

# THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.

A F A R C E,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLEMAN, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL DRURY LANE AND  
FAY-MARSET.

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

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## THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.

IN the season of 1763, this very elegant and lively After-piece, which reflects so much credit on the mind and invention of the Elder Colman, was represented, for the first time, before an audience at once numerous and brilliant, at Drury Lane Theatre; and never was applause more general or more completely earned. The hero of the scene being made the dupe of that artifice which suspicion had prompted him to have recourse to, is an admirable instance of the richness of the author's conception, and of his perfect knowledge of true stage effect.

It has been imagined by a modern writer, that Mr. Coleman has availed himself, in his fable, of the Episode of Lindor, in the impressive fictions of the moralist Mar-montel; but the idea is very far fetched, if not entirely void of foundation.

To suspect the integrity of a valuable and deserving object without just grounds, is unworthy of a man who has won upon the affections of a valuable and generous heart. Ingratitude, here, assumes its darkest hue; and here, satire is called upon to prepare its keenest dart to effect the reform of those who are unmanly enough to pain, by unjust suspicion, the chaste bosom of honour and of love.

To obey the call has been the task of our excellent dramatist, and in its execution he has given us fresh cause to exclaim with the bard he loved,

"O! what a noble mind is here o'ertun'd."

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## Dramatis Personae.

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### DRURY-LANE.

#### *Men.*

Col. Tamper,	-	MR. PALMER
Prattle,	-	MR. BADDELEY
Major Belford,	-	MR. WHITFIELD.

#### *Women.*

Emily,	-	MRS. GOODALL
Bell,	-	MISS COLLINS
Mademoiselle Florival,	-	MISS HEARD.

### HAY-MARKET.

#### *Men.*

Col. Tamper,	-	MR. PALMER
Prattle,	-	MR. BADDELEY
Major Belford,	-	MR. EVATT.

#### *Women.*

Emily,	-	MRS. GOODALL
Bell,	-	MRS. TAYLOR
Mademoiselle Florival,	-	MISS HEARD.

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## PROLOGUE.

*THE deuce is in him!* What the deuce  
(I hear you cry) can that produce?  
What does it mean? what can it be?  
A little patience——and you'll see.  
Behold, to keep your minds uncertain,  
Between the scene and you,——this curtain!  
So writers hide their plots, no doubt,  
To please the mob when all comes out!  
Of old the Prologue told the story,  
And laid the whole affair before ye;  
Came forth in simple phrase to say,  
“Fore the beginning of the play\*,  
“I, hapless Polydore, was found  
“By fishermen, or others, drown'd!  
“Or——I a gentleman did wed  
“The lady I would never bed,  
“Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,  
“Who's coming hither——to draw water.”

Thus gave at once the bards of Greece  
The cream and marrow of the piece;  
Asking no trouble of your own  
To skim the milk, or crack the bone.

The poets now take diff'rent ways;  
*E'en let them find it out for Bayes!*

\* The lines marked with inverted commas, are taken from a poem called Shakespeare, an epistle to Mr. Garrick. See Lloyd's Poems, p. 57.



And Tragedy as well might swagger  
Without blank verse, or bowl, or dagger,  
As Farce attempt the arduous task  
To walk abroad without her mask.

A poet, as once poets us'd,  
To poverty was quite reduc'd.  
No boy on errands to be sent,  
On his own messages he went.  
And once, with conscious pride and shame,  
As from the chandler's-shop he came,  
Under his thread-bare cloak, poor soul!  
He cover'd—half a-peck of coal.

A Wag (*his friend*) began to smoke;  
—George! tell us, what's beneath your cloak?  
—Tell you! it were as well to show—  
I hid it—that you shou'd not know.

Yet Farce and Tithe, one to 'other  
Shou'd seem, like Sotias, a Twin-brother.  
Prologues, like Andrews, at a fair,  
To draw you in, shou'd make you stare.  
“The notified! the only Booth!—Walk in!  
“Gem'men, in here! just going to begin!”  
And if our author don't produce  
Some character that *plays the deuce*;  
If there's no frolic, sense, nor whim,  
Retort, and play the dev'l with him!



# THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.

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## ACT I.

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### SCENE I.—*A Room in Emily's House.*

*Enter EMILY with a letter open in her hand—and Mademoiselle FLORIVAL in man's cloaths.*

*Emily.*

**B**E assured, that I will do every thing in my power to serve you; my brother knew that he might command my service—Be comforted, I beseech you, Madam.

*Flo.* You cannot wonder, Madam, that I should be shocked, extremely shocked, at the cruel necessity of appearing before you in so indelicate a disguise.

*Em.* Indeed you need not: there is something in your manner, which convinces me, that every action of your life carries its apology along with it; though I will not venture to inquire into the particulars of your story till your mind is more at ease.

*Flo.* Alas, Madam, it is my interest to make you acquainted with my story. I am the daughter of Monsieur Florival, a French physician, in the island of Belleisle. An English officer, who had been desperately wounded, was, after the capitulation, for the sake of due attendance, taken into my father's house; and as I, in the very early part of my life, had resided in England, he took some pleasure in my conversation. In a word, he won my affections, and asked me of my father in marriage: but he, alas! too much influenced by the narrow prejudices so common between the two nations, forbade the officer his house, but not before we were, by the most solemn engagements, secretly contracted to each other.

*Em.* May I ask the officer's name?

*Flo.* Excuse me, Madam. Till I see or hear from him once more, my prudence, vanity, or call it what you will, will scarce suffer me to mention it. Your brother, indeed, is acquainted with——

*Em.* I beg your pardon——I hope, however, you have no reason to think yourself neglected or forgotten?

*Flo.* Oh no; far from it. He was soon recalled by orders from England; and on my father's pressing me to consent to another match, my passion——I blush to own it——transported me so far, as to depart abruptly from Belleisle. I came over in an English ship to Portsmouth, where I expected according to letters he had contrived to send me, to find the officer. But, judge of my disappointment, when



I learnt that he embarked but three days before for the siege of the Havannah.

*Em.* The Havannah!—You touch me nearly—

Pray go on.

