

# ***THE DOUBLE DISGUISE:***

**A New, Composite Version**



**BY MARIA EDGEWORTH**

**Edited by David Clare**

This edition of Maria Edgeworth's *THE DOUBLE DISGUISE* was edited by David Clare and first published on the website [www.classicirishplays.com](http://www.classicirishplays.com) in 2025.

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**A NOTE ON THE TEXT:** This version of *The Double Disguise* combines the original 1786 version of the play, as written in Edgeworth's own hand, and a subsequent, revised version of the play copied out by her niece, Psyche Emmeline Gibbons, in 1823. The early manuscript is the script that was used for the premiere production of the play at Maria's family home, Edgeworthstown House in Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, during Christmas 1786; the later manuscript is the script used for a later production, also presumably mounted at the family Big House. We know from Edgeworth's letters that *The Double Disguise* was revived at Edgeworthstown House in June 1801. However, the cast list included in the Gibbons manuscript indicates that there must have been a later performance, since it includes people who could not possibly have been at Edgeworthstown House in mid-1801.

In creating this composite text, I used the 1786 manuscript as the base text and chose which edits to include from the 1823 manuscript on a case-by-case basis. I have only included cuts or additions which I believe to be dramaturgical improvements. Readers and scholars who want the definitive version of the text are strongly advised to consult the edition published by Sydney's Juvenilia Press

in 2014 and edited by Christine Alexander and Ryan Twomey. The Alexander/Twomey edition is a complete and accurate rendering of the original 1786 manuscript, including a “Textual Notes” section that highlights all of the cuts and additions made to that document by Edgeworth herself. It also includes, in Appendix B, a catalogue of all of the edits included in the 1823 Gibbons manuscript – edits which were most likely made by Edgeworth herself (as Donna Couto contends in that same appendix). What’s more, the Alexander/Twomey edition features numerous, illuminating scholarly notes, as well as glosses of the terms and historical references which readers might find unfamiliar.

I took what some might regard as editorial liberties when putting together this version of the play. Unlike Alexander and Twomey, I have made the spelling consistent throughout the manuscript and occasionally modernised the spelling if the older rendering was likely to cause confusion and/or unnecessary distraction for contemporary readers (e.g., “stake” versus “steak”, “staid” versus “stayed”, “shew” versus “show”, etc.). I spelled out all of the abbreviations (e.g., replacing all of the ampersands with “and”); I inserted or substituted punctuation for clarity; and I italicised all of the underlined words. I also regularised all of the contractions, unless I was convinced that Edgeworth included unusual versions to indicate the speaker’s Irish or English accent. Any additions of actual words that I have made to the text are in square brackets and were included merely to bring clarity.

There is one portion of text – Act 3, Scene 6 – which seems to have given Edgeworth particular trouble: the 1786 manuscript indicates that Edgeworth made eighteen alterations to this section, including cuts, word replacements, and new additions. Edgeworth ultimately cut this scene completely in the 1823 manuscript. By contrast, I have grafted the start of this scene onto the start of what is labelled Act 3, Scene 7 in the original 1786 manuscript. (The composite scene is now labelled, in its entirety, Act 3, Scene 6 in this present edition.) Act 2, Scene 7 – in which the male romantic lead, Westbrooke, poses as significantly disabled – also gave Edgeworth quite a bit of trouble. She made twenty-five alterations to this scene

across the two manuscripts. Here, I have employed a heavier editorial hand than elsewhere. In order to make the characters' true ethical natures (as revealed by the rest of the play) clearer as they react to meeting a rich man with disabilities, I have restored deletions made by Edgeworth herself and made a few judicious cuts of my own. Aside from a few nips and tucks to enable the grafting of Act 3, Scenes 6 and 7 (as mentioned above), this portion of the play is the only one to which I have made cuts based solely on my own authority. My cuts to the script are indicated on all occasions by an ellipsis in square brackets.

Both the original 1786 manuscript and the 1823 Gibbons manuscript can be found at the University of Oxford, Bodleian Library (Dep. c. 134/2). Sincerest thanks to the owners of the Edgeworth and Beddoes family papers and to the Bodleian Library for permission to publish this new, composite version of *The Double Disguise*.

Also, many thanks to Jessie Neilan for invaluable transcription assistance.

# ***THE DOUBLE DISGUISE***

By Maria Edgeworth

## **LIST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Justice Cocoa**, *an Irish Volunteer*

**Miss Dorothea Cocoa (“Dolly”)**, *daughter to the Justice*

**Fanny**, *cousin to Miss Cocoa*

**Charles Westbrooke (also Fortune Teller, Captain Campbell)**

**Landlady (Mrs Thunder)**, *landlady of an English Inn, the Pig and Castle*

**Betty Broom**, *chambermaid*

**Boots**, *post-boy or driver of a chaise*

**Blue Coat Boy**, *charity scholar who acts as a delivery boy*

*Minor characters (with no speaking role):*

**Butcher Fly Blow**, *butcher at the Pig and Castle*

**Jim Waiter**, *waiter at the Pig and Castle*

**Nan Cook**, *cook at the Pig and Castle*

**Tim Trowell**, *painter and handyman at the Pig and Castle*

*Prologue to The Double Disguise*  
*Spoken in the character of Oberon*

Deaf to accomplished Greville's hasty prayer,  
I hurl my spells into the spongy air!  
Oberon my name! of magic skill to raise  
The drooping spirits, by the power of praise.  
Indifference with this fairy wand I charm –  
With this each youthful friendly bosom warm –  
So shall the mimic visions of the night  
Delude your judgements, and enchant your sight  
And lords and ladies, who for Christmas gambol,  
To see their friends across the Inny ramble;  
Through three long acts must sit the tedious while  
Dull though it be, shall never cease to smile,  
Nor dare to hiss, but clap each little Actor,  
Content though coarse with homemade manufacture.

## *Act 1, Scene 1*

*(At the Pig and Castle, an Inn in England. Landlady sitting at her Bar.)*

**Landlady:** Betty Broom, Betty Broom, why Betty Broom I say, where are you? There's never no finding none of you when you're wanted – I believe you're all asleep. I've been ringing this half hour and nobody answers. Why Jim Waiter, Nan, Nan Cook, Betty, Betty Broom, I say?

## *Act 1, Scene 2*

**Betty Broom:** *(behind the scenes)* Coming, Ma'am, coming!

*(Enter Betty Broom)*

**Landlady:** Coming, why so is Christmas. Why, where have you been gossiping, and what have you been about all this time?

**Betty Broom:** About, Ma'am! Was not I all morning helping Jim Waiter to pick sloes for port wine and pear turnips for cider? Lord knows I have had enough to be about – had not I a dozen pair of sheets to sprinkle for the stage[coach] folks and a whole week's tea leaves to dry and –

**Landlady:** Well and I hope you have made them something greener than the last – Jim saw I was obligated to mix a quarter of fresh with them, to give 'em some color, but so [long as] you get the work out of your hands, you don't care a farthing for the credit of the house!

**Betty Broom:** I'll answer for them, Madam, the brass kettle was pure and green before I put them in, and they look as fresh and feel as crisp as the best bloom tea that can be had for money.

**Landlady:** Well, what has Nan Cook got for supper for the stage, eh?

**Betty Broom:** Ma'am, there's the cold knuckle of veal for cutlets, scrag end of a neck of mutton for chops, and Butcher Flyblow has just brought in the chump of the bull that was baited this morning for

beef steaks – the ’en, Ma’am, there’s poultry and pigeons ready to kill and the collared pig’s head, Ma’am, for brawn ’ent quite eat.

**Landlady:** Well and I hope Butcher Flyblow has brought us in the bull’s feet for jelly and, do ye hear, desire ’em to put two or three steaks of the beef between two plates into the dunghill to tender. Bull’s beef won’t do the first day for steaks – and let there be plenty of bone soup, do you hear?

**Betty Broom:** Oh yes, Ma’am, Cook’s a rare one for that. The dogs and she are at it every day for the bones.

**Landlady:** What rooms have you ready? Hey? Has Tim Trowell finished whitewashing the Blackamoor’s Head?

**Betty Broom:** Yes Madam, he has just done, but it feels so damp and cold, I’m afraid we can’t put any body into it tonight.

**Landlady:** What’s to hinder it? ’Twill do well enough for the stage people – and, do you hear, let the Comet be kept for the job and four that’s coming downwards, and be sure to keep all the best rooms for last – there’s a power of company on the road.

*(Exit Betty Broom, A cry of “Hostler – a light here – the Volunteer has lost his sword and dropt his cockade”)*

**Landlady:** Lights there – heartily welcome, ladies – very long stage the last – I’m afraid you found the roads deadly heavy at this time o’year. Betty, Betty Broom, show the company into the Blackamoor’s Head.

**Betty Broom:** [*entering, accompanied by Miss Cocoa and Fanny*] Please to walk this way ladies...

*(Betty Broom opens a door on one side of the stage. The moment Miss Cocoa sees the room, [she] starts back)*

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh horrid! Is that to be our apartment! Our Irish Inns on the Sligo road are better ten to one than this. Just whitewashed all wet! I hope, Mrs Landlady, you don’t mean to put us into such a room as this?



**Landlady:** (*setting her arms akimbo*) Why, Madam, for that matter...

**Fanny:** Oh Madam, to be sure the room's as good a room as I could wish for my own part, but my Cousin has caught a very bad cold on the road, and I'm afraid sitting so long in a damp room might increase it.

**Justice Cocoa:** [*entering*] By Jabus, Mrs Landlady, if we don't take care, I'm afraid we shall be in a minority, and so, as I perceive it to be the unanimous opinion of the whole Corps, I give the casting vote for another and more suitable apartment – we must not let Dolly catch cold.

**Landlady:** To be sure, Sir, for that matter, if I had known Miss was puny or so I'd have tried hard but we would have given her another room – I should be very sorry that any lady had it to say that she caught cold at my house – Betty, Betty Broom, where's the girl gone?

**Betty Broom:** Here, Ma'am...

**Landlady:** Do step and see, child, if you can find the key of the great Assembly Room.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh Lord, I'm glad to hear talk of another room, for I'm sure I should have been laid up a twelve month if I had sat in such a place as that – my constitution is too delicate to tamper with.

*(Exit Betty Broom)*

**Landlady:** Indeed, Ma'am, I'm as glad as twopence that I thought of the Assembly Room, though indeed I never opened it afore for any company whatsoever except on Assembly days. For the subscribers take it by the quarter, and I protest I don't know what I should have to say for myself if they were any how for to come for to know it – for they are mighty particular about it.

