

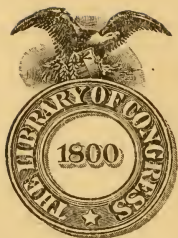
PR

3605

03A64

1823





Class PR3605

Book 03A64
1823

MODERN ANTIQUES,

OR THE

51

1535

MERRY MOURNERS.

A FARCE

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN O'KEEFE, ESQ.

PHILADELPHIA :

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PALMER.

•••••
1823.

PR 3605
Q 2 A 64
1823

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILADELPHIA

Mr. Cockletop.....	Mr. <i>Burke.</i>
Frank.....	<i>T. Jefferson.</i>
Joey.....	<i>Jefferson.</i>
Napkin.....	<i>Greene.</i>
Hearty.....	<i>Hathwell.</i>
Thomas.....	<i>Bignall.</i>
Mrs. Cockletop.....	Mrs. <i>Francis.</i>
Mrs. Camomile.....	<i>Lefolle.</i>
Belinda.....	<i>Anderson.</i>
Nan.....	<i>Greene.</i>
Flounce.....	Miss <i>Hathwell.</i>
Betty.....	<i>Parker.</i>

167982

14

MODERN ANTIQUES,
OR THE
MERRY MOURNERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I—*Mrs. Camomile's house.*

enter MRS. CAMOMILE *and* BETTY.

Mrs. Cam. Betty, any bod' here since?

Betty. No, madam, but hee's a strange servant.

Mrs. Cam. Mrs. Cockletop desired me, as I passed along Charing-Cross, o enquire for one for her, at the Register-office, and this is he, I suppose—ha, ha, ha! she's *tø* fine a lady to look after these things herself.

Betty. Walk up, young nan. [*exit*

enter JOEY.

Joey. Servant. (*nods*)

Mrs. Cam. Quite a rustic!—how long have you been in town?

Joey. Our town?

Mrs. Cam. London.

Joey. I thought as how you meant our town ; I comed from Yorksop, in the county of Norfolk, to get a place

Mrs. Cam. Your name !

Joey. What of it ?

Mrs. Cam. What is it ?

Joey. Oh ! my nime is Joey ; but volks called me mr. Joey all the way up ;—that I comed up on the coach-roof, for, as it's near Christmas time, all the inside passengers were turkeys. I quitted our village, in a huff with one Nan Hawthorn, my sweet-heart, cause why, she got jealous and saucy given.

Mrs. Cam. The wages this lady gives to her foot-boy are eight guineas a year.

Joey. Guineas ! that won't do, I must have eight pounds.

Mrs. Cam. Wel, if you insist upon eight pounds—ha, ha, hi !

Joey. Oh ! I'm tired. (*lays his hat and stick on the table*)

Mrs. Cam. You can give and take a message ?

Joey. Yes, sure (*a loud knocking without*)

Mrs. Cam. Then let's see—run.

Joey. Where ?

Mrs. Cam. To the door, you blockhead.

Joey. (*goes to the door and stands*) Well, I be's at the door, what now ?

Mrs. Cam. The deuce ! open the street door.

Joey. (*going*) Oh, here comes a lady.

enter BELINDA, in a riding-dress.

Mrs. Cam. My dear Belinda ! Come up (*to Joey*) when you hear the bell.

Joey. These gentle volks don't mind what trouble they give a poor zarvant man. [*exit*

Bel. My dear friend, I've quitted Southampton boarding-school without leave, though. (*lays her hat on the table*)

Mrs. Cam. My sweet girl, I'm very glad to see you—but is this a prudent step?

Bel. To be sure, when I was kept there so long, against my will, by my aunt.

Mrs. Cam. Ah, Belinda, confess the truth; wasn't it to see your uncle's nephew, Frank, that you've scampered up to town?

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! 'pon my honour you're a witch; but suppose so—why not? you and I were schoolfellows t'other day, yet here you're married. Apropos, how is your dear husband?

Mrs. Cam. The doctor is well.

Bel. You're already happy with the man you love, while I'm kept at a boarding-school, when I'm able to teach my dancing-master.

Mrs. Cam. Why then, my dear Belinda, since your last letter, I've been planning schemes, how to make you happy with the man you love.

Bel. My good creature, do tell me.

Mrs. Cam. You know if your uncle mr. Cockle-top's tooth but aches, he fancies he'll die directly, if he hasn't my husband doctor Camomile's advice; he's the grand oracle of his health, the barometer and thermometer of his animal system:—now as the doctor is at Winchester, on a visit to some of his old college chums, and won't leave his good orthodox bottle of old Port, to visit him here in London, he shall visit the doctor at Winchester; if we can but get your uncle to leave town, on that hangs my grand scheme for the establishment of you and Frank; your aunt's maid mrs. Flounce, and mr. Napkin the butler, are my confederates.

Bel. Oh, charming! but I must know it, though.

enter JOEY, stands some time mute.

Joey. Well?

Bel. And well?

Joey. I'm comed up, as you bid me.

Mrs. Cam. But you shouldn't have come till you had heard the bell.

Joey. And, wounds, it's ringing yonder, hard enough to pull church steeple down.

Mrs. Cam. and Bel. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Cam. Joey, carry those to your master; (*gives him a basket of plants*)—plants and simples, culled for him by the doctor. Your uncle will now be a botanist, as well as an antiquarian.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha!—but my aunt's new-fangled rage for private theatricals, are, to the full, as unaccountably ridiculous, as my crazy uncle's passion for musty antiquities.

Mrs. Cam. Come, be cheerful, my sweet Belinda, for I'm going there directly, on your affairs.

Bel. My kind friend!

Mrs. Cam. Call a coach. (*to Joey, who takes up his stick and puts on Belinda's hat*) Ha, ha, ha! why you've put on the lady's hat.

