

THE  
LONDON HERMIT,  
OR,  
RAMBLES IN DORSETSHIRE,  
A  
COMEDY,  
AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE  
AT THE  
THEATRES ROYAL.

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By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

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AUTHOR OF

Tony Lumpkin in Town, The Son-in-law, The Dead Alive, Agreeable Surprise, Castle of Andalusia, Fontainebleau, or Our Way in France, The Positive Man, The Poor Soldier, Love in a Camp, or Patrick in Prussia, The Farmer, The Young Quaker, Beggar on Horseback, Peeping Tom, The Prisoner at Large, The Toy, or Hampton Court Frolics, Wild Oats, or the Strolling Gentlemen, Little Hunchback, The Siege of Curzola, Modern Antiques, or the Merry Mourners, The Highland Reel, Birth-Day, or Prince of Arragon, Sprigs of Laurels, Life's Vagaries, Irish Mimic, or Blunders at Brighton, &c.

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FIFTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BARKER, *Dramatic Repository*, Russell-Court,  
Drury-Lane. 1798. [Pr. 1s 6d]

*Where the following Pieces by Mr. O'Keefe are published :*

Life's Vagaries. -- Irish Mimic. --- Little Hunchback. --- Birth-Day. ---  
Oatlands, an Ode. --- Tony Lumpkin in Town.

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# DEDICATION.

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TO THE  
REV. ——— BALL, OF WINFRITH,  
NEAR WEYMOUTH.

DEAR SIR,

When I rambled into Dorsetshire in the summer of 1791, my only introduction to your acquaintance was your own frank affability, and my sole recommendation to your hospitable roof, that I was a stranger. By your good-natured politeness, my mind was cheered in the solitudes of Lulworth, and by your many friendly and kind offices I was furnished with information in a place where all was novelty, though my first charm there was the certainty of what I had supposed to be common in England, a pious and benevolent clergyman; and though I could, previous to my visits at Winfrith, boast the honour of having stood before the great gates of a bishop's palace; yet, for the comforts I there enjoyed in the little parlour of a country parsonage-house, accept this trifling testimony of well-remembered goodness to,

DEAR SIR,

Your highly honoured,  
and much obliged servant,  
J. O'KEEFFE.

BROMPTON,  
July 13, 1793.



# PROLOGUE.

*Written by* GEORGE COLMAN, *Jun. Esq.*

*Spoken by* Mr. BARRYMORE.

Dread censors! by whose nod we sink or rise!  
Be merry, pray, to-night, and not too wise!  
Our bard will smile at the strict critic rule,  
He had his learning in a laughing—school  
Order, and ancient laws, he dares neglect,  
And rather would be pleasant, than correct,  
Nay, spite of all grave classical communities,  
Wou'd sooner make you laugh than keep the unities.  
Mirth is his aim—and critics! we implore you,  
Relax, while our light scenes we lay before you!  
Good humour to the countenance adds graces,  
Unbend the iron muscles of your faces!  
Lay acid wisdom by, think mirth no sin,  
Throw your sour dignity aside,—and grin!  
Yet tho' we laugh we wou'd not quit the grounds  
Where sportive nature marks her ample bounds  
Various her range! calm, gay, then in the vapours—  
*We* catch the goddess while she's cutting capers.  
To prove that we have caught her in the act,  
Our Hermitage is built upon *a fact*.  
If, then, the drama's frolic pencil draws }  
A frolic fact—away with critic laws! }  
And grant the sketcher's fancy your applause! }  
Oft has he drawn before—this shop is full  
With touches from his hand, and none thought dull,  
Should this, to-night, seem vapid to your eyes,  
'Twould prove a *Dis Agreeable Surprise*—

Oh! think on his collection now in store,  
And smile on him, on whom you smil'd before!



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## *MEN.*

WHIMMY,	Mr. SUETT.
OLD PRANKS,	Mr. AICKIN.
YOUNG PRANKS,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
PEREGRINE,	Mr. EVATT.
APATHY,	Mr. BLAND.
POZ,	Mr. BARRETT.
BITE,	Mr. COOKE.
NATTY MAGGS,	Mr. PALMER, Jun.
BARLEYCORN,	Mr. BENSON.
TULLY,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
SKIP,	Mr. ABBOT.
BAREBONES,	Mr. WEWITZER.
TOBY THATCH,	Mr. PARSONS.
CARTER,	Mr. BURTON.
JOHN GRUM,	Mr. ALFRED.
POST BOY,	Mr. CORNERFORD.
JOHN,	Mr. LYONS.
COACHMAN,	Mr. LEDGER.

## *WOMEN.*

DIAN,	Miss HEARD.
Mrs. MAGGS,	Mrs. WEBB.
KITTY BARLEYCORN,	Mrs. KEMBLE.
FISHWOMAN,	Mrs. POWELL.
LADIES,	{ Mrs. CUYLER.
	{ Mrs. HALE.

SCENE, DORSETSHIRE.

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THE  
LONDON HERMIT,  
OR  
*RAMBLES in DORSETSHIRE.*

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ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before a Country Inn and great Gates leading to  
Whimmy's House.*

*Enter* BARLEYCORN, *(from the Inn.)*

BARLEYCORN.

Toby, Toby Thatch! what dost stand gaping about there?

*Enter* TOBY.

Been up hill to look towards great road.

BARLEYCORN.

Any carriages coming?

TOBY.

Fine coach and four horses—a high thing—O me! chay—a pheaton (I think they call it)—and a whiskey-me-gig.

BARLEYCORN.

And there's a boat full of company just put in at the cove, all to see 'Squire Whimmy's improvements—Then there's our poney-race. Dang my buttons, we shall have a house full to-day. What a donkey was I to let that daughter of mine go gadding to Blandford. Company flocking,—and my child, that ought to have my interest at heart, when she shou'd be preparing entertainment for the guests, mayhap, she's now gawking, over a race-course.

TOBY.

And all the business left upon I.

BARLEYCORN.

Always grumbling, you idle rascal.

TOBY.

Well, I've more trades than the best idle rascal in all England. I'm waiter and attend the company, as ostler I wait on horses; I paints the names on the smugglers' boats; I plays the fiddle at church; I'm a tight locksmith; I'm a bit'n a parish constable; and for walking on messages to Weymouth, Blandford, Corfe, Poole, or Wareham, I'm allow'd to be as smart a footpad as any in the county of Dorset. [*Laughing without.*] There's the 'Squire's sarvants within, ha! ha! ha!—they've rare stingo at home, and yet come drinking our taplash. I'll go sarve 'em. (*Going.*)——but there's their master come upon 'em;—he's in a mortish fury with som'at.

BARLEYCORN.

Dang my buttons! This daughter of mine not come yet, and here the house now chuck full.

TOBY.

I'll run and see; for I warrants Kitty will bring home some fine ballads.

BARLEYCORN.

Our subscription's not full to buy the silver cup; and the folks are already gaping for the race. Take you the paper about and ax what the company will give towards it.

TOBY.

I wool.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* WHIMMY, (*in a rage.*)

WHIMMY.

You, sirrah! did I not build this inn here for you at the very entrance of my improvements? Did not I put you and your family into it, and an't you getting money here as if you coin'd it? Is it not a bean-garden that I've turn'd you into; and an't you fattening in it, like a base ungrateful great boar as you are?

BARLEYCORN.

Great boar! I don't understand what your honour would be at.

WHIMMY.

Here, on the very day I have proppriated to oblige the world of taste and fashion, by showing them my house, pictures, gardens, and improvements, you must fix your damn'd twopenny poney-race.

BARLEYCORN.

I did it to draw company to the village.

WHIMMY.

Yes, to your own paltry alehouse, you sordid, rascal!

BARLEYCORN.

Improvements!—Who'd come to view your improvements, Sir, if they wa'n't sure of a good dinner from me? If they can eat marvel and drink water, they may feast upon your improvements; but after all their eye-gluttony in your gardens, their palates are ready enough for a Scotch-collop at the Red Lion. Here, you Toby, why don't you mind the company. (*Calling off.*) Dang my buttons!—Landlord—Big boar—Pay his rent.

[*Exit muttering.*]

WHIMMY.

Here's plebeian gratitude!—Oh! plague of the fingers that sign'd you a seven years lease.

OLD PRANKS *without.*

No, no,—I'll walk up to Whimmy's—Oh! why he's here—How d'ye do, Dick?—Found you out, eh!

WHIMMY.

My name is Richard.—What! the friend of my youth, Billy Pranks.—(*Aside.*) Now shall I be twitted with former favours; and I don't like that.

OLD PRANKS.

So, you've pick'd up the mocusses in the Indies! Pack'd up, came over.—Never look'd after me.

WHIMMY.

I ask'd every body after you.

OLD PRANKS.

What! I suppose you ask'd King Charles at Charing-Cross;—Nobody about 'Change could tell of William Pranks, the banker, of Lombard-street.—You hound, I was your friend when you hadn't another; but now you don't want one——

WHIMMY.

Hound, what's the matter with you? Wou'd you have me advertise or send the bellman about to cry you?

OLD PRANKS.

You're most plaguily alter'd for the worse. Well, I've been told all about you.

WHIMMY.

Then, as you have heard I've hopes of a peerage; you might be a little more respectful, Billy.

OLD PRANKS.

If you want to have more respect than another man, be better than another man; for your being call'd a lord, can neither give you a wise head or a good heart. How's your daughter? fine girl, I hear; wonder'd at it, when I thought of your phiz.

WHIMMY.

You are as civil as ever.

OLD PRANKS.

You shall give her to my nephew, the greatest rogue in England.

WHIMMY.

Why there may be finer girls than my daughter, yet I think she's too good for a rogue.

OLD PRANKS.

Where did you make your fortune?

WHIMMY.

You know in the Indies to be sure. (*Aside.*) If I had millions this fellow still overawes me, that I'm a mere mouse before him.

OLD PRANKS.

I scorn to remind you;—you owe all that fortune to me.

WHIMMY, (*aside.*)

'Twill be long enough before I repay you.

OLD PRANKS.

Only think of all the good things I've done for you. Didn't I suffer you to write for me from six in the morning to seven at night; lock'd you up, and fed you upon bread and cheese, to sharpen your industry upon the grindstone of necessity.

WHIMMY.

Yes; you did keep my nose to the grindstone.

OLD PRANKS.

Wasn't it I got you out to Bombay in a respectable line of a guinea-pig? Didn't I procure the letters to the Governor and general officers? Didn't I write myself, "This young man, the bearer, is a prudent lad, that will do all your dirty work?"

WHIMMY.

Certainly, your letter did me great honour.

OLD PRANKS.

Didn't you derive all your interest from a pamphlet that I wrote, and gave you the credit of, tho' I thought 'twou'd bring the author to the pillory?

WHIMMY.

I acknowledge all your goodness.

OLD PRANKS.

Then give your daughter to my nephew; they shall have every penny I'm worth when I die.

WHIMMY.

Aye; but there's danger of your living a great while, Billy.

OLD PRANKS.

What! are you afraid of it, you golden calf?

WHIMMY.

Where is your nephew?

OLD PRANKS.

Was in the Temple; is now in the King's Bench; he doesn't know it, but it's I that keep him there, to make him, from a dread of confinement, avoid running in debt. Shan't give him two sixpences unless he marries your daughter.

WHIMMY.

Aye; but I've promis'd her to a good young man in the neighbourhood here, who has made the tour of Europe. Ah! Mr. Peregrine brought home taste enough to lay out my gardens, dispose my statues, and make yon spot the seat of virtù and elegance.

OLD PRANKS, (*aside.*)

Got his money like a knave, and now gives it away like a fool.

WHIMMY.

Not half an hour since I actually promis'd Mr. Peregrine that he shou'd marry her to-morrow.

OLD PRANKS.

But, don't you recollect a prior promise to me? Didn't you engage if you ever made a fortune and had a child, my next a-kin shou'd have both?

WHIMMY.

Aye; but Peregrine will shoot me if I break my word to him.

OLD PRANKS.

Break it with me, and I'll cut your wizen.

WHIMMY.

Oh dear! I'm brought into this dilemma by my bad memory. Hark ye, Billy, I'll make Peregrine wait, on pretext that his constancy must be tried.—Yes, I'll send him to travel again for a seven years.

OLD PRANKS.

Instead of marriage, let him go to-morrow.

WHIMMY.

Aye; but on his return he'll claim my promise.

OLD PRANKS.

Pshaw!—his back turn'd, my nephew will be here;—I've already sent for him; Tom's a sprightly blade, monstrous wicked tho'.—This the entrance to your grounds?

WHIMMY.

Yes, I've transported Italy into England.

OLD PRANKS.

Italy!

WHIMMY.

Here you'll see gardens.

OLD PRANKS.

