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Title: The Englishman from Paris

Author: Arthur Murphy

Editor: Simon Trefman

Release Date: January 7, 2011 [EBook #34871]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ISO-8859-1

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THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

Arthur Murphy

## The Englishman from Paris

(1756)

*Introduction by*  
Simon Trefman

PUBLICATION NUMBER 137  
WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK MEMORIAL LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES  
1969

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## INTRODUCTION

Arthur Murphy's afterpiece, *The Englishman From Paris*, was given its first and last performance at Drury Lane on 3 April 1756. According to the prompter's account the play "went off well," and the receipts for the night, £240, indicate that a large audience attended.<sup>[1]</sup> However, despite these optimistic signs, Murphy never published the play nor did he allow it to be presented again on any stage. It is even possible that Murphy tried to destroy all traces of it; for the Lord Chamberlain's copy from which this edition is printed was not found in the usual depository, the Larpent Collection. Instead, the manuscript got in the hands of private collectors, was wrongly ascribed to Samuel Foote, and was sold in a series of auctions as an unconsidered part of a lot of rare biblical and Shakesperian items.<sup>[2]</sup> In this manner the play finally came into the possession of the Newberry Library where it eventually was correctly catalogued, but its adventitious provenance is marked by it being the only manuscript play in the collection.

*The London Stage 1660-1800*, ed. George Winchester Stone, Jr. (Carbondale, Ill., 1962), Part 4, II, 536. I would like to thank the Newberry Library for permission to reproduce this previously unpublished manuscript of Murphy's *Englishman From Paris*.

Simon Trefman, "Arthur Murphy's Long Lost *Englishman From Paris*: A Manuscript Discovered," *Theatre Notebook*, XX (Summer 1966), 137-138.

Certainly one important reason for Murphy's reticence to exhibit his play can be found in the events leading up to its production. Samuel Foote, who at this time was known as a comic actor and a writer of farces, was a close friend of Murphy's and in the summer of 1754, when Murphy was short of money, had taken him into his house. He encouraged the young Murphy to become an actor, gave him lessons, and, no doubt, was useful in getting him started in his new career at Covent Garden. The following summer saw Murphy in far better circumstances. Garrick artticed him to act as a replacement for Mossop and also scheduled Murphy's first farce, *The Apprentice*, for production that same season. In a gush of confidence, Murphy told Foote, whose help and encouragement had borne such fruit, of his plans for a new farce. He was going to write a sequel to one of Foote's plays, *The Englishman in Paris* (C. G. 24 March 1753), a popular farce that satirized the boorish antics of a young English squire in a country where politeness is the mode. Murphy's idea was to show this blood returned to England as a Frenchified effeminate fop at odds with his family and former friends. Foote listened closely as Murphy gave him the plot and even some of the dialogue. Then, thinking that no one had a better right to a sequel than the author of the original, Foote, keeping his own counsel, wrote *The Englishman Return'd From Paris* in time for the new season.<sup>[3]</sup>

William Cooke, *Memoirs of Samuel Foote* (London, 1805), I, 72-73.

Although Foote was accused of plagiarism by Murphy and then by others who had not seen the play, the charge was not strictly true. There are general similarities because both plays are based upon the same idea, and, if one looks closely, certain jokes and other bits of dialogue are too alike to be accidental. It is also possible that Crab of Foote's play was developed from certain characteristics of Quickssett. Yet on the whole, Foote's plot, characterization, and dialogue are so distinctly different from Murphy's that Foote can be given credit for writing his own play. The attitudes of both writers towards their objects of satire were entirely different. Foote wrote a wild and whimsical farce where much of the humor is slapstick. Murphy's play is a carefully worked out comedy where extreme behavior of any kind is gently ridiculed.

Despite Foote's desire for secrecy while getting his play ready for production, Murphy would be sure to hear the news as soon as plans were given out for costumes, sets, and rehearsals. His first response to Foote's betrayal of their friendship was to publish anonymously *The Spouter: or, the Triple Revenge*. This unplayed farce was probably published in late January, a week or two before Foote's play was to be shown. In an understandable but scurrilous rage, Murphy vilified Foote (as Dapperwit) using all the advantages of a once close friendship. In addition to being accused of plagiarism, Foote had all his personal foibles held up to public ridicule. Though an able and often eager controversialist, Foote made no reply but slyly advertised that his play would open 3 February at Covent Garden and would be "a New Farce Sequel to *The Englishman in Paris*, by the same author." The audience's response to Foote's version justified Murphy's worst apprehensions; it proved to be a brilliant success and was played nineteen times that season.<sup>[4]</sup>

Stone, II, 524, et passim.

It seems probable that Murphy did not plan to bring out his new play that season because he had already introduced *The Apprentice* (D.L. 2 January 1756). But he was an irascible man and it was undoubtedly galling to watch Foote reap fame and fortune on his idea. Providing himself some small measure of satisfaction and thinking he had little to lose, Murphy made plans to give the play at least one performance on his benefit night as an actor (he had already been given a benefit as an author) and to alter some parts of the play to expose further Foote's duplicity.

Although he did not act in the play, Murphy spoke the prologue which bemoaned the fate of the dramatist:

Shall he consult his friends?—when once 'tis shown  
If some friends like, they make the *hint* their own.<sup>[5]</sup>

*Literary Magazine* (15 March-15 April 1756), I, 29.

Two contemporaries also quote a last minute addition that is not in the manuscript of the play. Foote's Englishman, Buck, probably dressed similarly to Foote who played

the role, appears on stage to say: "O Yes! I grant you there has been an *imposter* about town, who with easy familiarity and assurance, has stolen my writings, &c.; and not only thus treacherously robbed, but impudently dared to assume my very name even to my face; but I am the true Charles Buck, I assure you."<sup>[6]</sup> The manuscript too makes a reference to Foote's plagiarism when Bob Wildfire and Harry Foxchase ask Jack if he had seen Buck in his travels. This part too is probably a late insertion for it is irrelevant to the plot and the characters.

Cooke, I, 74-75; and Tate Wilkinson, *Memoirs of His Own Life* (York, 1790), II, 71-72.

Interestingly enough, Murphy's sequel is based on different characters from those appearing in Foote's play, but it is closer in spirit to the original than Foote's own sequel. Murphy's is an ironic and gentle comedy that at first glance seems to be chauvinistically anti-French and pro-English, reflecting public sentiment prior to the outbreak of the Seven-Years' War with France. Though the climax of the plot is the fop's rejection of French affectations (and Murphy made sure that the French dogs did not get the best of it), English brutality and intolerance are also exposed; and care is taken that nothing irrevocable is done so that there is room for reformation on both sides. Foote's sequel, unlike his original, is a fast-paced, almost brutal farce that depends on slapstick and whimsy for belly laughs. Foote did pay some lip service to the superiority of English manners and morals, but he was more interested in getting his audience to laugh than to applaud. Murphy's play is more serious, more sensible, and more tolerant than Foote's, but it would suffer in comparison with the livelier play. Murphy's realization of this inevitable comparison would probably be a strong reason for him to disown his play.

Murphy's attitude is exemplified by his characters. Except for Florid, none of them is truly treacherous or malicious; though some may be foolish and intolerant, they are not beyond redemption. Characters that represent simple-minded patriotic attitudes—such as Quicksett, Roger, and The Mob—were likely to be cheered by the galleries; but the more judicious part of the audience would have been able to recognize their naivety and inflexibility. Quicksett as a no-nonsense John Bull squire may serve to draw Jack Broughton out to his foppish worst, but he is also too set in his ways to appreciate anything beyond his own narrow views of property and propriety. Roger, the servant, is sincere in hating his French compeers, and his thrashing of the French servants undoubtedly elicited applause; but his limited understanding is also held up to ridicule.

On the other side, Abbé Millamour, who is writing a book of observations on the English nation, is Murphy's response to Jean Bernard Le Blanc, a French Abbé whose published comments on the English did not endear him to that people.<sup>[7]</sup> Though the Abbé is made an object of laughter, he is allowed to come to an understanding of the English virtues, and he praises them at the end of the play.

Jean Bernard Le Blanc, *Lettres d'un François* (Hague, 1745). See George R. Havens, "The Abbé Le Blanc and English Literature," *MP*, XVIII (1920), 79-97.

Florid's role in the play is more ambiguous than that of the other characters. As a false philosopher who spouts nonsense, he represents an affectation that is universal rather than national. Murphy, by placing him in Jack's entourage as a tutor and by having Florid claim that his theories are partly French, does put him on the French side. But it is also clear from references made to "characteristics," "plastic nature," "systems of harmony," and the like that he is a Shaftesburian. Furthermore, Florid's "gay contempt" as a reaction to "the motley Livery of incongruous Appearances" is a paraphrase of some lines of *The Pleasures of the Imagination* by Mark Akenside, the Shaftesburian poet.<sup>[8]</sup> Florid's incomprehensible spoutings can be seen as mocking Akenside's turgid and abstract style, but I do not think that Murphy meant to be taken seriously in this caricature of the poet. A few years earlier in his *Gray's Inn Journal*, Murphy had shown himself appreciative of the works of Akenside and Shaftesbury.<sup>[9]</sup> and Murphy does not lampoon Akenside's personality as Smollett had done in *Peregrine Pickle* (1751). Furthermore, though Murphy mocks the concept that ridicule is the test of truth by Florid's defense, this Shaftesburian idea that Akenside vigorously upheld is approved of in another play by Murphy, *Know Your Own Mind*. This time the hypocrite Malvil, when exposed by ridicule, insists that it is no fair test of truth. Perhaps, because of Murphy's recent familiarity with the poet and the philosopher, he saw a possibility of raising a laugh through parody, but he never meant to indicate his disapproval of either man.

