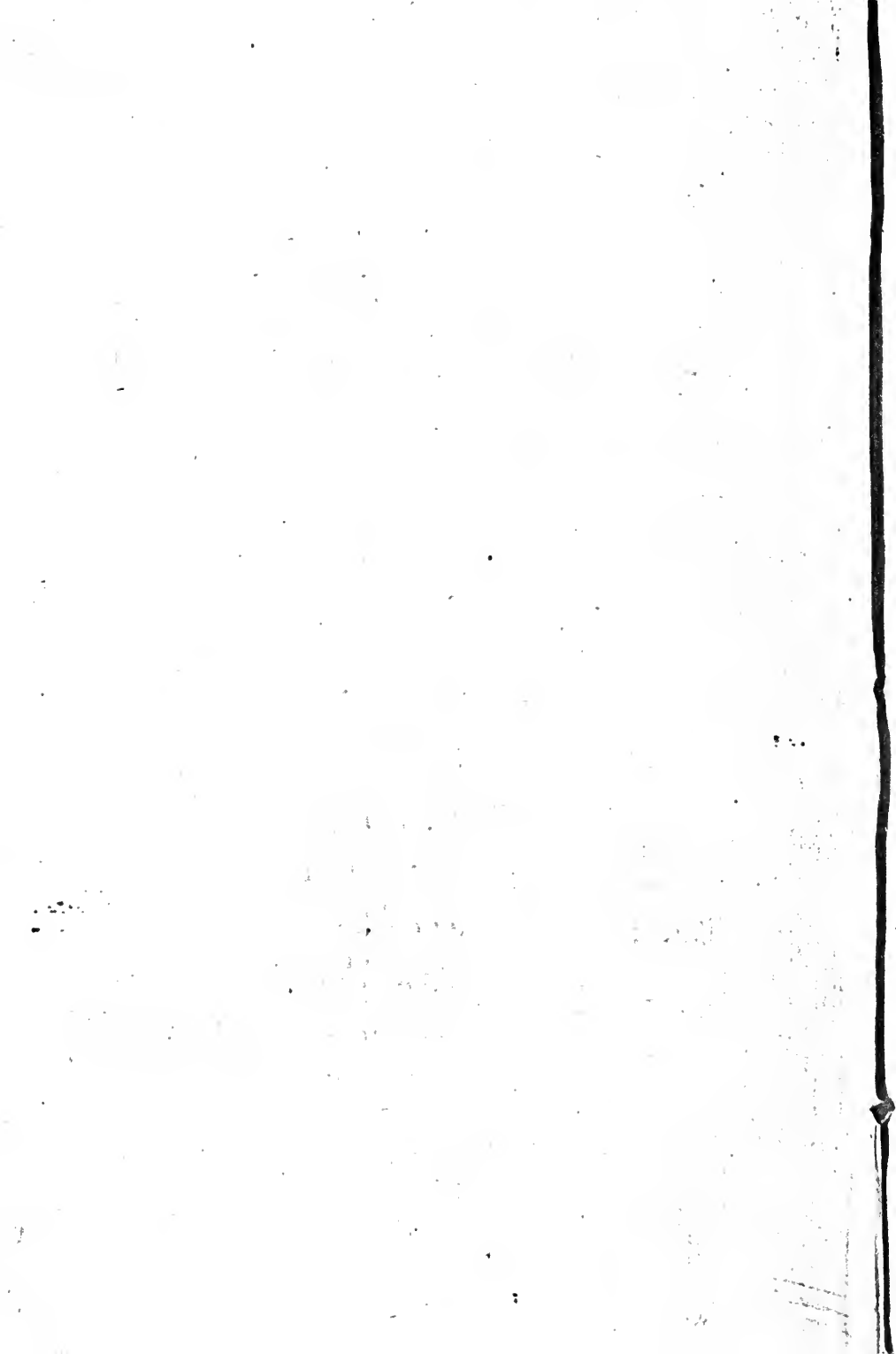
Plumer

Worthy

Kitt

Ballock

Rose — Basket



Wor. No?

Plume. No; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman. were she worth twelve thousand a year; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred ———
The generous good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her ~~shape~~, I admire; but the haughty, scornful *Sylvia*, with her fortune, I despise ——— What sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, ~~a line, a compliment.~~ ———
'Sdeath! how far off does she live? i'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window-bars too, to come at her ——— Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, sir! look yonder, she's coming this way: 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest little tit!

Plume. Now *Worthy*, to shew you how much I am in love; — here she comes: But *Kite*, what is that great country fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, sir.

Enter Rose, followed by her brother Bullock, with chickens on her arm in a basket.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Plume. Here, you chickens! &

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, sir? *X to Plume*

Wor. Yes child, we'll both buy. *X behind to L of Rose*

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for your self — come child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service. [*Courtesies.*]

Wor. Then must I shift for myself, I find. [*Exit. #L.*]

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say.

[*Chucks her under the chin.*]

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom, my dear.

Rose. Nay, for what matter, put in your hand?

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2.
~~fool fir~~; I warrant my ware as good as any in the market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose, Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the price, they're fine birds—Pray what's your name, pretty creature?

Rose. Rose, sir: My father is a farmer within three short mile o' the town; ~~we keep this market~~: I sell chickens, eggs, and butter, and my brother Bullock there sells corn.

Bullock, Come, sister, haste, we shall be late hoame. *[Whistles about the stage.]*

Plume. Kite! *[Tips him the wink, he returns it.]*
 Pretty Mrs. Rose—you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen, sir, and they are richly worth 2 crown.

Bull. Come, ~~Ruofe~~, I sold fifty strakes of barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a penny, more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oaf! I can make as much out of a goat, as you can out of four-pence, I'm sure—the gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, fir, I say, for 2 crown's piece, the bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, fir.

Plume. Indeed! ~~indeed~~, but you can—my lodging is hard by, chicken, and we'll ~~make~~ change there.

[Goes off, she follows him.]

Kite. So, fir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these Hussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his teeth with a palisado.

Bull. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things; but pray, fir, what is a rabelin?

Kite.

2.

~~the~~

Le. worthy

/ & no more ...

3

Balance

Bulluck

rough *Kite*. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd pye, but the crust is confounded ~~hard~~, and the plumbs are somewhat hard of digestion.

R. Bull. Then your palifado; pray what may he be? come, *Ruofe*, pray ha' done.

L. Kite. Your palifado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bull. That's a ~~bit~~, I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's *Ruofe*! *Ruofe*! *Ruofe*! s'flesh where *Ruofe* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the captain.

Bull. The captain! Waun's, there's no pressing of women, sure.

Kite. But there is, sure.

Bull. If the captain shou'd pres *Ruofe*, I shou'd be ruin'd—Which way went she! O! the devil take your rabelins and palifadoes. X and [*Exit.* *L.*]

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss my aim.

Enter Worthy. *L.*

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualifi'd?

Kite. You must know, sir, I was born a gipsy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old, there I learn'd canting and lying; I was bought from my mother *Cleopatra*, by a certain nobleman for three guineas, ~~who liking my beauty, made me his page,~~ there I learn'd impudence and pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's linen, and drinking my lady's ratafia, and turn'd bailiff's follower; there I learn'd bullying and swearing. I at last got into the army, and there I learn'd ~~drinking~~ and drinking—So that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, *viz.* Canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, ~~drinking~~, drinking, and a halbert, you will find the sum total amounting to a recruiting serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn soldier?

Kite. Hunger and ambition; the fears of starving,

who took me into his service

A Whore in

and hopes of a truncheon, led me along to a gentleman with a fair tongue, ~~and fair promises~~, who loaded me with promises; but 'gad it was the lightest load that I ever felt in my life—He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so—to a garret in the *Savoy*. I asked him why he put me in prison; he call'd me lying dog, and said I was in garrison; and indeed, 'tis a garrison that may hold out till doomsday before I shou'd desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance and Bullock.

Ball. Here, you serjeant, where's your captain? here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint, that your captain has press'd his sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy*.

Wor. ~~Ho, ha, ha!~~ I know his sister is gone with *Plume* to his lodging, to sell him some chickens.

Ball. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

J. *Bull.* I know that, an't like your worship; but if your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your worship for fear of the worst.

Ball. Thou'rt mad, fellow, thy sister is safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too.

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can list women.

Bull. I knew not whether they list them, or what they do with them, but I am sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your sister;

Bull. Lord, *sr.*, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die; but this gentleman here not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe — you thought no harm, ~~friend~~, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, *sr.*, not I—~~only that, I believe, I shall marry her to-morrow.~~

Ball. I begin to smell powder. Well, friend, but what did that gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, *sr.*, he entertain'd me with a fine story of



A
Brazon

1

of a great sea-fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Wild-Irish*.

Kite. And so, sir, while we were in the heat of battle—the captain carry'd off the baggage.

Ball. Serjeant, go along with this fellow to your captain, give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, tho' he has list'd her. *Go up.*

Bull. Ay, and if he ben't free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the captain's [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Kite and Bullock.* B.]

L. *Ball*. We must get this mad captain his complement of men, and send him packing, else he'll over-run the country.

Wor. You see, sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Ball. I like him the better; I was just such another fellow at his age.

~~... never for my part in any manner so much as to make myself uneasy at the disappointment; but what was very surprizing both to myself and friends, I chang'd o' th' sudden, from the most fickle lover to the most constant hand in the world.~~ But how goes your affair with *Melinda*?

Wor. Very slowly, *Cupid* had formerly wings, but I think, in this age, he goes upon crutches; or I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her cripple *Vulcan* when my amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely; my mistress has got a captain too, but such a captain! as I live, yonder he comes.

Ball. Who? that bluff fellow in the ~~fat~~! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body at first sight, his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living, for he won't be alone, and no body will keep him company twice; then he's a *Cæsar* among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the maid,

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maid, he swears he has ^{left} with the mistress; but the most surprizing part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Ball. ~~I have met with such men, and I take this~~
~~good for nothing memory to proceed from a certain~~
~~contexture of the brain, which is purely adapted to~~
~~impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the~~
~~owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb~~
~~them. I have known a man as perfect as a chrono-~~
~~loger, as to the day and year of most important~~
~~transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the~~
~~consequences of any one thing of mo-~~
~~ment.~~ I have known another acquire so much by
travel, as to tell you the names of most places in
Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues or hours,
as punctually as a post-boy; but for any thing else,
as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, sir, add but the traveller's
privilege of lying, and even that he abuses ~~is~~
the picture; behold the life, *(X to Brazen.)*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. Wortby, I am your servant, and so forth
— Hark'e, my dear.

Wor. Whispering, sir, before company is not man-
ners, and when no body's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company! *mort de ma vie!* I beg the gen-
tleman's pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My dear, I am your servant,
and so forth; — your name, my dear?

Ball. Very Laconick, sir.

Braz. Laconick! a very good name truly: I have
known several of the Laconicks abroad: poor Jack
Laconick! He was kill'd at the battle of ~~_____~~. I
remember that he had a blue ribbon in his hat that
very day, and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's
tongue in his pocket.

Ball. Pray, sir, did the French attack us, or we
them, ~~_____~~

Braz.



5

Rose - Small box - Lacc

To Plumme

Melinda

Lucy

I can't tell, if I can cause me

~~Braz. The French attack us, / Don't, do, are you
Jacobins?~~

Ball. Why that question?

Braz. Because none but a ~~Jacobins could think that~~
~~the French durst attack us~~—No, sir, we attack'd
them on the—I have reason to remember the time,
for I had two and twenty horses kill'd under me that
day.

Wor. Then, sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, sir, ~~like my countrymen~~, you
rid upon half a dozen horses at once.

Braz. What do ye mean, gentlemen? I tell you
they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by cannon-shot,
except six I stak'd to death upon the enemies *Chevaux*
de frise.

Ball. Noble captain, may I crave your name?

C. Brazen, at your service.

R. Ball. Oh, Brazen, a very good name; I have
known several of the Brazens abroad. *(Turns up stage R)*

L. Wor. Do you know one captain Plume, sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to Frank Plume in
Northamptonshire?—Honest Frank! many, many
a dry bottle have we crack'd hand to fist; you must
have known his brother Charles that was concern'd
in the *India Company*, he marry'd the daughter of
old *Tongue-Pad*, the Master in *Chancery*, a very pret-
ty woman, only squinted a little; she dy'd in child-
bed of her first child; but the child surviv'd, 'twas a
daughter, but whether 'twas call'd *Margaret* or *Marg-
ery*, upon my soul, I can't remember, *[Looking on*
bis watch.] But gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a
twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk
by the water—*Worthy*, your servant, *Lacnick*
yours! *[Exit. R.]*

Ball. If you can have so mean an opinion of *Melin-
da*, as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought
to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for
gaining herself a lover, as to set me up a rivalry. Were
there any credit to be given to his words, I should be-
lieve

lieve *Melinda* had made him this assignation; I must go see; sir, you'll pardon me. *X and.* [Exit. *R.*]

Ball. Ay, ay, sir, you're a man of business—But what have we got here?

R. H. E.

Enter Rose singing, with her Basket.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet side-saddle; and I shall go to *London*, and see the tombs, and the lions, and the king. Sir, an please your worship, I have often seen your worship ride through our grounds a hunting, begging your worship's pardon—pray what may this lace be worth a yard?

[*Shewing some lace.*]
(*aside*) *Ball.* Right *Mecklin*, by this light! where did you get this lace, child?

Rose. No matter for that, sir, I came honestly by it.

Ball. I question it much. [*Aside.*]

Rose. And see here, sir, a fine *Turkey-shell* snuff-box, ~~and fine mangare, see here,~~ [*Takes snuff affectedly.*] The captain learn'd me how to take it with an air.

Ball. Oho! the captain! now the murder's out, and so the captain taught you to take it with an air.

Rose. Yes, and give it with an air too——will your worship please to taste my snuff?

