

THE KNIGHTS.

Imprimé par Royal. 1831

A F A R C E,

IN TWO ACTS.

387

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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260

1793. 1

The Knights.

ALTHOUGH this diverting farce has not been performed for a number of years; yet, coming from the pen of so celebrated a writer as the late Samuel Foote, we presume the patrons of this collection will honour it with a welcome, and perhaps join with us in the hope of its revival on the stage.

The character of TIM is well suited to the talents of that admirable comedian the Younger Bannister: as for the Elder, it was well known that when Foote expired, he left but one behind him, and that one Charles Bannister: who could personify, with any degree of success, those characters, which owed their existence to the creative; and their effect to the acting powers of their inimitable author.

The KNIGHTS made their first public appearance, so long back as the year 1747, at the Haymarket Little Theatre.— Their reception was a cordial one, and such as their originality, and strength of character, in perfect harmony with nature, so well intitled them to expect from a British audience.

It has been said, that Mr. Murphy had an eye upon the news-hunter of Mr. Foote, in his Knights, when he drew his own in the Upholsterer; however that may be, it is very evident that the difference between the two politicians is very material.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Hartop,	-	MR. FOOTB
Sir Gregory Gazette,	-	MR. YATES
Jenkins,	-	MR. BLAKES
Tim,	-	MR. COSTOLLO
Robin,	-	MR. CLOUGH.

Women.

Jenny,	-	MISS MINORS
Miss Penelope Trifle,	-	MRS. CROSS
Miss Sukey Trifle,	-	MISS MILLS.

Tabanus hamiltoni pulla
(5)

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

HAPPY my muse, had she first turn'd her art,
From honour's dangerous path, to touch the heart.
They who, in all the bluster of blank verse,
The mournful tales of love and war rehearse,
Are sure the critics censure to escape;
You hiss not heroes now, you only—gape:
Nor (strangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens,)
Dare you intrude your judgment on their scenes.
A different lot the comic muse attends,
She is oblig'd to treat you with your friends:
Must search the court, the forum, and the city,
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty;
Youth's wild profusion, th' avarice of age;
Nay, bring the Pit itself, upon the stage.
First to the bar she turns her various face:
Hem, hem! My lord, I'm counsel in this case;
And if so be your lordship should think fit,
Why to be sure, my client must submit:
For why, because——Then off she trips again,
And to the sons of commerce shifts her scene:
There, whilst the griping sire, with moping care,
Defrauds the world himself, t'enrich his heir;
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
For thousand throws a main at Covent-Garden.

These are the portraits we're oblig'd to show :
You are all judges if they're like or no :
Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try,
And grace our future scenes with novelty.
I have a plan to treat you with Burletta,
That cannot miss your taste, Mia spiletta.
But should the following piece your mirth excite,
From Nature's volume we'll persist to write.
Your partial favour bade us first proceed ;
Then spare th' offender, since you urg'd the deed.



THE KNIGHTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

HARTOP and JENKINS *discovered.*

Jenkins.

I SHOULD not choose to marry into such a family.

Har. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concern'd in the matter; and to convince you that love is not the minister of my counsels, know, that I never saw but once the object of my present purpose; and that too at a time, and in a circumstance, not very likely to stamp a favourable impression. What think you of a raw boarding-school girl at Lincoln Minster, with a mind unpolish'd, a figure uninform'd, and a set of features tainted with the colours of her unwholesome food.

Jenk. No very engaging object indeed, Hartop.

Har. Your thoughts now were mine then; but some connections I have since had with her father,

have given birth to my present design upon her. You are no stranger to the situation of my circumstances: my neighbourhood to Sir Penurious Trifle, was a sufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage; the hard terms he imposed upon me, and the little regard I have paid to œconomy, has made it necessary for me to attempt, by some scheme, the re-establishment of my fortune. This young lady's simplicity, not to call it ignorance, presented her at once as a proper subject for my purpose.

Jenk. Success to you, Jack, with all my soul! a fellow of your spirit and vivacity, mankind ought to support for the sake of themselves. ' For what-
' ever Seneca and the other moral writers may have
' suggested in contempt of riches, it is plain their
' maxims were not calculated for the world as it
' now stands. In days of yore, indeed, when vir-
' tue was called *wisdom*, and vice *folly*, such princi-
' ples might have been encourag'd: but as the pre-
' sent subjects of our enquiry are, not what a man
' is, but what he has; as to be rich, is to be wise
' and virtuous; and to be poor, ignorant and vici-
' ous; I heartily applaud your plan.

' *Har.* Your observation is but too just. And is
' it not, Dick, a little unaccountable, that we, who
' condescend so servilely to copy the follies and fop-
' peries of our polite neighbours, should be so to-
' tally averse to an imitation of their virtues? In
' France, has he wealth? is an interrogation never
' put, till they are disappointed in their en- ries

' after the birth and wisdom of a fashionable fel-
 ' low : but here, how much a-year?—two thousand
 ' —The devil! In what county? Berkshire. In-
 ' deed! God bless us! a happy dog!—How the
 ' deuce came I to be interested in a man's fortune,
 ' unless I am his steward or his taylor? Indeed,
 ' knowledge and genius are worth examining into ;
 ' by those my understanding may be improv'd, or
 ' my imagination gratify'd : but why such a man
 ' being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine,
 ' is to recommend him to my esteem, is what I
 ' can't readily conceive.'

Jenk. ' This complaint may with justice be made
 ' of all imitations : the ridiculous side is ever the
 ' object imitated.' But, ' a truce to moralizing, and
 ' to our business.' Prithee, in the first place, how
 can you gain admittance to your mistress? and, in
 the second, is the girl independent of her father?
 His consent, I suppose, you have no thought of ob-
 taining.