Mark Akenside, *Pleasures of the Imagination* (London, 1744), pp. 105-107.

*Gray's Inn Journal* (London, 1756), Nos. 10, 44, 45, 46, 57, 90, 96, 98. In 45 and 90 Murphy quotes passages from Akenside with great approval, including one that is later parodied by Florid.

Murphy's play is a plea for good sense—for all classes of society to avoid extreme behavior. The upper classes tend to be affected or unthinking, boorish pranksters; the lower classes can degenerate into a brutal, capricious mob. Murphy shows that there is room in the English way of life for tolerance, good sense, and patriotism. There was a need for this view in 1756 when riots against the French were common, and it took some skill to write a play that seemed to confirm national prejudices at the beginning and thus insure a hearing and to end by gently exposing those prejudices to ridicule. Had Murphy not been disheartened by Foote's competition, this play might have had its share of success.

In trying to retain the flavor of the manuscript, I have altered mainly those aspects which would interfere with an easy comprehension of the piece. To that end I have broken up run-on sentences when it seemed to me that the point was lost in the ramble, though when the meaning was clear I made no changes, because the lack of a full stop preserved the natural flow of spoken words. The dashes were also kept when they gave an indication of the rhythm and flow of dialogue, but when the meaning became confused other punctuation was substituted to preserve the sense. The erratic capitalization of the play was kept for nouns and compound nouns, but capitals always replaced lower case letters for the first letter of a sentence. The original eighteenth-century spelling was retained, but obvious misspellings were corrected. The mangled French of Jack, who is not supposed to be fluent in that language, was not touched, but the French of the Abbé and the French servants was corrected. All stage directions have been given in parentheses, and legible but crossed out sections of dialogue in italics. All editorial insertions have been placed within brackets.

Queensborough Community College,  
The City University of New York

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## THE ENGLISHMAN FROM PARIS<sup>[10]</sup>

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### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SIR ROBERT BROUGHTON

JACK BROUGHTON

QUICKSETT, *A Country Gentleman, Father to Harriet*

FLORID, *A Philosopher and Tutor to young Broughton*

M. MILLAMOUR, *A French Abbé*

BOB WILDFIRE

HARRY FOXCHASE

ROGER

SIDEBOARD

FRENCH SERVANTS, MOB, ETC.

LADY BETTY MOCKMODE

HARRIET, *Daughter to Quicksett*

The manuscript is dated 29 March 1756, as part of the following note to the Licenser signed by Garrick and Lacy: "Sir/ This farce we intend to have perform'd at our Theatre if it meets with the Approbation of my Lord Chamberlain. from yr humble servants/D. Garrick & J. Lacy." Directly above this note in another hand is written "by Samuel Foote."

Miss Miles who was to have played Harriet was replaced by Miss Minors according to the playbill in Stone, II, 536.

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## ACT the 1<sup>st</sup>

(SIR ROBERT BROUGHTON *and* MR. QUICKSETT)

*Quicksett.* Why as to that matter, Sir Robert, I esteem you as my old Acquaintance, and I had as soon marry my Daughter into Sir Robert Broughton's Family, as any Family in England.

*Sir Robert.* I flatter myself Mr. Quicksett you can have no reason to blush at the alliance; and then as the young Couple have known one another from their Infancy, and as both our Estates lie contiguous—

*Quicksett.* Why, as you say, the match in some respects may be a prudent match—your Estate is a fine one, and when Neighbor Hodge's Lease, and Barnaby Guzzledown's, and two or three more of them fall in—but I forgot to tell you, your old Horse Regulus is dead—I saw him last week—he was a fine Animal in his Time. He was a great while drooping, and he died without a groan.

*Sir Robert.* So my Steward writes me. But Mr. Quicksett, this is wandering from the Point—my Son—

*Quicksett.* Is a mere Coxcomb, I hear, since I came to Town—I have no Opinion of your French Education.

*Sir Robert.* Dear Sir, it is the best thing in the World to reform youth.

*Quicksett.* I don't know that Sir Robert; I have seen a great many hopeful, promising young Men, come home such mere Ragouts. I'll tell you what, Sir Robert—I was hugely pleas'd with one Inscription I once read in a country church-yard. "Here lies John Trott, an honest Man who was never out of his own Country."

*Sir Robert.* Nay, nay, but I tell you, all accounts from Paris speak very well of the young Man.

*Quicksett.* Well, well, seeing is believing—I come up to Town on purpose to be present at the Wedding, and now I am here, I don't know what to say to it. I thank you, however, for your care of my daughter, she has been but a Troublesome Baggage, I fear, here in your House so long.

*Sir Robert.* So agreeable, that I'm not fond of parting with her.

*Quicksett.* Why does not the young Man appear then? I want to see him.

*Sir Robert.* I have sent upstairs for him—he'll be here presently.

*Quicksett.* I don't know how to say it—he's but just arriv'd as I may say, and he's the Town-talk already.

(Enter SIDEBOARD)

*Sideboard.* My young Master is not stirring yet, Sir.

*Quicksett.* Not stirring at this time o' day?

*Sir Robert.* Nay, there's nothing in that—he has not recover'd from his Fatigue—but there's his governor yonder. He can give an account of him—call him in Sideboard. The Truth of the matter is, I have not seen much of him myself, but by all accounts—O, here comes Mr. Florid—Mr. Florid, they say is a particular sort of Philosopher that talks much of characteristicks, I don't well understand what characteristicks are, but he is a well spoken Man. O, here he comes.

(Enter FLORID)

*Florid.* Sir Robert, I hope I see you with your Spirits in due Harmony, and all your Affections in proper ballance.

*Sir Robert.* I am very well, I thank you, if you mean that—Mr. Florid, this is Mr. Quicksett.

*Florid.* The warmth of my Affections, Sir Robert, gives an instantaneous glow to my Spirits, and I behold your Friend with Congenial Feelings, and all the Impulse of Sympathetic Raptures. Sir, your most Obedient.

*Quicksett.* Sir, your Servant—I am a plain spoken Man, lookye, downright, and honest—my intended Son-in-Law, I find has been under your Care. I should be glad to hear from you that he has taken up a little, and sowed his wild Oats, as I may say.

*Florid.* Dear Sir, such an alteration was never known. The Senses in general, Sir, have been wrongly confin'd to the five Classes of External Senses—there are, Sir, in Human Nature many other Inlets of Perception—there is the Public Sense—the Private Sense—the Sense of Honor—the Moral Sense—the Internal Sense—

*Quicksett.* Ay, but has he common Sense?

*Florid.* The Sensus Communis, or the Public Sense is the same thing. Now Sir, there is an amazing Connexion between the Organs of Bodily Sensation, and the Faculties of Moral Perception, and there are certain Powers in Human Nature—which seem to be Intermediate—

*Quicksett.* Sir Robert, I don't rightly comprehend this.

*Florid.* Those Intermediate Powers have been stiled in general the Powers of Imagination, which do not seem to have given him an ardent propensity to the Mimetic Arts—but his faculties of moral perception have given him the To Prepon, the Kalogathia of the Greeks, Honestum of the Latins, the Sympathetic Regularity, the Responsive Harmony—

*Quicksett.* Odds, my life, I had as soon be at a Foxchase without ever seeing the Dogs, as hear all this without understanding a Word.

*Sir Robert.* Mr. Florid, my Friend Quicksett is like myself a plain spoken Man—cou'd not you tell him now in plain English that the Boy is reform'd?

*Florid.* Dear Sir, that's the very thing I'm about—the young Gentleman has really very delicate Sensations, and when I have fixed in him certain determinations to be pleas'd with the complex forms of Beauty, Regularity, Order, Harmony and Proportion—

*Quicksett.* I am very much obliged to you, Sir—but I am as far to seek as ever. And so now I'll go to the coffeehouse and see if the Papers mention the taking of any more French ships.

*Sir Robert.* Nay, but Mr. Quicksett—don't be in such a hurry, my Son shall be call'd upon.

*Quicksett.* No, I won't disturb him—I'll call again in the Evening.

*Sir Robert.* Well, well, I'll step to the coffe house with you—will you dine with us?

*Quicksett.* No, I am to dine with Sergeant Interrogatory in Chancery Lane—but I'll call in the Evening.

*Florid.* You may make yourself perfectly easy about the young Gentleman—you'll find every Word I have said to be true.

(Exit Sir Robert and Quicksett)

*Florid. (Alone)* I have already fixed a ridiculous Aposiation of Ideas in my young Pupil's Mind concerning Marriage. If I can bring him to decline it, I shall see whether I can't awaken Miss Harriet's Affections in my own behalf—I have almost finish'd a short Treatise upon Beauty, which I shall dedicate to her. I must make all I can of this family; and then the pleasures of Imagination will strike the Internal Sense with a finer Impulse, when some Ideas of Property concur.

(Enter SIDEBOARD)

*Sideboard.* My young Master's stirring Sir, and desires to speak with you, Sir.