Joey. (*takes off hat, and compares it with his own*) Ecod! one would think the lady had put on mine. [*exeunt Mrs. Camomile and Belinda*

Joey. (*laying hold of basket*) Your London ladies are so *manified*, with their switch rattans, and their coats and waistcoats, and their tip-top hats, and their cauliflower cravats, that, ecod!

I shall be in London a long time, before I know a man from a woman.

[takes up the basket and exit

SCENE II—*Mrs. Cockletop's dressing-room*—MRS. COCKLETOP *discovered dressing*—FLOUNCE *attending*.

Mrs. Cockle. What a strange incident, my marrying this old Mr. Cockletop ! 'pon my honour, was I single, I'd have the most beautiful theatre in my house, and his nephew Frank should be the manager ; of late he looks at me in a very particular manner—I can scarce think it possible, for these features to strike any body with admiration.

Flounce. Ma'am, those features must strike every body with admiration.

Mrs. Cockle. You flatter 'em.

Flounce. Not in the least, ma'am—but what signifies your beauty, or my skill in setting it off?—my master, since he's turned his brain—

Mrs. Cockle. Ay, since my husband has turned antiquarian—

Flounce. With his curiosities, foreign cockle-shells, mouldy farthings, and all his old-fashioned trumperies—I dare say he'd sell you for the wing of a butterfly.

Mrs. Cockle. Flounce, I'll take you to see *Lear* to-morrow night, at lord Rantum's private theatre.

Flounce. Thank'ee, ma'am ; but miss Toepit's maid told me, all of them, except your ladyship, made a strange piece of bungling work of their play there last Wednesday.

Mrs. Cockle. Work ! oh, heavens, if Shakespeare could have taken a peep at them !—ha, ha, ha !—Romeo and Juliet the play—the hero, on breaking open the tomb, totally forgot what he had to say next ; in vain the prompter whispers the word ; poor Juliet might have remained in Capulet's monument till doomsday : at length, impatient, (for it grew monstrous cold,) I softly bid him speak, why don't you speak ?—*He*, taking it for what he should say, with all the fervor of distracted love, bursts out “ speak, speak, why don't you speak ? ” Ha, ha, ha !

enter JOEY, with the basket, which he throws on the toilet.

Joey. My first piece of service in my new place. [*exit*

Mrs. Cockle. Ah ! (*screams*)

enter MR. COCKLETOP, with a scroll of parchment.

Mrs. Cockle. (*angrily*) Astonishing, mr Cockletop ! you won't even let me have my dressing-room to myself.

Cockle. Oh, mrs. Cockletop, what a prize ! I have bought one of the long-lost books of Livy, a manuscript so capitally illegible, that no man on the globe can distinguish or read a letter of it ;—let's see what change he has given me. (*reckons money*)

Flounce. Full of snails. (*to the plants, flinging them off the table, knocks the money out of Cockletop's hand, and exit*)

Cockle. The botanical plants from doctor Camomile ! carefully pick 'em up, every leaf has the virtue—

enter FRANK, in a riding dress.

Frank. Will they heal my wounded pocket?
(*picks up the money*)

Cockle. (*takes the money from him*) Eh! what, you lizard!—the valuable simples!

Mrs. Cockle. Do, my dear, let poor Frank have a little money; give him a few guineas.

Frank. Ay, sir, a few guineas could never come in better time, as I'm just whip and spur, you see; hey, spank to Southampton.

Mrs. Cockle. (*alarmed*) Pray, Frank, what business have you there?

Frank. What, but to see my lovely cousin.

Cockle. (*putting up the money*) Eh!

Mrs. Cockle. Oh, is that your business?

Cockle. May be you like—

Mrs. Cockle. Ay, do you admire my niece?

Frank. Admire! I love her to distraction.

Cockle. The sweet girl I doat on myself!
(*aside*) Get out of my sight, you locust.

Mrs. Cockle. Love her! after all my fond hints to him. (*aside*) Pray, sir, give me leave to express my obligations to you, when I was rehearsing Imogen with you t'other night, and was to have fainted in your arms—

Cockle. Ay, you villain, you stepped aside, and let my dear wife tumble backwards, and knock her fine head against the brass fender.—Take a double hop out of your two boots, you jackdaw! how dare you stand before me, with your horse-whip in your hand?

enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am, mrs. Camomile.

Mrs. Cockle. Sir, command your nephew to think no more of my niece! love another, you amateur!—stand from the entrance!

[*exit in a passion, Flounce following*]

Frank. Why, my dear uncle, you are really a good-natured old lad, but for this nonsensical passion for antiquities, in which you have no more judgment than my boot.

Cockle. What's that?

Frank. Didn't you give twenty pounds for the first plate ever Hogarth engraved; though 'twas only a porter pot from the Barley Mow?

Cockle. No.

Frank. Didn't you throw a lobster in the fire, swearing it was a salamander?

Cockle. Yes, but that was when I was sick. In bodily health my mind is bright and polished; but, you most audacious dromedary, traduce my skill in antiquities!—Hark'ee! when you can prove to me, that it's possible I can be imposed upon in antiquities, that is, when I am in bodily health, I consent to give you Belinda; here's my hand on't. Begone! your face is as odious to me as a new copper half-penny. [*exit*]

enter HEARTY—calls after mr. Cockletop.

Hearty. Sir, here's the receipt!

Frank. Ah, Hearty, you're my uncle's steward, receiver of his cash, and yet do tip me a few guineas; cheat him a little, my honest fellow.

Hearty. Mustn't.