Har. Some farther proposals concerning my
 estate ; such as an increase of the mortgage, or an
 absolute sale, is a sufficient pretence for a vist ; and
 as to the cash, twenty to my knowledge ; indepen-
 dent too, you rogue! and, besides, an only child,
 you know : and then, when things are done, they
 can't be undone—and 'tis well, 'tis no worse—and a
 hundred such pretty proverbs, will, 'tis great odds,
 reconcile the old fellow at last. Besides, my papa
in posse, has a foible, which, if I condescend to hu-
 mour, I have his soul, my dear.

Jenk. Prithce, now you are in spirits, give me a portrait of Sir Penurious; though he is my neighbour, yet he is so domestic an animal, that I know no more of him than the common country-conversation, that he is a thrifty, wary man.

Har. The very abstract of penury! Sir John Costler, with his transmigrated stockings, was but a type of him. For instance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughter's head once a-year, for shaving the knight once a fortnight; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year One; his male-servant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and taylor; his maid employs her leisure hours in plain work for the neighbours, which Sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, shall be as many as possible, by joining with his daughter in scouring the rooms, making the beds, &c.—Thus much for his moral character. Then as to his intellectual, he is a mere *charte blanche*; the last man he is with must afford him matter for the next he goes to: but a story is his idol; throw him in that, and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, savoury or insipid, down it goes, and up again to the first person he meets. It is upon this basis I found my favour with the knight, having acquir'd patience enough to hear his stories, and equipp'd myself with a quantity sufficient to furnish him. 'His manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a specimen—' Is not that an equipage?

Jenk. Hey! yes faith; and the owner an acquaint-

ance of mine: Sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his son Tim with him. Now I can match your Knight. He must come this way to the parlour. We'll have a scene; but take your cue; he is a country politician.

Sir GREGORY entering and WAITER.

Sir Greg. What, neither the Gloucester Journal, nor the Worcester Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury, nor the Chester? Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble servant: A strange town this, Mr. Jenkins, no news stirring, no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a stranger, Mr. Jenkins? Pray, Sir, not to be too bold, you don't come from London?

Har. But last night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, that's wonderful! Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to—Well, Sir, and what news? You come from—Pray, Sir, are you a parliament-man?

Har. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! may be, belong to the law?

Har. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in some of the offices; the treasury, or the exchequer?

Har. Neither, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, that's wonderful! Well, but Mr.——Pray what name did Mr Jenkins, Ha, ha—

Har. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true!—What, not of the Hartops of Boston?

Har. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr. Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much—quires of newspapers! Now I reckon you read a matter of eight sheets every day.

Har. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful!—Then, may be, you are about court; and so being at the fountain-head, know what is in the papers before they are printed.

Har. I never trouble my head about them.—An old fool! [*Apart.*

Sir Greg. Good Lord! Your friend, Mr. Jenkins, is very close.

Jenk. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so. Wonderful! Ay, ay, a great man, no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

Sir Greg. Maybe so: do, do; ay, ay.

Jenk. Prithee, Jack, don't be so crusty: indulge the knight's humour a little! besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the conduct of your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy there.

Har. Well, do as you will.

Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies:

but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear—he is a treasure; he is in all the mysteries of government! at the bottom^d of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treasure! ay, may be so.

Jenk. And, that you may have him to yourself, I'll go in search of your son.

Sir Greg. Do so, do so; Tim is without; just come from his uncle Treggle's, at Menegizy, in Cornwall. Tim is an honest lad—do so, do so—(*Exit Jenk.*)—Well, Mr. Hartop, and so we have a peace, lack-a-day; long-look'd-for come at last. But pray, Mr. Hartop, how many newspapers may you have printed in a week?

Har. About an hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! Well, well, I shall go to London one of these days. A hundred and fifty! Wonderful! And pray, now, which do you reckon the best?

Har. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are various in their excellencies as their uses. If you are inclin'd to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbour, 'whose character neither your nor his whole life can possibly restore,' you may do it for two shillings in one paper: if you are displaced or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the ministry will be always well received at the head of another; 'and then, as a paper of morning-amusement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! good lack! and pray who
and what may that same fool be?

Har. Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully
assumed that habit, like the royal jesters of old, to
level his satire with more security to himself, and
severity to others.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! ‘The Fool!
ha, ha, ha! Well enough; a queer dog, and no
fool, I warrant you. Killigrew; ah, I have heard
my grandfather talk much of that same Killigrew,
and no fool.’ But what’s all this to news, Mr.
Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the king
of Spain, and the queen of Hungary, and those great
folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if
you would; come now—snug!—nobody by. Good
now, do; come, ever so little.

Har. Why, as you so largely contribute to the sup-
port of the government, it is but fair you should
know what they are about. We are at present in a
treaty with the Pope.

Sir Greg. With the Pope! Wonderful! Good
now, good now! How, how?

Har. We are to yield him up a large track of the
Terra-incognita, together with both the Needles,
Scilly-rocks, and the Lizard-point, on condition
that the Pretender has the government of Laputa,
and the bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter’s
chair: he being, you know, a Protestant, when pos-
sessed of the pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding
all Catholics to be of his religion: they deeming the

Pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! Rare news, rare news, rare news! Ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop. But might not I just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

Har. O fie, by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line—a little hint—Do now!

Har. Well, Sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand thanks. Good now! the Pope—Wonderful! I'll minute it down—Both the Needles?

