

ROUTLEDGE REVIVALS

The Plays of Arthur Murphy

Volume II

Edited by
Richard B. Schwartz



Routledge Revivals

**The Plays of
ARTHUR MURPHY**



Taylor & Francis

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The Plays of
ARTHUR MURPHY
VOLUME II

Edited with an introduction by
RICHARD B. SCHWARTZ



Routledge
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The Plays of
ARTHUR MURPHY

VOLUME II

Edited with an introduction by
RICHARD B. SCHWARTZ

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Volume II

The Apprentice
The Upholsterer
The Old Maid
The Citizen
No One's Enemy but His Own
Three Weeks after Marriage

Volume IV

Know Your Own Mind
The School for Guardians
The Choice
News from Parnassus
The Rival Sisters
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T H E

W O R K S

O F

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.

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The Apprentice



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THE
APPRENTICE,
A
COMEDY,
In TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

----- Non illo quisquam solertior alter
Exprimit incessus, vultumque modumque loquendi.

Ovid.

-----Tragicâ defævit & ampullatur in arte.

Hor.



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P R O L O G U E :

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

*PROLOGUES precede the piece in mournful verse,
As UNDERTAKERS walk before the barge;
Whose doleful march may strike the barden'd mind,
And wake it's feelings---for the dead behind.*

*To-night no smuggled scenes from France we shew,
'Tis ENGLISH, ENGLISH, Sirs, from top to toe.
Though coarse the colours, and the hand unskill'd,
From real life our little cloth is fill'd.*

*The hero is a youth, by Fate design'd
For CULLING SIMPLES; but whose stage-struck mind
Nor FATE could rule, nor his indentures bind.*

*A place there is, where such young QUIXOTS meet;
'Tis called the SPOUTING-CLUB, a glorious treat!
Where PRENTICE KINGS alarm the gaping street.*

*There BRUTUS starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts---a Wollen-Draper.*

*There HAMLET'S Ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,
Cries out with hollow voice---"LIST, LIST, OH!*

LIST!"

And frightens Denmark's Prince,---a young Tobacconist.

The Spirit too, clear'd of his deadly white,

Rises a HABERDASHER to the fight.

Not young Attornies have this rage withstood,

*But change their pens for TRUNCHEONS, ink for
BLOOD,*

And (strange reverse!) die for their Country's good.

4 P R O L O G U E.

*To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
 To bring them back to REASON and their SHOP,
 Our author wrote.---O you, Tom, Dick, Jack, Will!
 Who hold the ballance, or who gild the pill;
 Who wield the yard, and simp'ring pay your court,
 And at each flourish snip an inch too short;
 Let no false fire your heedless steps betray.
 "Who can tread sure upon this slipp'ry way?"
 Where, like to others, whom ambition calls,
 Th' advent'rous youth, before he rises, falls!
 The tinsel grandeur turns his giddy brain;
 He strolls, and starves; he struts and frets in vain.*

[Bell rings.

*But soft;---the Prompter calls---brief let me be;
 Would you no groanings hear, no apples see?
 Nor yet be damn'd? fly hence; "farewell, remember
 me."*

Dramatis Personæ.

WINGATE,	MR. YATES.
DICK, <i>his Son,</i>	MR. WOODWARD.
GARGLE, <i>an Apothary,</i>	MR. BURTON.
SIMON, <i>Servant to Gargle,</i>	MR. H. VAUGHAN.
CATCHPOLE, <i>a Sheriff's Officer,</i>	MR. W. VAUGHAN.
SCOTCHMAN,	MR. BLAKES.
IRISHMAN,	MR. JEFFERSON.
CHARLOTTE, <i>Daughter to Gargle,</i>	MISS MINORS.

MEMBERS of the Spouting-Club, WATCHMEN, &c.

THE
APPRENTICE.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE the FIRST.

Enter WINGATE and SIMON.

WINGATE.

HOLD your tongue, you blockhead, don't argue with me; don't think to impose upon me; I am convinced; I know it all; and if you imagine, varlet, that you are to trifle with me--- what right have you to trifle with me?---You are in the plot, you scoundrel, and if you don't discover all---

SIMON.

Dear heart, Sir, you won't give a body time.

WINGATE.