*Florid.* Honest Sideboard, I attend him.

*Sideboard.* This House is nothing but a Scene of confusion, I think, with all these French Parlevous about the House.

(Enter ST. LOUIS singing)

*St. Louis.* La Guerre en Angleterre—hey—Bourguignon—La Fleur, you must come upstairs.

(French Servants run across the Stage)

*Sideboard.* I wish these fellows were out of the House—always quarrelling with the Cook—and tossing up Ragouts and powdering their Hair in the Kitchen—so friend Roger—

(Enter ROGER)

*Roger.* Master Sideboard, a good Morning to you.

*Sideboard.* Good Morning, Roger. Why you're not chang'd in your Travels abroad Roger.

*Roger.* No, Heav'n be prais'd, they cou'd not change me. Is the Squire stirring yet?

*Sideboard.* Yes, and that chattering Frenchman is with him. Pray, who is he?

*Roger.* O that's Mounsieur Abbé—the Squire has brought un home with un to write Remarks, as I overheard un say, upon all our Country Folk. He has learned English on purpose, and jabbers from Morning to Night. Lord! When he was abroad, a used to dress quite and clean in another manner, a was all over black with a silk thing flowing behind, with a spruce Wig, and a black Patch on the Crown of his head, as if a was one of your Sergeants at Law as one may see upon circuit; but dear Heart, the Squire will be in a sad frame presently when I tell un what news I got for un.

*Sideboard.* Why, what's the matter now?

*Roger.* I ha' been at the Coostum Hoose to get un things home that he sent by long Sea from Calais but they are all siezed upon, excepten some linnen and wearing Apparrell—Wounds! Says the Coostum Hoose—Gentleman, your Master is an Enemy to his country, to lay out so much Money abroad, and starve honest Tradesfolk at Home, so there's the Devil to pay, a power of Embroidery and Lace, and I don't know what all, seiz'd upon. (*Hurra without*) Pray Master Sideboard, what may all that mean?

*Sideboard.* Why those are young Master's Companions before he went abroad, they've heard he's come home, and so they're gather'd about the Doors for joy—there's Bob Dare-devil, and Handsome Billy, and Buckhorse and all the Fellows in Town, I think.

*Roger.* Ay, but they'll find un another sort of man now, I can tell un that.

(*A knocking at the door and Enter a FOOTMAN*)

*Footman.* Is Miss Harriet at Home?

*Sideboard.* Yes.

*Footman.* Lady Betty Mockmode—bring in the Chair.

*Chairman.* By your leave, set down.

*Lady Betty.* (*Comes out*) What can that rude canaille mean by making a Rendezvous there to derange People of Condition? I could almost fancy the Captain of the Ship has made a Mistake, and landed me at the Cape of Good Hope among the Hottentots. But where's Mademoiselle Harriet, where's Mademoiselle?

*Chairman.* (*Rubbing his face*) The Devil set fire to her French airs. I've carried her all the way to Grosvenor Square, and there down Burlington Gardens, and then to St. James's Place—and then here again, a man had better be a Horse nor a chairman at this rate. Come, take out there, Paddy, we'll go and have a sup of the Craitur.

*Sideboard.* What did that Lady come over with your Master, Roger?

*Roger.* Yes, and we had such a do with her—but don't you remember her? Why that's she a Squire Wildfire was in love with—by the by, I met Squire Wildfire and Squire Foxchase. I told un Master was come, and they were main glad, and said they'd come and see un.

(*Scene: JACK BROUGHTON'S Apartment.  
French Servants setting the Toilette*)

*Florid.* Ridicule being the Test of Truth, Monsieur Abbé, if it brings into your Mind the motley Livery of incongruous Appearances; I fancy your account of us when you publish your Remarks on the English Nation, will strike Foreigners with a gay contempt.

*Abbé.* Monsieur, vous avez raison—but your Pupil—whence is it gone?

*Florid.* Just stept out to speak with Roger, he'll be here again instantaneously—I think between us both Monsieur Abbé, we have made him a pretty Gentleman.

*Abbé.* Ah! Pour ça oui—I have given him notion how to live, I have teach him a tousand leetle agrements—and den I have make him widout Prejudices—qu'il na pas de préjugé.

*Florid.* There Monsieur l'Abbé, I have been chiefly Instrumental—I have exploded all his former Notions made him acquainted with Plastic Nature and have wandered with him in academic Groves.

(*Enter JACK BROUGHTON*)

*Jack.* Jarnie! Ventripleu! Que la preste m'etouffe—never tell me Man—furies! Death and Rage! What! All my things siez'd upon at the Custom House. I shall make my address to the Comptroller of the Finances or the Fermiers Generaux—I'll commence a Procés Verbal—Florid, did you ever hear of such a thing? Monsieur Abbé ayez pitié de moi—my Embroideries, my Laces, my Silks, my Pompons for the Ladies, all siez'd by the unmannerly Brutes—

*Abbé.* You call dis Liberty and Property, I tink in dis country.

*Jack.* Liberty and Property! Robbery and Arbitrary Powers to strip a Gentleman at this rate! But rot 'em, they have been making Piracies upon us for several Months past.

*Abbé.* Mais, ne vous derangez pas, Monsieur.

*Jack.* Non, mon cher Abbé Millamour—I'll not derange myself about it.

*Abbé.* Ecoutez mon cher Enfant—you must be toujours gai; and if par hazard, you are met en colère you must swear wid an air—que la peste m'etouffe—ça ne vaut rien. But I give you a Book of Oats made by a Swiss Officer, improve by an English Captain of Marine and finish by a Gascon Abbé, who lose all his Money at Trick-track.

*Jack.* Mon cher Abbé, you are too good.

*Florid.* And I shall dedicate you a System of the most refin'd and true Philosophy—it is partly from the French, and I call it the Theory of Agreeable Sensations.

*Jack.* That will give me a reputation for the Belles Lettres; but come, let me see if my arrival is mentioned dans les Affiches—le voila. "Yesterday arriv'd at his Father Sir Robert Broughton's John Broughton, Esq. from his Travels abroad, and we hear that a treaty of Marriage is on foot, and will speedily be consumated between him and Miss Harriet Quicksett, a beautiful young Lady and an Heiress." Pardie! C'est bien suprenant; do my dear Florid, order my vis-a-vis, that I may go abroad and contradict this Rumor. Matrimony is too plain a dish, and what I believe I shall never sit down to—I possibly may go to an Ordinary, but that will only be for a Smack and away—at least if I ever should take up with it, I shall be sure to have it better season'd to my Palate, than mon cher Pere intends. My dear Abbé, I have brought you to a strange country.

*Abbé.* Pardie! Ver strange indeed! I have see for the times a good deal. I have dine yesterday at a caffè—I know not what you call—Monsieur D'Eschallot bring me dare. Monsieur D'Eschallot, I assure you is ver prett Gentleman, and leave two thousand livres devant, avec droit de chasse, behind him—avec droit de chasse Monsieur; but by Gar I never see such dinner in all my Life. "How do you do?—Very well tank you—What news?—Noting at all—My service to you, to you, to you, to you" all de way down, and ma foi, dey talk no more. And den, jarnie! Me was ver much surprise to see my own Countrymen as unmannerly as de English—and I scramble for de Soup and boulli—me was 'fraid to put my hand to de dish, for fear amidst all de Knife and Fork, somebody in a hurry help himself to my fingers.

*Jack.* O this Country is enough to ruin the manners of an Angel.

*Abbé.* And den I was at de play last night, Otello I tink was de play—by Gar he vas in ver great Passion because he loose his Handkercher—such play! It is one of Shakespeare I tink—

*Jack.* O le Barbare! Voltaire you know calls him a Drunken Savage—un Savage enyorée!

*Abbé.* But by Gar me vas ver much please to see so many naked Shoulder in de Box, and ma foi, to see some of the Ladies paint as much by Gar as if dey be in Paris. But Monsieur de Broughton tink upon vat I say to you about des Airs, des façons, and de manières—you have already ver pretty French Manners—you have de turn of de Head, de movement of de Shoulder, de geste, de Look, de Inflexion de Voix; and pon my vor, you take snuff, you smile, you whisper, comme à la cour de France.

*Jack.* Oh you flatter me—I wish I could obtain an Act of Parliament to unnaturalize myself.

*Abbé.* Laissez moi faire, I make you in ver leetle time so dat nobody know you, you have ver good Naturel; vous avez les graces en partage Monsieur you have ver much grace, and den you must never tink, never plodd—no Embarras about Sense. Il faut voltiger Monsieur—fly about from one ting to an uder, talk ill of your Acquaintance, you must have your leetle Bagatelle, your leetle Persiflage. An so now I go make my memorandum of vat I see in dis country.

(Enter ST. LOUIS)

*St. Louis.* Two coachmen below Stair want to speak vid you Sir.

*Jack.* Coachmen! Why you know I'm provided, but it's rumour'd about I'm arriv'd and the fellows are ambitious of being in my Service, that they may see me give myself airs—let 'em come up. My dear Abbé, you can't be too severe in your Remarks on the English Nation.

