

YES OR NO?

A Musical Farce,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY I. POCOCK, Esq.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

The MUSIC composed by Mr. C. SMITH.

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1809.

CONSCIOUS of inability and inexperience, my sole attempt in this little piece, was to contrive a few ludicrous incidents,—a few comic situations, to display the peculiar powers of the Performers. How I have succeeded, I leave those to judge who have witnessed the excellence of the acting, and heard the universal applauses, with which it has invariably been received. “Yes or No?” is a mere sketch, which the talents of the Performers have highly finished,—and I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks for their exertions, which have made a trifle of sufficient consequence, to induce me to venture it in the Press.

L. P.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Sir Barometer Oldstyle</i>	Mr. Grove,
<i>Obadiah Broadbrim</i>	Mr. Liston,
<i>Charles Fervor</i>	Mr. Farley,
<i>William Seagrave</i>	Mr. Smith,
<i>Drab</i>	Mr. Noble,
<i>Corporal Barrel</i>	Mr. Mathews,
<i>Landlord</i>	Mr. Atkins,
<i>Waiter</i>	Mr. Williams,
<i>Bailiff's</i>	Messrs. Norris, and Truman.

Soldiers, Recruits, Waiters, &c.

WOMEN.

<i>Miss Penelope Snap Oldstyle</i> ..	Mrs. Davenport,
<i>Patty Seagrave</i>	Miss Kelly.

*** *The Passages marked with inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.*

YES, OR NO?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room, with Desk, Account Books, &c.*
DRAB writing.

Enter OBADIAH BROADBRIM.

Oba. DRAB.

Drab. Here I am. (*Advancing.*)

Oba. Is the man, Charles Fervor, departed?

Drab. Yea.

Oba. Hem! verily I rejoice thereat; for, he is by nature, resembling Satan, full of evil deeds—and the spirit of the faithful is not in him.

Drab. Nay—his head is light,—but his heart is sterling. (*with energy.*)

Oba. When consign'd to me, by the man named Barometer Oldstyle, his guardian, he was very young;—but he encreased not in discretion as he advanced in years, and the flesh hath triumph'd over the spirit. He delighted in the vanities of the world—associated with the men of blood, and learn'd the business of death.—In the words of the wicked, he hath become a soldier.

Drab. Yea.

Oba. He hath now a commission to obtain men, and train them in the ways of carnage and bloodshed.—At the town in which he is to sojourn for this purpose, I possess some worldly effects.

Drab. Thou dost—dwellings, which are rented of thee at exorbitant fums.

Oba. 'Tis true, the speculation hath succeeded, and I reap the reward of industry——

Drab. (*Aside.*) And extortion.—(*aloud.*) Verily yea.

Oba. I have therefore desired the youth Fervor, to receive the rents of a tenant, called Seagrave, who is much in arrears, and apply the amount thereof to his own emergencies.

Drab. (*Aside.*) The man Seagrave hath no money,—and the man Broadbrim knoweth it.

Oba. Had he remained in London, he would doubtless have been entrapp'd by the men—term'd bailiffs—from whom I must have released him,—this expense is avoided, and the peril of the bailiffs rests on his own shoulders.

Drab. Yea. (*much affected, but endeavouring to conceal it.*)

Oba. I am informed they are already in pursuit, and I have written to the guardian to warn him of the youth's abominations.

Drab. (*Aside.*) Verily, thou art a viper,—the spirit waxeth strong within me. (*Aside, much agitated.*)

Oba. I have likewise written to the sister of the aforesaid Oldstyle, by name, Penelope Snap,—verily, I bear the woman much affection—and shall depart in the vehicle which journeyeth to that place forthwith.

Drab. (*Having appeared violently agitated.*) I can hear thee no more—" thou hast basely traduced a
 " noble youth, under thy protection, to his guardian—the only friend he hath in existence—sent
 " him to be arrested in the very sight of this friend,
 " by bailiffs whom he cannot satisfy; for thou hast
 " assured him of the means, where thou well knowest, he cannot obtain it.—Thy love for the woman,—and thy kindness for the youth, is hypo-

"crisy." Thy character shall be published amongst our brethren, whose sect thou hast disgraced by such a flagrant outrage on justice and humanity.

[Exit.

Oba. (Having listened in consternation, stands for a moment irresolute, then takes a few steps after DRAB—stops,—turns round—and uttering the ejaculation, "Hem"—walks slowly off, contrary to the Exit of DRAB.

SCENE II.—PATTY SEAGRAVE in simple mourning, is seen working at a Table; the appearance of the Room clean—but indicative of extreme distress.

Pat. Heigho!—How solitary and sad every thing appears, I wish William would return—poor brother—his heart is full, and as heavy as mine—(a knock at the door)—Oh, there he is at last, (opens the door, WILLIAM SEAGRAVE enters, and drops into a Chair exhausted.)

Pat. (Leaning over him.) Dear William, you have been out a long time.—

Will. To no purpose.

Pat. No—will not Mr. Worldly pay the debt? (WILLIAM shakes his head.) What will become of us?

Will. A prison.—

Pat. Can nothing be done?

Will. Nothing!—starve!

Pat. Nay, do not despair.

Will. What else is left us?—

Pat. I can work—

Will. Incessantly!—you have supported yourself and a sick brother seven weeks—it cannot last.

Pat. Oh, yes—

Will. Impossible! arrears of rent—out-standing debts—the apothecary's bill—(hides his face.)

Pat. You went out very early brother, I fear you are ill.—

Will. Not very well.—I have not tasted food to-day.

Pat. Heaven! and there is no bread in the house—

Will. No bread! and you—you have toil'd since morning without refreshment—

Pat. I wish'd for none.

Will. What's that!—Ha! it shall,—it must be so.—(*a Recruiting Party heard without.*)

Pat. Where are you going?—

Will. Heaven knows!—(*half aside.*)

Pat. What agitates you,—let me—

Will. No—No—I shall return immediately.—
'Tis the last resource!—*Aside and Exit.*)

Pat. Poor fellow—how pale he looks, and he was once so handsome:—I am sure 'tis anxiety for me—and yet I try to appear happy on his account, and sometimes sing his favourite ballad; but it sounds more melancholy than it used.