**Miss Cocoa:** Indeed, Mrs Landlady, you need not stand upon that, for, if you knew all, you never had a gentler company in it – and, Ma'am, you need not begrudge your trouble for, I can tell you, you have not to do with folk who will higgler for the reckoning.

**Landlady:** Oh no, Madam, I dare to say.

*(Re-enter Betty Broom)*

**Betty Broom:** Now, ladies, if you please to walk up, I've found the key.

**Justice Cocoa:** *(aside)* By Jabus, those who have can find, I've a notion now. *(Exeunt [all bar the Landlady])*

**Landlady:** *(sola)* Your half Gentry always give one more trouble than the best quality in the land, I will say that for them. They are so touchy and dainty, forsooth – I wish folks would know their places, so I do.

### *Act 1, Scene 3*

*(Justice Cocoa, Miss Cocoa, Fanny, [Jim Waiter], and Betty Broom)*

**Justice Cocoa:** *(to Betty)* Come, my good girl, make us up a good fire, for faith and troth I'm perished alive. And let me have the newspaper now as soon as convenient.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh yes, do pray bring us the newspaper directly, for I long to know the fate of my ticket in the Lottery.

**Justice Cocoa:** Upon my conscience, Dolly, I belave your head runs on nothing but that same confounded ticket!

**Miss Cocoa:** Dear Sir, I am so impatient!

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus and so am I – for my supper – and so pray summons Mrs Landlady. Fanny dear, come in here to the fire and don't stand there sewing that cockade o'mine on. Pooh, leave it there now. Here, Waiter, please to take this sword along with you and see to get the hilt of it washed clane. The sword of a Volunteer should never be contaminated.

### *Act 1, Scene 4*

*(Enter Landlady)*

**Landlady:** Sir, your servant. Ladies, I hope you don't find it cold here? The room's so seldom in use. Betty... why, Betty! The careless girl has let the fire low. But I can assure you, ladies, though the Blackamoor's Head below looked fresh, so you may depend upon it, it was thoroughly aired and a roaring fire kept in it this fortnight. Indeed, though I say it, there's not a room at the Pig and Castle that 'ent kept constantly aired. We're always as full as we can hold... a great thoroughfare this. (*to Miss Cocoa*) I came to see what Your Ladyship would be pleased to have for supper?

**Miss Cocoa:** Why pray, Ma'am, what may ye have in the house?

**Landlady:** Oh Madam, we've nice fresh veal for cutlets and a joint o'mutton... and the finest beef! – as tender as a chicken, Ma'am, and game and fish and poultry – fine pigeons ready to spit, and excellent Shrewsbury Brown.

**Justice Cocoa:** I beg, have Dolly to put in my word for the Brown. Poor Mrs Cocoa used to make me the best Shrewsbury Brown down in the County o'Tipperary that ever I tasted.

**Miss Cocoa:** Well, let us have the Brown at top then, and what else did you say?

**Landlady:** Why, Miss, wouldn't ye be pleased to have the veal cutlets? We're famous for veal cutlets at the Pig and Castle!

**Miss Cocoa:** Yes, well, and what, have ye no confectionaries?

**Justice Cocoa:** Confectionaries, Dolly! She manes, Mrs Landlady, pies or tarts, or custards, or any sweate things. (*aside to Fanny*) Take notice now, by Jabus, she knows no more how to order a supper than to manoeuvre a Squadron.

**Miss Cocoa:** Aye, Mrs Landlady, have you any gooseberry tarts?

**Landlady:** (*aside*) Gooseberry tarts in the depth of winter! (*to Miss Cocoa*) Oh yes, Miss, I beg Your La'ship's pardon. We've some choice calves foot jelly?

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh then pray, let's have two or three glasses of the jelly opposite the cutlets on the other side.

**Landlady:** And wouldn't Your Ladyship choose the beef?

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, Dolly, you'd ha' done better if you'd begun with the last word. Mrs Landlady, my daughter here, old as she may look, is but just come out of the boarding school, and you know it isn't there young ladies learn to order supper.

**Landlady:** Oh lackaday, Sir, Miss has time enough yet and plenty. You'd have supper at ten, I suppose, Sir? And we've choice Devonshire ciders – and please you – and fine old port, Sir?

**Justice Cocoa:** Yes, Mrs Landlady, [supper] at ten, if you please.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh pray, let's have some cider, I dote upon cider.

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, aye child, deny yourself nothing, I say, and a bottle o'port for my share, if you please, Mrs Landlady.

*(Exit Landlady)*

**Landlady:** *(calling loud behind the scenes)* Nan Cook, Nan Cook, keep the great kettle on the fire. It's not over late and mayhap the ladies above may choose tea.

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, aye, Mrs Landlady; by Jabus, that's no bad move; let's have a dish o'tay in the meantime.

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord, what a figure it makes one to be jolted for so many hours together in a stagecoach. Do Fanny, my dear, help me off with my great coat. These horrid great coats, they are the most odious things in the world! I wish to God they were out of fashion.

**Justice Cocoa:** Why now, Dolly, I know of no act of parliament compelling a woman to wear a great coat if she does not like it.

**Miss Cocoa:** Dear Sir, but everybody wears them, you know; capots are most exceeding genteel... to be sure, they don't suit all shapes.

**Justice Cocoa:** In troth, Dolly, you are right there, sure enough.

**Miss Cocoa:** Indeed, Sir, though if you mean me, Miss Vandermelt told me they are vastly becoming to me. Besides, Lord, any thing's good enough, you know, for a stagecoach – one's so afraid of being seen – and besides, really now, to be packed up with all sorts of

company without being able to help oneself. I protest, Papa, I don't think it's fit for young ladies. Thank God last stage there was nobody but our selves. But now there was the last stage before last, I was nigh stifled to death by the great fat cheese monger's wife who sat herself plump down beside me without saying "with your leave", or "by your leave".

**Justice Cocoa:** Why now, upon my conscience, I don't know whether it wasn't more considerate of her to do it without your leave than against it. Besides, where now would you expect her to sit? The other side of the coach was full. Would you have had her sit upon your lap?

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh no, Papa, but those sort of people should learn to keep their distance, you know? And there, Fanny, there was the woman and her child that you took such a fancy to and must needs hold upon your lap half the stage. I protest I could see no beauty in it for my part. I thought when the mother offered us almonds and raisins that she would turn out to be some grocer's wife or other.

**Justice Cocoa:** Take care, Dolly, you are upon tender ground between you and I: remember what you are some of yourself, Dolly.

**Miss Cocoa:** Dear Sir, if you and my Mother did keep a grocer's shop, it was in [the] wholesale line, and, besides, you know it was before I was born. But now, Papa, you are a Volunteer, you know, and a Gentleman, you know, and so do, dear Sir, let's take a chaise and four next stage. What signifies the expense for the two stages we have to go? At the worst it would be but a guinea extra ordinary – chay boy, hostlers, turnpikes, and all. Do, dear Papa, let's have a chaise and four?

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, Dolly, I believe you'd wheedle the bird off the bush. You shall'ene take your own way then and live the longer for it.

**Miss Cocoa:** Why, thank you now, Papa. For really now, what would Captain Campbell have thought of one to see us come up to town in such a vehicle!

## Act 1, Scene 5

*(Enter Landlady with two letters)*

**Landlady:** [If I] might presume, ladies, I think one of your names is Cocoa? I have two letters here addressed to Miss Dolly Cocoa.

**Miss Cocoa:** I am Miss Dorothea Cocoa, Madam.

**Landlady:** *(gives the letters)* This, Ma'am, was left just now by a gentleman coming down in the Dille and the other Captain Campbell's servant brought.

**Miss Cocoa:** Captain Campbell!

*(Miss Cocoa and Fanny look at the seal and direction)*

**Landlady:** Yes Miss, he's coming down in a chaise and four. This man came on before him to bespeak his bed and supper. The Captain, I do suppose, will be in soon. Ladies, would you please to use your bedchamber? We've a fine, airy, two-bedded room, if you choose it, and...

**Justice Cocoa:** Thanku', Mrs Landlady, there's time enough for that... only you forgot to let me have the newspaper.

**Landlady:** Oh lackaday, Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons, but Jerry Gage the exciseman sent for it a while ago, and we have not got it back again. I'll make one go for it this very minute.

*(Exit, calling behind the scenes)*

**Landlady:** Betty, Betty Broom, I say, send the hostler down street to Jerry Gage, with my services, and I'd be glad of the newspaper, if he can spare it. *(Exit)* And do you hear, Betty, bid him not stop gossiping anywhere but bring the paper directly to the gentleman above.

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord, I thought that prating Landlady would have stayed all night. I didn't choose to open my billet-doux before her. *(she opens one)* Oh la! A letter from Charles Westbrooke.

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, Dolly won't think of him now, I'll warrant her. Now the Captain...

**Miss Cocoa:** (*opens the other letter*) "Your sincere admirer T Campbell" – (*she reads by starts*) "Cannot express violent impatience... to see my dear Miss Cocoa... could not prevail upon myself to wait till you arrived in town... never had an easy moment since... accidentally saw you there... good friend Mrs Deputy Dwindle... has... written at my desire... proposals in (*reads with emphasis*)... I do not doubt my being able to give Mr Cocoa every possible satisfaction as to the settlement he may expect... mere mercenary matters those... but... am impatient to give Dear Miss Cocoa in person... every possible assurance of my being with the greatest respect

... sincere admirer  
T Campbell".

There's a well-turned billet for you. Can any thing in nature be more genteel? Oh charming! The captain must be a man of fashion he writes so elegant. I admire it of all things.

**Justice Cocoa:** Particularly that part about the settlement, hey Dolly?

**Fanny:** (*picks up Westbrooke's letter*) Dear, I am so glad to hear from poor Charles. I know the time, Cousin, when you would not have left one of his letters so!

**Miss Cocoa:** Aye, aye, child, when I knew no better. You know I was quite a child when he went abroad. I knew nothing of the world then.

**Fanny:** Read his letter however, Cousin. Consider he has been away these three years, and, if it was only to hear that he is alive, it's something.

**Miss Cocoa:** I'm sure it's more than ever I expected to hear. He was always so giddy. But you may read the letter loud, Fanny, since you are so set upon it.

**Fanny:** (*reads*) "Safe arrived at last! My Dear Dolly" –

**Miss Cocoa:** Dolly indeed!

**Fanny:** (*reads*) “Imagine the joy I feel at the thoughts of seeing you again after three years’ absence! If you feel but half as much, every wish of my heart would be satisfied. Our Regiment landed a few days ago. I have sold my commission, for I hope we shall never part again. The past has cost me too much, my dear Dolly!”