Har. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now; I'll minute it—the Lizard-point—both the Needles—Scilly-rocks—bishop of Greenland—St. Peter's chair—Why then, when this is finished, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy wars again, Mr. Hartop.

Har. That's part of the scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah, good now! You see I have a head! Politics have been my study many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the newspapers! They tell me Dr. Drybones is to succeed to the bishopric of Wisper.

Har. No; Doctor——

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord at Ross, that it was between him and the dean of——

Har. To my knowledge.

Sir Greg. Nay, you know best, to be sure. If it should——Hush! here's Mr. Jenkins and son Tim——

mum!—Mr. Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the Pope?

Har. Not a word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter TIM and Mr. JENKINS.

Jenk. Master Timothy is almost grown out of knowledge, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ay, ay;—All weeds grow a-pace. Son Tim, Mr. Hartop; a great man, child! Mr. Hartop, son Tim.

Har. Sir, I shall be always glad to know every branch that springs from so valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be so. Wonderfull! ay, ay.

Har. Sir, I am glad to see you in Herefordshire;—Have you been long from Cornwall?

Tim. Ay, Sir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or less.

Sir Greg. Well said, Tim. Ay, ay, ask Tim any questions, he can answer for himself. Tim, tell Mr. Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tinnors, and the tides, and the roads, and the pilchards. I want a few words with my Master Jenkins.

Har. You have been so long absent from your native country, that you have almost forgot it.

Tim. Yes sure. I ha' been at uncle Treggle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or less.

Har. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to see your papa and mama?

Tim. No sure, not I. Father sent for me to uncle.

—Sure Menegezy is a choice place! and I could a^d stay'd there all my born days, more or less.

Har. Pray, Sir, what were your amusements?

Tim. Nan! what d'ye say?

Har. How did you divert yourself?

Tim. Oh, we ha' pastimes enow there:—we ha' bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fishing, and hunting, and hurling, and wrestling.

Har. The two last are sports for which that country is very remarkable;—in those, I presume, you are very expert.

Tim. Nan! What?

Har. I say you are a good wrestler.

Tim. Oh, yes sure, I can wrestle well enow:—but we don't wrestle after your fashion; we ha' no tripping, fath and sole! we go all upon close hugs, or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, Master?—I won't hurt you, fath and sole.

Har. We had as good not venture though. But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you regret the loss of more than hurling and wrestling?

Tim. Nan! What?

Har. No favourite she?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure they tugg'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no, I thank you for nothing. You must know I nurs'd Favourite myself: uncle's huntsman was going to Mill-pond to drown all Music's puppies, so I saved she. But fath, I'll tell you a comical story; at Lanston, they both broke loose, and eat a whole loin-a'-veal, and a leg of beef:

* Crist! how landlord swear'd! fath the poor fellow was almost maz'd; it made me die wi' laughing. But how came you to know about our Favourite?

Har. A circumstance so material to his son, could not escape the knowledge of Sir Gregory Gazette's Friends. But here you mistook me a little 'Squire Tim; I meant whether your affections were not settled upon some pretty girl—Has not some Cornish lass caught your heart?

Tim. Hush! cod, the old man will hear; jog a t'ny bit this way—won't a' tell father?

Har. Upon my honour!

Tim. Why then, I'll tell you the whole story more or less. Do you know Mally Pengrouse?

Har. I am not so happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milk-maid;—she's as handsome, Lord! her face all red and white, like the inside of a shoulder of mutton; so I made love to our Mally; and just, fath, as I had got her good-will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out, and sent word to father, and father sent for me home;—but I don't love her a bit the worse for that. But, i'cod, if you tell father, he'll knock my brains out; for he says, I'll disparage the family, and mother's as mad as a March hare about it;—so father and mother ha' brought me to be married to some young body in these parts.

Har. What, is my lady here?

Tim. No, sure; dame Winnifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

Har. I am sorry for that; I have the honour to be a distant relation of her ladyship's.

Tim. Like enough, fath!—she's a-kin to half the world I think. But don't you say a word to fath' about Mally Pengrouse. Hush!

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory will be amongst us some time—he is going with his son to Sir Penu-rions Trifle's;—there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miss Sukey Trifle and Mr. Timothy.

Har. The devil! (*apart.*) I shall be glad of every circumstance that can make me better acquainted with Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now; may be so, may be so!

Tim. Father, sure the gentleman says as how mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Lack-a-day, lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to—but how, Mr. Hartop, how?

Har. Why, Sir, a cousin-german of my aunt's first husband, intermarry'd with a distant relation of a collateral branch by the mother's side, the Apprises of Lantrindon; and we have ever since quartered in a 'scutcheon of pretence the three goat's tails rampant, divided by a cheveron, field-argent; with a leek pendant in the dexter-point, to distinguish the second house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly related! Good now, good now, if dame Winnifred was here, she'd make 'em all out with a wet finger;—but they are above me. Prithee, Tim, good now, see after the horses—and, d'ye hear, try if you can get any newspapers.

Tim. Yes, father——But cousin what d'ye call um, not a word about Mally Pengrouse.

Har. Mum!

[*Exit Tim.*]

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make some mistake about the horses now! I'll go myself. Good now, no farther, cousin; if you please, no ceremony——A hundred and fifty newspapers a week! 'the Fool!' ha, ha, ha, wonderful! an odd dog.

[*Exit Sir Greg.*]

Jenk. So, Jack, here's a fresh spoke in your wheel.

Har. This is a cursed cross incident.

Jenk. Well, but something must be done to frustrate the scheme of your new cousin's. Can you think of nothing?

Har. I have been hammering: pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's person?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell; but we may soon know.