S O N G.

On Ella's cheek, the rose was seen,—
The tint was pure, the hue serene ;
Awhile it bloom'd in beauty rare,—
But transient was its dwelling there :
Bright was her eye of heavenly blue,
Her lips like rubies dip'd in dew,
And sweetest melody there hung,
On the soft accents of her tongue.

But soon the storm began to low'r ;—
 It struck the tree that held the flower—
 Her lover died, she droop'd her head,
 In sorrow o'er his lowly bed :
 And fading like her cheek's soft bloom,
 Sunk like a lilly to the tomb ;—
 Still will the tears, soft pity gave,
 Refresh the flowers that deck her grave.

SCENE III.—*Outside of the Angel Inn.*

Enter Corporal BARREL, and Recruiting Party, several Countrymen with Cockades in their Hats.—Drum and Fife playing the Air, "Roast Beef."

Corp. Huzza my boys!—if those are not a set of as fine recruits as ever carried a musket, my name is not Barrel—another such a day's work, will make my Officer a Captain; and, if merit should meet it's reward, will turn me, a noisy Corporal, into an Orderly Serjeant, in boys—in with you. (*As they go into the Tap Enter WILLIAM SEAGRAVE.*)

Will. Corporal——

Corp. Hey!—What do ye want?—Who are ye?

Will. An Englishman,—have been a sailor—would be a soldier.—(*Will. stands with his hands clasp'd, and eyes fixed on the ground*)

Corp. That's a brave fellow—(*aside.*) he looks like a Frenchman, for all that—he's as pale and thin as soup-meagre; I wonder what he lives upon.—

Will. (*Abstractedly.*) Dear Patty!

Corp. Dear Patty!—the devil!—

Will. This will be a temporary relief—she has laboured incessantly.—

Corp. Well, friend, here are two guineas.

Will. —For two months

Corp. Two months!

Will. 'Tis my turn now—tho' we cannot find the bond—Old Worldly may still be induced to pay the money.—

Corp. Pay the money! Oh—the Captain will give you the bounty money.

Will. He's rich.

Corp. Not very—but then you'll have—

Will. A hundred pounds, it is nothing to him.

Corp. A hundred pounds!—

Will. 'Twould be to us—every thing.

Corp. If you think of getting a hundred pounds, friend, I fear you'll be disappointed.

Will. I fear so too.—(to the Corporal.)

Corp. Well, there's the 'listing money and the cockade, however.—

Will. (Again thoughtful) Should he still refuse, I must write to my landlord—

Corp. (Takes out his note book.) Where born?

Will. —In London

Corp. —Very well, (writes.) Where do you live?

Will. —I have lost the direction, but—

Corp. Eh!

Will. —I think 'tis in Gracechurch-Street.

Corp. Oh—I didn't know there was such a street in this town. (writes.) How tall?

Will. —Near the Monument—

Corp. S'blood he's mad—I must measure him—

Will. —By the yard, the number I think—

Corp. How old?—

Will. —Forty-seven—

Corp. (Looking at him in astonishment, and writing.) Forty-seven—impossible—

Will. Right—exactly, and the name—

Corp. (Still writing.) Ay, the name?—

Will. Obadiah Broadbrim.—That will do—

Corp. Will it—well, I've put it all down according to orders; but I'll be shot if the captain can make it out.

Will. When must I appear?

Corp. At roll-call this evening.—But come, come in, and have some roast beef and some punch.—Were you ever found guilty of eating and drinking?

Will. Never, while I had a sister perishing for want.

[*Exit:*

Corp. What the devil can he mean—perishing for want! Poor fellow, I am afraid his head's out of order—for he has so bother'd me with his description, and alarm'd me by his behaviour—that rot me if I know whether I stand on my head or my heels. Well, this recruiting's fine fun however—such variety—I went last night to see the strolling players, dear, dear, how they did get on, talking of all sorts of liquors—'till at last I surely knew—whether I was in a play-house or a wine-vault.

* SONG.—BARREL.

A play-house of liquor, 'tis found,
Reminds us, I've instances twenty,
Some plays much in *Spirits* abound,
And then we have *Mellow-Drams* plenty,
A manager's *Draft* we all know,
When business runs dry is no thumper;
But should all this house *overflow*,
He cries, dam'me to-night, I've a *bumper*.
A bumper, &c.

Many actors are certainly *rum*,
And folks in the critical line,
Say comedians are given to *mum*,
And tragedians are given to *whine*,

* For this, and Obadiah Broadbrim's Song, in the Second Act, I am indebted to the inimitable pen of George Colman, Esq.

Then Juliet 'tis plain has her *beer*,
 To the family vault e'er they've brought her :
 Fair Ophelia alone 'tis we hear
 Who poor creature had too much of *Water*.
Of water, &c.

King Lear in the midst of his court,
 Inquires which way *Burgundy* went ;
 And Richmond tho' just come to *Port*,
 Soon rouses King Dick from his *Tent* ;
 While *Blackstrap* Othello the shock
 Of jealousy feels through his brain,
 Iago sticks close to his *Hock*,
 And tips him a dose of *sham-pain*.

Thus a theatre waving *dry* facts,
 Is a tavern for critic spectators ;
 And when they are slow 'twixt the acts,
 The audience alas are the *waiters*.
 Plays like wines are some *sour* and some *sweet*,
 They please and disgust various throattles ;
 The plays that succeed are call'd *neat*,
 And damn'd pieces are all the *cork'd bottles*. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.—Room at an Inn—Waiters without calling
coming, &c. a confusion of bells heard, three doors
 leading to chambers—with names written on them,
Lion, Star, Drum,—Lieutenant FERVOR is seen
 at the Table with papers.

Fer: This will do, this will do, this will do—none
 of your hum-drum moping, melancholy country vil-
 lages this,—all spirit, life, and bustle, nothing like a
 populous market town to recruit in,—bells ringing,
 (*pulls the bell violently.*) colours flying, drums beating,

(*waiter without, 'coming Sir'.*)—Waiters all attention, by the bye, nothing I like so much as civility. (*waiter crosses the stage very quick.*) Holloa, my fine fellow!—a word with you,—

Wait. Coming directly Sir. [*Exit Waiter.*]

Fer. Impudent rascal!—Try again, (*rings the bell.*) I shall get every information from the landlord—he's a civil man—see that by his face.

