

# **PASQUIN**

Henry Fielding



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**PASQUIN;**

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PASQUIN;  
 A DRAMATICK SATIRE ON THE TIMES  
 BEING THE REHEARSAL OF TWO PLAYS: VIZ.,  
 A COMEDY CALLED  
 THE ELECTION,  
 AND A TRAGEDY CALLED  
 THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COMMON SENSE.  
 FIRST ACTED IN APRIL 1736.

*DRAMATIS PERSONAe.*

*Trapwit*, Author . . . . . Mr ROBERTS,  
*Fustian*, Author . . . . . Mr LACY.  
*Sneerwell* (a critick) . . . . . Mr MACHEN.

Several Players and Prompter.

PERSONS IN THE COMEDY.

*Lord Place*, Candidate . . . . . Mrs CHARKE,  
*Colonel Promise*, Candidate . . Mr FREEMAN,  
*Sir Henry Fox–Chace*, Candidate . . Mr TOPHAM,  
*Squire Tankard*, Candidate . . Mr SMITH,  
*Mayor* . . . . . Mr JONES.  
*Aldermen, Voters, &c.*

*Mrs Mayoress* . . . . . Mrs EGERTON.  
*Miss Mayoress* . . . . . Miss J. JONES.  
*Miss Stitch* . . . . . Miss BURGESS.  
*Servants, Mob, &c.*

PERSONS IN THE TRAGEDY.

*Queen Common-Sense* . . . . . Mrs EGERTON.  
*Queen Ignorance* . . . . . Mr STRENSHAM.  
*Firebrand* (Priest of the Sun) . Mr ROBERTS.  
*Law* . . . . . Mr YATES.  
*Physick* . . . . . Mr JONES.  
*Ghost of Tragedy* . . . . . Mr PULLEN.  
*Ghost of Comedy* . . . . . Mr JONES.  
*Third Ghost* . . . . . Mr WALLIS.  
*Harlequin* . . . . . Mr PULLEN.  
*Officer* . . . . . Mr PULLEN.  
*Messenger* . . . . . Mr WALLIS.  
*Drummer* . . . . . Mr LOWDER.  
*Attendants on Ignorance, Maids of Honour, &c.*  
SCENE, the Play-House.

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**ACT I.**

SCENE I.—*Enter several Players.*

1 *Play*. When does the rehearsal begin?

2 *Play*. I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning, for the author was arrested as he was going home from King's coffee-house; and, as I heard it was for upward of four pound, I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1 *Play*. Where's the tragedy—author then? I have a long part in both, and it's past ten o'clock.

*Wom. P.* Ay, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths put together. I think it is very hard a woman of my standing should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolved I'll advertise against her. I'll let the town know how I am injured.

1 *Play*. Oh! here comes our tragedy—poet.

*Enter FUSTIAN.*

*Fust.* Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but I have been obliged, at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dozen persons of the first quality with tickets: upon my soul I have been chid for putting off my play so long. I hope you are all quite perfect, for the town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladles of quality*, the first night.

*Enter Prompter.*

*Prompt.* Mr Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a churchyard-cough he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

1 *Play*. I wish you could cut the ghost out, sir, for I am terribly afraid he'll be damned if you don't.

*Fust.* Cut him out, sir? He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

*Prompt.* Then, sir, you must give the part to somebody else; for the present is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

*Fust.* Then he shall be carried, for no man in England can act a ghost like him. Sir, he was born a ghost—he was made for the part—and the part writ for him.

*Prompt.* Well, sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

*Fust.* Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too. If it keeps mine back above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have; but if ever such stuff, such damned, incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage—if the audience suffer it to go through three acts—Oh! he's here.

*Enter TRAPWIT.*

Dear Mr Trapwit! your most humble servant, sir; I read your comedy over last night, and a most excellent one it is: if it runs as long as it deserves you will engross the whole season to yourself.

*Trap.* Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But pray, sir, why don't they proceed to the rehearsal of your tragedy? I assure you, sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2 *Play*. Yes, faith, I believe you had. [*Aside.*]

*Fust.* Sir, your comedy is to be rehearsed first.

*Trap.* Excuse me, sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

*Fust.* Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost, being ill, sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risque the life of my ghost on any account.

*Trap.* You are in the right on't, sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

*Fust.* Ay, sir, I think it is not amiss to remind people of those things which they are now—a—days too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

*Trap.* Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr Fustian, was given me by a friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.



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*Enter Player for the Prologue.*

Come, sir, make a very low bow to the audience; and shew as much concern as possible in your looks.

### PROLOGUE.

As crafty lawyers, to acquire applause,  
Try various arts to get a doubtful cause;  
Or, as a dancing master in a jig,  
With various steps instructs the dancing prig;  
Or as a doctor writes you different bills;  
Or as a quack prescribes you different pills;  
Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;  
Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown;  
Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down;  
So does our author, rummaging his brain,  
By various methods try to entertain;  
Brings a strange groupe of characters before you,  
And shews you here at once both Whig and Tory;  
Or court and country party you may call 'em:  
But without fear and favour he will maul 'em.  
To you, then, mighty sages of the pit—

*Trap.* Oh! dear sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage, make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart, fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief: To you, then, mighty sages of the pit—

*Prol.* To you, then, mighty sages of the pit, Our author humbly does his cause submit. He tries to please—oh! take it not amiss: And though it should be dull, oh! do not hiss; Laugh, if you can—if you cannot laugh, weep: When you can wake no longer—fall asleep.

*Trap.* Very well! very well, sir! You have affected me, I am sure.

*Fust.* And so he will the audience, I'll answer for them.

*Trap.* Oh, sir, you're too good-natured; but, sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but, as this came gratis, have reserved it for my next play—a prologue saved is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr Mayor and the Aldermen at the table?

*Prompt.* Yes, sir; but they want wine, and we can get none from the quaker's cellar without ready money.

*Trap.* Rat him! can't he trust till the third night? Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

*Fust.* Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*]

*Trap.* Mr Fustian, you'll observe I do not begin this play, like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; for, to tell you the truth, sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play. No, sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity. It is written, sir, in the exact and true spirit of Moliere: and this I will say for it, that, except about a dozen, or a score or so, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the stage, and draw the back scene! Mr Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

[*Mayor and Aldermen discovered.*]

*Fust.* Pray, sir, who are these characters?

*Trap.* Sir, they are Mr Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

*Fust.* Are they all of a side, sir?

*Trap.* Yes, sir, as yet; for you must know, sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people, and have no party principles for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr Mayor, you begin the play.

*May.* Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: you know the candidates on the court side are my lord Place and colonel Promise; the country candidates are Sir Henry Fox—chace and squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could chuse them all four.

*1 Ald.* But since we cannot, Mr Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witnesses of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be bribed.

SCENE I.—Enter several Players.

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*Fust.* This gentleman, Mr Trapwit, does not seem so unbiassed in his principles as you represented him.

*Trap.* Pugh, sir! you must have one fool in a play; beside, I only writ him to set off the rest.

*May.* Mr Alderman, you have a narrow way of thinking; honesty is not confined to a country; a man that lives a hundred miles off may be as honest as him who lives but three.

*Ald.* Ay, ay, ay, ay. [*Shaking their heads.*]

*May.* Besides, gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a foreigner for the favours he does us than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us? I believe, gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not eat and drink with Sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelvemonth; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my lord or the colonel till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

*1 Ald.* Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth on't; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

*May.* Mr Alderman, you are deceived; the country party will bring a standing army upon us; whereas, if we chuse my lord and the colonel, we shan't have a soldier in town. But, mum! here are my lord and the colonel.

*Enter Lord PLACE and Col. PROMISE.*

*Place.* Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

*May.* Your lordship and the colonel do us great honour; pray, my lord, be pleased to sit down; pray, colonel, be pleased to sit. More wine here.

*Fust.* I wish, Mr Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

*Trap.* Dear sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

*Place.* Gentlemen, prosperity to the corporation!

*Fust.* Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation, and, if you please, will pledge his lordship:—success to your comedy, Mr Trapwit. [*Drinks.*]

*Trap.* Give me a glass—sir, here's to your tragedy. Now, pray, no more interruption; for this scene is one continual joke, and if you open your lips in it you will break the thread of the jest.

*May.* My lord, we are sensible of your great power to serve this corporation, and we do not doubt but we shall feel the effect on't.

*Place.* Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my power. I shall do you some services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the meantime, Mr Mayor, give me leave to squeeze you by the hand, in assurance of my sincerity.

*Trap.* You, Mr, that act my lord, bribe a little more openly, if you please, or the audience will lose that joke, and it is one of the strongest in my whole play.

*Place.* Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the table.

*Trap.* Then get all up, and come forward to the front of the stage. Now, you gentlemen that act the mayor and aldermen, range yourselves in a line; and you, my lord and the colonel, come to one end and bribe away with right and left.

*Fust.* Is this wit, Mr Trapwit?

*Trap.* Yes, sir, it is wit; and such wit as will run all over the kingdom.

*Fust.* But, methinks, colonel Promise, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few words.

*Trap.* You'll be of another opinion before the play is over; at present his hands are too full of business; and you may remember, sir, I before told you this is none of your plays wherein much is said and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all bribed?