I've a garden at Brixton Causeway.

WHIMMY.

Such bananas—

OLD PRANKS.

What! do they boil better with a bit of corn'd beef than a summer cabbage?

WHIMMY.

Cabbage! My hot-house!—half a dozen such peaches last Christmas! upon a sum up, the rearing will cost me two guineas a piece.

OLD PRANKS.

For whose eating?

WHIMMY.

My own, to be sure.

OLD PRANKS.

Old Nick jump after them; swallow in a minute what would have kept a whole family for a twelve-month.

WHIMMY.

Wer'n't they my own?

OLD PRANKS.

Superfluities are not our own, whilst the poor want common necessaries. When do you dine?

WHIMMY.

Not till to-morrow, because I resign my house and improvements to-day to the admiration of a wondering public; but you shall sup with me, my friend.

OLD PRANKS.



Thank ye.

*Enter* BARLEYCORN.

BARLEYCORN.

Sir, Parson Jack be making collections for the poor sufferers that was burnt out there at Minehead. He has sent the paper here, to put down your worship's name for a trifle.

WHIMMY.

I wish Parson Jack would mind the business of his own parish; what have we to do with the poor of another county?

OLD PRANKS.

Hark ye, Dick Whimmy, in the hour of calamity, the unhappy of every country are our fellow-citizens (*gives money*.) Put that down.

BARLEYCORN.

Your name, Sir?

OLD PRANKS.

Never mind my name.—If I can do any good, I don't want to blow a trumpet about it.

WHIMMY.

Eh? well, as it's a charity, I'll give—

BARLEYCORN.

How much?

WHIMMY.

I'll give them—As I love to be modest, put down plain Dick Whimmy, one pound one.

BARLEYCORN.

I'll give it myself, and dang me if your shabby name shall disgrace our parish paper.

*[Exit.*

OLD PRANKS.

That fellow has a soul.

WHIMMY.

There's a saucy villain.

OLD PRANKS.

Yes; but Dick, a sordid mind sinks a man into contempt, though master of millions.

WHIMMY.

I desire, Billy, not to hear disagreeable things: will you come up with me now?

OLD PRANKS.

I'll throw on a shirt.

WHIMMY.

Well, you'll excuse me till supper,—I must give Tully, my gardener, his lesson,—and—no hermit got yet! Look! I've advertised for a man to sit dressed up as a hermit in the hermitage of my gardens.

OLD PRANKS.

Dick, have a good supper; remember old times.

WHIMMY.

Yes, I shall never forget bread and cheese.

[*Exit.*

OLD PRANKS.

Invites every body to see his gardens, and then the shy churl sneak out of the way. Tell me of carvings and paintings! I say the best part of a gentleman's house is his kitchen and wine cellar.

*Enter* TOBY.

TOBY.

Shall your horse have any oats, Sir?

OLD PRANKS.

Yes, Sir; but if you please, Sir, I'll see him eat them myself, Sir; for if the poor beast is cheated, he can't even summons us to a court of conscience.

[*Exit.*

TOBY.

Stand to look at a horse eating corn! Ecod then you must be main fond of seeing other folks at dinner.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* YOUNG PRANKS, *and* KITTY BARLEYCORN *in a genteel travelling dress.*

YOUNG PRANKS

Have you forgot any thing in the chaise, Ma'am?

KITTY.

Oh dear! yes, (*searching her pockets.*)

*Enter* POST BOY.

BOY.

You dropt this.

[*Exit.*

KITTY.

Oh Lord! my book of ballads that I bought at Blandford.

YOUNG PRANKS

A divine girl!—but what the devil does she want with a book of ballads? (*aside*)  
—Really Miss don't you go any farther?

KITTY.

Why no, Sir.—Lud I hope he won't find out that my father keeps this inn here,  
(*aside.*)—Sir, I wait here, and expect my friends to send a servant and a horse for  
me.

YOUNG PRANKS

Oho! then you're fond of riding, I presume, Miss?

KITTY.

Oh, yes, Sir, with a pillion.

YOUNG PRANKS

Oh!—behind a——Heavens! that I was the happy servant to ride before you.

KITTY.

Cou'dn't expect a gentleman like you, Sir.—Dear, I'm afraid my father or Toby  
will come out to expose me, (*aside.*) Then, Sir, you're going on to Weymouth?

YOUNG PRANKS

Yes, Ma'am, my feet, head, body, and hands, but my soul remains at—What's  
the name of this village, Miss?

KITTY.

I really don't know, Sir,—though I was born in it, (*aside.*)

YOUNG PRANKS

I wonder, do we change horses here, or get another chaise?

KITTY.

I fancy, Sir, you change the carriage.—Lud! I wish it was ready, and he'd go off, though when he's gone, I shall be indeed unhappy, (*aside.*)

YOUNG PRANKS

Miss, won't you take some refreshment? we'd best—step in.—Permit me the honour of accompanying you.

KITTY.

(*Aside.*) Oh dear! then he finds out who I am, and will despise me.—Why no, Sir—my grand papa's servant may be now waiting, and he's a very cross crusty grumps, if he'd see a gentleman with me.

YOUNG PRANKS

Eh! what's going forward yonder up the hill? a race here, I believe.

KITTY.

Oh! yes, Sir, for the silver cup.—Dear! what a fine thing 'twou'd be for father to win it. Our parlour customers love to drink out of silver.

YOUNG PRANKS

Customers!

KITTY.

(*Aside, and confused.*) Oh, Lud!—I mean, Sir—my papa—likes a race. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

YOUNG PRANKS

Madam, (*they part with great ceremony and tenderness.*)

[*Exit Kitty into the house.*]

YOUNG PRANKS

Oh, by Heavens! she's a cherubim! a good fortune, I dare say—thinks me rolling in gold. Ah! she'll be in all the fashionable blaze of Weymouth, and shou'd I see her, I must sneak out of the way with my empty pockets.

*Enter* PEREGRINE.

PEREGRINE.

I was right enough—'tis Tom Pranks.

YOUNG PRANKS.

What! my worthy Cambridge Johnian, George Peregrine? ah! how d'ye do?

PEREGRINE.

Ah! but Tom, what has brought you here? what are you on?

YOUNG PRANKS.

I'm on air, fire—Are you on a visit down here?

PEREGRINE.

Visit! no, at home; I've a sort of little lodge hard by, at which I shall be very happy to see you; but, come, what brought you down here? To see Mr. Whimmy's gardens!

YOUNG PRANKS.

Whimmy! who's he? You can't conceive what a variety of high—low—jack—and game, since the morning we parted at the Shakespeare, you in a post-chaise for Dover. I in a phaeton for Newmarket, just run a horse at Blandford—lost—best of the fun, I'm at this moment a prisoner in the King's Bench.

PEREGRINE.

A prisoner in the King's Bench, and 122 miles from town? Why, Tom, you've skipk'd out of bounds indeed! Come, how?

YOUNG PRANKS.

Why you may suppose, George, that my expences far exceeded my uncle's allowance—thought to help out by a lucky hit now and then, so bought a blood mare, had her put in training, then entered for the plate at Blandford—a beautiful thing—the crack of the course—but before the meeting, a few positive mechanical rascals thrust me into the King's Bench—must go to Blandford though, so procured the rules, and in hopes the turf could bring me in money enough to pay my debts, off I spank'd for Dorsetshire, and, spite of informers, appeared on the course. The opinion seemed all in favour of my mare; but, like a cursed green-horn, I withdrew her from the plate, and made a by-match to run her against Lord Skelter's sour-croust, to ride ourselves—but after the first round, my infernal groom told me I carried too much weight, flung part away, came in first; but my Lord insisting on our being again weighed, I was too light by a pound and an half, so that though I won, I lost the race; two hundred to my Lord; in short, every guinea of a full five hundred

that an honest methodist preacher, my landlord in the rules, raised to equip me for the expedition.

PEREGRINE.

Ah, Tom! I thought when you and I were at Cambridge together, your scampers to Newmarket would turn to this at last.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Certainly it's life, my boy.—You were always a dead fag, and I was a blood. You know I never could prevail on you, even then, to make one of our toxophilite club.

PEREGRINE.

But where are you going now?

YOUNG PRANKS.

Can you tell me? Dem'me if I can tell *you*.—Sir, I was distressed—distracted—I

PEREGRINE.

Ay! but Tom, your mare,—as she won—

YOUNG PRANKS.

She's gone; sold her for five hundred—went to dinner, tuck'd three bottles under my girdle—hopp'd off as steady as old time to the assembly, laugh'd at the minuets—tol lol, (*mimicks*) adjourned to a snug hazard party—lost every face—roll'd into the street at eight in the morning—saw a carriage at the Greyhound door—pretty girl all alone—finding it was a return chaise, stept in without knowing whither bound—had a most delectable chat—a lovely creature—single—hither we've come—she's there—I'm here—she's an angel with a great fortune—I'm a dog without the price of a collar.

PEREGRINE.

Ha! ha! ha! Well this is a most curious detail of your adventures. Tom you hav'n't heard, perhaps, I'm going to be married to the heiress of the Castle yonder?

YOUNG PRANKS.

Indeed! this is your muzzing for a fellowship.

PEREGRINE.

But won't you return to the King's Bench?

YOUNG PRANKS.

No! can't do that; they'd never let me out again.

PEREGRINE.

Yes; but if you're found out here, it will be worse: what will you do?

YOUNG PRANKS.

What will I do? Damn it, you're always putting me to the mathematics: fling by your Euclid, and you tell me what I shall do.

PEREGRINE.

Ha! ha! ha! the very thing for you, Tom, ha! ha! ha!

YOUNG PRANKS.

Plague of your sneer; what are you at?

PEREGRINE.

Read that paper.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Paper! what's this? (*reads an advertisement which is posted up against the sign post.*) "A liberal offer.—A person wanted to sit dressed as a hermit in the hermitage of very capital gardens: on condition of his attendance for seven years, he will be entitled to a gratuity of two thousand pounds, and three hundred a year for the remainder of his life.—For particulars inquire within."—Eh! what's all this about? Hermit!

PEREGRINE.

Tom, why suppose you apply for this.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Me! what I turn hermit?—Pooh, nonsense! a high go, faith.

PEREGRINE.

Will your uncle pay your debts?

YOUNG PRANKS.

He! I've got a hint 'twas he threw me into prison.—No! never shall I touch an ounce of his.

PEREGRINE.

A couple of thousands—three hundred a year for life!

YOUNG PRANKS.

Oh! but how wou'd it tell among one's friends? mine are all bloods, my dear.

PEREGRINE.

While you can keep pace with them in flash and expence: but drove into a corner by sickness or poverty, there they leave you.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Three hundred a year—

PEREGRINE.

If you think it an object, I'll answer for your getting the situation.

YOUNG PRANKS.

What else can I do? for when I came into this village, I didn't know which way to turn my face; back to London I cannot go; I'll have it—two thousand! three hundred a year! I'll have it. Tol, lol.

PEREGRINE.

No, but stop—can I believe that you'd continue seven years?

YOUNG PRANKS.

Seven thousand! Be independent of uncle—dress'd up in a gown and long beard, dam'me, I'll be a fine old bald-headed buck—besides the change of person, if the marshal should send constables down here after me—the very thing!

PEREGRINE.

Stop in the house a few minutes and I'll acquaint Mr. Whimmy.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Do, tell him I'll be a hermit, a pilgrim. (*Sings.*)

In pittance for past folly,  
A Pilgrim blythe and jolly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Young Pranks goes into the house.*]



SCENE II. *A Room in the Inn.*

*Enter* BARLEYCORN.

BARLEYCORN.

Oh! the gentlefolks that came from Weymouth by water; they seem to have got a sousing.

POZ *without*.

POZ.

All your fault, Bite.

BITE (*without*.) Mine! 'twas your's, Mr. Poz.

*Enter* POZ and BITE.

POZ.

You know you wou'dn't let the sail be up.

BITE.

If it had we shou'd have tipp'd over, been knock'd against Durdle Door rock, as they call it.

POZ.

I know better; we shou'd ha' skim'd like a swallow—boxing about three hours in dabbling oars.

BITE.

I wish we had dinner; I'm proud to say I'm quite peckish.

POZ.

Ay! you peck'd all the way at the ham and cold fowls.

BITE.

We were so blown about—the wind sharpens one's appetite.

POZ.

I know better—we came upon a party of pleasure, and had nothing but crosses and wrangling. Keep your temper like Mr. Apathy yonder.

BITE.

Aye! because Mr. Apathy's a man of fashion, his absent insipidity is thought

agreeable.

*Enter* APATHY *and* LADIES.

FIRST LADY.

Water excursion! horrid!

APATHY.

And this is a party of pleasure, (*yawns.*)

FIRST LADY.

Some vulgar club-room, I suppose.