Enter Landlord, looking very angry, with a bill of fare in his hand.

Oh Landlord,—with'd to say—much pleased with the apartment—very clean and comfortable—suit me exactly, (*Looking round the room with nods of approbation to the Landlord, aside.*) nothing like flattery,—always answers, very good room indeed Landlord.

Land. Yes Sir, the gentlemen of the Excise always dine in this room—we expect them in less than half an hour, so if you have done writing, Sir—(*going to move the table, &c.*)

Fer. Stop—can't you be quiet a moment.

Land. Impossible Sir, there's company in every room in the house.

Fer. House full! what's to become of me? (*bell's ring.*)

Land. (*Hurrying.*) Bless my soul, I never was so hurried in my life.

Fer. That's right,—that's right, nothing like bustle to keep people alive.—But where am I to sleep?

Land. In the Drum Sir,

Fer. A Drum! what d'ye mean?

Land. A snug room over the coach office gate.

(*pointing.*)

Fer. 'Sdeath, there'll be bustle enough there.—Coaches coming in all night. Eh?

Land. Yes, and the noise of the cattle all day—the market is just under your window.

Fer. The devil!—

Land. Yes, and to-morrow the affize begins—Oh you'll have plenty of bustle, Sir—plenty. (*rubbing his hands.*)

Fer. Too much of a good thing I fear, 'Eh—
(*Mrs. PENELOPE SNAP heard without.*) What's that? an old woman! Zounds, show me into the Drum quick! quick! [*Exit FERVOR and Landlord.*]

Enter Miss PENELOPE SNAP, followed by Sir BAROMETER OLDSTYLE.—Mrs. P. in a travelling dress very much disordered.—Before they enter Mrs. P. is heard on the stairs:

“The travellers room indeed—I never met with such treatment in my life,—’tis impossible to put up with it.”—*They enter.*—

Sir B. Pho,—don't be vexed—’tis unlucky to be sure; but being in a passion, will not make one a jot more comfortable.

Pen. Brother, brother, ’tis impossible to keep one's temper. (*in great anger.*)

Sir B. (*Aside.*) And yet you have kept your's the same for the last fifty years. (*Mrs. P. appears fretful.*) What's the use of being angry,—it only puts one in a fever,—a fever puts one in the hands of the doctor, he puts one to bed for three or four months, that's worse than being cramm'd in a stage for three or four hours.

Pen. Impossible—I dare say I look as red as—
(*Landlord comes out of the Drum, with the bill of fare.*)

Fer. (*Within*) A lobster, d'ye hear.—

Land. Yes, Sir—

Pen. What! (*in astonishment.*)

Sir B. Oh, Landlord—

Pen. (*Crossing between Landlord and Sir B. —in a rage, and speaking very loud.*) Hark ye, Sir—

Sir B. Hush sister, the Landlord's not deaf—

Pen. I wish you were dumb.

Land. I hope no offence, Sir—

Sir B. Only a little inconvenience.

Pen. Inconvenience!—— (*turning to Landlord.*)
Sir——

Fer. (*Within.*) Landlord.

Land. Yes Sir— (*goes to the Drum.*)

Pen. This is too much.—Had you been less partial, brother, to that old fashioned wheel-barrow of yours, and had it repaired and modernized in proper time, we never should have been in this predicament.

Sir B. Sister, sister, I've told you a thousand times I hate to barter present comfort for future convenience—there's an old saying, and a good one too, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Pen. And what's the consequence!——

Sir B. (*Getting angry.*) Why this is the consequence, instead of lounging in a wheel barrow,—as you are pleased to call my carriage, you've been blest'd with a squeeze in a modern long stage coach—wedged in with ten other miserable mortals, not to mention two sick children, a dog, and a large nose-gay, (that's modern improvement for ye!)—modern convenience! modern devil; but 'tis no use to be angry.

Pen. Horrible!—'tis well we are incog,—I would not have it known that Sir Barometer Oldstyle, and his Sister Miss Penelope Snap, travell'd in such a vulgar way for the universe.

Sir B. Nonsense! if necessity requires it, where's the disgrace,—those that know me, know that I am an honest man—those that don't know me, I don't care a pinch o'snuff about—— (*taking snuff.*) there's an old saying——

Pen. Pshaw,—I hate old sayings,

Sir B. And I hate modern doings—Madam.

Enter Landlord from the Drum.

Land. I hope nothing unpleasant has happen'd—

Pen. Yes Sir, something very unpleasant has happen'd; they pretended the post-horses were all engaged for the affizes, and so jamm'd us into your slow waggon,—a toad in a hole was better off by half.

Land. I'm very sorry—

Sir B. That is not all, Sir, that is not all, finding no chaise was to be had, on our arrival I went instantly to your abominable coach office—here below,—“pray, Sir, said I, to the clerk, how many does the coach to town carry inside”—the fellow answered in a breath—“six before, ten behind, but they are all bespoke inside and out, and no room is left but in the boot and basket”—an impudent scoundrel, but come, let us see the bill of fare, and as we cannot proceed—take care that the beds are well aired.——

Land. It is very unfortunate Sir, but there's not a bed in the house but what's engaged, and the Captain has just bespoke the last article we had left on the bill.— [Exit.

Pen. No beds!

Sir B. No refreshment! (*They look at each other in consternation.*) These are the blessings of an affize.

Pen. —Oh I'm rejoiced nobody knows who we are—(*FERVOR enters from his room and stops to read the direction of two letters, which he holds, one in each hand.*)

Fer. (*reading.*)—Sir Barometer Oldstyle—

Sir B. Eh!

Fer. And who's the other, (*looking at the direction of the other letter.*) Miss Penelope Snap.

Pen. Ha! (*screams.*)

Fer. What another bustle!—My dear Madam, I hope——

Pen. Ha! stand off—you're a witch.

Fer. Am I?

Sir B. Who are you, Sir?