*Flo.* In a strange kingdom—alone—and a woman—what could I do? In order to defeat inquiries after me, I disguis'd myself in this habit, and mixt with the officers of the place; but your brother soon discovered my uneasiness, and saw through my disguise. I frankly confessed to him every particular of my story: in consequence of which, he has thus generously recommended me to your protection.

*Em.* And you may depend on my friendship. Your situation affects me strangely.

*Flo.* Oh, Madam, it is impossible to tell you half its miseries; especially since your brother has convinced me that I am so liable to be discovered.

*Em.* You shall throw off that dress as soon as possible, and then I will take you into the house with me and my sister—in the mean time, let me see you every day—every hour. I shall not be afraid that your visits will affect my reputation.

*Flo.* You are too good to me. [Weeping.]

*Em.* Nay, this is too much; it overcomes me. Pray, be cheerful.

*Flo.* I humbly take my leave.

*Em.* Adieu. I shall expect you to dinner.

*Flo.* I shall do myself the honour of waiting on you.

[Exit.]

*Em. (alone.)* Poor woman! I thought my own uneasiness almost insupportable; and yet, how much must her anxiety exceed mine!

*Enter BELL.*

*Bell.* So, sister! I met your fine gentleman. Upon my word, the young spark must be a favourite.—You have had a *tête-à-tête* of above half an hour together.

*Em.* How d'ye like him?

*Bell.* Not at all: a soft lady-like gentleman, with a white hand, a mincing step, and a smooth chin. Where does this pretty master come from?

*Em.* From my brother.

*Bell.* Who is he?

*Em.* A present to you.

*Bell.* A present to me! what d'ye mean?

*Em.* Why, did not my brother promise to take care of you before he went abroad?

*Bell.* Well, and what then?

*Em.* What then! Why, he has taken care of you—sent you a pretty fellow for a husband—Could he possibly take better care of you?

*Bell.* A husband!—a puppet, a doll, a—

*Em.* A soldier, Bell!—a red coat, consider.

*Bell.* A fine soldier indeed!—I can't bear to see a red coat cover any thing but a man, sister.—Give me a soldier that looks as if he cou'd love me and protect me; ay, and tame me too, if I deserv'd it.—If I was to have this thing for a husband, I wou'd set

him at the top of my India cabinet with the China figures, and bid the maid take care she did not break him.

*Em.* Well, well; if this is the case, I don't know what my brother will say to you. Here's his letter; read it, and send him an answer yourself.

*Bell.* (*reads.*) "Dear sister, the bearer of this letter is a lady!"—So, so! your servant, Madam!—and yours too, sister!—"whose case is truly compassionate, and whom I most earnestly recommend to your protection,"—Um—um—um—"take care of her"—Um—um—um—"not too many questions"—Um—um—um—"in town in a few days."—I'll be whipt now, if this is not some mistress of his.

*Em.* No, no. Bell, I know her whole history. It is quite a little novel. She is a Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Florival, run away from her father at Belleisle, and dying for an English gentleman at the Havannah.

*Bel.* The Havannah!—Not for Colonel Tamper, I hope, sister.

*Em.* If Colonel Tamper had been at the taking of Belleisle too, I should have been frighten'd out of my wits about it.

*Bell.* Suppose I should bring you some news of him?

*Em.* Of whom?

*Bell.* Colonel Tamper.

*Em.* What do you mean?

*Bell.* Only a card.



*Em.* A card!—from whom? What card?

*Bell.* Oh, what a delightful flutter it puts her into!

*Em.* Nay, but tell me.

*Bell.* Well then——while your visitor was here, there came a card from Major Belford; and I took the liberty of sending an answer to it.

*Em.* Let me see it! Dear Bell, let me see it!

*Bell.* Oh, it was nothing but “his compliments, and desiring to have the honour of waiting on you any time this morning from Colonel Tamper.”

*Em.* From Colonel Tamper!—What can this mean? I am ready to sink with fear——Why does he not come himself?

*Bell.* He's not arrived——not come to town yet, I suppose.

*Em.* Oh, Bell! I could suppose twenty things that terrify me to death.

*Bell.* I think now, such a message ought to put you quite out of your pain: he could not come from Colonel Tamper, if there was no such person in being.

*Em.* Ay, but suppose any accident should have happened to him! Heaven forbid! How unfortunate it is to doat upon a man, whose profession exposes him hourly to the risk of his life!

*Bell.* Lord, Emily, how can you torment yourself with such horrid imaginations? Besides, should the worst come to the worst—it is but a lover lost; and that is a loss easily repaired, you know.

*Em.* Go, you mad-cap! but you'll pay for all this one day, I warrant you. When you come to be

heartily in for it yourself, Bell, you will know, that when a pure and disinterested passion fills the breast, when once a woman has set her heart upon a man, nothing in the world but that very man will ever make her happy.

*Bell.* I admire your setting your heart, as you call it, of all things. Your love, my dear Emily, is not so romantic. You pitch upon a man of figure and fortune, handsome, sensible, good-natured, and well-bred; of rank in life, and credit in his profession; a man that half the women in town would pull caps for; and then you talk, like a sly prude, of your pure and disinterested passion.

*Em.* Why, then, I declare, if he had not a friend on earth, or a shilling in the world—if he was as miserable as the utmost malice of ill fortune could make him, I would prefer Colonel Tamper to the first duke in the kingdom.

*Bell.* Oh, sister, it is a mighty easy thing for persons rolling in affluence and a coach-and-six, to talk of living on bread and water, and the comforts of love in a cottage.

*Em.* The coach-and-six, Bell, would give little happiness to those who could not be happy without it. When once the heart has settled its affections, how mean is it to withdraw them for any paltry considerations of what nature soever!

*Bell.* "I think the lady doth protest too much."

*Em.* "Ay, but she'll keep her word."

*Enter SERVANT.*

Ser. Major Belford, Madam!

[Exit.

Em. Show him in——Oh, Bell, I am ready to drop with apprehension!

*Enter Major BELFORD.*

Belf. Ladies, your humble servant——(Salutes them). I rejoice to find you so well.

Bell. And we congratulate you, Major, on your safe return from the Havannah——How does your friend Colonel Tamper do?

Belf. He is very well, Madam; but——

Em. But what, Sir——I am frightened beyond expression——Is he in England?