BITE.

This the president's chair?

POZ.

Aye, it just suits a fat beadle.

APATHY.

So it does. Will you please to sit, Ma'am, (*hands it to First Lady.*)

FIRST LADY.

Offer me a great chair, indeed.

*Enter* KITTY.

KITTY.

Oh! that dear sweet gentleman—from his having such fine running horses, he must be certainly some great squire. Heigh ho! (*sits in the great chair.*)

FIRST LADY.

Pray do you know this young lady?

BITE.

Miss, will you take a glass of negus?

BARLEYCORN.

I ax pardon. Miss, will you be kind enough to go boil the lobsters for the company? Dang my buttons, this is letting you go to Blandford races—I'll buy riding habits and feather'd hats for you—go put on your mob-cap and white apron—there's the keys—get along.

KITTY.

I shall, father; don't be angry. As that charming gentleman doesn't see me in this mean situation, I don't care what any body else thinks of me; but he's far off by this, (*aside.*) What wou'd you please to have, ladies?—Father, I hope the gentlemen haven't been long waiting. Here, Toby. I'll look to every thing myself, father; don't make yourself uneasy.

[*Exit.*]

FIRST LADY.

Oh! then, good man, that is your daughter?

BARLEYCORN.

Yes, Ma'am, that is my daughter.

FIRST LADY.

You shou'dn't suffer her to give herself such airs before people.

BARLEYCORN.

True, Ma'am, that's all along of an aunt of her mother's—leaving her a little budget of money—makes the saucy slut independent of me.

*Enter* YOUNG PRANKS.

YOUNG PRANKS

I ask pardon, I fear I intrude?

POZ.

Oh! no, Sir, we dine in this room; but we were just on the wing to see the gardens, come.

*Enter* FISHWOMAN.

FISHWOMAN.

Master, I be's poor woman, brings fish to Blandford; Mrs. Pooley, at the Greyhound, sends you this, you had forgot there, (*giving a small portmanteau.*)

YOUNG PRANKS.

Yes, faith, here's my jockey dress—there you beauty (*gives money.*)

[*Exit woman.*]

*Enter* TOBY.

TOBY.

If one of you gentlefolks be called Lawyer Poz, and be come from London to

breed disturbances, there's a mon would talk with you.

POZ.

Any man that talks to me, must pay for my talk to him. Where?

[*Exit, Toby follows.*]

YOUNG PRANKS.

Landlord, I have now seen since I came here two such females, one, the finest woman in the world—and—

FIRST LADY.

Sir, you should always except the present company.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Madam, I ask pardon—and the other the most ordinary I ever saw, except the present company, (*bows.*)

APATHY.

I like a party of pleasure, come Madam. (*Takes Barleycorn by the hand.*)

[*Exeunt all but Young Pranks.*]

YOUNG PRANKS.

Yes, I recollect this Attorney Poz, and a very litigious scoundrel he is too. Eh! they sell wine in our ale-house—waiter! (*rings*)—the charming young lady by this is with her friends.

*Enter KITTY, (in a plain dress, with a bowl in her hand.)*

KITTY.

Did you please to call? this brandy and water for you, Sir?—Oh, Lord! I shall sink with shame, (*aside.*)

YOUNG PRANKS.

My dear, if you please to get me—Eh! why 'tis certainly she? could she have so much deception? but I'll not distress her, (*aside.*)

KITTY, (*confused.*)

Sir, I—I—the—the waiter—shall bring—you what—you want.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Poor thing! I feel her confusion from my soul, (*aside*) I—do, Miss—Ma'am—my dear—I—I—dam'me but I'm as much confused as herself! I—hem!—I rang the

bell.

KITTY.

Yes, Sir—you call'd—I thought you call'd—you wanted—

YOUNG PRANKS.

Yes, my dear, I wanted—that is it.—Curse me if I know what I wanted, (*aside*). Her modesty gives me some hope that this may have been the first little art she was ever guilty of.

KITTY.

Toby! bring the gentleman the—the—Sir, you shall have it presently.

*[Exit with emotion.]*

YOUNG PRANKS.

You most delicate piece of artful loveliness!—now is she the maid or daughter of the Red Lion? the daughter she must be. Oh! ho! now I see her wish for the silver cup—dam'me I wish I cou'd win it for her. I've my jockey dress here ready (*puts his hand on the valise,*) and wou'd ride, but a horse is necessary. This lovely impostor—such a fair cheat! old Grumps waiting to bring her to grandpappa! a very good offer that, faith, ha! ha! ha! Oh! this has clinch'd it. I'll turn hermit for one-and-twenty years, if only to be near this beautiful hypocrite.

*Enter SKIP.*

SKIP.

Sir, I believe you are the gentleman—Mr. Peregrine's compliments, would be glad to see you up at my master's.

*[Exit.]*

YOUNG PRANKS.

Very well, Sir! I've a mind to ring the bell again for another look at this charming girl—girl! true, I'm a hermit.

“In pennance for past folly,  
A pilgrim blythe and jolly.”

*[Exit singing.]*

END OF ACT I.

# ACT II.

## SCENE I. *Before the Inn.*

*Enter from it* TOBY *and* POZ.

POZ.

Well, where is this man?

TOBY, (*looking about.*)

He's not in the road, nor he's not in the house, nor he's not in the stable, nor he's not in—

POZ.

Zounds! I don't want to know where he is *not*—where is he?

TOBY.

Here be the very mon.

POZ, (*looking out.*)

Eh! what Ham Barebones, the Methodist preacher, informer, pedlar, money-lender, broker, old-cloaths-man, in the way of my profession a most choice friend; the conversation between him and I won't admit of a third person. (*To Toby*) Has your master no call for you? but you must stand grinning here.

TOBY.

Yes, Sir, I've the knives to rub, and dinner-tables to set out; but I'll be in the way, for I know when a lawyer comes down here amongst us, he soon cuts out work for the constable.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* BAREBONES.

POZ.

Ah! Master Barebones, so far from London, how dost do?

BAREBONES.

Lives—as much as honest folks can do now-a-days.

POZ.

I know better, my old friend; you'll live where an honest man will starve.

BAREBONES, (*canting.*)

When I was a coal-heaver, my face was a black angel, but my inward man was as white as a white wall that is white.

POZ.

Plague o' your canting to me! any business? Come, to it.

BAREBONES.

I am a tender Christian, and with my money I did relieve the poor by lending it them.

POZ.

On good interest.

BAREBONES.

I did take care of myself; I did lend five hundred pounds to a young Muster Pranks.

POZ.

What! are you telling me this? Wasn't it I that threw him into the King's Bench for you?

BAREBONES.

As he received the money by a third hand, not knowing I was the creditor, when he got the rules he did take lodgings in my house in St. George's Fields; I did advise him to run away, he did; then I did tell the Marshal.

POZ.

But I suppose, as you knew where he went, you'll try to re-take him for the reward.

BAREBONES.

I'll do that thing. 'Twas to run a horse at Blandford races that made him run from his bail. Don't you know him?

POZ.

No! when I send a man to quod, 'tis enough for me if my bailiff knows him. Lucky for you finding me here; I come down to Weymouth on business; as I shall charge my client three guineas a day for my travelling expences, I thought I might as

well give my wife a little country air and a sea-dip—left her behind, ill at Weymouth, when I came upon this water excursion to see Mr. Whimmy's improvements. Barebones, I'm in genteel company, so don't seem to know me—Oh! yonder I see they're going into the gardens; you and I will talk over this affair.

BAREBONES.

You are encompassed with the wicked—I am moved by the spirit.

*[Exit Barebones as in ejaculation.]*

POZ.

Ha! ha! sanctified muns and rogue's heart.

*[Exit.]*



SCENE II. *A magnificent Garden, with Statues, Fountains, &c.*

*Enter WHIMMY, (repeating with great exultation)*

“I build, I plant whatever I intend,  
I rear the column, and the arch I bend,  
I swell the terrace, or I sink the grot,  
My taste refined”——

The company flocking in already to see my gardens; that tough old bully Pranks won't even pay me the compliment. I must have a good supper for him tho', or he'll do nothing but quarrel—give orders to Mrs. Maggs, my housekeeper, about it. Oh! here she is. Since I set her to show my house and pictures, it has given her such a consequential—all talk herself, but never listens to any body else, always dinning in my ears the grandeur of the last people she lived with; nothing but the family of the Olmondles.

*Enter Mrs. MAGGS.*

WHIMMY.

Mrs. Maggs, you must—

MRS. MAGGS.

Well, Sir, I know that very well.

WHIMMY.

What, before I tell you! a gentleman sups with me to-night.

MRS. MAGGS.

Well, Sir, I know a gentleman sups with you.

WHIMMY.

Ay! you know now I tell you; and I'll have—

MRS. MAGGS.

Well, Sir, I know what you'd have.

WHIMMY.

Before I tell you! I must be sure have a brill and variety of other fish.

MRS. MAGGS.

Well, I know you must have a brill, and variety of other fish.

WHIMMY.

Certainly you know when I tell you. Besides all other wines, as my friend is a London soaker, have some of my oldest port, some bottled porter, and a pipe.

MRS. MAGGS.

Well, I know you must have bottled porter and pipe of port.

WHIMMY.

Now you know nothing at all about it—go along.

MRS. MAGGS.

Ah! when I lived with Squire Olmondle, he never bid me go along.

WHIMMY.

Stupid wise fool!

MRS. MAGGS.

Ah! the Olmondles! that was the genteel family that knew how to treat a housekeeper like a gentlewoman.

WHIMMY.

Damn the Olmondles! I detest the very name; it grates my ear like cutting of cork—a teasing ninny! you know all, won't let any body else know any thing, and after all know nothing at all. Mrs. Maggs, step and bring me word.

MRS. MAGGS.

Certainly, Sir, I'll bring you word—(*going.*)

WHIMMY.

Of what now? See if the young man, the hermit that I hir'd—

MRS. MAGGS.

Well, Sir, I know that.

WHIMMY.

Ay! you know that and this—and after that, Mrs. Maggs, you must—

MRS. MAGGS.

Well, Sir, I will, you may depend upon it.

[*Exit.*]

WHIMMY.

Now what will she! never knew one of your profess'd, notable, clever women

worth a penny in a house, but to say all and do nothing. Where's my—Oh! Tully, my Irish gard'ner?

*Enter TULLY.*

Tully, have you placed my new hermit yet at his post?

TULLY.

Ay! faith, and he started for the post; for as I led him thro' the paddock yonder, up he jumps upon a little horse, and away he scampered as if the devil was before him, round the fish-pond.

WHIMMY.

My hermit galloping round a fish-pond! Tully, to-morrow you may go with the other servants to Wool Fair, but to-day you must brush up all your eloquence for your post of Ciceroni to describe the attic urbanity of my English Tusculum here. But mind, Tully, I command you not to take a penny from one of the company.

TULLY.

A penny! not I, Sir: but mayn't I take half-a-crown if they offer it?

WHIMMY.

No. Gentlemen suffering the public to pay their servants wages, and turning their own houses into a Sadlers Wells and a Royal Grove, is mean. I never paid for seeing pictures in palaces and grape vines in gardens, that I didn't blush for the disgrace thrown upon the dignity of the owner. Is the water party come that stopt at the Red Lion?

TULLY.

Yes, Sir. Mrs. Maggs is now showing them the house. Ah! she told them, that the picture of Mary Magdalen was Mrs. Molly Olmondle.

WHIMMY.

A most horrid—

TULLY.

Sir, don't fret about that woman; you know in the showing way I'll bring up your credit with a wet finger; Mrs. Maggs will insist that this is a pyramid—now pray, Sir, isn't it an *obstacle*? I must go and put on my Wednesday's fine suit of cloaths that you gave me to show the gardens in.—What country fellow's that stalking about the walks—only I'm in a hurry to dress myself, or by my soul I'd knock his head against the gateway.

WHIMMY.

Stop, Tully, pray remember the names and characters of the several antiques.

TULLY.

I'll tell 'em of your anticks.

[*Exit.*

WHIMMY.

Obsticle! my anticks! very ignorant this said Master Tully; I must watch how you go on with your description.—Poor Peregrine thinks he marries my daughter to-morrow, I've scarce the heart to kill him with the disappointment.—I shou'd like to come at the people's real opinion of my gardens and improvements.

*Enter a WAGGONER, (whistling and staring about.)*

WHIMMY.

Were you desired to walk in here?

WAGGONER.

Noa! 'twas my own fancy.

WHIMMY.

Why then it's my own fancy that you walk out again.

WAGGONER.

Ah! if I thought I cou'dn't do that I shou'dn't have comd in, I can tell thee.

WHIMMY.

What! keep your distance.

WAGGONER.

I wool; because, at the same time, you keep your's— (*A laughing without.*)

WHIMMY.