*Abbé.* Laissez moi faire—I now go make my memorandum. Let me see—de man dat preach to de Butcher every Sunday—yesterday an Englishman hang himself, but dat is noting new. De preacher at Moorfields—de Robin Hood Society—de dissertation at Macklin's Room—de Mob at de Executions—'twill do ver well, and so Monsieur de Broughton au revoir. Il faut voltiger Monsieur. (Sings)

Sans L'amour et sans ses charmes,  
Tout languit dans l'univers.

(Enter WILDFIRE and FOXCHASE)

*Wildfire.* Ha! My Boy Jack! Give us your hand you queer Son of a Bitch.

*Foxchase.* How dost my Boy? I'm glad to see thee.

*Jack.* Pardie voila la mode d'Angleterre! St. Louis, did you not say that two coachmen wanted to speak with me?

*St. Louis.* Pardonnez moi, Monsieur—me no know dat Gentlemen dress like coachman in dis Country.

*Jack.* Let Roger attend the Door for the future—I'll keep him as a Valet de place.

*Wildfire.* Ram my Eyes, the same comical Son of a Bitch he ever was—mimicking the French—Scoundrels. Come speak to me, or I'll have you in the Mark.

*Jack.* I thought, Sir, the bruising Amphitheatre had been shut up—but your English Gazettes are always telling abominable Lies.

*Wildfire.* Come, my Boy, how do you do?

*Jack.* Pardie! Voila toujours, how do you do?

*Wildfire.* Well, but Jack, did you see Buck in Paris?

*Jack.* Who, Sir?

*Foxchase.* Buck.

*Jack.* I know very little of the Gentleman, Sir. I saw him once where I happened to be upon a Visit, and mentioned that I should come over and shew the advantages of Travel, and display to all our Beaux and pretty Gentlemen, an Englishman return'd from Paris; and so whip and Spur, away he set out, that he might make the first Impression, and I hear in his Empressment his Post-chaise broke down on the road.

*Wildfire.* Well, but you, I was at the old Place last night—about went the Bottle like a Windmill in a Storm. At length we sallied forth, and smash went the Lamp into a

thousand Shatters, and the watch cower'd before us like so many Midnight Rascals; at last two or three of 'em stood their ground and [they]<sup>[12]</sup> dealt their Poles about our Ears—but soon we clos'd in upon 'em made their old lanthorn Jaws rattle again, stretched 'em in the Kennel, and so we got clear off. (*Lolls on Jack's Shoulder*)

The manuscript has "we."

*Foxchase.* I am just come smoaking hot from Epsom; I was after the hounds all day yesterday, the rarest Sport in Nature—away swept the Dogs, and old Reynard before 'em like a cunning son of a bitch as he was, led us a Devil's Dance after his old rank Tail—Silverlocks and I perform'd Wonders. Hillo! Ho! Cleared everything. (*Lolls on his other Shoulder*)

*Jack.* Nay, but Gentlemen—

*Foxchase.* I'll tell you who was our Party—you know Bob Nankeen—there was he—and Jack Oakstir—and Billy Thachm, and Harry Lappelle, and myself, and so we drank like Souls all night, and then I scamper'd up to Town like Lightning—

*Jack.* Gentlemen, I think I have read in one of your English Gazettes of a Dancing School for grown People. I cou'd wish Gentlemen you wou'd both profit of the Occasion.

*Wildfire.* Come, you've kept the Farce up long enough. Shall we dine together?

*Jack.* I am to dine in particular today.

*St. Louis.* I put on your Wig, Sir.

*Jack.* Allons, St. Louis. (*Sits down*)

*Wildfire.* What's that, a Wig? (*Jack puts on a mask while his man powders him*) Wounds what a fellow it is. Egad he's in earnest all this while. He has forgot the plainness and honesty of an Englishman without having the outside Shew of a Frenchman.

*Foxchase.* Come along man, let's leave the fellow to himself.

*Wildfire.* Lookye Jack. (*Pulls the mask from Jack's face*) When you are the same honest fellow we once knew we shall to crack a Bottle with you, but while you continue a ridiculous Ape of French Manners, we heartily despise you, and so you may go and be damn'd Mounsiieur. Hillo ho!

*Jack.* Hey! St. Louis, Bourguignon, La Fleur, Hector, de Roger, I am never at home for these People again. *Pardie sont des Homes a jetter par le Fenestre* to be thrown out of the window. Allons, finish my head, St. Louis.

(*Enter ROGER*)

*Roger.* Lady Betty Mockmode, Sir, is with Miss Harriet, and desires to speak with you.

*Jack.* This Eyebrow is very obstinate today, here La Fleur, arch my Eyebrow. Tell my Lady Betty that I am so deranged by these People, that I must now go and take the Air to recover my Spirits—and tell my Lady Betty if she will come to the Park, we will entertain ourselves with a little Raillery upon the Mob of English Gentlemen. It is well observed by one of the wits of France that few People know how to take a walk, I'll shew them how to walk. *Plus belle que l'Aurora.*

(*Scene the Park. Enter WILDFIRE and FOXCHASE*)

*Wildfire.* Split the fellow! Did you ever see anything so metamorphos'd? But rot him. Let's talk no more about him.

*Foxchase.* He verifies the old Proverb, send a Goose from Dover—there's hardly any Company in the Park this Morning.

*Wildfire.* A few discontented Politicians, and Poets taking the benefit of the Air; but what the Deuce is the Matter yonder?

*Foxchase.* There's a Mob got together—

*Wildfire.* Split me, but I believe it is—yes, it is—it is by Jupiter—it's Jack Broughton with the Mob at his Heels, death what a figure he cuts! Let's step aside, and not pretend to know him.

(*Enter JACK BROUGHTON dress'd fantastically*)

*Mob.* Hurra! Hurra! Make room for the French Gentleman.

*1st Mob.* Mounsiieur, Mounsiieur, what will you dine upon the haunch of a Frog today?

*2nd Mob.* Mounsiieur, what was you taken Prisoner?

*Jack.* Ma foi, voila, un droll de Paris—English Manners.

*Mob.* Hurra! Hurra!

*Jack.* Hey Bourguignon, La Fleur, Hector, this fellow has pick'd my Pocket here.

*Pickpocket.* I pick your pocket! I scorn your Words, ram my Eyes, what do you mean Mounsiieur? I believe I've as much Money in my pocket as you, for all your Bag Mounsiieur. Come, now, ram my Eyes, will you box?

*Jack.* English Liberty in Perfection! The fellow puts his hand in my Pocket, whips out my Handkerchief, and when I tell him he's a Fripon, the Scoundrel cries, "Ram my Eyes will you Box."

*Pickpocket.* Come now, for all you're a Gentleman—

*Mob.* A Ring, a Ring for the French Gentleman. (*A ring made*)

*Jack.* Nay, but Gentlemen, I am no Frenchman, there are two Gentlemen there, that know me—Mr. Wildfire, Mr. Foxchase—

*Wildfire.* What does the fellow mean? I know nothing of you.

*Jack.* Nay, but Gentlemen you see my Distress.

*Wildfire.* We know nothing of you Fellow. Who is he?

*Mob.* A French Spy, I suppose.

*Mob.* Let the French Gentleman have fair Play.

*1st Mob.* Come now, what signifies your law? I saw you pick his Pocket.

*Mob.* Did you? Hurra! A Pickpocket—let's duck him—a Pickpocket! Hurra!

*Jack.* O Paris! Paris! But who have we here? My Lady Betty by all that's agreeable.

(*Enter LADY BETTY*)

*Lady Betty.* Oh, I shall expire in this Country! English Liberty will certainly be the death of me. Mon cher Cavalier the horrid creatures got round me as if they had never seen a Gentlewoman before.

*Jack.* Madam, I have the Honor of sympathising with your Ladyship. They surrounded me too, and I suppose wou'd still have kept me en Embarras had they not been call'd off to participate of an English Diversion call'd ducking a Pickpocket.

*Lady Betty.* Marquis! Marquis! Marquis! As sure as you are there my poor little Dog is lost—let my Chairman and Servants seek about—I'll give any reward for him. I brought him with me for a little Air, the poor thing had the Vapours ever since he arriv'd, the Air of this Country is too thick and scorbutic for him, and then you know Marquis was always Journalier; such a gloom hangs over the People he cou'd not endure to go into Company! I am so deranged I look like a fright—do I? He—how do I look?

*Jack.* Madam, your Face is admirably imagin'd today. I always said in Paris that you had a better taste for Faces, than any of them.

*Lady Betty.* Well, that is so obliging now—pauvre Marquis! My poor Marquis! I took him to visit with me last night, it would divert you to see how the dear little thing stared at them seated at the Whist Tables. "How do you like Paris Madam? What's Trumps? Clubs—hum! Is it as large as London? They say short aprons are coming into fashion." And that was all the conversation for half an hour—and then to see the dear creature bark at 'em when they all began in one loud Din. "Captain Hazard, why did you not lead thro' the Honors? Dear Madam, why did you not see-saw? My Lord how could you think of finessing—don't you know what Hoyle says? If A and B are Partners against C and D and the game nine all. A and B have won three tricks, and C and D four tricks then C leads his Suit, D puts up the King, then returns the Suit; A passes, C puts up the Queen, B finesses, and so A and B etc."