[*Offers the box affectedly.*]

Ball. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid. And pray, what did you give the captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two or three sweet-hearts that I have in the country, they shall all go with the captain: O he's the finest man, and the humblest withall; wou'd you believe it, sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own chamber, with as much fam-mam-mill-yararality as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Ball. Oh! he's a mighty familiar gentleman, as can be.

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. But it is not so

Wub

was talked to me

6

4. Brazier

4-worthy

=

3rd

Banks of Severn

6

*With those that go,
Thro' frost and snow,
Most apropos,*

My maid with the milking-pail.

[Takes hold of Rose.

How, the justice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd,
and executed.

Ball. O, my noble captain!

Rose. And my noble captain too, sir.

X^m. Plume. 'Sdeath child, are you mad?—Mr. Bal-
lance, I am so full of business about my recruits, that
I ha'n't a moment's time to—I have just now three
or four people to _____

Ball. Nay, captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I too, captain.

Plume. Any other time, sir,—I cannot for my
life, sir—

Ball. Pray, sir—

Plume. Twenty thousand things—I wou'd—
but—~~you see, pray~~—devil take me—I can-
not—~~stand~~—

X^R.

[Breaks away.

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you.

[Exit. R.

Rose. And I too—

[Exit. R.

SCENE, *the walk by the Severn side.*

Change

R. Enter Melinda, and her maid Lucy.

Mel. And, pray, was it a ring, or buckle, or
~~pendant, or knot,~~ or in what shape was the almighty
gold transform'd, that has brib'd you so much in his
favour?

R. Luc. Indeed, madam, the last bribe I had from the
captain, was only a small piece of Flanders edging for
~~pinnet-tippets. Cap.~~

L. Mel. Ay, Flanders lace is a constant present from
officers to their women, as something else is from their
women to them. They every year bring over a cargo
of lace, to cheat the king of his duty, and his subjects
of their honesty.

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods
for another, madam.

Mel.

lace for a

7
 —
Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk so like a trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me, as if
 were my fault; the crime is none of mine, tho' I pre-
 tend to excuse it: Tho' he shou'd not see you this
 week, can I help it? But I was saying, madam—his
 friend, captain *Plume*, has so taken him up these two
 days—

Mel. Psha! wou'd his friend, the captain, were ty'd
 upon his back. I warrant, he has never been sober
 since that confounded captain came to town: the
 devil take all officers, I say—they do the nation more
 harm by debauching us at home, than they do good
 by defending us abroad. No sooner a captain comes
 to town, but all the young fellows flock about him,
 and we can't keep a man to ourselves.

Luc. One wou'd imagine, madam, by your concern
 for *Worby's* absence, that you shou'd use him better
 when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concerned for
 his absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said
 to me these two days: One may like the love, and de-
 spise the lover, I hope; as one may love the traitor,
 and hate the traitor: O! here comes another captain,

Fellow
 and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to
 me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has
 the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Luc. If he shou'd speak o'th' assignation, I shou'd be
 ruin'd.

Enter Brazen.

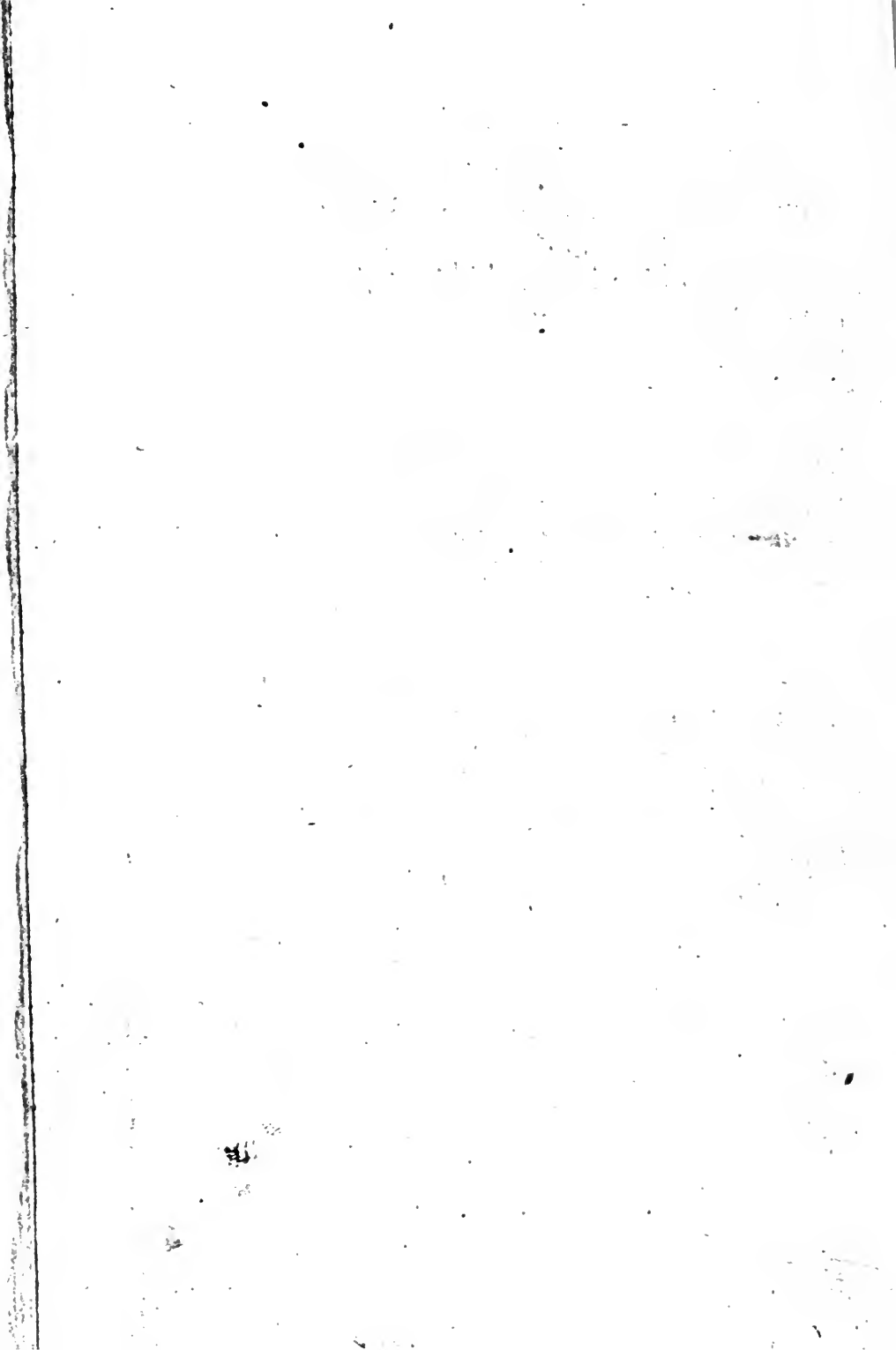
Braz. True to the touch. Faith! [*Aside*] madam, I
 am your humble servant, and all that, madam? A
 fine river this fame *Severn*—Do you love fishing,
 madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for
 you must know, madam, that I have serv'd in *Flanders*
 against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*,
 and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so
 much

7
Is. Plural
=

Exit R.



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much in love before; and split me, madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment: but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, madam—But there are brutes among us too, very sad brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable—I have had very considerable offers, madam—I might have marry'd a German princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a year, but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a Turkish *Bashaw* fell in love with me too, when I was prisoner among the infidels; she offer'd to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me: but I don't know how, my time was not come; hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny. Fate has reserv'd me for a *Sbropshire* lady worth twenty thousand pounds—Do you know any such person madam?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb! [*Aside.*] To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune wou'd be proud of the name of Mrs. *Brazen*.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, madam, there are women of very good quality of ~~the name~~ *the name* *Brazen* *short and among*

Enter *Worthy*.

Mel. O! are you there, gentleman?—Come,

captain, we'll walk this way, give me your hand *down*

Braz. My ~~kind~~ heart's blood and ~~guts~~ *down* at your service—Mr. *Worthy*, your servant, my dear. *down*

[*Exit, leading Melinda.*]

Wor. Death and fire! this is not to be borne.

Enter *Plume*.

Plume. No more it is, faith. *Plume*

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March* beer at the *Raven*; I have been doubly serving the king, raising men, and raising the excise—Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise. *He! he!*

Wor. You an't drunk.

Plume.

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Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I cou'd be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolick.

~~*Plume.* As fit as close pinner for a peak in the pit.~~

Wor. There's your play then, recover me that vessel from that *Tangerine*.

X R Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to-day; she is call'd the *Melinda*, a first-rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but according to your advice I wou'd take no notice, because I wou'd seem to be above a concern for her behaviour; but have a care of a quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my cups but an oyster wench, or a cook-maid; and if they been't civil, I knock 'em down. ~~my friend, I'll make love, and I will make love. I tell you what, I'll make love like a platoon.~~

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

~~*Plume.* I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, 'faith; most of us are gain'd by platooning.~~

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [Exit.]

Plume. Soh! now must I look as sober, and as demure, as a whore at a christening. ~~retires up.~~

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, madam?

Mel. A brother-officer of yours, I suppose, sir.

Braz. Ay—My dear [To *Plume*]

Plume. My dear! [*Braz.* and *Melinda*]

Braz. My dear boy, how is't? Your name, my dear? if I be not mistaken I have seen your face.

Plume. I never saw yours in my life, my dear—But there's a face well known, as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all ador'd. *X M.*

Braz. Have you any pretensions, sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

Plume. I have serv'd at home, sir, for ages served this cruel fair—And that will serve the turn, sir.

Mel.

Courtezan

k. $\frac{v}{\text{Sylva}}$

2. E.

9

L. Kite

L. Kite

R. Mel. So between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands—
~~I could consent to be friend with him, would he come this way.~~ *[Aside.]*

Braz. Will you fight for the lady, sir?

Plume. No, sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

*Thou peerless princess of Salopian's plains,
 Envy'd by Nymphs, and worship'd by the Swains.* *she shall be mine*

Braz. Oons, sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Pr'ythee be quiet—I shall be out—

*Behold, how humbly does the Severn glide,
 To greet thee, princess of the Severn side.*

Braz. Don't mind him, madam—*if he were not so well dress'd, I should take him for a poort.* But I'll show you the difference presently—Come, madam, *we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her.* *[Draws.]*

Mel. *[Sbricking.]*

Enter Worthy. L. 2. E.

Oh! Mr. Worthy, save me from these madmen.

Exit with Worthy. E.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, sir? and fight the bold ravisher.

Braz. No, sir, you are my man. *My dear*

Plume. I don't like *the* wages, I won't be your man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Plume. ~~Then they had a dear bargain.~~

Enter Sylvia in Man's Apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye, gentlemen.

Braz. My dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently—Your name, *+*

my dear? *Syl. Wilful; Jack Wilful, at your service.*

Braz. What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire.

Syl. Both, sir, both; I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe, and I'm head of the family at present. *+*

Plume. *+*

Plume. Do you live in this country, fir?

Syl. Yes, fir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, nor habitations, beyond this spot of ground.

Braz. What are you, fir?

Syl. A rake. *my dear*.

Plume. In the army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately—Look'e, gentlemen, he that bids the fairest, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a corporal this minute.

L. *Plume.* Corporal! I'll make you my companion, you shall eat with me.

R. *Braz.* You shall drink with me.

~~*Plume.* You shall lie with me, you *my dear*.~~

~~*Braz.* You shall receive your pay, and do no duty.~~

G. *Syl.* Then you must make me a field officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, fir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your business is done——I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in town; pray which of you is captain *Plume*?

Plume. I am captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I am captain *Plume*.

Syl. Hey day!

Plume. Captain *Plume*! I'm your servant, my dear.

Bra. Captain *Brazen*! I am yours—the fellow dares not fight. *[Aside.*

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please—

~~*Syl.*~~ *[Goes to whisper Plume.*

Plume. No, no, there's your captain. Capt. *Plume*, your serjeant has got so drunk, he mistake me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible sot.—Here my *Heitor* of *Holborn*, here's forty shillings for you.

Plume.

Grenadiers Uniform

R.
Act

Plume. I forbid the banns.—Look'e, friend, you shall list with captain *Brazen*.

Syl. I will see captain *Brazen* hang'd first: I will list with captain *Plume*, I am a free-born *Englishman*, and will be a slave my own way—Look'e, fir, will you stand by me! [*To Brazen.*]

Braz. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I ~~will~~ tell you, captain *Brazen*, [*To Plume*] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl. A very sad dog; give me the money, noble captain *Plume*.

Plume. Then you won't list with captain *Brazen*!

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, child, I'll end the dispute presently—Heark'e, my dear.

[*Takes Plume to the side of the stage, and entertains him in dumb show.*]

Kite. Sir, he in the plain coat is captain *Plume*, I am his serjeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What! you are serjeant *Kite*.

Kite. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing.

Kite. A very understanding youth of his age! Pray, fir, let me look full in your face?

Syl. Well, fir, what have you to say to my face?

Kite. The very image of my brother; two bullets of the same caliver were never so like: sure it must be *Charles, Charles*—

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles*?

Kite. The voice too, ~~only a little variation in effort~~ my dear brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade.

Syl. No, fir, I'll be the captain's comrade, if any body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble passion for a soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious halbert.
ambition!

46 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

ambition! ^{There's} ~~See~~ a commission in his face already: ~~see~~
~~able captain, give me leave to salute you.~~

~~Syl. What, man, kiss one another?
 Kite. No officers do, 'tis our way: we live to-
 gether like man and wife, always either kissing or fight-
 ing.~~ But I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now, serjeant, I shall see who is your captain
 by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My captain scorns assistance, sir.

*Advancing
 with Plume,*

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and
 not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young
 fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse
 that; but pr'ythee resign the man, pr'ythee do; you
 are a very honest fellow.

Lab Plume. You lye; and you are a son of a ^{Son} ~~whore.~~

[Draws, and makes up to Brazen.]

R. Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for
 the lady? [Retiring R.]

