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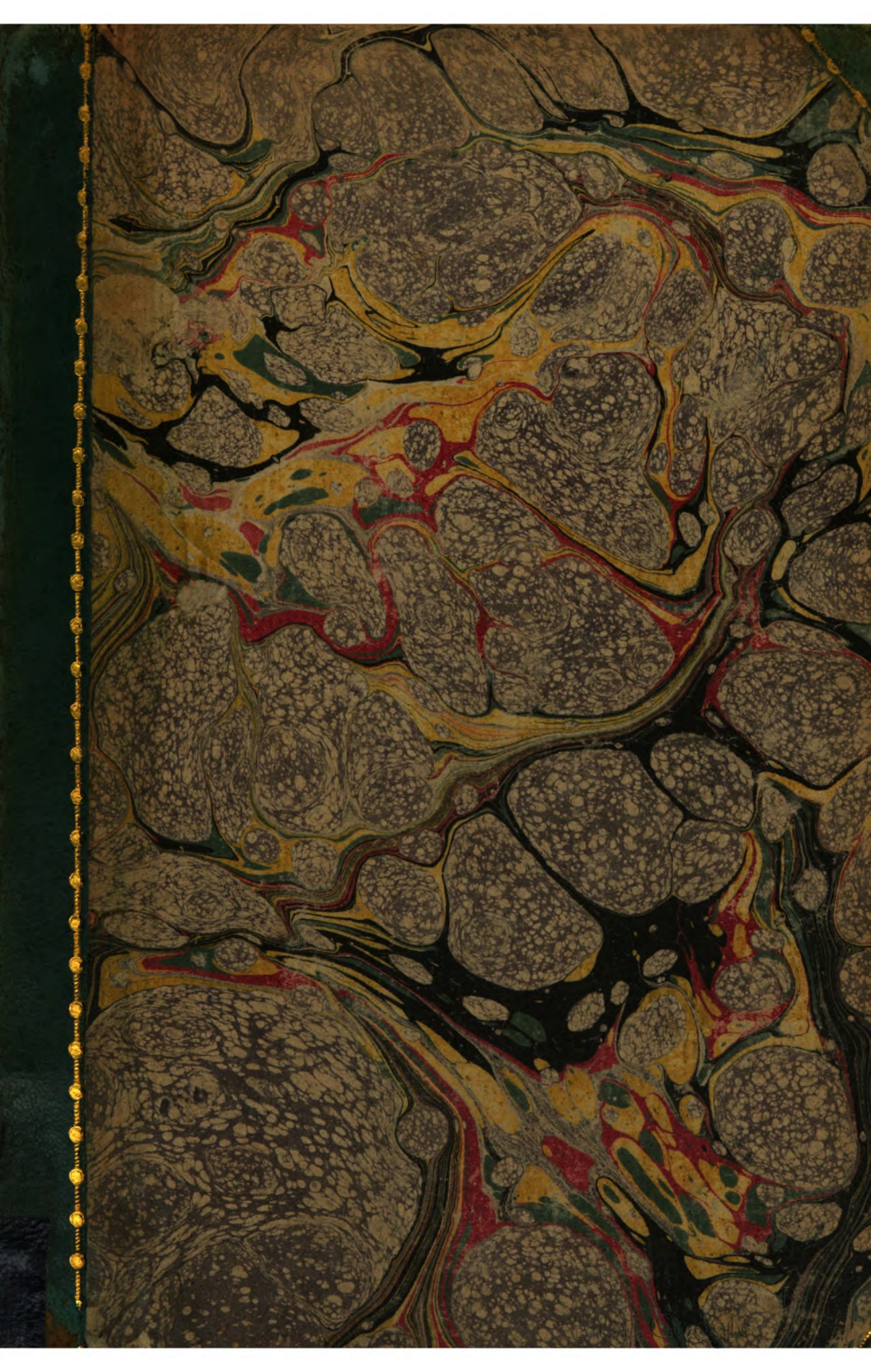
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26

THE TURNPIKE GATE;

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY T. KNIGHT.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

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FOR THE USE OF THEATRES.

AS the old, but ridiculous, signs of P. S. meaning Prompt Side; and O. P. meaning Opposite Prompt; often, in different theatres, denote contrary sides, and thereby puzzle and mislead; it is presumed, that R. H. meaning Right Hand; and L. H. meaning Left Hand; (always supposing you are on the stage and facing the audience,) will better answer the purpose: they are, therefore, used instead, in the following piece, as far as such signs were thought necessary.

Note—The lines marked with inverted commas, “thus,” are omitted in the representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Sir Edward,</i>	-	Mr. HILL,
<i>Smart,</i>	-	Mr. FARLEY,
<i>Henry Blunt,</i>	-	Mr. INCLEDON,
<i>Crack,</i>	-	Mr. MUNDEN,
<i>Robert Maythorn,</i>	-	Mr. KNIGHT,
<i>Old Maythorn,</i>	-	Mr. GARDNER,
<i>Steward,</i>	-	Mr. DAVENPORT,
<i>First Sailor,</i>	-	Mr. REES,
<i>Second Sailor,</i>	-	Mr. KLANNERT,
<i>Groom,</i>	-	Mr. ATKINS,
<i>Bailiff,</i>	-	Mr. THOMPSON,
<i>Joe Standfast,</i>	-	Mr. FAWCETT,
<i>Singers at the Gate, &c.</i>		

WOMEN.

<i>Landlady,</i>	-	Mrs. WHITMORE,
<i>Peggy,</i>	-	Miss SIMS,
<i>Mary,</i>	-	Miss WATERS.

THE TURNPIKE GATE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Public House.—Sign the Admiral R. H. a Turnpike and House, L. H. in back ground a Milk House with latticed Windows, SMART discovered preparing Guns for shooting.

Sir EDWARD (within).

SMART, get the guns ready. Is my new Keeper come from the Lodge?

Smart. No, Sir Edward.

PEGGY crosses the stage with a milk jug.

Servant, Miss Peggy—*(she sneers)*—Ugh! A kiss from my master has raised your nose an inch higher, I see.

Peggy. Joke with your equals man; don't talk to me. *[Exit L. H. conceitedly.]*

Smart. I shall make you remember this. My master's Grand Turk here. He monopolizes all the wenches.

B

Enter

*Enter HENRY BLUNT L.H. in shooting Drefs,
with Gun, (finging).]*

Henry. Morrow fellow servant—Sir Edward stirring?

Smart. Yes: just asked for you: mind your hits to-day, Mr. Henry. You shot for your place, and won it; but you'd better not out-shoot Sir Edward.

Henry. Oh! ho!—yain of his abilities that way, ha?

Smart. That way! yes, and every other; I've dropped being his rival some time.

Henry. Sir Edward seems to have a fine estate here?

Smart. Yes, that belonging to the lodge is eight hundred a year; the Upland Farm three; and his estate in Norfolk as much as both.

Henry. The lodge being but at the head of the village, why does he prefer a bed at this Public House?

Smart. Pleasure, Sir, pleasure—but here comes one answer to your two questions.—Step this way, and I'll give you another.

[They retire, R. H.]

*PEGGY from the Milk House, followed by
ROBERT MAYTHORN.*

Robert. If that be your mind, Peggy, it can't be help'd—If you can't love me, you can't.

Sir Edw. (within). Peggy, my dear; bring my breakfast.

Peggy. Coming, Sir Edward.—I've only been to fetch the cream. You hear, Robert.

Robert. Yes,—I do *hear*, and *zee* too—I be neither deaf nor blind.