Har. Cou'd you recommend me a good spirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions, and understanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3000*l.* a-year and a fool?

Jenk. In part I guess your design; the man's daughter of the house is a good lively lass, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to lose: I'll call her——Jenny!——but the enemy's at hand——I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny. When the worshipful family are retired, I'll introduce the wench.

[*Exit Jenk.*]

Enter Sir GREGORY and TIM.

Sir Greg. Pray, now, cousin, are you in friendship with Sir Penurious Trifle?

Har. I have the honour, Sir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so!—but, lack-a-day, cousin, is he such a miser as folks say? Good now, they tell me we shall hardly have necessaries for ourselves and horses at Gripe-hall;—but as you are a relation, you should, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here's Sir Penurious's letter; here, cousin.

Har. “Your overture I receive with pleasure, and should be glad to meet you in Shropshire.”—I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of Sir Penurious's disposition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better pleased to meet you here than at his own house.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, may be so!—a strange man! wonderful! But, good now, cousin, what must we do?

Har. I this morning paid Sir Penurious a visit; and if you'll honour me with your commands, I'll—

Sir Greg. Wonderful! to-day!—good now, that's lucky! cousin, you are very kind. Good now, I'll send a letter, Tim, by cousin Hartop.

Har. A letter from so old an acquaintance, and upon so happy an occasion, will secure me a favourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack, an old acquaintance, indeed, cousin Hartop! we were at Hereford 'size together—let's see, wonderful, how long ago!—'twas while I was courting Dame Winny, the year before I married—Good now, how long? let's see—that year the hackney stable was built, and Poor Ugly, the blind pad, fell into a saw-pit.

Tim. Mother says, father and she was marry'd the first of April in the year ten; and I knows 'tis thereabout, for I am two and thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and sister Nelly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim! I could not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the letter. ' But, pray, cousin, what diversions, good now, are going forward in London?

Har. Oh, Sir, we are in no distress for amusement; we have plays, balls, puppet-shews, masquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thousand others. But I am in haste for your epistle, Sir Gregory.'

Sir Greg. Cousin, your servant.

[*Exit Sir Gregory and Tim.*]

Har. I am your most obedient—Thus far our scheme succeeds; and if Jenkins's girl can assume the awkward pertness of the daughter, with as much success as I can imitate the spirited folly of Sir Pe-nurious the father, I don't despair of a happy catastrophe.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Sir, Mr. Jenkins—

Har. Oh, child, your instructions shall be administered within.

Jenny. Mr. Jenkins has open'd your design and I am ready and able to execute my part.

Har. My dear, I have not the least doubt of either your inclination or ability—But, pox take this old fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? Scour, Jenny.

Enter Sir GREGORY.

Sir Greg. Cousin, I beg pardon; but I have a favour to beg—Good now, could not you make interest at some coffee-house in London, to buy, for a small matter, the old books of newspapers, and send them into the country to me? They would pass away the time rarely in a rainy day—

Har. Sir, I'll send you a cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! Ten thousand thanks!—You are a cousin indeed. But, pray, cousin, let us, good now, see some of the works of that same fool?

Har. I'll send them you all; but a—

Sir Greg. What, all?—Lack-a-day, that's kind, cousin!—The Terra-incognita—both the Needles—a great deal of that!—But what bishop is to be Pope?

Har. Zounds, Sir, I am in haste for your letter—When I return, ask as many questions—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! that's true—
 I in, and about it.—But, cousin, the Pope is
 not to have Gibraltar?

Har. No, no; damn it, no! As none but the
 Fool could say it, so none but ideots would believe
 him.—Pray, Sir Gregory—

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin, lack-a-day! you
 are so—but pray—

Har. Damn your praying! If you don't finish
 your letter immediately, you may carry it your-
 self.

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin! Lack-a-day, you
 are in such a—good now, I go, I go.

Har. But if the truth should be discover'd, I
 shall be inevitably disappointed.

Sir Greg. But, cousin, are Scilly rocks—

Har. I wish they were in your guts with all my
 heart. I must quit the field, I find. [Exit.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!
 a passionate man! Lack-a-day, I am glad the Pope
 is not to have Gibraltar though. [Exit.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sir GREGORY, and TIM reading news to him, discovered.*

Tim.

CONSTANTINOPLE, N. S. Nov. 15, the grand Seignior—

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! good now, Tim, the politics, child: and read the stars, and the dashes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father—We can assure our readers, that the D—dash is to go to F blank: and that a certain noble L— is to resign his p—e in the t—y, in order to make room for the two three stars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful: good now, good now! great news, Tim! Ah, I knew the two three stars would come in play one time or other. This London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well.

Tim. From the D. J.

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Last Saturday, a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty house on Ormond quay, and stripp'd it of all the furniture.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, wonderful! To what a height these rogues are grown!

Tim. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel, is turn of your—

Sir Greg. Psha! skip that, Tim; I know that road as well as the doctor: 'tis in every time.

Tim. J. Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-lane, makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked; and if he was to have the universal world for making a pair of stays, he could not put better stuff in them—

Sir Greg. Good now; where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: All my lady Isard's children, good now, are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a DRAWER.

Draw. Sir, Mr. Jenkins begs to speak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now; desire him to walk in.

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a visit from Sir Penurious Trifle. I saw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come? Wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed, Mr.—Come, Tim, settle my cravat: good now, let's be a little decent.—Remember your best bow to your mistress, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father! but must not I kiss Miss Suck?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, ay... Pray, is cousin Hartop come along?

PARSON'S MINOR THEATRE.



Daggs del.

Printed for J. Dutton, at Antwerp-street Row, Dec. 1793.