Oh! the company. I wish to hear how Mr. Tully performs his office of orator. If I could mix amongst them without being known—this clodpate's hat, wig, and frock, may do it—you've no objection to a draught of strong beer and a slice of beef?

WAGGONER.

Noa!

WHIMMY.

(*Mimicking.*) Noa! then come with me.

WAGGONER.

I wool.

WHIMMY, (*turns to look at him.*)

Doo! (*mimicking.*)

WAGGONER.

Yez.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter TULLY, in a suit of tarnished laced cloaths and a bag wig, with a small white rod in his hand, followed by BITE, POZ, APATHY, BAREBONES, and LADIES.*

TULLY.

Hem! my Lady, this is counted the finest place in all Ireland—England I mean.

BAREBONES.

Pagan vanity!

SECOND LADY.

What noise is this under ground?

TULLY.

My Lady, its the succedaneous river of black Tartary; it creeps over sticks and stones like an eel, hops like a trout, and then jumps like a salmon up the rocks yonder; then it sails away so gay into the sea like a maiden ray.

BAREBONES.

(*Apart to Poz.*) I've spoken with the post-chaise boy that did drive a gemman and the girl of the alehouse to the village here, and by the description it's young Mr. Pranks, the man ve vants.

POZ.

(*Apart.*) The parish constable is the waiter at the Red Lion, engage him to arrest—hem!

*Enter WHIMMY in a waggoner's frock, &c.*

WHIMMY.

I don't think they can know me—now I shall hear how my gard'ner performs his office, (*aside.*)

BITE.

What figure call you this? (*points to a statue.*)

TULLY.

Ay! you're a nice figure to come thrust your nose into the company of ladies and gentlemen, (*to Whimmy.*)

BITE.

No! I mean this.

TULLY.

That's Venus, the goddess of med'cine—a pretty employment I've got to throw away my roratory and knowledge to divart such dirty blackguards as you. (*to Whimmy*)—this is—

WHIMMY.

Apollo of Belvidere, (*apart.*)

TULLY.

Ay! that's Poll the bell-weather, that run after Daphne, and was kick'd out of heaven by Jove, (I'll be free) and so turn'd cow-boy to—

WHIMMY.

Shepherd to king Admetus, (*apart.*)

TULLY.

Ay! they'll all meet us; but who bid you put in your prate?

FIRST LADY.

Heavens! who is that?

TULLY.

That is—that is, (*confused*)—that is, my Lady—I don't know what it is myself, (*aside*)—Why, your Honour, it's not a watch-box, nor it's not a wheelbarrow, nor it's not a—

WHIMMY.

(*Whispering.*) Minerva—Pallas.

TULLY.

It's not a palace, or a cake-house—I wish you'd hold your gab—you made me say it was a watch-box just now—why it's marvle, it's all made of marvle.

SECOND LADY.

But the lady marvels who 'twas made for.

TULLY.

Oh! 'twas made for my master; he bought it from the stone-man.

POZ.

Is it like?—

TULLY.

I'm glad you like it.

FIRST LADY.

This I suppose is—

TULLY.

Not at all, my Lady, 'tis, 'tis—

WHIMMY.

(*Apart.*) Saturn eating his child—

TULLY.

Yes, Ma'am, 'tis the child eating citron—will you hold your prate, (*to Whimmy*)  
—this, gentlemen and ladies, is—

BAREBONES.

Idolatry!

TULLY.

What is it? Pooh! Now had not you best all teach me instead of I larning you!  
You see, your Honour, he has a flute in his mouth.

WHIMMY.

Such a damn'd Irish plough-ploy!

TULLY.

Ay! "The Irish plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea," that's the man.

POZ.

Curs'd stout fellow this, Who is he?

WHIMMY.

(*Apart.*) Hercules of Farnese.

TULLY.

It's not bare knees, but big knees and big legs,—that's the tir'd paver resting himself on his stone paving-stick.

WHIMMY.

Oh heavens! I've sent to Italy for a fine purpose, (*aside.*)

TULLY.

But I'm talking here by word of mouth, when I might say it all in reading, as I have it by heart from my describing-book—now I desire you'll hold your tongues, for if you talk, you'll put me out; please your Honour, hem! (*takes out a book and looks at it*) “These gar”—Oh! now I go on velvet; These gardens, which are now the admiration of the larn'd and curish, were once a barren flat, like Salisbury Plain, till Mr. Humphry Freak Whimmy, Esq. gave forty thousand pounds for the ould castle and lands, turn'd the course of the river through them, and with Roman taste and British, magnificence—

APATHY.

(*Advancing.*) Pray, friend, (*looking at his watch*) what o'clock is it?

TULLY, (*confused.*)

Roman—half an hour after one—two—Roman—two—Roman—breeches—hem!—breeches—British magnificence—the river—in the ould castle—ran!—round the lands. The curish—of Salisbury Plain. The devil's in this man, and his what o'clock is it? He's put me all out—so I must—my describing book. (*Takes out his book, wets his thumb, and turns over the leaves hastily, and vex'd.*) Bri-tish mag-ni-fi-ci—Oh! here it is. (*Looking and reading.*) Having first travell'd to see the ancient beauties of Italy, I-I-taly—I—(*Looks again.*) Italy, (*Puts the book behind his back.*) and selected with classical—Ah! ah! classical—Ah! damnation! (*Thrusts the book into his pocket.*) These gardens which are now the admiration of the larned and curish, were once a barren flat like Salisbury Plain, till Mr. Humphrey Freak—

APATHY.

Oh! my—Pray, my friend, does Mr. Freak take snuff?

TULLY.

Yes, blackguard—till Humphrey Freak Whimmy, Esquire—Humphrey, Esquire—Salisbury Street—pooh!—the Plain—larned and curish—river upon the ould castle—land turned—about—about—



FIRST LADY.

Why the orator's in a hobble.

TULLY.

Orator Hobble—oh! the devil take—I was sailing on like a young swan, till this fellow comes with his snuff-box. (*Very quick.*) These gardens, which are now the admiration of the larn'd and curish, were once a barren flat like Salisbury Plain, (*drops the book, stoops to pick it up*) till Humphrey Freak Whimmy, Esquire, gave forty thousand pounds for the ould castle, (*Apathy picks it up*) and lands round it. (*Looks at Apathy.*)

APATHY, (*opens and reads.*)

Turning to the left you wind through a most delicious shrubbery.

TULLY, (*confused.*)

Humphrey Freak—a barren flat. My master's a flat.

APATHY.

You reach the labyrinth. (*Reading.*)

TULLY.

Like Salisbury Plain.

APATHY.

So intricate that you're puzzled to get out. (*Reading.*)

TULLY.

I'm puzzled to get out—I'm out—Humphrey Whimmy—

WHIMMY.

Damn'd blockhead!

TULLY.

Is a damn'd blockhead.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

TULLY.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I don't wonder at your laughing at my master's nonsense in laying out so much money on the balderdash you see round about you

here. But, ladies and gentlemen, though my master's a fool, you'll remember my trouble, I hope. (*Stretching out his hand.*)

WHIMMY.

Not a farthing. (*Apart to him.*)

TULLY.

Why a didn't expect any thing from such an ill-looking beggarly whelp as you. Will you walk out of the grounds, if you please, Sir? The next thing you're to see is

---

WHIMMY.

An aviary and pheasantry.

TULLY.

Yes, my master's knavery and pleasantry. Then there is King Pluto's Tartary—then my master's Elysian Fields—then my master's hanging wood, where my master will hang himself, and then the hermitage.

WHIMMY.

If the new hermit's not ready, he'll disgrace me as much as my worthy gard'ner has done. (*Going.*) I must be sure.—

TULLY.

Oh! stop—you and your farthing. Pretty manners to walk out before the gentlemen and ladies, that know how to pay their money.

BAREBONES.

The spirit doth whisper, "Ham Barebones arise, and speak the word to thy deluded brethren."—Down, accursed Dagon. (*Pushes down a statue and stands upon the pedestal.*)

TULLY.

Why, then I suppose you think yourself a fine Roman bust. The devil's in your assurance to cock yourself up there! If you please, you'll walk down.

BAREBONES.

Brethren, I was a coal-heaver, but on the stony cage where I now stand, I have brought you some biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, and the sweet swallows of—

(*A sudden noise without of falling water.*)

TULLY.

Oh! the devil!—If what o'clock hasn't pull'd up a sluice. Half the garden will be overflowed; and we shall have the carp and tench dancing among the daises.

*[Exeunt hastily several ways.]*

SCENE II. *Another part of the Gardens, with the view of the Outside of an Hermitage.*

*Enter* KITTY BARLEYCORN.

KITTY.

The race is over, and I not see it. Since this dear gentleman is obligated to take a hermit's place, he can't be angry at my playing off the fine lady upon him——In there he sits.

*(Points at the hermitage.)*

*Enter at the side* YOUNG PRANKS *in a loose coat, with a silver cup.*

YOUNG PRANKS.

Huzza, my girl! the day is your's.

KITTY.

The gracious!—

YOUNG PRANKS.

Tully left me in the hermitage—slipt out again—flung off my gown, beard, and girdle—had my jockey-dress that I rode in at Blandford ready under it—the poney I found younder; had first try'd it though—spank up the hill—four poor jades ready to start—a village race—horse, mare, colt, or filly—I was enter'd—rode myself—won. Huzza the glorious prize is your's. *(Gives her the cup.)*

KITTY.

What a wild gentleman! Sir, don't think little of me for the fib I told you this morning.

YOUNG PRANKS.

No, my sweetest, when a man's heart is set in a flame by such a charming girl as you, it isn't a cup of tea that can extinguish it.

KITTY.

Wou'd you have a cup of tea, Sir?—la! Sir, you hav'n't din'd.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Oh! yes, my dear, I did—yesterday. *(Aside.)*

KITTY.

It's Mr. Whimmy's way not to allow the hermit any dinner on the day when the company's expected: but, ecod, you shan't fast while my father's house affords a dinner. (*Aside.*)—But, what did you come down here and turn hermit for?

YOUNG PRANKS.

For love of you, my dear—dying for you these five years.

KITTY.

Sure!

YOUNG PRANKS.

Never saw you before this morning. (*Aside.*)——(*Looking out.*) The very Lady I danc'd with at Blandford assembly!—My love, a gentleman comes yonder with whom I must talk politics. (*Kisses her.*)

KITTY.

The deuce is in you for a hermit.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* DIAN.

DIAN.

I—I with my father, with his other changes of humour, wou'd give up this fancy of resigning the house thus to strangers; people, one don't know who, every Wednesday here come stamping and staring about—even my dressing-room is not my own.

YOUNG PRANKS.

My charming angel, to meet you here!

DIAN.

Bless me, Sir, you!—I hope you're very well, Sir?

YOUNG PRANKS.

On a visit here?

DIAN.

No, Sir, this is my father's house.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Her father's house!—Oh! here may be another crusty old grumps. And hem! my dear, you love riding on a pillion, like Queen Elizabeth going in state.

DIAN.

Sir!

YOUNG PRANKS.

I mean—your parlour customers like to drink out of silver.

DIAN.

Parlour customers!—But the unexpected honour of seeing you here!

YOUNG PRANKS.

Merely for admission to you, my angel; I've hired as your father's hermit—dying for you ever since we parted—a fine creature—but demme, if I ever thought of you since. (*Aside.*)

DIAN.

I thought you then a rattler, and find I was right,—but don't tease me now with nonsense, for I'm really distress'd.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Eh! Peregrine's intended, distress'd! eh!—how? tell me—you may. Why, my dear Ma'am, I'm—you don't know, perhaps, that I'm your Peregrine's most intimate friend.

DIAN.

Was it, indeed, you I saw just now arm-in-arm with him?—Oh! then you don't know, perhaps, that my father, after giving his sanction to the addresses of a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, now suddenly changes his mind, and insists upon my marrying the nephew of some old friend of his.—Yonder's Peregrine, (*looking out*) he hasn't yet heard this unlucky news.

[*Exit hastily.*]

YOUNG PRANKS, (*whistles.*)

My friend, Peregrine's intended sposa; I had hopes, that if he got this lady and her fortune, he might tip me a thousand pounds, without a seven year's imprisonment in the old gentleman's hermitage; but borrowing money is throwing water upon the warm heart of friendship. (*Laughing without.*) 'Sdeath, the company!—I must now earn my annuity.—Heh! is that Kitty gliding through the bushes?—a most dear dangerous little Barleycorn this. Marriage is all out of sight, and, without it, to take all a simple young girl's innocence may bestow, would be, indeed, giving life in my breast to the worm that never dies.