Plume. I always do—— But for a man I'll fight
 knee-deep; so you lye again. Plume and Brazen

fight a traverse or two about the stage; Sylvia ~~draws,~~
~~who is held by Kite, who runs to arms with his mouth;~~
~~takes Sylvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage.~~ R.

Braz. Hold, where's the man?

Plume. Gone. *Very dear.*

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [Puts up.] ~~Ne-~~
 let's embrace, my dear.

Plume. With all my heart, my dear. [Putting up.]
 I suppose ~~Kite~~ has lifted him by this time. [Embraces;

~~Kite looks in and sings.~~

Braz. You are a brave fellow, I always fight with a
 man before I make him my friend; and if once I find
 he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.——

And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend, that
 lady we frightened out of the walk just now, I found ~~in~~
~~bed this morning.~~ So beautiful, so inviting—— I ~~the~~

~~presently lock'd the door.~~ But I am a man of ho-
 nour—— ~~But~~ I believe I shall marry her nevertheleſs——
 Her twenty thousand pounds, you know, will be a
 pretty

(Paine & Beazer appear to be wrangling.)

Goes a little up

walk to & fro
you take, ch?

30.72

1

L. Rose
R. Bullark
I. Sgloids

2.

Plume

pretty conveniency—I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my sport. Curse you, my dear, but don't do so again—

Plume. No, no, my dear, men are my business at present.

[Exit. *L.*]

34.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The walk continues.* *39-*

Enter Rose and Bullock, meeting.

Rose. **W**HERE have you been, you great booby? you are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bull. Preferment! who shou'd prefer me?

Rose. I wou'd prefer you! who shou'd prefer a man but a woman! Come, throw away that great club, hold up your head, cock your hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah *Ruofe, Ruofe*, I fear some body will look big sooner than folk think of: ~~this general breeding never comes into the country without a train of followers~~—Here has been *Cart-wheel* your sweet-heart, what will become of him?

Rose. Lock'e, I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations:—I told the captain how finely he play'd upon the tabor and pipe, so he has set him down for drum-major.

Bull. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me? you know I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a table, or on a quart pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a commision in my pocket, I fancy my ~~preaches~~ wou'd become me as well as any ranting fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold step, a rakish tofs, ~~and a~~ *lock*, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain—

What's here? *Rose!* my nurse's daughter! I'll go and practise

I say, kindly my dear!

~~practise~~ ^{X^m.} Come, child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses Rose*] and her brother too!—Well, honest *Dungforth*, do you know the difference between a horse and a cart, and a cart horse, eh?

Bull. I presume that your worship is a captain, by your cloaths and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented to list, friend?

Rose. No, no, tho' your worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you; my brother is engag'd to Captain *Plume*.

Syl. *Plume!* do you know Captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me—~~He took the ribbands out of his shirt sleeves, and put 'em into my dress.~~ See there—~~I can assure you that I can do any thing with the captain.~~

Bull. That is, in a modest way, sir.—Have a care what you say, *Rose*, don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!—And pray what do you expect from this captain, child?

Rose. I expect, sir!—I expect—But he order'd me to tell no body.—But suppose that he should propose to marry me?

Syl. You shou'd have a care, my dear, men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wouns, *Rose*, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards? After what?

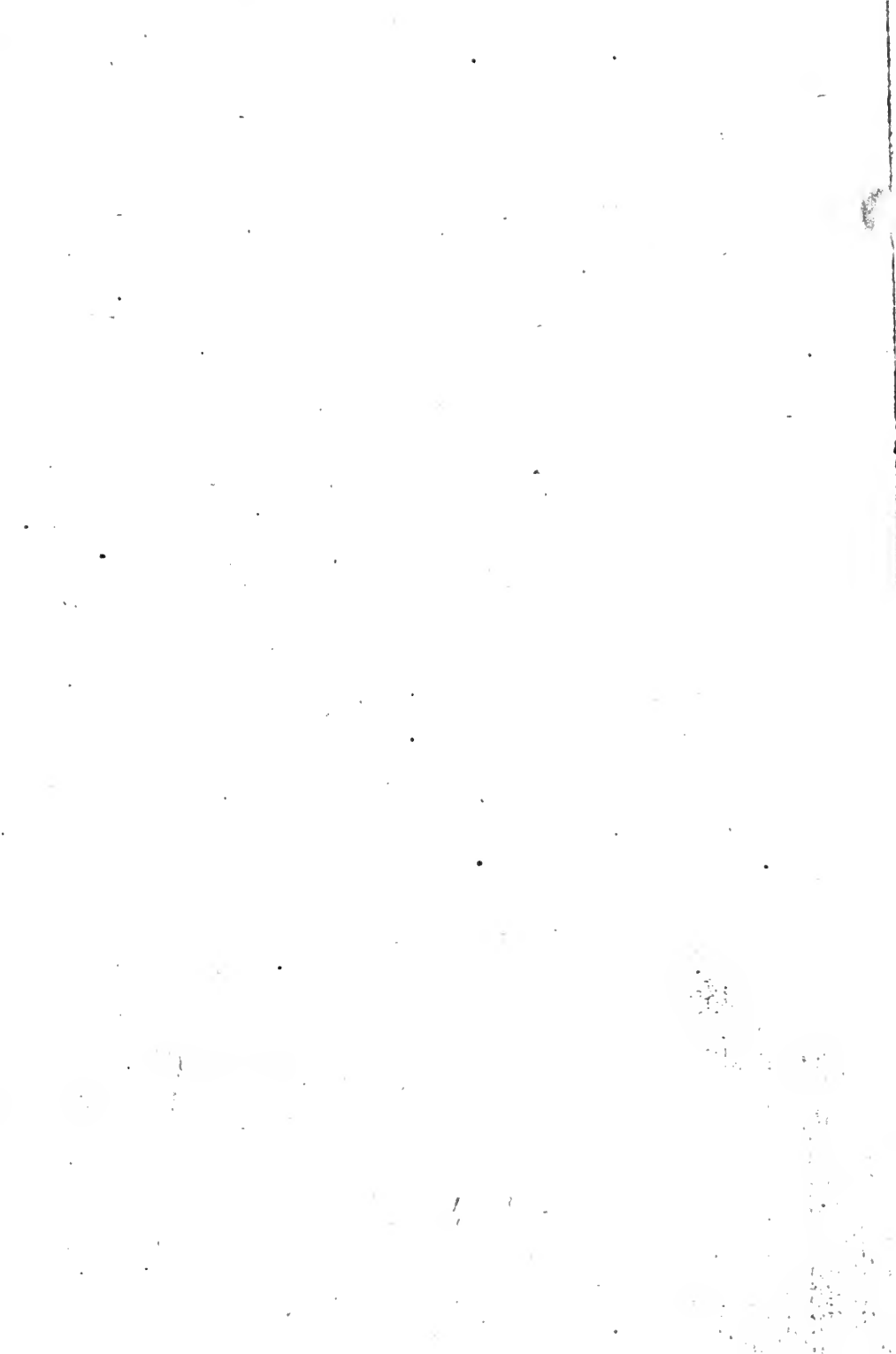
Rose. After I had sold my chickens.—I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume. *L.*

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my market woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. (*Aside.*) Close, sir, ay, and closer yet, sir.—Come, my pretty maid, you and I will withdraw ~~and~~.

Plume.





THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

49

~~Plume. No no, friend, ^{X L. C.} I'm not done with her yet.~~

Syl. ~~Has she begun with her, so I have as good~~
right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent fellow.

Syl. Sir, I wou'd qualify myself for the service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the service.

Syl. Yes, sir: so let her go.

L. Rose. Pray gentlemen do'n't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice—

Will you belong to me, or to that gentleman?

X L. C. Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

L. Plume. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, sir, what will you give me? (L. Syl.)

Bull. Dunna be angry, sir, that my sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child!—I'll set thee above scandal; you shall have a coach, with six before and six behind, an equipage to make vice fashionable and put virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, child, I'll buy you a ~~fur~~ below scarf, and give you a ticket to see a play.

R. Bull. A play? wauns Ruose, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl. Look'e, captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain Brazen this minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her, I'll change a woman for a man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you captains us'd to sell your men.

X L. Bull. Pray, captain, do not send Ruose to the Western Indies.

L. Plume. Ha, ha, ha! West-Indies! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do—This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. Rose.

R. Rose. But will you be so kind to me, sir, as the captain wou'd?

C

Syl.

50 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Syl. I can't be ~~altogether~~ so kind to you, my circumstances are not so good as the captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be—
What wou'd you be? ~~What kind of a man do you expect to be?~~

Bull. O! sir, if you had not promis'd the place of drum-major—

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd—But what think you of barrack-master? You are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be. ~~But~~ *etc.*
What's become of this same *Cartwheel* you told me of, my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him.—Come, brother barrack-master—We shall find you at home, noble captain? *[Exit Rose and Bullock.]*

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I despise your listing money; if I ~~do~~ serve, 'tis purely for love—of that wench, I mean—
~~For you must know, that among my~~

~~other failles, I have spent the best part of my fortune in search of a maid, and could never find one hitherto; so you may be assur'd I'd not sell my freedom under a less purchase than I did my estate—So before I list, I must be certify'd that this girl is a virgin.~~

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that point till you try; but upon my honour she may be a vestal, for ought that I know to the contrary.—I gain'd her heart indeed by some trifling presents and promises, and knowing that the best security for a woman's heart is her person, I wou'd have made myself master of that too, had not the jealousy of my impertinent landlady interpos'd.

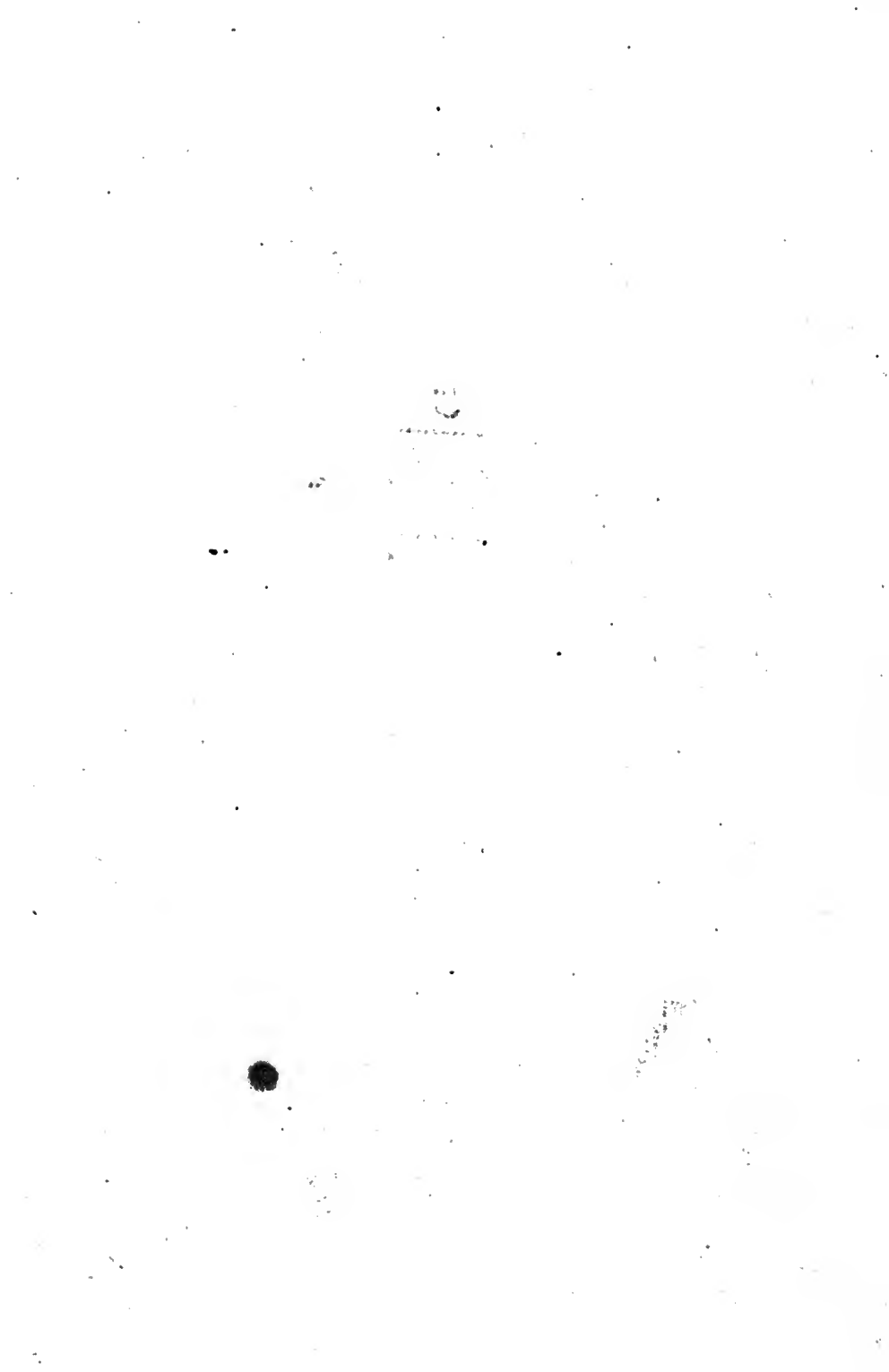
Syl. So you only want an opportunity for accomplishing your designs upon her.

Plume. Nor at all; I have already gain'd my ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her followers. 'The women, you know, are load-

stones every where; gain the wives, and you are care-
~~less'd by the husbands; please the mistresses, and you~~
are

3.

To the R face march. ^{Inclined} Come!
They



are valu'd by the gallants; secure an interest with the finest women at court, and you procure the favour of the greatest men'——So kiss the prettiest country wenches, and you are sure of lifting the lustiest fellows. Some people may call this artifice; but I term it stratagem, since it is so main a part of the service——Besides, the fatigue of recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we cou'd make ourselves some pleasure amidst the pain, no mortal man wou'd be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, sir, I am satisfy'd as to the point in debate; but now let me beg you to lay aside your recruiting airs; put on the man of honour, and tell me plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your command?