Belf. Yes, Madam.

Em. In town?

Belf. Yes, Madam.

Em. Why have not we the pleasure of seeing him then?

Belf. He'll be here immediately, Madam.

Em. Oh, well.

Belf. But it was thought proper that I should wait on you first, to prepare you for his reception.

Em. To prepare me! What does he mean?

Belf. Only to prevent your being alarmed at his appearance, Madam.

Em. Alarm'd! you terrify me more and more——What is the matter?

Belf. Nay, nothing——A trifle——the mere chance of war——*la fortune de la guerre*, as the French call it; that's all, Madam.



*Em.* I'm upon the rack—Dear Sir, explain—

*Belf.* The Colonel, you know, Madam, is a man of spirit—Having exposed his person very gallantly in the several actions before the town of the Havannah, he received many wounds; one or two of which have been attended with rather disagreeable circumstances.

*Em.* But is the Colonel well at present, Sir?

*Belf.* Extremely well, Madam.

*Em.* Are not the consequences of his wounds likely to endanger his life?

*Belf.* Not in the least, Madam.

*Em.* I am satisfied—Pray go on, Sir.

*Belf.* Do not you be alarmed, Madam.

*Em.* Keep me no longer in suspense, I beseech you, Sir!

*Bell.* What can all this mean?

*Belf.* The two principal wounds which the Colonel received, Madam, were, one a little above the knee, and another in his face. In consequence of the first, he was reduced to the necessity of saving his life by the loss of a leg; and the latter has deprived him of the sight of an eye.

*Em.* Oh, heavens! *[Ready to faint.]*

*Bell.* Poor Emily! How could you be so abrupt, Sir? The violent agitation of her mind is too much for her spirits.

*Belf.* Excuse me, Madam—I was afraid of making you uneasy; and yet it was necessary you should be acquainted with these circumstances, previous to your seeing the Colonel.

*Em.* (*recovering.*) Lost a leg and an arm, did you say, Sir?

*Belf.* No, not an arm—an eye, Madam.

*Em.* An eye; worse and worse—Poor Colonel!

*Belf.* Rather unfortunate, to be sure. But we should consider, Madam, that we have saved his life; and these were sacrifices necessary for its preservation.

*Em.* Very true. Ay—ay—so as he has but his life, I am happy. And I ought now to be attached to him, not only from tenderness, but compassion.

*Belf.* After all, Madam, his appearance is much better than you may imagine. His face, by the help of a black ribband, is very little disfigured; and he has got a false leg, made so naturally, that except a small hitch in his gait, there is no material alteration in his person and deportment—Besides which, in point of health and spirits, he is particularly well.

*Em.* I am glad of it.—But, alas! he whose person was so charming!—And then his eyes, that were so brilliant!—so full of sensibility!

*Belf.* This accident, Madam, on his own account gives him no uneasiness; to say the truth, he seems rather vain upon it: I could wish, therefore, when he comes, that you would not seem too deeply affected, but rather assume an air of cheerfulness, lest any visible uneasiness in you should shock the Colonel.

*Em.* Poor Colonel! I know his sensibility. Let me endeavour, therefore, to convince him, that he

is as dear to me as ever! Oh, yes, *cost me what it will*, I must show him, that the preservation of his life is an entire *consolation* to me.

*Enter SERVANT.*

Ser. Colonel Tamper, Madam.

Em. Eh! what? [Disordered.]

Bell. Desire the Colonel to walk up—Compose yourself, my dear!—Poor Emily! I am in pain for her. [Aside.]

*Enter Colonel TAMPER—Runs up to Emily.*

Tam. My dearest Emily!—how happy am I to see you once again!—I have brought back the honest heart and hand which I devoted to you: as to the rest of my body, you see I did not care sixpence what became of it. Miss Bell, I rejoice to see you so well.—Major, I am yours—But my Emily—

Em. Oh, Colonel!

[Bursts into tears, and leans upon Bell.]

Tam. How's this? Tears!

Bell. You should not have followed the Major so soon, Colonel; she had scarce recovered the first shock from his intelligence.

Tam. My impatience would suffer me to delay no longer—Why do you weep so, Emily?—Are you sorry to see me again?

Em. Sorry to see you unfortunate. [Weeping.]

Tam. Unfortunate! call me rather fortunate; I am come back alive; alive and merry, Emily.

Em. I am glad you have saved your life. [Weeping.]



*Tam.* I dare say you are. Look on me then. What, not one glance! Won't you deign to look on your poor maimed soldier? (*Pausing.*)—Is it possible, then, that any little alteration of my person can occasion a change in your sentiments?

*Em.* Never, Colonel, never: It is surely no mark of want of affection to be so much hurt at your misfortunes.

*Tam.* Misfortunes! no misfortunes at all—none at all to a soldier—nothing but the ordinary incidents and common casualties of his life—marks of honour—and tokens of valour—I declare I bear them about with me as the most honourable badges of my profession—I am proud of them—I would not part with this wooden leg for the best flesh and blood in Christendom.

*Em.* And can you really be so unconcerned at this accident?

*Tam.* Really; and you shall be unconcerned too, Emily. You shall find more in me still, than in half the battered rakes and fops about town. It injures me no more than it does a fine tree, to lop my branches. My trunk is heart of oak, and I shall thrive the better for it.

*Em.* But is there no hope of recovering your eye again? Oh, we must have the best advice—Is the sight quite lost?

*Tam.* Quite—Blind as a mill-horse—blind as a beetle, Emily—But what does that signify? Love is blind, you know; and if I have lost one eye, why, they say, I shall see the clearer with the other.

ENGRAVED FOR PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



Engraved for J. Parsons, 21 Paternoster Row Janr 1794.

Em. I cannot look at him without shuddering.

[Retires and sits down.]

Bell. What action was it you suffered in, Colonel?

Tam. Before the Moro Castle, Ma'am, before the Moro——Hot work, hissing hot, by sea and land, I

assure you, Ma'am. Ah, the Moro, the Moro!——

But if men go to run their heads against stone-walls, they must expect to have a scone or two broken before they make their way through them——Eh,

Major!

Bell. Major Belford was with you?