*Omnes.* Yes, sir.

*Trap.* Then, my lord and the colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other candidates to come on and bribe too.

[*Exeunt PLACE and PROMISE.*]

*Fust.* Is there nothing but bribery in this play of yours, Mr Trapwit?

*Trap.* Sir, this play is an exact representation of nature; I hope the audience will date the time of action before the bill of bribery and corruption took place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr Fustian, I shall shew you the art of a writer, which is, to diversify his matter, and do the same thing several ways. You must know, sir, I distinguish bribery into two kinds, the direct and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now, sir, I shall

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give you a small specimen of the other. Prompter, call Sir Harry and the squire. But, gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the moment the candidates are gone out you are to retire to the table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr Mayor, ought to look very wise.

*Fust.* You'll take care he shall talk foolish enough, I'll warrant you. [*Aside.*]

*May.* Come, here's a round to my lord and the colonel's health; a Place and a Promise, I say; they may talk of the pride of courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civiller squeeze by the hand in my life.

*Trap.* Ay, you have squeezed that out pretty well: but shew the gold at these words, sir, if you please.

*May.* I have none.

*Trap.* Pray, Mr Prompter, take care to get some counters against it is acted.

*Fust.* Ha, ha, ha! upon my word the courtiers have topt their part; the actor has outdone the author; this bribing with an empty hand is quite in the character of a courtier.

*Trap.* Come, enter Sir Harry and the squire. Where are they?

*I Play.* Sir, Mr Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

*Trap.* Has he been writ to?

*I Play.* Yes, sir, and here's his answer.

*Trap.* Let both the letters be produced before the audience. Pray, Mr Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

*I Play.* Sir, I like the part so well that I have studied it in the hope of some time playing it.

*Trap.* You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

*Sir H.* Halloo, hark forwards: hark, honest Ned, good-morrow to you; how dost, Master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily this morning? Come, come, sit down; the squire and I will take a pot with you. Come, Mr Mayor, here's—liberty and property and no excise.

*May.* Sir Harry, your health.

*Sir H.* What, won't you pledge me? Won't you drink no excise?

*May.* I don't love party healths, Sir Harry.

*All Ald.* No, no; no party healths, no party healths.

*Sir H.* Say ye so, gentlemen? I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt, I perceive: and will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from yourselves? Do you think a man who will give a bribe won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must choose faithfully, and give your vote on no consideration but merit; for my part, I would as soon suborn an evidence at an assize as a vote at an election.

*May.* I do believe you, Sir Harry.

*Sir H.* Mr Mayor, I hope you received those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

*May.* Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I eat them that I have forgot the taste.

*Sir H.* We'll try to revive it—I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

*May.* You will surfeit us with venison: you will indeed; for it is a dry meat, Sir Harry, a very dry meat.

*Sir H.* We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any wine in town. Mr Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable; you certainly must lose by it: send me in half a dozen more greatcoats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife; she likes the pattern so extremely she is resolved to hang her rooms with it; pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you. Mr Timber, and you, Mr Iron, I shall get into your books too.

*Fust.* Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of the courtier, Mr Trapwit?

*Trap.* Go on, go on, sir.

*Sir H.* That gentleman interrupts one so.—Oh, now I remember—Mr Timber, and you Mr Iron, I shall get into your books too; though if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

*Trap.* Now, sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern criticks, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when, if they would but stay till the joke came—

*Fust.* They would stay to hear your last words, I believe.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir H.* For you must know, gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

*Trap.* Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house*. Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

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*Sir H.* For you, &c.—Mr Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

*May.* And do you intend to rebuild your house, Sir Harry?

*Sir H.* Positively.

*May.* Gentlemen, methinks Sir Harry's toast stands still; will nobody drink liberty and property, and no excise?

[*They all drink and huzza.*]

*Sir H.* Give me thy hand, mayor; I hate bribery and corruption: if this corporation will not suffer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

*May.* And he that will, deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

*Trap.* Do you take that joke, sir?

*Fust.* No, faith, sir.

*Trap.* Why, how can a man vote against his conscience who has no conscience at all?

*I Ald.* Come, gentlemen, here's a Fox—chace and a Tankard!

*Omn.* A Fox—chace and a Tankard! huzza!

*Sir H.* Come, let's have one turn in the marketplace, and then we'll to dinner.

*May.* Let's fill the air with our repeated cries Of liberty, and property, and no excise.

[*Exeunt Mayor and Aldermen.*]

*Trap.* How do you like that couplet, sir?

*Fust.* Oh! very fine, sir!

*Trap.* This is the end of the first act, sir.

*Fust.* I cannot but observe, Mr Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed squire Tankard to colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet uttered one syllable.

*Trap.* Why, you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

*Fust.* Methinks, sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *ay* or a *no*.

*Trap.* Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *ay* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

*Fust.* Oh! your humble servant, I am answered; but pray, sir, what is the action of this play?

*Trap.* The action, sir?

*Fust.* Yes, sir, the fable, the design?

*Trap.* Oh! you ask who is to be married? Why, sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy better than to write without marrying somebody.

*Fust.* But is that the main design to which everything conduces?

*Trap.* Yes, sir.

*Fust.* Faith, sir, I can't for the soul of me see how what has hitherto past can conduce at all to that end.

*Trap.* You can't? indeed, I believe you can't; for that is the whole plot of my play: and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy, who publish the bans of marriage between all the couples in their play in the first act? No, sir, I defy you to guess my couple till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which everything conduces.

*Fust.* That will, indeed, surprise me.

*Trap.* Sir, you are not the first man my writings have surprised. But what's become of all our players?—Here, who begins the second act?—Prompter!

*Enter 1st Player.*

*I Play.* Sir, the prompter and most of the players are drinking tea in the green—room.

*Trap.* Mr Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea with them? Come, sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

*I Play.* Sir, I dare not go into the green—room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

*Trap.* Pshaw! come along; your sister has merit enough for herself and you too: if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

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**ACT II.**

**SCENE I.—Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, Prompter, Lord PLACE, Mrs and Miss Mayoress.**

*Trap.* I am afraid, Mr Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy; now, sir, you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation among the ladies. Come, my lord, come, begin.

*Place.* Pray, Mrs Mayoress, what do you think this lace cost a yard?

*Fust.* A very pretty beginning of polite conversation, truly.

*Trap.* Sir, in this play I keep exactly up to nature, nor is there anything said in this scene that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company, as it is called.

*Mrs M.* Indeed, my lord, I cannot guess it at less than ten pounds a yard.

*Place.* Pray, madam, was you at the last ridotto?

*Fust.* Ridotto! the devil! a country mayoress at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr Trapwit!

*Trap.* Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be earned on without these helps; besides, sir, this country mayoress, as you call her, may be allowed to know something of the town; for you must know, sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

*Fust.* I am glad to hear that.

*Mrs M.* Oh, my lord! mention not those dear ridottos to me, who have been confined these twelve long months in the country; where we have no entertainment but a set of hideous strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature till your lordship came to town. Heaven send us a controverted election! then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

*Miss M.* Yes, mama, and then we shall see Faribelly, the strange man-woman that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the playhouses; and the rope-dancing and the tumbling.

*Fust.* By miss's taste I believe she has been bred up under a woman of quality too.

*Place.* I cannot but with pleasure observe, madam, the polite taste miss shows in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired in the beau monde, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

*Miss M.* Keeping, my lord?

*Place.* Ay, that surprize looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the world; but, miss, every one now keeps and is kept; there are no such things as marriages now-a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

*Mrs M.* My lord, I would have my girl act like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality, who shall introduce her to 'em?

*Place.* That, madam, must be your part; you must take a house and see company; in a little while you may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won must be put into the box, which you must call *paying for the cards*; though it is indeed paying for your candles, your cloaths, your lodgings, and, in short, everything you have. I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in their card-box.

*Mrs M.* And have I been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness?

*Fust.* How comes this lady, Mr Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

*Trap.* 'Gad, that's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it's a fault I sometimes fall into—a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on—I'll alter it by and by.

*Place.* Indeed, madam, it is a miserable state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of: if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

*Mrs M.* Yes, my lord, that would do very well amongst people of quality who don't want money.

*Fust.* Again! Sure Mrs Mayoress knows very little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

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*Trap.* Lord, sir, you are so troublesome. Then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turned away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, sir? Go on, go on.

*Place.* Alack—a—day, madam, when I mention trade, I only mean low, dull, mechanick trade, such as the canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such as gaming, intriguing, voting, and running in debt.

*Trap.* Come, enter a servant, and whisper my lord. [*Enter a Servant.*] Pray, sir, mind your cue of entrance.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Place.* Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company. I am your most obedient servant.

[*Exit.*]

*Mrs M.* He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

*Miss M.* But must I go into keeping, mama?

*Mrs M.* Child, you must do what's in fashion.

*Miss M.* But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

*Mrs M.* That can't be if your betters do it; people are punished for doing naughty things, but people of quality are never punished; therefore they never do any naughty things.

*Fust.* An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

*Trap.* Pshaw, dear sir! don't trouble me with character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing, what signifies who says it?—Come, enter the mayor drunk.

*Enter Mayor.*

*May.* Liberty and property, and no excise, wife.