*Jack.* Well to be sure they have very fine Raillery in this Country—

*Lady Betty.* And then at the Brag Table, such a Scene of confusion! I brag—hum! I pass—hum! And then to see my Lady Laststake bully the Room with a Thump of her Fist on the Table, "And I brag ten guineas over." (*Hurra without*)

*Jack.* Oh that rude Canaille have duck'd their Pickpocket, and are following us again, do my Lady Betty, let us make our Escape. Hey! Let tous mes gens be ready. St. Louis, Bourguignon, La Fleur!

(*Enter WILDFIRE and FOXCHASE*)

*Wildfire.* What a figure they both cut!

*Foxchase.* They've been rightly serv'd.

*Wildfire.* Let us go and dine at his Father's to plague the fellow.

*Foxchase.* With all my Heart. Sir Robert will be glad to see us.

*Wildfire.* By Jupiter the People are after 'em still. They deserve it. The Man who foolishly adopts French Manners, joyns in League with their Barbers, their Milliners, and is guilty of a Petit-Treason to his Country.

(*The End of the 1st Act*)

(Enter SIR ROBERT and SIDEBOARD)

*Sir Robert.* What, is this part of his French Manners? Neither to come home to Dinner, nor send word?

*Sideboard.* I wish some Accident has not happen'd, Sir. (*A knocking at the Door*)

*Sir Robert.* Perhaps this is he—

*Sideboard.* Walk in Gentlemen.

(Enter WILDFIRE and FOXCHASE)

*Wildfire.* Sir Robert, your most obedient—we have made bold to come and take share of a Dinner with your Son.

*Sir Robert.* Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome—but I don't know what's become of him.

*Wildfire.* He'll be here immediately, Sir, with a very splendid Retinue—he has got the Mob after his Chariot all the way from the Park.

(Enter ROGER)

*Roger.* Here he comes, but in such a Pickle—the French Parlevous picked a quarrel with the People and there's the new Paper vis-a-vis all demolish'd. There's Lady Betty all towzled, and the Mounsieurs beat to Stockfish—here comes the Squire.

(Enter JACK all splashed)

*Jack.* Pardie! There is no Regulation, no Police in this Country—to serve a Gentleman at this rate, my new vis-a-vis, and touts mes gens—deranged in this manner by them.

*Wildfire.* What a Pickle the Fellow's in!

*Sir Robert.* A sad figure indeed.

*Jack.* This is it to live in a Country of Liberty.

(Enter a chair with the Glasses all shatter'd)

*Lady Betty.* (*Comes out*) Oh! I shall certainly expire in this Country! My dear Monsieur de Broughton was there ever anything so barbarous and inhospitable!

*Roger.* It's my Opinion, if I had not been there to speak English for un, they'd a kill un all.

*Mob.* (*Without*) Hurra! No Mounsieurs, no wooden Shoes. (*A Noise if the windows were breaking*)

*Mob.* Hurra! No French Spys!

(Enter ST. LOUIS)

*St. Louis.* Jamie, Monsieur, I was going up de hide in de garret, and this stone come Pauf—here by my head.

*Roger.* I'll go and speak to un, they'll give over for an honest Englishman, I warrant un.

*Lady Betty.* What a pack of Savages!

*Jack.* They have no police; at Paris one of the Canaille dare not come within the Atmosphere of a Man of Condition—there, for sending forty Livres to the Lieutenant of the Police, a Man of Quality may run a Scoundrel thro' the Body.

*Sir Robert.* Well, well, come let's in to dinner—Mr. Florid, and the French Gentleman are waiting for us.

*Lady Betty.* Oh, I could not eat in this condition—I'll step upstairs to M'am'selle Harriet.

*Jack.* And I'll go up to my Toilette.

*Wildfire.* No, no, you shall come and dine.

*Sir Robert.* That's right, Lads, bring him along.

(Enter ROGER with a Tankard in his hand)

*Roger.* There, I gave un something to drink, and they've quiet.

*Sideboard.* Young Master's greatly chang'd Roger.

*Roger.* He is greatly chang'd indeed; here's my sarvice to you.

*Sideboard.* He must have spent a great deal of Money abroad.

*Roger.* Ay, ay, Sir Robert never stinted un for that.

*Sideboard.* We were all in a sad way about him at one time.

*Roger.* Ay, that was when the French Marquis run un thro' the Body; Lord help ye, I was in a sad Pucker—as sure as you are there I thought we had lost un—thoff he deserv'd it in part too. I'll tell you how it was. He was got one day bragging of his Amorous, I think they call it—and so some young thing was toasted—she was painted up to the Eyes, I warrant her—they all paint there Master Sideboard, like so many Dolls.

*Sideboard.* So I have heard.

*Roger.* Here's my sarvice to you—and so when the young woman was toasted, odds my Heart, what does the Squire, but says he, what signifies drinking she—I have had she; thoff he never had her atall Master Sideboard, a had not indeed. I have had she, says the Squire, give us a new face. Had she says the Marquis do you know she is my Sister? I know that says the Squire, and I lov'd her the better for it. And so the Marquis grew bloody angry and run un thro' the small Ribs—a did indeed.

*Sideboard.* We were all afraid he would have died.

*Roger.* Here's my sarvice to you, a wish a had never set a foot in their Country. I never had so much as a hearty meal while I was among un, excepten a Month or two in the beginning, when the Squire liv'd with some of his Country Folks in the Rue de Butchery—I think they call it.

*Sideboard.* No place like our Country, I believe Roger, let 'em say what they will.

*Roger.* You have hit it Master Sideboard, you have indeed. Dear Heart, they have such Laws there—why a poor Servant dare not give his Opinion there of the Government.

*Sideboard.* No!

*Roger.* No—if he does, he's taken up with a Letter Scratched, and sent to the Bastile, and if you ask a reason for it, all they say to you is—de parlour oi. Why now here we can each talk of folks at Helm and of Taxes, and know as much of the matter as any of un.

*Sideboard.* That's the Privilege of an Englishman, Roger.

*Roger.* And then a Sarvant there has no Vails—a Butler's place is nothing there, a poor Gentleman may come and dine there, and you're oblig'd to be as civil to him, as if he had money in his Pocket, and was oblig'd to give you more than his dinner is worth, as they do in England. I had rather live with an honest Citizen, who brings his friend home from change to his own dinner, mayhap a Leg of Mutton and a Pudding, and if you fix yourself well at the Door, you are sure to touch un for a Hog.

*Sideboard.* A poor servant had better be a country curate than that.

*Roger.* I am sure I hated them all the time I was there and their lingo and all. Such outlandish Names they have for things—what do you think they call a Horse? Cheval. And Beef, now what do you think they call Beef?

*Sideboard.* I can't say.

*Roger.* They call it Beff—and sometimes they call it Bulli, the honest Beef of old England is call'd Beff by un. And what do you think they call the French King?

*Sideboard.* The grand Monarque.

*Roger.* It's worse than that, it is not as you read in the Flying Mercury and the Country Journal, but they call un the King of France, they do indeed.

*Sideboard.* Hush! The bell rings, I must go into 'em.

*Roger.* Do so, Master Sideboard, and I'll step down—Beff, I'll tell you what Master Sideboard, it's my Opinion they'll never come to speak English while they live—Beff.

(*Scene discovers them [JACK, WILDFIRE, FOXCHASE,  
SIR ROBERT, ABBÉ, and FLORID] at Table*)

*Jack.* Mort de ma Vie! I am burnt alive.

*Wildfire.* Come, come, off with your Glass.

*Foxchase.* Ay, ay, off with this Bumper.

*Jack.* Gentlemen, I believe you take me for the Fire Eater, I can't swallow liquid Flames; can't we have the coffee and the Liquor?

*Wildfire.* There's more trouble with one Fellow that won't drink, than with fifty that will, off with it I say.

*Sir Robert.* Drink Boy, you're fairly hunted.

*Jack.* (*Drinks*) Vive l'Amour.

*Wildfire.* And so Monsieur Abbé, you say that the French are making great Armaments.

*Abbé.* Ver great Marine, Monsieur, ver great Marine.

*Jack.* The French are a very politic Nation; they never make a Treaty, but with an Intent to break it, when it suits their Conveniency—so you'll find they will at last give Laws, as Fashions to Europe.

*Wildfire.* Never fear, you'll find that John Bull will be too many for Louis Baboon any day in the year. Let 'em land here, we'll shew 'em what a figure Slaves will cut in a Land of Liberty. Come now, I'll give you a Toast—Monsieur need not drink it, but as he began the subject he must excuse my National Partiality—here's Old England for ever.

*All.* Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

*Jack.* L'Angleterre.

*Wildfire.* L'Angleterre! Say it in plain English, Old England.

*Florid.* (*Drunk*) Ay, ay, give me another Bumper to it—it's both agreeable to the Public Sense and the Moral Sense.

*Jack.* Old England. (*Squeamishly*)

*Foxchase.* Wounds! I wish they have not made a Papist of him.

*Jack.* A Papist! Do you suppose there's Religion in France?

*Abbé.* Ah! Pour ça non—parmi les honêtes Gens, wid les Esprits forts, dare is none at all. Religion it is ver pretty Bagatelle to quarrel about, but ma foi, dat is all.

*Florid.* Yes, they have the Religion of Nature, and the Theory of agreeable Sensations. (*Drinks*) They have the Ideas of Beauty and Virtue, and by the favor of the Sylvan Nymphs, they pursue their platonic Loves (*Drinks*) and invoking first the Genius of the Place—what is the Bottle come round again? This is indulging the Pleasurable Perceptions arising from the Organ of Bodily Sensations (*Drinks*) and invoking first the Genius of the Place (*Very drunk*) obtain some faint and distant view of the Sovereign Genius, and first Beauty.