**Miss Cocoa:** Dolly! Again, how vulgar!

**Fanny:** (*reads*) “But it was for your sake I bring you back a small, but what I hope you will think a competent fortune, which has been hardly earned, but which I cannot more happily enjoy than by sharing it with you. Remember me to my dear Father, as I hope I may call him”.

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, my lad, you should by good word, but there are two words to that bargain. Go on Fanny...

**Fanny:** (*reads*) And to all my old friends... not forgetting...

**Justice Cocoa:** Well, what stops you child?

**Fanny:** (*hesitating*) “Not forgetting Cousin Fanny. And accept every kind wish from,

Your truly affectionate,  
Charles Westbrooke.”

Well really, Cousin, it is the kindest letter. How happy you must be to...

**Miss Cocoa:** Dear child, how you talk. I’m no such novice to be taken in with a few compliments.

**Justice Cocoa:** Oh, by Jabus, it’s all over with poor Charles, I see! She’s all hoity toity with her London Captain. Well, Dolly, I hope when Westbrooke finds how matters stand, he will give up his pretentions.

**Miss Cocoa:** *Will* indeed. To be sure, he must!



**Justice Cocoa:** *Must*, Dolly? But must won't always go down with a soldier, and by chance he might take it into his head to take it ill of your Captain to interfere...

**Miss Cocoa:** Well Sir, if he does, I shall have the *éclat* of a duel at any rate.

**Fanny:** *Éclat*, Cousin? But suppose Charles was to lose his life?

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, indeed, it would be a pity, but he lost it in a better cause. I beg your pardon, Dolly, but upon my conscience, poor boy, his letter went nigher my heart than your Captain's billet. Notwithstanding the settlement, Dolly. Come, let's see Captain Campbell's again.

**Miss Cocoa:** Captain Campbell's, Sir?

**Justice Cocoa:** Yes. (*reads*) By Jabus, here's a bit of a postscript enclosed on the other side that we overlooked. (*Justice Cocoa reads*) "I am under the disagreeable necessity of preparing my dear Miss Cocoa, for some slight unfortunate circumstances, which I fear might prepossess her against my appearance at first sight. My too rash ambition to signalize myself in the last war not only endangered my life, which I should have been proud to have lost in so just a cause, but exposed my limbs to accidents. Misfortunes which, irremediable as they are, I never so severely felt as at this instant." Phoo! Phoo! Phoo! Those limbs come lagging in sadly.

**Miss Cocoa:** To be sure, it's a sad pity!

**Justice Cocoa:** *Limbs* too, in the plural number, Dolly.

**Miss Cocoa:** But really, for my part, I think we ought to like a gentleman the better for having lost his limbs in the service of his Country.

**Justice Cocoa:** As you please for that, my dear Dolly. And I hope that's the real motive of your compassion.

**Fanny:** But I'm sure, Uncle, if it was poor Charles Westbrooke who had met with such misfortunes, you would think my Cousin acted honourably and nobly in not being disgusted with him?

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, aye, my little Fan, you're right there; that would have been quite another thing. "None but the brave deserve the fair", as Dryden says in his "Song of Saint Cecily".

**Miss Cocoa:** Well Sir, I'll answer for it, the Captain is very brave. Fanny, my dear, aren't I a perfect fright! I absolutely must smarten myself up a little before the Captain comes. Do pull the bell, or give them a call. Mrs Landlady! Mrs Betty!

**Betty Broom:** (*behind the scenes*) Coming, Ma'am!

**Miss Cocoa:** Come then, Fanny. Let's go and dress us.

**Fanny:** Oh, I shall do very well, I thank you. I'll stay here and make tea for my Uncle.

**Justice Cocoa:** (*patting her shoulder*) Thank you, my little Fanny.

**Miss Cocoa:** La, Fanny! You know I can't possibly do my hair behind without you.

**Fanny:** My dear, if you want me, I will come with you with all my heart. If I can help you, my Uncle will call me when tea's ready.

(*Exit Miss Cocoa and Fanny*)

**Justice Cocoa:** (*solus*) Why now, there's Dolly's head is turned topsy turvy, and we shall get no good out of her tonight. And I shall have no tea. Upon my conscience if it was not for little Fanny, I should be treated as bad as King Lear, and his three daughters. And I wonder what that same confounded exciseman Jerry Gage can be doing all night with the newspaper. Faith, I'll sally forth and reconnoitre myself. By Jabus, it's always best to be one's own messenger.

### *Act 1, Scene 6*

(*Landlady's Bar. Enter Westbrooke, disguised as a Fortune Teller.*)

**Westbrooke:** (*singing*)

I've travelled the country round,  
And all the way to Albany.

But I ne'er was so plagued in my life,  
As I was by a jade of a Landlady!

**Landlady:** (*within the Bar*) Who's that, who's strolling there?

**Westbrooke:** (*goes on singing*)

In hell when the Devil sold ale,  
As we read old Astrology.  
The drawer was a damnable cheat,  
And I'm sure he went snacks with the Landlady!

**Landlady:** Why, who's that, I say? Fellow, who are you, I say?

**Westbrooke:** (*continuing*)

On Sunday when I go to prayers,  
To hail my poor soul that's in gometry.  
I'm puffed up with beef steaks and stews,  
And the Devil stands cook to the Landlady!

**Landlady:** Why, fellow, don't you hear me, I say! Fellow, who are you, I say? And do you dare to put my name into a ballad? Get along about your business, I say – I'll have no such Gentry in my house. And so pack up your alls and march, if you please, Sir.

**Westbrooke:** Good Madam! A moment's patience, let me but finish my song. You'll see it couldn't be meant at Your Ladyship – God forbid I should put any gentle name into a ballad – unless it was Valentine, Mrs Landlady.

**Landlady:** Well, come finish your song, then get about your business.

**Westbrooke:** (*Bows and sings*)

Th' endeavouring man's wife is a well known,  
Her apparel betokens her a monastery.  
Her ribbons and lenos and lace,  
Become the fair face of the Landlady!

**Landlady:** Hey, how's that fellow? Sing that again.

**Westbrooke:** (*after repeating the last Stanza*) Oh Lord, Ma'am, I... it was as much as ever I could do to sing that again for you.

Lackadaisy, what a strange thing it is; but if I might be so bold as to say so, Mrs Thunder –

**Landlady:** Mrs Thunder! Why how does the fellow know my name?

**Westbrooke:** (*aside:* I'm sure it's written plain enough under her sign.) Oh Madam, if you would but let me look at your fair plump hand, I could tell you stranger things – of what's past and to come – things that you do know, and things that you don't know.

**Landlady:** Oh, don't tell me!

**Westbrooke:** But I was saying, Madam, that Your Ladyship was the very image, begging your pardon, of a lady in Flanders, an Officer's wife who robbed me of my heart and kept me at Death's door almost a twelve month. The same color'd eyes, the same color'd hair to a shade. La, Ma'am, you are as like two peas. The same round, fair, good humoured, sweet, bewitching face. I'll swear, God forgive me, you are as like as two drops o'water. You have had two husbands, Mrs Thunder?

**Landlady:** Oh la, fellow, how should you know that? I do believe you're no better than you should be.

**Westbrooke:** (*aside:* Ha! The two gold rings on her wedding finger told truth then.) Aye, and Mrs Thunder I can tell you more, you'll have a third before the year is out.

**Landlady:** Fie, forshame, you impertinent fellow. Do you think I can so soon forget poor, dear Mr Thunder... before the year's out, too, did you say?

**Westbrooke:** Alas, Madam, so the fates have decreed. Before the years's out.

**Landlady:** Lackaday!

**Westbrooke:** Now, Madam, by looking at your hand, if you would trust me with it, I can tell everything exactly. Let me see! Aye, a gentleman about six foot high. In a dark blue coat, his hair tied behind with a new black ribband, a gold watch in his pocket, and a

gold headed cane in his hand shall come... be so good, Ma'am, to keep your hand still... shall come and stand before this Bar.

**Landlady:** Oh aye, I am always at the Bar, or nigh hand. But *how* shall I know the day, Mr Conjuror, for I would keep in the way, as it were, to give the Stars fair play?

**Westbrooke:** Oh Madam, you can't help being in the way that day. Do what you will, the Stars will bring you here true to a minute. You'll take a pound of mould of candles in your hand, and, when you look up, you shall see your gentleman standing before you.

**Landlady:** Lord Sir, and what shall I say then?

**Westbrooke:** Not a word.

**Landlady:** Lackadaisy, Sir, mayn't I ask the gentleman to sit down... or what he would be pleased to have for supper?

**Westbrooke:** Not a word, Madam, or the charm's broken till he pulls out his gold watch and asks what o'clock it is.

**Landlady:** And then I may speak, mayn't I? And what will he say next?

*(A cry above behind the scenes of "Mrs Landlady, Mrs Landlady, are you above?")*

**Landlady:** Coming presently! Well, Mr Conjuror, do step into the Bar, and I'll come presently.

### *Act 1, Scene 7*

*(Enter Betty Broom, knocks at the Bar)*

**Betty Broom:** Mrs Landlady, Mrs Thunder, are you within?

**Landlady:** Why, what in the name of fortune does the girl want? Can't you have a moment's patience?

*(She comes out and pulls the Bar door after her)*

**Betty Broom:** Why, Ma'am, there's Nan Cook's going wild for the jelly bag – and Jim Waiter wants a cask of wine, and I have no pillow cases for the Comet, Ma'am.

**Landlady:** Well, and could not you have seen to that before? Your head's made of a sieve, I believe. Tell Jim Waiter I'll give him out the wine between this and suppertime. And come again for the pillow cases anon – do you hear?

**Betty Broom:** And the jelly bag, Ma'am?

**Landlady:** (*in a passion*) Mercy on us, bless my stars, God forgive me, but if one isn't after your heels every minute in the day, you are all of you as helpless as the babes in the wood.

(*Exit Landlady*)

### *Act 1, Scene 8*

(*Before the Landlady's Bar*)

**Betty Broom:** Hostler! Hostler! Who's without there, Hostler! Do come and uncord the big hair trunk that came with the stage. Miss says she must have it above in the Peacock. And Hostler, what did you do with Miss's blue bandbox? It's hid up in a red handkerchief? Hey, hey, can't ye speak a little louder?

**Hostler:** (*behind the scenes*) I say, I don't know nothing about it, I don't. It's none of my business to see to the inside luggage. I suppose it be's here within in the Bar. Coachman, you know, always [puts] the inside parcels there.

**Betty Broom:** Hostler never will lend one a helping hand. In the Bar, is it? (*she goes to the Bar, opens the door, sees Westbrook standing behind it, starts*) Oh waugh! Lord, who's that within? Who's there? It must be a highwayman! Oh Hostler! Hostler!