Tam. All the while. The Major and I fought side by side, cheek by jowl, till I fell, Ma'am! We paid the Dons——didn't we, Major?——But Velasco, poor Velasco! A fine brave Don, must be owned——I had rather have died like Velasco, than have lived to be Generalissimo.

Bell. (to Emily.) How are you, sister?

Tam. Nay, prithee, Emily, be comforted! more than all this might have happened to me at home. I might have thrown away my life in a duel, or broke my neck in a fox-chace: a fit of the gout, or an apoplexy, might have maimed me ten times worse for ever; or a palsy, perhaps, have killed one half of me at a single stroke——You must not take on thus——If you do, I shall be extremely uneasy.

Em. Excuse me, I cannot help it—but be assured, I esteem you as much as ever, Sir.

Tam. Esteem and Sir!——This is cold language——I have not been used to hear you talk in that style, Emily.



*Em.* I don't know what I say—I am not well—let me retire.

*Tam.* When shall we name the happy day? I shall make shift to dance on that occasion—though as Withrington fought—on my stumps, Emily. Tell me, when shall we be happy?

*Em.* I grow more and more faint—Lead me to my chamber, Bell.

*Bell.* She is very ill—don't tease her now, Colonel; but let us try to procure her some repose.

*Tam.* Ay, ay, a short sleep and a little reflection, and all will be well, I dare say—I will be here again soon, and administer consolation, I warrant you. Adieu, my dear Emily.

*Em.* Adieu.—Oh, Bell. [*Exit in tears with Bell.*]

[*Manent Major Belford and Col. Tamper.*]

*Tam.* (*assuming his natural air and manner*) Ha, ha, ha!—Well, Belford, what is your opinion now? Will she stand the test or no?

*Belf.* If she does, it is more than you deserve. I could wish she would give you up with all my heart, if I did not think you would run stark mad with vexation.

*Tam.* Why so?

*Belf.* Because, as I have often told you before, this is a most absurd and ridiculous scheme, a mere trick to impose upon yourself, and most probably end in your losing the the affections of an amiable lady.

*Tam.* You know, Belford, there is an excess of sensibility in my temper—

*Belf.* That will always make you unhappy.

*Tam.* Rather say it will ensure the future happiness of my life. Before I bind myself to abide by a woman at all events and in all circumstances, I must be assured that she will at all events and in all circumstances retain her affection for me.

*Belf.* 'Sdeath, I have no patience to hear you. Have not you all the reason in the world to rest assured that Emily entertains a most sincere passion for you?

*Tam.* Perhaps so; but then I am not equally assured of the basis on which that passion is founded.

*Belf.* Her folly, I am afraid.

*Tam.* Nay, but I am serious, Major.

*Belf.* You are very ridiculous, Colonel.

*Tam.* Well, well; it does not signify talking: I must be convinced that she loves me for my own sake, for myself alone; and that, were I divested of every desirable gift of fortune and of nature, and she was to be addressed by fifty others who possessed them all in the most eminent degree, she would continue to prefer me to all the rest of mankind.

*Belf.* Most precious refinement, truly! This is the most high-flown metaphysics in sentiment I ever heard in my life—picked up in one of your expeditions to the coast of France, I suppose—No plain Englishman ever dream'd of such a whim—Love you for yourself! for your own sake!—not she truly.

*Tam.* How then?

*Belf.* Why, for her own, to be sure—and so

‘ would any body else.—I am your friend, and love  
‘ you as a friend: And why? because I am glad to  
‘ have commerce with a man of talents, honour, and  
‘ honesty. Let me once see you behave like a pol-  
‘ troon or a villain, and you know I would cut your  
‘ throat, Colonel!

‘ *Tam.* I don’t doubt you, Major; but if she don’t  
‘ love me for my *own* sake, for *myself*, as I said,  
‘ how can I ever be certain that she will not transfer  
‘ that love to another?

*Belf.* ‘ For your *own* sake! for *yourself* again!’—  
Why, what, in the name of common sense, is this  
*self* of yours, that you make such a rout about?  
Your birth, your fortune, your character, your ta-  
lents, and perhaps, sweet Colonel, that sweet person  
of yours—all these may have taken her—and habi-  
tude, and continual intercourse, must increase her  
partiality for them in you, more than in any other  
person. But, after all, ‘ none of these things are  
‘ *yourself*. You are but the ground; and these qua-  
‘ lities are woven into your frame. Yet it is not  
‘ the stuff, but the richness of the work, that stamps  
‘ a value on the piece.

‘ *Tam.* Why, this is downright sermonizing, Ma-  
‘ jor. Give you pudding-sleeves and a grizzle-  
‘ wig, you might be chaplain to the regiment. Yet  
‘ matrimony is a leap in the dark indeed, if we can-  
‘ not beforehand make ourselves at all certain of the  
‘ fidelity and affection of our wives.

‘ *Belf.* Marriage is precarious, I grant you, and  
‘ must be so. You may play like a wary gamester,



'tis true. I would not marry a notorious profligate, nor a woman in a consumption; but there is no more answering for the continuance of her good disposition, than that of her good health.

*Tam.* Fine maxims! make use of them yourself; they won't serve me. A fine time, indeed, to experience a woman's fidelity—after marriage; a time when every thing conspires to render it her interest to deceive you! No, no; no fool's paradise for me, Belford!

*Belf.* A fool's paradise is better than a wiseacre's purgatory.

*Tam.* 'Sdeath, Belford, who comes here?—I shall be discovered. *[Resuming his counterfeited manner.]*

*Enter PRATTLE.*

*Prat.* Gentlemen, your most obedient; mighty sorry, extremely concerned, to hear the lady's taken ill—I was sent for in a violent hurry—had forty patients to visit—resolved to see her, however—Major Belford, I rejoice to see you in good health—Have I the honour of knowing this gentleman?

*[Pointing to Tamper, and going up to him.]*

*Tam.* Hum, hum!

*[Limping away from Prattle, and putting his handkerchief to his face.]*

*Belf.* An acquaintance of mine, Mr. Prattle.—You don't know him, I believe—A little hurt in the service—that's all.