*Wildfire.* Pha! Sauce with your Jargons—come Foxchase give us an honest song.

*Foxchase.* With all my Heart. (*During the song Jack steals off*)

*Wildfire.* Hang the Fellow—he's off.

*Foxchase.* Let's after him.

*Florid.* Ay, let's bring him back to indulge the Social Affections.

*Sir Robert.* Gentlemen never mind him, let's make an End of our Bottle. I am afraid Mr. Quicksett is in the right. (*Follows*)

*Abbé.* (*Sings*)

Boire a long trait  
De ce vin frais  
Et ne jamais quitter la Table,  
Que pour Dancer  
Rire a Chanter  
C'est se jour d'un sort delectable.

(*Exeunt*)

(*Scene another Apartment. Enter LADY  
BETTY and HARRIET*)

*Lady Betty.* Well, but my dear Harriet, I assure you.

*Harriet.* Nay, but Ma'am, how can your Ladyship say so?

*Lady Betty.* Surely Mademoiselle Harriet you'll give me leave to know better than one who has never been beyond the Dust and Smoke of melancholy London.

*Harriet.* Well, I protest and now I can scarcely refrain from laughing at the Conceit of it.

*Lady Betty.* The Conceit!

*Harriet.* Dear Ma'am, your Ladyship can't be in earnest, sure, there's no Mystery—

*Lady Betty.* No Mystery—but I tell you there's a Je ne sais quoi—

*Harriet.* Dear Ma'am, I hope your Ladyship won't be in a passion about it.

*Lady Betty.* Is it not enough to provoke anybody to be contradicted in a thing that a person has voyag'd for? But I tell you Madam, not one in a thousand of the English know how to blow the Nose—it's a thing not understood in this country.

*Harriet.* With all my Heart, Ma'am, if you will have it so.

*Lady Betty.* It's very true though—the people of this Country don't know how to blow the Nose—or to walk, or to sit down, or to rise up, or to cough, or to spit, or to sneeze—now let me hear you sneeze.

*Harriet.* I wou'd oblige you Ma'am with such a thing, if I possibly cou'd.

*Lady Betty.* Oh, you can't then, here, take a pinch of snuff to provoke a Sneeze. (*Gives snuff*)

*Harriet.* I have no Objection to a pinch of snuff, Ma'am. (*Takes snuff*)

*Lady Betty.* Look ye there, now, that's not the way to take Snuff. The thing does not consist in stuffing it up the Nostrils, as if you were gormandizing upon it—with your Arm lifted up, and your Head shrunk down, just as if you were frighten'd at something—but it must be introduced as a grace to Conversation. Now observe me—I make the most of my Person—hold my Head up with an air. Then suppose me in the middle of a story about an Amour, or the French Court, or a new fashion, or what you will—then I open my Snuff-box, then look at myself in the glass, and reclaim a straggling Hair—then I proceed. I wave my Arm out to its full length, then I gradually bring it to, forming a graceful Semicircle, and never move my head towards my hand—thus (*Mimicks*) but I make my hand pay its devoirs to my head—thus. (*Mimicks*) Then I apply my fingers with the utmost delicatessé—and I smile—I smile and look as if I were thinking—and then I don't souse my hand down at once, thus—(*Mimicks*) but I restore it to its place in the same graceful manner—thus—you see now the Semicircle opens. Then with an elegant turn of my wrist, I drop my Arm in a gentle dying—dying fall.

*Harriet.* Well now as I live and breathe, my Lady Betty I never cou'd have thought there was so much Consequence in a Trifle.

*Lady Betty.* Trifle! Trifles are the most important things in Life. The Beau Monde is made up of Trifles—Paris is made up of Trifles—I am made up of Trifles—the French are all Trifles, and so vive la Bagatelle. But my dear Mademoiselle Harriet you're a perfect corpse child, let me put on a little Rouge—no, I have none about me; and then your Cap (*Takes off a very small one*)—fie, done, it's large enough for a Soapboiler's Wife—here let me put this Bouquet in your Hair. There, now you have Cap enough—the Creature looked odiously handsome before—I cou'd not bear it.

*Harriet.* Dear Ma'am, but I'm afraid I shall take cold.

*Lady Betty.* Cold! What then? If you do, you'll be in the fashion. But I assure you, child, you must voyage, indeed, and 'till you do, I lend you one of my faces to keep you in Countenance.

*Harriet.* Ma'am I am very much oblig'd to you, but Heav'n has given me a face.

*Lady Betty.* Heav'n has given you a face! He! He! He! Well to be sure that notion is downright Insulaire, fit only for an Island—the Sentiments of the Continent, I assure you my dear are much sublimer. Heav'n has given you a face—but I'll give you a better face, you shall have one of mine—how do you like this face? It has been generally taken notice of. They may talk what they will of their great Painters—my brush exceeds 'em all—the Coloring is so mellow, and so rich and so glowing—

*Harriet.* Ma'am as for your coloring, nobody can dispute it—but don't your Ladyship think a great Painter can draw a little more like the life?

*Lady Betty.* Like the life! That's a cold northern Sentiment again—why can't you see that if it were like the life one might soon become an old face? Now I like to be a new face every day—then the men cry, what a deal of sweetness my Lady Betty has in her face—ay, and what a deal of fire—and what a deal of meaning—and what a—and what a Je ne sais quoi! But I shall lay aside this face soon, and you shall have the preference of it.

*Harriet.* Dear Ma'am, I wou'd not rob your Ladyship on any Account.

*Lady Betty.* Oh you'll not derob me at all, and then I'll let you have a Copy of my Receipt how to be a fine Lady, it was made in Paris upon the most minute observation. I was assisted in it by Monsieur Capriole my dancing Master, Madam D'Epingle my Milliner, La Jeunesse my hair dresser, and Fanchonette my waiting Maid.

*Harriet.* Dear Ma'am, let me have it of all things—it must needs be a curiosity.

*Lady Betty.* I believe I have it in my Pocket—here it is—I'll read it to you. "Take a score of French Phrases, everyday, bien tournées, and mix 'em well together to qualify the Barbarity of the English. Be sure to have a thorough contempt for the Milliners and the Tradesfolk of your own country. Be sure never to visit with your Husband, if you have a mind to be happy with him, don't see the horrid creature above one in a quarter."

*Harriet.* I suppose your Ladyship means as Falstaff says in a quarter of an hour.

*Lady Betty.* Well, by all that's pleasant, I shall never survive that. No child, once in a quarter of a year is enough to see the domestic Animal, to get one's pin-money of him—or to make him mortgage—or sell—or anything to pay one's gaming Debts. But I'll go on. "Be sure to have a Douceur and a fierté ready to command in the Countenance." Now if one of these Insulaires—one of these Island People shou'd come within the Hemisphere of my Hoop there's my fierté—and if one meets with anything that has voyaged, that has depatriated as the Clive calls it in the Play—there's my Douceur—but don't interrupt. "Be sure never to be happy if anybody of your acquaintance keeps more Card Tables than yourself—"

*Harriet.* Is that an Essential to Happiness Ma'am?

*Lady Betty.* Assurement Ma'am'selle. A fine Lady can never sleep in her Bed if anybody that she has a regard for keeps more Card Tables than herself. There was my Lady Fanny Brilliant, and I, vying about it for a whole half year—first she had twenty—then I had five more—then she kept Sundays then I kept Sundays—then she had thirty—then I had forty—then she added, then I added—then she—then I—then she again—then I again—'till at last, there was not a Hole or corner in the House but was cramm'd—and you'd think the front of the House wou'd come down, with all the Men's backs lolling out of the Window. I was oblig'd to play in my Bed-chamber in the Servant's Hall—everywhere—and if she had urg'd me further I should have had a Tent in the Courtyard, and on the leads of the House, but upon casting up the Accounts, I had the Majority by seven—and I lost a cool fifteen hundred more than her.

(*Enter JACK BROUGHTON*)

*Jack.* Mesdames, votre tres humble—I have made my Escape from the Savages below—I believe they are following me—no—à la mode d'Angleterre to make an end of their Bottle.

*Lady Betty.* And mon cher Cavalier, you are come most à propos to decide a dispute between Miss Harriet and me. Is it not true what Molière says, there is no happiness out of Paris?

*Jack.* Madam, hors de Paris, il n'y a pas de salut. The French to be sure, are the dearest creatures in the World. Under an absolute Monarch, you'll see them dance, and sing, and laugh, and ogle, and dress, and display their pretty little small talk—while an English John Trott, with his head full of Politics, shall knit his brow, and grumble, and plod, unhappy and discontented amidst all his boasted Liberty and Pudding.

*Lady Betty.* Then the French Ladies, what lives they lead! The Husband makes it the Business of his life to ruin himself for his Wife's diversions. They keep separate chariots as well as separate Beds. She is sure to have the handsomest fellows for her Laqueys—they are all sur le bon Ton. And then the pleasures of the agreeable Billet-doux, and dear enchanting Quadrille.

*Jack.* Oh my Lady Betty! The Joys of a life of Play are inexpressible—it leads a Person into the politest company, actuates the Spirits with the sweetest Vicissitudes of Passions—hope and fear, Pleasure and Anxiety, running an eternal Round.