**Westbrooke:** (*coming out of the Bar*) No, no, good Mrs Betty, don't be frightened. I'm only a Conjuror. You want the blue bandbox; here it is for you. I have been telling your Mistress her fortune, and, if you speak me fair, mayhap I may do the same good turn by you.

**Betty Broom:** Oh do, pray good Mr Conjuror. Lackadaisy, I beg your pardon – but my heart misgave me. I was in such a fright – I was so flustered. I was well nigh in a swoond – but no offence I hopes. Do, pray Mr Conjuror, tell me my fortune – I long to hear it of all things. I never had but dish of coffee turn'd upon me in all my life.

**Westbrooke:** Why, Mrs Betty, there's no occasion to tell you your fortune; it's written so plain in your face.

**Betty Broom:** Dear heart, and what may it be now?

**Westbrooke:** You have heard of the great Inn at Salt Hill, Mrs Betty?

**Betty Broom:** Oh... Mrs Partridge...?

**Westbrooke:** Yes, Mrs Partridge – famous, you know, for stewing cucumbers in a brass saucepan?

**Betty Broom:** Brass saucepan!

**Westbrooke:** Aye... Aye, you know, to give them the right green colour. She was in a fine run of business. I knew her very well, till, poor woman, she chanced to poison a coach full of Gentry with those same cucumbers done a trifle too green. Poor soul, she lost all her custom by it. Never held up her head afterwards.

**Betty Broom:** And all for stewing cucumbers in a brass saucepan!

**Westbrooke:** Even so, Mrs Betty.

**Betty Brooke:** (*aside*) Well, the longest day I have to live, I'll never crisp bloom tea in the brass kettle again! God forgive me – Amen.

**Westbrooke:** But, Mrs Betty, it's an ill wind, as the saying is, that blows nobody good. Let me see your hand... aye... hum. I see you sitting this time two years, Mrs Betty – Mrs Landlady, I should say – giving orders to your own servants in the bar of Mrs Partridge's great house at Salt Hill.

**Betty Broom:** Me! Dear heart! Me! Mr Conjuror?

**Westbrooke:** Aye, the Windmill – I see it beginning to go merrily round again with the wind of your good fortune.

**Miss Cocoa:** (*heard from above stairs, crying*) Mrs Betty! Mrs Betty! Do make haste and don't keep us waiting here all night.

**Betty Broom:** Oh, bless me! If that 'ent Miss screaming. Where's the box? She makes one run up and down stairs – and then she's so cross, she's as bad as Mistress for that! Hostler! Hostler! Why, where's the hair trunk? You'll be all night – do be smart and bring it up to the Peacock. Your servant, thank you, Sir.

### *Act 1, Scene 9*

*(Westbrooke alone – in his own manner)*

**Westbrooke:** So now, I've got the coast clear at last. How I shall get through with this I know not. I did but hear the sound of her voice, and I had like to have betrayed myself. What shall I do then when I see her? She can't know me, to be sure. There's no danger of that, I'm so completely disguised (*interrupted by the Landlady's voice behind the scenes*).

**Landlady:** Betty, Betty Broom, I say, do see and keep a fire in for the job and four. But don't waste coals, do ye hear, but keep it in slow, for I dare say the Captain won't be in yet a while.

*(Landlady goes away)*

**Westbrooke:** The Captain can't be in yet awhile. Ha, ha, ha, I can answer for that, good Mrs Landlady. A pretty part I have undertaken – three characters in one night, and I hope the last will be liked the best. But I have not done yet with my first. I must contrive to see Dolly, to sound her heart to the bottom as a Fortune Teller, to try in that disguise the power of novelty and imagination. Then return in my second character of Captain Campbell to try what vanity and interest can do. And, at last, when my triumph and hers is complete, I will discover myself to be her old favorite Westbrooke, returned to enjoy the reward of his constancy. But who comes here, her sweet Cousin Fanny!



## *Act 1, Scene 10*

*(Enter Fanny, with the curling irons in her hand)*

**Fanny:** The fire is gone out above, and I must beg Mrs Landlady to let me heat the curling irons for my Cousin at the Bar fire.

**Westbrooke:** Madam, if you would give me leave, if I can be of any service to you, I hope. *(aside)* I shall certainly betray myself.

**Fanny:** No, I thank you, Sir – I am not used to be waited upon. I can do it very well for myself. I am obligated to you – I don't like to give people trouble. But, to be sure, it's rather a hard matter to find one's way over a strange house.

**Westbrooke:** Pray, Miss, give me leave to call any one you may please to want? Mrs Betty, Mrs Betty! Here's Miss, here a young lady can't find her way.

## *Act 1, Scene 11*

*(Enter Betty Broom; when she sees Fanny, she begins to run immediately)*

**Betty Broom:** Oh Miss, is it you? Bless my heart to see so good a young lady going that way of her own messages. I'm sure I'm quite ashamed. Do, pray Miss, leave them irons with me.

**Fanny:** Well, Mrs Betty, if you will be so good, but you won't make my Cousin wait for she is in a great hurry.

*(Exit Fanny)*

**Westbrooke:** *(running up to Betty Broom as she is going with the irons to the Bar)* Mrs Betty! Mrs Betty! I'm so glad to get a sight of you again.

**Betty Broom:** Oh, Mr Conjuror, I can't stop [here] gossiping with you now – you heard the young lady tell me I must make haste. She's in a hurry, and she's such a sweet creature.

**Westbrooke:** Only one word, Mrs Betty – do get me a sight of the ladies above in the Peacock? Do, pray Mrs Betty – they'll give me something handsome, I'm sure!

**Betty Broom:** Well, I'll try what I can do for you then, Mr Conjuror, when Miss is dressed – but the Lord knows when that will be?

**Westbrooke:** But, good Mrs Betty, could not I get in, in the mean time, as a hairdresser – tell the ladies I am a rare hand at a comb.

**Betty Broom:** Dear heart, how you do wheedle one – come follow me and we'll see what we can do.

*(Exeunt)*

### *Act I, Scene 12*

*(Miss Cocoa at her toilette, Fanny dressing her hair)*

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord! Fanny – I must say you're very awkward. What a fright you have made of me! My head's as crooked as a ram's horn – and that left curl's a mite too forward. Come, do stand aside and let me try my own hand.

*(Enter Betty Broom with bandboxes, etc.)*

**Betty Broom:** I hope I didn't make Your La'ship wait. The Hostler there below was uncording the great hair trunk.

**Miss Cocoa:** Do, my Dear, lend me my collar out of the bandbox – I am sure I never shall get my things on in time. *(to Betty)* The Captain 'ent come yet, I hope?

**Betty Broom:** Oh la! No Miss, there's no sign of him. I dares to say he won't be here these three hours.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh! Then I may take a breath – but won't he be here these three hours? Fanny, my dear, 'ent that vastly extraordinary? But I shall take care to make him pay for this. You needn't wait, child.

**Betty Broom:** Ma'am, begging Your La'ship's pardon, as you won't be hurried or so... There's one waiting there without to get a sight of

you. The man calls himself a sort of a magician, I think, one who understands the black art, and moreover dresses hair purely, if Your Ladyship would care to try him?

**Fanny:** Oh yes, dear Cousin, let's see him, if it's only to give him something. I met him just now below stairs, and he's really the civilest poor man you ever saw.

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord, Fanny! Odious! I wouldn't for all the world admit such a fellow to my toilette. (*to Betty*) But are you sure he can dress hair?

**Betty Broom:** Oh dear yes, Miss, he'll settle your head for you in a twinkling.

**Fanny:** You can but try, Coz. I'm sure, at any rate, he'll do it to please you better than I shall.

**Miss Cocoa:** Well, call the fellow in then, and let's see what he can do.

(*Enter Westbrooke, disguised as a Fortune Teller*)

**Westbrooke:** (*bows*) Ladies, I am most profoundly yours.

**Miss Cocoa:** Well, Sir... you can dress hair, I think they tell me?

**Westbrooke:** Oh Milady, to admiration. I can brush your hair *à la blouse*, I can plaister it *à la Daube*, or I can erect it *à la formidable*!

**Fanny:** *À la formindable* – I never heard of that before, dear Cousin, what is that?

**Miss Cocoa:** La! Fanny, how ignorant you are, child! Do, pray Sir, explain it to her?

**Westbrooke:** (*aside:* God, I'm afraid that's more than I can do.) The *formidable* is the reigning Court fashion. It was brought in by Mrs Fitzherbert – indeed, I dressed her hair the *very* night she *réussi*'d.

**Fanny:** *Réussi*'d, conceited fellow!

**Miss Cocoa:** Aye, aye, the night she *réussi*'d. (*aside to Fanny:* Lord how well he speaks French!) Come Sir – I think then I'll have my head done *à la formidable*.

**Westbrooke:** Madam, your hair has been so inimitably prepared by your own fair hands, that it wants only the finishing touch of the skilful practitioner.

**Miss Cocoa:** (*aside*) A civil fellow, this.

**Westbrooke:** Now, Madam, please to throw your eyes upon your mirror – observe the metamorphosis that appears in your whole Physiognomy. Can any thing be more striking? The *formidable*, Madam, gives the true martial air to the female countenance.

**Miss Cocoa:** (*Looking at her hair*) Well, to be sure, it is quite another thing.

**Westbrooke:** And now (*wiping his hands*), I believe I may lay aside the comb – I took it up ladies to oblige you – but I am used to move in a higher sphere. My province is Divination.

**Fanny:** Aye, fortune telling.

**Miss Cocoa:** Divination – don't expose yourself, my dear.

**Westbrooke:** Right, Madam, Divination is my science... but I pretend to succeed only with the ladies. Their bright eyes are the Stars in which I learn my Astrology, and, in the lines of their fair hands, I trace my chart of Chyromancy. (*Taking Miss Cocoa's hand*) Allow me the honor, Madam.

**Miss Cocoa:** Well, tell me then first what luck am I to have in the Lottery? My number is a 1229, and Fanny is next neighbour: hers is 1228.

**Fanny:** Yes, they were made a present to us both at the same time by Major Attall, when he was canvassing the county.

**Miss Cocoa:** (*aside*) Lord, Fanny, can you never hold your tongue?

**Westbrooke:** Give me leave to see your other hand, ladies. Your numbers I think are 1228 and 1229... right... the ten thousand pound prize not come up yet, hum. Then, ladies, I have the pleasure to assure you that it must be one of two numbers now in the wheel.

**Miss Cocoa:** Mine! Sir, mine! Oh, charming! It must be mine, Fanny, for you know you've never any luck set against me!