*Prat.* Accidents, accidents will happen—No less than seven brought into our infirmary yesterday, and

ten into the hospital——Did you hear, Major Belford, that poor Lady Di. Racket broke her arm last night, by an overturn, from her horses taking fright among the vast crowd of coaches getting in at Lady Thunder's rout: and yesterday morning, Sir Helter Skelter, who is so remarkably fond of driving, put out his collar-bone by a fall from his own coach-box.

*Tam.* Pox on his chattering! I wish he'd be gone!

*[Apart to Belford.]*

*Belf.* But your fair patient, Mr. Prattle——I am afraid we detain you.

*Prat.* Not at all;—I'll attend her immediately—*(Going, returns.)*—You have not heard of the change in the ministry?

*Tam.* Psha!

*Belf.* I have.

*Prat.* Well, well—*(Going, returns.)*—Lady Sarah Melville brought to-bed within these two hours—a boy——Gentlemen, your servant, your very humble servant.

*[Exit.]*

*Tam.* Chattering jackanapes.

*Belf.* So, the apothecary's come already—we shall have a consultation of physicians, the knocker tied up, and straw laid in the street shortly.—But are not you ashamed, Tamper, to give her all this uneasiness?

*Tam.* No matter—I'll make her ample amends at last—What could possess them to send for this block-head? He'll make her worse and worse—He will absolutely talk her to death,

*Belf.* Oh, the puppy's in fashion, you know.

*Tam.* It is lucky enough the fellow did not know me. He's a downright he-gossip!—and any thing he knows might as well be published in The Daily Advertiser. But come, for fear of discovery, we had better decamp for the present. March!

*Belf.* You'll expose yourself confoundedly, Tamper.

*Tam.* Say no more. I am resolv'd to put her affection to the trial. If she's thorough proof, I'm made for ever. Come along. [Going

*Belf.* Tamper!

*Tam.* Oh, I am lame—I forgot. [Limping.

*Belf.* Lord, Lord! what a fool self-love makes of a man! [Exeunt.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.



## ACT II.

---

SCENE—*Emily's Dressing-room.*

EMILY, BELL, PRATTLE, *sitting on a sofa.*

*Bell.*

**I** THINK you seem to be a good deal recovered, Emily.

*Em.* I am much better than I was, I thank you  
—Heigh-ho!

*Prat.* Ay, ay, I knew we should be better by and by—These little nervous disorders are very common all over the town—merely owing to the damp weather, which relaxes the tone of the whole system.—The poor Duchess of Porcelain has had a fever on her spirits these three weeks—Lady Teaser's case is absolutely hysterical; and Lady Betty Dawdle is almost half mad with lowness of spirits, headaches, tremblings, vain fears, and wanderings of the mind.

*Em.* Pray, Mr. Prattle, how does poor Miss Crompton do?

*Prat.* Never better, Ma'am.—Somebody has removed her disorder, by prescribing very effectually to the Marquis of Cranford. His intended match with Miss Richman, the hundred thousand pound fortune, is quite off; and so, Ma'am, Miss Crompton is perfectly well again—By the bye too, she has

another reason to rejoice: for her cousin, Miss Dorothy, who lives with her, and began, you know, to grow rather old-maidish, as we say, Ma'am, made a sudden conquest of Mr. Bumper, a Lancashire gentleman of a great estate, who came up to town for the Christmas; and they were married at Miss Crompton's yesterday evening.

*Bell.* Is it true, Mr. Prattle, that Sir John Medley is going to the south of France for the recovery of his health?

*Prat.* Very true, Ma'am, very true, that he's going, I promise you; but not for the recovery of his health. Sir John's well enough himself—but his affairs are in a galloping consumption, I assure you. No less than two executions in his house. I heard it for fact at Lady Modish's. Poor gentleman, I have known his chariot stand at Arthur's till eight o'clock in the morning. He has had a sad run a long time; but that last affair at Newmarket totally undid him.—Pray, Ladies, have you heard the story of Alderman Manchester's lady?

*Bell.* Oh, no. Pray, what is it?

*Prat.* A terrible story indeed—Eloped from her husband, and went off with Lord John Sprightly, Their intention, it seems, was to go over to Holland; but the Alderman pursued them to Harwich, and caught them just as they were going to embark. He threatened Lord John with a prosecution: but Lord John, who knew the Alderman's turn, came down with a thousand pounds; and so the Alderman received his wife, and all is well again.

*Bell.* I vow, Mr. Prattle, you are extremely amusing. You know the chit-chat of the whole town.

*Prat.* Can't avoid picking up a few slight anecdotes, to be sure, Ma'am—Go into the best houses in town—attend the first families in the kingdom—nobody better received—nobody takes more care—nobody tries to give more satisfaction.

*Bell.* Is there any public news of any kind, Mr. Prattle?

*Prat.* None at all, Ma'am—except that the officers are most of them return'd from the Havannah.

*Em.* So we hear, Sir!

*Prat.* I saw Colonel Tamper yesterday. O, ay! and Major Belford, and another gentleman, as I came in here this morning.

*Bell.* That was Colonel Tamper, Sir.

*Prat.* That gentleman, Colonel Tamper; Ma'am!

*Bell.* Yes, Sir.

*Prat.* Pardon me, Ma'am! I know Colonel Tamper very well.—That poor gentleman was somewhat disabled—had suffered a little in the wars—Colonel Tamper is not so unfortunate.

*Em.* O yes, that horrid accident!

*Prat.* What accident?

*Bell.* His wounds—his wounds——Don't you know, Sir?

*Prat.* Wounds, Ma'am!—Upon my word I never heard he had received any.

*Bell.* No! Why he lost a leg and an eye at the siege of the Havannah.

*Prat.* Did he? Why then, Ma'am, I'll be bold to say, he is the luckiest man in the world.



*Ball.* Why so, Sir?

*Prat.* Because, Ma'am, if he lost a leg and an eye at the Havannah, they must be grown again, or he has somehow procured others that do the business every whit as well.

*Em.* Impossible!

*Prat.* I wish I may die, Ma'am, if the Colonel had not yesterday two as good legs and fine eyes as any man in the world. If he lost one of each at the Havannah, we practitioners in physic should be much obliged to him to communicate his receipt for the benefit of Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals.

*Em.* Are you sure that the Colonel has had no such loss, Sir?