Frank. Plague of the money, I'm sure I want it; my friend Jack Frolic, the player, franked me into Covent-Garden—sat down in the up-

per boxes, between miss Trump and mrs. Rollabout, when the cursed orange-woman thrust in her basket, with "sweet gentleman, treat the ladies." I was obliged to clap my hand *on* my pocket, say, my purse gone, 'pon my honour! no entering a public place for the light fingered gentry;—so the ladies treated the sweet gentleman. Coming home yesterday, caught in a soaking shower; "your honour, coach unhired;" in I jumps, not recollecting his dismal honour hadn't a shilling to pay for't; so, as the fellow clapped to one door, out I pops at t'other; but then I got mobbed by the watermen, and broke my nose over a post, running away from the link boy.

Hearty. Why, Frank, I'll lend you my own money with all my heart.

Frank. No; before I strip you of what you may yet want to cherish your old age, I'll perish!—yet this is my Belinda's birth-day:—by heavens, I will wish, ay, and give her joy, though I foot it every mile to Southampton, and dine on water cresses, by the ditch side. [*exit*

Hearty. Spirited lad! I hope, by means of this letter, I shall be able to serve him. I'll sell my old master the small collection of odd sort of rarities *I've* made him; but as his knowing them to be mine may lessen their value in his opinion, this letter rouses his desire to buy them; then, if I can but make him believe they're from Italy, or Herculaneum, or—

enter JOEY, in a livery.

You're the new footman?

Joey. Yes, I be's; I've put on my livery.

Hearty. Here's a letter for your master ; give it to him directly. (*gives letter, and exit*)

Joey. So I must give this letter, too : ecod ! they're resolved, in London, to keep no cats that won't catch mice.

enter NAN, with a sweeping brush.

Nan. (*singing as she enters*) " A service in London is no such disgrace." (*begins to sweep*)

Joey. Isn't that—

Nan. Why, Joey ! (*surprised*)

Joey. Nan ! how glad I be's to see thee. (*kisses her*)

Nan. But what brings you here, and in this fine laced coat.

Joey. Why, I be fixed here, for a zarvant man.

Nan. Zure ! lard, how comical ! and I hired here to-day as maid.

Joey. Hills and mountains will meet ! O dear —O—dear !

Nan. I'm now sent in here, by mrs. Flounce, to do up lady's dressing-room, that it seems some clumsy booby has thrown leaves about'n.

Joey. I'm not a booby, Nan ; I find you're as saucy-tongued as ever.

Nan. O la ! was it you, Joey ? I ax pardon.

Joey. 'Twas all along of your crossness I comed up to London.

Nan. And 'twas your false-heartedness drove me to seek my bread here.

Joey. Well, since good luck has brought us into one house, we'll never quarrel nor be unkind any more.

Nan. Nor I never more will be jealous—O

ho ! you've had this letter from Poll Primrose ; oh, you deceitful—(*snatches the letter from Joey, and breaks it open*)

Joey. The devil ! a d'ye see what you've done now ? this letter was for measter.—If I haven't a mind—

Nan. (*reads*) “ Sir, encouraged ”—why Joey, don't be angry ; the first letter I get for my lady, you shall open for me, that you shall. [*exit, singing* “ *Better my fortune as other girls do.* ”

Joey. Ecod ! you've spoiled my fortune ; what will become of me ?—before I've time enough to be set down *in* my place, I shall be kicked out on't.

enter FRANK.

Frank. Where's Hearty ? (*Joey gives him letter—he looks at it*) For my uncle ; how came it open ?

Joey. It's opened.

Frank. Why, if it's you that—do you know that opening another man's letter is transportation ?

Joey. Is it ? then, ecod, I'll take the blame upon myself, rather than Nan should go to Botomy Bay. (*aside*) 'Twas I broke it open, sir, —but I meant only to—to break it open—all accident.

Frank. (*reads letter*) “ Sir, encouraged by your character, I shall, to-morrow, in person, offer you for sale some antique rarities.” This promises something ; (*aside*) well, my lad, keep your own secret, and I'll bring you out of this cursed scrape.

Joey. Do, sir.

Frank. Any wafers here?

Joey. I believe there's some in that box; but I'll get you a haperth.

Frank. My old conceited uncle has engaged to give me Belinda, when I can prove that it's possible to impose on him in antiquities. This may do it, and bring me a convenient sum besides; for, with all the ridiculous enthusiasm of a virtuoso, my uncle has small reading, no test, but has a plentiful stock of credulity. (*wafers the letter*)

Joey. Why, I could have done that myself.

Frank. There, you dog; stand to it stoutly (*gives Joey the letter*) that's the very one you received.

Joey. A thousand thanks, kind sir. (*going*)

Frank. But I shall want a disguise; (*aside*)—hark'ee, you've put on your new livery since you came—where are your own cloaths?

Joey. In the butler's pantry; for you must know, sir, when I comed I was waundy hungry, so I went there to get a snack.

Frank. Quick! go give the letter.

Joey. Yes, sir.

[*exit*]

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! yes, uncle, if you have cash to buy antiquities, I'm a stupid fellow, indeed, if I can't find some to sell you; and, if I succeed, hey to Southampton, with the triumphant news to Belinda.

[*exit*]

SCENE III—*Cockletop's study.*

enter COCKLETOP, with spectacles on, reading letter, JOEY following.

Joey. That's the very letter; I was desired to give it you: I assure you, sir, it was not opened.

Cockle, The things this learned man mentions here, are really very curious.

Joey. Sir, here be mr. Napkin the butler coming.

enter NAPKIN.

Nap. Sir, a man wants you there below.

Cockle. Then, sir, do you send him up here above.

Nap. (to *Joey*) Eh ! what are you idling here ! come, come, I'll show you the business of a footman ; you must toast the muffins, for mine and mrs. Flounce's breakfast.