Fer. Hang me if I can tell, this lady seems to know.—Pray Sir, who are you?

Sir B. Sir, you seem to know me, tho' you don't know yourself—for you have just pronounc'd my name.

Fer. Eh! what, Sir Barometer Oldstyle?—

Sir B. The same, and that Lady is—

Fer. (*turning sharp to Miss P.*) Penelope Snap.

Pen. Paa!—(*turns from him in anger.*)

Fer. My old guardian and his maiden sister by the Gods; Oh! here will be another bustle. (*aside.*)

Enter Corporal BARREL.

Corp. They are come your honour.

Fer. No?

Corp. Just arrived.

Fer. Who? the excisemen?

Corp. No, your honour, the recruits.

Fer. Oh—very well.

[*Exit Corp.*

Pen. What! more company!

Fer. Yes, Madam, my company—a set of as fine fellows as ever eat roast beef. (*While FERVOR speaks to the Corporal, Sir B. takes the opportunity of reading the direction of the letter, which FERVOR holds carelessly.*)

Sir B. That letter, Sir, seems to be directed to me.

Fer. Zounds he must not have it yet, old Broadbrim may have told him some of my unlucky pranks. (*Aside.*) Your agent in town, Sir, did me the honour of entrusting me with a letter (*giving it reluctantly*) am happy in having the opportunity of delivering it to early. (*aside*) Here'll be a bustle.

Sir B. Worthy fellow; yes, I see 'tis his handwriting, where are my spectacles?

Fer. What the devil's to be done now? I'll invite 'em into the Drum—it's well the bed turns into a sofa, or the room would not hold us all. (*aside.*) Madam, permit me to entreat you'd do me the honour to make use of my apartment, till you can be better accommodated—it's small to be sure, but snug—and remarkably quiet.

Pen. Sir, your politeness—(*curtsies.*)

Fer. My dear Madam—um—um— (*kisses her hand.*)

Pen. (*Aside.*) How infinitely elegant!

Fer. Allow me to shew you the door.

Pen. (*giving her hand.*) Oh—how superior to old fashion politeness, is the elegance and ease of modern manners. [*Exit.*]

Sir B. (*having opened the letter, and holding his spectacles across the paper, reads.*)

“ Friend,

“ Before you have perused many lines of this epistle, thou wilt be struck” ———

Fer. (*slapping Sir B. on the shoulder.*) This is the way, Sir Barometer. (*pointing to the door.*)

Sir B. Then its a damn'd bad way, Sir.—What d'ye mean?

Fer. Miss Penelope has done me the honour to accept the use of my apartment, and an invitation to dinner. I am sorry I cannot express my feelings with sufficient strength—but—if——

Sir B. Sir, you express your feelings stronger than any man I ever knew in my life.——

Fer. I fear every accommodation in the house is engaged——could I enforce any other arguments—I——

Sir B. Sir, I beg you'd not be at that trouble—those you have already made use of, are irresistible,

—I'll attend you directly, Sir, (*looks again at the letter.*)

Fer. Oh! that unlucky letter—(*aside.*)

Sir B. “ Friend,

“ Before thou hast perused many lines of this epistle, thou wilt be struck—(*stops, and looks round, as if expecting another attack*) struck dumb with anger and amazement.”—(*Eh!*)—“ but I beseech thee, let not the violence of thy ward move thee.”——

Fer. (*Having walked about in agitation, pulls Sir B. along suddenly.*)—Come, Sir Barometer, dinner's on table—plenty of time to finish your letter after.

Sir B. Well—well, some other time—but I'm very anxious——

Fer. So am I—for my dinner.

Enter Waiter from the Drum.

Wait. Every thing is ready, Sir—

Fer. What, the lobster?

Wait. Yes, Sir, and the lady— [*Exit Waiter.*]

Sir B. That's right—I'll be content with the lobster—you may take the lady; O, you'll find her a delicate morsel. Hark'ye, Sir, there's an old saying—

Fer. I know it—“ What's one man's meat, is another man's poison.”

Sir B. No.—That's not it.—

Fer. Yes, it is—Ha! ha! ha! come along.

Sir B. No.——

Fer. Yes.—(*talking together, FERVOR pulling in Sir B.*)—Zounds, here's a bustle. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The sign of the Angel Inn, Tap-Room,
 &c. &c.*

Enter BROADBRIM.

Oba. Verily, my spirit is much fatigued, and I am weary with the length of the journey—but the conduct of Drab, my clerk, made dispatch and expedition indispensable. Now, shall I wed the woman called Penelope Snap, or not? Verily, yea, for she is wealthy, although she be waxen in years, and corpulent as a cousin German of the man called Lambert.

SONG.—BROADBRIM.

When wise man cleaveth to woman's side,
 He always chooseth a wealthy bride;
 Then fat as mud, or thin as death,
 He taketh her and marrieth.

Foddle e di dol, &c.

Oh what is love, that can't keep house?
 Or what's a spouse without a souse?
 A rosy cheek, it fadeth fast;
 But England's three per Cents. will last.

Foddle e di dol, &c.

They talk of dimples, and what not ;
 A dimple boileth not a pot,
 Then let me read in woman's face,
 Some lines to Mr. Henry Hafe.
 Foddle e di dol, &c.

Enter Post-Boy with a Pormanteau.

Post B. Where will your worship please to have the portmantit taken ?

Oba. Deposit it any where, friend, so it be not defiled. (*Post Boy places it at the Tap door.*)

Post B. (*Afide.*) I hope the spirit will move the old buck to be generous. Driver, please your worship. (*taking off his Cap.*)

Oba. I had forgotten—there is half-a-crown.

Post B. I hope your worship will tip a crown.

Oba. Tip a crown !

Post. B. It's a bad stage, and I put 'em along.

Oba. Put 'em along ! verily, he speaketh the language of the profane, which I comprehend not.—Friend, the money is sufficient, I will give thee no more.

Post B. Pray—your Worship.

Corporal BARREL enters from the Tap, and stops to read the direction on OBADIAH BROADBRIM'S Port-manteau.

Corp. I'll soon be with you my lads—must brush the Captain's cloak.