Peggy. The young Baronet expects me *above*.

Robert. 'Tis well if old Belzeebub don't expect thee *below*, zo there's an end o' that:—however, d'ang it, let's shake hands.

Peggy. Paws off, if you please;—your hands are rough, man, and I can't bear any thing dirty or sun-burnt.

SONG—PEGGY.

Pray, young man, your suit give over,
 Heav'n design'd you not for me;
 Cease to be a whining lover,
 Sour and sweet can ne'er agree:
 Clownish in each limb and feature,
 You've no skill to dance or sing;
 At best you're but an awkward creature,
 I, you know, am quite the thing.

II.

As I soon may roll in pleasure,
 Bumpkins I must bid adieu;
 Can you think that such a treasure
 E'er was destin'd, man, for you?
 No—mayhap, when I am carry'd,
 'Mongst the great to dance and sing,
 To some great Lord I may be marry'd;
 All allow—I'm quite the thing.

III.

"Beaux to me will then be kneeling,

"Ma'am, I die, if you don't yield;

"Let 'em plead their tender feeling,

"While my tender heart is steel'd.

"When I dance they'll be delighted,

"Ravish'd quite to hear me sing,

"At Routs, whenever I'm invited,

"All will swear—I'm quite the thing."

[*Exeunt.*]

HENRY BLUNT *and* SMART *advance.*

Smart. Ha! ha! Oh, you bumpkin! I was romping with his sweetheart last night, and he was at me like a bull-dog; the mastiff would bite, sir; but we have muzzled him.

Henry. As how?

Smart. Management, Sir: his father lives at that Turnpike House, which, with a small Dairy and Farm, he holds of Sir Edward: the old fellow has seen better days; the Admiral who died a twelvemonth since, and to whom Sir Edward is heir at law, was very partial to him and his daughter, for during his life they needed nothing; but being in arrears for rent, they are all muzzled now; all at Sir Edward's mercy; young Sulkey therefore must lose his sweetheart; and as to the Turnpike Beauty, his sister, we have offered her a curricle, and if she does not sport it in Bond-street in less than a month, we don't understand trap.

Henry.

Henry. What, she encourages him?

Smart. A little coy, or so; but she's one of your die-away dames; in the dumps too at present for the loss of her "True Lovier," (a booby Sailor);—but I'll bet fifty she's easier *had* than little forward here, with all her avarice and vanity.

Henry. And these are the reasons for Sir Edward's lodging here?

ROBERT appears *L. H.*

That's the lad who tried his skill with me for the Gamekeeper's place?

Smart. The same.

ROBERT advances.

Henry. Morrow, brother sportsman—you shoot well.

Robert. Yes, Sir—and you better.—However, 'twas all fair, and I do wish you joy of the place.

Henry. Nay, the place may be your's yet:—I am elected only to trial, and self recommended: my character, when it comes, may not please Sir Edward.

Robert. Mayhap you'd please him best with noo character at all. *You* be much in favour, be'nt you, Mr. Smart?—(sulky).

Smart. Ha!—(Stares, and makes signs of boxing)—Oh! [Exit.

Henry.

Henry. Things are a little changed since Sir Edward came among you. Ha Robert?

Robert. Yes, Sir; another Laayer would ha done less mischief in the parish; but it is not the first time the devil got into Paradise.

[*Robert retires to Milk House.*]

Enter JOE STANDFAST L. H. singing, (his Knee bound.)

Joe. So, Master Blunt—prepared, I see, to give the birds a broadside. Ah! there's the old boy—(*looking at sign*)—who has given our enemies many a broadside! Bless your old weather-beaten phiz.—(*Bows to him.*)

Henry. You're very polite.

Joe. To be sure I am—I strike my main-top to him by way of salute, every morning before I stow my locker:—that's the face of an honest heart, Master Blunt.—'Tis not to be sure done to the life; but what the painter han't made out, a grateful mind can: I fought under him when he was Captain, and twice after he was *Vice*.—He made me Master after our first brush, and, but for this splintered timber of mine, I'd been by his side in the West-Indies, when the brave old boy died. Died!—I lie, he did not die; for he made himself immortal! His goodness laid me up in a snug cabin here on the larboard tack, made me a freeholder with 30l. a year, and when your master, his Honour's equin and heir, steers by the compass of true glory, as the Admiral did, he shall have my vote

vote for sailing into the port of Parliament ; if he gets it before, damme !

Henry. Sir Edward resembles him at least in his fondness for the sex, it seems.

Joe. Why, to be sure, the old buck did love the lasses—What brave fellow does not ? We Tars live but to love and fight ; but the wenches often jilt us, Master Blunt, for all that.

SONG—*Joe.*

Britannia's sons at sea,
In battle always brave,
Strike to no pow'r, d'ye see,
That ever plough'd the wave.

Fal, lal, la !

But when we're not afloat,
'Tis quite another thing ;
We strike to petticoat,
Get groggy, dance and sing.

Fal, lal.

II.

" There's Portsmouth Polly, she,
" When forc'd to go ashore,
" Vow'd constancy to me,
" And sometimes twenty more.

" Fal, lal.

" But give poor Poll her due,
" For truth's a precious thing,
" With none but Sailors true
" Would she drink grog and sing.

" Fal, lal."

With

III.

With Nancy deep in love,
 I once to sea did go;
 Return'd, she cry'd, " By Jove!
 " P'm married, dearest Joe."

Fal, lal.—(*Mimicks her*).

Great guns I scarce could hold,
 To find that I was flung;
 But Nancy prov'd a scold,
 Then I got drunk, and sung

Fal, lal.—(*Hiccups*).

IV.

At length I did comply,
 And made a rib of Sue;
 What tho' she'd but one eye?
 It pierc'd my heart like two.

Fal, lal.

And now I take my glass,
 Drink England and my King;
 Content with my old las,
 Get groggy, dance, and sing—(*Hiccups*)

Fal, lal.

MARY appears dejected; in her Hand a Newspaper.

Joe. Yes, yes, the old boy lov'd the sex, I grant; but he never hung out false colours to deceive the innocent; and if in the heat of action his passions gave a wound, he never rested till he found a balm to heal it again—(*looking with kindness at Mary*).—Ah! blest thy

thy little tender heart; I wish, for thy sake, he had liv'd to come home again!

Henry. Does she grieve for the Admiral, who died more than a year since?

Joe. Why, no; but she's the child of ill-luck. Her sweetheart, you see, about four years since, was down here at the Lodge, when their hearts, it seems, were secretly grappled to each other. The lad was a favourite of the Admiral, and went out to the Indies with him: there he got promotion; and when death struck the old boy's flag, and no will left, this lad, d'ye see, was their sheet anchor; but returning home, in the very chops of the Channel they engag'd an enemy, and after three hours hard fighting, the *Mounseer* struck; but her poor lad, Lieutenant Travers, was among the brave boys that fell. Had he liv'd, he had now been promoted. The newspaper she holds in her hand brought the account but two days since.

Henry. Then you seem to think, spite of your experience, she is sincere?

Joe. Why, if death and disappointment don't make folk sincere, what should? But a braver lad, they say, never kept the mid-watch.

[*Mary weeps, and retires.*

Poor wench! No wonder it makes her weep—tough as my heart is, damme, but it almost sets my pumps a-going!—But he died as a British seaman should, in the lap of victory; and his death was glorious! And I dare say he did not fight the worse for loving a pretty girl.

c

Henry.

Henry. If you doubt that, hear the story of poor Tom Starboard.