Joey. I will, sir, and broil a beef-steak for my own. *[exit Napkin, Joey following]*

Cockle. Only that my brain is for ever running on my wife's charming niece Belinda, (oh, how I do love her ! I love every thing old, but girls and guineas :) I should certainly be a second sir Hans Sloane—I'd be a Solander, and a Monmouth Geoffry. Now who's this ?

enter FRANK, disguised in Joey's first cloaths, with a small hamper on his shoulders.

Frank. If my uncle knows me now, he must have good spectacles. (*aside*) Measter told me, as he told you in letter, he'd call on you to-morrow with some rarities.

Cockle. Oh, then you belong to the gentleman who sent me this letter ; where does your master live ?

Frank. At Brentford ; but I be's from Taunton Dean, and, as I was coming to town to-day, he thought I might as well drop them here. If you'll buy them, these be they.

Cockle. Oh! what, he's sent you, with the things that are mentioned here? (*pointing to letter*)

Frank. I warrant 'em all waundy rich, he gave me such strict charge about'n.

Cockle. Rich! ah, these sordid souls can't conceive that the most extreme delight to the eye of an antiquarian, is beautiful brown rust and heavenly green verdigrease. Let's see; (*reads*) the first is a Neptune's trident, from the Barbaryna gallery.

Frank. That's it. (*gives a toasting-fork*)

Cockle. (*reads*) One of Niobe's tears, preserved in spirits.

Frank. That—(*gives a phial*)

Cockle. Curious!—a piece of household furniture from the ruins of Herculaneum, comprising the genuine section of the Escorial. Precious, indeed! (*aside*) Section of the Escorial; ay, then it must be in the shape of—

Frank. That's it. (*gives an old gridiron*)

Cockle. (*reading*) The cap of William Tell, the celebrated Swiss patriot, worn when he shot the apple off his son's head.

Frank. I've forgot to bring any thing even like that; what shall I do? (*aside*) I warrant it's here, sir.

Cockle. I hope it is, for I will not buy one without all.

Frank. Then all you shall have. (*aside, pretends to look in the hamper, but picks up Cockle-top's hat, and, with a penknife, cuts out the brim*) That's it, mayhap?

Cockle. Great! this is, indeed, what the Romans called the *Pi-leus*, or cap of liberty. (*puts*

it on his head, and reads) Half a yard of cloth, from Otaheite, being a part of the mantle of queen Oberea, presented by her to captain Cook.

Frank. Zounds, I was in such a hurry to get to work, that I've forgot half my tools.

Cockle. Where's the cloth from Otaheite?

Frank. I dare say it's here. (*feels the coat he has on*) No, mustn't hurt poor Joey. Eh! (*cuts off the skirt of Cockletop's coat, while he's admiring the things*) belike that's it. (*gives it*)

Cockle. What wonderful soft texture! we've no such cloth in England; this must have been the fleece of a very fine sheep.

Frank. Ay, taken from the back of an old stupid ram.

Cockle. Speak of what you understand, you clown; much talk may betray little knowledge. Cut your coat according to your cloth.

Frank. Yes, sir, I cut your coat according to your cloth. I must fix him in his opinion, now, with a little finesse. (*aside*) Measter do expect fifty pounds for his balderdash.

Cockle. Here's the money.

Frank. No; if he even thought you such a fool to give it, he must be a rogue to take it, but he sha'n't make me a party—I'll let him know I'm an honest man. Damme if I don't throw them in the kennel, and quit his service. (*going to take them*)

Cockle. (*hastily*) Leave them there, and take the money to your master, or I'll make him send you to the devil, you thick-skull buffalo.

Frank. Not a penny of it will I touch.

Cockle. Here, my good fellow; here's a guinea for yourself; there. (*gives money*)

Erank. Thank you, sir; though I do think you're an old fool, and that you are most confoundedly hummed.

Cockle. Old fool! get you out of my house, you scoundrel, or I'll—(*takes up a blunderbuss*) blow you to Taunton Dean, you dog—I will!
(*Frank runs off*)

enter MRS. COCKLETOP and MRS. CAMOMILE—
they both scream.

Mrs. Cam. Heavens! mr. Cockletop, will you kill us?

Mrs. Cockle. Lord! what's on your head?

Cockle. The cap of liberty. Oh, the super-beautiful purchase I have just made! such a charming addition to my little curious collection. Mrs. Camomile, you've taste; I'll give you a treat. I'll show her all. (*aside*)

Mrs. Cockle. (*looking at the things*) Heavens! who has done this?

Cockle. Pliny the elder.

enter FLOUNCE.

Mrs. Cockle. Here, take these, and fling them—

Cockle. Lay your fingers on them, and I'll—Strabo, Cambden, and bishop Pocock—Madam, you should—(*to Mrs. Camomile*) that is, you—you do know—you're a dilitante. I say, you are a celebrated dili—and—now, what a fine discourse an F. R. S. would make on these, madam, I say.

Mrs. Cockle. Bless me! who has trimmed you thus?

Cockle. Sir Ashton Lever. I wish your husband, doctor Camomile, was in town; I've here *such* a feast for the venerable *Bede*. Travellers come, and lay at my feet the wonderful fruits of their wise researches. Awake! prepare your understanding; here's a tear of—the devil! I forgot who cried this tear. (*aside*) Hem! it's a precious drop, preserved in spirits.

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Cockle. Get along, you most scandalous tongued—I desire, mrs. Cockletop, you'll order your slip-slop out of the museum:—then here is a most valuable—(*takes up toasting fork*)

enter JOEY

Joey. Here, I'm sent to broil beef-steaks, and toast muffins; the cook said mr. Frank took, and brought out of the kitchen, the—

Cockle. They all cost me only fifty pounds; this is a Neptune's trident, and this piece of furniture, from Herculaneum, the model of the Escorial, built in honour of st. Lawrence, who was broiled on—

Joey. Thank'ee, sir; I was looking for the toasting fork and gridiron. [*takes them and exit*]

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Cockle. What is that?