*Mrs M.* Ah! filthy beast, come not near me.

*May.* But I will, though; I am for liberty and property; I'll vote for no courtiers, wife.

*Mrs M.* Indeed, but you shall, sir.

*Miss M.* I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking Tory, papa.

*May.* What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

*Miss M.* Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

*May.* No, nor I an't for a standing army.

*Mrs M.* But I am for a standing army, sir; a standing army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties—you are afraid of your wives and daughters: I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

*May.* The women don't, I believe.

*Mrs M.* And I'll have you know, the women's wants shall be considered, as well as yours. I think my lord and the colonel do you too much honour in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals—Ah! I wish we women were to choose.

*May.* Ay, we should have a fine set of members then, indeed.

*Mrs M.* Yes, sir, you would have none but pretty gentlemen—there should not be one man in the House of Commons without a laced coat.

*Miss M.* O la! what a delicate, fine, charming sight that would be! Well, I like a laced coat; and if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a laced coat.

*May.* What's that you say, minx? What's that you say?

*Mrs M.* What's that to you, sir?

*May.* Why, madam, must not I speak to my own daughter?

*Mrs M.* You have the greater obligation to me, sir, if she is: I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavoured to ruin your family, I would have seen you hanged before you should have had any by me.

*May.* I ruin my family!

*Mrs M.* Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my lord; I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on't.

*Miss M.* You shall accept on't.

*Mrs M.* You shall vote for my lord and the colonel.

*Miss M.* They are the finest men—

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*Mrs M.* The prettiest men—

*Miss M.* The sweetest men—

*Mrs M.* And you shall vote for them.

*May.* I won't be bribed.

*Mrs M.* A place is no bribe—ask the parson of the parish if a place is a bribe.

*May.* What is the place?

*Mrs M.* I don't know what the place is, nor my lord does not know what it is, but it is a great swingeing place.

*May.* I will have the place first. I won't take a bribe, I will have the place first; liberty and property! I'll have the place first. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs M.* Come, my dear, follow me; I'll see whether he shall vote according to his conscience or mine.

I'll teach mankind, while policy they boast,

They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

*Trap.* There ends act the second. [*Exeunt Mrs and Miss Mayoress.*] Mr Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore, might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of Caesar in Egypt has done: thus, sir, my first act sweetly sings, Bribe all; bribe all; and the second gives you to Understand that we are all under petticoat—government; and my third will—but you shall see. Enter my lord Place, colonel Promise, and several voters. My lord, you begin the third act.

*Enter* Lord PLACE, Col. PROMISE, and *several* Voters.

*Place.* Gentlemen, be assured I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places.

1 *Voter.* Could not your lordship provide for me at court?

*Place.* Nothing easier: what sort of a place would you like?

1 *Voter.* Is not there a sort of employment, sir, called—beef—eating?—If your lordship please to make me a beef—eater—I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

*Place.* Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2 *Voter.* My lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine cloaths, and have something to do in the kitchen or the cellar; I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack.

*Place.* Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be poet—laureat.

2 *Voter.* Poet! no, my lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses.

*Place.* No matter for that—you'll be able to make odes.

2 *Voter.* Odes, my lord! what are those?

*Place.* Faith, sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

*Trap.* Now, my lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people; and let the colonel advance.

*Fust.* Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the colonel to be heard.

*Col.* Depend upon it, sir; I'll serve you.

*Fust.* Upon my word the colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

*Trap.* Ay, and if I was to bring a hundred courtiers into my play, they should all say it—none of them do it.

3 *Voter.* An't please your honour, I have read in a book called Fog's Journal that your honour's men are to be made of wax; now, sir, I have served my time to a wax—work maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

*CoL* Sir, you may depend on me.

3 *Voter.* Are your officers to be made of wax too, sir? because I would prepare a finer sort for them.

*CoL* No, none but the chaplain.

3 *Voter.* O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him.

*Trap.* You see, sir, the colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet. Hitherto, Mr Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you and your brother candidate come into the middle of the stage; you voters range yourselves under your several leaders. [*The mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep back; mind, the colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my lord, and the colonel, you are at the head



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of your parties—but hold, hold, hold! you beef-eater, go you behind my lord, if you please; and you soldier-maker, come you behind the colonel: now, gentlemen, speak.

*Place and Col* Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

*[My lord and the colonel flee off at different doors, the parties following.]*

*Enter mob on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously.* Down with the Rump! No courtiers! No Jacobites! Down with the pope! No excise! A Place and a Promise! A Fox-chace and a Tankard! *At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.*

*Enter Sir HARRY, Squire TANKARD, and Mayor.*

*Sir H.* Bravely done, my boys, bravely done; faith, our party has got the day.

*May.* Ay, Sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points. But faith, sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my lord has promised her a place, but I am not to be gulled in that manner: I may be taken like a fish in the water, by a bait; but not like the dog in the water, by a shadow.

*Sir H.* I know you are an honest man, and love your country.

*May.* Faith, that I do, Sir Harry, as well as any man; if my country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire.

*Fust.* Mr Mayor seems to have got himself sober very suddenly.

*Trap.* Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason I see to the contrary: pray, sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

*Fust.* Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of character the mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

*Tank.* *[drunk.]* A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

*May.* So he is, noble squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk—A man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

*Sir H.* Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourished; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damned French fashions were brought over. Why, Mr Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hogshead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

*May.* Faith, I can't tell.

*Sir H.* Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nick-nacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

*May.* But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this; if these courtiers be turned out, who shall succeed them?

*Sir H.* Who? why, we!

*Tank.* Ay, we!

*Sir H.* And then we may provide for our friends. I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me.—And I do assure you, though I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

*Tank.* Ay, and so will mine me: but if ever we should get uppermost, Sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

*Sir H.* Mr Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

*Tank.* I'll have no delay in it, sir.

*May.* There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: ah! I love to hear the squire speak; he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

*Sir H.* Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

*Tank.* With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

*May.* Come to the tavern then:—

There, while brisk wine improves our conversation,

We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

*Trap.* There ends act the third.

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[*Exeunt* Sir HARRY, TANKARD, and Mayor.

*Fust.* Pray, sir, what's the moral of this act?

*Trap.* And you really don't know?

*Fust.* No, really.

*Trap.* Then I really will not tell you; but come, sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

*Fust.* Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr Trapwit?

*Trap.* Sir, 'tis an error on the right side: I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over: now, sir, I am not willing to burden either the audience's memory or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remembered it.

*Prompt.* Call Mr Mayor, Mrs Mayoress, and Miss.

*Enter* Mayor, Mrs and Miss Mayoress.

*Mrs M.* Oh! have I found you at last, sir? I have been hunting for you this hour.

*May.* Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner; I have been drinking to the good old cause with Sir Harry and the squire: you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

*Mrs M.* Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clowns or country squires.

*Miss M.* My mama will converse with no Jacobites.

*May.* But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now.

*Mrs M.* O ho! then you will vote for my lord at last?

*May.* No, my dear; Sir Harry is to give me a place.

*Mrs M.* A place in his dog-kennel?

*May.* No, 'tis such a one as you never could have got me from my lord; I am to be made an ambassador.

*Mrs M.* What, is Sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

*May.* No, but the sides are going to be changed; and Sir Harry is to be—I don't know what to call him, not I—some very great man; and as soon as he is a very great man I am to be made an ambassador of.

*Mrs M.* Made an ass of! Will you never learn of me that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

*May.* Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in hand; if that had been the case I don't know what I might have done; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

*Mrs M.* Look'ye, Mr Ambassador that is to be; will you vote as I would have you or no? I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer; so, sir, I tell you you must vote for my lord and the colonel, or I'll make the house too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor family is to be ruined because you have whims.

*Miss M.* I know he is a Jacobite in his heart.

*Mrs M.* What signifies what he is in his heart? have not a hundred, whom everybody knows to be as great Jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs? What has a man's heart to do with his lips? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks; I only desire him to vote.

*Miss M.* I am sure mama is a very reasonable woman.

*Mrs M.* Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long; but I'll try others.

[*Goes to a corner of the stage and takes a stick.*

*May.* Nay, then, liberty and property, and no excise!

[*Runs off.*

*Mrs M.* I'll excise you, you villain! [*Runs after him.*

*Miss M.* Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now. Would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog!

*Fust.* Is not that a very odd wish, Mr Trapwit?

*Trap.* No, sir; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else?

*Prompt.* Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so: where is this servant? [*Enter* Servant.] Why don't you mind your cue?

*Serv.* Oh, ay, dog's my cue. Madam, here's Miss Stitch, the taylor's daughter, come to wait on you.

*Miss M.* Shew her in. What can the impertinent flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too for being of the

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other party: however, I'll be as civil to her as I can. [*Enter Miss STITCH.*] Dear miss! your servant; this is an unexpected favour.

*Miss S.* I am sure, madam, you have no reason to say so; for, though we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. I can't see why people may not keep their principles to themselves.

[*Aside.*]

*Miss M.* Pray, miss, sit down. Well, have you any news in town?

*Miss S.* I don't know, my dear, for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employed all that time in reading one of the "Craftsmen:" 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

*Miss M.* [*Aside.*] Saucy flirt! she might have spared that to me when she knows that I hate the paper.