SONG.—HENRY.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do
Tom did; and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
For more than half the crew were lost.

II.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
Nay, when he lost an arm—refign'd,
Said, Love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind.
And now, tho' wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,
Of all past hardships made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak!

III.

His strength restor'd, Tom nimbly ran
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before her Tom had died.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life cou'd save;
And Tom arriv'd—the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave!

[Joe and Henry Blunt go into Admiral.

Old

Old MAYTHORN and ROBERT advance from Milk-house.

Old May. Nay, nay, boy, bridle thy temper; Sir Edward is licentious, hot-brain'd, and giddy; but so he don't dishonour us——

Robt. Aye, to be sure! Let the vox devour the lamb, and zay nothing. Pegg at the Admiral is mark'd for 'un already; and he must have Mary too, or you'll no longer have the turnpike, farm, or dairy.

Old May. I don't fear Sir Edward, boy, more than thy temper—I always understood from the good Admiral that I was rent-free; yet Sir Edward claims arrears for years past; and as I have no acquittal to shew, we must take care what we do. Thou shouldst not have beat his servant last night.

Robt. Damn un! the rogue's no better than a pimp; and if it wer'n't for bringing you and zister to poverty——

Old May. There again—I was going to tell thee, boy, that *Mary is not thy sister.*

Robt. No!

Old May. No! She's a natural daughter of the late Admiral. At three months old, her mother dying, he plac'd her under my care, to be brought up as my own child; but as she (poor innocent) must now share our lot, I charge thee, boy, not even to hint it to her—twou'd break her heart.—Hush!

[Mary advances, Robert retires R. H.]

Old May. Don't weep, my dearest lamb—
Heaven's will be done!—It is, I own, a woeful
change!

Mary. Ah, Sir! the Admiral, whose good-
ness gave us abundance; whose parental kind-
ness (for such it was) kept me at school, and
bred me as his daughter; *his* loss was heavy to
us all: and now my dearest William too! our
only hope! after five years absence—(*weeps*)—
Oh! had he but surviv'd——

Old May. Aye, aye, child, had he and
the good Admiral return'd, your union would
have been blest with abundance!—Ah! well!
we have seen better days! but we must now
submit. [*Exit.*

Mary. Oh! how chang'd is all the world to
me!—Objects which us'd to inspire delight,
now only serve to increase my affliction!

SONG.—MARY.

The poplar grove his presence grac'd,
Where William oft wou'd bless me;
The smooth-bark tree—the turf he trac'd,
With love-knots—now distress me!
The silent lane, the busy field,
All gladfome once, seem dreary;
No place, alas! can pleasure yield,
E'en life's a blank to Mary! [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir EDWARD with gun, &c. R. H.

Sir Edw. Take out the greyhounds, and give them a course; and let the groom exercise the curricie horses.

CRACK slips from behind the public-house.

Crack. Sir, I'll exercise the curricie and horses, and I'll give the dogs a course.

Sir Edw. Are you there, my impudent friend?

Crack. That epithet does not suit me, Sir—I'm remarkably *modest*. Many pretend to do what they can't; such, I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and I don't pretend at all.

Sir Edw. And pray, who are you, that are so very officious?

Crack. If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me: but, Sir, I believe I am the overseer of the parish; for I visit all the ale-houses every Sabbath-day.

Sir Edw. Yes, and most other days—I saw you drunk last night.

Crack. Purely out of respect to sobriety—I told you I was the overseer. My neighbours have weak heads; and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their hands, rather than they shou'd neglect their duty, I sometimes drink their share, and my own too—I sav'd five from being drunk last night, and that's hard work—however, good deeds reward themselves.

Sir Edw. Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues—(*bowing*).

Crack. No, Sir, few are—(*bows*)—or I should not blush so often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praise.

Sir Edw. And pray, Sir, how do you get your living?

Crack. Sometimes one way—sometimes another: I am first ringer of the bells, and second huntsman to Old Tantivy; and though its not in my power to improve the *weak heads* of my neighbours, yet I often mend their faulty understandings—(*pointing to his shoes*)—*ecce signum*—(*shewing his apron*).

Sir Edw. Any thing rather than work, ha?

Crack. Any work, Sir, to get an honest penny—Twice a week I turn pack-horse; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town; and t'other day I stood candidate for clerk of the parish; but—

Sir Edw. The badness of your character prevented your election?

Crack. No, Sir, it was the goodness of my voice—You hear how musical it is, when I only speak. What wou'd it have been at an Amen!—(*whispering*).—The parson didn't like to be outdone—Envy often deprives a good man of place, as well as perquisites—(*A pause*).

(*CRACK laughs, and then nods.*)

Sir Edw. What's that familiar nod for?

Crack. It's a way I have when I give consent.

Sir

Sir Edw. Consent; to what?

Crack. That you may give me what you please above half-a-crown—*(they laugh)*—*(a pause)*—Oh! I'm a man of my word, I'll take care to exercise the curricule and horses.

Sir Edw. You will?—You had better take my riding coat, and whip too, and go in stile.
[ironically.]

Crack. Had I Sir?—Well; I'am going to market, and can bring back your honour's letters and parcels at the same time; and in the evening we'll all be jolly.
[going.]

Enter SMART.

Sir Ed. Who is that familiar gentleman, Smart?

Smart. He's is a fort of jack-of-all-trades, but chiefly a cobbler.

Crack. Well; don't sneer at the cobbler; many of your betters have made their fortunes by cobbling: Sir I thank you; I'm glad to find you more of a gentleman than your servant, which is not always the case. I'll look to the curricule and horses, Sir, before I drink your health; I love business, and I hate a guzzler.
[Exit.]

Sir Edw. Give this letter to my steward, and tell him, if old Maythorn can't pay his arrears, he must arrest him. [Exit Smart.]
The old fellow in confinement, his daughter Mary will gladly pay the price of his release.

Enter

Enter HENRY BLUNT, R. H.

Have you your character yet, Blunt, from your last place?

Henry. No, Sir Edward; I expect it to day.

Sir Edw. Very well. Go to the hill opposite the lodge; should you spring any birds, don't shoot, but mark them: and, d'ye hear? I have a little love affair upon my hands; keep at a distance, I shall be near the copse; when I need you I'll fire.

Henry. Oh! Sir; I know my duty.

[Exit. L. H.]

ROBERT *returns.*

Sir Edw. You, Sir, direct my keeper to Barrow-hill, and don't let me hear of your firing a gun again upon my manors, or you'll visit the county goal.

Robert. Shall I? No, but I don't think I shall visit the gaol.

[Exit fulkily after Blunt.]

Enter PEGGY in a Bonnet with a little Basket.

Sir Edw. Ah! my bonny lass in a bonnet! —What, you're going a nutting I see. The clusters hang remarkably thick in lower bye-field, beneath the copse; in the hedge, joining the cut hay-stack.

Peggy.

Peggy. Ah! that's the way you're going to shoot; if I had known that now, I'd have chose another place.

MARY appears at her own Door.

Hush! there's Miss Maythorn;—she's always on the watch.—(*Smiles*)—How do, Miss Mary? I'm sorry to see you distress'd.—(*Aside*)—Conceited Moppet. [*Exit Peggy.*]

Sir Edw. My dear Mary, you seem dejected.

Mary. Misfortune, Sir Edward, has press'd hard upon us of late.

Sir Edw. The fault my love is yours. I wish to be more the friend of you and your family, than ever the late Admiral was.