Plume. You must know, in the first place, that I have to have gentlemen in my company; for they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes dangerous; and 'tis a constant maxim amongst us, that those who know the least, obey the best. Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your company; and I can't tell how it is, but I shou'd be uneasy to see you under the command of any body else.

Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small fault, I will excuse it; if a great one, I'll discharge you; for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your professions, they wou'd be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you——And now your hand, this lifts me——And now you are my captain.

Plume. Your friend. *[Kisses her]* 'Sdeath! There's something in this fellow that charms me.

Syl. One favour I must beg——This affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that wou'd censure my conduct, if I threw myself into the circumstance

stance of a private centinel of my own head—I must therefore take care to be impress'd by the Act of Parliament, you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that—Will you lodge at my quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my bed.

Syl. O fye! lie with a common soldier! Wou'd not you rather lie with a common woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that fake that the world imagines; I have got an air of freedom, which people mistake for lewdness in me, as they mistake formality in others for religion. The world is all a cheat; only I take mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs which is hypocritical. I hurt no body but myself, and they abuse all mankind—Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, captain, you forgot *Rose*; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

Scene 2 [Exeunt severally.
Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidant: ~~we are so weak, that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret makes us worse than the cholick~~—I am at this minute so sick of a secret, that I'm ready to faint away—Help me, *Lucy*.

Luc. Bless me, madam! what's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover—~~If I were in town, I could heartily forgive her faults for the sake of discovering my own.~~

Luc. You're thoughtful, madam! am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. You are a servant, and a secret may make you faucy.

Luc. Not unless you shou'd find fault without a cause, madam.

Mel. Cause or not cause, I must not lose the pleasure of chiding when I please; women must discharge their vapours somewhere, and before we get husbands our servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Luc.

companion

Change [SW]

4

Plume R.
Syl. 1

W. Geico's Old Town 1-9-

L
Wor Hz — Sm H. box
Beezon



Luc. Then, madam, you had better raise me to a degree above a servant: you know my family, and that *fool*. wou'd set me upon the foot of a gentleman, and make me worthy the confidence of any lady in the land; besides, madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great design I now have in hand.

* *Mel.* I don't find that your design can be of any great advantage to you: 'twill please me, indeed, in the humour I have of being reveng'd on the fool for his vanity of making love to me, so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred pounds upon my day of marriage.

* *Luc.* This is the way, madam, to make me diligent in the vocation of a confident, which I think is generally to bring people together.

Mel. O *Lucy!* I can hold my secret no longer: you must know, that hearing of the famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguis'd to satisfy a curiosity, which has cost me dear: that fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom-favourites, he has told me the most surprizing things of my past life?—

Luc. Things past, madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprizing; ~~because we know them already.~~ Did he tell you any thing surprizing that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprizing; he said I shou'd die a maid!

Luc. Die a maid! ~~come into the world for nothing~~—Dear madam, if you shou'd believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four and twenty hours—And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why, I pass'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a maid—But the devil was a liar from the beginning, ~~because he said~~ ~~me die a maid~~ ~~I have put it out of his power already~~

Mel. I do but jest, I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd myself *Lucy*; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole history

5
tory of my life—He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference.—I fled to him for refuge here to-day, he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made a carelefs bow, and walk'd off: 'death! I cou'd have stab'd him, or myself, 'twas the same thing—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the fortune-teller told you: men are scarce, and as times go, it is not impossible for a woman to die a maid.

Enter Worthy. *R.*

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd, I must strike while the iron is hot—You have a great deal of courage, madam, to venture ~~into the walks~~ where you were so lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

9 *Wor.* I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, madam: ~~I left you here, because I had business in another place, and came hither thinking to meet another person,~~

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the ~~walk~~ *place*

Wor. ~~The walk~~ is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he wish his hat cock'd, she fretting and tearing her fan.*] Will you please to take inuff, madam? [*He offers her his box, she strikes it out of his hand; while he is gathering it up, enter Brazen, and takes her round the waist, she cuffs him.*]

Braz. What here before me, my dear!

P.C.Mel. What means this insolence?

L.C.Luc. Are you mad! Don't you see Mr. *Worthy*?

[*To Brazen.*]

L.Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind—*Worthy!* odso!
well turn'd—My mistress has wit at her fingers ends

—Madam,

5

Kite

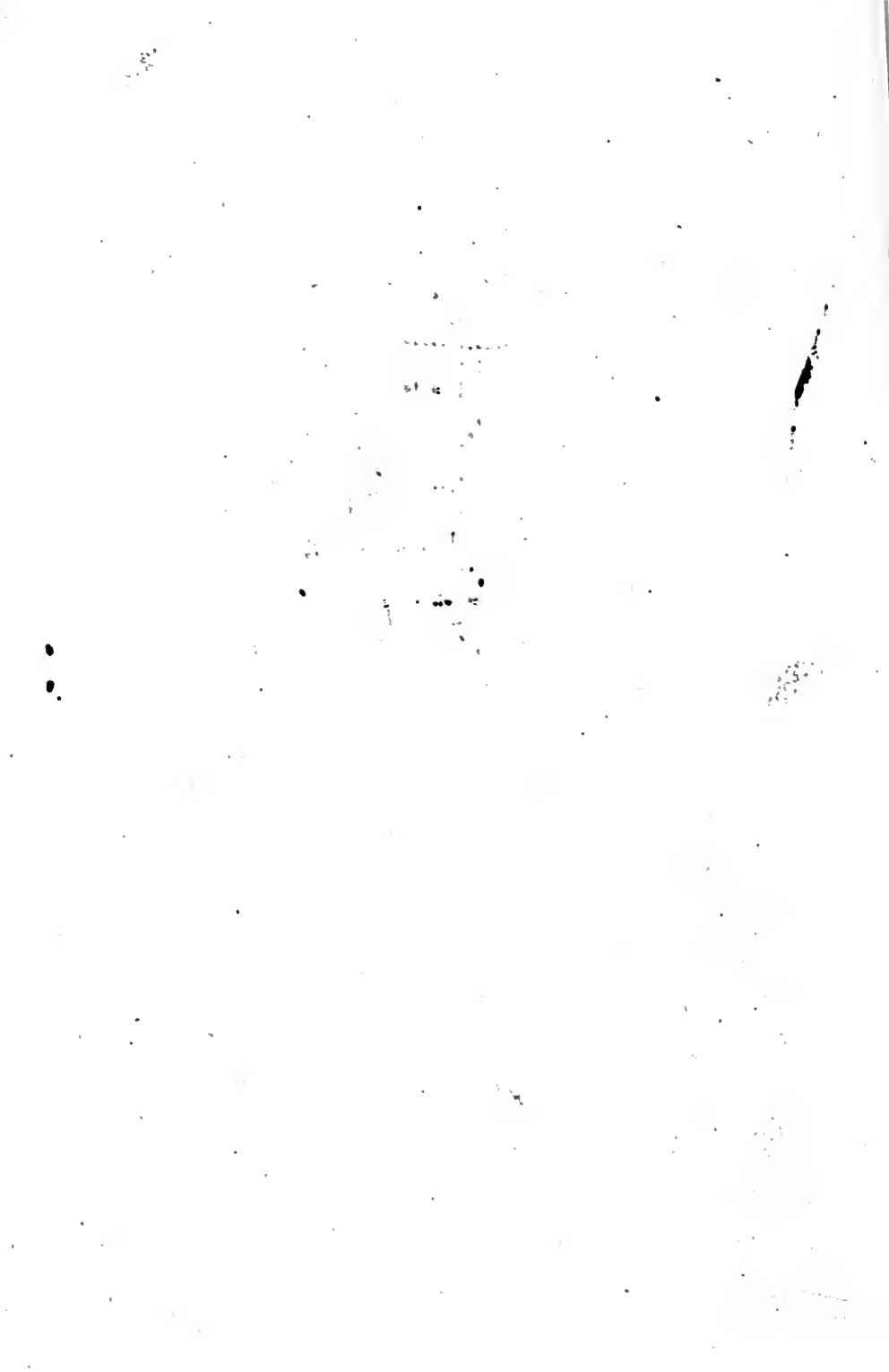
Plume

Worthey

Melinda

Lucy

Tycho - Frampston



THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 55

—Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad

—Mr. *Worthy*, you are the happy man.

R. Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel. I am sorry the favour miscarry'd, for it was design'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assur'd 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands.—

Captain, I ask your pardon—~~X B~~ [Exit with Lucy. *R.*

L. Braz. I grant it—You see Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas only a random-shot, it might have taken off your head as well as mine; courage, my dear, 'tis the fortune of war; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

R. Wor. Withdraw! oons, sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you. (*Singing*) ~~X and~~ [Exit. *R.*

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume's* advice has ruin'd me:—~~(Death I why should I, that know~~
her haughty spirit, be rul'd by a man that's a stranger
to her pride? *Exit L.*

Enter Plume:

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! a battle royal: don't frown so, man, she's your own, I tell you: I saw the fury of her love in the extremity of her passion: the wildness of her anger is a certain sign that she loves you to madness. That rogue *Kite* began the battle with abundance of conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of *Brazen's* familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no logician, if you pretend to draw consequences from the actions of fools; 'there's no arguing by the rule of reason upon a science without principles, and such is their conduct'—Whim, unaccountable whim, hurries 'em on like a man drunk with brandy before ten o'clock in the morning—But we lose our sport—*Kite* has open'd above an hour ago, let's away. [Exit.

SCENE,

56 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

SCENE, A chamber; a table with books and globes.

Kite disguis'd in a strange habit, sitting at a table.

Kite. [*Rising.*] By the position of the Heavens, gain'd from my observation upon these celestial globes, I find that *Luna* was a tide-waiter, *Sol* a surveyor, *Mercury* a thief, *Venus* a ^{wise} ~~whore~~; *Saturn* an alderman, *Jupiter* a rake, and *Mars* a serjeant of grenadiers; and this is the system of *Kite* the conjuror.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume. Well, what success?

Kite. I have sent away a shoemaker and a taylor already; one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of dragoons—I am to manage them at night—Have you seen the lady, Mr. *Worthy*?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do—Have you shew'd her her name, that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Kite. No, sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Plume. What letter?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you see, for fear that you shou'd break windows in good earnest. Here, captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Kite. Officers to your posts. *Tycho* mind the door.

[*Exit Plume and Worthy.*]

[*Servant opens the door.*]

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, master, are you the cunning man?

Kite. I am the learned *Copernicus*.

Smith. Well, master, I'm but a poor man, and I can't afford above a shilling for my fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, doctor, let me have something that's good for my shilling, or I'll have my money again.

Kite. If there be faith in the stars, you shall have your shilling forty-fold—Your hand, countryman, you're by trade a *smith*.

Smith. How the devil shou'd you know that?

Kite. Because the devil and you are brother-tradesmen—You were born under *Forceps*.

Smith.

+++
G. D. B.

"Cedar Room." 3^d Grades

Li.



THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 61

* *Kite.* You have no thoughts! what's matter for your thoughts, the stars have decreed it, and you must go.

* *But.* The stars decree it! Oons, fir, the justices can't press me.

* *Kite.* Nay, friend, 'tis none of my business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an hour and half hence, that's all, farewell.

* *But.* Hold, hold, doctor. Surgeon-general! What is the place worth pray?

* *Kite.* Five hundred pounds a year, besides guineas for claps.

* *But.* Five hundred pounds a year!—an hour and half hence, you say.

* *Kite.* Prithee, friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome, here's such a work to make a booby butcher accept of five hundred pound a year—But if you must hear it—I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your stall an hour and an half hence, and a gentleman will come by with a snuff-box in his hand, and the tip of his handkerchief hanging out of his right pocket; he'll ask you the price of a loin of veal, and at the same time stroak your great dog upon the head, and call him *Chopper*.

* *But.* Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the dog's name,

* *Kite.* Look'e there—What I say is true—things that are to come, must come to pass—Get you home, sell off your stock, don't mind the whining and the snivelling of your mother and your sister—Women always hinder preferment—make what money you can, and follow that gentleman, his name begins with a *P*,—mind that—There will be the barber's daughter too, that you promis'd marriage to—she will be pulling and halling you to pieces.

* *But.* What! know *Sally* too? He's the devil, and he must needs go that the devil drives. [*Going.*]

* The tip of his handkerchief out of his left pocket.
* *Kite.* No, no, his right pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the man.

~~But Well, well, I'll mind him. [Exit]~~

~~Plume. The right pocket, you say.~~

~~[Behind with his pocket-book.]~~

~~Kite. I hear the rustling of filks. [Knocking.] Fly, sir, his madam Melinda!~~

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Kite. Tycbo, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself, we sha'n't stay, doctor.

Kite. Your ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a husband——For your part, madam, you won't stay for a husband. [To Lucy.]

Luc. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the stars, or the devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my t'other friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, madam, and he's now under the table.

Screamy Lucy O heavens protect us! Dear madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, fool; do you think, sir, that because I am a woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my reason, or frighted out of my senses? Come, shew me this devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present; but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! Pray what have you or he to do with my name?

Kite. Look'e, fair lady——the devil is a very modest person, he seeks nobody, unless they seek him first: he's chain'd up like a mastiff, and can't stir, unless he be let loose——You come to me to have your

6

L. Brown 52 letters
2 money

your fortune told—Do you think, madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, madam, the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing ~~less than the devil can give any account of 'em~~—Now to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill—Here, you *cacademo del plumo*—exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word *Melinda*, in proper letters and characters of her own hand-writing—do it at three 'motions—one—two—three—'tis done—Now, madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own hand-writing! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the table, lifts up the carpet.*] Here, *Tre, Tre, poor Tre*, give me the bone, firrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper, behold— *Give's Melinda the Paper*

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your hand, madam, but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Kite. Here's a chamber-maid now will out-lye the devil!