Tell me all you know this moment, or---zookers! a whole month missing, and no account of him far or near!---it is too much for a father: A vile, ungrateful prodigal!---Plague and distraction! where can the fellow be?---Look you, friend; don't you presume---

SIMON

6 THE APPRENTICE,

SIMON.

Lord, Sir, you are so main passionate, you won't let a body speak.

WINGATE.

Speak out then, and don't stand muttering,----
What a lubberly fellow you are! (*Looks at him and laughs*)---ha! ha! such a scare-crow figure! Why don't you speak out, you blockhead?

SIMON.

Mercy on us!---your son to be sure is a fine young gentleman, and a sweet young gentleman; but lack-a-day, Sir, how should I know any thing of him?

WINGATE.

Prevaricating booby! with more evasions than if you were before a Middlesex justice!---Has not he been apprentice to your master, my friend Gargle,--- who by the bye is as great a fool as yourself---Has not he been apprentice to him these three years? Have not you lived there all the time, and could you be so long in one house with my son, and not know all his haunts and all his ways? And then, you vagabond, you rascal, what are you lurking about my doors for? What brings you hither so often?

SIMON.

My master Gargle and I, Sir, have been so uneasy about him, that I have been running all over the town ever since morning to enquire for him, every where, high and low; and so in my way, I thought I might as well call here.

WIN-

WINGATE.

A villain, to give his father all this trouble! and so you have not heard any thing of him, friend?

SIMON.

Not a word, Sir, as I hope for mercy.

WINGATE.

You numskull! you booby! why did not you tell me so at first?

SIMON.

I told you as soon as you would hear me; and as sure as you are there, for all I know nothing, I believe I can guess what is come of him.

WINGATE.

Ay!---guess then, firrah; tell me as you guess.

SIMON.

As sure as any thing, master, the gypsies have gotten hold of him, and we shall have him come as thin as a rake, like the young girl in the city, with living upon nothing but crusts and water for six and twenty days.

WINGATE.

The gypsies have got hold of him!---get out of the room, you blockhead, you driveller, you non-sensical---ha! ha! the gypsies got hold of him!---Here, you, Simon---

SIMON.

Sir; anan---

WIN-

8 THE APPRENTICE,

WINGATE.

Where are you going in such a hurry?---Let me see; wounds! what must be done?---I'll plague myself no more; let him go on his own way.---An absurd, ridiculous, a silly, empty-headed coxcomb! with his *Cassanders*, and his *Cloppatras*, and his trumpery; with his Romances, and his damn'd plays, and his *Odysey* Popes, and a parcel of fellows not worth a groat! wearing stone-buckles, and cocking his hat: What right has he to wear stone-buckles and cock his hat? But I'll not put myself in a passion---Death and fury! I never wear stone-buckles; never cock my hat. I think of nothing but the main chance; and-----Simon, do you step, and tell my friend Gargle that I want to speak to him. And yet, I don't know, why should I send for him? A fly, slow, hesitating, pedantic blockhead!---I send for such a fellow! a pebble-and-mortar, simple-squeezing, dry piece of formality, with his physical cant, and his nonsense!---Why don't you go, you booby, when I bid you?

SIMON.

Yes, Sir; I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit.*

WINGATE.

This son of mine will be the death of me. I can't sleep in my bed for thinking of him. He'll be undone; he'll be ruin'd;---well! it's his own fault; what care I? My advice is all lost. A scatter-brain puppy! to stand in his own light---Death and fire! that we can't get children, without having a regard for them! I have been turmoiling for him all my days, and now the villain is run away.---Suppose I advertise the dog, and promise a reward to any one that can give an account of him. There, more ex-
pence!

pence ! why should I throw away money upon such a profligate ? Why, as I don't say what reward, I may give what I please when they come. But then if the young rake-hell should deceive me, and happen to be dead ? why then he tricks me out of three shillings for the advertisement ; there's my money thrown into the fire. I'll think no more about him ; let him follow his nose ; it's nothing at all to me : what care I ?---What do you come back for, friend ?

Enter SIMON.

WINGATE.

Why don't you speak ?

SIMON.

As I was going out, Sir, the post came to the door, and brought this letter.

WINGATE.

Let me see it---The gypsies have got hold of him !
(*Locks at him and laughs*) ha ! ha ! what a conjure you are ?---ha ! ha !- -why don't you go where I ordered you ?

SIMON.