Mary. Do you, Sir Edward? [*Eagerly.*]

Sir Edw. Certainly. I wish your father to be rent free. I long to give you an annuity and a coach; take you to town and make you happy.

Mary. I doubt, Sir, if that would make me so; and if there are fathers whose necessities press them to seek subsistence by the sale of a daughter's virtue, how noble were it in the wealthy to pity and relieve them? [*Exit hastily.*]

Sir Edw. Stubborn and proud still; but resistance makes victory glorious. Since soothing won't do, we'll try a little severity. She's a sweet girl, and I must have her.

D

SONG.

SONG.

Lovely woman 'tis thou!
To whose virtue I bow;
Thy charms to sweet rapture give birth;
Thine electrical soul
Lends life to the whole,
And a blank, without thee, were this earth.
Oh! let me thy soft pow'r,
Ev'ry day—ev'ry hour,
With my heart honour, worship, adore:
Thou present—'tis May;
Winter, when thou'rt away;
Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

II.

In a dream oft I've seen,
Fancy's perfect-made queen,
Which waking in vain have I fought;
But sweet Mary 'twas you,
Rich fancy then drew;
Thou'rt the vision which sleeping she wrought;
Lovely woman's soft power,
Every day—every hour,
Let my heart honour, worship, adore;
Thou present—'tis May;
Winter, when thou'rt away;
Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

[Exit. L. H.]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Room in the Public-house.*

Enter CRACK R. H. with Sir EDWARD'S Box-coat, Whip, and Hat. LANDLADY following.

Landlady. Don't tell me: I'll not believe Sir Edward ordered any such thing.

Crack. I say he did—"My dear Crack," says he, shaking my hand, "you had better take my riding-coat and whip, and go in stile." And let me see the man, or woman, who dare dispute it.—(*struts*)—Now I'm a kind of Bond-street man of fashion.

Landlady. You a Bond-street man of fashion!

Crack. Yes, I am—I'm all *outside*. Where are those idle scoundrels? Oh! I see; they are getting the curricie and horses ready.

Landlady. By my faith, and so they are.—Well, 'tis in vain for me to talk, and so I'll leave you. Peggy—(*calling*)—Where can this girl of mine be! Why, Peggy!— [*Exit.*

Crack. I have often wonder'd why they drive two *big* horses in so *small* a carriage!—Now, I find, *one's* to draw the gentleman, and *t'other* his great-coat!—(*shrugs.*)

Enter JOE STANDFAST.

Joc. They tell me, Crack, that you are under failing orders for town. I'm bound so far

d'ye see, on business for Master Blunt, the new keeper; mayhap, you'll give a body a birth on board the curricule?

Crack. Yes, I'll give your body a birth on board;—and Heav'n send it a safe deliverance!
[*Aside.*

Joe. Are you steady at the helm?

Crack. Unless your treat shou'd make me tipsy;—in that case, you must steer.

Joe. Me! damme, I'd rather weather the Cape in a cock-boat, than drive such a ginger-bread jinkumbob three miles; but for this stiff knee of mine, I'd rather walk. Oh! I see they're weighing anchor yonder—(*pointing to the stable*)—but what need of this friend?—(*taking his coat*)—the sun shines, and no fear of a squall.

Crack. Lord help your head! We drivers of curricles wear these to keep off the wind, the sun, and the dust.

Joe. Damme! but I think your main sheet is more for shew than service.

Crack. Oh! fie!—We could not bear the inclemencies of the summer if we weren't well cloathed.—But come, let's mount; and if we don't ride in our own carriage, we're better off than many who do; we pay no tax, and the coach-maker can't arrest us.

DIALOGUE DUET.—CRACK and JOE.

Crack. When off in curricule we go,
Mind, I'm a dashing buck friend Joe.

My

My well match'd nags, both black and roan,

Joe. Like most buck's nags, are not your own.

Crack. Paid for, I vow,

Joe. —————Avast! prithee, how?

Crack. In paper at six months credit, or nearly.

Joe. No cash?

Crack. ————Oh! no—that's mal-a-propos.

We bucks pay in paper, and that is merely

Fal, lal, lal.

Both. Fal, lal, lal, la, &c. &c.

II.

Crack. When mounted I, in file to be,

Should sport behind in livery

Two footmen in fine clothes array'd.

Joe. For which the taylor ne'er was paid.

Crack. We men of ton—

Joe. —————Have ways of your own.

Crack. Plead privilege to lead our tradesmen a dance, Sir,

John, when they call—(*mimicking*)—let'em wait
i'th' hall;

And two hours after send them for answer—

Fal, lal, &c.

Both. Fal, lal, lal, &c.

III.

Joe. If this be ton, friend Crack, d'ye see,

We're better from such lumber free.

No debts for coaches we can owe;

Crack. Because no one will trust us Joe;

Joe. Then I say still—that no man his bill,

Crack. To us, for a carriage, with justice can bring in;

Joe.

Jac. Then mount—never mind,

Crack. ——Leave old Care behind;

Both. Or shou'd he o'ertake us, we'll fall a finging—

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

Fal, lal, la, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A romantic rural Prospect—On L. H. a cut Hay-stack.—In the Back-ground a distant View of white Cliffs and the Sea.

HENRY BLUNT *enters.*

Henry. THIS is Sir Edward's rendezvous—he does not want taste. The distant ocean, the island, with its chalky cliffs rising from it, add to the beauty of the scene; while its stillness and solitude render it favourable to harmony and love!

SONG.

Calm the winds; the distant ocean,
Where our ships in triumph ride,
Seems to own no other motion
But the ebb and flow of tide.
High perch'd upon his fav'rite spray,
The thrush attention hath bespoke;
The ploughman, plodding on his way,
To listen, stops the sturdy yoke.
But see, the loud-tongu'd pack in view,
The peopled hills the cry resound;
The sportsmen joining chorus too,
And rapt'rous peals of joy go round.

2

Soon.

Soon, soon again, the scene so gay,
 In distant murmurs dies away ;
 Again from lazy Echo's cell,
 No sound is heard of mirth or woe,
 Save but the crazy tinkling bell
 The shepherd hangs upon the ewe.

ROBERT enters.

Henry. Honest Robert, I thought I had lost you.

Robt. No ! I was but just bye here, vast'ning a hurdle to keep the sheep from breaking out.

Henry. And Sir Edward, you say, solicits your sister Mary's affection ?

Robt. As to affection, he don't care much vor that, I believe, so he cou'd get her good will.

Henry. Do you think him likely to obtain it ?

Robt. She shall die first.

Henry. And who is Sir Edward's appointment with here, think you ?

Robt. Why, I be inclin'd to think (but I be'n't fure) it is wi' Miss Change-about at the Admiral—Speak o' th' devil, and behold his horns !—This way. [*They retire—Robert behind the hay-stack.*]

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. I heard a rustling as I pass'd the copse. I began to think 'twas Old Nick !—That fellow Robert does love me a little, to be fure—

sure—but Sir Edward! if he shou'd make me
Lady Sir Edward Dashaway——

ROBERT *advances.*

Robt. (Aloud) Hem! a little patience, and
may hap he will. [*She screams.*]

Peggy. How cou'd you frighten a body so?

Robt. Frighten thee, Peggy—it mustn't be
a trifle to do that. Have you set all shame at
defiance? I do wonder Old Nick didn't ap-
pear to thee in thy road hither.

Peggy. Don't you go to terrify me—now
don't—if you do, you'll repent it.

Robt. No, Peggy!—'tis you that'ul repent.
However, I do hope zome warning voice, zome
invizible spirit, will appear to thee yet, bevore
it be too late.