Luc. Look'e, madam, they sha'n't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands, no more than they can their faces—Come, madam, let us be certain, write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare 'em.

[*Takes out a paper, and folds it.*]

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction, madam—here's pen and ink.

[*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the paper.*]

Luc. Let me see it, madam: 'tis the same—the very same—But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs.

[*Afide.*]

Mel. This is demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, madam—The word demonstration comes from *Dæmon* the father of lies.

Mel. Well, doctor, I am convinc'd; and now, pray, what

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what account can you give of my future fortune?

Kite. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fix'd for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! So near the crisis of my fate!

Kite. Let me see——About the hour of ten to-morrow morning you will be saluted by a gentleman, who will come to take his leave of you, being design'd for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. ~~Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other.~~—In short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor?

Kite. Because, madam——because it is so——A Woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten a-clock, you say?

Kite. Ten——about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here, doctor. [*Gives money.*] *Lucy*, have you any questions to ask?

Luc. O, madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your patience till another time; for I expect more company this minute; besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Luc. O pray, sir, discharge us first!

Kite. *Tycho*, wait on the ladies down stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter Worthy and Plume

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleas'd to wish me joy to-day, I hope to be able to return the complement to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best complement to you that ever I made in my life, if you do; but I must be a traveller, you say?

Kite.

†:†: Knocking at the door.

7

Worship
Plum

~~No farther than the shops of the channel,~~
 presume, sir.

~~Plume. That we have concerted already. [Knocking
 bard.] Hey day! you don't profess midwifry,
 doctor?~~

~~Enter Ammy to your ambassade.~~

~~[Enter Plume and Worth.]~~

Enter Brazen. *L.*

Braz. Your servant, servant, my dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my dear?

Kite. Yes, my dear: but mine is a peacable spirit,
 and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself; [*Draws
 a circle round him.*] and now, captain, have a care
 how you force my lines.

Braz. Lines! What do'st talk of lines! You have
 something like a fishing-rod there, indeed; but I come
 to be acquainted with you, man,——What's your
 name, my dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rat me, I knew a famous doctor
 in London of your name—Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in Algebra.

Braz. Algebra! 'Tis no country in Christendom,
 I'm sure, unless it be some place in the Highlands of
 Scotland.

Kite. Right——I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my dear; I am going to be mar-
 ry'd——I have had two letters from a lady of fortune
 that loves me to madness, fits, cholick, spleen, and
 vapours——shall I marry her in four-and-twenty
 hours, ay, or no?

Kite. Certainly

Braz. Gad so, ay?—~~I shall!~~

Kite. ~~Certainly~~: Ay, or no. But I must have
 the year and the day of the month when these letters
 were dated.

Braz. Why, ~~did you~~ did you ever hear of
 love-letters dated with the year and day of the
 month?

7
 —
 [OR]
 Act

month? Do you think billet-doux are like bank-bills?

Kite. They are not so good, my dear—but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Brax. Contents! That you shall, old boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. [*Takes the letter.*] Now, sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter inclos'd to you with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings.

Brax. With all my heart—I must give him—
[*Puts his hands in his pockets.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity—Here:—[*Gives him money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a watch tower on the top of the highest mountain in *Wales* for the study of astrology, and the benefit of the *Conundrums*. [*Exit*]

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. O doctor! That letter's worth a million, let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it; [*opening the letter.*] If she be a jilt,—~~Damn her, she is one~~—There's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. ~~How! Then I'll travel in good earnest~~—
By all my hopes, 'tis *Lucy's* hand.

Plume. *Lucy's!*

Wor. Certainly—'tis no more like *Melinda's* character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy's* contrivance to draw in *Brazen* for a husband—But are you sure 'tis not *Melinda's* hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the *Devil* writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same; and is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter, which made *Mr. Bailance* send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same, the other fragments I shew'd you just now. I once intended it for another use, but

C. D. R
hang

D.
come down C

Speak to Give out

25. Mr.

Chair &c

1

"Tanting Hall!"

~~"Constable's Office"~~

Balance

Scale

Sylvia

Abullock

Roth

Constable

2 Constables - Superintendent

but I think I have turn'd it now to a better advantage.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of believing that angelick creature cou'd change—*Poor Sylvia!*

Wor. Rich Sylvia you mean, and poor captain; ha, ha!—Come, come, friend. *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my hopes—But for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

*By some the sex is blam'd without design,
Light harmless censure, such as your's and mine,
Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine.
Others the justice of the sex condemn,
And wanting merit to create esteem,
Wou'd bide their own defects by cens'ring them.
But they secure in their all conqu'ring charms,
Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms,
He magnifies their conquests—who complains,
For none wou'd struggle were they not in chains.*

[*Exeunt.* *Tr.*]

30.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Justice Ballance's house.*

Enter Ballance and Scale.

Scale. I say, 'tis not to be born, *Mr. Ballance.*

Ball. Look'e, *Mr. Scale*, for my own part, I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army; they expose their lives to so many dangers for us abroad, that we may give them some grains of allowance at home.

Scale. Allowance! This poor girl's father is my tenant; and if I mistake not, her mother nurs'd a child for you—Shall they debauch our daughters to our faces?

Ball. Confidery *Mr. Scale*, that were it not for the

the bravery of these officers, we should have French dragoons among us, that wou'd leave us neither liberty, property, wives, nor daughters—Come, Mr. *Scale*, the gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so; the same heat that fires them up to love, spurs them on to battle. You never knew a great general in your life, that did not love a whore. This I only speak in reference to captain *Plume*—for the other spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does—O,

Scale. ~~But they come.~~
Sylvia, *Bullock*, *Rose*, prisoners; constable, and

Const. May it please your worships, we took them in the very act, ~~in the~~ fir—The gentleman, indeed, behav'd himself like a gentleman; ~~for he~~ drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Ball. Give the gentleman his sword again—
 Wait you without. [*Exeunt constable and mob.*] I'm sorry, fir, [*To Sylvia*] to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour—My innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

R *Scale*. Innocence! Have not you seduc'd that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr. *Geese-cap*, she seduc'd me.

L *Bull*. So she did, I'll swear—for she propos'd marriage first.

Ball. What, then you are marry'd, child?

[*To Rose*,

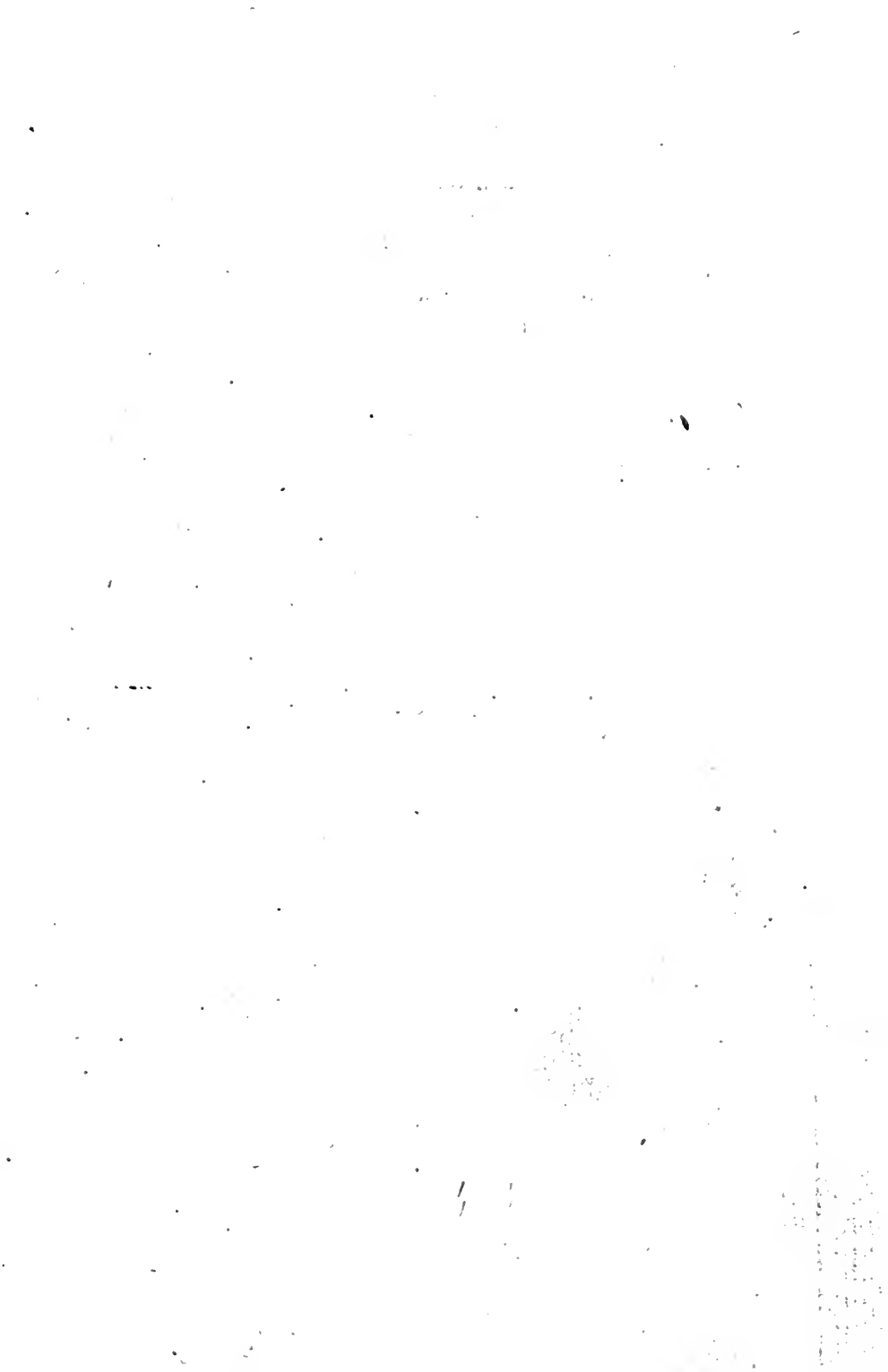
Rose. Yes, fir, to my sorrow.

Ball. Who was witness?

Bull. That was I—I danc'd, I threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bed-side, I'm sure.

Ball. Who was the minister?

Bull



2.

Melinda

Booby

Sam is —

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2

Bull. Minister! We are soldiers, and want no minister—They were marry'd by the articles of war.

Ball. Hold thy prating, fool—Your appearance, sir, promises some understanding; pray what does this fellow mean?

Syl. He means marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a sacrament, others a convenience, and others make it a jest; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred—Our sword, you know, is our honour, that we lay down—The hero jumps over it first, and the amazon after—Leap rogue, follow ~~the~~ *manch* The drum beats a ruff, and so to bed; that's all; the ceremony is concise.

Bull. And the prettiest ceremony, so full of pastime and prodigality—

Ball. What! Are you a soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am—Will your worship lend me your cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Ball. Take it, [*Strikes him over the head.*] Pray, sir, what commission may you bear? [*To Sylvia.*]

Exit Bull.

Syl. I am call'd captain, ~~by all the~~ *colours men,* drawers, ~~whores,~~ and groom-porters in London; for wear a red coat, a sword, a hat *bien trouffée*, 'a martial twist in my cravat, a fierce knot in my periwig, a cane upon my button, piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Scale. Your name, pray, sir?

Syl. Captain *Pinch*: ~~Loock my hat with a pinch;~~ take snuff with a pinch, ~~pay my whores with a pinch,~~ in short, I can do any thing at a pinch, ~~but fight and fill my belly.~~ *fill*

Ball. And pray, sir, what brought you into *Sbropshire*?

Syl. A pinch, sir; I knew you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money, and so—

Ball. I understand you, sir—Here, constable—

Enter

*2 rows
Collected*

Enter Constable. *L*

Take this gentleman into custody till farther orders.

Rose. Pray your worship don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Ball. Hearn'e, constable.

[*Whispers him.* *L*]

Const. It shall be done, sir— Come along, sir,

[*Exeunt Constable, Bullock, and Sylvia.* *L*]

Ball. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the spark presently.