*[Goes into the Hermitage.]*

SCENE III. *The Hermitage.*

*Enter* KITTY, *with meat and drink for* YOUNG PRANKS, *and knocks at the door.*

KITTY, (*singing.*)

“Fair Ellinor came to Lord Thomas’s bow’r,  
And pull’d so hard at the ring,”—

Are you within, Mr. Hermit?

*Enter* MRS. MAGGS.

MRS. MAGGS.

This poor hermit mus’n’t sit here, and have no dinner. My master has got so crusty with me of late, that I’m quite weary of looking after other people’s concerns; and as our young lady’s to be married to-morrow, this will be no place for me. If I cou’d get a man to my mind, I’d keep house for myself, and this handsome fellow is just to my liking.—Besides, my conceited son, Natty Maggs, is soon our of his time; he shall have a father to thrash him, when he gets saucy to me.

KITTY.

The hermit’s Wednesday allowance is roots and cold water, but—

“None so ready as Lord Thomas,  
To let fair Ellinor in.”

MRS. MAGGS.

What are you doing here, Kitty Barleycorn?

KITTY.

O Lord! Mrs. Maggs the housekeeper! Ma’am, I was going—

MRS. MAGGS.

I know you was going. Child, do you know the danger of a young woman like you, resorting to this lonely place, where this new-come hermit sits with his books, and his skull, and his cross bones? Do you know, Kitty, that this hermit may be a ramscallion?

KITTY.

Yes, Ma’am—to be sure, Ma’am—Thank ye, Ma’am—



MRS. MAGGS.

What have you got there?

KITTY.

A little eatables and a little drinkables.

MRS. MAGGS.

For this Mr. Tom?

KITTY.

Yes, Ma'am. (*Curtsies.*)

MRS. MAGGS.

Then you were now going to see him?

KITTY.

Yes, Ma'am. (*Curtsies.*)

MRS. MAGGS.

And you'd have heard some love nonsense from him?

KITTY.

Yes, Ma'am. (*Curtsies.*)

MRS. MAGGS.

And you think me very impertinent for interrupting you?

KITTY.

Yes, Ma'am. (*Curtsies.*)

MRS. MAGGS.

Child, take example from me—Do you think I'd sit there alone, to eat and drink with any strange hermit?

KITTY.

Yes, Ma'am. (*Curtsies.*)

*Enter JOHN, with a Tray of covered Dishes.*

JOHN.

Mrs. Maggs, here, I've brought the dinner.

MRS. MAGGS.

What dinner?—Go along! (*Apart, confused.*)

JOHN.

Why, the roast fowl for you and the hermit, as you ordered me.

[*Exit.*

KITTY, (*mimicking.*)

Child, do you know the danger of a young woman, like you, going into this lonely place? Do you know, Mrs. Maggs, that this hermit may be a ramsclion?—Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit.*

TULLY, (*without.*)

Now, if you please, your honour, don't walk upon the grass beds.

MRS. MAGGS.

Oh!

[*Steals off.*

SCENE IV. *Inside of an Hermitage. Young Pranks discovered in his Hermit's Dress at a Table, with lamp, skull, bones, large book, and jockey whip.*

YOUNG PRANKS

A hermit shou'd have been my last trade. Tol de rol lol. How dev'lish well Slingsby kick'd the tamborine. (*Holds up a wooden trencher and kicks at it.*) Zounds! (*Runs suddenly and seats himself at a table.*) Eh! Nobody!—I wish that gander, Tully, wou'd bring his flock of staring geese, till I get down again to play with my little lamb at the Red Lion. Old Whimmy on the other days, it seems, stints me to a bottle. Dam'me, what's two bottles to me? how many have I won, by jumping over the table at Medley's? By'r leave pair and his nob. (*Puts the skull and bones by, is going to jump, but sits down suddenly.*)

*Enter TULLY, BITE, and LADIES.*

TULLY.

The hermitage, plaise your honour.

FIRST LADY.

Is this your anchorite!

TULLY.

My Lady, I didn't hear he was an anchor-smith. He's old Father Anthony.

YOUNG PRANKS, (*repeating it a tremulous tone*)

Here I may sit and rightly tell  
Of all the stars that Heaven doth shew  
And all the herbs that sip the dew,  
Till old experience—

TULLY.

Aye! what signifies your old experience, man, with your beard across your forehead? What the devil have you been about with your indecency?—Now, if you can but sit quiet, Tom, just while I explain you. (*Apart.*)

YOUNG PRANKS

Tom!—I'll break your head. (*Apart.*)

TULLY.

Will you? arrah, man, I'll break your two heads, plaise your honours. (*Apart.*)

*Enter WHIMMY, (in the Carter's Dress—Tully stares at him.)*

WHIMMY.

My sarcophagus defaced,—my Hercules thrown down,—my labyrinth overflown! Now, but let's hear how Tully and my new galloping hermit go on.

(*Aside.*)

TULLY.

Gentlemen and ladies, this is a hermit. Here he lives, and never stirs out of this lonesome grotto.—Hide your boots, you devil, you. (*To Y. Pranks.*)

WHIMMY.

What! not taken off his boots?

TULLY.

What's that to you?—you've come in here too. Here he always sits at his prayers, all alone by himself, and nobody with him, and never sees a human soul.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Tedious fool!—I'll quicken him tho' with a touch of the rippers.

TULLY.

He's so meek and quiet. (*Y. Pranks spurs him, he jumps up.*) Oh! (*Alights on Whimmy's toes.*) He eats nothing but herbs.

WHIMMY.

And wild berries. (*Apart to Tully.*)

TULLY.

And gooseberries! What, you will be putting in your jabber. Lives on roots and fruits.

BITE, (*uncovers a tray.*)

Nice roast fowl, faith!

TULLY.

Man, what bewitch'd you to spoil my descriptions? (*Apart to Y. Pranks.*) and drinks of the pure—

WHIMMY, (*apart.*)

——Purling rill.

TULLY.

He doesn't drink purl and gill. The hermit drinks nothing but—

WHIMMY.

(*Apart.*) Mere element.

TULLY.

A mere elephant!

WHIMMY.

(*Apart.*) The limpid brook.

TULLY.

I'll make you a limping rook, if you don't hold your—He drinks nothing but—

WHIMMY.

(*Apart.*) Water.

TULLY.

Aye! this hermit drinks nothing but clear rock water.

BITE.

I'm proud to say, this is (*takes up a bottle and drinks*) dev'lish good wine.

TULLY.

Wine and roast chicken! why you did it on purpose. (*Apart.*)

YOUNG PRANKS.

I wish, whoever left them, had told me.

TULLY.

Tho' he's a clean, well-behaved old man.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Say gentleman, you rascal. (*Apart.*)

TULLY.

Oh! be aisy. An't you an old saint? (*Apart.*)

WHIMMY.

These two villains muttering and quarrelling!

(*Aside.*)

TULLY.

He neither uses napkins, nor plates; nor knives, nor forks. All his household furniture is in the empty trunk of that hollow tree. That's his cupboard; and there he keeps his wooden dish and his little pitcher.

BITE.

Ah! well let's—(*Goes towards it.*)

TULLY.

There! you see his bed is the moss, and the herbs and the innocent simplicities of the earth. Go, you! (*Pushes Whimmy, who falls on the leaves.*)

KITTY.

Ah! (*Squalls out and discovers herself under them.*)

FIRST LADY.

So! is this the hermit's simplicity?

BITE.

And this, I am proud to say, is his little pitcher. (*Pulling Mrs. Maggs out of the tree—The company laugh.*)

YOUNG PRANKS, (*aside.*)

A smart dinner—a pair of women! and I sitting like a grave owl!

*Enter* BARLEYCORN.

BARLEYCORN.

I've follow'd you, dang my buttons!—So you've com'd up here after this new hermit.

KITTY.

O father! you're the cruel step-mother. (*Barleycorn takes her off.*)

BITE.

Well, this is—

MRS. MAGGS.

Yes, Sir, I know it is as you say. I have my reasons, as Mr. Oldmondle says.

[*Curtsies round and exit.*]

TULLY.

Arrah! Tom, is this like a hermit to have Kitty and Mrs. Maggs? What do you stand shaking your fist at? (*To Whimmy, who is threatening.*)

*Enter* APATHY.

APATHY.

Mr.—what's it, has a pretty looking poney in the paddock yonder; but I'd run my brute against it for fifty pounds.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Done, damme! and I'll ride myself, (*Suddenly flings off his hermit's gown, and appears in a compleat jockey dress.*) Zounds! I forgot—but since it is so, hey!—we start!—the way—knees tight—toes in—spur out—carpet ground—slow gallop—crack—take the lead—tough at bottom, t'other horses wind rakes hot—slack girt—want a sob—down ears—whisk tail—up nose like a pig—rattle whip—give a-loose—push for it, hey! all to fortune, the way, the way.

*[Exit running, and cracking his whip.*

TULLY.

Holloa! stop, Tom; come back till I explain you out!

*[Exeunt all but Whimmy.*

*Enter* PEREGRINE.

PEREGRINE.

Sir, here's—

WHIMMY, (*in a rage.*)

Sir, cou'dn't you find any man in England to make a jest of but me? How dare you, Sir, introduce such a rascal as that? He a hermit!

PEREGRINE.

Sir, I'm very sorry.

WHIMMY.

I lay out forty thousand pounds, and then such a scoundrel to get me laugh'd at by the world! but, you marry no daughter of mine. A good excuse to quarrel and put Pranks's advice into practice. (*Aside.*) You did collect some valuable things to be sure, but your taste's not confirm'd. You shall travel again; make another seven year's tour; and, by Heavens! not till you return will I give you my daughter.

PEREGRINE.

Sir! sure you can't have the cruelty—Sir, only think.

WHIMMY.

I'm determin'd, won't hear a word.

*[Exit hastily.]*

PEREGRINE.

But, Sir!

*[Exit following.]*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Gardens.*

*Enter* OLD PRANKS.

OLD PRANKS.

To consider on the plaguy news this puppy, my 'prentice, has brought me; he too gaping at Whimmy's raree show.—Natty Mags. (*Calling.*)

*Enter* MAGGS.

MAGGS.

(*Looking about.*) Beats Kensington hollow!—make a smart Vauxhall!—wants an orchester—caskade—a handsome box to eat custards.

OLD PRANKS.

The Marshal of the King's Bench—

MAGGS.

Yes, Sir, as you desired, he gave your nephew, young Mr. Tom, the rules; but he's run away. The Marshal's best respects, Sir, has got information he's down in these parts; a man's come after him; but he'd know if you'd have him catch'd and cag'd up again.

OLD PRANKS.

A mad dog; but like me.

MAGGS.

Yes, Sir, he's a sad rascal.

OLD PRANKS.



What!—after all I have done for him—ingratitude is worse than—

MAGGS.

A face without cheek whiskers.

OLD PRANKS.

Whiskers!

MAGGS.

Sir, I was only saying—by the description, Mr. Tom rattled off from Greyhound door at Blandford for Weymouth with a pretty girl in a post-chaise.

OLD PRANKS.

Weymouth! I'll have him—Step you and fetch my horse up from the inn, sirrah! Stop, I'll go myself.

[*Exit.*]

MAGGS.

Fetch his horse, sirrah! As Kit Cateaton says, the time's out for sirrahs and scoundrels—cracks over the sconce with canes—I'm not an apprentice now, to breakfast on cold scrag of mutton and small beer—retiring from table after dinner with one glass of wine; I'm not an apprentice now. I'll no more punish my half ounce at the playhouse, than 'fraid to cry up, or cut down the new piece over a pint and an oyster, but thank the footman for letting me in, and sneaking softly up stairs with my shoes in my hand, and my hat in my pocket, to my flock bed in the attic.—Your authority over me is out, and I'll let you know it too, old Bounce.—I'll let him and every body know that I am out of my time.—Nobody's boy; but my own man—and dem'me I'll set up for myself. Eh! hey!—

*Enter* KITTY.

KITTY.

For the soul of me I can't bide at home while this delightful Mr. Tom the hermit is here.

MAGGS.

One of the family! Servant, Ma'am, (*respectfully*) my dear, when in town, my mode to fetch a rural saunter, cross Holborn before breakfast to Bagnigge Wells, cull the newspapers, give a twiggle on the organ, and take a tiff of rum and milk. Shall I thank your pretty good nature?

KITTY.

Sir, if I had you down at our house, we keep the Red Lion.

MAGGS.

Red Lion!—How d'ye do, girl! (*familiarly impudent*) My dear, my late master, Mr. Pranks of Lombard-street, a friend of Mr. Whimmy's, they've agreed that young Mr. Tom Pranks—

KITTY.

La! I heard Mr. Peregrine call my hermit by some'at like that name.

MAGGS.

I suppose every body knows he's to marry the lady of this house.

KITTY.