Peggy. You had better not terrify me now,
I tell you—you'd better not.

Robt. Take care where thee dost tread,
Peggy—(*she trembles*).—I wou'd not swear
there is not a well under thy feet—(*she starts*).
—Dam un, here he is, zure enow!—(*aside*).—
One word more, an' I ha' done. If in this loan-
some place—(*very solemn*)—Belzeebub shou'd
appear to thee in the likeness of a gentleman,
wi' a gun in his hand, look for his cloven foot,
repent thy perjuratation, and wi' tears in thy eyes
go whoam again, and make thy mother happy.

[*Retires again behind the hay-stack.*]

Peggy. Dear heart! dear heart!—I wish I
hadn't come. I'm afraid to stir out o' my
place,

place. Oh, lud!—I wish I was at home again.

Sir EDWARD, having put his Gun against the Rails of Hay-stack, steals behind, and taps her Shoulder.

Peggy. Mercy upon me, Sir Edward!—I took you for Old Nick.

Sir Edw. You did me great honour.

Peggy. Are you sure you have not a cloven foot?—(*looking*).—I was caution'd to beware of you.

Sir Edw. By young Maythorn, I suppose—I saw the impudent rascal. Upon my soul, you look divinely! [*Takes her to the R. H.*

(*Robert shews signs of displeasure.*)

Is not that a sweet cottage in the valley?—Shall I make you a present of it, Peggy?

Peggy. Why, Sir Edward, tho' I don't think Robert Maythorn is a fit match for me—yet, you know, in losing him—

Sir Edw. You have found a better match.

Peggy. Oh!—if your honour means it to be a match!—(*Sir Edward turns*)—that is, a lawful match—

Sir Edw. To be sure I do—you little rogue—(*she repulses him*)—Nay, one kiss of your pretty pouting lips.

Peggy.

Peggy. Why, as to a kifs, to be sure—(*wipes her lips*)—I hope no one sees. [*She holds up her face ; and, as he approaches, ROBERT reaches out his hand, fires the gun, and conceals himself again.*]

(*Sir EDWARD and PEGGY start.*)

Henry. (*Without*) Mark ! mark !

(*Musik plays.*)

Peggy. Good Heaven protect me !—'twas Old Nick !

Sir Edw. 'Tis odd !—'twas sure my gun !

Or Robert's play'd some devilish trick.

Peggy. Ah, me ! I am undone !

'Twas sure a warning voice that spokel

Sir Edw. A warning voice !—oh, no ! [*Robert steals off.*]

Peggy. Believe me, Sir, it was no joke.

Sir Edw. ———One kifs before we go.

Peggy. Nay, cease your fooling, pray, awhile,

Your keeper's coming now ;

And mother's hobbling o'er the stile,

She is—I swear and vow !

HENRY BLUNT enters. R. H.

Sir Edw. Hey !—what the devil brought you here ?

I pr'ythee, man, retire.

Henry. I thought you told me to appear,

When I shou'd hear you fire.

Enter LANDLADY with ROBERT, L. H.

Landlady. Where is this plaguy maid of mine?

An't you a pretty jade?

'Tis near the hour that we shou'd dine,

And yet no dumplings made.

Peggy. To gather nuts for you I've been,

And cramm'd my basket tight,

[Mother examines it.]

But, Mother, I old Nick have seen,

So dropt 'em with the fright.

Robert. With fancy's tale, her mother's ear,

She knows how to betray;

For staying out so long she'll swear,

The devil flopt her way.

Sir Edw. Come, come, let's home with merry glee,

On dinner to regale,

And, Hostess, let our welcome be

A jug of nut-brown ale.

All repeat the last verse.

[Exeunt L. H.]

SCENE II. *Another rural Prospect.*

MARY enters.

Mary. The bright evening fun dispels the farmer's fears, and makes him with a smile anticipate the business of to-morrow. How different our state! Our future day looks dark

dark and stormy, and Hope (the sun which gladdens all beside) sheds not for us a single ray.

SONG—MARY.

'Ere sorrow taught my tears to flow
 They call'd me—happy Mary,
 In rural cot, my humble lot,
 I play'd like any fairy;
 And when the sun, with golden ray,
 Sunk down the western sky;
 Upon the green, to dance or play,
 The first was happy I:
 Fond as the dove, was my true love,
 Oh! he was kind to me!
 And what was still my greater pride,
 I thought I should be William's bride,
 When he return'd from sea.

II.

Ah, what avails remembrance now?
 It lends a dart to sorrow;
 My once-lov'd cot, and happy lot,
 But loads with grief to-morrow:
 My William's buried in the deep,
 And I am fore oppress'd!
 Now all the day I sit and weep,
 At night, I know no rest:
 I dream of waves,—and sailors' graves,
 In horrid wrecks I see!
 And when I hear the midnight wind,
 All comfort flies my troubled mind,
 For William's lost at sea.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Turnpike, &c. as before, with a Bench and Table, at the Alehouse Door. Sir Edward's Groom calls "Gate;" Robert opens it, and the Groom crosses the Stage with a Bag of Oats; Robert locks the Gate; then enter Joe and Crack, with a Trunk: Crack a little tipsy, and singing.*

Joe. Dammie, shipmate, but you are the worst steerfman I ever met with.

Crack. Don't say so; if the horses had not run so fast, we should not have upset.

Joe. Well, be it as it may, we brought home one of the nags safe.

Crack. There you mistake—it was the nag brought us home safe; we three rode upon his back.

Joe. We three!

Crack. Yes, you, I, and the trunk.

Joe. I'm sorry t'other poor devil is left behind.

Crack. You're out again; for when he broke loose, he left us behind; and if he continued to gallop as he began, he's a long way before.

Joe. Well, mesmate, it's your own business. My head! here comes the groom; get out of it how you can! There's the trunk—*(lays it on the table)*—And now for a peep at the paper: I'll not be overhauled, d'ye see; and so, Friend Crack, I advise you to prepare a good answer—*(goes in to the Admiral)*.

Crack.

Crack. I never was without one in my life.—If the Groom won't stand quizzing, I'll be impudent.

Enter GROOM.

Groom. Why, that trunk, you, and the sailor, for a light carriage, were a little too weighty, I think, friend.

Crack. Not weighty enough, friend, or your trotting nags would not have galloped so fast; but it seems your and your horses wits jump.

Groom. How so?

Crack. Why, your horses, like you, voted us too weighty, and so unloaded us.

Groom. Unloaded you!

Crack. Yes; if you won't believe me, ask your master's great coat—(*gives it*)—Brush it, d'ye hear, it has been rubb'd already.

Groom. And hav'n't you brought the black horse back?

Crack. Why, how you talk! the black horse would not bring us back.

Groom. And where is he?

Crack. He's gone.

Groom. Gone! Where?

Crack. He did not tell me where he was going; I was not in his confidence; when you catch him teach him better manners.

Groom. Dam'me, if ever I heard the like before!—(*amazed.*)

Crack. No, nor saw the like *behind*! He winc'd like a devil! the worst bred horse I ever saw.

Groom.

Groom. What do you talk of? Not a better bred horse in the kingdom—(*with a knowing slang manner*).

Crack. Then the manners of horses are not more refined than their masters; he kick'd up, as much as to say, that for you—(*kicks up*).

Groom. Dam'me, but you seem to have made a very nice job of it.

Crack. If you flatter at hearing *half*, what will you say when you know the *whole*? The carriage, you see—

Groom. Is that run away too?

Crack. No; but it might, if I hadn't taken good care of it.