Angus, sc.

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Jenk. I have not seen him; but I fancy I had better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now, would you be so kind. [*Exit Jenkins.*] Stand behind me, Tim—Pull down your ruffles, child.

Tim. But, father, won't Miss Suck think me bold if I kiss her chops the first time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, no, Tim, no. Faint heart never won fair lady. Ha, Tim, had you but seen me attack dame Winny! But times ar'n't as they were. Good now, we were another kind of folks in those days; stout hearty smacks, that wou'd ha' made your mouth water again; and the mark stood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter. But the master-misses of the present age lack-a-day, as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their mistresses cheeks. Ah, the days I have seen!

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, fath and sole!

Sir Greg. Hush, Tim, hush! Stand behind me, child.

Enter HARTOP as Sir PENURIOS TRIFLE, and JENNY as Miss SUKEY, and JENKINS.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoy'd!—Good now!

Har. Sir Gregory, I kiss your hand. My daughter Suck.

Sir Greg. Wonderful!—Miss, I am proud to—Son Tim—Sir Penurious—Best bow, child—Miss Suck—

Tim. An't that right father? [Kisses her.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to see you look so well. You keep your own, Sir Penurious.

Har. Ay, ay, stout enough, Sir Gregory; stout enough, brother knight; hearty as an oak. Hey, Dick? Gad, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a story of an oak. It will make you die with laughing. Hey, you Dick, you have heard it; shall I tell it Sir Gregory?

Jenk. Though I have heard it so often, yet there is something so engaging in your manner of telling a story, that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now; I love a comical story. Pray, Sir Penurious, let me have it.—Mind, Tim; mind, child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and sole, I love a choice story to my heart's blood!

Har. You, knight, I was at Bath last summer—a water that people drink when they are ill. You have heard of the bath, Dick! Hey, you!

Tim. Yes, fath, I know Bath; I was there in my way up.

Sir Greg. Hush, Tim; good now, hush!

Har. There's a coffee-house, you—a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir Penurious, how many papers may they take in?

Har. Psha! damn the news! mind the story.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a hasty man, Tim!

Har. Pox take you both! I have lost the story—
Where did I leave off?—hey—you Dick.

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Har. Right, you, right! true, true! So ecod, you knight, I us'd to breakfast at this coffee-house every morning; it cost me eightpence though, and I had always a breakfast at home—no matter for that though! there I breakfasted, you Dick, ecod, at the same table with lord Tom Truewit—You have heard of Truewit, you knight; a droll dog! You, Dick, he told us the story, and made us die with laughing. You have heard of Charles the Second, you knight; he was son of Charles the First, king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: So what does Charles the Second, you knight, do? but he fights Noll at Worcester, a town you have heard of, not far off: but all would not do, you: ecod, Noll made him scamper, made him run, take to his heels, you knight. Truewit told us the story, made us die with laughing. I always breakfasted at the coffee-house; it cost me eightpence, though I had a breakfast at home—So what does Charles do, but hid himself in an oak, an oak-tree, you, in a wood call'd Boscobel, from two Italian words, Bosco Belle, a fine wood, you; and off he marches: but old Noll would not let him come home; no, says he, you don't come here. Lord Tom told us the story;—made us die with laughing; it cost me eightpence, though I had a breakfast at home. So, you knight, when Noll dy'd, Monk there, you, afterwards Albe-
marle, in the north, brought him back. So, you,

the cavaliers, you have heard of them; they were friends to the Stuarts. What did they do, ecod, you Dick! but they put up Charles in a sign, the royal oak; you have seen such signs at country-alehouses: so, ecod, you, what does a Puritan do—the Puritans were friends to Noll—but he puts up the sign of an owl in the ivy-bush, and underneath he writes, “This is not the royal oak.” You have seen writings under signs, you knight. Upon this, says the royalists, Ecod, this must not be: so, you, what do they do, but, ecod, they prosecuted the poor Puritan; but they made him change his sign though. And you, Dick, how d’ye think they chang’d it?—Ecod, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes, “This is not the owl in the ivy-bush.”—It made us all die with laughing. Lord Tom told the story. I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, though it cost me eightpence, and I had a breakfast at home; hey, you knight! what, Dick, hey!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! wonderful!

Tim. A choice tale, fath!

Jenk. Oh, Sir Penurious is a most entertaining companion, that must be allow’d.

Sir Greg. Good now, ay, ay, a merry man! But, lack-a-day, would not the young lady choose a little refreshment after her ride? some tea or some—

Har. Hey, you knight! No, no; we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you, Tim, what dost think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey? A jolly cōck, you Tim; hey, Dick. But prithee, boy what dost do with all this tawdry tinsel on? that hat and

waistcoat? Trash, knight, trash! more in thy pocket and less in thy cloaths; hey, you Dick! Ecod, you knight, I'll make you laugh: I went to London, you Dick, last year, to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane; in comes a French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francés; and his head, you knight, as white with powder, ecod, you, as a twelfth cake: and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be, hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now, an ambassador, to be sure.

Har. Ecod, you knight, nor better nor worser than Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure-dancer at the Opera-house in the Haymarket.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!

Har. Pshal! pox, prithee, Tim, nobody dresses now; all plain: look at me, knight; I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dress; hey Dick?

Jenk. You, Sir, don't want the aid of dress; but in Mr. Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a necessary compliment to his mistress.

Har. Stuff, Dick, stuff! my daughter, knight, has had otherguess breeding. Hey, you, Suck, come forward. Plain as a pikestaff, knight; all as nature made her; hey, Tim; no flams. Prithee, Tim, off with thy lace, and burn it; 'twill help to buy the siccence; 'she'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, Suck! But you, knight; ecod, Dick, a toast and tankard would not be amiss after our walk; hey, you!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will,
Sir Penurious.