**Fanny:** No, I wouldn't for all the tickets in the wheel be set against you, Cousin.

**Westbrooke:** (*aside*) Amiable girl!

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh, Mr Conjuror, a ten thousand pound prize, charming! Then I shall have a phaeton and ponies of my own and a coach to follow and a valet de cham of my own... and... and all the blessings of life! Oh! This news makes my heart as light as a feather! (*she skips about*)

**Westbrooke:** (*aside*) Indeed, I believe so! What an ecstasy of vulgar joy – one trial more and I have done. (*aloud*) Your heart, Madam, did you say? If you would trust me with your fair hand once more, perhaps I might tell you some news of that.

**Miss Cocoa:** (*giving her hand*) Well, try if you will, but you won't find that such an easy matter.

**Westbrooke:** (*looks at her hand mysteriously – to Fanny*) Our science, Miss, depends on the four Elements: Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. Water, Madam, I apprehend to be your predominant element. Ha! Upon my word, look here. pray Miss (*to Fanny*), I would teach you something of our art; do you see there (*pointing upon Miss Cocoa's hand*), the line that runs down the middle... hum... Ah, the traces not very deep. No, then it can't be a great river... but a small stream, as it were, a brook, hum. Let's see now, it runs neither east, north, or south, hum, then it must be west! Ha, Miss (*to Fanny*), what does that make... West... br – e?

**Fanny:** Oh, Westbrooke, dear Cousin, only think of that!

**Westbrooke:** True, Madam, Westbrooke must be the name of your Sweetheart.

**Miss Cocoa:** (*aside to Fanny: Sweetheart! Indeed, vulgar fellow!*) Charles Westbrooke was, to be sure, my Sweetheart, as you call him, but he's not my Sweetheart now. Tell me if you can, Mr Conjuror, the name of my new Love?

**Westbrooke:** (*looking at her hand*) No, the hand will say no more – the first impressions always last there. We must have recourse to the eye, give me leave. Turn a little more to the light, if you please.

(*clapping hands*) God bless my soul, was ever anything so plain? I see, Madam, in the zodiac of your eye, a new sign. It is neither Aries (a Ram), Taurus (a Bull), Gemini (a Crab), or Cancer (a Lion), but it's a Camel!

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh Crimini! The name to a letter. (*aside*) I do believe he deals with the Devil. (*anxiously*) And now, pray Mr Conjuror, which of my two Loves am I to have?

**Westbrooke:** (*gravely*) Both Madam, or neither.

**Miss Cocoa:** There I am sure you are out now – you don't think I would be so mad as to throw myself away upon a beggarly cadet who...

**Fanny:** Dear Cousin, how can you talk so of poor Charles Westbrooke? You know he was so fond of you, and he has been spending the best years of his life in making a little fortune to share with you, and now he is coming home and –

**Miss Cocoa:** (*interrupting*) And I suppose thinks to set me up in another grocer's shop! I humbly thank him. No, no, indeed, I have my doubts about accepting Captain Campbell himself. With ten thousand pounds fortune and (*looking in the glass*) no such ungenteel figure, I think I might look higher than a Captain Campbell.

**Westbrooke:** (*aside*) A pretty wife I had like to have had of her. A mere slip of a fine lady grafted upon the original vulgar stock!

**Fanny:** Dear Dolly, what will poor Charles say?

**Miss Cocoa:** What will he say, why! Lord, my dear, how should I know? If he dies of a broken heart, how can I help it? But Fanny, if you are so compassionate to poor Charles Westbrooke – who knows what may happen? He'd be quite a catch match for you, child – and so, my dear, I think you'd better take him yourself and “Live in a cottage on Tweed” and “love, whilst the feather'd folk sing” [of] dear Pastoral Life! Ha! Ha! Ha!

**Fanny:** Well, Cousin, you may laugh, but, indeed, though I never would allow myself to think of him whilst I thought you had regard for him, I never was insensible to his merit.

**Westbrooke:** (*aside*) Noble girl!

**Miss Cocoa:** Well but Fanny, then why don't you have your fortune told too?

**Fanny:** Because I have none to tell – for I assure you, I will never trust my happiness to the Stars but to my own good conduct.

**Miss Cocoa:** Mighty sententious indeed, Miss Fanny! Well, Mr Conjuror, here's half a crown for you and now do sum up our destiny.

**Westbrooke:** That I shall do, Madam (*bowing to Miss Cocoa*). As I perceive you to be a literary lady, in two lines of Prior's, in his "Henry and Emma" – you (*to Miss Cocoa*) shall be as "fortunate as fair". And (*turning to Fanny*), "Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserved for her".

**Miss Cocoa:** (*turning to the glass*) As fortunate as fair – dear Fanny! Could any thing be more polite? (*Justice Cocoa is heard coming up stairs*) Oh Lord, here comes my Papa! Dear Fanny, what shall we do with the Conjuror?

**Fanny:** La, Cousin! I'm sure there's no harm. Why, tell my Uncle – I'm sure he won't be angry.

(*Enter Justice Cocoa, swearing*)

**Justice Cocoa:** The Devil calcine my Soul to a palpable powder and blow it to the four corners of the world, East, West, North, and South, if I wouldn't sooner skin a flea for the [kunot?] bag of it, than be waiting for such a macaron's trollop as you. Why, there's the boiling tay kittle has been cold waiting for you this hour. (*seeing Westbrooke*) Why, who in the name of the old one have we here? Why, who are you, you Sir? What brought you into my daughter's apartment, ye spalpeen you?

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord, Father, I sent for him to dress my hair, and you see he has done it charmingly.

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, Dolly, you'll never be quiet till you get yourself into some scrape. Get along about your business, friend, and don't be plaistering any more of your flower and hog's lard about my daughter's head. I hope she has paid you for your trouble, though!

**Westbrooke:** Oh Sir, I am overpaid. (*aside as he goes out*) Gad, it's well the old Soldier came to relieve guard, or Miss Dolly would have kept me here upon duty these three hours.

**Justice Cocoa:** Upon my conscience, Dolly, if that head of yours was put into an oven, I believe ther'd be paste enough about it to make a pie, and no very savoury one neither.

**Fanny:** Well, Uncle, shall we make you a dish of tea?

**Justice Cocoa:** (*going out between them*) Aye, aye, come, let's have a dish of tay, at any rate.

(*Exeunt*)

## *Act 2, Scene 1*

(*Enter Justice Cocoa with the newspaper in his hand*)

**Justice Cocoa:** ... Fanny?

(*Enter Fanny*)

**Fanny:** My dear Uncle! What did you call me for in such haste?

**Justice Cocoa:** Shut the door, Fanny! Where's Dolly?

**Fanny:** Touching her hair with a little powder.

**Justice Cocoa:** Touching her hair! Oh then she is safe for one half hour. I have a secret to tell you, Fanny! Dolly's ticket's come up, and here it is in the newspaper.

**Fanny:** And a prize?

**Justice Cocoa:** Oh, ten thousand pound!



**Fanny:** Oh, dear Uncle! Let me fly to tell her!

**Justice Cocoa:** Hush, not a word for your life; do not you think I am as glad as you are at least? But I mean to tell her that's it's a blank to try how she'll bear the disappointment.

**Fanny:** Oh Uncle, I never knew you so ill-natured. Do, pray, let me have the pleasure of being the first to tell her?

**Justice Cocoa:** Upon my conscience now, I know of the right you have to tell it first, but [also] that you knew it last and so be quiet and let me have my own way for once. You little fool you, one would think you had no loss yourself, to see you in such joy.

**Fanny:** You can't think, Sir, that because my Cousin's ticket has been more successful than mine I should imagine that I have lost something! I really think I am almost as glad as if it were my own. Dolly has set her heart upon it, you know, and I never did; your kindness supplies me with everything I want.

**Justice Cocoa:** Upon my salvation, Fanny, you are a good girl. And I love you almost as well as my own child. But you know that it's my duty to prefer my own flesh and blood. But, faith, you shall be the better of me when I die.

**Fanny:** Then, Uncle, you have made me a promise you can't perform. It may make me richer, but I'm sure your death can never make me happier.

**Justice Cocoa:** Go along, you palavering hussy you – you make the salt water come into my eyes – and that's not becoming a Volunteer. But I wonder you're so fond of Dolly. She is plaguy tart upon you every now and then?

**Fanny:** You know, Sir, how much I am obligated to her and how good she was to me when I was a child and till my Uncle the Alderman advised you to send her to Chelsea Boarding School. Nobody could [have] be[en] kinder – I daresay she'll be the same again.

**Justice Cocoa:** I'll tell you again you're a good creature, and you have laid up no trifling loch of happiness in your own heart. And

that's a safe place, Fan, where thieves can't break in and steal. But now I talk of thieves: Fanny, has nobody stole... I would not say *broke into* your heart, for that would be a burglary, you know? [But] I'm much mistaken if that their Westbrooke hasn't made a hole in't?

**Fanny:** My dear Uncle, I have no secrets that shall or might to be hid from you. If Mr Westbrooke had never thought of my Cousin, I should certainly have wished that he would have thought of me.

**Justice Cocoa:** Well and so he shall still, my little girl – now Dolly has forsaken him for a man she never saw in her life, he is at liberty. Here comes Dolly now; do you hear, Fanny, don't let the cat out of the bag with your foolish good nature. Let me have a little diversion with her, [since] you know she does what she pleases with me.

*(Enter Miss Cocoa, with a toss of her head and a flirt of her fan. The Justice runs up to her holding Fanny back)*

**Justice Cocoa:** So Dolly! Here your ticket's come up!

**Miss Cocoa:** My ticket! A prize! My God! Dear Papa! Hey!

**Justice Cocoa:** Blank!

**Miss Cocoa:** Blank! Gracious heaven! I'm undone! *(she turns away, stamps, and bursts into tears)*

**Fanny:** Oh Cousin! *(aside)* Dear Uncle, let me tell her!

**Justice Cocoa:** *(aside:* Be quiet, ye little gipsy, now can't ye?) Dolly, don't take on so. A wise man must take all things fair and easy, as I do.

**Miss Cocoa:** You, Sir! He speaks to me who never had a ticket.

**Justice Cocoa:** Lookie here, Dolly – No. 1229. Here it is in the paper.

**Miss Cocoa:** *(she pushes the paper from her)* Don't show it me, Sir. Pray, don't talk to me. Lord, Lord! It's all over with me, what a disappointment, who could bear it? Then I had laid but every shilling of it in my own mind, so I had.

**Justice Cocoa:** Why then, faith Dolly, I think you are just the same as if you had had it now – all the pleasures over and none of the trouble.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh Sir, how can you laugh at me? And Fanny, how you stand there, child, without saying a word to comfort me.

**Fanny:** (*aside*) When I am not to tell the truth, my only chance is to hold my tongue.

**Justice Cocoa:** Come, Dolly, give me your hand child. Your tormentor shall be you comforter now. Be a good girl, and you shall never want.