Mrs. Cockle. Why, mr. Cockletop, what have you been about here?

Mrs. Cam. Only look.

Cockle. I believe I'm bit. Taunton Dean! he was a rogue. (*looks at his coat and hat*) Is my face genuine?

Mrs. Cockle. Why 'tis an antique; but indeed, my dear, you don't look well.

Cockle. Don't I?

Mrs. Cam. This may help my scheme to get him out of town. (*aside*) My dear sir, I would not shock you, but you look—

Cockle. Do I?

Mrs. Cam. My husband, the doctor, often told me, that your bodily illness always had an effect upon your mind.

Cockle. No man living understands my constitution, but doctor Camomile; I must be (*feeling his pulse*) phlebotomised.

Mrs. Cam. When a gentleman of your knowledge is so grossly duped, it's a certain sign—

Cockle. It is, that I'm ill, or I never could have been taken in.

Mrs. Cockle. Lud, I wish your husband, the doctor, was in town.

Mrs. Cam. I advise mr. Cockletop to go to him to Winchester.

Mrs. Cockle. Here, Napkin, order the horses to; your poor master will go to the doctor at Winchester.

enter NAPKIN.

Cockle. Ay, ay, to the doctor—to Winchester.

[*exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cockletop*]

Mrs. Cam. Napkin—ha, ha, ha!—here's an opportunity for our plan; you know as we've all, without success, repeatedly endeavoured to persuade the old couple to settle some provision on their niece and nephew, Frank and Belinda.

Nap. Ay, we must try stratagem.

Mrs. Cam. The excuse your mistress gives, is the chance of her having children of her own, whom she can't wrong by lavishing their patrimony on others.

Naph. Ha, ha, ha! then, to put her out of all hopes of *that*, as you have settled, we'll make her believe my master's dead, and, as I am now going into the country with him, leave that to *me*.

Mrs. Cam. I fancy 'twill be easy, as she already thinks him ill.

Naph. And weak; heard him threaten to climb up the mouldering walls of Nettleston Abbey, in search of a sprig of ivy or an owl's nest, and if I can't invent a story to bring the old gentleman tumbling down—

Mrs. Cam. Ha, ha, ha! and make your mistress, the mourning widow, establish the dear amiable young couple, well and happy.

Naph. 'Twill be an excellent joke to laugh at, over their wedding supper—but I must prepare for the journey.

Mrs. Cam. And I home, to comfort poor Belinda: only do you act your part most dolefully natural, and we must prosper. [exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I—*Mrs. Camomile's house.*

enter FRANK, in high spirits, and JOEY.

Frank. Hollo, mrs. Camomile! here's a nick! ha, ha, ha, honest fellow; my horse is at the livery stables t'other side of Westminster bridge; you'd best step on before me—have him out ready, you'll not have a moment to lose.

(*exit Joey*) Ha, ha, ha ! well, my mock curiosities may have a better effect on my uncle than Hearty's real ones, if they can help to cure him of an absurd whim, that makes him the dupe of impostors, flinging his money after things of no utility. (*looks at his watch*) Getting late : I'd like to see if mrs. Camomile has any commands for her friend Belinda,

enter BELINDA.

then hey for my divine Belinda !

Bel. Pray, sir, whither in such a monstrous hurry ?

Frank. My love, in the name of miracles how did you get here ?

Bel. You know we've the best friend in the world in dear mrs. Camomile, the mistress of this house.

enter MRS. CAMOMILE.

Mrs. Cam. Come, come, you happy pair of turtles—this room is the stage for a little comedy I'm to act with your aunt, of which I hope your union will prove the denouement.

enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Madam, my mistress is just drove up to the door.

Bel. Oh, heavens ! if she finds I have run up to town. (*going*)

Mrs. Cam. Stop, she'll meet you on the stairs.

Bel. This way, Frank ; when my aunt comes in here, we'll slip down.

Mrs. Cam. But, Belinda, you'll tell Frank

what we're both at, and trip directly home, and you and all the servants on with your sables.

Frank. Sables ! What, to celebrate my true-love's birth day ! no, now that my crusty uncle's out of town, and I have cash, I'll have such a roaring entertainment at home—tol—derol lol.
(sings)

Bel. Will you hold your tongue, and come along ? (pulls him) [exit *Belinda* and *Frank*]

Mrs. Cam. If my little plot on their aunt but prospers—Flounce, run and desire Napkin to con over the lesson I taught him, and look as dismal as an executor left without a legacy.

Flounce. And, madam, I'll bid him keep his handkerchief to his eyes, for fear an unfortunate laugh should come on his face, and spoil all—Here's my mistress, madam, I wish you success.
[exit

enter *MRS. COCKLETOP*, elegantly dressed.

Mrs. Cockle. Oh *Mrs. Camomile* !

Mrs. Cam. Well, how do you do ?

Mrs. Cockle. Our house seems so melancholy since my poor dear man has left town, that now I can't bear to stay at home.

Mrs. Cam. (aside) And when he was at home, you was always gadding.

Mrs. Cockle. I forgot to show you my dress, had it made up for *Cordelia*, in our intended play at *Mr. Pathos's* ; as you were not there, I put it on to consult your taste.