Har. Ecod, that's hearty, you! but we won't
part the young couple: hey. I'll send Suck some
bread and cheese in; hey, knight! at her, Tim—
Come, Dick; come, you knight. Did I ever tell
you my courtship, hey, Dick? 'twill make you
laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, let's have it.

Har. You know my wife was blind, you knight.

Sir Greg. Good now, wonderful! not I.

Har. Blind as a beetle when I married her,
knight; hey, Dick! she was drown'd in our orchard.
Maid Bess, Knight, went to market, you, Dick; and
wife rambled into the orchard, and souse dropp'd
into the fish-pond. We found her out next day;
but she was dead as a herring; no help for that
Dick; buried her though, hey you! She was only
daughter to Sir Tristram Muckworm, you: rich
enough, you, hey! Ecod, you, what does she do,
you, but she falls in love with young Sleek her fa-
ther's chaplain, hey you! Upon that, what does me
I, but slips on domine's robes, you, pass'd myself
upon her for him, and we were tack'd together, you,
knight, hey, ecod; though I believe she never liked
me; but what signifies that, hey, Dick; she was
rich, you. But come, let's leave the children to-
gether.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Har. Nay, pray——

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, 'tis impossible.

Har. Pox of ceremony! you, Dick, hey! Ecod, knight, I'll tell you a story. One of our ambassadors in France, you, a devilish polite fellow reckon'd, Dick; ecod, you, what does the king of France do, but, say, he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: so, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go first: Oh, an't please your majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! Upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you, Dick; am I king of France, or you? is it my coach, or yours? and so pushes him in thus? hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! he, he, he!

Har. Ecod, Dick, I believe I have made a mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, Dick! Knight, ecod, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your house, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! A merry man, Mr. Jenkins.

[*Excunt the two Knights and Jenk*

Tim. Father and cousin are gone, fath and sole!

Jenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin.

Tim. How—fath and sole, I don't know what to say. How d'ye do, Miss Suck?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk. 'Tis a rare day, fath and sole.

Jenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim. Is your house a good way off here?

Jenny. Dree or vour mile,

Tim. That's a good long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow.

[Whistles.

Jenny.

[Sings.

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, Miss.

Jenny. I can sing loud enough, if I have a mind; but father don't love singing.

Tim. Like enow.

[Whistles.

Jenny. And I an't overfond of whistling.

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad singer.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did ever any body make love to you before?

Jenny. Before when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you must let it alone, fath and sole.

Jenny. Like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What should a tell?

Tim. Tell! why, as how I and father was come a-wooing.

Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why, you. Could you like me for a sweet heart, Miss Suck?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap somebody may ha' got your good-will already?

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then! hey, I don't know. But if you could fancy me——

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your true lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then! hey! why, fath, we may chance to be married, if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And suppose I won't be married to you:

Tim. Nay, Miss Suck, I can't help it, fath and sole. But father and mother bid me come a-court-ing; and if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father so.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks.

Tim. Not I, fath! you may stay as long as——

Enter WAITER.

Wait. There's a woman without wants to speak with Mr. Timothy Gazette.

Tim. That's I. I am glad on't. Well, Miss Suck, your servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back.—Cod, I don't care whether she likes me or no. I don't like her half so well as Mally Pengrouse—Well, your servant, Miss Suck. [Exit Tim.]

Jenny. Was there ever such an unlick'd cub? I don't think his fortune a sufficient reward for sacrificing my person to such a booby; but as he has money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself: I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman; but,

however, a favourable answer to his last question will soon settle matters.

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. Now, Jenny, what news, child? are things fix'd; are you ready for the nuptial knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: 'I thought to have quicken'd my swain's advances by a little affected coyness, but the trap would not take: I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The drawer call'd him to some woman.

Jenk. Woman! he neither knows nor is known by any body here. What can this mean? no counterplot? but, pox, that's impossible! you have not blabb'd, Jenny?

Jenny. My interest would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that security any woman may, I think, be trusted. I must after him tho'. [*Exit.*

Jenny. I knew the time when Jenkins would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd that the same cause that increases the passion in one sex, should destroy it in the other; the reason is above my reach, but the fact I am a severe witness of. Heigh ho!

Enter HARTOP as Sir PENURIOUS, and Sir GREGORY GAZETTE.

Har. And so, you knight, says he—you know, knight, what low dogs the ministers were then: how

does your pot—a pot, you, that they put over the fire to boil broth and meat in—you have seen a pot, you knight—how does your pot boil these trouble-some times? hey you! Ecod, my lord, says he, I don't know, I seldom go into my kitchen. A kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dress victuals, roast and boil, and so forth: Ecod, says he, I seldom go into the kitchen—But I suppose, the scum is uppermost still! Hey, you knight! what, ecod, hey! But where's your son, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, where's Tim, Miss Sukey? lack-a-day, what's become of Tim?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit, he'll be here presently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! Well, and how, Miss Sukey—has Tim? has he! well! and what, you have—wonderful?

Enter a SERVANT with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands, by Mr. Jenkins.

Har. Hey, you! what a letter? ecod so! Any answer, you? hey!

Serv. None, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir Penurious is busy! Well, Miss, and did Tim do the thing? did he please you? Come now, tell us the whole story: wonderful! rare news for dame Winny! ha, Tim's father's own son! But come, whisper—ay.