Yes, Sir,

[*Exit.*]

WINGATE.

Well, well ; I'm resolved, and it shall be so ; I'll advertise him to-morrow morning, and promise, if he comes home, that all shall be forgiven : If he bites at the hook then when I have him fast, I may do as I please. Ay, it shall be so ; (*laughs*) I may then do as I please. Ha ! ha ! right ! very good ! Let me see, how must I describe him ? He had on, a
VOL. II. C silver-

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silver-looped hat ; I never liked those damned silver-loops ; ---a silver-looped hat, and---and---confusion ! what signifies what he had on ? I'll read my letter, and think no more about him. Hey ! what in the name of wonder have we here ? (*reads*) *Bristol!*----how ! what is all this ?

Esteemed Friend,

*Last was 20th ultimo, since none of thine, which will occasion brevity. The reason of my writing to thee at present, is to inform thee, that thy son came to our place with a company of strolling players, who were taken up by the Magistrate, and committed as vagabonds to jail. That's good news ; I am glad of it ; let the villain lie there ; let him beat hemp (*laughs*) What a fine figure he'll cut in the jail!---ha ! ha ! Alexander the Great at hard labour ! I rejoice at this. Ha ! ha ! Let me see, what more does he say ? (*reads*) I am sorry thy lad should follow such profane courses ; but out of the esteem I bear unto thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and sent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago. He is consigned to thy address ; being the needfull from thy friend and servant,*

Ebeneezer Broadbrim.

My esteemed friend, Ebeneezer Broadbrim, you are as great a fool as the rest of them : What did you take the puppy out of jail for ? Could not you let him lie there ?---Ha ! ha ! the spirit moved him, I suppose.---Turned stage-player ! I'll never see the villain's face. Who comes there ?

Enter SIMON.

SIMON.

Our Cares are over.

WINGATE.

You lie, you blockhead : our cares are but just begun.

SIMON.

SIMON.

All's safe and well, make us thankful for it. I met Mr. Gargle on the way, and he has got such news for you, and he is coming as fast as he can, and here he is.

WINGATE.

Let him come in, and do you go and recover your breath, you gapeing, stareing, open-mouthed, fly-catching son of a-----

SIMON.

We're all alive and merry. [Exit.

Enter GARGLE.

WINGATE.

So, friend Gargle, here's a fine piece of work. Dick's turn'd vagabond.

GARGLE.

He must be put under a proper regimen directly. He arrived at my house within these ten minutes, but in such a trim! I brought him with me; he is now below stairs. I judged it proper to leave him there, till I had felt your pulse, and in due course prepared you for his reception.

WINGATE.

Death and fire! what could put it into his head to turn buffoon?

GARGLE.

Nothing so easily accounted for: when he ought

12 THE APPRENTICE,

to be reading the Dispensatory, there was he constantly poreing over plays, and farces, and *Shakespeare*.

WINGATE.

Ay, that damn'd *Shakespeare*! I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-stealer in *Warwickshire*. If he had sold the venison, there would have been some sense in that; he would have made money by it; a better trade than writing plays. Zookers! if they had hanged the fellow out of the way, he would not now be the ruin of honest men's children. What right has my son to read Shakespeare? I never read Shakespeare. Wounds! I caught the rascal, myself, reading that Bartholomew-fair play of *Hamlet*, Prince of----I don't know what, not I---*Sweden* I believe---and there was the Prince keeping company with strollers and vagabonds. A fine example, master Gargle!

GARGLE.

His disorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has taken the infection from him. Bless my heart! she was as innocent as water-gruel, till he spoiled her. I caught her the other night in the very fact.

WINGATE.

Zookers! you don't say so! caught her in the fact?

GARGLE.

As sure as you are there, he has debauched the poor girl.

WINGATE.

Debauched your daughter?

GAR-

GARGLE.

Even so.

WINGATE.

I don't much wonder at that, friend Gargle. (*Looks at him and laughs*) The boy has good blood in his veins.

GARGLE.

Poor Charlotte! I caught her in the very fact, reading a play-book in bed.

WINGATE.

Is that the fact?

GARGLE.

Yes, and bad enough of all conscience.

WINGATE.

Why, you metaphorical blockhead, why could not you say so at first?

GARGLE.

That was my meaning; but I have done for my young madam; I have locked up all her books, and confined her to her room.