[*Exeunt.* *R*]

Act 2. No 9 SCENE 2^d. *Melinda's Apartment.*

Enter Melinda and Worthy. *L*

Mel. So far the prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly. [*Aside.*] And pray, sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. *Worthy*, I am not so fond of variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expence and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasure, which at best never answers expectation; as 'tis evident from the example of most travellers, that long more to return to their own country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What pleasure I may receive abroad is indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, sir, you and I have been jangling a great

3

Balance

Scale

Seal

Plum

Kite

Collie

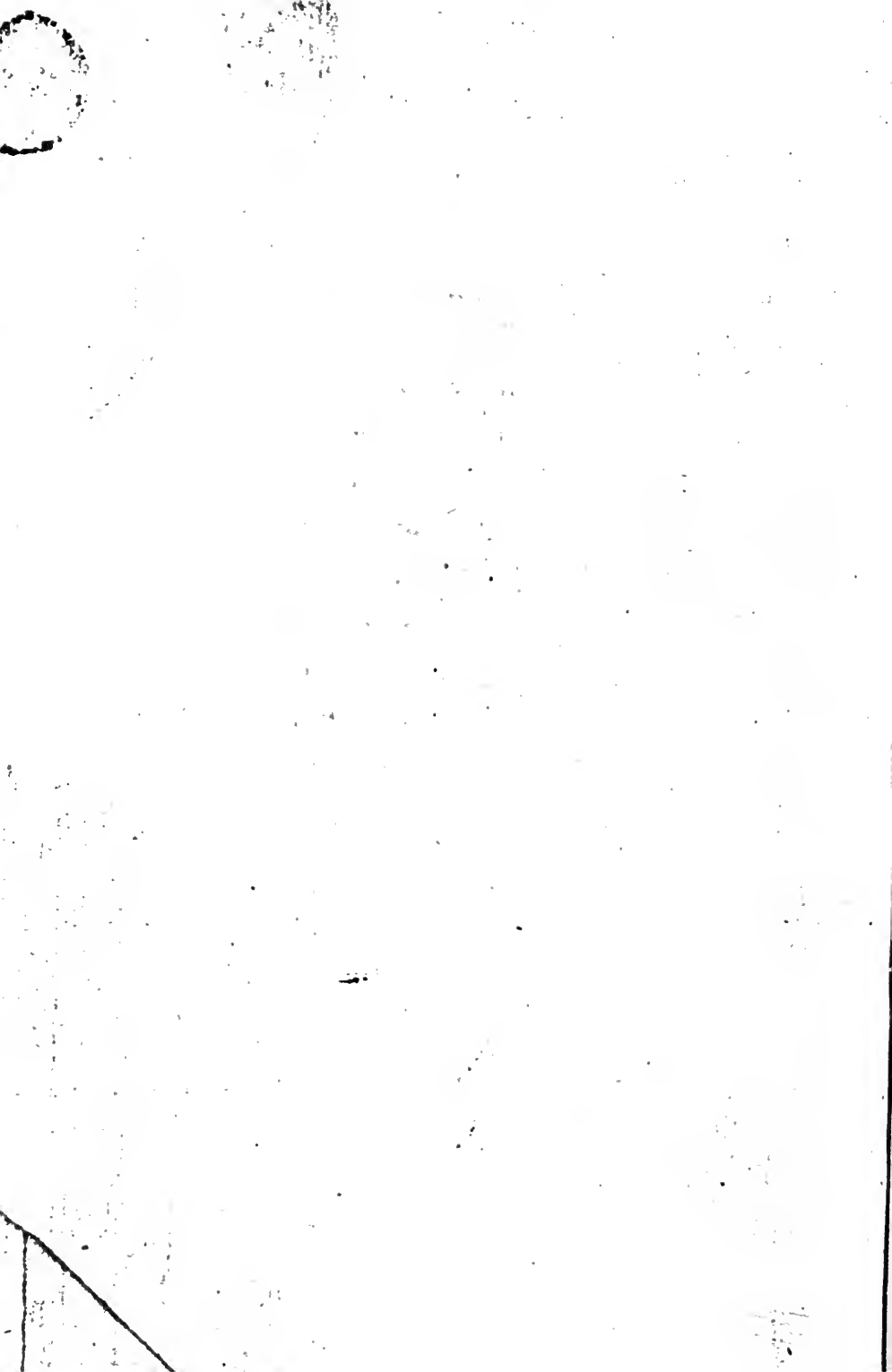
3 Constables

Recorner

2 Horn on

{ 7 full on
recorner Collie

Clear Stage



great while; I fancy if we made up our accounts, we shou'd the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, madam, you won't dispute, your being in my debt—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, affidavities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year! O Mr. *Worthy*! What you owe to me is not to be paid under seven years servitude: how did you use me the year before? when taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you wou'd have made me your mistress, that is, your slave—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing—'Tis your interest that I should forget: you have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other—Now if you will begin upon a new score, ~~my aside your adventuring~~ and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over; here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman shou'd be *us'd*.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman shou'd be, may this be my poison. *James* [*Kissing her hand.*]

Enter ~~James~~ *L* *Exit* *L*

Ser. Madam, the coach is at the door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance's* country-house to see my cousin *Sylvia*: I have done her an injury, and can't be easy till I have ask'd her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you. *Carriage*

Mel. My coach is full; but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own horse and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring captain *Plume* with you, we shan't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit, leading Melinda.* *L*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Market-place.**Enter Plume and Kite.*

Plume. A baker, a taylor, a smith, butcher, carpenters, and journeymen shoemakers, in all thirty-nine—I believe the first colony planted in *Virginia* had not more trades in their company than I have in mine.

Kite. The butcher, sir, will have his hands full; for we have two sheep-stealers among us—I hear of a fellow too committed just now for stealing of horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the dragons—Have we never a poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, sir, the king of the gypsies is a very good one, he has an excellent hand at a goose or a turkey—Here's captain *Brazen*, sir; I must go look after the men. [Exit.

Enter Brazen, reading a letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the canonical hour—Um um, very well—My dear *Plume*! Give me a buss.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my dear: what hast got in thy hand, child?

Braz. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my dear, that I want twenty thousand pounds; I have spent twenty times as much in the service.—'Now, my dear, pray advise me, my head runs much upon architecture, shall I build a privateer or a play house?

Plume. An odd question—a privateer or a play-house! 'twill require some consideration—Faith, I'm for a privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your opinion, my dear—for in the first place a privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. But a privateer may be ill-mann'd?

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. But a privateer may run upon the shallows.

Plume.

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• *Plume.* Not so often as a play-house.

• *Braz.* But you know a privateer may spring a leak.

• *Plume.* And I know a play-house may spring a great many.

• *Braz.* But suppose the privateer come home with a rich booty, we should never agree about our shares.

• *Plume.* 'Tis just so in a play-house—so, by my advice, you shall fix upon a privateer.

• *Braz.* Agreed—But if this twenty thousand pound should not be in specie—

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Hark'e.

[*Whispers.*

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a mile out of town at the water-side—and so forth—[*Reads.*] *For fear I should be known by any of Worthy's friends, you must give me leave to wear my mask till after the ceremony, which will make me for ever yours—*

Looke there, my dear dog. [*Shows the bottom of the letter to Plume.*

Plume, Melinda! And by this light, her own hand! Once more, if you please, my dear—Her hand exactly?—Just now, you say?

Braz. This minute, I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a gentleman coming this way, that may be inquisitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care; the very eyes discover secrets. [*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To boot and saddle captain; you must mount.

Plume. Whip and spur *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall: *Melinda* and I are agreed; she's gone to visit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow; and

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and cou'd we carry a parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your head, *Melinda* has secur'd a parson already.

Wor. Already! do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand—*Brazen* and she are to meet half a mile hence at the waterside, there to take boat. I suppose to be ferry'd over to the *Elysian* fields, if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now, she assur'd me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolv'd to discard *Lucy* for daring to write letters to him in her name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this—I tell ye, I saw *Melinda's* hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you she's gone this minute to Justice *Ballance's* country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to the water-side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has sent word, that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her journey to Justice *Ballance's* is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way. [To *Worthy*.

Wor. How! her journey put off!

Plume. That is, her journey was put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain—But how, where, when is she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a mile hence, at the water-side.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready—*Jack*, get 'em out. [Exit. *Ser.*

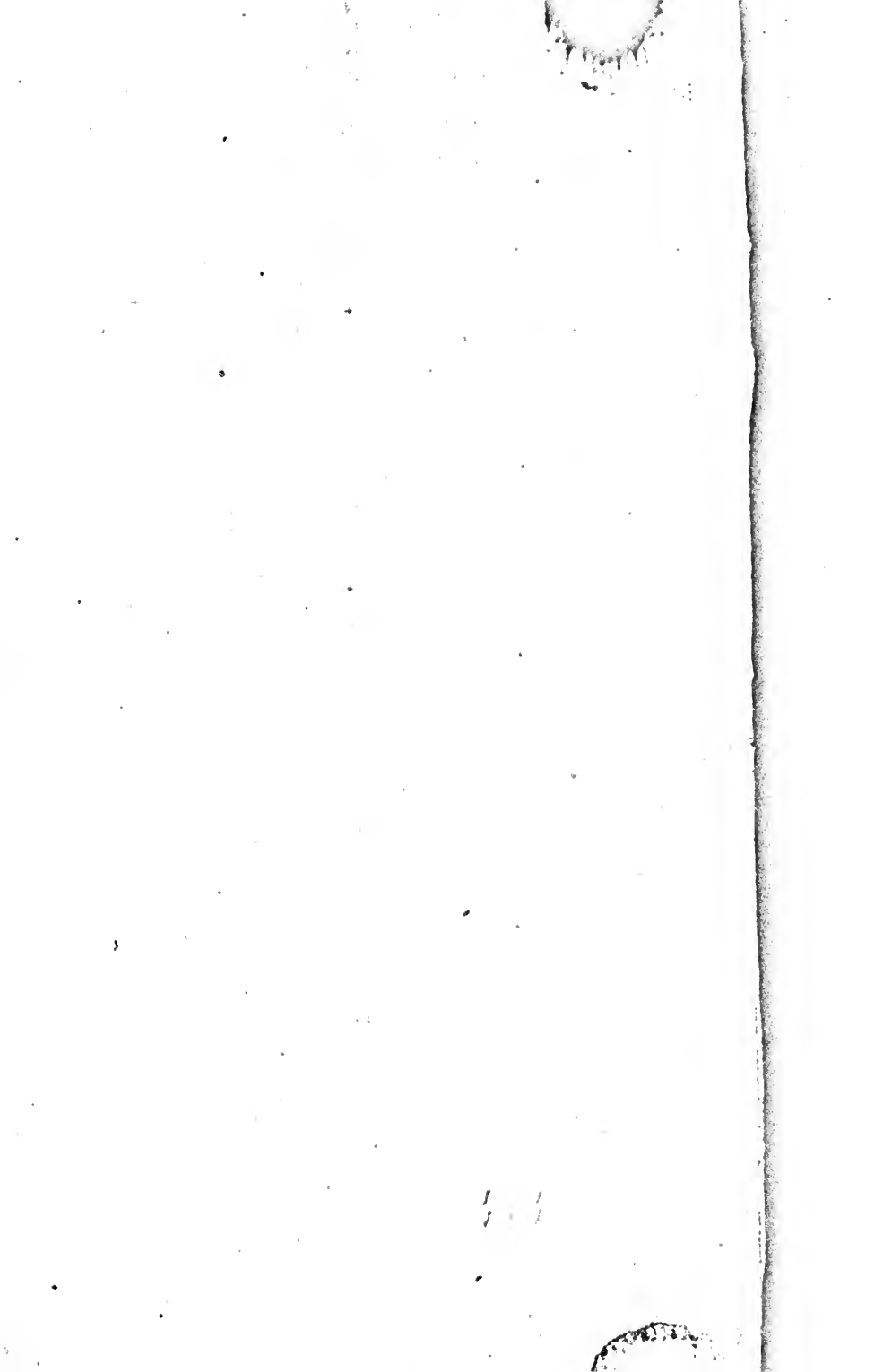
Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an inch—I shall return presently.

[Exit.

Plume. You'll find me at the hall; the Justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE



"Country House" 3^d G.
Large Table
4 Chairs. & Stool.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 75

SCENE, ³ A Court of Justice : Ballance, Scale, and Scruple upon the Bench : Constable, Kite, Mob. :

Kite and Constable advance forward. R.

~~Kite. Pray, who are those honourable gentlemen upon the Bench?~~

~~Const. He in the middle is Justice Ballance, he on the right is Justice Scale, and he on the left is Justice Scruple, and I am Mr. Constable; four very honest gentlemen.~~

~~Kite. O dear sir! I am your most obedient servant: [Salute the Constable.] I fancy, sir, that your employment and mine are much the same; for my business is to keep people in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both staff-officers.~~

~~Const. Nay, I'm a serjeant myself—of the militia—come, brother, you shall see me exercise; suppose this a musket: Now I am shoulder'd.~~

~~[Puts his staff on his right shoulder.]~~

~~Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a constable's staff; but for a musket, you must put it on the other shoulder, my dear.~~

~~Const. Adso! that's true—come, now give the word of command.~~

~~Kite. Silence.~~

~~Const. Ay, ay, so we will—we will be silent.~~

~~Kite. Silence you dog, silence!~~

~~[Strikes him over the head with his balbert.]~~

~~Const. That's the way to silence a man with a wit-ness—What d'ye mean, friend?~~

~~Kite. Only to exercise you, sir.~~

~~Const. Your exercise differs so much from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own captain had given me such a rap, I had taken the law of him.~~

~~Enter Plume. L.~~

~~Ball. Captain, you're welcome.~~

~~Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.~~

~~Scru. Come, honest captain, sit by me. [Plume ascends and sits upon the bench.] Now produce your prisoners—here, that fellow there—set him up.~~

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——Mr. *Constable*, what have you to say against this man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an please you.

Ball. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an please your worship.

Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an please ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty constable truly——I find we have no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being counsel for the king.

Ball. Come serjeant, you shall be heard, since no body else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides he's cut out by nature for a grenadier; he's five-foot ten inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the *Cheshire* round with any man in the county; he gets drunk every sabbath-day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, sirrah, you lie; an please your worship, he's the best natur'd pains-taking'st man in the parish, witness my five poor children.