*Prat.* As sure as that I am here, Ma'am! I saw him going into the what-d'ye-call-him ambassador's, just over against my house, yesterday; and the last place I was at this morning was Mrs. Daylight's, where I heard the Colonel was at her route last night, and that every body thought he was rather improved than injured by his late expedition.—But, odso! Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, lack-a-day!—now I recollect—ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing very heartily.*]

*Ball.* What's the matter, Mr. Prattle?

*Prat.* Excuse me, ladies: I can't forbear laughing—ha, ha, ha!—The gentleman in t'other room, Colonel Tamper! ha, ha, ha!—I find the Colonel had a mind to pay a visit in masquerade this morning—I spoke to Major Belford—I thought I knew his friend too—but he limped away, and hid his face, and would not speak to me.—Upon my

word, he did it very well! I could have sworn there had been an amputation—He would make a figure at a masked ball. Ha, ha, ha!

*Em. Bell.* Ha, ha, ha!

*[Looking at each other, and affecting to laugh.]*

*Prat.* Ha, ha, ha! very comical! Ha, ha, ha!

*Bell.* A frolic, Mr. Prattle, a frolic: I think, however, you had better not take any notice of it abroad.

*Prat.* Me! I shall never breathe it, Ma'am: I am close as oak—an absolute free-mason for secrecy—But, Ma'am, *(rising)*, I must bid you good morning—I have several patients to visit before dinner.—Mrs. Tremor, I know, will be dying with the vapours till she sees me; and I am to meet Dr. Valerian at Lord Hectic's in less than half an hour.

*Em.* Ring the bell, my dear—Mr. Prattle, your servant.

*Prat.* Ladies, your very humble servant.—I shall send you a cordial mixture, Ma'am, to be taken in any particular faintness, or lowness of spirits; and some draughts for morning and evening. Have a care of catching cold, be cautious in your diet, and I make no doubt but in a few days we shall be perfectly recovered.—Ladies, your servant: Your most obedient, very humble servant. *[Exit.]*

*[The ladies sit for some time silent.]*

*Bell.* *(After a pause.)* Sister Emily!

*Em.* Sister Bell!

*Bell.* What d'ye think of Colonel Tamper now, sister?

*Em.* Why, I am so provoked, and so pleased; so angry, and so diverted; that I don't know whether I should be in, or out of humour, at this discovery.

*Bell.* No!—Is it possible you can have so little spirit? This tattling apothecary will tell this fine story at every house he goes into—it will be town-talk—If a lover of mine had attempted to put such an impudent deceit upon me, I would never see his face again.

*Em.* If you had a lover that you liked, Bell, you would not be quite so violent.

*Bell.* Indeed but I should. What! to come here with a Canterbury tale of a leg and an eye, and heaven knows what, merely to try the extent of his power over you—‘To gratify his inordinate vanity, ‘in case you should retain your affection for him; ‘or to reproach you for your weakness and infidelity, ‘if you could not reconcile yourself to him on that ‘supposition.’

*Em.* It is abominably provoking, I own; and yet, Bell, it is not a quarter of an hour ago, but I would have parted with half my fortune to have made it certain that there was a trick in the story.

*Bell.* Well, I never knew one of these men of extraordinary sense, as they are called, that was not in some instances a greater fool than the rest of mankind.

*Em.* After all, Bell, I must confess that this stratagem has convinced me of the infirmity of my temper. This supposed accident began to make strange work with me.

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*Bell.* I saw that plain enough. I told you what your pure and disinterested passion, sister, would come to, long ago.—Yet this is so flagrant an affront, I would make him smart for it some way or other; I would not marry him these seven years.

*Em.* That, perhaps, might be punishing myself, sister.

*Bell.* We must plague him, and heartily too. Oh, for a bright thought now, some charming invention to torment him!

*Em.* Oh, as to that matter, I should be glad to have some comical revenge on him with all my heart.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Captain Johnson, Ma'am.

*Em.* Desire him to walk up. (*Exit Servant.*) I am fit to see any company now.—This discovery will do me more good, I believe, than all Mr. Prattle's cordial mixtures, as he calls them.

*Bell.* Oh, you're in charming spirits, sister—But Captain Johnson! you abound in the military, Captains, Colonels, and Majors, by wholesale: Who is Captain Johnson, pray?

*Em.* Only the name that Mademoiselle Florival, the Belleisle lady you saw this morning, goes by.

*Bell.* Oh, sister, the luckiest thought in the world—such an use to make of this lady.

*Em.* What d'ye mean?

*Bell.* Captain Johnson shall be Colonel Tamper's rival, sister!

*Em.* Hush! here she is.

*Enter Mademoiselle FLORIVAL.*

*Em.* Give me leave, Madam, to introduce you to my sister.

*Bell.* I have heard your story, Madam, and take part in your misfortunes.

*Flo.* I am infinitely obliged both to you and to that lady, Madam.

*Em.* Oh! Madam, I have been extremely ill since you was here this morning, and terrified almost beyond imagination.

*Flo.* I am very sorry to hear it; may I ask what has alarm'd you?

*Em.* It is so ridiculous, I scarce know how to tell you.

*Bell.* Then I will. You must know, Ma'am, that my sister was engaged to an officer, who went out on a late military expedition. He is just returned, but is come home with the strangest conceit that ever filled the brain of a lover. He took it into his head to try my sister's faith by pretending to be maimed and wounded, and has actually visited her this morning in a counterfeit character. We have just now detected the imposition, and want your assistance to be pleasantly revenged on him.

*Flo.* I cannot bring myself to be an advocate for the lady's cruelty—But you may both command me in any thing.

*Em.* There is no cruelty in the case; I fear I am gone too far for that. As you are, in appearance, such a smart young gentleman, my sister has wag-

gishly proposed to make you the instrument of exciting Colonel Tamper's jealousy, by your personating the character of a supposed rival—Was not that your device, sister?

*Bell.* It was; and if this lady will come into it, and you play your part well, we'll tease the wise Colonel, and make him sick of his rogueries, I warrant you.

*Flo.* I have been a mad girl in my time, I confess, and remember when I should have joined in such a frolic with pleasure. At present, I fear I am scarce mistress enough of my temper to maintain my character with any tolerable humour. However, I will summon up all my spirits, and do my best to oblige you.