No, Sir, it's the young lady of our house he's to marry; but I don't set up for a lady either; though when dressed like, sooth, all the folks here allows that somebody would make a good sort of a lady. Aye! all except Mrs. Maggs;—but she's jealous and envious.

MAGGS.

Mrs. Maggs! who's she, pray?

KITTY.

The 'squire's housekeeper.

MAGGS.

Oh! the devil! true, my very honoured mother, her last letter, which I never answered, said, that she was coming to live with some old rich East India Quiz in this very part of the country, (*aside.*) She'll claim me as her son; but I'd sooner be found playing at skettles at the Devil and Bag o'-nails.—Oh, zounds! yon is indeed my very mamma (*looking out.*)—She'll be for calling me her son, and her dear boy Natty. But dem'me, as Kit Cateaton says, I'm just out of my time; nobody's boy, but my own man. Eh! hey!

[*Exit.*

KITTY.

Mr. Tom really a gentleman after all? going to be married to Miss Dian?—Ah! that's because she has fortin.—I shall break my heart.

*Enter* YOUNG PRANKS.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Ah! my cherub—

KITTY.

Ay, Sir, now that you're going to get this great fortin by marrying—

YOUNG PRANKS.

Marrying who! Mrs. Maggs?

KITTY.

(*Aside.*) Then he hasn't yet heard—and you'd really wed poor humble I?

YOUNG PRANKS.

Wed! Eh! Why, my love, I—I—love you to be sure, and—we'll walk and talk together, and when tired we'll sit and rest ourselves in the hermitage, my love. Tol de rol lol, I love you so, oh! my divine creature!—Distraction!—Rose buds!—Sun beams—and pretty birds! Come; but such innocence.—I'm in a humour now—I'll not venture into the hermitage, honour and humanity forbid it. (*Aside.*)

KITTY.

Sir, since you're so good as to think of a poor girl like me, you sha'n't demean yourself for want of being informed that you *may* have Miss Dian and all her wealth.

YOUNG PRANKS.

I have Miss Dian?

KITTY.

Yes, Sir, it's agreed upon.

YOUNG PRANKS.

By whom?

Kitty.

Miss's papa and the old gentleman—Mr.—Mr.—Lud now I've forgot the name again.

YOUNG PRANKS.

(*Aside.*) Can't be my uncle?—Was it—but drop my name—may get about; and if the knabbers shou'd follow me—no, no, it can't be me.—However, her intention is charming.—Kitty kiss me, you're a lovely—a good girl—and for your disinterested generosity in revealing a circumstance that you supposed might rob you of me; for I will be vain enough to think you're—a—little—partial—towards—a certain ordinary fellow, (*fondling.*)—I owe you eternal gratitude.

KITTY.

(*Sprightly.*) Oh, then you are—but my joy that you're not to have a lady and a fortune is very ill-natured of me. Don't you think so?

YOUNG PRANKS.

Oh! you sweet—(*kisses her hand.*)

*Enter* BARLEYCORN.

BARLEYCORN.

Dang my buttons, go home and sweeten the punch, and squeeze the lemons.—  
Come and handsell your silver cup; you're an honest lad, I must say; but if you want any chat with my daughter, you must come to my house for it, good Master Hermit.

[*Exit with Kitty.*]

YOUNG PRANKS.

Well, if a publican will keep the sign of an angel, there a saint may take his bottle,  
(*sings*)

“In pennance for past folly,  
A pilgrim blythe and jolly.”

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Before* BARLEYCORN'S.

*Enter* KITTY (*in high spirits*) and BARLEYCORN.

BARLEYCORN.

Come, now do, child, mind the business.

KITTY.

Oh! I'm so happy!—I've yet some hopes that this dear—Father, though he is a hermit, he is a gentleman too.

BARLEYCORN.

Well, I'd be a gentleman if I'd nothing else to do.

KITTY.

I forgot my singing, I don't know how long, since I've seen this sweet fellow,  
(*singing*)

“A young gentleman she saw.”

*Enter TOBY and JOHN GRUM from the house.*

TOBY.

*(Singing.)* “Who belonged to the law.”—Measter, I’m now constable.—Miss Kitty, you like bachelors of every station.

KITTY.

Dearly!

BARLEYCORN.

Do you? it’s that new come Mr. Tom has brought you to this; so if he does marry you, let him keep you to himself an he can.

KITTY.

*(Sings.)* “Being at a noble wedding,”

TOBY.

*(Sings.)* “In the famous town of Reading.” *(ringing within.)*

BARLEYCORN.

Od dang you both, am I to be rhim’d and ballad sung, and the business of my house all—Will you go?

KITTY.

*(Sings.)* “If she’s rich you’ll rise to fame.”

TOBY.

*(Sings.)* “If she’s poor you are the same.” *(ringing within.)*

BARLEYCORN.

Will you go?

KITTY.

*(Sings.)* “She was left by a good grannum.”

TOBY.

*(Sings.)* “Wed me, Sir, or else I’ll fight you.”

BARLEYCORN.

You’ll fight me? Dang my buttons I’ll fight you, and knock you to the devil, you idle rascal; I’ll sing and ballad you, *(beats him)* and you, you baggage!

KITTY.

Father, I believe you’re uncle to the Babes in the wood.

TOBY.

You're the ould barbarous Blackamore.

BARLEYCORN.

I'll (*makes a blow at Toby*)—Get in you jade, (*puts her in, and exit.*)

TOBY.

Oh! Jahn Grum, here be the mon that sent for us.

*Enter* BAREBONES.

BAREBONES.

According to Lawyer Poz's advice, I'll have young Muster Pranks apprehended.  
—You be's a sinner and a publican.

TOBY.

I'm no sinner, and only sarvant to the publican. Eh Jahn, I'm a bit'n a parish constable though, 'twas said you wanted to attach som'en, wa'n't it Jahn?

JOHN.

Hum!

BAREBONES.

I does. Seize him; he run'd out of prison, Thomas Pranks is the man.

TOBY.

Oh! Thomas Pranks's man.

BAREBONES.

I thought him a sarvant of grace.

TOBY.

Oh, he thought him a sarvant out of place, d'ye see, Jahn.

JOHN.

Hum!

BAREBONES.

I followed the chap with this here varrant, I be's coom'd from Babylon after him.

TOBY.

Babylon! oh, that mun be in Barkshire.

BAREBONES.

Great London itself. Thou seem'st strong in flesh, is the spirit with thee?

TOBY.

Don't vally the devil his self, when I'm doing my duty, no more does my assistant, Jahn Grum, doey?

JOHN.

Hum!

BAREBONES.

There bee's description of his parson, (*gives paper.*)

TOBY.

Measter Barleycorn would know if you'll eat dinner at Red Lion.—You may bring company, for we've entertainment for mon and beast—An't we Jahn?

JOHN.

Hum!

BAREBONES.

Get a good dinner for me, for I loves to eat and drink of the best.

TOBY.

You're a genteel mon—(*apart to John*) Jahn, he'll be as drunk as a tinker, then I comes chalk double on him. Eh, Jahn!

JOHN.

Hum!

TOBY.

Oh! the Squire, (*looking out.*)

WHIMMY.

(*Without.*) Where did he run—(*Enters*) Oh, you are the canting bawler that broke down one of my statues, (*to Barebones.*)

BAREBONES.

I had an inward call.

WHIMMY.

Curse your call!

BAREBONES.

He does put it in mine head, with the same act, to comfort my flesh and do a

good work, I will get myself an appetite fore dinner with disbolishing this man's idols in his groves and high places.

[*Exit.*]

WHIMMY.

If you are still a constable, why didn't you take that dangerous leveller into custody?

TOBY.

I munna, he be the planter, and walks at large where he list; but I'm going to catch the defender, and I'll bring his body and soul before your worship, in sasararo—Come, Jahn!

JOHN.

Hum!

[*Exeunt.*]

WHIMMY.

This prancing hermit has so deranged and jumbled all my schemes of elegant magnificence—No attention to my old friend Pranks; my daughter not yet prepared to receive his nephew—the final dismissal not yet given to Peregrine—Lucky that the rest of my household is in train, that all my servants are sober and regular.—An't this my fine Irish orator? (*Retires.*)

*Enter* TULLY (*with a mug in his hand.*)

TULLY.

Upon my soul this hermit is no better than a bad man, that he can't stay there at his business, where he has nothing to do but sit quiet—Oh fie, to come here drinking in a public house! (*Drinks.*)

*Enter* COACHMAN.

WHIMMY.

And my coachman!—

COACHMAN.

Ah! Master Tully, I saw you go out at the gate, and so out of pure good nature I followed you, to give you a little hint, that if Master hears you left the gardens to-day, you may chance to lose your place; besides, coming here to booze is not quite the thing. (*Drinks.*)



WHIMMY.

My daughter's footman too!

*Enter* SKIP.

SKIP.

Eh, waiter!

*Enter* BARLEYCORN (*with a mug.*)

The negus I ordered, a gill of wine, some water, sugar, and a lemon.

BARLEYCORN.

Why, for wine, I takes out the licence to-morrow; the man is to call next Wednesday with the lemons; my daughter Kitty has lost the key of the sugar-chest; nobody drinks water at Red Lion, so I have brought you a mug of ale.

[*Exit.*

WHIMMY.

(*Advancing.*) Hey! you scoundrels, what are you at here with your mugs?

SKIP.

Sir, I came to look for coachman.

COACHMAN.

And I came to bid the gard'ner drive home.

TULLY.

And, Sir, I came after the hermit, because he came before me.

WHIMMY.

You most stupid—

TULLY.

Stop, Sir, what sort of talk is that, I'm stupid? faith, and that's a sacret; Sir, Sir Isaac Newton never found out. Sir, I'm a gard'ner, and though I do dig, I'm not a spalpeen potatoe-boy—I've read big books of botamy, and the Millar's Dictionary and Cyclopaddy's. Didn't I graft a mayduke uppon a kackagay apple-tree then in my hot-house. Didn't my Lord (when he breakfasted with you) pull from the same tree a cannister of Hyson tea and a basket of Seville oranges? A'n't my flowers so sweet that the hives round the country are empty, and the swarms of bees come in a grand congregation into your gardens, humming every body with their bagpipes, so discreet all in their black bonnets and their yellow velvet breeches?

WHIMMY.

Men! rascals! I wish I could, like the Great Mogul, be attended only by women. Ay, one comfort, my female servants are diligent and sober.

TULLY.

Faith, Sir, and here's the head of your female servants coming in very sober here; but how she'll get out, for I don't think her business here is to drink tea.

MRS. MAGGS.

*(Without.)* I will find him. *(Enters.)*

WHIMMY.

Mrs. Maggs, did you want me or my coachman?

MRS. MAGGS.

No, Sir, it was the hermit brought me here.

WHIMMY.

Why, I think——

MRS. MAGGS.

Yes, Sir, I know you think.

WHIMMY.

'Twas the hermit brought us all here.

MRS. MAGGS.

He's come after Kitty—and my love for him is——

TULLY.

He's a ramping devil.

YOUNG PRANKS (

*(Singing.)* “With cockle shell on hat brim.”

TULLY.

There he hops over the bush like a jackdaw.

WHIMMY.

Stop him!

*[Exeunt all but Whimmy and Mrs. Maggs.]*

What vexations! Now, my dear Mrs. Maggs, I've found out that Tully is a worthless man, my whole dependence of shewing my fine place is upon you.

MRS. MAGGS.

Now that is so like Mr. Olmondle.

[*Exit Whimmy hastily.*]

Bless me! here comes this most delightful young man. I protest his very approach brings all my blood up in my face, my heart throbs,—and my limbs—I'm such a poor creature—so faint—I must sit, (*goes into a porch at the door.*)

*Enter* YOUNG PRANKS.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Come out there, you most delicate loveliness, my darling rose bud.

MRS. MAGGS.

(*Rises and appears.*) Oh, dear Sir—(*simpering.*)

YOUNG PRANKS.

By the lord, this is my little pitcher again.

KITTY.

(*Unseen, whips out of the door, and taps him on the shoulder.*) Mr. Thomas!

MRS. MAGGS.

A'n't you ashamed of yourself, Kitty Barleycorn?

YOUNG PRANKS.

Come, my dear creatures, you mustn't—

MRS. MAGGS.

Well, I know we mustn't—

YOUNG PRANKS.

What, Ma'am? Don't quarrel about me, zounds! I'm like a stately peacock between a pheasant and a turkey hen.

KITTY.

La! you're so wild—

MRS. MAGGS.

But he's very merry, he! he! he!

YOUNG PRANKS.

Wild! merry! my whole life has been one frolic.

MRS. MAGGS.

Ay, I dare say, when you were a boy—

YOUNG PRANKS.