*Lady Betty.* There Mademoiselle Harriet, there's a life for you, but dear Heart, I must run away, this is Opera Night.

*Harriet.* Is your Ladyship very fond of Operas?

*Lady Betty.* Do you think Ma'am, I am like your English people of Quality, that go only because everybody goes—I'm a very Lady Townly for Operas—I expire at an Opera! Oh that enchanting air. (*Sings*)

*Harriet.* Don't you think a good Play has something more rational and more natural than an Opera?

*Lady Betty.* I detest Plays—but I shall go to the first good Play that's acted—my Lady Tattleaid and I have made a Party to go and talk at the first good Play. But mon cher Cavalier, what do you think? When I arriv'd on this Island, I expected to hear of nothing but politics, and Crown Point and Scalping, but I find all the People of Fashion's thoughts are taken up about another thing—they're all in an uproar about an Opera-singer's sore Throat—some say there was a sore throat—others say there was not a sore throat. You know Lord Maggoti, he spoke to me the other night, to be of his Party for the Sore Throat. I have not taken my Party yet, tho' I believe I shall be for the Sore Throat; but I must be gone.

*Harriet.* Had not your Ladyship better spend the Evening with us?

*Lady Betty.* No, Mademoiselle, I must run away—Lord it's six o'clock—I shall be too late. I have an appointment there—Signora Sorethroatini is to take notice of me, after her first Song.

*Harriet.* That will certainly do your Ladyship a great deal of Honor.

*Lady Betty.* Assurance, it will—there was my Lady Scatterbrain making Interest for it—but she can't have a Curts'y 'till Tuesday—and who wou'd choose to have it on a Tuesday—there will be nobody there to see it. But it will be charming tonight, when at the End of her Song she drops me a Salute—then I rise up and I return it; then all the Eyes are directed to me, and the whisper runs along the Rows, "Did you not see the Sorethroatini do the Honors to Lady Betty Mockmode?"

(*Without*) *Jarnie!* Les Anglois sont les Diables.

*Jack.* Hey! What's the meaning of all this?

(*Enter French Servants and throw themselves on their Knees one with his Nose bloody, another without a Wig*)

*St. Louis.* Monsieur, pour l'amour de Dieu!

*Bourguignon.* Ayez pitié de moi Monsieur.

*La Fleur.* Ah mon Dieu! Partagez nous Monsieur.

*Jack.* How comes this?

*St. Louis.* (*Pointing to his nose*) De Englishman bob wid his head.

*Bourguignon.* And give me one knock in my Stomach make me tink my Soul and Body, and all come up.

*La Fleur.* Monsieur—tare all my Coat.

*Jack.* Who's without there? Roger—let some attend.

(*Enter ROGER with his fist doubled*)

*Roger.* It's my Opinion Master I cou'd beat a dozen of 'em, I cou'd indeed.

*Jack.* What is all the meaning of this?

*Roger.* They're always doing Keekshaws, and quarrelling with the Cook—so that there's no Peace for us below stairs, and when I was abroad they were always jeering me, and so I bethink me now that I am in a Land of Liberty, a free born Briton shou'd not be impos'd upon by such Powder-Puffs.

*Jack.* Sirrah! Get out of the Room, or you shall walk off with two Ears less.

*Roger.* I will Master, thoff an' I said, it's my Opinion I cou'd beat a dozen of un—I cou'd indeed.

*Jack.* Pauvre St. Louis, Bourguignon, La Fleur, courage. I will accommodate you better in a few days.

*St. Louis.* Fort bien Monsieur.

(*Enter SIR ROBERT*)

*Sir Robert.* I don't like all these strange doings here in my House. But come, come, Harriet, I must desire you to show this Lady into the next Room. Here's your Father coming upstairs, and he desires to have a little private conversation with my Son.

*Lady Betty.* So mon pauvre Marquis, they are going to make you a mere John Trott of an English Husband, sullenly civil to your Spouse, and morosely disobliging to the rest of the World—so a l'honneur, I leave you to your Tête à tête. Ma'm'selle Harriet, a good Evening, you shall certainly have one of my faces, and the Receipt—but I must run away to the Sorethroatini.

*Sir Robert.* Now Jack, be upon your Guard—why don't those French Fellows get out of the Room? Go down Stairs Monsieur. I wou'd not have Mr. Quicksett see 'em for the world. Mr. Quicksett has his oddities, Jack, and hates the French so at this Juncture, that he wou'd willingly pay half his Estate in Taxes, to help 'em to a good drubbing, but be

upon your guard, and talk discreetly.

*Jack.* Had not I better get St. Louis to arrange my dress before I receive the Gentleman's Visit?

*Sir Robert.* No, no, you must show no French Airs—he is willing to settle his Estate on his Daughter—and I long to have the Match concluded—so take care you don't spoil all. Here he comes.

(Enter QUICKSETT)

Mr. Quicksett, this is my Son—Son, this is Mr. Quicksett, and so now I'll leave you together.

*Quicksett.* Ay, he answers the Description I had of him.

*Jack.* Pardie, voila un droll de figure—I wish I was dress'd out that I might make the Man of Quality for him—but I'll shew him a pretty Gentleman as it is. Monsieur, votre tres humble—your commands with me, Sir.

*Quicksett.* (Takes a chair and sits) Why look ye young Man, your Father is my old Acquaintance, and as he propos'd this Match, I had as soon marry my Daughter into Sir Robert Broughton's Family, as any at all—but I then must not throw my Girl away and I must like the Man before I settle her for Life do you see?

*Jack.* Ma foi, voila un homme sans façon, sans Ceremonie—I'll sit down too. (Draws a chair)

*Quicksett.* But your French Education, young Gentleman, I am afraid won't recommend you to me. Odds my Life, it seems to have made a downright coxcomb of you.

*Jack.* Mr. Quicksett, if you are for indulging your Raillery, I shall be oblig'd to you—I love Raillery of all things—it is to me a party of pleasure, but prenez garde a vous—take care Mr. Quicksett. My Raillery is so brisk, it is like your fire Arms that discharge I don't know how often in a minute—Pi! Pa! Pau!

*Quicksett.* Yes, it's just as I heard. (Aside)

*Jack.* Well, but courage, Mr. Quicksett, don't be frighten'd—you set out very well—keep it up. Vous ne repondez rien—'tis your turn now. (Pauses) Hem! Plait-il Mr. Quicksett, I wait your pleasure, Sir. Pardie! I believe the Gentleman is going to take a Nap. O—this is an English Visit, and I'll sustain an English Conversation. (He continues silent for some time, looks at Mr. Quicksett and at last addresses him) How do you do? How do y'do? What News? A very dull day. Egad I wish Monsieur Abbé were looking in upon us, it wou'd furnish him with some pleasant Hints for his Remarks on the English Nation. En bien, Mr. Quicksett—upon my Soul you have a great deal of very pretty Phrases, and most admirable repartee.

*Quicksett.* I hear you, Sir, I observe you—this is your French Education.

*Jack.* French Education is the only thing in the World to form a pretty Gentleman—it gives a man a notion how to live, and a taste for Intrigue.

*Quicksett.* You've had a great many Intrigues, I suppose.

*Jack.* Intrigue, Mr. Quicksett is the Pleasure of Life. If you were to see me in a Circle of French Ladies—before I went abroad I had not assurance to look a modest Woman in the face—but now—Je badine—I amuse them with small Talk—Je papillon—I am a very Butterfly.

*Quicksett.* That I do verily believe—go on, Sir, give yourself Airs.

*Jack.* A Frenchman is the only Person breathing that knows how to give himself Airs—a Frenchman has manners and in short everything. Is a Frenchman in a circle? He takes care neither to say anything nor do anything but what is perfectly obliging. He possibly lends his Ear to one—makes an obliging answer to another, recommends himself to this person with a whisper—to that with a Smile. He declares a civil War of Raillery upon some Person of Wit, says a handsome thing to the Mother, and a soft thing to the Daughter. Do you pay a visit to a Frenchman's Wife? He commodiously withdraws knowing that he is there de trop, that there is no manner of Occasion for him. And if he goes to take a Walk, he does it, thus—with an air—Ha! Ha! Head erect—with a Mien that says, "See me go by," and then the Ladies, they do so ogle, and so admire, and their hearts do so pit-a-pat, and they say to themselves, "Well to be sure that's a pretty fellow." Then cries he, "I know what you'd be at; vous voudriez me posséder—you would be glad to have me, you would be glad to have me." And then in all public places he smiles content, as much as to say, "Well to be sure, Je suis un aimable fripon—I am an agreeable Devil."

*Quicksett.* So, so, there's enough of it—it will never do—here. I don't come often to Town—but when I do, I generally see everything strange. Here, here's three Shillings for you.

*Jack.* What is this more of your Raillery, Sir?

*Quicksett.* There, take it (Throws the Money down)—you're worth three Shillings of any man's Money, and so now I'll go and see the Dromedary, and the tall man at Charing Cross.

(Enter SIR ROBERT)

*Sir Robert.* Well, Mr. Quicksett, I told you he was reform'd.