**Miss Cocoa:** Never *want*, Sir? What comfort is that, Sir? Never *want* indeed – to be but a step above a beggar.

**Justice Cocoa:** What Dolly, how now, by Jabus. I think five thousand pounds, made with many a hard day's labour of mine behind the counter is not to be sneered at, hey?

**Fanny:** Oh Sir, I'm sure my Cousin did not mean to say that.

**Justice Cocoa:** Fan, you've always your good word ready for every one – that deserves it, I mean. But come now, Dolly, what would you give me if your ticket was not quite a point blank? Now suppose it was...

**Miss Cocoa:** La Sir, pray Papa, don't tantalize me! I have lost my ticket, and there's an end of it. I declare when I think of it, it's almost enough to break one's heart.

**Justice Cocoa:** No, no, Dolly, now don't let it quite break your heart. We should have ten thousand pound thrown away upon a funeral – and that would be a pity; what say you, my little Fan?

**Fanny:** Oh Uncle, you know I am to say nothing.

**Justice Cocoa:** Then I must out with it myself, hey Dolly? Come wipe your eyes, child. I'm first to wish you joy of it at *last*. The ten thousand pound prize is all your own, Dolly!

**Miss Cocoa:** Mine! Impossible!

**Justice Cocoa:** Lookie there now, she won't believe me!

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh, my dear Papa! Dear Fanny, can it be true?

**Fanny:** Yes indeed, Cousin, you may believe us. I wish you joy with all my heart. I would have told you long ago, but my Uncle wanted to have the pleasure himself – and I'm sure he has a right to it.

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord, let me breathe... I can scarcely believe my senses – well I am the happiest creature alive. Do, Papa, make them set the bells a ringing, and I will pay them and welcome. Fall, lall, lol, la. I wish we had the fiddles to strike up a dance – do Papa, send somebody out to the bells.

**Justice Cocoa:** There now, it's worse again! She'll go mad with joy. Be quiet, Dolly, and don't bring all the house about your ears, child – we'll have the bells set a ringing by and by. But now, by Jabus Dolly, I expect you'll make me some little present or other for our Corps? What think you of a new pair of colors? I'm sure our old ones have suffered in the wars.

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord aye, I don't know but I may, if you'll draw me up a congratulatory address of thanks amongst you?

**Justice Cocoa:** Faith Dolly and welcome, you may draw it up yourself if you have a mind, child, and I'll get it passed. Addresses cost us nothing, you know.

**Miss Cocoa:** And Fanny dear, I must give you a present too, must not I?

**Fanny:** No indeed, my dear, you need not. I rejoice with you with all my heart.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh, but I must give you something! Let's see what shall it be! A set of ribbands, or a new hat, child, for I'm sure that's a dowdy thing you have on you now. But hold up your head, child, and who knows what may fall out. When I marry, which, to be sure, won't be long first... not, indeed, that I have much thought of taking up with Captain Campbell now.

**Justice Cocoa:** Dolly, remember the Captain’s hint about the settlement. It was a good broad one, too. Don’t skin a flint for three pence and spoil a four-penny knife in doing it. Take a good offer, child, when you get it. It does not come in one’s way every day, I can tell you that. Mind me, Dolly. I mean, if you are determined to lay yourself out in that line of trade – “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush”.

**Miss Cocoa:** Well, I don’t know what to say to that as yet – I don’t know how matters may turn out. But, Fanny, I was going to say to you that if you could contrive to get a smarter way and manner with you now, I think I could take you to town with me next winter as my companion. It’s quite the tone for ladies of fashion to have companions in their household. And me, dear Coz – I shan’t forget you, for *Charity begins at home*, as the saying is, hey.

**Fanny:** Cousin, I thank you – I wish to preserve your friendship as long as you will let me. But the moment I cease to be your *friend*, I will never be your *companion*.

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, my girl, *that* you never shall be whilst I have breath in my body.

**Miss Cocoa:** La, how touchy some folks are – and then she’ll tell me she is not proud.

**Fanny:** No indeed, Cousin, I am not proud.

**Justice Cocoa:** Don’t be ashamed of being proud, Fanny. I’m very proud myself in my own way.

**Miss Cocoa:** Yes but – you know some people have more to be proud of than others! And your pride, Papa, is different from Fanny’s, and hers is...

*(Here the bells ring at a distance)*

**Justice Cocoa:** Hark, hark; Dolly, can’t you hold your chatter for one minute – hark now!

*(Bonfires seen at a distance)*

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh gracious, I protest and *vow* I believe the bells ring by instinct. Oh see there, the bonfires!

**Fanny:** But, dear me, I wonder how they knew it?

**Justice Cocoa:** Why faith and troth, now I think of it, I believe I'm at the bottom of all this foolery without meaning it *at all, at all!* You must know when I first set my eyes upon Dolly's ticket in the newspaper, I was standing there without by the kitchen fire. And when I sees the ten thousand pound prize was hers, what does I do but I turns myself round, and claps all the money I had in my pocket into the fellow's hand who stood next me. By Jabus! I knew no more than nothing at all who he was, or what I gave him, for my heart was up in my mouth for that matter. But I heard the fellow bless my Worship and say something about drinking my health and setting the bells a ringing. But my head was running on something else, and so I left him.

*(a loud Huzza)*

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh la!... Hush... Charming! Hear the Huzza? I've a handful of *silver* in my pocket; I believe I must throw it out to 'em.

**Jurstice Cocoa:** *Silver!* Fie for shame, Dolly! Let it be gold this time. If an old fellow like me shelled out all the silver he had, the *least* you could do would be to shower gold.

**Fanny:** But Uncle, do let us go down and thank them at least!

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, aye, away with me. Dolly, put up your silver in your pocket till the next time.

**Dolly:** Oh Lord, aye, do come along!

*(Exeunt)*

## *Act 2, Scene 2*

*(Landlady's Bar)*

**Landlady:** Why, the folks are all gone mad, I believe – Miss keeps such a racket over head with her ten thousand pound ticket. Well,

I'm proud, however, to have it in my house. If she was good for any thing, she'd let us have some merry doings at the Pig and Castle. But I must see to business: the Captain will be in just now.

*(Enter Betty Broom)*

**Betty Broom:** Ma'am, the job and four!

**Landlady:** I wish then you'd mind your business, *Ma'am!* And not let your head go a woolgathering at this here rate – stir, child, can't ye? There's no lights in the Sun, and the fire's gone out in the Comet.

**Betty Broom:** *(Exit)* ... Bless us all!

*(A cry behind the scenes of "Boots! Boots!" frequently repeated)*

**Landlady:** Boots! Boots! I say, don't ye hear the gentleman call there?

*(Enter Boots, yawning)*

**Boots:** "Boots! Boots!" Indeed, a plague upon 'em. The first nap I ha' had since yester forenoon, now they must needs call "Boots"! Up all night and a foots all day, I wish to my heart Master would get another shay boy, and not put Boots a horseback – I can't stand it, I can't.

**Landlady:** Why, what now, ye lazy, lingering, loitering, lounging, lubbarly fellow, you – ye are not half awake yet no more ye 'ent. Come, get along to the gentleman in the Sun, I say!

*(Exit Boots, drawling and yawning)*

**Landlady:** *(sola)* There now, there's a fellow for you that I took out o'the street the other day without a foot to stand upon, and now he complains of being put a horseback forsooth! But that's the way with 'em all – they grow so saucy. Keep them at hard meat or one gets no good o'them.

### *Act 2, Scene 3*

*(Landlady at her Bar. Enter Betty Broom in a fright.)*

**Betty Broom:** Oh, Ma'am... Oh Lord! Mercy on us! Mercy on us! Boots! Oh Madam, Boots!

**Landlady:** Well girl, what now, have you lost your senses? What of Boots?

**Betty Broom:** Oh Madam, when Bob went into the Sun to pull off the gentleman's boots, he found them plaguy hard to get off and the gentleman still kept saying "Pull!... Pull!" till at last, Ma'am – God bless the mark! – the boot gave way with a vengeance and the leg came off in his hand!

**Landlady:** The leg came off in his hand – on my conscience, I believe the Conjuror has bewitched you, child.

**Betty Broom:** As sure as you're alive, Ma'am, the leg came off in his hand; and there did he come running into the kitchen with leg and boot and all. And when he gets to the fire, he drops him as dead as a stone! Nan Cook ups with a ladle of boiling water and throws it in his face to fetch him, and so it did fetch him with a witness, for there the poor lad's scalded all down the neck.

**Landlady:** Well, if Boots is scalded, let him be rubbed with dripping, or salt and water, and put to bed. And go you and see what the gentleman wants. Though so [it] be that he has lost a leg, he shall have civil usage in my house, I say.

*(Another cry behind the Scenes of "Boots! Boots! Boots!")*

**Betty Broom:** Oh Lord, Madam, for mercy's sake, don't send me! I wouldn't pull off his other boot for all the world – pray, Ma'am, don't send me.

**Landlady:** Go, you foolish toad you, go... and if you are afraid, take Nan Cook with you.

**Betty Broom:** ... Lackadaisy ... Lackadaisy!

*(Exit Betty Broom.)*

**Landlady:** *(sola)* Some poor gentleman or other who has lost more of himself than was needful in the Wars. So much the better for them that stayed at home, I say! And besides, though he has lost a few



limbs, he shall have civil usage in my house, being as he is able to pay for a chay and four to carry him.

#### *Act 2, Scene 4*

*(Enter Boots and Betty Broom with each a leg in their hands from opposite sides of the stage)*

**Boots:** *(first)* There, Mrs Landlady! There it is for you... don't lay it at my door *(throws the leg and boot down and exits)*.

**Landlady:** Hey day! Hey day...

**Betty Broom:** *(running)* See here, Ma'am! See here – I knew how it would be... here they are, both of them! At the first pull, off came t'other leg. Oh Lord, I knew it needs would... and then when Nan Cook went for to help him off with his great coat – away comes an arm. And at last, Ma'am, he turns him round to me who was standing with the door ajar – and he asks me to unbuckle his stock. I thought I should have died upon the spot. I'm sure if I had touched his head, it would have come off for certain. He's no Christian, Ma'am, he's no Christian, he must be a spirit! But his legs... his legs...! Oh Lord, we shall all be hanged, sure enough.

**Landlady:** Pooh! Ye simpleton you, what a racket in here for nothing! Do look at the boots, child! Don't you see they are cork legs! Aye, cork legs and upon my faith you have broke them. Broke both the gentleman's legs, and left him there helpless upon his stumps. Do run and take him his legs again and I'll follow you to see what he'll order for supper and then I shall know what to think of him.