Har. “I have only time to tell you that your scheme is blasted: this instant I encounter'd Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece; they will soon

“be with you.”—So then, all’s over; but let’s see what expedition will do—Well, you knight, hey what, have they settled? Is the girl willing?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! right as my leg! ah, Tim, little did I think—But, lack-a-day, I wonder where the boy is! let’s seek him.

Har. Agreed, you knight; hey, come.

Enter JENKINS.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, here’s Mr. Jenkins. Good now, have you seen Tim?

Jenk. Your curiosity shall be immediately satisfied; but I must first have a word with Sir Penurious.

Har. Well you! what, hey! any news, Dick?

Jenk. Better than you could hope; your rival is disposed of.

Har. Dispos’d of! how?

Jenk. Marry’d by this time, you rogue! The woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouse, who trudg’d it up all the way after him, as Tim says: I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the business is done.

Har. Bravissimo! you rogue! but how shall I get off with the knight?

Jenk. Nay, that must be your contrivance.

Har. I have it—Suppose I was to own the whole design to Sir Gregory, as our plan has not succeeded with his son; and, as he seems to have a tolerable regard for me, it is possible he may assist my scheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying, however:—But he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now, Mr. Jenkins have you seen Tim? I can't think where the boy——

Har. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory, to set you clear with respect to some particulars:—I am now no longer Sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, cousin Hartop! as I am a living man—hey—Well, but good now! how, Mr. Jenkins, hey?

Jenk. The story, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now: but in two words, My friend Hartop has very long had a passion for Miss Trifle, and was apprehensive your son's application would destroy his views—which in order to defeat, he assum'd the character of Sir Penurious!—but he is so captivated with your integrity and friendship, that he rather chooses to forego his own interest, than interrupt the happiness of your son.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, that's kind! who could have thought it, cousin Hartop? lack-a-day! Well, but where's Tim? hey, good now! and who are you?

Jenk. This, Sir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a pestelent hussey! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots, and your royal oaks!—lack-a-day, who could ha' thought——ah, Jenny, you're a——But where's Tim?

Enter Sir GREGORY'S Servant.

Serv. Wounds, Master! never stir alive if Master Tim has na gone and marry'd Mally Pengrouse.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, sirrah, how! good now, good now, cousin Hartop—Mally Pengrouse! who the dickens is she?

Serv. Master Timothy's sweetheart in Cornwall.

Sir Greg. And how came she here? lack-a-day, cousin!

Serv. She tramp'd it up after master. Master Timothy is without, and says as how they be marry'd:—I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down!—Good now, let me come at him! I'll—ah, rogue!—Lack-a-day, cousin, show me where he is! I'll—

Har. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory; consider, it is an evil without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will Dame Winny say?—Good now, such a disparagement to—and then, what will Sir Penurious say? lack-a-day, I am almost distracted! And you, you lubberly dog! why did not you—I'll—ah, cousin Hartop, cousin Hartop! good now, good now!

Har. Dear Sir, be calm;—this is no such surprising matter: we have such instances in the newspapers every day.

Sir Greg. Good now! no, cousin, no.

Har. Indeed, Sir Gregory, it was but last week that Lord Lofty's son marry'd his mother's maid;

and Lady Betty Forward run away, not a month ago, with her uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what, in the news?—Good now, that's some comfort, however;—but what will Sir Penurious—

Har. As to that, leave him to me; I have a project to prevent his laughing at you, I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how? how, cousin Hartop, how?

Har. Sir Gregory, d'ye think me your friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, cousin, ay.

Har. And would you, in return, serve me in a circumstance that can't injure yourself?

Sir Greg. Good now, to be sure, cousin.

Har. Will you then permit me to assume the figure of your son, and so pay my addresses to Miss Trifle?—I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father; and if I could impose upon your sagacity, I shall find less difficulty with your brother knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim.

Har. I warrant you. But, see, the young gentleman.

Enter TIM.

Sir Greg. Ah! Tim, Tim! little did I—Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, fath and sole: but if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do so no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee can'st forgive thyself, I can forgive thee; but thank my cousin Hartop.

Har. Oh, Sir! if you are satisfy'd, I am reward-
ed. I wish you joy; joy to you, child.

Sir Greg. Thanks, cousin Hartop.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your Worship was in the House, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful!—here we are all topsy-turvey again!—What can be done now, cousin Hartop?

Har. Dick! show the ladies in here; but delay them a little. The luckiest incident in the world, Sir Gregory!—If you will be kind enough to lead Jenkins your dress, and Master Timothy will lend me his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, cousin.

Tim. Fath and sole, you shall have mine dire—

Har. No, no.—Step into the next room a minute, Sir Greogory.

Sir Greg. Ay, aye, where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice sport. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. PENELOPE and SUCK, with WAITER.

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you presently.—Would you choose any refreshment?

Suck. A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry.

Mrs. Pen. Fie! fie! niece! is that liquor for a young lady? Don't disparage your family and breeding. The person is to be born that ever saw me

touch any thing stronger than water till I was three-and-twenty.

Suck. Troth, aunt, that's so long ago, that I think there's few people alive who can remember what you did then.

Mrs. Pen. How! gillfirt!—none of your fleers! I am glad here's a husband coming that will take you down: Your tantrums!—You are grown too headstrong and robust for me.

Suck. Gad, I believe you would be glad to be taken down the same way!

Mrs. Pen. Oh! you are a pert!—But see your lover approaches. Now Sukey, be careful, child: None of your—

Enter JENKINS as Sir GREGORY, and HARTOP as TIM.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady! I rejoice to see you wonderful! and your niece!—Tim, the ladies.