*Bell.* Oh, you will have but little to do—The business will lie chiefly on your hands, Emily—You must be most intolerably provoking.—If you do but irritate him sufficiently, we shall have charming sport with him.

*Em.* Never fear me, Bell; Mr. Prattle's intelligence has given me spirits equal to any thing.—Now I know it is but a trick, I shall scarce be able to see him limping about without laughing.—

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Colonel Tamper, Madam.

*Em.* Show him in! (*Exit Servant.*)—Now, ladies!

*Bell.* Now, sister!—Work him heartily; cut him to the bone, I charge you.—If you show him the least mercy, you are no woman.



*Enter Colonel TAMPER.*

*Tam.* This it is to have new servants? not at home, indeed!—A pack of blockheads, to think of denying my Emily to me. I knew the poor dear soul was a little out of order indeed—but—(*seeing Florival*)—I beg pardon, Madam! I did not know you had company.

*Bell.* Oh! this gentleman is a particular friend of my sister's—he's let in at any time.

*Tam.* Hum! [*Disordered.*]

*Em.* I did not expect to see you return so soon, Sir!

*Tam.* No—I believe I am come somewhat unexpectedly indeed, Madam!

*Em.* If your return had not been so extremely precipitate, Sir, I should have sent you a message on purpose to prevent your giving yourself that trouble.

*Tam.* Madam! a message! for what reason?

*Em.* Because I am otherwise engaged.

[*With indifference.*]

*Tam.* Engaged! I don't apprehend you, Madam.

*Em.* No; you are extremely dull then: don't you see I have company?—Was you at the opera last night, Captain Johnson? [*Coquetting with Florival.*]

*Tam.* I am thunderstruck.—Madam! Miss Emily!—Madam!

*Em.* Sir!—Colonel Tamper!—Sir!

*Tam.* I say, Madam!—

*Em.* Sir!

*Tam.* 'Sdeath, I have not power to speak to her.—This strange and sudden alteration in your behaviour, Madam——

*Em.* Alteration! none at all, Sir: the change is on your side, not mine. I'll be judg'd by this gentleman.—Captain Johnson, here's a miniature of the Colonel, which he sat for just before he went abroad——done by a good hand, and reckoned a striking likeness.——Did you ever see a poor creature so altered?

[Giving a bracelet.

*Flo.* Why, really, Madam, then, I must own a very visible difference at present.—That black ribbon (*looking by turns on the picture and Colonel Tamper*) makes a total eclipse of the brilliancy of this right eye—and then, the irregular motion of the leg gives such a twist to the rest of the body, that—

*Tam.* Sir!——But it is to you I address myself at present, Madam.—I was once fond and foolish enough to imagine that you had a heart truly generous and sensible; and flattered myself that it was above being shaken by absence, or affected by events.—How have I been deceived! I find that——

*Em.* Pardon me, Sir, I never deceived you:—nay, you see that I disdained the thought of deceiving you even for a day.—Out of respect to our late mutual attachment, I am resolved to deal openly with you. In a word, then, every thing between us must now be at an end.

*Tam.* Confusion!——Every thing at an end! and can you, you, Emily, have the courage to tell me so

*Em.* Why not? Come, come, Colonel Tamper, vanity is your blind side.

*Tam.* Zounds, Madam!

*Em.* Don't be in a passion—— Do but consider the matter calmly; and though it may rather be displeasing, yet when you have duly weighed all circumstances, I'm sure you must do me the justice to acknowledge my sincerity.

*Tam.* I shall run mad——Is it possible, Emily?——Sincerity do you call this?——Dissimulation——damn'd dissimulation.

*Em.* Have patience, Sir! The loss of your whole fortune would have been trifling to me; but how can I reconcile myself to this mangling of your figure?—Let me turn the tables on you for a moment—Suppose now, Colonel, that I had been so unfortunate as to have lost a leg and an eye, should you, I've think, have retained your affection inviolable for me?

*Tam.* False, false woman!—Have a care, Emily! Have a care, I say, or you'll destroy your fame and happiness for ever.—Consider what you are doing, ere you make a final resolution——You'll repent your inconstancy, I tell you beforehand—upon my soul, you will—You'll have more reason to repent it, than you can possibly imagine.

*Em.* Why will you oblige me now to say shocking things to you? It goes against me to tell you so, but I can't even see you now without horror; nay, was I even, from a vain point of honour, to adhere to my engagements with you, I could never conquer



my disgust.—It would be a most unnatural connection.—Wou'd not it, Captain Johnson?

*Tam.* Hell! 'sdeath! confusion!—How steadily she persists in her perfidy! Madam! Madam!—I shall choke with rage—But one word, and I am gone for ever—for ever, for ever, Madam!

*Em.* What would you say, Sir?

*Tam.* Tell me then—and tell me truly: Have not you received the addresses of that gentleman?

*Em.* He has honoured me with them, I confess, Sir; and every circumstance is so much in his favour, that I could have no manner of objection to him, but my unfortunate engagements to you—But since your ill fortune has invincibly divorced us from each other, I think I am at liberty to listen to him.

*Tam.* Matchless confidence!—Mighty well, Madam!—It is not then the misfortunes that have fallen me, but the charms you have found in the gentleman, which have altered your inclination.

*Flo.* Well, Sir! and what then, Sir? The lady I presume, is not included, like an old man-of-house, in the rent-roll of your estate, or the inventory of your goods and chattels. Her hand, I hope, is still her own property, and she may bestow it on you or me, or any body else, just as she pleases.

*Tam.* You are a villain, Sir!—Withdraw!

*Bell.* Oh Heavens! here will be murder—Don't stir, I beg you, Sir.

*Flo.* O never fear me, Madam; I am not such a poltroon as to contend with that gentleman—Do you

think I would set my strength and skill against a  
blind man, and a cripple!

*Tam.* Follow me, Sir; I'll soon teach you to use  
your own legs.

*Flo.* Oh the sturdy beggar! Stir your stumps and  
begone; here's nothing for you, fellow!

*Tam.* Villain!

*Flo.* Poor man!

*Tam.* Scoundrel!