Such diversions! altering the numbers of doors to puzzle the postman, at Christmas in a stage coach changing the directions of geese, hares, and turkeys, with a bit of chalk and charcoal making a whole room of family portraits squint down upon every body.

MRS. MAGGS.

I vow you must not come and see our pictures.

KITTY.

La! he's so pleasant! Well, and ah, Mr. Tom!

YOUNG PRANKS.

My sweet creature, I came to hansel the silver pup. Hey! a bottle of port and a roasted orange! Ladies, I vow on the honour of a hermit, I'll treat you with a bishop.  
[*Exit into house.*]

KITTY.

Toby! (*calling.*)

*Enter* OLD PRANKS.

OLD PRANKS.

Eh! where's this young dog my prentice, bad as my mad nephew. Waiter! my horse.

MRS. MAGGS.

Sir, you'll return to sup at our house.

OLD PRANKS.

Foolish Dick Whimmy to have no dinner! plague of his gardens, in his ponds plenty of carp and tench, that nobody dare fling into a frying-pan; on his green slopes, neither grass lamb nor asparagus, and for flocks of geese and chickens, there a peacock struts, or an eagle perches, that instead of any body eating him, by the Lord, looks as if he'd eat us. My dear, I'm going to Weymouth, cou'dn't you give one a snack.

KITTY.

Oh! our bill of fare, Sir, (*going.*)

OLD PRANKS.

(*Stops her.*) As fine a bill of fare as e'er I look'd on, (*gazing*) what dish shall I choose—a white forehead, a brace of black eyes, garnish'd with long auburn eye-lashes, two rosy cheeks, cherry lips, my desert.

KITTY.

A pity, Mr. Thomas, to disguise his fine hair and delightful shape, in that long old beard and gown. La! Sir, what a choice hermit you'd make for Mr. Whimmy; you'd be a nice bald-headed buck, as Tom says.

OLD PRANKS.

I a bald-headed buck! don't you see I wear my own hair, child?

*Re-enter* YOUNG PRANKS.

YOUNG PRANKS.

I've brew'd the bishop. Eh! what old fellow—so smooth with Kitty—Sir, a word if you please, (*twitches off Old Pranks's wig*)—Zounds, my uncle! (*runs off.*)

OLD PRANKS.

Stop that scoundrel, (*runs after him.*)

[*Bell rings violently, Kitty runs into the house.*]

*Enter* MAGGS walking hastily.

MRS. MAGGS.

Oh, Heavens! my son Natty!

MAGGS.

Mamma! she has me, but I won't be disgrac'd, (*aside, and turns.*)

MRS. MAGGS.

My dear child, who could think of seeing you down here, (*he turns from her, and walks.*)

MAGGS.

Any business with me, Ma'am?

MRS. MAGGS.

Why, my dear! Don't you know me, Natty?

MAGGS.

Zounds, Ma'am, don't Natty me!

MRS. MAGGS.

Won't you speak to your mother?

MAGGS.

Who are you talking to, Ma'am?

MRS. MAGGS.

Look at me—my own child deny me, (*puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and walks up.*)

*Enter* TOBY *and* JOHN GRUM.

TOBY.

John, is that the young man you saw?

JOHN.

Hum!

MAGGS.

(*Looking at his watch.*) I shall be late with my party, (*going.*)

MRS. MAGGS.

Stay, my dear boy!

MAGGS.

I'm nobody's boy, but my own man, he! he!

TOBY.

Seize him, (*to John*) Your name? (*to Maggs.*)

MAGGS.

What of it?

TOBY.

What is it?

MAGGS.

What it was yesterday, and will be to-morrow.

TOBY.

Mind how he shuffles; do ye see it, John? Tell me your name to-morrow, (*to Maggs.*)

MAGGS.

Musn't, because of mamma, (*aside.*)

TOBY.

You belong to Mr. Pranks.

MAGGS.

Supposing so.

TOBY.

Then I suppose you're my prisoner.

MAGGS.

Me! For what!

TOBY.

You broke out of jail in Babylon, but we'll handcuff and send you to Dorchester.

MAGGS.

*(Aside.)* Handcuff! Broke jail in Babylon! Ay! why surely they take me for Tom Pranks!—I'm not the person you want.

TOBY.

I arrest you.

MAGGS.

I'm not the man indeed, my friend.

TOBY.

Who answers for you? who knows you?

MAGGS.

Then I must own mother—let me go, this gentlewoman here is my honour'd mamma.

MRS. MAGGS.

*(Aside.)* A wicked wretch, first to deny, and now to own me in his distress!

TOBY.

Mrs. Maggs, be he your son?

MRS. MAGGS.

Oh! no, he's no son of mine.

MAGGS.

Nay, my dear mamma.

MRS. MAGGS.

Sir, don't mamma me; who are you talking to? (*mimicking.*)

MAGGS.

Ay! why sure, sweet mamma!—

TOBY.

Stop; you see, my friend, it won't pass. John, look he don't run away, while I read description of his parson, (*takes out paper and reads*) five feet eight inches tall, an expressive eye, pleasing features, good complexion, fine teeth, shew your teeth, (*to Maggs*) a handsome countenance—

MAGGS.

'Pon my soul this description's very much like me tho'.

TOBY.

Well-made, a genteel deportment; upon the whole, an elegant figure.

MAGGS.

Amazing! what a picture of me!

MRS. MAGGS.

Astonishing like the child indeed.

TOBY.

You see it's you.

MAGGS.

No, it's such another handsome fellow, but really not me.

TOBY.

Come, I arrest you with a little tap, (*trips up his heels*) hold his legs, Jahn, that he mayn't kick I.

MAGGS.

Damn'd uncivil this!

MRS. MAGGS.

I can't bear to see him treated so—let the child go, you fellows!

TOBY.

Yes, the child shall go—to prison.

MRS. MAGGS.

You're wrong, he's my son.



TOBY.

And just now you said—Ay, I see how 'tis, Measter Butler told me that Mrs. Maggs locks herself in her own room, and there drinks the presarved apricocks—Jahn don't mind, Madam Maggs is so fond of talking she'll say any thing—bring him along.

MAGGS.

Sir, gentlemen constables! mamma! kind country justices! mother! (*Toby holding him by the head, and John by the legs, they drag him off.*)

MRS. MAGGS.

Why, you horrid villains, you shall not!—my child!

[*Exit after them.*]

SCENE III. *The Gardens. Statues thrown down, and broken fragments lying about; shrubs and plants, as pulled up.*

*Enter* BAREBONES, (*with a broken statue.*)

BAREBONES.

I vill complete the good work; lay there accursed, (*throws it down on a heap*) and I vill pulls up thy groves, and I vill root thee out of the land, (*pulls plants out of pots, and flings them about.*)

*Enter* BARLEYCORN.

BARLEYCORN.

Sir, your dinner's waiting. (*Aside.*) Dang my buttons! here's a fine kick-up! what rascal cou'd have got in here—some one that owes the 'squire a grudge.

BAREBONES.

I've been doing of the job, 'twas all pagan wanity.

BARLEYCORN.

So it was, Sir, and you were right to capsize it.

*Enter* KITTY.

KITTY.

Oh! father, I shall go distracted; I'm sure it's my belov'd Tom that they're taking pris'ner to Dorchester, yet so cruel not to let me see him.

*Enter* TOBY.

TOBY.

I've left the prisoner in safe custody with Jahn Grum.

BAREBONES

(*Aside.*) Then I brings him up to town, and lodges him with the Marshal.

KITTY.

Oh heaven! tell me, Toby, is it the hermit?

TOBY.

No.

KITTY.

It is he.

TOBY.

'Tis not tho'—why you're as bad as Mrs. Maggs, who just now said he was her son, and he wasn't her son—there's discription of his person, (*gives Kitty a paper.*)

KITTY.

(*Reading with emotion.*) Handsome, elegant, fine teeth, expressive eye—'tis he! you hard-hearted creature—but I'll release my own true love, tho' I beg my bread for it.

[*Exit hastily.*]

TOBY.

Ay now, she too has been drinking apricocks.—Be's I to lay the cloth for you in the two-bedded room, (*to Barebones.*)

BAREBONES

I loves to eat in a parlour.

BARLEYCORN.

Why we wish to resarve that for—

TOBY.

Parlour! than, Sir, shan't I tap no vind—he won't inform—(*to Barleycorn.*)

BAREBONES

I drinks vind, for I thirsts after the good things of this world.

BARLEYCORN.

That's right.

TOBY.

He's a wet Christian.

BARLEYCORN.

Shall they take up dinner?

BAREBONES.

Yes, I hungers after good; I could munch one morcil of Portlin mutton; yea, one pound and an half, and six, and four, and two wheat ears, roasted in wine leaves, and other settries of niceish saver.

[*Exit with Toby.*]

BARLEYCORN.

(*Looking out.*) The 'squire—dang my buttons, here'll be work.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter WHIMMY, (looks at the broken Statues with amazement.)*

WHIMMY.

Fury and distraction! what's all here!—Tully! (*calls.*)

*Enter TULLY, (a little intoxicated.)*

TULLY.

(*Singing.*) "They'd be like the Highlanders eating of kail, And cursing the Union, says Granawaile."

WHIMMY.

This is your going to the alehouse, here's your brags, here's yellow-breech'd bees humming their bag-pipes—but I'll turn over a new leaf. I'll dig and root out—

TULLY.

Arrah, Sir, I wish you'd let the leaves and the trees alone! you've been digging and rooting prettily: what put it into your head to pull up the plants in this manner?

WHIMMY.

My head, there's my dancing Faunus.

TULLY.

Oh! I see how this is; you want to keep me only as your show-man, and take the head gard'ning into your own hands—the geranums all torn, the myrtles, and lillies, and laylocks, are all pull'd about as if they were old bean stalks.

WHIMMY.

You rascal! what do you talk of your paltry plants—look at my statues, none equal to them in the Barbarini gallery.

TULLY.

The barber's gallery! Only tell a body what you intend to put down in the place—if yourself was planted, the devil a thing would grow out of your head but potatoe apples.

WHIMMY.

Two of my Seasons—

TULLY.

You don't know the seasons; you're a gentleman, and you've money to buy roots and fruits, but I tell you, you don't know an annual from an evergreen. I got myself finely laughed at to-day by showing your kickshaws, but I wash my hands out of it. There's your describing book (*throws book down*) and you may get another Ciceroni magpye to chatter to the company.

[*Exit.*

WHIMMY.

There's a villain!

*Enter* OLD PRANKS.

OLD PRANKS.

Knock people's hats off—can't think who the fellow was!—Dick, I'm on the spur to fetch my nephew from Weymouth; an idle scoundrell! what perplexities he has involved me in! Dolts to apprehend Natty Maggs for him; these country constables are so obstinate, won't even take my word: but what sort of wild people have you settled amongst here that pull folks heads about?

WHIMMY.

Yes, heads, legs, and arms, look! (*points to the statues.*)

OLD PRANKS.

(*Looking round.*) Ha! ha! ha! a good deed, however.

WHIMMY.

What, to demolish my beauties?

OLD PRANKS.

Your modern gardens are art spoiling nature; fixing up a stone woman where one expects to find a rosy girl of health, flesh, and blood: if we must have statues, instead of importing ancient heathen gods into English meadows, why not encourage British arts to celebrate British heroes? for a Jupiter by Phidias give me an Elliot by a Bacon: the five thousand pounds you laid out upon that clumsy Pantheon yonder, wou'd have built a neat cluster of alms-houses, where age and infancy might find an asylum from the pangs of indigence.

WHIMMY.

Why, but Billy—

OLD PRANKS.

'Sblood, when I reflect I owe my present independence to my education in the Blue Coat School, as I drive my whisky on a Sunday by Dulwich College, I feel more warmth of affection for the memory of Edward the king, or Alleyn the player, than for all the travelling cognoscenti in Christendom. Dick, I love reason.

*Enter* YOUNG PRANKS.

YOUNG PRANKS.

A rare chace, but I got from him—zounds! (*sees Old Pranks, runs off.*)

OLD PRANKS.

Oh, damme, I'll have you, (*pursues.*)

WHIMMY.

He likes reason, and the fellow's mad; there he runs after my hermit. Certainly 'twas this savage old Goth committed these barbarisms—I hope he'll not find his nephew; however, I must prepare my daughter for the marriage.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Inside of Hermitage.* YOUNG PRANKS *sitting in his Hermit's Dress, as if put on hastily.*

*Enter* OLD PRANKS.

OLD PRANKS.

(*Looking about.*) I thought I had a glimpse of him darting this way—Eh! one of Whimmy's toys—(*seeing Young Pranks*) Father Dominick—seen a scoundrel run in here—Do ye hear! can you speak!—it was certainly my nephew; a hound! skulking about, and suffer a poor innocent man to be taken up for him; to be handcuff'd, haul'd, and dragg'd—

YOUNG PRANKS.