WINGATE.

You have served her right. Look you here, friend Gargle; I'll never see the villain's face; let him follow his own courses; let him bite the bridle.

GARGLE.

Lenitives, Mr. Wingate, lenitives are properest
at

present. His habit requires gentle alteratives : Leave him to my management : Twenty ounces of blood, a cephalic tincture, and a cool regimen, will bring him to himself, and then he may do very well.

WINGATE.

Pho! truce with your jargon: Where is the scoundrel?

GARGLE.

Dear Sir, moderate your anger. Harsh language may---

WINGATE.

Harsh language! If he behaves like a profligate shan't I tell him of it?

GARGLE.

Violence may inflame: gentle means may work a reformation: the boy has good sentiments.

WINGATE.

Sentiments! don't tell me of sentiment; what have I do with sentiment?---Let the booby mind his business, learn how to get money, and never miss an opportunity. I never missed an opportunity; got up at five in the morning; struck a light; made my own fire; worked my fingers ends; and this vagabond is now going to destruction. Let him have his full swing. Let him go on: A ridiculous---

GARGLE.

Ay; ridiculous indeed! For a long time past he could not converse in the language of common sense.
Ask

Ask him a trivial question, he gave you a cramp answer out of some of his plays, that are always running in his head. No understanding a word that he says!

WINGATE.

Death and fury! this comes of his keeping company with wits, and be damned to 'em for wits.--- ha! ha! wit is a fine thing indeed. I never knew one of your men of genius worth sixpence. There's my friend Bookworm; he has parts and talents; every body says so; we went to school together; he studied well. (*laughs*) Ha! ha! yes, he studied well! he made Verses, and I learned Vulgar Fractions. Where is he now? Looking through iron bars at the King's Bench prison.---Ha! ha! wit is the most rascally, contemptible, beggarly thing on the face of the earth.

GARGLE.

Would you believe it, Mr. Wingate? I have found out that your son went three times a week to a spouting club.

WINGATE.

A spouting club, friend Gargle! what's a spouting club?

GARGLE.

A meeting of prentices, and clerks, and giddy young men, all intoxicated with plays! and so they meet at public houses, and there they repeat speeches. and alarm the neighbourhood with their noise, and neglect their business, and despise the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but of becoming actors.

WIN-

WINGATE.

You don't tell me so! a spouting club! zookers! they are all mad.

GARGLE.

Ay, mad, indeed, Sir: madnes is occasioned in a very extraordinary manner; the spirits flowing in particular channels---

WINGATE.

'Sdeath! you are as mad yourself as any of them.

GARGLE.

And continuing to run in the same *duets*----

WINGATE.

Ducks!---what *ducks*? roast *ducks* for supper?

GARGLE.

No, fir, no; but the finer juices running in the same capillary ducts or vessels, the texture of the brain becomes difordered.

WINGATE.

Friend Gargle, don't plague me. (*walks away*)
Who's below there?

GARGLE. (*following bim*)

And by the pressure on the nervous system, the head is disturbed: obstructions are formed, and thus your son's malady is contracted.

WINGATE. (*walking away*)

Will nobody answer? Who is below?

GAR-

GARGLE. (*following him*)

But I shall alter the morbid state of the juices, correct his blood, sweeten the humours, and produce laudable CHYLE.

WINGATE.

Produce a laudable fortune; that's the true use of GUILLE. Who's below there? Tell that fellow to come up.

GARGLE.

Nay, be a little cool: inflammatories may be dangerous. He may reform; there is now some prospect of it.

WINGATE.

Po! none of your prospects; give me a prospect of gain. Prithee, don't teaze me, man; here the rascal comes.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

(*Walking slow and fullen, with his arms folded: he looks at his father, then fixes his eyes on the ground*)

There's an attitude! If I had chains on, BAJAZET could not do it better. (*Afide.*)

WINGATE.

Did you ever see such a fellow? So friend!

DICK.

"Now, my good father, what's the matter?"

WINGATE.

You have been upon your travels, have you?--- you have had your frolick?---Look you, young man, I'll not put myself in a passion; but death and fire! you scoundrel, what right have you to plague me in this manner? Do you think I am to fall in love with your face? Must I bear with you, because I am your father?

DICK.

“ A little more than kin, and less than kind.”

WINGATE.