*Flo.* Pritho, man, don't expose yourself.

*Tam.* Puppy!

*Flo.* Poor wretch:

*Em.* What, quarrel before ladies! Oh, for shame  
Colonel!

*Tam.* This is beyond all sufferance. I can contain  
no longer—Know then, Madam, (*to Emily*), to your  
confusion, I am not that mangled thing which  
you imagine me——You may see, Madam——

[*Resuming his natural manner.*]

*Br. Bell. Flo.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Laughing violently.*]

*Em.* A wonderful cure of lameness and blindness—  
Your case is truly curious, Sir;—and attested by  
three credible witnesses——Will you give us leave  
to print it in the public papers?

*Tam.* Madam, Madam!——

*Flo.* I think the story would make a figure in the  
Philosophical Transactions.

*Tam.* Sir!

*Bell.* A pretty leg, indeed——Will you dance a  
minuet with me, Colonel?

*Em.* Your wounds are not mortal, I hope, Colonel.

*Tam.* No, Madam! my person I thank Heaven still unhurt.—I have my legs, both legs, Madam, and I will use them to transport me as far as possible from so false a woman—I have my eyes, too—my eyes, Madam—but they shall never look on you again, but as the most faithless and ungrateful of your sex.

*Em.* If I'm not surpriz'd how he could act it so well! Pray, let us see you do it over again, Colonel.—How was it eh? (*Mimicking*) hip-hop, hip-hop, like Prince Volscious, I think.

*Tam.* I took that method, Madam, to try your truth, constancy, and affection. I have found you void of all those qualities, and shall have reason to rejoice at the effect of my experiment as long as I live.

*Em.* If you meant to separate yourself from me you have indeed taken an excellent method. A mighty proof you have given of your own affection, truly!—Instead of returning, after an anxious absence, with joy into my presence, to come home with a low and mean suspicion, with a narrow jealousy of mind, when the frankness and generosity of my behaviour ought to have engaged you to repose the most unlimited confidence in me.

*Tam.* The event, Madam, has but well warranted my experiment.

*Em.* And shall justify it, Sir, still more:—for here, before your face, I give my hand to this gentleman;



—solemnly declaring, that it shall never be in your power to dissolve the connection formed between us.

*Tam.* As to you, Madam, your infidelity be your punishment.—But that gentleman shall hear from me.

*Flo.* I defy you, Sir!

*Em.* Nothing farther remains between us—leave me, Sir!

*Tam.* I am gone, Madam! and so help me, Heaven, never, never to return—— [Going.

*Enter MAJOR BELFORD.*

*Belf.* How! going in a passion?—Hold, Tamper—All in confusion!—I thought so—and came to set matters to rights again.

*Flo.* What do I see! Major Belford!—Major Belford! oh! [Faints.

*Belf.* Ha, my name, and fainting?—What can this mean? (*Runs and takes her in his arms.*) By heavens, a woman!—May I hope that—Hold, she recovers—It is, it is she! my dear Florival herself!—and we shall still be happy.

*Tam.* Belford's Belleisle lady, as I live!—My rival a woman! I begin to feel myself very ridiculous.

*Belf.* What wonder, my love, has brought you hither, and in this habit?

*Flo.* Oh, Sir, I have a long story to relate. At present let it suffice to say, that that lady's brother has been the noblest of friends to me; and she her-

self this morning generously vouchsafed to take me under her protection.

*Belf.* I am bound to them for ever. At my turn I found letters from your father, who, supposing you was in England with me, wrote to acquaint me that he was inconsolable for your loss, and that he would consent to our union if I would but assure him that you was safe and well.—The next post shall acquaint him of our good fortune.—Well, Tamper, am not I a lucky fellow?

*Tam.* Oh, Belford!—I am the most miserable dog in the world.

*Belf.* What, you have dropp'd your mask, I see—you're on your own legs again—I met Prattle in the street—He stopt his chariot to speak to me about you, and I found that he had blown you up, and discovered to the ladies that you was returned unhurt from the Havannah.

*Tam.* Did that coxcomb betray me?—That accounts for all Emily's behaviour—Oh, Major, I am ruined past redemption—I have behaved most extravagantly, both to your lady and Emily.—I shall never be able to look them in the face again.

*Belf.* Ay, ay, I foresaw this. Did not I tell you that you would expose yourself confoundedly?—However, I'll be an advocate for you—my Florival shall be an advocate for you; and I make no doubt but you will be taken into favour again.

*Em.* Does he deserve it, Major?

*Belf.* Why, Madam, I can't say much for him—

on myself either, faith——We must rely entirely on  
his goodness.

*Em.* He's a true penitent, I see, Madam; and  
I'll answer for it, he loves you to excess—Nay, look  
on him.

*Em.* Was it well done, Colonel, to cherish a mean  
distrust of me? to trifle with the partiality I had  
shown to you; and to endeavour to give me pain,  
merely to secure a poor triumph over my weakness  
to yourself?

*Tam.* I am ashamed to answer you.

*Bell.* Ashamed! and so you well may indeed.

*Tam.* I see my absurdity—all I wish is to be  
laughed at, and forgiven.

*Belf.* A very reasonable request.—Come, Ma-  
dam, pity the poor fellow, and admit him to your  
good graces again.

*Em.* Let us prevail on you, dear Madam.

*Em.* Well—now I see he is most heartily mortified,  
and half inclined to pity him.

*Tam.* Generous Emily!

*Em.* Go, you provoking wretch! 'tis more than  
you deserve. [To Tam.]

*Tam.* It shall be the future study of my life to de-  
serve this pardon—(Kissing her hand.)—Belford, I  
give you joy——Madam—(to Florival.)—I have  
behaved so ill to you, I scarce know how to give  
you joy as I ought.

*Belf.* Come, come, no more of this at present—  
Now we have on all sides ratified the preliminaries,



let us settle the definitive treaty as soon as we can—  
We have been two lucky fellows, Tamper—I have  
been fortunate in finding my mistress, and you  
fortunate in not losing yours.

*Tam.* So we have, Belford; and I wish every  
brave officer in his Majesty's service had secured to  
himself such comfortable winter-quarters as we  
have, after a glorious campaign.