Oba. (*to Post-Boy.*) Thy appeal is in vain, my resolution is fix'd. (*Exit Post-Boy muttering.*) D—d stiff-rump'd rascal !

Corp. (*reading.*) "Obadiah Broadbrim, Gracechurch-street."—Oh—it belongs to the recruit I 'listed this morning. (*Noise of jolity in the Tap.*)

Oba. I hear the sounds of revelry and riot.—
Friend (*to Corp.*) wilt thou convey my baggage to a
place of safety for me?

Corp. (*Looking with astonishment at OBADIAH.*)—
Your baggage?

Oba. Yea—friend—mine.—I will reward thee.

Corp. (*rubbing his eyes.*) Well, I know the punch
has made me a little muzzy—therefore, I am not
myself the same man I was in the morning; but,
may I never drink punch again, if my recruit there,
is not alter'd more than I am.

Oba. (*Aside.*) This man of war, I should guess
appertaineth unto the youth Charles Fervor.

Corp. (*Aside.*) And yet he looks more like forty-
seven than he did in the morning.—Well, you'll
make a fine stout soldier,—and I am glad to see
you—tho' I did not expect you quite so soon.—
(*shakes OBA. violently by the hand.*)

Oba. Nay, friend, I beseech thee—verily, the
fumes of strong liquor hath drawn a veil over his
eyes, and he taketh me for one of his recruits—he
deceiveth himself, the fault resteth not with me—
and I will therefore benefit myself, and further my
designs by the information which I may extract
from him, concerning the conduct of the youth
Charles Fervor.

Corp. (*aside.*) What a devilish good military hat
his will make when it is smartly turn'd up, and a
cockade stuck in it.

(*Soldier from the Tap calls*) Corporal—Corporal
Barrel—make haste—we've just attack'd t'other
bowl.—(*Sbouts of laughter, &c*)

Corp. O—ho—have ye so—come along Broad-
brim—we'll soon make a soldier of you; here,
clap the Captain's cloak on, (*Corp. throws it over
him*)—it's lucky I happen'd to have it,—there,
now for your hat. (*offers to take it.*)

Oba. Pray, friend, let my beaver remain—(*aside.*) I rejoice greatly at this disguise; my character, as one of the faithful, will not be scandalized.

Corp. Come along, my lad of wax.

Oba. *Follows Corp. shouts of merriment. Oba. stops suddenly, and walks back.*) When I hear the shouts of drunkenness, and debauchery—I wax fearful.

Corp. Come along, my boy—come along, Broadbrim.

Oba. —Hum!—(*fearfully, and drawing back*)
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter Mrs. P. SNAP, and Sir B. with the Letter in his hand.*

Sir B. These are the precious effects of modern education—these are your town morals—these are your fashionable accomplishments.—Oh! I shall break my heart.

Pen. I wish you'd read the letter first.—What can possibly be the matter?

Sir B. Matter!—Matter enough, Madam—to think after all the care Obadiah took of him—when I expected to find him possessed of every noble feeling—educated in every virtue, and free from every vice—to have him return'd to me with a catalogue of crimes——

Pen. (*impatient.*) Will you read the letter or not?

Sir B. Yes—no—yes——I have read it once, and it has half kill'd me.——

Pen. Ah, well, read it again then, and I shall be satisfied.

Sir B. What!—there's an old saying——

Pen. Give me patience, brother.—

Sir B. How can I—I have none myself; I am half frantic with rage, disappointment, and vexation,

and you ask me for patience—but I'll not be in a passion, it's no use—he's not worth it—he's not worth it—(*prepares the letter.*)

Pen. Now then——

Sir B. "Friend,"——there, there, read it yourself, read it yourself——(*she takes the letter aside.*)

Fer. (*without*) D'y'e hear, tell the recruits not to make such an infernal bustle.

Wait. Yes, Sir.

Fer. And tell Corporal Barrel, I want him — (*Enters looking at papers, and not seeing Sir Barometer.*) Bravo!—nothing like business to keep a man alive.—Sir Barometer has read the letter by this time—it's well I got into his good graces before he knew me. I dare say old buckram has enlarged on some of my boyish follies.

Sir B. (*Aside.*) Boyish follies!—fwindling and seduction, boyish follies.—(*loud.*) Oh, you scoundrel,——

Fer. What—you've read the letter?

Sir B. I have Sir——

Fer. So I thought.

Pen. (*coming forward.*) I don't believe a syllable—

Fer. That's right.

Sir B. It's all true.—

Fer. That's wrong.

Sir B. Did'nt you this instant acknowledge it?

Fer. No,—till I know my accusation,—why should I plead guilty,—

Sir B. (*Aside.*) That's true—well then, answer me, in the first place, hav'n't you seduced the daughter of Old Seagrave of this very town?

Fer. What! my sweet, charming, innocent little Patty—no, by heaven, I love her too well!——

Pen. I thought so—and Obadiah is an old crab——

Sir B. Madam—he's my friend.

Pen. Paa! then there's a pair of ye.

Sir B. But I'll ask Old Seagrave myself.

Fer. He won't tell you a word about it.

Sir B. I'll go to him, Sir— (*threatening.*)

Fer. You had better stay where you are, Sir.

Sir B. Why—for what reason?—

Fer. He has been dead and buried these two months.

Sir B. Dead! poor fellow—your conduct has kill'd him.

Fer. Perhaps so—I call'd in the doctor.

Pen. Well—and what effect?

Fer. In a week he was incurable.

Pen. What did he prescribe?

Fer. Alteratives—

Sir B. (*Anxiously.*) And they succeeded?—

Fer. Yes—in a fortnight he was dead.

Sir B. And now, to complete your inquiry, you must go and distress the poor girl for the rent, to get her again in your power.

Fer. Sir, these suspicions are too cruel—you are deceived, upon my honour.

Sir B. Honour!—you talk of honour! that are pursued by officers, from whom your only chance of escaping is by distressing those you have already made completely miserable.

Pen. Don't be in a passion, brother—its no use—I see very clearly that this is all a contrivance of Broadbrim's to injure your ward—for you may recollect 'twas one of your wife plans to sign a will with the reversion in favour of this old viper.—Oh, I'm convinced he's a hypocrite.