*(Exit)*

#### *Act 2, Scene 5*

*(Assembly Room – Justice Cocoa, Miss Cocoa, and Fanny)*

**Justice Cocoa:** Another billet, Dolly – this same Captain of yours is a great scholar. They can't want a secretary in his Corps; for my part, I'd rather trust my tongue to speak for me at any time than my pen. But many men, many minds!

**Miss Cocoa:** Come, Sir, won't you let me read it? What a genteel crest!

**Justice Cocoa:** Be easy, Dolly! I'm in the chair and I'll read it myself with your leave. "Captain Campbell's respects wait upon Miss Cocoa; he cannot find words to express his joy at finding himself in the same house with Miss Cocoa. He is but this moment arrived – travelled all last night, and, though he is much fatigued being as he observed in his last an invalid, yet he cannot forbear begging the favour of an audience before he goes to rest tonight; if it were only for a few minutes, it would refresh and restore him effectually"!

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord, Papa, you read it with such provisional accent, it quite destroys the effect of the sentiment. The manner is more than half; indeed, it is all, as the elegant Chesterfield teaches.

**Justice Cocoa:** Take it, child, I don't understand such lingo – but what in the name of fortune have we here – Captain Campbell's proposal to Colonel Cornelius Cocoa, Esquire.

**Miss Cocoa:** (*throwing aside the note*) There Fanny, love! You may read that. Do pray, Papa. Let's have them.

**Justice Cocoa:** Pugh, pugh, child. I gave you the billet-doux because you understood it and I did not – leave me the proposals, because that's my business, and you know nothing about the matter – Humph hum.

**Miss Cocoa:** Well, Papa, will it do?

**Justice Cocoa:** A very advantageous settlement upon my conscience, Dolly – Plenty of pin money, a thumping jointure, and a large income, etc.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh pray, read it, Papa. I am sure I shall understand it all.

**Justice Cocoa:** First, here's a page and a half full of the names and denominations of his lands.

**Miss Cocoa:** A page and a half – oh, charming!

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, then comes a handsome town house in Portland Place. An elegant country residence, the mansion house modernized. A bow thrown out at each end. The old door and the gilt crest of a pelican taken down and three windows opened in the place, for a garden front. Roof patent slating – pediment pitch – and a great deal more of it that's too long to read. By Jabus now, Dolly, these may be the proposals of a gentleman in all due form, but, upon my conscience, I should rather take them to be an advertisement of an estate to be let!

**Miss Cocoa:** Well and so it is – and I mean to become tenant for life.

**Justice Cocoa:** As you please for that, my dear. So [long as] you don't pay too dear for it, I shall be satisfied.

**Miss Cocoa:** Well, Sir, had not we better think of sending the Captain an answer?

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, aye, that's your business, child. Set down and pen an answer to your own liking.

**Miss Cocoa:** You don't think, papa, that I would favour the Captain with a written answer so soon – I never forget my *etiquette*.

**Justice Cocoa:** Your ticket? Faith, I believe not, but what the Devil has your *ticket* to do with your answer to Captain Campbell?

**Miss Cocoa:** La, Papa! You don't understand, my *etiquette* I say.

**Justice Cocoa:** Oh, that's all Hebrew to me. Come, come, sit down and write without further palaver.

**Miss Cocoa:** Dear Sir, but I can't write. I have neither paper, pens, or ink, and it would be shocking to write upon any but gilt paper! And odious to seal with a wafer.

**Justice Cocoa:** Well, as you please, Dolly, but I'd recommend it to you not to stand shilly, shally any longer, or, as the Captain's so tired

and an invalid, he may fall fast asleep in the mean time – Mrs Betty!  
Mrs Betty!

**Miss Cocoa:** Lord, Papa! I shall blush to send such a message by a chambermaid! Now you see the use of a valet de cham.

### *Act 2, Scene 6*

*(Enter Betty Broom)*

**Betty Broom:** Did Your La'ship call?

**Miss Cocoa:** Yes, Mrs Betty! *(aside: I'm sure she'll never acquit herself with proper decorum.)* You must go down to the gentleman who came in the chariot and four.

**Betty Broom:** Captain Campbell, Ma'am!

**Miss Cocoa:** Yes, child, and give Miss Cocoa's compliments – *(aside: Well, what does the girl titter at?)* – and desire he'll be so good to walk up stairs.

*(Betty bursts into a loud laugh)*

**Justice Cocoa:** Why, what's come to the girl? Be easy, can't you now.

**Miss Cocoa:** Why, child, what do you mean?

**Betty Broom:** He, he, he... *(trying to compose herself)* Oh Lord, Sir, dear Miss, I beg your pardon – he, he, he, but you desired me – ha, ha, Miss desired me to tell the Captain to wa-wa-walk up stairs... and... and, Sir, the Captain ha, ha, ha... Don't you know, Miss, he has no legs *(a loud burst of laughter)*.

**Justice Cocoa:** No legs! Dolly... then, by Jabus, laugh away, my good girl, you're in the right 'ont *(he joins in the laugh)*.

**Miss Cocoa:** La, Sir, la, Papa! But, child, Captain Campbell?

**Betty Broom:** *(holding her sides)* Oh yes... yes, Ma'am!

**Justice Cocoa:** No legs! No, ho, hough – Dolly, I beg your pardon. Come, my good girl, settle yourself now and go down – (*laughs*) and, if he can't walk, bring him bodily before us at any rate.

(*Exit Betty Broom*)

**Miss Cocoa:** Indeed, Papa! I wonder!

**Justice Cocoa:** Why now, where's Fanny? She'd have kept me in countenance!

**Miss Cocoa:** I'm vastly glad she's out of the way, for I'm sure there has been laughing enough already without her. She's packing up my things, I suppose, ready for the morning. Here she comes...

(*Enter Fanny*)

**Justice Cocoa:** Fanny! Take care, child, you mustn't laugh for the soul of ye, but... what do ye think?... Dolly's Captain there with his trifling accident – by Jabus, he has lost both his legs!

**Fanny:** Good gracious!... Poor man!... I am really very sorry. But, Uncle, you are only joking?

**Justice Cocoa:** Many a true word's spoke in jest, sure enough. But here he comes to answer for himself in his palanquin.

(*Enter Landlady and Betty Broom, wheeling Westbrooke in a Chair*)

**Landlady:** I have got poor, dear Mr Thunder's gouty chair for the Captain, ladies. Doesn't it do charmingly?

## *Act 2, Scene 7*

(*Enter Westbrooke as Captain Campbell without legs and with a black patch over one eye*)

**Fanny:** Mercy, [Cousin...]!

**Miss Cocoa:** It's true he *is* a little disfigured, but I make no doubt that he can compensate for the defect of his Person by the charms of his mind.

**Justice Cocoa:** Of his purse, Dolly, you mean.

**Betty Broom:** Shall I sit you there, Sir?

**Westbrooke:** Yes, my good girl, here, if you please. Madam, you see before you the fortunate man whom you have permitted to entertain hopes of becoming pleasing in your bright eyes. I am a little out of breath, Madam, with the fatigue of being carried up stairs – but I shall be able presently to make myself better understood.

**Miss Cocoa:** For heaven's sake, Papa, do say something to him, for I'm thunderstruck.

**Justice Cocoa:** Captain Campbell, my daughter Dolly! Dolly, Captain Campbell. Captain, you'll please to observe that I'm only a second in this affair, and so [long as] as the principals have satisfaction, I'm satisfied.

**Westbrooke:** Nothing, Sir, shall be wanting on my part, and I hope the young lady will not retract the condescending encouragement she has given me.

**Fanny:** (*aside*) For God's sake, Cousin, don't [you] have anything to say?

**Miss Cocoa:** Indeed, Sir, I must say that I think myself at liberty to retract. And I must observe that it was not so open, so soldier like of you to prepare me for only a trifling accident – the loss of one limb, for instance – when you must have foreseen the shock my nerves were to receive.

**Westbrooke:** Madam, I can not expect to do that in a first interview which it shall be the business of my life to affect. From the first moment, Madam, that I had the most distant hopes, my whole mind has been intent upon procuring every thing which I thought would please you. The most elegant chariot which could be procured already waits your command.

**Miss Cocoa:** Chariot, indeed! You don't think, Sir, I would expose myself continually in a chariot, *tête à tête* with my husband?

**Justice Cocoa:** Captain, between your two billets, by the wheel of fortune, Dolly's become Mistress of ten thousand pounds of her own; and I assure you she begins to hold her head very high.

**Westbrooke:** I am extremely sorry, Madam, that the idea of favouring me with your company and conversation in an equipage, which I had fondly thought would be agreeable to you, should have such a contrary effect – but my solicitude to please you in affairs of consequence will I hope be measured by my eagerness to comply with your taste in trifles. I shall write this very night to Hacket to bespeak the handsomest coach he can make.

**Miss Cocoa:** Well to be sure, Captain, that is very obliging.

**Westbrooke:** If Miss Cocoa would condescend to name the color of her horses, they shall be bought immediately.

**Justice Cocoa:** Black, white, or pie balled, hey Dolly?

**Miss Cocoa:** Bays, Sir, cocktail bees, if you please. But Captain, if ever I should have the misfortune to become attached – my sympathy would be so exquisite – I should be in a perpetual agony of distress for you in company.

**Justice Cocoa:** (*aside*) Aye, in company, Dolly!

**Miss Cocoa:** I should be apprehensive that every eye was intent upon that unfortunate defect in one, Sir, of your principal features which I scarcely know how to mention without offending and which I have but just brought myself to look upon.

**Westbrooke:** (*puts his hand up to his eye*) Madam, I have [been] so long used to hav[ing] my personal misfortunes adverted to that I have lost all susceptibility upon the subject. And, with regard to the trials your sensibility would be exposed to on my account in the high sphere of fashionable life in which I perceive you intend to move, I apprehend you will seldom permit the presence of a husband to incommode you.

**Justice Cocoa:** (*aside*) Have a care, Dolly, [...] not to shave too close.

**Miss Cocoa:** Indeed, Captain, you mistake me. I understand it's becoming quite the fashion to be domesticated – and I protest I should like to take the lead in it vastly – it's so feminine and sentimental.

**Fanny:** (*aside*) [You,] Domesticated [...], Cousin! [And] Sentimental!

**Westbrooke:** Madam, you are very good. “The very thing I wish’d, not hoped, to find.” The tenderness of your disposition I perceive at least equals the charms of your person, which encourages me to mention another slight misfortune.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh merciful... I am scarcely recovered from my first shock... and am I to be put to a new trial?