Groom. By driving over posts, I suppose?

Crack. No; by driving *against* posts—(Oh! you'll find me correct)—by which I took off one wheel, and broke the other.

Groom. And haven't you brought it with you?

Crack. Without wheels! how could I?—'would have broke my back.

Groom. I wish you mayn't get your head broke, that's all!

Crack. So far from that, I expect to be complimented for my judgment; for if I had not, like a skilful whip, whipped off the wheels, I might have lost the carriage and all its valuable contents: by being expert I have saved both.

Groom. Well, friend, you seem very merry under misfortune, and I wish you luck; It was Sir Edward's own doing, he can't blame me.

[*Exit,*

Crack. If he should, I'll make a neat defence for the sake of your nice feeling: damn'd hard, if at a battle of brains, I could not out-gossip a grumbling groom. Whenever I'm puzzled, I always hum folk: humming's all the fashion.

SONG—CRACK.

With a merry tale
 Serjeants beat the drum;
 Noddles full of ale,
 Village lads they *hum*:
 Soldiers out go all,
 Famous get in story;
 If they chance to fall,
 Don't they sleep in glory?
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

II.

Lawyers try, when fee'd,
 Juries to make pliant,
 If they can't succeed,
 Then they *hum* their client;
 To perfection come,
Humming all the trade is,
 Ladies, lovers *hum*,
 Lovers *hum* the ladies.
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

III.

Han't Britannia's sons
 Often *hum*'d Mounseer?
 Han't they *hum*'d the Dons?—
 Let their fleets appear—

Strike

Strike they must tho' loth,
 (Ships with dollars cramm'd,)
 If they're not *bumm'd* both,
 Then will I be d——,

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

*Old MAYTHORN crosses to his own house from
 R. H. to L. H. very disconsolate.*

Crack. There goes a man of sorrow; I remember him a jester: it may be my turn next; I'll never joke again till I see a—

Enter STEWARD and BAILIFF.

Lawyer and Bailiff!—Gentlemen, your humble; I reverence your callings, and I respect your power, for you two are a match——

Bailiff. For what?

Crack. The devil!—(*sings*)—Towdy rowdy,
 &c. *[Exit after Joe.]*

HENRY BLUNT *enters behind.*

Steward. You have the writ?

Bailiff. I have, master Steward.

Steward. Secure the old man, and carry him to your house till you have further orders.

[Bailiff goes into Maythorn's.]

Henry. Rather severe of our master, to send the old man to prison; is it not, Sir?

Steward.

Steward. Sir Edward is a young man, and loves his pleasures. Bye and bye, I hope he'll better know the use of wealth.

Henry. Pray, what is the old man's debt to Sir Edward?

Steward. He claims (for five years arrears and all) upwards of three hundred pounds. I am the instrument of his severity, and I am sorry for it.

Henry. Is it the love of money, or——

Steward. I am afraid not; the old man has a pretty daughter, who, Sir Edward's servant tells me, has given him some encouragement.

[*Henry Blunt retires.*]

Old MAYTHORN, BAILIFF, ROBERT, and MARY, enter.

Mary. Oh! my dearest father; is it already come to this?

Old May. Don't weep, my child; I prithee do not weep.

Robert. I tell ye what, Mr. Steward; I do know Zir Edward's tricks; I be noo vool d'ye see; but it wont do—and zoo you may tell'n if you please; I don't care a zingle rufh for him, nor——

Old May. Nay, prithee now, boy, prithee—
[*Exit Steward.*]

Robert. Why, the very worm ull turn when trod on, vather; and shall we——

Old May. Nay, but keep thy temper, keep thy temper lad; by soothing we may settle all.

Robert. I wish I had the settling on't; dam, if I would n't.—(*threatens with fist*)—Zir Edward don't care a vig for justice; he do make his wish, his will: and tho' he be a knight; he is but a man; and if a knight, or even a barrow-knight, do behave unlike a man—

Old May. Thou must be a monster! foolish boy! I'm vexed to hear thee! Robert, you vex me.

Mary. Don't agitate yourself, dear father, pray don't.—(*turns to Robert*)—Fear not me; I'll put myself out of Sir Edward's reach; I'll go with father to prison.

Robert. That's right; goo you to prison, then you'll be free from un.

Old May. This business has flurried me a little; Will you be good enough (for I am very feeble) to let me sit down awhile?

Bailiff. Can't delay, Master Maythorn.

Mary. Rest on my arm; I can support you father.—(*weeps*)—

Robert. Ay, ay, we'll both support you; here's mine too.—(*suppressing his tears*)—We'll support ye, vather; don't ye cry, Mary; what signifies crying? Don't ye cry, vather; Heaven will comfort the innocent, and the good man won't be forsaken, I warrant ye!

[*Exeunt—Old Maythorn, resting on Mary and Robert; the Bailiff after.* R. H.

Enter

Enter TWO SAILORS. L. H.

1st. Sailor. I believe, mesmate, we have trac'd him to his moorings.

2d. Sailor. You're right; for there you see is the Port Admiral.—(*points to sign*)—

1st. Sailor. House! bring us a mug of beer.
[*They sit at the Table.*]

PEGGY brings beer.

A pretty little tight wench, faith!

Peggy. Yes; pretty—but the grapes are four.
[*Exit with great conceit.*]

1st. Sailor. The folk here will hardly guess our errand,—(*they drink.*)

Enter JOE in rapture, with Newspaper, passes the SAILORS.

Joe. Here it is! On board the Turnpike a-hoy! Dam'me, here it is:—He's alive; the boy's alive! And—but hold, avast! the last paper said he was dead; this says its a lie: which shall I believe?—(*turning, sees the Sailors*)—What cheer, brother Sailors? From what Port?

1st. Sailor. Portsmouth.

Joe. Whither bound?

1st.

1st. Sailor. Can't you see we have cast anchor?

Joe. I say, Bob—Miss Mary: but avast! mayhap, they can inform me. You have had a severe engagement in the chops of the channel, I hear?

1st. Sailor. Yes, we have.

Joe. And just as the Frenchman struck she went down? Dam'me, that was a pity! But we sav'd many of their hands, they say.

1st. Sailor. Yes; and but it blew a hard gale we should have saved more. We lost one boat's crew in picking them up.

Joe. Among which, mayhap, was poor Will Travers. Well, dam'me, 'twas noble; 'twas a saying of the old buck aloft, "Be devils in fight, boys, the victory gained, remember you are men;" and as he preached, so he practised. This action, my hearties, brings to my mind the one we fought before the old boy had a flag, when he commanded a seventy-four.

1st. Sailor. Mayhap, so.

Joe. We were cruising, d'ye see, off the Lizard: on Saturday the 29th of October, at seven minutes past six, A. M. A sail hove in sight, bearing south south west, with her larboard tacks on board; clear decks; up sails; away we stood; the wind right east as it could blow; we soon saw she was a Mounseer of superior force, and damn'd heavy metal!

1st. Sailor. A ninety gun ship, I suppose?

Joe. A ninety. We received her fire without a wince, and returned the compliment; 'till about five and-twenty minutes past eight,
we

we opened our lower deck ports, and as we crossed plumpt it right into her ! we quickly wore round her stern, and gave her a second part of the same tune ; ditto repeated, as our Doctor writes on his doses ; my eyes ! how she rolled ! She looked like a floating mountain.—“ ’Tother broadside, my boys,” says our Captain, and “ dam’me, you’ll make the mountain a molehill !” We followed it up, every shot told ! We gave her broadside for broadside, till her lantern ribs were as full of holes as a pigeon-box ! By nine she had shiver’d our canvass so, I thought she’d have got off ; for which she crowded all sail.