Mrs. Cam. Oh my dear creature, I forgot to thank you for my ticket, but excuse me, that an engagement—

Mrs. Cockle. Ha ! ha ! ha ! You had no loss,

for our tragedy was converted into a ball—Lear you know was our play—which we got up with every care and elegance; well, ma'am, Colonel Toper, who was to have played Gloster, having conquered too many bottles of Burgundy after dinner, (*mimicks.*) “No, damme, I be for none of your stage—I'll sit in the side boxes among the ladies, begin your play by yourselves”—So says my Lord Brainless, I'll make an apology, and I'll—“Ladies and gentlemen, Colonel Toper having been suddenly taken ill, hopes for your usual indulgence to accept a dance instead of the tragedy”—The fiddles struck up Mrs. Casey, and audience and actors joined in a country dance—'pon my honor, tho' I laugh I am exceedingly melancholy.

Mrs. Cam. You've nothing to make you uneasy, you are sure, that with my husband doctor Camomile, Mr. Cockletop is in safe hands.

Mrs. Cockle. Well, Mrs. Camomile, it astonishes me how you can be cheerful while your husband's absent; but indeed it's rather unfortunate when people are found with hearts of more sensibility than others.

enter BETTY.

Why, Ma'am, here's Mr. Napkin just come below.

Mrs. Cockle. But is his master returned too?

Mrs. Cam. Well if he is not, why should that alarm you?

Mrs. Cockle. Then perhaps Napkin has brought word: where is he? why don't he come up?—Napkin! (*calls*) Torture me with suspense—Oh Lord, Mrs. Camomile, if any thing's the matter, I shall die. (*agitated*)

enter NAPKIN much splashed, in a large travelling dress, and seemingly fatigued.

Nap. My dear good master! (*crying*)

Mrs. Cockle. My husband—Oh Lord; speak, pray speak.

Nap. Madam, will you have him brought up to town, or shall he be buried in the country?
(*weeps*)

Mrs. Cam. Dead!

Nap. I wish Henry the eighth had levelled Nettleston Abbey—my sweet master's thirst of knowledge—such a height—top of the old spire—his head giddy—feeble limbs—stretching too far, a stone giving way—though I caught him by the heel—head foremost—corner of a tombstone—dash—oh!
(*weeps and exit*)

Mrs. Cockle. My fears are true; I faint; I die; please to reach that chair.

(*Mrs. Camomile places a chair; Mrs. Cockle sits deliberately wipes it with her handkerchief, seats herself; takes out a smelling bottle, applies it, and affects to swoon.*)

Mrs. Cam. Nay, nay, my dear friend, pray be comforted.

Mrs. Cockle. (*recovering*) Comforted, did you say? how is that possible, my dear mrs. Camomile, when I've heard you yourself remark that mourning don't become me; though, if I was to dress like Almeria in the Mourning Bride—

Mrs. Cam. To confess the truth, I was afraid to tell you, but I before knew of this melancholy event, and there that foolish boy, your nephew Frank, through his zealous respect for the memory of his uncle, has, contrary to all cus-

tom and decorum, already ordered the whole family to put on the black clothes that were only t'other day laid by when the mourning for your brother-in-law expired.

Mrs. Cockle. Madam, you're very obliging.

Mrs. Cam. I see this loss bears hard upon your mind, therefore it mayn't be proper so soon troubling you with worldly affairs; but now, my dear, you'll have no children of your own, indeed you should think of some establishment for your niece Belinda.

Mrs. Cockle. I'll first establish my husband's nephew Frank, merely to show I prefer my dear man's relations to my own.

Mrs. Cam. This will answer the same purpose, as Frank marries Belinda. (*aside*) Well, shall I tell the lad your good intentions towards him?

Mrs. Cockle. You're very good, I'll tell him myself; but I'll first consult you, my good friend, on the thoughts I have in my mind how to make him happy, but in my interview with the boy, I wouldn't have any body else by; the hour of sorrow's sacred, it's a cruel world, and people luxurious, sensual, gay, and fortunate, have no feeling for the disconsolate widow.

Mrs. Cam. My dear creature, endeavour to keep up your spirits.

Mrs. Cockle. Ah, friend, what should a poor woman do that has lost so good a husband, but try to—to get a better. (*aside*) [exceunt

SCENE II—*Cockletopi's House.*

enter FRANK, elevated with wine, and BELINDA, both in mourning—and NAN.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! this is the most whimsical thought of your friend mrs. Camomile.

Bel. Isn't it charming?

Frank. Your aunt, and indeed the whole family, except mrs. Flounce, actually believe that my uncle's dead; this is your natal day, the birth of beauty; I'll give an entertainment upon my soul, ha, ha, ha! pert mrs. Flounce says, oh, sir; I can't run any bills with the trades people; but dem bills and credit, while we've money; my uncle's curiosity guineas shall fly—illuminate the rooms, brilliant lustres, gerandoles and chandeliers.

Nan. Yes, sir! la! now where's Joey to do all this? mr. John, light the clustres, jerridoles, and chanticleers. (*calls off*)

Bel. Lord, Frank, what's come to you?

Frank. Money and long separated friends have a joyful meeting; prepare the saloon-bell, we will have a ball.

Nan. Air the balloon, for master's going to play ball.

Frank. And lay supper, then let Napkin send for a pipe and tabor, for a dance we must have, tol, lol, lol.

Bel. But indeed now this is extravagance.

Frank. Can't I afford a little extravagance? an't my kind aunt to give me my uncle's cash, then my Belinda you and I go to church, and Hymen in his saffron robes shall lead us to the rosy bower.

Bel. For heaven's sake, Frank, a little decency before the servants; how unfeeling must they think you.

Frank. I'll show you the feeling of servants for such a master.

enter THOMAS, and two maids in mourning.

Harkee! Tom, the coachman, you know your master's no more.

Thomas. Ay, sir, death has whipped his horses to their journey's end, to our great sorrow.