Sir B. It cannot be, sure, it's impossible—my friend Obadiah Broadbrim,—I'll not believe it.—

Enter Corporal BARREL, quite tipsy.

Corp. It's very true for all that,—oh, he'll make an excellent soldier,—he's as upright as a ramrod.

Pen. Why he's drunk—

Corp. Not very—he's a little cut to' be sure,—we soon made a wet quaker of him.

Sir B. What the devil does he mean?

Fer. Why, Barrel, you're in liquor—

Corp. Your honor's pardon—the liquor's in the Barrel.

Fer. No wonder there has been such a noise—you have been making merry to some tune.

Corp. Very pretty tune your honor—I've been giving 'em "Britons strike home"—that generally makes some noise.

Pen. He has been drinking spirits—

Corp. Yes, the King's health in punch,—'twas enough to put spirits in any old soldier's heart—but water, cold water, your Ladyship, 'twould have been the same—with such a toast as that in it.

Fer. (*Aside.*) Now I can't for the soul of me be angry with him—come here, scoundrel.

Corp. (*Turning suddenly to Sir B.*) Don't ye hear the Captain call?

Fer. Attention! (*Barrel starts round.*) Give me the orderly book, 'twas to you I spoke.—

Corp. 'Tisn't orderly to call any gemman a scoundrel, Captain—my name is not scoundrel,——Scoundrel? (*muttering.*)

Fer. (*Looking at the book.*) Um—um—um—John Short, six foot four, ha! why what the devil's all this—Obadiah Broadbrim! of Gracechurch-Street! London! aged forty-seven! measur'd by the yard! and as tall as the Monument!

Sir B. What! Obadiah—

Pen. A quaker a soldier!—

Fer. S'death he has not enlisted—

Corp. Yes, but he has tho'—the spirit moved him—(*making signs of drinking.*)

Fer. Confusion! oh—there'll be another bustle—go sirrah and get sober. (*to the Corporal.*)

Corp. I can get sober as soon as any other gentleman—but scoundrel's a word—Captain, that—but it's all right, I know my duty—but if any other man had call'd me scoundrel—it's all right—I know my duty. *[Exit Corporal.]*

Pen. Now then for your visit to the Seagraves;—from them you may hear the plain truth at once—and we shall be able to make our escape from this angelic place.

Fer. My dear Sir—here has been some incomprehensible mistake—suspend your judgment for a while—and if I do not clear every thing up to your satisfaction—why then discard me for ever as a wretch, lost to every sentiment of honor,—and disgracing at once the character of a british soldier, and an English gentleman. *[Exit.]*

Sir B. —I'll not lose a moment—on their report depends his future fortune. Should he be guiltless, I shall provide for him as my own son—if the charge be true,—O—I shall be in a monstrous passion. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—WILLIAM SEAGRAVE and PATTY
discovered—Tea things, &c. on the Table.

Pat. Indeed, brother, I'll do any thing to please you, I'll sing a little ballad I learn't while you were at sea—you have never heard it.

SONG.—PATTY.

Far o'er the sea when torn from you,
And my fond heart beat strong and true—
How swift, alas! the vessel flew:

From Mary.

“ Refulgent sunk the wearied sun,
 “ And o’er the glassy waters shone;
 “ Still it was dark, for thou wer’t gone.

“ Blest Mary.

The silver wave flow’d soft and clear,
 And bright as if reflected there,
 Was seen the fairest of the fair.

My Mary.

“ My throbbing heart heav’d many a sigh,
 “ The tear drop glisten’d in my eye,
 “ And fancy told me—thou wer’t nigh.

“ Dear Mary:

“ But soon thy lovely form had past,
 “ And ocean with it’s swelling blast,
 “ Dispell’d the dream too sweet to last,

“ Of Mary.

Will. Thanks, thanks, my dear sister. Oh Woman, virtuous and lovely—even in misfortune’s hour, when all things earthly fail—still can’st thou sooth and charm us.

Pat. Ah, William, had you not enlisted, I should still have been happy.—

Will. What else could be done?

Pat. Any thing, I would have starved, rather than you should have gone for a soldier, I am sure ’twill break my heart.

Will. Had Charles Fervor indeed known of our distress,—but alas, he’s as poor as ourselves.

Pat. He said he expected leave to raise a company—if so, and he could get his guardian’s consent, we were to be married, I am sure I love him dearly, he was so kind to my poor father.—

Will. I should rejoice to see such a man the husband of my sister,—but do not, my dear Patty, let your mind dwell on an event so uncertain.

Pat. I am sure Charles will never desert me.

Will. From his past behaviour, 'tis impossible to doubt the nobleness of his nature, but remember, he is intirely dependant on his guardian—who, very possibly may object to his alliance with one so much his inferior in fortune.

Enter FERVOR.

Fer. Here they are, here they are at last,—

Will. and Pat. Charles!

Fer. My charming, sweet, lovely Patty.—Seagrave, my good fellow, your hand. I haven't felt a moment of such real comfort since we parted—but we won't talk of that, hang melancholy—kick care to the devil—sing to-day, laugh to-morrow—oh I'm so happy—but there's been a devil of a bustle.

Pat. Dear, Charles, what about?

Fer. I have such news—

Will. What sort?

Fer. All sorts—good, bad, and indifferent,—in the first place, you must know, I'm a great scoundrel——

Will. That's not true.

Fer. So I say—next—I've got promotion—leave to raise a company.

Will. That I rejoice at, what else?

Enter Sir BAROMETER—Sir B. steps suddenly on seeing FERVOR, Sir B. behind, listens, and by action, shows his feelings at the scene.

Sir B. Oh, there he is.

Fer. Oh plenty, plenty—your tender-hearted landlord and my deputy guardian has order'd me to worry you for the rent, which if you do not pay, you will inevitably be caged in a jail.

Pen. Ungenerous—cruel man!

Will. You know Charles, 'tis impossible.