1st. Sailor. Let the Mounseers alone for that.

Joe. We turned to, however, and wore ; and in half an hour got alongside a second time : we saw all her mouths were open, and we drenched her sweetly ! She swallowed our English pills by dozens ; but they griped her damnably ! By and bye we brought all our guns to bear at once ; bang ! she had it ! Oh, dam’me, ’twas a settler ! In less than *two* minutes after she cried “ pecavi ;” in *five* more she took fire abaft, and just as we were going to board her, and clap every lubber upon his beam end, whush ! down she went by the head ! My eyes, what a screech was there ! Out boats, not a man was idle ; we picked up two hundred and fifty odd, found and wounded ; and if I did not feel more joy of heart at saving their lives than at all the victories I ever had a share in, dam’me ! The old boy above knows it to be true, and can vouch for every word of it !

it! Can't you, my old buck!—(*flinging his hat up at him in great rapture*).

1st. Sailor. Why, it is not unlike the late action, and you'd say so too, if you'd been in it, as we were.

Joe. You in it? You on board?

1st. Sailor. We were.

Joe. (*eagerly*) Then tell me at once, for I can't believe the papers, is Lieutenant Travers alive or dead?

1st. Sailor. Alive, and promoted.

Joe. I said so—Dam'me, I knew he was alive; Huzza! old Maythorn! Mary! Bob! are you all asleep?—(*hollowing at Turnpike House*).

1st. Sailor. And now give us leave to ask you a question.

Joe. Ask a hundred thousand, my hearty! I'll answer all! Will you drink any thing more? Bring out a barrel of grog! Call for what you like, my lads; I'll pay all.

1st. Sailor. Can you inform us of one Henry Blunt?

Joe. Aye, to be sure I can; why, Bob, I say—(*calling*)—he's hired as Gamekeeper here to Sir Edward What d'ye call him; Whiffiligig. I say Bob!

1st. Sailor. Hired as a Gamekeeper.

Joe. Yes; a damn'd good shot—he shot—~~Old~~ Maythorn!—(*aloud*).

1st. Sailor. The devil he did! Can you tell us where we can find him?

Joe. Why, he has not slipped his cable, has he?—(*eagerly*).

1st Sailor. We should be glad to light of him, d'ye see.

Joe. I thought as much; dam'me, I knew he was a bastard kind of sailer by his talk; but the lubber, to skulk, to run from his post! Shiver my timbers! I can't bear to hear of a seaman's disobedience! But I'll blow him up—Why, Bob, I say! Where the devil are ye all?

Enter ROBERT in haste.

Robert. Here be I.

Joe. Bob, you dog, where's your father and mother?

Robert. My mother's in heaven, I hope.

Joe. Pshaw! dam'it! I mean your sister.

Robert. She's at the Bailiff's house with vather; the Steward's arrested him.

Joe. Arrested your father! for what? I'll pay the debt.

Robert. You pay three hundred pound?

Joe. Ay, dam'me, three thousand if he need it.

Robert. Yes; but when?

Joe. Why now; that is, when I have it:—tell 'em I'll bail him.

Robert. Yes; but you are only *one*, and though *one* friend be a rare thing, a poor man in trouble must find *two*, and both housekeepers.

Joe. Dam'it, that's unlucky! Shipmates, are either of you housekeepers.

1st Sailor. No.

Joe. I fear'd as much: but no matter; go, tell your sister, her dear William's alive and well.

Robert. Lieutenant Travers alive!

Joe. Aye, you dog; alive, and promoted:—now you know, go tell her the whole story; every particular. Hop, skip, jump, run—

(Pushing him off.)

Tell her he never was dead—*(calling)*—What shall I do for another bail?

HENRY appears in the back Ground.

I would ask this lubber, but dam'me if I ever ask a favour of a Seaman who deserts his country's cause! There's your trunk. Had I known you before I would not have fetch'd it: You a Seaman—you be—hem.

Henry. What's the matter, man?

(The Sailors hearing him, turn and rise.)

1st Sailor. Oh, here he is! noble Captain! for so you now are. We have brought—

(With great respect.)

Henry. Hush, for your lives.

Joe. *(Surprized)*—Eh! What?

Henry. Take up that trunk, and follow me quickly.

[Exit Blunt; and Sailors after in great haste.]

Joe. Oh, for a douse of the face now! To be sure I'm not dreaming! It surely must; dam'me, here goes, in spite of splinters and stiff

stiff knees—(*sings and dances*)—What an infernal blockhead I must be! if the Bailiff and Attorney won't take my word for the bail, I'll blow up one, and I'll sink the other.

[*Pulls off his Hat, and follows dancing and singing.*]

CRACK *enters from the Admiral, with a Mug in his Hand, singing.*

Sir Edw. (*Aloud without.*)—Where are all my servants?

Crack. There's Sir Edward!

Sir Edw. Get the curricule ready immediately.

Crack. Oh lord! I shall be blown here! Quiz is the word.

Enter Sir EDWARD (*goes towards Maythorn's*).

Sir Edw. Now, if Old Maythorn is arrested, Mary, I think, is mine.—(*Seeing Crack*)—Where did you learn music?

Crack. No where, Sir—its a gift: I was always too quick to learn.

Sir Edw. Yet you seem tolerably knowing.

Crack. Yes, Sir, knowing, but not wise: as many have honour without virtue. Come, he does not smoke.—(*aside.*)

Sir Edw. "Why, you're witty you rogue?"

Crack. "Ah, Sir! I wish I were as witty as you, and as rich; or, if I were as rich without being as witty, I'd be content. I should have been rich, but for my cursed name."

Sir Edw. "What may that be, pray?"

Crack. "My first, Sir, is Christopher; my second is *Crack*. My father was a *Crack*; so was my mother; and being both *Cracks*, of course I was born a *Crack*; and tho' I have mended many, that's a *Crack* I never could mend; it was my ruin."

Sir Edw. "Ha, ha! and so your name was your ruin?"—(*still peeping.*)

Crack. "Yes, Sir; for being comely, the maidens called me 'the Crack of the village,' and flattery, as you know Sir, plays the devil with the innocent; so, like one born to greatness and fortune, and surrounded by sycophants, I thought myself all-sufficient, 'till experience told me, I had little wit, and less money."

1st. Voice. (Without)—Gate!

2d. Voice. (Without)—Gate!

PEGGY peeps from the Admiral.

Sir Edw. Miss Mary! Sure, there's no one at home!

Crack. No, Sir; no one at all; so that there's no occasion for your curricule. And if there were, you would not get it—(*aside*)—You see, Sir, I am up!—(*significantly*).

Enter SMART, in haste.

Smart. Oh, Sir; there's fine work! Joe and two other failors, and young Maythorn, have

have rescued the old man, and are all going to the lodge in triumph.

Sir Edw. To the lodge! for what? Is Mary with them?

Smart. Yes, Sir.

Sir Edw. Follow me immediately.

[*Exit Sir Edward and Smart.*]

Crack. Yes; we'll all follow to the lodge, because the ale is good.

PEGGY advances.

Peggy. Hoity toity! he's very anxious about Miss Maythorn, methinks.

Crack. Yes; he was going to take her to London; but I took up a wheel, and let go a horse.

Peggy. Take her to London.—(*piqued*).

Crack. Yes, he was; and you don't like it; your stockings are yellow; you are jealous.