*Quicksett.* No, no it will never do—he is reform'd indeed! To be plain with you Sir Robert, he's little better than a Monkey, I think. I have heard how he had the Mob at his heels today, and I don't wonder at it. There's no harm done, Sir Robert, I'll take the Girl into the Country with me.

*Sir Robert.* Nay but dear Mr. Quicksett, let me speak to you.

*Quicksett.* In short his Journey to France has made him a mere Ragout—and so I'll go and order Harriet to pack up all her things.

*Sir Robert.* (To Jack) I told you what your foppery wou'd do—Ecod I am so provok'd I cou'd find it in my Heart to marry the Girl myself.

*Quicksett.* I'll tell you what, Sir Robert—you're still hale and hearty, and to show how willing I am to match with you, say but the word and you shall have her yourself before that weasen-fac'd thing—but where's Harriet? (Exit)

*Sir Robert.* Nay, nay, but Mr. Quicksett. (Follows him)

*Jack.* Hey! Who's without there? Here comes that clodpated fellow—

(Enter ROGER)

Roger, let all my People be ready for me to dress.

*Roger.* Why the things are detained at the Coostum Hoose, and so there's no cloaths, unless you'll put on Something out of the old Trunk, you left above Stairs before you went abroad.

*Jack.* What, put on an English dress!

*Roger.* It would give my heart joy to see it, Master.

*Jack.* Was ever an unfortunate Gentleman in such distress? Such a day of Embarras, I never knew—pelted by the Mob, and my Father now threatening to have the Girl himself. Old Cojer is still a tough piece of Oak, and if he shou'd get a chopping Boy Egad, it may spoil the Beau. Let me see—why as my French Manners are all mere Affectation and as it will be much harder for me to keep it up I don't know whether I had not better own the Truth.

*Roger.* You had, indeed Master, and be a brave Englishman as you was before.

*Jack.* Egad, I have a mind to surprize 'em with another Frolick—let me take a moment's thought. Roger do you follow me upstairs.

(Reenter SIR ROBERT and QUICKSETT)

*Sir Robert.* The young Man, Mr. Quicksett has no harm in him in the main—

*Quicksett.* Well but you know I am a downright Englishman, and I can never think of marrying my Daughter to a ridiculous ape of *those perfidious Frenchman who have always been the Disturbers of Europe—and now have put the Nation to such an Expense.*

(Enter HARRIET)

*Harriet.* Did you send for me, Sir?

*Quicksett.* Yes child; you must pack up all your things, and to get ready to go with me into the country to-morrow Morning.

*Harriet.* I shall be ready to obey you, Sir.

*Sir Robert.* Well, but Mr. Quicksett believe me, when he is got off this folly, the young Man may still make a figure.

(Enter ROGER)

*Roger.* Odds my heart! He'll be downstairs presently; a has taken another frolick, as he calls it, but if he sticks to it, it will be the best frolick I ever knew un to take.

*Sir Robert.* What's the matter Roger?

*Roger.* It will do your Heart good to see un—but here a comes.

(Enter JACK in an English Dress)

*Jack.* There Gentlemen, behold me once more an honest Englishman.

*Quicksett.* Why now, indeed, he looks like something.

*Sir Robert.* Can this be in earnest Lad?

*Jack.* In downright Earnest, I assure you, Sir. I consider'd my French Manners as an Incumbrance after the many disasters of this day, and so I resolv'd at one bold fling, to discharge my whole Retinue of follies, and since my heart is in fact engag'd to this Lady, I hope Mr. Quicksett, you will now give her hand to an undisguised Briton.

*Quicksett.* The Name and Look of a Briton warms my Blood, and if I thought you in earnest—

*Jack.* Sir, you may depend I shall have sense enough never to despise my own country again.

*Quicksett.* Here, here, take her hand, she's yours from this Moment.

*Roger.* Ay, I knew there was true blood at the Bottom.

*Sir Robert.* This is so unexpected a change I am transported with joy—Mr. Wildfire—Mr. Foxchase, come up and be partners of my Happiness.

*Jack.* They'll be glad to see me an honest fellow again.

(Enter WILDFIRE and FOXCHASE)

My dear Boy Wildfire give us your hand.

*Wildfire.* Can I believe my Eyes?

*Jack.* Nay, never stare, man. Foxchase, I am glad to see thee. Here's to your old friend Jack Broughton. I'll on with my Buckskins, and take a hunt with you to-morrow morning.

*Wildfire.* That's right my boy—away with the ridiculous outside of a Frenchman; take honest Nature for your guide, and be only what she intends you.

*Jack.* Ay, we'll all reform; you shall for the future Endeavor be polite Englishmen—and I will only imitate the sensible Frenchman.

*Wildfire.* Come, come, I own it to be wrong, and acknowledge I have been in the opposite Extream to you, an absurd Imitation of a Modern Blood.

*Jack.* You shall go down with me to Broughton Hall where you shall be the terror of all the Foxes for twenty Miles round, and in time we'll get a Girl to reform you too.

*Foxchase.* I don't care if I try the Experiment.

*Quicksett.* And now Sir Robert since your Son is so hopeful a young Man I'll sign the marriage Settlement as soon as you please.

*Sir Robert.* The lawyers will be here immediately.

*Jack.* And in the mean time here come two Persons to whom I must speak a few words, towards compleating this day's Business.

*(Enter ABBÉ and FLORID very drunk)*

*Abbé.* *(Sings)* Quand je suis a Table, tout me rejouit—ah! Pardie! You are ver fine Party dere altogether.

*Florid.* Had not you better come and indulge the Social Affections over the remainder of the Bottle?

*Jack.* A very pretty condition for a travelling Governor.

*Florid.* That amazing connexion between the Organs of bodily Sensation, and the faculties of Moral Perception.

*Jack.* Take him out of the Room; he shall be discharg'd to-morrow morning, as a vain Pretender to a Philosophy which his conduct shews him to be incapable of relishing. I remember when I was at the University I heard that several Men of distinguished Genius, were admirers of that System, and in their hands it may have its lustre, but Mr. Florid's principles, shew that he is very little enamour'd with the Ideas of Beauty and Nature.

*Harriet.* And pray Sir, when you dismiss him, give him back this Letter.

*Jack.* *(Reads)* "To Miss Harriet Quicksett—Ideas of Beauty and Virtue—good and beautiful are the same—enjoy with me Order, Harmony, and Proportion, O—sweetest of Sensations—Moral Sense—Eternal admirer, with the most enthusiastic Imagination. Florid." A very honest design, and agreeable to his moral fitness of things.

*Florid.* Why, there is no Incongruity in the Claim. Let me try it upon my Muscles, that's the way I always try a Proposition—for Ridicule being the Test of Truth—if the incongruous appearances provoke my Muscles to the Sensation of Laughter, my mind is urged to reject the claim with a gay contempt.

*Jack.* Take him out of the Room.

*Florid.* The Pleasures of a mislike Apprehension—thou Plastic Nature—empower'd Creatures etc.

*Abbé.* Mais mon Chevalier de Broughton, what sort of dress is dat?

*Jack.* Ecoutez Monsieur l'Abbé, I brought you over to write Remarks on the English Nation, but shall no longer harbour a conceal'd Enemy to my Country. As the frolick was mine it's fit that I pay for it and you shall be supply'd with Money to carry you back to your own Country.

*Abbé.* Il faut que je retourne done?

*Jack.* You must, Sir, and when you are arriv'd, divest yourself of your Prejudices; don't follow the Example of Voltaire and Abbé Le Blanc, but dare to speak the Truth. Tell your countrymen you heard here of a King determin'd to prosecute a vigorous War, but more desirous of an honorable Peace—tell 'em we have Ministers who understand the true Interest of their country, and are determin'd to maintain the just rights of Great Britain—tell 'em that plain good Sense, honor, honesty, and a regard for our word, are the characteristics of the English Nation—and tell 'em the most ridiculous object you saw in this country is a Frenchify'd Englishman.

*Abbé.* Mais, Monsieur, est-il possible!

*Jack.* No more Monsieur l'Abbé—I wish you well, and take my leave.

*Abbé.* Pardie! Den I must go back. I shall now go play a game at Trick-Track with my friend Monsieur d'Eschallot, and den I look over my little Memorandum. To-morrow Morning, I take my Party to go back to Paris. I assure you Monsieur de Broughton, you have now give me ver pretty Memorandum—and so Messieurs and Mesdames, à l'honneur. I shall represent your liberalité—and love Shakespeare more than ever.

*Quicksett.* Wounds! Sir Robert, what a pity it had been, this young fellow shou'd be lost, and I believe I shall rejoice in him for a son-in-Law.

*Jack.* I hope it will prove so, and now since we are happy together let mirth conclude the Evening, and let us my dear Wildfire celebrate our Reformation with an English Country Dance.

*Wildfire.* With all my Heart, and in good time; here come some other visitors that will joyn us.

*Jack.*

The wide Extremes of modern Life, you've seen,  
The home-bred, Blood, the travel'd Coxcomb's mien,  
But let not riot, Virtue's place supply,  
Nor Gallic affectation mock the Eye.  
So shall all politeness grow from Sense alone,  
And the fair smile with Beauties all their own.

FINIS

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Transcriber's Notes:

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The footnotes have been rearranged to put them after the paragraphs rather than at the end of the sections.

On Page iii, "&c" was replaced with "&c."

On Page 6, a period was added after "JACK BROUGHTON'S Apartment".

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