Sir B. (*Behind, and shaking his stick at FERVOR.*)
Oh, you villain.—

Fer. To be sure I do—so does Broadbrim; but unless I receive the money, I shall be laid like you in the black hole. My company will march to the right about—I shall not be able to marry Patty, and—what the devil's that? (*pointing to the cockade.*)

Pat. Oh, Charles.—

Will. Hard press'd by poverty, exhausted by illness, and dishearten'd by hopeless endeavours to obtain a subsistence—as the only means left of procuring an immediate supply—I inlisted this morning to the recruiting party now in town.

Sir B. (*Behind.*) Oh!—

[*Exit.*]

Fer. What my party, you a soldier?

Pat. Your party Charles!

Fer. Yes—but it can't be—his name is not down in the roll.

Pat. Indeed it is true.—

Fer. Impossible—what could induce such rashness?—

(*WILLIAM turns from him, and FERVOR catches his hand.*)

Will. We had not a shilling in the world.

Fer. No—no—no money—no food—no—and Patty.—William—what the devil ails ye both—a-a-ant you set care at—defiance, and lau-a-a-augh at misfortunes as I do (*trying to laugh, but choking with excess of feeling*) ha! ha!—Come, come be alive.—William, s'death cheer up (*recovering*) come go with me.—I'll find Sir Barometer—tell him the plain story—state the facts—produce the vouchers—and I shouldn't be surprised now, if Patty and I were to marry, raise a company, encrease the standing army, escape the prison, bilk the bailiffs, and bother old Broadbrim, so come along my boy.— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Enter Corporal BARREL and OBEADIAH BROADBRIM, with the Cloak on him as before—his Hat turn'd up, with a Cockade in it—both tipsy—and singing.*

Corp. and Oba. Toll lol, de rol, &c.——

Corp. Sing, my boy,—sing—

DUET.

Oba. Of the mighty power of love,

Corp. Let's sing like jovial fellows;

Oba. While the spirit thus can move

Corp. "Old Rose and burn the bellows,"

Oba. I'll go wed Penelope,

And to my bosom take her;

Corp. I never did his fellow see,

O what an upright Quaker!

Oba. Past awhile the wedding joys,

Should their country need 'em,

All my little Quaker boys

Shall fight for England's freedom.

Corp. Then never let a jealous pet,

Our future friendship sever,

Oba. While both can sing,

Corp. "Long live the King."

Oba. Verily—aye—for ever "

[Exit OBA, half singing and speaking.]

Corp. There he goes—there he goes—ha! ha! ha!
—now, that fellow's as drunk as a watchman—it's quite dreadful to think how men can give way to fu-u-uch hor-horri-horrible habits.—However, I shouldn't have wonder'd if I had been a little tipsy myself—for they made the last bowl of punch with gin, instead of water.—

Enter Bailiffs.

1st. *Bai.* Holloa, Soldier,—Can you direct us to Captain Charles Fervor?

Corp. Soldier, indeed!—damn your impudence.—I'd have you to know, I'm a Corporal—Barrel by name, and gunpowder by nature,—so stand clear, for I'm pretty well prim'd.

2d. *Bai.* Well, good Corporal Barrel, can you tell us where Captain Fervor is?

Corp. No,—don't know any such person—(*Aside.*) He's only a Lieutenant yet.

1st. *Bai.* Come, my lad, direct us to him.—He expects us, I assure ye.

Corp. Oh, he expects you, does he—that alters the case.—(*Corporal catches them winking at each other.*)—bums, bums as I hope to be made a serjeant!—So, he expects you, does he?—(*aside.*) They are both of 'em shockingly drunk—so I'll manœuvre 'em.—Hark'ye my lads, if I 'peach, you'll come down with the clinkum, eh—humph?

Bai. O, yes—we'll drink together—

Corp. Drink! O fie—No, I'll be more careful of you—you have drank too much already—no—no (*aside.*) Now I'll do 'em.—If you think it worth while to cut with a seven shilling bit,—I'll sack the cash, and show ye the man.

2d. *Bai.* (*aside.*) Give it him Tom—they won't mind the expence if we can but nab the Captain.

1st. *Bai.* Well Corporal—here's a crown.

Corp. A crown! what d'ye mean by that, you son of a catchpole—I won't take a tizzy less, and, I tell you what my hearty's, if you don't this instant down with the dust, I'll raise raise my price—I will—I'll raise my price—

Bai. Well then, no more words—there's the money—now for the man—

Corp. Stop—don't be in such a confounded hurry—is it a good one. (*looks at it.*)

Bai. Now then, where is he?—

Corp. Who?

Bai. Zounds the officer that's recruiting in this town?

Corp. Oh, 'aye,—well he lodges at this very house.

Bai. How is he dress'd?

Corp. You are a pretty fellow to ask how an officer is dressed—why in scarlet, to be sure.

Bai. With a cap?

Corp. To be sure—what's an officer without a cap.

Bai. In red, with a cap, very well.

[*Exeunt Bailiffs.*]

Corp. You'll not find it very well—at least I hope so, you ugly hounds—eh! eh! eh!—I've manœuvred 'em however—now then I'm off, right—left—steady,—“sing old Rose and burn the bellows,”—steady—tol de rol, steady—steady.

Enter FERVOR.

Fer. How now firrah—I thought I ordered you to bed.

Corp. Yes, and I know its' well for you I did not obey orders.—You're in the very jaws of the enemy,—so the right about, quick march.—

Fer. What do you mean?

Corp. The tips are come, and you'll be nabb'd—you'll be nabb'd to a certainty,—if you don't go directly and put on a cock'd hat, and a blue coat, I see you are a little tipsy as well as the rest,—so if you should chance to meet 'em—you know me—Corporal Barrel,—pray make use of my name,—t'will pass you free—free as a counterfeign.

Fer. So—I shall be arrested under the very nose of my guardian,—what the devil's to be done!—

Corp. Obey my orders,—change your dress, and you are safe—there, make haste. (*pushes Fervor.*)

Fer. 'Sdeath and fire, what are you about.

Corp. A cock'd hat. (*still pushing.*)

Fer. Zounds, firrah, you'll be flogg'd——

Cor. —In a blue coat.——

Fer. Distraction!

Corp. Blue coat, &c. &c. [*Exeunt, the Corp. still pushing Fervor, who endeavours to disengage himself.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Inn.