Peggy. Jealous! jealous of her! Oh, yes—that—he shall never speak to me again: I'll follow, and tell him so.—(*angrily*).

1st. Voice. Why, gate, I say!

2d. Voice. Are the folk asleep? Why, gate!

[*Others hollow.*]

Crack. I think I'll open the gate, and pocket the pence.—(*tries*)—By the Lord its lock'd, and the key gone!

Peggy. Oh, ho! here'll be fine work! Miss Mary had better mind her business.

[*Travellers and Horses*

appear at the Gate.

Crack.

Crack. And here come a dozen pack-horses; an old woman and a basket of eggs, on two tubs of butter, thrown across a fat mare, with half a dozen turkeys, and all their legs tied.—

MUSIC.

1st. Voice. Gate, I say; why, Gate!

2d. Voice. ————— Gate!

3d. Voice. ————— Gate!

4th. Voice. ————— Gate!

Peggy. Like bells they ring the changes o'er,
One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four.
They can't come thro'.

Crack. ————— Pray, hold your prate;

Peggy. What can we do?

Voices. ————— Open the gate!

Crack. No, no, we can't; but if you please,
You'll go round Quagmire-lane with ease.

Peggy. Turn by the hawthorn, near the mill,

Crack. And if you stick i'th' mud, stand still!

Peggy. When got half way; beyond all doubt,

Crack. Each step you take, you're nearer out.

1st. Voice. I'll be reveng'd—must I, with load
Be stop't here, on the king's high road?

2d. Voice. E'en poor folk may find law I'm told,

Crack. And lawyers too—if you'll find gold.

Nay, should you need—you silly elf,

For gold, you'll get the dev'l himself!

Voices. For your advice, our thanks are due,

We must go round, we can't get thro';

Crack & Peggy. You must go round—you can't come thro'. }

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE *the Last. The Inside of the Lodge.*

Old MAYTHORN, MARY, ROBERT, JOE, and
STEWARD, *enter. L. H.*

Joe. (as he enters, sings)—"We'll sing a little, and laugh a little, &c." Your dear William's alive and well, my sweet girl, with his limbs whole, and his love true, my life on't. So, hang it, don't be sad now the sun shines.

Robert. —(with affection.)—Oh! 'tis her joy, mun, that makes her sad now. Is not it, Mary?

Old May. And did the keeper kindly say, he would satisfy Sir Edward?

Joe. He did, my old friend.

*A SAILOR enters, and takes STEWARD off,
R. H.*

You see, I fancy he has sent for the Steward for that purpose.

Mary. Oh, Joseph! you are our better angel! Heavens! here's Sir Edward!

Sir EDWARD enters in haste.

Sir Edw. Heyday! What does all this mean?

Joe. Mean! that Mr. Blunt is going to answer your demands on the old man here.

Sir

Sir Edw. He answer!—where's my steward?
—(*with passion.*)

Joe. (Firmly) Stepp'd to your keeper, to overhaul accounts, and prepare a receipt for you, I take it.

Sir Edw. Without my concurrence!—Order the bailiff to take old Maythorn into custody immediately.

Robt. (Steps before his father) No, I don't think he'll do that again.

Sir Edw. Indeed, Sir! and which of these fellows was it who dared to effect a rescue?

HENRY, in his real Character of Captain TRAVERS, dressed in his Uniform, enters suddenly—STEWART follows with a Will.

Travers. That fellow, Sir, was I, and ready to answer it in any way you think proper.

Mary. Heavens!—my William!

Travers. My dearest Mary!—(*turns to her.*)

Joe. Did not I tell you he was right and tight?—Now, then, clear decks. I suppose he won't surrender without a rumpus.

[*Mary is shocked—Old Maythorn and Travers support her.*]

Sir Edw. So, so! a champion in disguise!—And pray, Sir, on what authority have you done this?

Travers. On one, Sir—(*turns quickly*)—paramount

ramount to any you possess—a will of the late Admiral.

Sir Edw. A will?

Travers. Aye, Sir, a will!—by which *this lady*, and not *you* (as you have for some time supposed), succeeds to his estates. Your attorney, who holds it in his hand, will inform you of particulars.

Sir Edw. The devil!

Travers. Consult him; and the sooner you give possession the better.

[*STEWART solicits Sir EDWARD'S attention—they retire.*]

Joe. Aye, aye, sheer off, or dam'me, but you must bear a broadside.

Travers. Pardon, my dearest Mary, this trial of your constancy. “The good Admiral, your honoured father——

Mary. “My father!

Old May. “Yes, child, he was your father.”

Travers. “During his illness in the West-Indies, he committed his will to my care—“for us, love, he has provided amply; and to his old friend here he has bequeathed the Upland Farm and house of three hundred a year.”—The report of my death prompted this stratagem, for which I ask——

Enter CRACK and PEGGY.

Crack. (*Aloud*) By the Lord, the folk at the turnpike are all stopp'd!

H

Joe.

Joe, Stop your mouth!—(*stopping it*).

Crack. Hey—what—oh!

[*Joe takes Peggy and Crack aside, and tells what has happened.*]

(*Sir EDWARD and STEWARD advance.*)

Steward. 'Tis even so, indeed—(*gives Travers the will*).

Travers. I hope, Sir Edward, you are satisfied.

Sir Edw. This is not the place to dispute it, Sir.

Travers. Before we part (lest my character might offend your morality), give me leave to resign my office.

Robt. That's right, Captain; and make I gamekeeper instead.

Travers. That I will, Robert, and bailiff too.

Robt. (*With authority*) Then I warn you, Sir Edward, not to vire a gun again upon my manors, or I'll zend you to the county gaol—I will, as sure as you're born.

Sir Edw. (*Aloud*) Order my curricie—I'll set off immediately for town. [*Exit Sir Edward.*]

(*CRACK advances with JOE and PEGGY.*)

Crack. You had better go in the mail—(*calling after him*)—they'll be some time getting the curricie ready.—Won't you follow your swain, Miss Peggy?

Peggy. Prithee, be quiet—(*advances to Robert*).—I hope young Mr. Maythorn here—(*pulling his coat, and making a curtsy.*)

Robt. Hem!—Paws off, if you please, my Lady Sir Edward Dashaway.—Its my turn now. However, if in a year or two's time—

Peggy. Dear heart!—a year or two is such a long—

Robt. Oh!—if you are not content—

Peggy. Yes—I am—I am content.

Travers. Aye, aye, contented all—and while friends and fortune continue thus to smile, let us in love and harmony manifest our gratitude.

FINALE.

Travers. Love's ripen'd harvest now we'll reap,
My fancied dream's reality;
Here Mary still the gate shall keep,
I mean—of hospitality.

Mary. And for the task, the toll I ask
(Still mindful of my lot of late),
(*To the audience*) Is from this court a good report,
To-morrow, of our Turnpike Gate.

Peggy. We bar-maids, like the lawyers, find
Words at the bar, for tolls will flow;
Some we in *cash* take, some in *kind*;
At all toll-bars no trust you know.

Robt. The doctor too—'tis nothing new,
Will hardly ever tolls abate;
Then give us, pray, on this high way,
Your leave to keep the Turnpike Gate.

Crack

Crack. I'd ask the bachelors of mode,
And spinsters—are you free of toll?
Or *you*, that jogg the married road?
Oh! no—your're not, upon my soul!

Joe. Then since 'tis clear, most of you here
Pay swinging tolls—in ev'ry state,
Grudge not, we pray, the toll to pay
Here nightly at our "Turnpike Gate."

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