*Miss S.* But I ask your pardon, my dear; I know you never read it.

*Miss M.* No, madam, I have enough to do to read the "Daily Gazetteer." My father has six of 'em sent him every week for nothing: they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, miss.

*Miss S.* Fie upon you! how can you read what's writ by an old woman?

*Miss M.* An old woman, miss?

*Miss S.* Yes, miss, by Mrs Osborne. Nay, it is in vain to deny it to me.

*Miss M.* I desire, madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

*Miss S.* Well, then, pray let me ask you seriously—are you thoroughly satisfied with this peace?

*Miss M.* Yes, madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

*Miss S.* I should like it well enough if I were sure the queen of Spain was to be trusted.

*Miss M.* [*Rising.*] Pray miss, none of your insinuations against the queen of Spain.

*Miss S.* Don't be in a passion, madam.

*Miss M.* Yes, madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

*Miss S.* [*Rising.*] Perhaps, madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; though I pay money for the papers I read, and that's more than you can say.

*Miss M.* Miss, miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, though I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the old woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expence; but I'd have you to know, miss, I value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

*Miss S.* And if my sweetheart was to vote for the colonel, though I like this fan of all the fans I ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me. Oh, heavens! I have torn my fan; I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan! I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

*Miss M.* Notwithstanding all you have said, madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity: comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you bring your sweetheart over to vote for the colonel you shall have it.

*Miss S.* And can I sell my country for a fan? What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it. And will you give it me for nothing?

*Miss M.* I'll make you a free present of it.

*Miss S.* I am ashamed of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

*Miss M.* And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me if they can, Who're bribed by honours  
trifling as a fan.

[*Exeunt Misses.*]

*Trap.* There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you. Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of The Fan. But come, now for act the fifth.

*Prompt.* Sir, the player who is to begin it is just stepped aside on some business; he begs you would stay a few minutes for him.

*Trap.* Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the green-room, and chat with the actresses meanwhile.

*Fust.* But don't you think these girls improper persons to talk of parties?

*Trap.* Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: and I have often heard these affairs canvast by men who had not

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one whit more understanding than these girls.

*[Exeunt.]*

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**ACT III.**

## SCENE I.—Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, and SNEERWELL.

*Trap.* Fie upon't, fie upon't! make no excuses.

*Sneer.* Consider, sir, I am my own enemy.

*Trap.* I do consider that you might have past your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

*Sneer.* But I hope I have not transgressed much.

*Trap.* All's over, sir, all's over; you might as well have stayed away entirely; the fifth act's beginning, and the plot's at an end.

*Sneer.* What!'s the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

*Trap.* No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end;

but we are so far advanced in it that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand anything of it.

*Fust.* You have too mean an opinion of Mr Sneerwell's capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

*Trap.* Sir, I can't help your want of understanding or apprehension; 'tis not my fault if you cannot take a hint, sir: would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil! have not I promised you you should know all by and by? but you are so impatient!

*Fust.* I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience. Mr Sneerwell, be easy; 'tis but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

*Trap.* I wish so too. Come, prompter! are the members in their chairs?

*Prompt.* Yes, sir.

*Trap.* Then carry them over the stage: but, hold, hold, hold! where is the woman to strew the flowers? [*The members are carried over the stage.*] Halloo, mob, halloo, halloo! Oons, Mr Prompter! you must get more mob to halloo, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

*Prompt.* Sir, I can get no more mob; all the rest of the mob are gone to St James's—park to see the show.

*Sneer.* Pray, Mr Trapwit, who are these gentlemen in the chairs?

*Trap.* Ay, sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts you would have known who they were.

*Fust.* Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if you enquire into every absurdity you see we shall have no tragedy to—day.

*Trap.* Come, Mr Mayor and Mrs Mayoress.

*Enter Mayor and Mrs Mayoress.*

*May.* So, now you have undone yourself your own way; you have made me vote against my conscience and interest too, and now I have lost both parties.

*Mrs M.* How have you lost both parties?

*May.* Why, my lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and Sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

*Mrs M.* It will be your own fault then, sir; for you have it now in your power to oblige my lord more than ever; go and return my lord and the colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

*May.* Return 'em, my dear? Why, there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

*Mrs M.* A fig for a majority of two or three score! if there had been a majority of as many hundreds, you'll never be called to an account for returning them; and when you have returned 'em, you'll have done all in your power. How can you expect that great men should do anything to serve you if you stick at anything to serve them?

*May.* My conscience boggles at this thing—but yet it is impossible I should ever get anything by the other side.

*Mrs M.* Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that it is the only way to get anything.

*May.* Truly, I think it is.

*Sneer.* I think, Mr Trapwit, interest would be a better word there than conscience.

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*Trap.* Ay, interest or conscience, they are words of the same meaning; but I think conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at court.

*Mrs M.* Besides, it will do a service to your town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candidates' expence; and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expence as he can in an honest way. [*Exit Mayor.*]

*Enter Miss Mayoress, crying.*

*Miss M.* Oh, mama, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others should have a majority in the house, what would become of us? alas, we should not go to London!

*Mrs M.* Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my lord and the colonel, and we shall have a controverted election, and we will go to London, my dear.

*Miss M.* Shall we go to London? then I am easy; but if we had staid here I should have broke my heart for the love of my country.—Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above, where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

*Mrs M.* But I hope you have considered well what my lord told you, that you will not scruple going into keeping; perhaps, you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

*Miss M.* I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

*Fust.* Dreamt, sir? why, I thought the time of your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr Trapwit?

*Trap.* No, sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap?

*Sneer.* Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people do.

*Enter Lord PLACE and Col. PROMISE.*

*Place.* Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, though they have given us the trouble of a petition.

*Mrs M.* No, no, my lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevailed on my husband to return you and the colonel.

*Place.* To return us, madam?

*Mrs M.* Yes, my lord, as duly elected; and when we have returned you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

*Place.* Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill effect unless you instantly give me a dram.

*Mrs M.* If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I'll equip your lordship. [*Exit.*]

*Trap.* How do you like that dram, sir?

*Sneer.* Oh! most excellent!

*Fust.* I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

*Trap.* Faith, sir, if it had not been for that dram my play had been at an end.

*Fust.* The devil take the dram with all my heart!

*Trap.* Now, Mr Fustian, the plot, which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and opened itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, miss, do you stand on the opposite.—There, now look at each other. A long silence here.

*Fust.* Pray, Mr Trapwit, is nobody ever to speak again?

*Trap.* Oh! the devil! You have interrupted the scene; after all my precautions the scene's destroyed; the best scene of silence that ever was penned by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

*Col.* Madam, the army is very much obliged to you for the zeal you shew for it; me, it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy unless you consent to marry me.

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*Miss M.* Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill usage of you?

*Fust.* What ill usage, Mr Trapwit? For, if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

*Trap.* What ill usage, sir? a great deal, sir.

*Fust.* When, sir? where, sir?

*Trap.* Why, behind the scenes, sir. What, would you have everything brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side. We have many things both said and done in our comedies which might be better performed behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from their stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves to be hanged; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband: now, sir, as I know this hits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her.

*Sneer.* Well said, my little Trap! but pray let us have the scene.

*Trap.* Go on, miss, if you please.

*Miss M.* I have struggled with myself to put you to so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coquetting, lying, and jilting; which as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

*Trap.* That single promise, sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet; so that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hanged with the one than married with the other.

*Sneer.* Faith, Trapwit, without a jest, thou art in the right on't.

*Fust.* Go on, go on, dear sir, go on.

*Col.* And can you be so generous, so great, so good? Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden! Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech! Oh! my paradise!

Eternal honey drops from off your tongue!

And when you spoke, then Farinelli sung!

*Trap.* Open your arms, miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now: how pretty this looks! don't it? [*Mimicking her*] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire: do it once more, pray—There, there, that's pretty well; you must practise this behind the scenes.

[*Exeunt Miss M. and Col.*]

*Sneer.* Are they gone to practice, now, Mr Trapwit?

*Trap.* You're a joker, Mr Sneerwell; you're a joker.

*Enter* Lord PLACE, Mayor, *and* Mrs Mayoress.

*Place.* I return you my hearty thanks, Mr Mayor, for this return! and in return of the favour, I will certainly do you a very good turn very shortly.

*Fust.* I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr Trapwit, for that last speech.

*Sneer.* Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a turn or two.

*Trap.* Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two: sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play. Come, enter the colonel and Miss ——married.

*Sneer.* Upon my word, they have been very expeditious.

*Trap.* Yes, sir; the parson understands his business, he has plyed several years at the Fleet.

*Enter* Col. PROMISE and Miss Mayoress.

*Col. and Miss (kneeling).* Sir, and madam, your blessing.

*Mrs M. and May.* Ha!

*Col.* Your daughter, sir and madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

*Mrs M.* Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it? However, I give you both my blessing.

*May.* And so do I.



PASQUIN

*Place.* Then call my brother candidates; we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

*Fust.* What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr Trapwit?

*Trap.* What? why the marriage, sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

*Place.* Well, colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.

And you, gallants, from what you've seen to-night,

If you are wrong, may set your judgments right;

Nor, like our misses, about bribing quarrel,

When better herring is in neither barrel.