Hart. Your servant, Mistress!—I am glad to see you, Miss Suck. (*Salutes her.*) Fath and sole, Mistress, Suck's a fine young woman, more or less!

Suck. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, Lady, where's my brother Trifle! where is Sir Penurious?

Suck. Father's at home, in expectation of you; and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations.

Jenk. Ay, wonderful!—Pray, Lady, shall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your sweetheart draw back a little?

Har. Yes, father: Come, Miss, will you jog a tiny bit this way?

Suck. With all my heart.

Jenk. There is, Lady, a wonderful affair has hap-
pen'd, good now! Son Tim has fallen in love with a
young woman at his uncle's, and 'tis partly to pre-
vent bad consequences, that I am, lack-a-day! so
hasty to match him: and one of my men, good now!
tells me that he has seen the wench since we have
been in town; she has followed us here, sure as a
gun, lady! If Tim sees the girl, he'll never marry
your niece.

Mrs. Pen. It is indeed, Sir Gregory Gazette, a
most critical conjuncture, and requires the most ma-
ture deliberation.

Jenk. — Deliberation! lack-a-day, Lady, whilst
we deliberate the boy will be lost.

Mrs. Pen. Why, Sir Gregory Gazette, what ope-
rations can we determine upon?

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Mrs. Pen. Administer your proposition, Sir Gre-
gory Gazette: you will have my concurrence, in
in any thing that does not derogate from the regula-
tions of conduct; for it would be most preposterous
in one of my character, to deviate from the strictest
attention.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady, no such matter is wanted.
But, good now! could not we tack the young couple
together directly? your brother and I have already
agreed.

Mrs. Pen. Are the previous preliminaries settled,
Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady.

Mrs. Pen. Why, then, to preserve your son, and accomplish the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined, and a minister may be procur'd.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good, good now! there has been one match already in the house to-day; we may have the same parson. Here! Tim! and young gentlewoman!—Well, Miss! wonderful, and how? has Tim? hey, boy! Is not Miss a fine young lady?

Har. Fath and sole; father, Miss is a charming young woman; all red and white, like Mally—Hum!

Jenk. Hush, Tim! Well, and Miss, how does my boy? he's an honest hearty lad? Has he, good now! had the art? How d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Suck. Taken? well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why then, Miss, with your leave, your consent and I here have agreed, if you are willing, to have the wedding over directly.

Suck. Gad! with all my heart. Ask the young man.

Har. Fath and sole, just as you please; to-day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or less.

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there, there you will find one to do your business: wonderful! matters will soon be managed within. Well, lady, this was good now, so kind! Lack-a-

day! I verily believe if dame Winny was dead, that I should be glad to lead up such another dance with you, lady.

Mrs. Pen. You are, Sir, something too precipitate: Nor would there, did circumstances concur, as you insinuate, be so absolute a certitude, that I, who have rejected so many matches, should instantaneously succumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady, good now! I—

Mrs. Pen. No, Sir; I would have you instructed, that had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her family surname.

Jenk. Wonderful! why, I was only——

Mrs. Pen. Nor has the title of Lady Gazette such resplendent charms, or such bewitching allurements, as to throw me at once into the arms of Sir Gregory.

Jenk. Good now! who says——

Mrs. Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles superior to perhaps——

Enter Sir GREGORY, ROGER, and TIM.

Tim. Yes, indeed, father; Mr. Harlop knew on as well as I, and Mr. Jenkins got us a parson.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a rare couple of friends! But I'll be even with them! I'll marr their market! Master Jenkins, you have fobb'd me finely.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, what's the matter now?

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-days! none of your gambols, nor your tricks to me: Good now, good now! give me my cloaths! here, take

your tawdry trappings? I have found you out at last: I'll be no longer your property.

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this, lady? Good now, good now! what's here! a stage play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays; but give me my wig? and your precious friend my loving cousin, pize on the kindred, let'n—

Jenk. Good now, good now! what are these folks? as sure as a gun, they're mad,

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no; we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you, tho'.

Mrs. Pen. What is all this; can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this mystery, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He Sir Gregory Gazette? Lack-a-day, lady! you are trick'd, imposed upon, bamboozled: Good now, good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette.

Mrs. Pen. How!

Tim. Faith and sole, 'tis true, mistress; and I am his son Tim, and will swear it.

Mrs. Pen. Why, isn't Mr. Timothy Gazette with my niece Susannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me! Lord, no, 'tis none of I, it is cousin Hartop in my cloaths.

Mrs. Pen. What's this? and pray, who—

Jenk. Why, as I see the affair is concluded, you may, Madam, call me Jenkins. Come, Hartop, you may now throw off your disguise; the knight had like to have embarrassed us.

Mrs. Pen. How, Mr. Jenkins! and would you, Sir, participate of a plot to—

Har. Madam, in the issue, your family will, I hope, have no great reason to repent. I always had the greatest veneration for Miss Penelope Trifle's understanding; the highest esteem for her virtues can intitle me to the honour of being regarded as her relation:—

Mrs. Pen. Sir, I shall determine on nothing, 'till I am apprised of my brother's resolution.

Har. For that we must wait. Sir Gregory, I must intreat you and your son's pardon for some little liberties I have taken with you both. Mr. Jenkins, I have the highest obligation to your friendship; and, Miss, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself the change will not prove unpleasing.

Suck. I know nothing at all about it.

Har. Sir Gregory, we shall have your company at dinner?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, no, no, that boy has spoil'd my stomach.—Come, Tim fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales; but how thou wilt get off with thy mother—

Tim. Never fear, father—

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial knot to bless,
We shall be happy all our lives—more or less—