Frank. Poor Tom! I'm told you're so grieved, you have sworn never to touch a drop of punch as long as you live.

Thomas. Me! I'll be damned if I ever swore any such thing.

Frank. Ha! ha! ha! a jovial bout the servants shall have. Fly, and every one bring in his hand something toward the good cheer of the night. [*exeunt*]

SCENE III—*a saloon illuminated, table and cloth laid.*

enter COCKLETOP in a storm cap.

Cockle. All my doors open, this blowy night reminds me of the Lisbon earthquake, but my storm cap has protected me,—odd my not finding Belinda at Southampton,—I wish I had come into town over London-bridge; that now is a sort of young ruin—but then over Westminster-bridge, to see my man Joey, mounted like the emperor of Morocco's Blackamoor—I'm not sorry Napkin left me, nobody knows

now I've been after my sweet Belinda—how glad my loving wife will be when she finds I am come home and well. (*Looks about*) Eh, my deeree has company—this don't speak much feeling for my illness.

enter THOMAS with plates, not perceiving him.

Thomas. While Napkin is uncorking the wine, I'll see if I can't spread a table-cloth as well as a hammer-cloth. (*lays plates*) I wonder who drives my old master now in t'other world,—does he go up or down hill?

Cockle. Eh! now who has put Thomas my coachman into mourning? As I left you a pied zebra, why do I find you a black bear? (*strikes him with a cane*)

Thomas. Get up! (*suddenly turning, is terrified and sneaks off*)

Cockle. What's all this about?

enter NAN with sallad, places it on table, then plucks a bit.

Nan. I loves beet root. (*puts it to her mouth*)

Cockle. Yes, and so do I. Tell me, young woman, for whom are you in mourning.

[*exit Nan screaming*]

Cockle. Haven't I mistook the house? I believe I'm at next door.

enter NAPKIN and FLOUNCE.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! Flounce, if you had seen how capitally doleful I played my part.

Flounce. None of your dolefuls now; master's out of town, mistress safe at mrs. Camomile's, the house to ourselves, and the young

pair—since mr. Frank will treat us to a little hop.

Nap. Ay, Flounce, for music you know I'm no bad scraper.

Flounce. No, Napkin, nothing gives so much spirit to a dance as a pipe and tabor—so send out and see if one can be had.

enter two MAIDS, and a FOOTMAN, with a violin

Nap. My fiddle, John. (*takes it*) Now listen, Flounce, for our country dance ; only mind the violin, while I'll lift up Jacky Bull sprightly enough to move the dead ; ay, even to make our old master caper about. (*plays, servants join in the dance, in the midst of which Cockletope comes dancing before them—they scream and run off, all frightened, except Napkin*)

Cockle. So, my good friend, I bring you into the country, you leave me sick, sneak away, and here I find you, like Nero at Rome, rasping your cremona ! explain what brings you all in black ; if any body's dead, why do you celebrate the funeral rites with feasting and fiddling ? and, if nobody's dead, why change my dove-house into a rookery ? (*Napkin puts a handkerchief to his eyes*) Oh, then there is somebody ! who is it ? Eh, tell me !—vexation, a'n't I to know ? 'sblood, are people to die in my house, and the master not to be told ?

Nap. What or who shall I say ? (*aside*)

Cockle. What am I to think of all this ?

Nap. Why, sir, from seeing us all in black—you're to think—that—that—

Cockle. What ?

Nap. That we're in mourning.

Cockle. But for whom? it can't be my friend Mrs. Camomile, or my nephew Frank;—oh, lord, if it should be Miss Belinda—no, no, they wouldn't fiddle and dance for them: now there is one beloved person that I don't care a farthing for; (*aside*) yet I left her so well—I see they are afraid to shock me. Napkin, is it—is it— [*Napkin shakes his head, and exits slowly*]

Cockle. It is—my-wi-wi-wife—'tis so; his silence is a funeral oration. (*capers about*)

enter JOEY, shivering as if cold.

Joey. Oh, ho! it be a bitter sharp night; my hands are stone.

Cockle. Are you petrified? I wish you were; I'd put you in a case.

Joey. But, sir, here we come home, find all our servants in mourning, and, when I ask for whom, they shake their heads and walk away.

Cockle. Joey, it's for—for your mistress.

Joey. My lady dead! I believe I ought to cry. (*aside—lifts up the skirt of his coat*)

Cockle. The gentle friend and companion of my youth! (*weeps*)

Joey. Yes, I should cry. (*aside*) Oh! (*cries*)

Cockle. The best of wives! (*sorrowfully*)

Joey. The kindest mistress! (*imitating*)

Cockle. Yet my servants' rejoicing shows how ill she was beloved.

Joey. Yes, sir; I said to myself when I comed, Joey, said I, you have got a good master but a bad mistress.

Cockle. Stay, I'm released from her extravagant vagaries;—why she'd give as much for a little toilet patch-box, as would purchase the

black letter Palace of pleasure ; her week's hair-dressing would buy me Colley Cibber's Foppington wig. Then her temper—

Joey. She was a wixen devil.

Cockle. With her lace cap and her fripperies—her private plays, with her denouement and catastrophe.

Joey. If I didn't suspect she played in private with that mr. Denumong, behind the tapestry.

Cockle. I've no right to be so sad.

Joey. Yes, sir, we mun be glad : ha, ha, ha ! he, he, he !

Cockle. The funeral over, I'll do what I've long wished—convert her dressing-room into my museum ; the room has an eastern prospect—the windows face Athens, though disgraced now by Cockspur perfumery and Fleet street japannery.—I'll remove her things out of it.

Joey. Kick them down stairs ; a'n't you man of the house ?

Cockle. I am !—you're but a boy, but I see you've spirit ;—follow me to her dressing-room.