[*Manent FUST, TRAP and SNEER.*]

*Trap.* Thus ends my play, sir.

*Fust.* Pray, Mr Trapwit, how has the former part of it conducted to this marriage?

*Trap.* Why, sir, do you think the colonel would ever have had her but on the prospect her father has from this election?

*Sneer.* Ay, or to strengthen his interest with the returning officer?

*Trap.* Ay, sir, I was just going to say so.

*Sneer.* But where's your epilogue?

*Trap.* Faith, sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

*Sneer.* What I have you writ none?

*Trap.* Yes, faith, I have writ one, but——

*Sneer.* But what?

*Trap.* Faith, sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damn'd difficult to please. When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double-entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr Watt's and borrowed all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and crammed it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons! I think we must get a pair of scales and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same.

*Fust.* Come, come, Mr Trapwit, clear the stage, if you please.

*Trap.* With all my heart; for I have overstayed my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality.

*Fust.* You'll stay and see the tragedy rehearsed, I hope?

*Trap.* Faith, sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay—to hear such damn'd stuff as I know it must be.

[*Aside.*]

*Sneer.* Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall not go. Consider, your advice may be of some service to Mr Fustian; besides, he has stayed the rehearsal of your play——

*Fust.* Yes, I have—and kept myself awake with much difficulty.

[*Aside.*]

*Trap.* Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you—though I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act.

[*Aside.*]

*Sneer.* If you'll let me know who your people of quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

*Trap.* No, no, hang me if I tell you, ha, ha, ha! I know you too well—But prithee, now, tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play? dost think it will do?

*Fust.* 'Tis my opinion it will.

*Trap.* Give me a guinea, and I'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

*Sneer.* That's laying against yourself, Mr Trapwit.

*Trap.* I love a hedge, sir.

*Fust.* Before the rehearsal begins, gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication: you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments which my soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

*Sneer.* Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

## PASQUIN

*Fust.* Well, sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

*Trap.* [*Reads.*] “My lord, at a time when nonsense, dullness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have prevailed on my modesty to offer to your lordship's protection a piece which, if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it; nor do I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will be pleased to find one exception to the number.

“I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some little merit from the applause which the town has so universally conferred upon me.”

*Fust.* That you know, Mr Sneer well, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natured opposition; for which reason, I shall not print off my dedication till after the play is acted.

*Trap.* [*Reads.*] “I might here indulge myself with a delineation of your lordship's character; but as I abhor the least imputation of flattery, and as I am certain your lordship is the only person in this nation that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be silent—only this give me leave to say, That you have more wit, sense, learning, honour, and humanity, than all mankind put together; and your person comprehends in it everything that is beautiful; your air is everything that is graceful, your look everything that is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where every virtue and every perfection are lodged: to pass by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses, and makes stars of all your other virtues—I could say more——”

*Sneer.* Faith, sir, that's more than I could.

*Trap.* “But shall commit a violence upon myself, and conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble servant.”

*Fust.* There you see it, sir, concise, and not fulsome.

*Sneer.* Very true, sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

*Fust.* No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of the first quality.

*Sneer.* Prithee, Trap wit, let's see yours.

*Trap.* I have none, sir.

*Fust.* How, sir? no dedication?

*Trap.* No, sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more; I'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

*Fust.* Sir, flattery is so cheap, and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that egad our trade is quite spoil'd; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I'll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it. [*To a Player.*]

*Play.* Sir, I'll do it to the best of my power.

*Fust.* This prologue was writ by a friend.

PROLOGUE.

When Death's sharp scythe has mowed the hero down,  
The muse again awakes him to renown;  
She tells proud Fate that all her darts are vain,  
And bids the hero live and strut about again:  
Nor is she only able to restore,  
But she can make what ne'er was made before;  
Can search the realms of Fancy, and create  
What never came into the brain of Fate.

Forth from these realms, to entertain to-night,  
She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,  
Bids Common Sense in person mount the stage,  
And Harlequin to storm in tragick rage.  
Britons, attend; and decent reverence shew  
To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow;  
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,

PASQUIN

And who in Shakespeare's time was worshipp'd here:  
If none of these can her success presage,  
Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:  
Oh I love her like her sister monsters of the age.

*Sneer.* Faith, sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

*Fust.* Do you think so? Why then, sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it was as big again for.

*2d Player enters and whispers* TRAPWIT.

*2 Play.* Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to you.

*Trap.* Is she in a chair?

*2 Play.* No, sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt. [*Exit.*]

*Trap.* I'll come to her.—Mr Fustian, you must excuse me a moment; a lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes. [*Exit.*]

*Prompt.* Common Sense, sir, desires to speak with you in the green-room.

*Fust.* I'll wait upon her.

*Sneer.* You ought, for it is the first message, I believe, you ever received from her. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt* Fus. and SNEER.

*Enter* a Dancer.

*Dane.* Look'e, Mr Prompter, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under Miss Minuet; I am sure I shew more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

*Prompt.* Madam, it is not my business.

*Dane.* I don't know whose business it is; but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I am sure they are on my side; and if I am not used better, I'll go to France; for now we have got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

*Prompt.* Heyday! what's the matter?

[*A noise within.*]

*Enter* Player.

*Play.* The author and Common Sense are quarrelling in the green-room.

*Prompt.* Nay, then, that's better worth seeing than anything in the play. [*Exit* Prompt.

*Danc.* Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us they might act their Shakspeare to empty benches.

PASQUIN

**ACT IV.**

SCENE I.—*Enter FUSTIAN and SNEERWELL.*

*Fust.* These little things, Mr Sneerwell, will sometimes happen. Indeed a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humorous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your brain in vain: then, sir, with the master of a playhouse to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then, perhaps, he tells you it won't do, and returns it to you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts and rehearsed. Well, sir, at last, the rehearsals begin; then, sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after having waded through all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author, a second out of dislike to the house, a third out of dislike to the actor, a fourth out of dislike to the play, a fifth for the joke sake, a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies abuse him, friends give him up, the play is damned, and the author goes to the devil: so ends the farce.

*Sneer.* The tragedy, rather, I think, Mr Fustian. But what's become of Trapwit?

*Fust.* Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own performances, that he has no time to attend any others. But come, Prompter, will the tragedy never begin?

*Enter Prompter.*

*Prompt.* Yes, sir, they are all ready; come, draw up the curtain.

[FIREBRAND, LAW, and PHYSICK discovered.]

*Sneer.* Pray, Mr Fustian, who are these personages?

*Fust.* That in the middle, sir, is Firebrand, priest of the Sun; he on the right represents Law, and he on the left Physick.

*Fireb.* Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

*Fust.* What omens? where the devil is the thunder and lightning!

*Prompt.* Why don't you let go the thunder there, and flash your rosin? [*Thunder and lightning.*]

*Fust.* Now, sir, begin if you please. I desire, sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl and two pennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, sir, if you please.

*Fireb.* Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

O Law! O Physick! As last, even late,  
I offer'd sacred incense in the temple,  
The temple shook—strange prodigies appeared;  
A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon,  
While a huge dog play'd on the violin;  
And whilst I trembling at the altar stood,  
Voices were heard i' th' air, and seem'd to say,  
“Awake, my drowsy sons, and sleep no more.”  
They must mean something!—

*Law.* Certainly they must.

We have our omens too! The other day  
A mighty deluge swam into our hall,  
As if it meant to wash away the law:  
Lawyers were forced to ride on porters' shoulders:  
One, O prodigious omen! tumbled down,  
And he and all his briefs were sous'd together.  
Now, if I durst my sentiments declare,  
I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.

*Fireb.* Speak boldly; by the powers I serve, I swear  
You speak in safety, even though you speak

Against the gods, provided that you speak  
Not against priests.

*Law.* What then can the powers  
Mean by these omens, but to rouse us up  
From the lethargick sway of Common Sense?  
And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen  
Maintains her empire, what becomes of us?

*Phys.* My lord of Law, you speak my sentiments;  
For though I wear the mask of loyalty,  
And outward shew a reverence to the queen,  
Yet in my heart I hate her: yes, by heaven,  
She stops my proud ambition! keeps me down  
When I would soar upon an eagle's wing,  
And thence look down, and dose the world below.

*Law.* Thou know'st, my lord of Physick, I had long  
Been privileged by custom immemorial,  
In tongues unknown, or rather none at all,  
My edicts to deliver through the land;  
When this proud queen, this Common Sense abridged  
My power, and made me understood by all.

*Phys.* My lord, there goes a rumour through the court  
That you descended from a family  
Related to the queen; Reason is said  
T' have been the mighty founder of your house.

*Law.* Perhaps so; but we have raised ourselves so high,  
And shook this founder from us off so far,  
We hardly deign to own from whence we came.

*Fireb.* My lords of Law and Physick, I have heard  
With perfect approbation all you've said:  
And since I know you men of noble spirit,  
And fit to undertake a glorious cause,  
I will divulge myself: know, through this mask,  
Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,  
I am an enemy to Common Sense;  
But this not for Ambition's earthly cause,  
But to enlarge the worship of the Sun;  
To give his priests a just degree of power,  
And more than half the profits of the land.  
Oh! my good lord of Law, would'st thou assist,  
In spite of Common Sense it may be done.