Scru. A wife! and five children! ~~You constable, you rogue, how durst you impeach a man that has a wife and five children?~~

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him

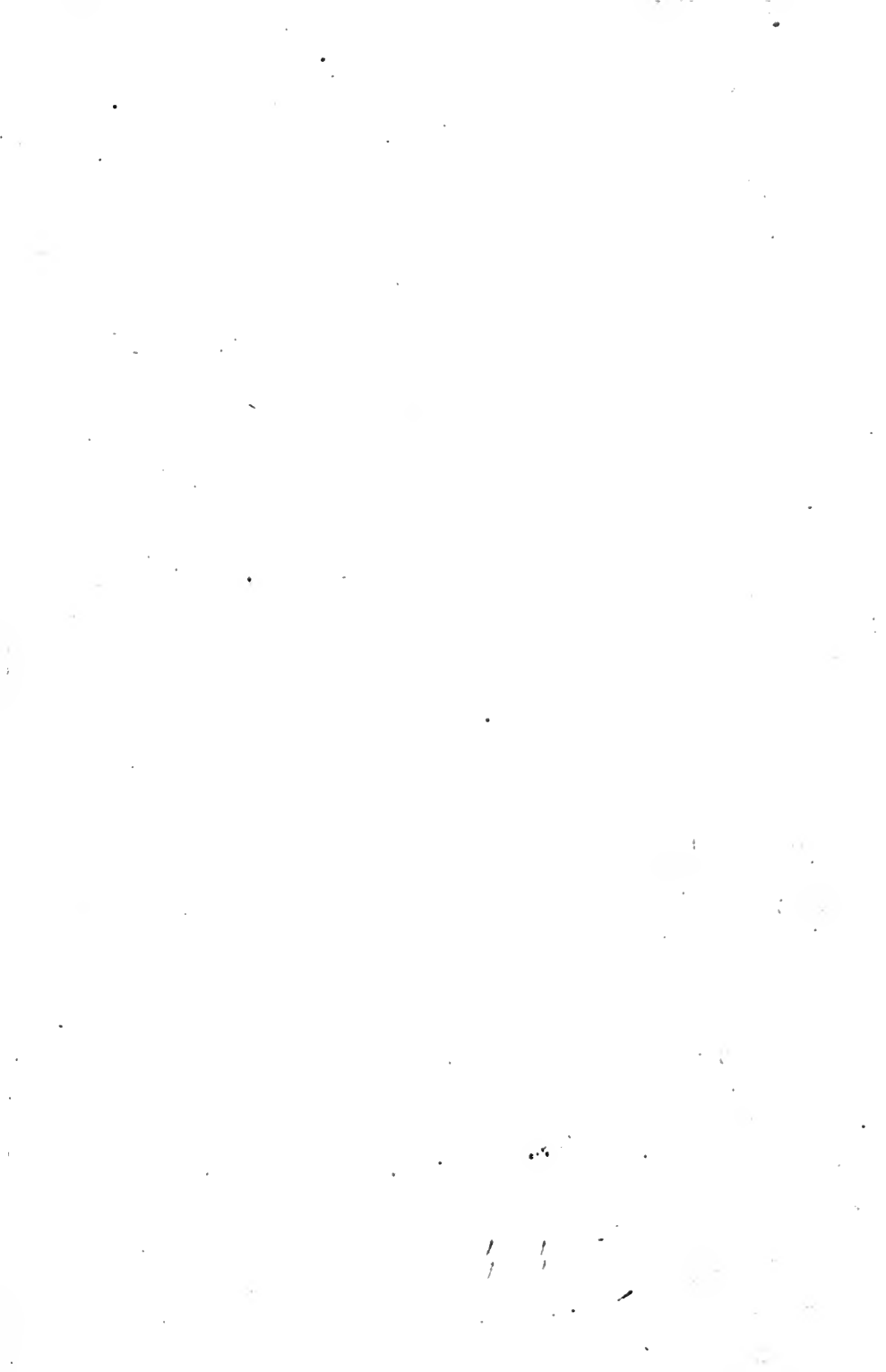
Ball. Hold, gentlemen——Heark'e, friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children?

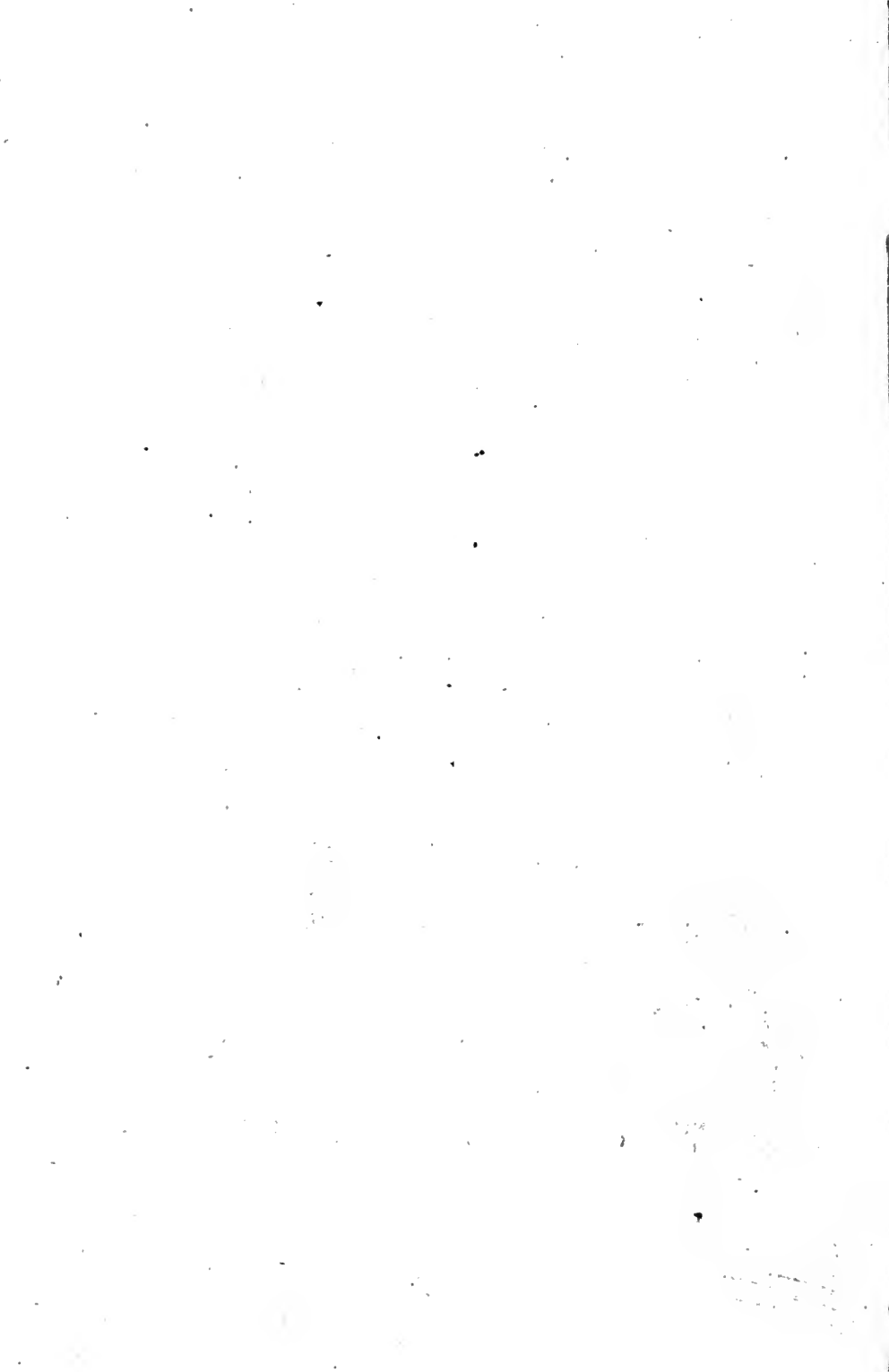
Plume. They live upon wild-fowl and venison, sir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five mile round.

Ball. A gun! nay, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't.——He may be of use against the ~~king~~, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scru. But his wife and children, Mr. *Ballance!*

Wife,





THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 77

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you wou'd send him away, you know I have a child every year, and you are afraid they should come upon the parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, gentlemen, the honest woman has spoke it at once, the parish had better maintain five children this year, than six or seven the next: ~~That fellow, upon this high feeding, may get you two or three beggars at a birth.~~

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the parish shall get nothing by sending him away, ~~for I won't lose my time, if there be a man left in the parish.~~

Ball. Send that woman to the house of correction.—and the man—

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

Scale. Here, you constable, the next—^[Takes him down.] Set up that black-fac'd fellow, he has a gun-powder look; what can you say against this man, constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest man.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company, for the novelty's sake.

Ball. What are you, friend?

Mob. A collier, ~~he~~ work in the coal-pits.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, ~~this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood~~ *is*

Kite. May it please your worships, this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works underground.

Plume. Well said, *Kite*; besides the army wants miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an order of government for't, we cou'd raise you in this and the neighbouring county of *Stafford*, five hundred colliers that wou'd run you underground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Scru. Well friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm marry'd.

Kiss. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in conscience.

Kiss. May it please your worship, she's wish-child
in conscience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, mistress?

Wom. My husband ~~agreed that I should~~
~~be his wife, and, to avoid paying for a whore, and~~
that he should call me wife, to shun going for a sol-
dier.

Scru. A very pretty couple! pray captain, will you
take 'em both?

Plume. What say you, Mr. Kiss, will you take care
of the woman?

Kiss. Yes, fir, she shall go with us to the sea-side,
and there, if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll
take care that no body shall hinder her.

Ball. Here, constable, bring in my man. [*Exit*
constable.] Now captain, I'll fit you with a man, such
as you ne'er list'd in your life. [*Enter constable and*
Sylvia.] O! my friend *Pisob*, I'm very glad to see
you.

Syl. Well, fir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your respect to the
bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your
bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very
impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier.

Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a
soldier.

~~*Const.* A whore-master, I say, and therefore fit to~~

Ball. What think you, captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty fellow, and there-
fore fit to serve for a soldier.

Sylv. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy, lubber-
ly sons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every
day

- mairies

4

4 { Brazon
Luz
R. Southy

day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face,

Const. May it please your worships, I have a wos man at the door to swear ~~against~~ against this rogue. *an assault*

Syl. Is it your wife, or daughter, booby? ~~wid'd 'em both yesterday.~~

Ball. Pray, captain, read the articles of war, we'll see him lifted immediately.

Plume. [*Reads.*] Articles of war against mutiny and desertion—*Sc.*

Syl. Hold, sir—Once more, gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the cieling, and make you ride thé most tirefome journey that ever you made in your life. *rites*

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good captain *Huffcap*; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plume. Pray, gentleman, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false—I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench, and I am heir to ~~an~~ *2,000* hundred pound a year.

Ball. He's certainly mad—Pray, captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold once more—Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, to you I speak, suppose I were your child; wou'd you use me at this rate?

Ball. No 'faith, were you mine, I wou'd send you to *Bedlam* first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever serv'd his country; I'm his only child, perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Ball. He's a very great fool if it does; captain, if you don't lift him this minute, I'll leave the court.

Plume.

80 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Plume. Kite, do you distribute the levy-money to the men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir—Silence, gentlemen.

[*Plume reads the articles of war.* X

Ball. Very well; now, captain, let me beg the favour of you, not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship.

Ball. No more! there were five two hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, sir, but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man, because, he said, the act allow'd him but ten, so the odd shilling was clear gain.

All just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the book, 'tis for the good of the service.

Collier. Mr. May it please your worship, I gave him half a crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Ball. 'Tis my opinion, that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night—Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders. away with y*

Scale. Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite*, take the constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay,——Sir, [*To the Constable.*] will you please to have your office taken from you? Or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you?

[*Constable drops his staff* *with Kite*]
Ball. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court—Captain, you shall dine with me.

~~*Kite*. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me.~~

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE.

Articles of War, against Mutiny
and Desertion.

1st Any Soldier who shall presume to quit his post without orders from his commanding Officer, shall suffer death."

Collier. Suffer death!

Plume. 2^{ndly} Any Soldier, who shall presume to indulge in Claret, Burgundy, and Champaigne out of his private pay shall suffer death!"

Collier. (Alarmed.) Two deaths!

Plume. 3^{rdly} Any Soldier, who shall presume to erect Churches, Hospitals, or other public buildings out of his private pay, shall "suffer death!"

Collier. What—three deaths! —

* Bal. Very well; now, Captain &c.

Severally I see a closer than in

6

Balance
Steward
Plum-c-
Suzan 4

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

81

W. Price's Old Town 106
SCENE, *The fields.*

Enter Brazen, leading in Lucy mask'd. *L.*

Braz. The boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy with a case of pistols under his arm. *R.*

Wor. Here, sir, take your choice.

[*Going between them, and offering them.*]

Braz. What! pistols! are they charg'd, my dear?

Wor. With a brace of bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a foot officer, my dear, and never use pistols, the sword is my way—~~and I won't be put out of my road to please any man.~~

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you.

[*Cocks one pistol.*]

~~Braz. Look'e, my dear, I don't care for pistols—~~
Pray, oblige me, and let us have about at sharps; damn it, there's no parrying these bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your belly full of these, the swords shall come in for second course.

Braz. Why then, fire and fury! I have eaten smock from the mouth of a cannon, sir; don't think I fear powder, for I live upon't. ~~Let me see:~~ [*Takes one.*]
And now, sir, how many paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my shot till I am sure of you.

~~Braz. Come, where's your cloak?~~

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon, I always fight upon a cloak; tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the strife.

[*Unmask.*]

Wor. Lucy! take her!

Braz. The devil take me if I do—~~How!~~

[*Fixes his pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy harradan, how those bullets whistle; suppose they had been lodg'd in my gizzard now!

Luc. Pray, sir, pardon me.

~~Braz. I can't tell, child, till I know whether my~~
~~money~~

money be safe. ~~Searching his pockets.~~ Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in the *Rose* tavern, *Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty rakes, and three or four smart nightingales, I wou'd tell you another story, my dear. [Exit.]

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, sir, she wrote her name upon a piece of paper at the fortune-teller's last night, which I put in my pocket, and so writ above it to the captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda's* journey put off? her

Luc. At the town's-end she met Mr. *Ballance's* steward, who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone from her father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her father's! this will be news to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your lady how near I was being shot for her. [Exit. Lucy.]

Enter Ballance and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, sir; and then searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her cloaths there; but the suit that your son left in the press, when he went to *London*, was gone.

Ball. The white trim'd with silver?

Stew. The same.

Ball. You han't told that circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your worship.

Ball. And be sure you don't; go into the dining-room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall — [Exit.]

Ball. Was ever man so impos'd upon? I had her promise, indeed, that she wou'd never dispose of herself without my consent. I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed — And this, I warrant, the captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the villainy ^{of} robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me, to think that I cou'd be so wretchedly impos'd upon, her extravagant passion might encourage

rage

Wor Change

R
Worship
Lucy

Chap. No 6. 2^d Grooves.

6
Sylvia

and
y
-
-

THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 83

rage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his—~~I'll know the truth presently.~~

Enter Plume.