Enter Sir BAROMETER followed by Miss P. SNAP.

Sir B. Obadiah was right—my doubts are all at an end—and I am a miserable man.

Pen. Brother, you torture my impatience.

Sir B. Aye, very likely, and when your impatience is satisfied, your torture will be increased to think that a countenance so open, and a manner so ingenuous, should be the cloak and mask of deceit and duplicity.

Pen. Have you been to Seagrave's cottage?

Sir B. I have.——

Pen. Well?

Sir B. Why the poor man confess'd he had been obliged to enlist as a private soldier in Fervor's company.——

Pen. O, the reprobate!——

Enter FERVOR.

Fer. My dear Sir Barometer, I am come now to explain——

Sir B. Every thing is explain'd Sir.—I am perfectly well satisfied.

Fer. (*seizing his hand.*) Didn't I tell you so my dear Sir,—how could you possibly doubt me.

Sir B. (*releasing himself.*) Sir, I never did doubt you—but I have now witnessed your duplicity and proved you a profligate. I have done with you, Sir, I have done with you.

Fer. Zounds, another mistake! Madam, for mercy's sake plead for me.

Pen. What can you possibly urge to invalidate the testimony of eyes and ears.

Fer. A simple tale—only hear me—and—

Sir B. Well, well, it shall be so, proceed Sir.

Fer. It was about two months ago that I first saw the innocent girl whose destruction I am so unjustly charged with. Amongst those tenants whom Mr. Broadbrim visited, for the purpose of receiving rent, I accompanied him to Seagrave's cottage,—I beheld the old man enduring patiently the most aggravated sufferings, and the son exerting his last remaining strength to procure him comfort and assistance,—the daughter in sickness and in sorrow, heedless of herself, was endeavouring to soothe the last sad hours of an expiring parent.

Sir B. Well, Sir—(*agitated.*)

Fer. Sir, I revered the meekness of the father,—honour'd the conduct of the son,—and lov'd the virtues of the daughter.

Sir B. (*aside.*) The fellow has choak'd me,——

go on, Sir, proceed if you please—Obadiah reliev'd them?

Fer. (*firmly.*) No, Sir,—on the contrary, he oppress'd them.

Sir B. Still these flanders, produce proof Sir,—I'll hear no more.

Fer. Your pardon for one moment. [*Exit:*

Sir B. His manner staggers me—yet—pshaw! it is not possible—if his story could but be true.

Fer. (*without.*) This way Patty—this way.

FERVOR enters with WILLIAM and PATTY
SEAGRAVE.

Ha!—is it—can it be possible—Charles—my boy Charles—(*here Sir B. turns where Fervor stood, and encounters the Bailiffs who enter just at this time. Fervor having retreated on seeing them.*)

Sir B. So, so, so, my hopes were too sanguine.—Oh, you are a precious fellow.

Bai. (*to each other.*) He's not here.

2d Bai. In red with a cap—*no.* (*they retire.*)

Sir B. (*after musing.*) I will not conceal him, he shall reap the reward he merits—here officers do your duty, that is your man.

Bai. That—no, no—we want nothing of him.

Sir B. No!

Fer. (*aside.*) Oh, oh, this is Bayrel's blue coat business.

Sir B. Astonishing! is it not Charles Fervor you are in quest of?

Bai. Ay, sure, old gentleman, but we are not to be taught our business at this time o'day.

Sir B. Very well, gentlemen, you know best; but remember there's an old saying that—

Bai. Ay, ay, "old birds are not to be caught with chaff."

Sir B. Damn your old birds.—— [*Exit Bailiffs.*
Zounds!

Pen. (restraining him.) Brother, brother——

Sir B. Well, well. (*The Bailiffs retire, and after examining the room, enter the Drum.*)

(*To Feruor.*) So Sir, this is another of your tricks; but I am not to be deceived.

Fer. Sir Barometer, it never was my intention to deceive you. I hope you will believe me when I say, that if I had preferr'd my own useless pleasures, to the gratification of saving a worthy, though unfortunate family from destruction, your liberal allowance would have been amply sufficient to have discharged every debt of my own, and this disgrace had never happened.

Will. I can prove this to be true, believe me, Sir. —

Pat. Indeed he is not to blame.

Pen. Brother, to disbelieve any longer were downright obstinacy.

Sir B. I am assail'd by doubts and truths so strong, that I know not what to believe. Oh, if I could but see Obadiah—ha! (*here the Bailiffs return with Obadiah from the Drum, and they all start back in astonishment.*)

Pen. Amazement!

Will. What can this mean?

Fer. Broadbrim! the devil!

Oba. "I'll go wed Penelope, and to my bosom take her," (*attempting to get at Penelope.*)

Pen. Paa,—Oh the Brute—take him away—take him away.

Sir B. Take care of him friends, he is not the person you are in quest of—but I shall pay the debt and recompence your trouble. [*Exit Bailiffs with Obadiah, who attempts again to seize Miss P.*

Sir B. Charles, my boy, you have been wrong'd.

Enter DRAB.

Drab. "Yea, verily, he hath, I hasten'd here from the great city to counteract the schemes of the designing Broadbrim; but they have already proved abortive, and my conscience is satisfied.

Fer. My good friend.

Drab. Friend Barometer, I am ashamed of what hath happen'd, but we find good and evil among every description of men; and whether found in my own sect or those of thy persuasion, I rejoice equally at the triumph of virtue and the abasement of vice.

Sir B. Can you forgive me. (*to Charles.*) How shall I reward him? (*to Pen.*)

Pen. Give him a wife, and I will give her a present to begin the world with.

Sir B. Sister you are right—take her my boy and Heaven bless ye both.—Henceforth I'll not believe every thing that is new, is bad; because I am old—or every thing that is old, faultless;—because I was once young.

Fer. Right, Sir Barometer, stick to that, avoid prejudice, and be certain you will always find something to palliate, though perhaps not entirely excuse.

Fearless we hear contending counsels fury,
While truth and mercy guide an English Jury,
Boldly receive our sentence 'ere we go,
Secure of justice, be it "Yes or No."

THE END.