*Law.* Propose the method.

*Fireb.* Here, survey this list.  
In it you'll find a certain set of names,  
Whom well I know sure friends to Common Sense;  
These it must be our care to represent  
The greatest enemies to the gods and her.  
But hush! the queen approaches.

SCENE I.—Enter FUSTIAN and SNEERWELL.

PASQUIN

*Enter Queen COMMON SENSE, attended by two Maids of Honour.*

*Fust.* What! but two maids of honour?

*Promp.* Sir, a Jew carried off the other, but I shall be able to pick up some more against the play is acted.

*Q. C. S.* My lord of Law, I sent for you this morning;

I have a strange petition given to me.

Two men, it seems, have lately been at law  
For an estate, which both of them have lost,  
And their attorneys now divide between them.

*Law.* Madam, these things will happen in the law.

*Q. C. S.* Will they, my lord? then better we had none:

But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,  
That men unable to discharge their debts  
At a short warning, being sued for them,  
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,  
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.

*Law.* That may, perhaps, be some poor person's case,  
Too mean to entertain your royal ear.

*Q. C. S.* My lord, while I am queen I shall not think

One man too mean or poor to be redress'd.  
Moreover, lord, I am informed your laws  
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,  
That the great age of old Methusalem  
Would scarce suffice to read your statutes out.

*Fireb.* Madam, a more important cause demands  
Your royal care; strange omens have appear'd;  
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard,  
The gods are angry, and must be appeas'd;  
Nor do I know to that a readier way  
Than by beginning to appease their priests,  
Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.

*Q. C. S.* The gods, indeed, have reason for their anger,  
And sacrifices shall be offer'd to them;  
But would you make 'em welcome, priest, be meek,  
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront  
The Sun you worship, while yourselves prevent  
That happiness to men you ask of him.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Q. C. S.* What means this hasty message in your looks?

*Offic.* Forgive me, madam, if my tongue declares  
News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;  
Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,  
With a vast power from Italy and France  
Of singers, fiddlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.

*Q. C. S.* Order our army instantly to get  
Themselves in readiness; our self will head 'em.  
My lords, you are concerned as well as we  
To oppose this foreign force, and we expect  
You join us with your utmost levies straight.  
Go, priest, and drive all frightful omens hence;  
To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,  
But sure the gods will side with Common Sense.

SCENE I.—Enter FUSTIAN and SNEERWELL.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

*Fireb.* They know their interest better; or at least  
Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh! lords,  
This queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard  
Just now described in such a horrid form,  
Is the most gentle and most pious queen;  
So fearful of the gods, that she believes  
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun,  
Faith is no faith if it falls short of that.  
I'd be infallible; and that, I know,  
Will ne'er be granted me by Common Sense:  
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join  
The cause of Ignorance. And now, my lords,  
Each to his post. The rostrum I ascend;  
My lord of Law, you to your courts repair;  
And you, my good lord Physick, to the queen;  
Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.

*Phys.* Oh! my good lord, had I her royal ear,  
Would she but take the counsel I would give,  
You'd need no foreign power to overthrow her:  
Yes, by the gods! I would with one small pill  
Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body;  
But to my art and me a deadly foe,  
She has averr'd, ay, in the publick court,  
That Water Gruel is the best physician;  
For which, when she's forgiven by the college,  
Or when we own the sway of Common Sense,  
May we be forced to take our own prescriptions!

*Fireb.* My lord of Physick, I applaud thy spirit.  
Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,  
To see how easily the world's deceived;  
To see this Common Sense thus tumbled down  
By men whom all the cheated nations own  
To be the strongest pillars of her throne.

[*Exeunt FIREB., LAW, and PHYS.*]

*Fust.* Thus ends the first act, sir.

*Sneer.* This tragedy of yours, Mr Fustian, I observe to be emblematical; do you think it will be understood by the audience?

*Fust.* Sir, I cannot answer for the audience; though I think the panegyrick intended by it is very plain and very seasonable.

*Sneer.* What panegyrick?

*Fust.* On our clergy, sir, at least the best of them, to shew the difference between a heathen and a Christian priest. And, as I have touched only on generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring anything improper on the stage, which I would carefully avoid.

*Sneer.* But is not your satire on law and physick somewhat too general?

*Fust.* What is said here cannot hurt either an honest lawyer or a good physician; and such may be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these are the most general I cannot help that; as for the professors themselves, I have no great reason to be their friend, for they once joined in a particular conspiracy against me.

*Sneer.* Ah, how so?

*Fust.* Why, an apothecary brought me in a long bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

*Sneer.* Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy, indeed!



PASQUIN

*Fust.* Now, sir, for my second act; my tragedy consists but of three.

*Sneer.* I thought that had been immethodical in tragedy.

*Fust.* That may be; but I spun it out as long as I could keep Common Sense alive; ay, or even her ghost. Come, begin the second act.

*The scene draws and discovers QUEEN COMMON SENSE asleep.*

*Sneer.* Pray, sir, who's that upon the couch there?

*Fust.* I thought you had known her better, sir: that's Common Sense asleep.

*Sneer.* I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

*Fust.* Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I perceive, Mr Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on but what is necessary to the business of the play.—Nor I neither—But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character that diverts is necessary to the business of the play.

*Sneer.* But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

*Fust.* Why, sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, till by too intense an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was overpowered and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [*Ghost arises.*] You know that ghost?

*Sneer.* Upon my word, sir, I can't recollect any acquaintance with him.

*Fust.* I am surprized at that, for you must have seen him often: that's the ghost of Tragedy, sir; he has walked all the stages of London several years; but why are not you floured?—What the devil is become of the barber?

*Ghost.* Sir, he's gone to Drury-lane playhouse to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment.

*Fust.* Come, Mr Ghost, pray begin.

*Ghost.* From the dark regions of the realms below The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post; To tell thee, Common Sense, a thousand things, Which do import thee nearly to attend: [*Cock crows.* But, ha! the cursed cock has warn'd me hence; I did set out too late, and therefore must Leave all my business to some other time.

[*Ghost descends.*

*Sneer.* I presume this is a character necessary to divert; for I can see no great business he has fulfilled.

*Fust.* Where's the second ghost?

*Sneer.* I thought the cock had crowed.

*Fust.* Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends the second is to rise: they are like the twin stars in that.

[*2 Ghost rises.*

*2 Ghost.* Awake, great Common Sense, and sleep no more.

Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,  
Thyself was struck at; think not to survive  
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,  
The convocation will not meet again.  
The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights;  
Physicians cannot dose away their souls;  
A courtier's promise will not be believed;  
Nor broken citizens again be trusted.  
A thousand newspapers cannot subsist  
In which there is not any news at all.  
Playhouses cannot flourish, while they dare  
To nonsense give an entertainment's name.  
Shakspeare, and Jonson, Dryden, Lee, and Rowe,  
Thou wilt not bear to yield to Sadler's Wells;  
Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,  
And fools, for only being fools, to thrive.  
Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired

PASQUIN

At a vast price, to be impertinent.

[3 *Ghost rises.*

3 *Ghost.* Dear ghost, the cock has crow'd; you cannot get  
Under the ground a mile before 'tis day.

2 *Ghost.* Your humble servant then, I cannot stay.

[*Ghost descends.*

*Fust.* Thunder and lightning! thunder and lightning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

*Sneer.* Pray, Mr Fustian, why must a ghost always rise in a storm of thunder and lightning? for I have read much of that doctrine and don't find any mention of such ornaments.

*Fust.* That may be, but they are very necessary: they are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a ghost.

*Sneer.* But, pray, whose ghost was that?

*Fust.* Whose should it be but Comedy's? I thought, when you had been told the other was Tragedy, you would have wanted no intimation who this was. Come, Common Sense, you are to awake and rub your eyes.

*Q. C. S.* [*Waking.*] Who's there?—

*Enter* Maid of Honour.

Did you not hear or see some wond'rous thing?

*Maid.* No, may it please your majesty, I did not.

*Q. C. S.* I was a-dream'd I overheard a ghost.

*Maid.* In the next room I closely did attend,  
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

*Enter* FIREBRAND.

*Q. C. S.* Priest of the Sun, you come most opportune,  
For here has been a dreadful apparition:

As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought  
I saw a ghost.

*Sneer.* Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes open.

*Fust.* Why, you would not have Common Sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.

*Fireb.* And if such toleration

Be suffer'd as at present you maintain,  
Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.  
Make a huge fire and burn all unbelievers:  
Ghosts will be hang'd ere venture near a fire.

*Q. C. S.* Men cannot force belief upon themselves,  
And shall I then by torture force it on them?

*Fireb.* The Sun will have it so.

*Q. C. S.* How do I know that?

*Fireb.* Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.

*Q. C. S.* How do I know you are infallible?

*Fireb.* Ha! do you doubt it! nay, if you doubt that,  
I will prove nothing. But my zeal inspires me,  
And I will tell you, madam, you yourself  
Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun;  
And all his priests have greatest cause to wish  
You had been never born.

*Q. C. S.* Ha! sayest thou, priest?