Pray, captain, what have you done with your young gentleman soldier?

Plume. He's at my quarter's, I suppose, with the rest of my men.

Ball. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

~~*Ball.* He lies with you, I presume.~~

~~*Plume.* No, 'faith I offer'd him part of my bed,—~~ but the young rogue fell in love with *Rose*, and has ~~lain~~ *been* with her, I think, since she came to town.

~~*Dull.* So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely~~ manag'd.

Plume. Upon my honour, sir, she had no harm

Ball. All's safe, I find—Now, captain, you must know, that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded; he said I should heartily repent his being listed, and so I do from my soul.

Plume. Ay! for what reason?

Ball. Because he is no less than what he said he was, ~~born of a good a family as any in this country, and he~~ *is* heir to twelve hundred pounds a year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it—For I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of *Eng-land*.

Ball. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred pounds sterling.

Ball. You shall have it, for his father is my intimate friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay, sir, you shall have your price.

Plume. Not a penny, sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pounds.

Ball. Perhaps, sir, you shan't repent your generosity—Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket-

74 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

pocket-book? [*Gives his book.*] In the mean time, we'll send for the gentleman. Who waits there?

William. Enter a ~~gentleman~~ *R.*

Go to the captain's lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wilful*; tell him his captain wants him here immediately.

Will. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door, enquiring for the captain.

Plume. Bid him come up. Here's the discharge, sir.

Ball. Sir, I thank you—'Tis plain he had no hand in't.

Enter Sylvia. *R.*

Syl. I think, captain, you might have us'd me better then to leave me yonder among your swearing drunken crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality—but now you are at liberty—I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me!

Ball. Yes, sir, and you must once more go home to your father.

Syl. My father! Then I am discover'd—Oh, sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no pardon.

Ball. Pardon! No, no, child, your crime shall be your punishment; here captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement; Since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband—when she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you wou'd any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you *Sylvia* in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest, sir?

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Ball. If you please to take her, sir.

Plume. Why then I have sav'd my legs and arms, and

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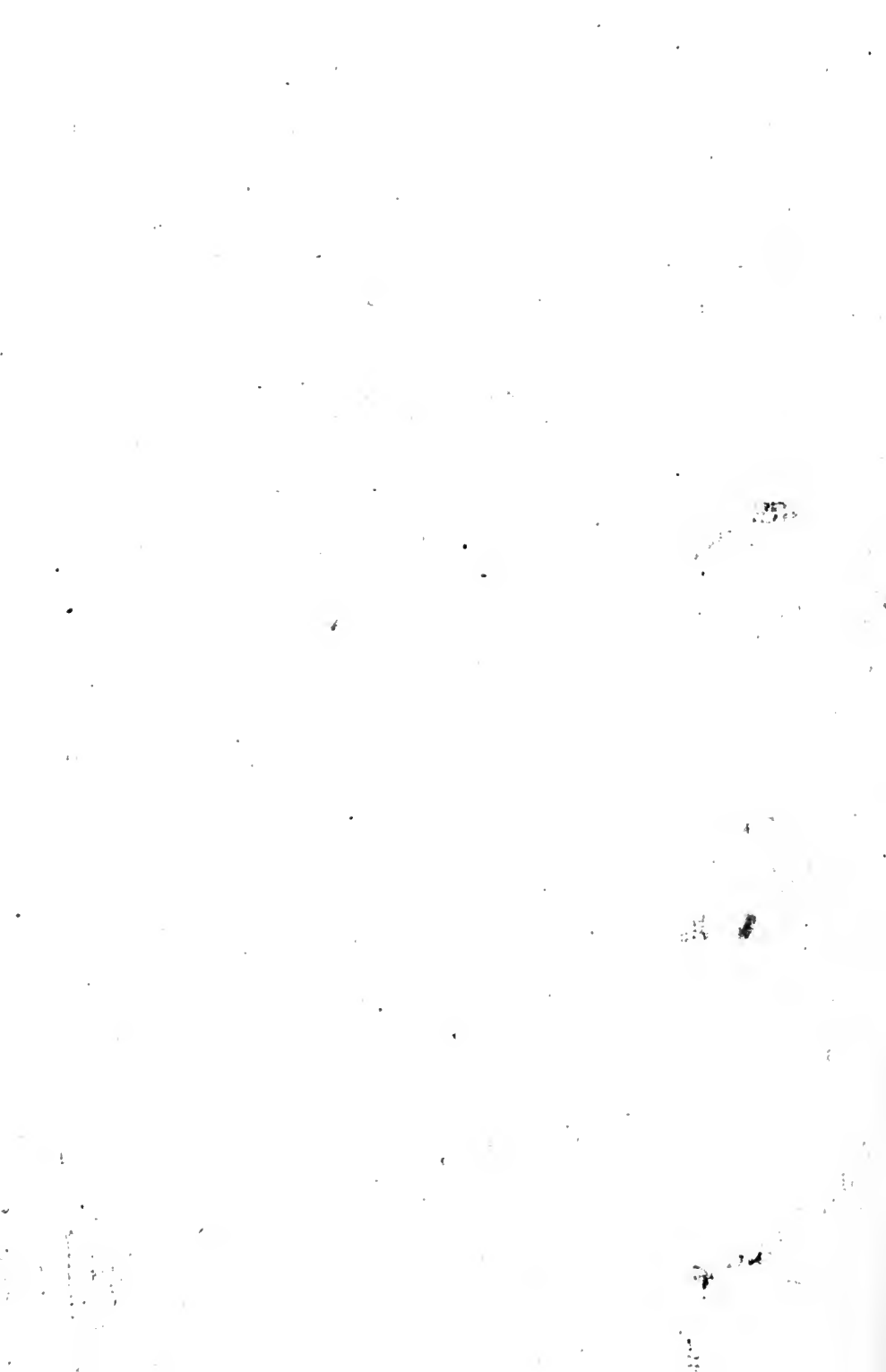
L.

H. G.

Put her over C

7

Melinda
Worth
Brewer



and lost my liberty; ~~secure from wounds, I am prepared for the gout; farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes—~~ Sir, my liberty, ~~and hopes of being a general, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred pound a year—~~ But to your love, madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition—greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter Worthy. R. Returns life.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your daughter is lost.

Ball. So am not I, fir, since an honest gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda. R.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my cousin *Sylvia*?

Ball. Your cousin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your cousin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change; but, ~~Chance, you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy;~~ I alter'd my outside, because I was the same within; and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man, ~~that's my history.~~

Mel. Your history is a little romantick, cousin; but since success has crown'd your adventures, you will have the world o'your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offer'd you in the letter to your father.

Plume. That injury, madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, fir, will go a great way—when my cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen. R.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours—madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, fir.

Braz. So am I—You have got a pretty house here, Mr. *Laconick*. *X to Ball.*

E

Ball.

86 THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Ball. 'Tis time to right all mistakes—my name, sir, is *Ballance*.

Braz. *Ballance!* Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole generation—had not you an uncle that was governor of the *Leeward* islands some years ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, sir—He play'd at *Billiards* to a miracle—You had a brother too that was a captain of a fire-ship—poor *Dick*—he had the most engaging way with him—of making punch—and then his cabin was so neat—but his poor boy *Jack* was the most comical bastard—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! a pickled dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well, captain, are you still in your project yet? are you still for the privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a privateer just now; I had like to have been pick'd up by a cruiser under false colours, and a *French* pickaroon for ought I know!

Plume. But have you got your recruits, my dear?

Braz. Not a stick, my dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. *Rose* has not been pleas'd with her bedfellow.

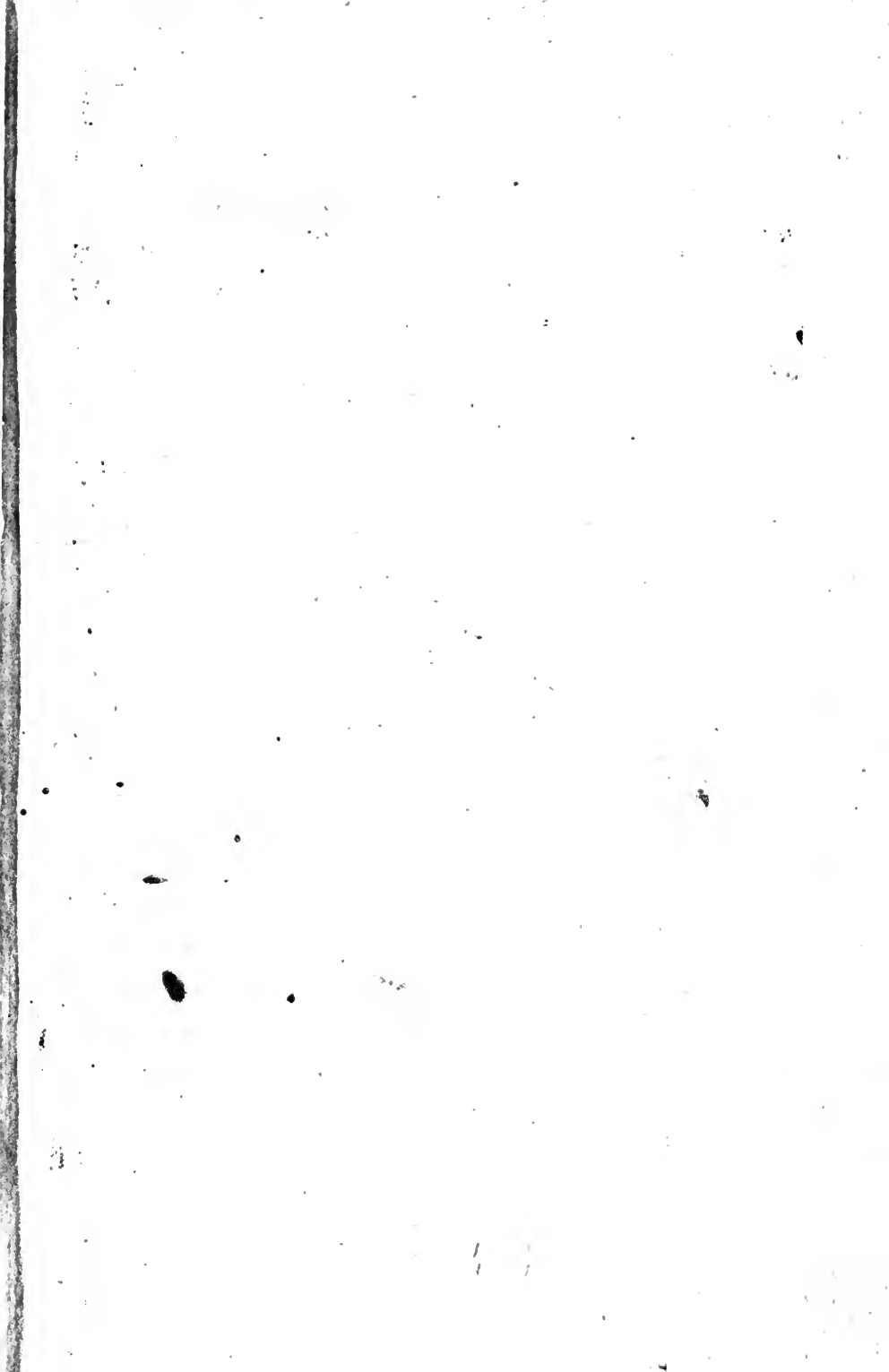
Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a passion, child, I was as little pleas'd with your company, as you cou'd be with mine.

Bull. Pray, sir, donna be offended at my sifter, she's something under bred, but if you please, I'll lie with you in her stead.

Plume. I have promis'd, madam, to provide for this girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Syl.



2 & 27. In. Saturday Feb. 14th / 29

In Rehearsal 2 Hours 6 30 m.

Wing. Incl. — Plum. Sylvia. Buzon - Ball.

72.

21

2 H. & 20 m.

Ap. 25. 1829

Syl. She shall be my charge, sir; you may find it business enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your hand against me, I'll desert.

Plume. ~~Captain Bull. shall take care o' that:~~ my dear, instead of the twenty thousand pound you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have rais'd ~~at the rate they cost me~~—My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit, and less good fortune—whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

*With some regret I quit the active field,
Where glory full reward for life does yield;
But the recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise recruits the matrimonial way.* [Exeunt.

27. 25.

E P I L O G U E.

ALL ladies and gentlemen, that are willing to see the Comedy, call'd the *Recruiting-Officer*, let them repair to-morrow night, by six o'clock, to the sign of the *Theatre-Royal*, in *Drury-Lane*, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.

*We scorn the vulgar way to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the call of drum.
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a corps of volunteers:
He finds that music chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses musick to invite ye.*

E P I L O G U E.

Beat the Grenadier March——Row, row, row?
 —Gentlemen, this piece of musick, call'd, *An Overture to a Battle*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* master, and was perform'd with wonderful success, at the great *Opera's* of *Vigo*, *Schellenberg* and *Blenheim*; it came off with the applause of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their delicateffe.

*Some that have acted on those glorious stages,
 Are here to witness to succeeding ages,
 That no musick like the Grenadier's engages.* }

Ladies, we must own, that this musick of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bononcini's*: yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more people asleep than all the *Camilla's* in the world; and you'll condescend to own that it keeps one awake, better than any opera that ever was acted.

The *Granadier March* seems to be a composition excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *English*, for no musick was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much alacrity; and with all deference to the present subscription, we must say, that the *Granadier March* has been subscrib'd for by the whole grand alliance: and we presume to inform the ladies, that it always has the pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest men in the whole army. In short, to gratify the present taste, our Author is now adapting some words to the *Granadier March*, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow, if the lady, who is to sing it, should not happen to be sick.

*This he concludes to be the surest way
 To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
 Soft musick's call, tho' you should damn his Play.* }

F I N I S.

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PA Farquhar, George
3437 The recruiting officer
R4
1776a

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