Joey. Yes, sir—hem ! [*exeunt*

enter MRS. COCKLETOP and NAN, in mourning.

Mrs. Cockle. Every room, every article of furniture, only reminds me of my dear man. My beloved Frank's ill-timed mirth don't correspond with his haste in getting every body into mourning ; but indeed my poor husband was never an uncle to him.

Nan. Oh, madam, you look so well in your weeds.

Mrs. Cockle. Do I ?—Though I revere the memory of my late husband, yet his ridiculous

passion for shells, fossils, and antique nonsense, was got to such an intolerable height, I was determined, on the first opportunity, I'd fling all his rubbish out of the house, and now I'll do it; it's a good large room, and, I think, tastily fitted up, will make me a most beautiful little theatre. The thought charms me, but, alas! my charmer is no more, I'll instantly go up, and throw all his old coppers and crocodiles out. His museum (*as he called it*) is a most horrid place, but I will have it cleared out: do you come and help me.

Nan. Yes, an't please you. [*exeunt*
enter JOEY, with bandboxes and toilet furniture.

Joey. Ha, ha, ha! if our mistress could but pop her head out of her coffin, and see what a fine rummage we have made among her falderals, trinketies, and ginglibobs. (*reads the inscription of a bottle*) A, by itself, a, l-o, l-o, t-i, ti, on, lotion for the face. (*drinks*) Face! ecod, I think it's a good notion for the stomach;—the very thing I wanted to warm my gay little heart. They say, what people set their hearts on in this world runs so much in their heads, that even in t'other they can't rest if they should be disturbed. Maister says he'll give these to the flames; I'll ask him to give them to my flame, pretty Nan.—If she gets this here cap upon her pate, and our lady mistress was to come stalking in, with a candle in her dead hand—

enter MRS. COCKLETOP, with a candle.

and then sees Nan, with a trembling voice, “who's here?” not perceiving her—

Mrs. Cockle. Don't be afraid Joey, its only me.

Joey. Mercy on us. (*trembling*)

Mrs. Cockle. Heavens ! who pulled my things about this way ?

Joey. Now the devil was in our master, that he couldn't let'n bide ; I thought we should have her up. (*aside*)

Mrs. Cockle. Who did it ?

Joey. Will it quiet your poor soul ? (*frightened.*)

Mrs. Cockle. Bid Nan make haste down to me.

Joey. Down ! then she's—(*points down*) Ah, these London ladies lead tory rory lives. (*aside*)

Mrs. Cockle. Nan. (*calls*)

Joey. Don't hurt Nan ; I'll go for a parson.

[*exit terrified*]

Mrs. Cockle. Parson ! then my intention to marry Frank is already known among the servants ; but I'll see how Flounce dare to let my room be ransacked in this manner.

[*exit in a passion*]

SCENE IV—*changes to a dark apartment—a table covered with green cloth on.*

enter JOEY with a candle.

Joey. I've left the parson in the room ; who's there ? but he insists it be auld master that's dead—the good gentleman that just now with me for madam's death cried so fine, all alive and merry : but this stupid minister won't believe it, so if he meets her there, and her spirit still disturbed about her rumplified caps, she'll give

it him for certain ; I know nought where master's got to, and the servants seem all to hide. Can't find Nan, I would we were both safe again in the country—well, I've saved this drop of cordial—who's you ? heaven defend us, she is come again ; I have no hopes now but my bottle and this table. (*puts out candle and gets under the table*)

enter MRS. COCKLETOP.

Mrs. Cockle. Frank ! (*calls*) This is the room I desired mrs. Camomile to bid him meet me in, and here he comes this way—Frank. (*calls in a low voice*) I'm glad there's no light though, to discover my blushes at the open declaration I must make him.

enter COCKLETOP.

Cockle. As dark as an Egyptian catacomb. Belinda venturing to town must be on the report of her aunt's death, and if Hearty has told her—I'll speak to her here.

Mrs. Cockle. Are you there ?

Cockle. Yes, 'tis she. I wish we had a light ; where are you, you little guinea pig ?

Mrs. Cockle. Eh, my dear, when I bury mr. Cockletop—

Cockle. Bury me. (*aside*) When for you I'll make a mummy of mrs. Cockletop—

Mrs. Cockle. Angels and ministers ! it's the ghost of my deceased husband come to upbraid me—oh much wronged spouse !

Cockle. Spouse ! it's the spirit of my wife ! oh Lord ! oh great injured goblin ! (*fall on their knees at opposite sides*)

Joey. Oh here's the parson striving to lay my

mistress; but she'll surely tear his head off—it's my poor dear master—help, murder!

*enter HEARTY with candles—*MRS. CAMOMILE *and*
BELINDA.

Mrs. Cam. Eh! what work's here?

Joey. My lady's ghost tearing old master to pieces (*rising in haste, oversets the table and runs off*)

Mrs. Cockle. Mr. Cockletop alive!

Cockle. My wife not dead!

Frank. Uncle, you promised that when proved to be deceived in antiquities, Belinda should be mine. (*speaking in a feigned voice*) Now zure, besides the fifty pounds, give her to poor Taunton Dean.

Cockle. Was't you? take her; I was a wise man till my brain got love coddled—so, my dear, let's forgive Frank and Belinda, and forget our follies.

Hearty. Come, come, let us transfer our passion for ancient virtue to the encouragement of modern genius. Had not Rome and Athens cherished the arts of their times, they'd have left no antiquities for us to admire.

Mrs. Cockle. Why rake for gems the ashes of the dead,

And see the living artist pine for bread.

Frank. Give,

While you live.

Heirs that find cash in corners,

Will, at your funeral, make right merry mourners.

THE END.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 155 393 8