Then know, I honour and adore the Sun:  
And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,  
I glow with flaming gratitude towards him;  
But know, I never will adore a priest,  
Who wears pride's face beneath religion's mask,  
And makes a pick-lock of his piety

SCENE I.—Enter FUSTIAN and SNEERWELL.

PASQUIN

To steal away the liberty of mankind:  
But while I live, I'll never give thee power.

*Fireb.* Madam, our power is not derived from you,  
Nor any one: 'twas sent us in a box  
From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid:  
Phaeton brought it when he overturn'd  
The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

*Q. C. S.* Shew me the instrument and let me read it.

*Fireb.* Madam, you cannot read it, for, being thrown  
Into the sea, the water has so damaged it  
That none but priests could ever read it since.

*Q. C. S.* And do you think I can believe this tale?

*Fireb.* I order you to believe it, and you must.

*Q. C. S.* Proud and imperious man, I can't believe it.  
Religion, law, and physick, were design'd  
By heaven the greatest blessings on mankind;  
But priests, and lawyers, and physicians, made  
These general goods to each a private trade;  
With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,  
And turn our benefits into our curses. [*Exit.*

*Fust.* Law and Physick. Where's Law?

*Enter* PHYSIC.

*Phys.* Sir, Law, going without the playhouse passage,  
was taken up by a lord chief-justice's warrant.

*Fireb.* Then we must go on without him.

*Fust.* No, no, stay a moment; I must get somebody  
else to rehearse the part. Pox take all warrants for  
me! if I had known this before I would have satirized  
the law ten times more than I have.

PASQUIN

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.—Enter FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, Prompter, FIREBRAND, LAW, PHYSICK.**

*Fust.* I am glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common Sense goes off the stage Law and Physick enter.

*Fireb.* Oh! my good lords of Physick and of Law,  
Had you been sooner here you would have heard  
The haughty queen of Common Sense throw out  
Abuses on us all.

*Law.* I am not now To learn the hatred which she bears to me.  
No more of that—for now the warlike queen  
Of Ignorance, attended with a train  
Of foreigners, all foes to Common Sense,  
Arrives at Covent-garden; and we ought  
To join her instantly with all our force.  
At Temple—bar some regiments parade;  
The colonels, Clifford, Thavies, and Furnival,  
Through Holborn lead their powers to Drury-lane,  
Attorneys all compleatly armed in brass:  
These, bailiffs and their followers will join,  
With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

*Phys.* In Warwick-lane my powers expect me now:  
A hundred chariots with a chief in each,  
Well-famed for slaughter, in his hand he bears  
A feather'd dart that seldom errs in flight.  
Next march a band of choice apothecaries,  
Each arm'd with deadly pill; a regiment  
Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear.  
All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

*Fireb.* My lords, you merit greatly of the queen,  
And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;  
For I foretel that by her influence  
Men shall be brought (what scarce can be believed)  
To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.  
Success attend your glorious enterprize;  
I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:  
I, by my office, am from fight debarr'd,  
But I'll be with you ere the booty's shared.

[*Exeunt* FIREBRAND, LAW, and PHYSICK

*Fust.* Now, Mr Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, sir, so crammed with drums and trumpets, thunder and lightning, battles and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment after it: it is as full of shew as Merlin's cave itself; and for wit—no rope-dancing or tumbling can come near it. Come, begin.

[*A ridiculous march is played.*

*Enter* Queen IGNORANCE, attended with Singers, Fiddlers, Rope-dancers, Tumblers, &c.

*Q. Ign.* Here fix our standard; what is this place called?

*1 Att.* Great madam, Covent-garden is its name.

*Q. Ign.* Ha! then methinks we have ventured too far,

PASQUIN

Too near those theatres where Common Sense  
Maintains her garrisons of mighty force;  
Who, should they sally on us ere we're joined  
By Law and Physick, may offend us much.

*[Drum beats within.]*

But ha! what means this drum?

*I Att.* It beats a parley, not a point of war

*Enter HARLEQUIN.*

*Harl.* To you, great queen of Ignorance, I come  
Embassador from the two theatres;  
Who both congratulate you on your arrival;  
And to convince you with what hearty meaning  
They sue for your alliance, they have sent  
Their choicest treasure here as hostages,  
To be detain'd till you are well convinced  
They're not less foes to Common Sense than you.

*Q. Ign.* Where are the hostages?

*Harl.* Madam, I have brought  
A catalogue, and all therein shall be  
Deliver'd to your order; but consider,  
Oh mighty queen! they offer you their all;  
And gladly for the least of these would give  
Their poets and their actors in exchange.

*Q. Ign.* Read the catalogue.

*Harl.* *[Reads.]* "A tall man, and a tall woman, hired at a vast price. A strong man exceeding dear. Two dogs that walk on their hind legs only, and personate human creatures so well, they might be mistaken for them. A human creature that personates a dog so well that he might almost be taken for one. Two human cats. A most curious set of puppies. A pair of pigeons. A set of rope-dancers and tumblers from Sadler's-wells."

*Q. Ign.* Enough, enough; and is it possible  
That they can hold alliance with my friends  
Of Sadler's-wells? then are they foes indeed  
To Common Sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.  
Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;  
And take this play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;  
There is not in it either head or tail.

*Harl.* Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.  
The character you give would recommend it,  
Though it had come from a less powerful hand.

*Q. Ign.* The Modish Couple is its name; myself  
Stood gossip to it, and I will support  
This play against the town.

*I Att.* Madam, the queen  
Of Common Sense advances with her powers.

*Q. Ign.* Draw up my men, I'll meet her as I ought;  
This day shall end the long dispute between us.

*Enter Queen COMMON SENSE with a Drummer.*

*Fust.* Hey-day! where's Common Sense's army?

*Prompt.* Sir, I have sent all over the town, and could not get one soldier for her, except that poor drummer, who was lately turned out of an Irish regiment.

*Drum.* Upon my shoul but I have been a drummer these twenty years, master, and have seen no wars yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my trade before I died.

PASQUIN

*Fust.* Hush, sirrah! don't you be witty; that is not in your part.

*Drum.* I don't know what is in my part, sir; but I desire to have something in it; for I have been tired of doing nothing a great while.

*Fust.* Silence!

*Q. C. S.* What is the reason, madam, that you bring These hostile arms into my peaceful realm?

*Q. Ign.* To ease your subjects from that dire oppression They groan beneath, which longer to support Unable, they invited my redress.

*Q. C. S.* And can my subjects then complain of wrong? Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?

*Q. Ign.* They say you do impose a tax of thought Upon their minds, which they're too weak to bear.

*Q. C. S.* Wouldst thou from thinking then absolve mankind?

*Q. Ign.* I would, for thinking only makes men wretched; And happiness is still the lot of fools. Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought Still hurts his pride; in spite of all his art, Malicious fortune, by a lucky train Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes, And set the greatest blunderer above him.

*Q. C. S.* Urgest thou that against me, which thyself Has been the wicked cause of? Which thy power, Thy artifice, thy favourites have done? Could Common Sense bear universal sway, No fool could ever possibly be great.

*Q. Ign.* What is this folly, which you try to paint In colours so detestable and black? Is't not the general gift of fate to men? And though some few may boast superior sense, Are they not call'd odd fellows by the rest? In any science, if this sense peep forth, Shew men the truth, and strive to turn their steps From ways wherein their gross forefathers err'd, Is not the general cry against them straight?

*Sneer.* This Ignorance, Mr Fustian, seems to know a great deal.

*Fust.* Yes, sir, she knows what she has seen so often; but you find she mistakes the cause, and Common Sense can never beat it into her.

*Q. Ign.* Sense is the parent still of fear; the fox, Wise beast, who knows the treachery of men, Flies their society, and skulks in woods, While the poor goose, in happiness and ease, Fearless grows fat within its narrow coop, And thinks the hand that feeds it is its friend; Then yield thee, Common Sense, nor rashly dare Try a vain combat with superior force.

*Q. C. S.* Know, queen, I never will give up the cause Of all these followers: when at the head Of all these heroes I resign my right, May my curst name be blotted from the earth!

*Sneer.* Methinks, Common Sense, though, ought to give it up, when she has no more to defend it.

PASQUIN

*Fust.* It does indeed look a little odd at present; but I'll get her an army strong enough against its acted. Come, go on.

*Q. Ign.* Then thus I hurl defiance at thy head. Draw all your swords.

*Q. C. S.* And, gentlemen, draw yours.

*Q. Ign.* Fall on; have at thy heart.

[*A fight*

*Q. C. S.* And have at thine.

*Fust.* Oh, fie upon't, fie upon't! I never saw a worse battle in all my life upon any stage. Pray, gentlemen, come some of you over to the other side.

*Sneer.* These are Swiss soldiers, I perceive, Mr Fustian; they care not which side they fight of.

*Fust.* Now, begin again, if you please, and fight away; pray fight as if you were in earnest, gentlemen. [*They fight.*] Oons, Mr Prompter! I fancy you hired these soldiers out of the trained bands—they are afraid to fight even in jest. [*They fight again.*] There, there—pretty well. I think, Mr Sneerwell, we have made a shift to make out a good sort of a battle at last.

*Sneer.* Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better.

*Fust.* You don't seem, Mr Sneerwell, to relish this battle greatly.