What a pretty figure you cut now? (*stands laughing at him*) such a poverty-struck rascal I never saw! Why don't you speak you blockhead? have you nothing to say for yourself?

DICK. (*aside*)

Nothing to say for yourself? What an old prig it is!

WINGATE.

Mind me, friend; I have found you out. How often must I tell you that you will never come to good? Turn stage-player! wounds! you'll not have an eye in your head in a month. (*Looks at him, and laughs*) Ha! ha! you'll have 'em knocked out of the sockets with withered apples. Remember I tell you so, friend.

DICK.

A critic too! (*whistles*) well said old square-toes.

WIN-

WINGATE.

Look you, young man; my advice is all thrown away upon you. But once for all, mind what I say. I made my own fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds! if I were placed at the bottom of Chancery-lane with a brush and blackball, I know the world, and could make my own fortune again. You read Shakespeare! get Cocker's Arithmetic; you may buy it for a shilling upon a stall; the best book that ever was wrote.

DICK. (*aside*)

Pretty well that! Ingenious, truly! Egad, the old buck has a pretty notion of letters.

WINGATE.

Can you tell me how much is *five eights of three sixteenths of a pound*?---I see you are a blockhead. Five eights of three sixteenths of a pound! you can't tell me; I would not give a farthing for all you know. If you have a mind to thrive in this world, study figures, and make yourself usefull.

DICK.

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!"

WINGATE.

Mind the scoundrel now!

GARGLE.

Do, Mr. Wingate, let me speak to him. Softly, softly; I'll touch him with a gentle hand, Come, young man, lay aside this fulky humour, and speak as becomes a son.

DICK.

“ O Jephtha, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou !”

WINGATE.

What does the fellow say ?

GARGLE.

He relents, Sir ; come, come, young man, make peace with your father.

DICK.

“ They fool me to the top of my bent.” Egad, I’ll bamboozle ’em, and so get out of the scrape.---
 “ A truant disposition, good my lord.”---No, no, stay, stay, that’s not right : my friend *Ranger* can supply a better speech.---“ It is as you say, when
 “ we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on our
 “ follies, we are ashamed and sorry ; and yet, the
 “ very next minute, we rush again into the very
 “ same absurdities.”

WINGATE.

Well said, lad, well said ; that’s very good sense ; I like you when you talk sense. Listen to me, friend : commanding our own passions, and artfully taking advantage of other peoples, is the sure road to wealth. And without wealth, what is life ?---Die a beggar, rather than live a beggar. A man should always have a thousand pounds at his banker’s. Wounds ! it’s ridiculous not to have a thousand pounds at your banker’s.

DICK.

Without doubt, Sir. (*stifling a laugh*)

WIN-

WINGATE.

I'll tell you what, friend; I have a great regard for you in the main. What do I mind my business for, and get up at five in the morning? Is not it all for you? I never lost an opportunity in my life. There was my friend Barlow, I knew he could not live; he drank brandy in a morning; I saw it; fixed my eye upon him; sold him an annuity: he did not live to receive the first quarter. Ha! ha! ---my poor friend Barlow!---I knew what I was about: and is not all that for you? Mind me friend: if I abuse you, it is because I wish you well. Death and fire! do you think I'd call you a scoundrel, if I had not a regard for you?

DICK.

To be sure, Sir.

WINGATE.

You don't hear me call a stranger a scoundrel.

DICK.

No bad mark of prudence.

WINGATE.

Prudence!---what do I care for a stranger? Mind me, and I'll make a man of you. If you want any thing, you shall be provided: have you any money in your pocket? Not a sixpence, I warrant. (*looks at him and laughs*) There is nothing I hate like poverty. Let me see, if I have any money in my purse. How is this? A ten pound note! Now if I was to give you a bank-note---no; I'll keep it for you; that will do better; and so mind what I say, and go and make yourself usefull.

DICK.

DICK.

“ Elfe, wherefore breathe I in a Chriftian land ?”

WINGATE.

Very well ; I like that : you had better ftick to your bufinefs, than turn mountebank, and get truncheons broke upon your arm, and tumble about upon carpets.

DICK.

“ I fhall in all my beft obey you, Sir.”

WINGATE.