An innocent man suffer for me! (*throws off his hermit's dress.*)

OLD PRANKS.

You! Oh you villain! How dare you borrow money about as you have done!

YOUNG PRANKS.

Sir, (*confused*) I—I—borrow'd money to get out of debt.

OLD PRANKS.

Eh! how?

YOUNG PRANKS.

Yes, Sir, to pay my debts.

OLD PRANKS.

But why get in debt?

YOUNG PRANKS.

All owing to my good principle, the people wou'd trust me, my character was so excellent.

OLD PRANKS.

Then from your excellent character they think you a damn'd rogue—you villain!

YOUNG PRANKS.

Dear Sir, discriminate between vice and folly; you are the only one I ever wrong'd, my second parent, my friend, my benefactor. Sooner than let this person you spoke of just now any longer bear the disgrace that I only deserve, I'll instantly free him by delivering myself up to hopeless imprisonment, (*going.*)

OLD PRANKS.

Eh! stop you rogue you, consider how terrible a prison is.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Lord, Sir, no! the only difference between the people walking by and I is, that they're on one side of the door and I'm on t'other. A prison! to resign myself to it, now, is barely performing the duties of honesty.

[*Exit.*

OLD PRANKS.

Surrenders to free the guiltless! Not so bad as I thought him.

Enter K<sub>ITTY</sub>.

K<sub>ITTY</sub>.

Sir, I've been told, since you're a banker gentleman in Lombard-street, London, you bankers, Sir, have always a great deal of money.

OLD PRANKS.

(*Aside.*) I've heard of petticoat pads—a pistol may come out here! Well, my dear, granting I have money, do you want any?

K<sub>ITTY</sub>.

Not myself, Sir; there's a young gentleman is taken up for debt, Sir; I thought it a pity he should go to prison, as he got out of it before, and that, you know, Sir, is a sign he doesn't like it; hard for a person to go where they can't be happy.

OLD PRANKS.

Upon my word this young lady reasons exceeding pretty—Well, Miss?

K<sub>ITTY</sub>.

And Sir, my aunt by mother's side, has left me three hundred pounds independent of my father, here are the papers, Sir, all about it, Sir, if you'd be so kind as to advance the money, and transact the business of releasing the young gentleman with it, I'd be very much obliged to you, Sir, (*curtsies.*)

OLD PRANKS.

Here's a charming girl! And so, my dear, you think Natty Maggs so fine a fellow, that you give up all your fortune to release him.

K<sub>ITTY</sub>.

Natty Maggs! No, Sir, our 'squire's hermit.

OLD PRANKS.

Hermit! She must mean my wild nephew, (*overjoyed.*)

K<sub>ITTY</sub>.

Sir, keep the papers, I know you'll free him; you look so good-natured, I beseech you, Sir, Sir,

[*curtsies and exit.*]

OLD PRANKS.

Tol lol lol, (*sings.*) The heart of an amiable woman is the true touchstone of manly merit. This good and delicate creature loves my nephew, and he must be a worthy

lad. The girl, no matter for her situation, is come of a good stock, and should be transplanted. I didn't, till now, know my nephew—I'll forgive, I'll give him all—Go to the King's Bench again! that he shan't, while I've a guinea to keep him out of it, tol lol lol.

*[Sings and exit.]*



SCENE IV. *A Gallery in Whimmy's House.*

*Enter* YOUNG PRANKS (*hastily crossing*) and PEREGRINE *meeting, (much agitated.)*

PEREGRINE.

Stop, Tom, whither now?

YOUNG PRANKS.

To the King's Bench—what's the matter? Oh, true, Miss Dian told me—upon my soul her father uses you both very ill—who is this whelp he is going to give her to?

PEREGRINE.

I don't know; Mr. Whimmy has never even seen him.

YOUNG PRANKS.

No! An uncle, isn't it that's bringing this about? I've a good uncle—but long before he'd think of providing me with an heiress—but then I've been such a cursed fellow.

PEREGRINE.

One chance, this spark may, as it's a forced thing, be indifferent, and the old gentleman doats so upon his daughter, that were an emperor to slight her, 'twou'd for ever lose his favour.

YOUNG PRANKS.

What's this uncle's name?—who, where, what is he?

PEREGRINE.

I know nothing about him.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Nor old Whimmy neither.

PEREGRINE.

I've never seen him, I told you.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Then, I'll personate him, and I warrant you disgust the old gentleman sufficiently to make him break off the match; then, Peregrine, is your harvest. I'll be with you, in a trice. Never be dismay'd, Peregrine, when you admit me as a schemer into your cabinet; for I have turn'd my coat so often since I arriv'd in these parts, that there is

no doubt of my being a most finished politician.

[Exit.]

*Enter WHIMMY and DIAN, weeping.*

WHIMMY.

In vain talking, child;—I must keep my first promise.

DIAN.

But, dear Sir, will you sentence your child to misery?

PEREGRINE.

Sir, you encourag'd me with a certainty that I shou'd be the happiest of men, and now in a moment, to snatch me from Heaven, and plunge me into an abyss of despair.

WHIMMY.

Can't help it, Dian;—I must give you to my friend's nephew.

*Enter SKIP.*

SKIP.

Sir, here's a young gentleman will see you—seems in a piteous taking. Here's my master, Sir.

*(Calling off.)*

*Enter YOUNG PRANKS, disguised like a boy, his hair pulled round his face, &c.*

YOUNG PRANKS, *(crying.)*

Oh! I will not have her.

WHIMMY.

Ah! who are you?

PEREGRINE.

Certainly Tom Pranks. *(To Dian.)*

WHIMMY.

What do you want?

YOUNG PRANKS.

I don't want a wife. *(Roars out crying.)*

WHIMMY.

Who the devil cares, whether you do or no—have you any business?

YOUNG PRANKS.

No; I'm a gentleman. My uncle says I must marry your daughter; but I won't.  
(*Roaring out.*)

WHIMMY.

Ah! can this be the wild rogue I've heard so much of? why, your uncle told me you were another-guess being. Dian, this is your husband.—How do you like him?

DIAN, (*apart to Peregrine.*)

I see this. Sir, if Mr. Peregrine can pardon me, since you've set your heart on't, I'm resign'd to your will, with the dutiful obedience of a daughter.

(*Curtsies.*)

WHIMMY.

Now, that's very lucky. Peregrine, you see—

PEREGRINE.

Then, Sir, since the lady is so very fickle, I resign her with little regret.

WHIMMY.

Ah! this is all very well; then we'll call your uncle; Parson Jack is in the next room, and you shall be married immediately.

YOUNG PRANKS.

But I won't marry, oh! (*cries*)—I'll never say, father-in-law, to such an ugly old fellow as you.

WHIMMY.

Why, you damn'd impudent young scoundrel, dare you affront me, and refuse my daughter? then let your uncle do his worst. There, Peregrine, take Dian, and may I be curs'd if ever I again attempt to part you.

PEREGRINE.

You'll alter your mind again, Sir.

WHIMMY.

I'll put that out of my power—go, Doctor, (*calling off*) tack that couple together instantly.

(*Puts Dian and Peregrine off.*)

*Enter* OLD PRANKS.

YOUNG PRANKS

My uncle! oh! zounds!

WHIMMY.

Billy, what bouncing you've kept about this nephew of your's. He, a buck, and a blood!—a blubbering milksop.

OLD PRANKS

My Tom a milksop! I say he's a buck.

WHIMMY.

I say he's an ass. (*Wrangling, Y. Pranks cries out.*)

WHIMMY.

There's the buck! a tasteless hound, has been abusing me here, and refused my daughter.

YOUNG PRANKS

Oh! the devil! am I really the character I only personated. (*Aside.*)

OLD PRANKS

Where is he?

WHIMMY.

Can't you see? thrash him for his impudence to me.

OLD PRANKS

Why, ah, Tom!

YOUNG PRANKS

Aye, poor Tom! (*Snivelling.*)

WHIMMY.

By the Lord, it's my galloping hermit! (*surpris'd*) and your nephew.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Sir, I now see your goodness; but had I even before known it, I cou'd not have enjoy'd the blessing you design'd for me, at the expence of a friend's happiness. Mr. Peregrine has love and merit.—I admire, but don't deserve the lady.

OLD PRANKS.

Then, since you're so disinterested as to decline the golden pippin, I'll give you a sweet wild strawberry.

*Enter* KITTY.

KITTY.

O Mr. Banker, have you—'tis he (*looking at Young Pranks with joy*) thank you, Sir. (*Curtsies to Old Pranks.*)

OLD PRANKS.

Tom, here's a girl that wou'd have barter'd all her little fortune for your freedom; and now as you hope for mine, take her.

WHIMMY.

Why, she's daughter to the Red Lion.

OLD PRANKS.

Aye, my honest landlord, that reliev'd the sufferers, while you were swallowing peaches in December, and the poor shivering in cold and nakedness. Red Lion, Dick! where honour's derived from benevolence; she's daughter to a nobleman. What say you, my girl?

KITTY.

Only, Sir, that my heart is fill'd with gratitude; but you must ask the Red Lion's consent; for tho' you were a husband for a queen, I wou'd not have a prince, if it might grieve an indulgent parent.

*Enter* TOBY and JOHN GRUM, with MAGGS, (*his dress very much disordered and torn.*)

TOBY.

Your worship, here's the defender is obstropolos, and has lick'd I and John Grum.

MAGGS.

Aye, dem'me, I plump'd 'em.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Was't you, Natty? I'm sorry that my irregularities shou'd have involv'd you in this trouble.

*Enter* MRS. MAGGS.

MRS. MAGGS.

Oh! Natty Maggs—my child to be haul'd and maul'd—but this comes of your denying me your honour'd mother.

OLD PRANKS.

Haul'd and maul'd—may the son never get better usage who cou'd deny his parent.

*Enter* BARLEYCORN *and* TULLY, *bringing in* BAREBONES.

BARLEYCORN.

Dang my buttons, you shall—

WHIMMY.

What's this?

TULLY.

Only this devout preacher walks into Mr. Barleycorn's and crams himself like a great fowl; then walks off without discharging his shot; when ask'd, says he, you'll be paid above, and says Mr. Barleycorn, by who there? and says he, why by Abdiel; so they walk'd up stairs to me, where I was taking a pint and a whiff of tobacco. I was christen'd Mr. Tully; so I walks down—but who ever saw an angel with a pipe in his mouth? I don't mind paying for a man's dinner; but, Sir, be so kind as to send this gentleman to jail. How do ye do, Mrs. Maggs?

*(Bowing.)*

YOUNG PRANKS.

My Saint George's Fields landlord!

BAREBONES.

The spirit openeth my mouth.

TULLY.

You opened your mouth to swallow a leg of lamb, honey.

BAREBONES.

All things shall be in common with the righteous?

TOBY.

Pay me for sarving capias on Muster Pranks.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Me! how?

OLD PRANKS.

Capias! What, you villain, are you that Ham Barebones that has lent my nephew money at an exorbitant usance.

YOUNG PRANKS.

That, like the devil, tempted me by the means, and now punishes me for the sin.

TULLY.

Talk of righteousness! and bilk the house of an honest industrious man. (*Lays bold on Barebones.*)

*Enter* PEREGRINE *and* DIAN.

PEREGRINE.

Mrs. Peregrine (*to Whimmy.*)

DIAN.

Dearest father, your blessing. (*They kneel to Whimmy.*)

TULLY.

There, my blessing on you both, you two souls. (*Puts his hand on their heads.*)

YOUNG PRANKS.

Then, my dear uncle, I take my lovely Kitty Barleycorn, and whilst her gentle qualities convince our friends, that birth and rank are not necessary to constitute an amiable wife, my respect for her virtues may prove, that the thoughtless prodigal can make a good husband.

WHIMMY.

Oh! I'm happy! ha! ha! ha! We've all got so very generous. Peregrine, with his little fortune, have Dian and all my wealth; your nephew, with your riches, takes little Kitty Barleycorn with nothing at all; and ecod, Mrs. Maggs looks so spruce, that I could find in my heart to—(*going up to her.*)

MRS. MAGGS.

Now that's so like Mr. Olmondle, (*smiling and advancing.*)

WHIMMY.

Oh! (*runs from her.*)

TULLY.

And now, Mrs. Maggs, you will be drinking the apricocks.

YOUNG PRANKS.

Then, Sir, shall we be merry. Here ends my seven years hermitage, and, instead of my annuity, I shall think myself nobly rewarded, if my extravagant tricks and fancies can, by an indulgent smile, receive the forgiveness of my generous friends.

FINIS.





# TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

Inconsistency in hyphenation has been retained.

[The end of *The London Hermit* by John O'Keeffe]