*Sneer.* I cannot profess myself the greatest admirer of this part of tragedy; and I own my imagination can better conceive the idea of a battle from a skilful relation of it than from such a representation; for my mind is not able to enlarge the stage into a vast plain, nor multiply half a score into several thousands.

*Fust.* Oh; your humble servant! but if we write to please you and half a dozen others, who will pay the charges of the house? Sir, if the audience will be contented with a battle or two, instead of all the raree-fine shows exhibited to them in what they call entertainments—

*Sneer.* Pray, Mr Fustian, how came they to give the name of entertainments to their pantomimical farces?

*Fust.* Faith, sir, out of their peculiar modesty; intimating that after the audience had been tired with the dull works of Shakspeare, Jonson, Vanbrugh, and others, they are to be entertained with one of these pantomimes, of which the master of the playhouse, two or three painters, and half a score dancing-masters are the compilers. What these entertainments are, I need not inform you, who have seen 'em; but I have often wondered how it was possible for any creature of human understanding, after having been diverted for three hours with the production of a great genius, to sit for three more and see a set of people running about the stage after one another, without speaking one syllable, and playing several juggling tricks, which are done at Fawks's after a much better manner; and for this, sir, the town does not only pay additional prices, but loses several fine parts of its best authors, which are cut out to make room for the said farces.

*Sneer.* 'Tis very true; and I have heard a hundred say the same thing, who never failed being present at them.

*Fust.* And while that happens, they will force any entertainment upon the town they please, in spite of its teeth. [*Ghost of COMMON SENSE rises.*] Oons, and the devil, madam! what's the meaning of this? You have left out a scene. Was ever such an absurdity as for your ghost to appear before you are killed.

*Q. C. S.* I ask pardon, sir; in the hurry of the battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

*Fust.* Well, let me wipe the flour off your face then. And now, if you please, rehearse the scene; take care you don't make this mistake any more though, for it would inevitably damn the play if you should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in as if you had lost the battle.

*Q. C. S.* Behold the ghost of Common Sense appears.

*Fust.* 'Sdeath, madam, I tell you you are no ghost—you are not killed.

*Q. C. S.* Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly. The battle's lost, and so are all my friends.

*Enter a Poet.*

*Poet.* Madam, not so; still you have one friend left.

*Q. C. S.* Why, what art thou?

*Poet.* Madam, I am a poet.

*Q. C. S.* Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a friend to misery,  
Know Common Sense disclaims thee.

*Poet.* I have been damn'd  
Because I was your foe, and yet I still



PASQUIN

Courted your friendship with my utmost art.

*Q. C. S.* Fool! thou wert damn'd because thou didst pretend  
Thyself my friend; for hadst thou boldly dared,  
Like Hurlothrumbo, to deny me quite,  
Or, like an opera or pantomime,  
Profess'd the cause of Ignorance in publick,  
Thou might'st have met with thy desired success;  
But men can't bear even a pretence to me.

*Poet.* Then take a ticket for my benefit night.

*Q. C. S.* I will do more—for Common Sense will stay  
Quite from your house, so may you not be damn'd.

*Poet.* Ha! say'st thou? By my soul, a better play  
Ne'er came upon a stage; but, since you dare  
Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my play  
To Ignorance, and call her Common Sense:  
Yes, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear  
That Ignorance knows more than all the world. [*Exit.*

*Enter FIREBRAND.*

*Fireb.* Thanks to the Sun for this desired encounter.

*Q. C. S.* Oh, priest! all's lost; our forces are o'erthrown—  
Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

*Fireb.* I knew it all before, and told you too  
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

*Q. C. S.* Dost thou, then, lay upon the Sun the faults  
Of all those cowards who forsook my cause?

*Fireb.* Those cowards all were most religious men:  
And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

*Q. C. S.* Oh, impudence! and darest thou to my face?—

*Fireb.* Yes, I dare more; the Sun presents you this,  
[*Stabs her.*

Which I, his faithful messenger, deliver.

*Q. C. S.* Oh, traitor! thou hast murder'd Common Sense.  
Farewel, vain world! to Ignorance I give thee,  
Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.  
Now, priest, indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts;  
Men shall embrace thy schemes, till thou hast drawn  
All worship from the Sun upon thyself:  
Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;  
Physick shall kill, and Law enslave the world;  
Cits shall turn beaus, and taste Italian songs,  
While courtiers are stock-jobbing in the city.  
Places requiring learning and great parts  
Henceforth shall all be hustled in a hat,  
And drawn by men deficient in them both.  
Statesmen—but oh! cold death will let me say  
No more—and you must guess *et caetera.* [*Dies.*

*Fireb.* She's gone! but ha! it may beseem me ill  
T' appear her murderer. I'll therefore lay  
This dagger by her side; and that will be  
Sufficient evidence, with a little money,

PASQUIN

To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.  
I'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore  
Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art.  
Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Queen IGNORANCE, &c.

*Q. Ign.* Beat a retreat; the day is now our own;  
The powers of Common Sense are all destroy'd;  
Those that remain are fled away with her.  
I wish, Mr Fustian, this speech be common sense.

*Sneer.* How the devil should it, when she's dead?

*Fust.* One would think so, when a cavil is made against the best thing in the whole play; and I would willingly part with anything else but those two lines.

*Harl.* Behold! where welt'ring in her blood she lies. I wish, sir, you would cut out that line, or alter it, if you please.

*Fust.* That's another line that I won't part with;  
I would consent to cut out anything but the chief beauties of my play.

*Harl.* Behold the bloody dagger by her side,  
With which she did the deed.

*Q. Ign.* 'Twas nobly done!  
I envy her her exit, and will pay  
All honours to her dust. Bear hence her body,  
And let her lie in state in Goodman's fields.

*Enter* Messenger.

*Mess.* Madam, I come an envoy from Crane-court.  
The great society that there assemble  
Congratulate your victory, and request  
That firm alliance henceforth may subsist  
Between your majesty's society  
Of Grub-street and themselves: they rather beg  
That they may be united both in one.  
They also hope your majesty's acceptance  
Of certain curiosities, which in  
That hamper are contain'd, wherein you'll find  
A horse's tail, which has a hundred hairs  
More than are usual in it; and a tooth  
Of elephant full half an inch too long;  
With turnpike-ticket like an ancient coin.

*Q. Ign.* We gratefully accept their bounteous gifts,  
And order they be kept with proper care,  
Till we do build a place most fit to hold  
These precious toys: tell your society  
We ever did esteem them of great worth,  
And our firm friends: and tell 'em 'tis our pleasure  
They do prepare to dance a jig before us.

[*Exit* Messenger

My lords of Law and Physick, you shall find  
I will not be ungrateful for your service:  
To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,  
And you, Squeekaronelly, I will be  
A most propitious queen—But ha!

PASQUIN

[*Music under the stage.*]

What hideous music or what yell is this?

Sure 'tis the ghost of some poor opera tune.

*Sneer.* The ghost of a tune, Mr Fustian!

*Fust.* Ay, sir, did you never hear one before? I had once a mind to have brought the apparition of Musick in person upon the stage, in the shape of an English opera. Come, Mr Ghost of the Tune, if you please to appear in the sound of soft musick, and let the ghost of Common Sense rise to it.

[*Ghost of COMMON SENSE rises to soft musick.*]

*Ghost.* Behold the ghost of Common Sense appears.

Caitiffs, avaunt! or I will sweep you off,  
And clean the land from such infernal vermin.

*Q. Ign.* A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste, scamper off,  
My friends; we've kill'd the body, and I know  
The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

*Omn.* A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [*Run off.*]

*Ghost.* The coast is clear, and to her native realms  
Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled,  
Whence she will never dare invade us more.  
Here, though a ghost, I will my power maintain,  
And all the friends of Ignorance shall find  
My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence;  
And all henceforth, who murder Common Sense,  
Learn from these scenes that, though success you boast.  
You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

*Sneer.* I am glad you make Common Sense get the better at last;  
I was under terrible apprehensions for your moral.

*Fust.* Faith, sir, this is almost the only play where she has got the better lately. But now for my epilogue: if you please to begin, madam.

EPILOGUE

**GHOST.**

The play once done, the epilogue, by rule,  
Should come and turn it all to ridicule;  
Should tell the ladies that the tragic bards,  
Who prate of Virtue and her vast rewards,  
Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em;  
For all wise women flock to mother Needham.  
This is the method epilogues pursue,  
But we to-night in everything are new.  
Our author then, in jest throughout the play,  
Now begs a serious word or two to say.  
Banish all childish entertainments hence;  
Let all that boast your favour have pretence,  
If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.  
With soft Italian notes indulge your ear;  
But let those singers, who are bought so dear,  
Learn to be civil for their cheer at least,  
Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.  
And though while musick for herself may carve,  
Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve;  
Starve her at least with shew of approbation,  
Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation

PASQUIN

For all the tumbling–skum of every nation.  
Can the whole world in science match our soil?  
Have they a LOCKE, a NEWTON, or a BOYLE?  
Or dare the greatest genius of their stage  
With SHAKSPEARE or immortal BEN engage?

Content with nature's bounty, do not crave  
The little which to other lands she gave;  
Nor like the cock a barley corn prefer  
To all the jewels which you owe to her.