Very well ; very well faid. You may do very well : I'll fay no more to you now : go change your drefs ; make yourfelf fit to be feen, and go home to your bufinefs. And let me fee no more play-books : let me never hear that you wear a laced waitcoat : what right have you to wear a laced waitcoat ? I never wore a laced waitcoat ; never wore one till I was forty. But I'll not put myfelf in a paffion ; go, and remember what I have faid to you.

DICK.

I fhall, Sir.

“ I muft be cruel only to be kind ;

“ Thus bad begins, and worfe remains behind.”

Cocker's Arithmetic, Sir ?

WINGATE.

Ay, Cocker's Arithmetic : ftudy figures ; figures and the true Italian method of book-keeping will carry you through the world.

DICK.

DICK.

Yes, Sir. (*stifling a laugh*) Cocker's Arithmetic!
[Exit.]

WINGATE.

Let him mind me, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

GARGLE.

Ay, Sir, you know the world. Your son will do very well: I wish he were out of his time; he shall then have my daughter.

WINGATE.

Yes, but not a stiver of her fortune; I must touch the cash myself; he shan't finger it during my life. I must keep a tight hand over him. (*Goes to the door*) Do you hear, friend? Mind what I say, and go home to your business immediately.---Friend Gargle, let him follow my directions, and I'll make a man of him.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

"Who call'd on Achmet? Did not Barbarossa require me here?"

WINGATE.

What's the matter now? BAROSSA! wounds! what's BAROSSA? Does the fellow call me names? What makes the booby stand in such confusion?

DICK.

"That Barbarossa should suspect my truth."

WIN-

WINGATE.

Mad, stark staring mad!---Get out of the room, you villain, get out of the room.

DICK.

I thought you called me back, to give me the bank-note, Sir.

WINGATE.

Give you a bank-note!---Death and confusion! you oaf; you scrub; you ridiculous coxcomb; give you a bank-note! the more you expect it, the less I'll give it. What right have you to expect it?

DICK.

If you had not mentioned it yourself, Sir---

WINGATE.

I mention it!

DICK.

I thought so, Sir; and as your word is as good as your bond---

WINGATE.

There now I see you're a blockhead: my word as good as my bond! you fool, you numskull, you'll never succeed in the world. Death and fire! how is my word as good as my bond? My word is one thing, and my bond is another; all the world knows that. Let me hear such another word out of your mouth, and I'll turn you out of my house immediately. My word as good as my bond. Wounds!
I have

I have a mind never to see your face. I hate poverty and nonsense: never say that to me again.

GARGLE.

Come, young man, every thing was quietly settled: do as your father bids you, and don't spoil all again. Be advised by me: go, make yourself clean, and then come home to your business.

[*He pushes DICK out.*]

DICK.

“ Oh! I am Fortune's fool.” [Exit.

WINGATE.

I can be very peremptory, friend Gargle: if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to say to him. But I still have hopes; he can do very well: and now I think of it, I have *Cocker's* Arithmetic below stairs in the counting-house. I'll step and get it for him, and he shall take it home with him.

GARGLE.

Mr. Wingate, I wish you a good evening. I have a slow fever in the neighbourhood, that I must pay a visit to. You'll send him home to his business. [Exit.

WINGATE.

He shall follow you directly. *Five-eighths of the three-sixteenths of a pound!*---Multiply the numerator by the denominator; five times sixteen, is ten times eight; ten times eight is eighty; and then---a---five and carry one. [Exit.

Scene changes to another Apartment.

VOL. II.

E

Enter

Enter DICK and SIMON.

DICK.

Simon, did you ever see such a queer old putt as my father?

SIMON.

Good enough when he is pleased; but main choleric; mercifull! how he storms and raves! blows up like gunpowder.

DICK.

His character will do for the stage, and I'll act it myself.

SIMON.

Lord love you, master, I am so glad you are come home; but methinks we had better get away from this house; all fishing in troubled waters here; much quieter at Mr. Gargle's

DICK.

No, no, Simon; stay a moment. This is but a scurvy sort of a coat I have on: I know old square-toes has always something smart locked up in his closet; I know his ways; he takes them in pawn; never parts with a guinea without a good pledge in hand.

SIMON.

Odds my life, take care; as sure as a gun he'll hear you. Hush! I believe he's coming up stairs.

DICK. (*goes to the door and listens*)

No---no---no---he is going down stairs, growling
and

and grumbling---“ scoundrel, rascal---bite the bridle
---“ make yourself usefull---six times twelve is fe-
“ venty two”---All is safe, Simon; he is gone down;
we have nothing to fear. Stand you there, and I’ll
dispatch this business in two minutes “ by Shrewf-
“ bury clock.”

SIMON.

Blessings on him, what is he about?---Why, the
closet door is locked, master.

DICK.

I know it, Simon, but I can unlock it.---You shall
see me do it with as much dexterity as any *Sir John
Brute* of ’em all.---This right leg here is the best
locksmith in England. Come, surrender up your
trust--- (*Kicks the door open and goes in*)

SIMON.

He is at his plays again: odds my heart, he is
wondrous comical; pure diverting; he will go
through with it, I warrant him. Old Drybeard
must not smoko that I have any concern. I must be
main cautious. What’s he about? Bless his heart,
he is to teach me to act SCRUB. He began with me
long ago, and I got as far as the Jesuit before he
went out of town. “ Scrub!---coming Sir---why
“ Scrub!---Ma’am---Lord Ma’am, I have a whole
“ packet full of news; some fay one thing, and
“ some another, but for my part, Ma’am, I believe
“ he is a Jesuit.”---That’s main pleasant---“ I be-
“ lieve he is a Jesuit.”

Enter DICK.

DICK.

“ I have done the deed; didst thou not hear a
noise?”

SIMON.

No, mafter; don't look fo frightened; not a mouse stirring; all snug.

DICK.

This coat will do charmingly. I have outwitted the old gentleman nicely. "In a dark corner of his cabinet I found this paper; what it is this light will shew." (*reads*) *I promise to pay---ha!---I promise to pay to Mr. Moneytrap or order on demand---* "'tis his hand; a note of his;---yet more"---*the sum of seven pounds fourteen shillings and seven pence, value received by me, London, this 15th June 1775.* "'Tis wanting what should follow; his name should follow, but 'tis torn off, because the note is paid."

SIMON.

Oh! Lud! dear heart, I'm frighted out of my senses. You'll spoil all; I wish we were well out of the house. Our best way, mafter, is to make off directly.

DICK.

I'll do it; we'll found a retreat in a moment; but first help me on with this coat. (*puts it on*) Simon, you shall be my dresser, when I am a great actor; you'll be pure happy behind the scenes.

SIMON.

As happy as the day is long, mafter. I shall like of it hugely. I have been behind the scenes in the country, when I lived with the man that shewed wild beastices.

DICK.

DICK.

Hark ye, Simon; when I am playing some deep tragedy, and "cleave the general ear with horrid speech," you must stand at the side of the scenes, and cry bitterly. (*Teaches him*) Oh!----it's so moving, I can't stand it.

SIMON.

Yes, I'll do it; I am rare one to cry.

DICK.

And when I am playing a gay, sprightly, genteel part in comedy, you must be ready to crack your sides with laughing. (*Teaches him*) I shall be damned pleasant,

SIMON.

Never doubt me, master. (*Both laugh*)

DICK.

Very well; now go and open the street door; I'll steal down, and we'll leave old Multiplication Table to himself.

SIMON.

Ay, so best: we are dancing upon thorns here: I am gone to serve you, master.

DICK.

"To serve thyself; for look, when I am Manager, claim thou of me the care o' th' wardrobe, with all those moveables whereof the property-man now stands possessor."

St.

SIMON.

I does not underftand it, but I likes to hear you talk. Hufh ! I am gone.

DICK.

Hold, hold ; Simon, come hither. “ What money have you about you, Mafter Matthew ? ”

SIMON.

But a tefter.

DICK.

A tefter !---something of the leaft, Mafter Matthew. Let me fee it.

SIMON.

You have had fifteen fixpences now.

DICK.

Never mind ; I’ll pay you all at my benefit.

SIMON.

I does not fear you. Hufh !---I’ll go and open the door. [Exit.

DICK, *folus.*

“ Thus far we run before the wind.”---An apothecary ! make an apothecary of me ! what cramp my genius over a peffle and mortar, or mew me up in a fhop with an “ alligator ftuff, and a beggarly account of empty boxes ! ” To be culling fimples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality. No, no, I’ll add to the Play-bills rather : it will be much better to be paffed up in capitals, *The part of Romeo by a young gentleman who never appeared upon any stage*
be-