**Westbrooke:** Madam, I will endeavour to introduce it in the gentlest manner I can. From a father, perhaps, you may bear to hear it. Captain Cocoa, would you do me the favour to lend your ear?

(*The Justice stoops*)

**Fanny:** (*aside*) Dear Cousin, what will come next?

**Justice Cocoa:** Stay a bit, Dolly! By and by there will be nothing left of him but a bust. It’s well you did not offer him your hand, for, by Jabus, he could not have taken it.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh frightful, has the Captain lost an arm? Horrid – that’s the unkindest cut of all. It quite overcomes me. I must beg leave to retire for a few minutes to recover my spirits.

**Westbrooke:** Madam, for heaven’s sake!

**Miss Cocoa:** Pray, Sir, spare me; don’t you see I’m ready to faint? Fanny, my dear, lend me your arm. Where’s my smelling bottle? (*aside*) Oh, the wretch, no arm!

(*Exit Fanny and Miss Cocoa*)

**Justice Cocoa:** (*aside:* Now these arms are to squeeze something else out of him.) Faith and troth, Captain, I did my best – but you see that right arm of yours quite knocked her up. Barring that, we should have done very well.

**Westbrooke:** But Sir, is there no possibility of bringing my Cocoa round again? Is there nothing would compensate?



**Justice Cocoa:** Why, as to compensation, Captain, do you see [that] a fair exchange is no robbery, you know? You understand business, I perceive, and the sex, too.

*(Re-enter Fanny)*

**Justice Cocoa:** Well, Fanny, how does Dolly find her self now?

**Fanny:** Oh better, Sir, but she still says she has a flaming ring about her heart.

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, I don't doubt it!

**Westbrooke:** Dear Miss Fanny, I hope you will assist me? You know your Cousin's tastes and wishes – could you tell me anything in which I could gratify them? Any thing that would please her?

**Fanny:** Really, Sir, my Cousin's tastes and mine are so different, and the affair is of so delicate a nature that I hope I may be excused from interfering.

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, Fanny, but any knick nack jingum bob that would stand in the place of an arm? I think I have heard Dolly talk of a phaeton and ponies and a valet de cham?

**Westbrooke:** Dear Sir, is that all? Would you prevail upon her to accept of them and any thing else within the compass of my fortune.

**Justice Cocoa:** Run, Fanny, and tell your Cousin the Captain offers her a phaeton and ponies, do you hear?

**Westbrooke:** You don't think I would lose Miss C, Sir, when such a trifle could secure her?

**Justice Cocoa:** Faith, Captain, your arguments are very forcible, but here come Dolly to answer for herself. *(aside)* The phaeton and ponies have fetched her, I see.

**Westbrooke:** Madam, I am overjoyed!

**Miss Cocoa:** Indeed, Captain Campbell, I must say it would be the height of injustice in me to be insensible to your generosity. I see it is equal to the supply of all deficiencies – and generosity, you know Sir, like charity, covers a multitude of defects. I confess of all the

Cardinal Virtues it has the most infallible power over my mind. A phaeton and ponies, did not you say?

**Westbrooke:** Yes, Madam.

**Justice Cocoa:** Don't forget the valet de cham, Dolly.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh la, Papa, pray don't affront the Captain. I'm sure his memory is very good. [As] for such trifles – believe me, Sir – I shan't value them in the least, only as your presents.

**Westbrooke:** Madam, I am convinced of it. Nothing can equal the disinterested sensibility of your whole conduct. And Captain Cocoa, I beg to have a paper with you which may prevent a doubt of my being as able as I'm willing to perform all my promises to Miss Cocoa's satisfaction – I will no longer intrude upon your time, if I might trouble the Captain to assist me.

*(Moving his chair)*

**Justice Cocoa:** With all my heart, Captain, but I'll call in more hands, least I should chance to overset you – Mrs Betty! Mrs Betty!

**Betty Broom:** *(behind the scenes)* Coming, Sir!

**Westbrooke:** Really, Miss Cocoa, I am ashamed of my own unworthiness when I consider my many infirmities.

**Miss Cocoa:** Dear Captain, they are not worth thinking of – believe me, they'll never give me a moment's concern.

*(Enter Betty Broom)*

**Justice Cocoa:** Miss Betty, we want your assistance to wheel the Captain off.

**Westbrooke:** *(as they wheel him off)* Ladies, I wish you a very good night. Captain Cocoa, I'm ashamed to give you so much trouble – I sent my man express to Town for a new pair of cork legs, and I hope to be afoot tomorrow.

**Betty Broom:** *(aside)* Well, what ladies will do for fortune! Now I who have my bread to earn would not have him, I know... Lackadaisy, it's a strange thing!

*(Exit Betty Broom, Justice Cocoa, and Westbrooke)*

**Fanny:** *(seriously)* Dear Cousin [...], if I might advise you?

**Miss Cocoa:** I thank ye, Fanny, I want no advice but my own! When your turn comes, I shan't interfere.

*(Re-enter Justice Cocoa)*

**Justice Cocoa:** The Captain has wheeled off with all the honors of war – thanks to Mrs Betty's reinforcement.

**Miss Cocoa:** But Papa, what was that paper he gave you, as he went out, which he said was to satisfy all my wishes?

**Justice Cocoa:** Faith, here it is. I'm tired of his little dirty scraps of paper. *(reads)* "I do hereby certify that the bearer hereof hath 50,000 pounds stock in the three percents – witness, etc. George Guzzle." Aye, the Alderman G. Guzzle!

**Miss Cocoa:** There, Papa, fifty thousand pounds! I was sure he was a gentleman!

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus there, Dolly, and so he is, as sure as fifty thousand pounds can make one. Now, Fanny, take notice. I don't advise Dolly to marry this stump of [a] fellow for his fortune, not I, but I let her choose for herself, as I hope her Mother did before her.

**Miss Cocoa:** I am obliged to you, Sir...

**Justice Cocoa:** The rest is his affair and yours, not mine. If he please your fancy, Dolly, I have no more to say.

**Miss Cocoa:** Why, to be sure, if he had nothing to make amends for the disadvantages of his figure, it would be quite another affair; but surely, Papa, you must allow that he is prodigiously polite, and I confess I found his eloquence quite fascinating.

**Justice Cocoa:** To do him justice, Dolly, he reasons home. And, by your good leave, as I being speaker tonight did not say a word in the debate, I will now sum up the arguments I have heard on both sides of the question – and I have a notion we shall find the account pretty evenly balanced. What's your Captain's Christian name now?

**Miss Cocoa:** He signs his billet-doux, T. Campbell.

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, Thomas...

**Miss Cocoa:** Theodore, more likely, Sir!

**Justice Cocoa:** Well, Theodore then, if you will. Theodore Campbell, Doctor... To Miss Dorothea Cocoa... *Imprimis* – to wanting a pair of legs... *Per Contra Versus* – a chariot and four. Well, that may do well enough. It will supply the deficiency, I mean, to the Captain. For he's a man of fashion, Dolly, you know, and your men of fashion seldom walk; they don't use their legs when they have any. *Item* – to wanting an eye... *Per Contra Versus* – a coach and six... Humph, that's all fair. *Item* – to an arm... wanting... *Per Contra Versus* – phaeton and ponies... Hum. Upon my conscience, I don't know whether that's so fair now – for when the summer fashion's over, the little, dirty, black rats won't be worth a farthing. When they come to winter feed, they will soon eat their heads off... But the Captain very considerably threw the valet de cham into the bargain, and so I think there's a fair balance standing beam... Eh!

**Miss Cocoa:** (*aside, standing again*) He will be Grocer Cocoa all the days of his life!

**Justice Cocoa:** Now, upon my conscience, I don't know what you may call a Smithfield bargain, but I am sure I never saw such a bargain as this in all the days of my life. As you please, Dolly, but I would not have married a woman who wanted as much of herself as your Captain does of himself, if she had been Queen of the Indies.

### *Act 3, Scene 1*

(*Landlady at her Bar. Enter Betty Broom.*)

**Landlady:** Well, Betty, has the Captain in the Sun done supper?

**Betty Broom:** Oh Lord yes, Ma'am, I believe so – but...

**Landlady:** “*But*” – what now? Let's have no more of your gossip's stories – one would take you for crazed or simple to hear you talk.

**Betty Broom:** But, Ma'am, indeed... I'm sure... What do you think, Ma'am? He order'd me to make his bed without pillow or bolster... Lord, help me... I'm sure he lies without his head for *certain*. And, Ma'am, he has packed up his legs in a box to go amongst inside luggage with the ladies' bandboxes – God be praised I'm not one o'them. And, Ma'am, Jonathan Coachman told me in a whisper that the Captain's man said as how his master sometimes travelled in the stage for his health. And then it was his way to take an inside place for himself, let[ting] his limbs go in the basket and his head outside passenger!

**Landlady:** Well and so he may, to be sure! If he pays for them *as such*, I'm sure I have no objections. Every gentleman may travel as he likes to, I hope! And I'm sure he is a very good gentleman for that matter – I know he orders very handsome for supper – better than those who hold their heads higher, forsooth! I'll say that for him.

*(A bell rings)*

**Landlady:** 'Ent that the Sun bell? I'll step up and see what he wants myself – for I've a great *curiosity* to know more about him. And Betty, do you hear, bring the Madeira up after me.

*(Exit Landlady)*

**Betty Broom:** *(sola)* Yes, Ma'am – Lud! I wish in my heart these folks were well out of the house – for what with one and t'other, I never had such a day of it since I was born. I'm sure, if so be that it were to last, I'd sooner hire myself at Bedlam at once than stay at the Pig and Castle – I can't bear to be frightened! Heigho! I feel at this present time as if one was coming to fetch me, and it's almost as bad to go up to the strange Captain there in the Sun – I declare to God, I'm afraid to go up stairs by myself. Nan Cook shall go along with me, with the Madeira; I'll do her as good a turn another time.

*(Exit, taking the Wine)*

### **Act 3, Scene 2**

*(Westbrooke discovered in his apartment – his legs and arms lying about the room and a portmanteau open on a chair)*

**Westbrooke:** Now I may have done with disguises – Westbrooke is himself again. Now will I discover myself to my sweet, gentle Fanny. *Mine*, I hope I may call her, for the Fortune Teller happily learnt the secret of her heart, which otherwise might have died with her. Adieu to Miss Dorothea Cocoa, and her ten thousand pound ticket. Happy may I think myself to have escaped such a compound of meanness and affectation (*untying his legs*). I have scarcely recovered the use of my limbs yet – though my legs are so cramped I can hardly stand.

### *Act 3, Scene 3*

*(Enter Landlady, without perceiving Westbrooke's legs)*

**Landlady:** Did you call, Sir? I heard your bell ring some time ago and no one to answer – so I came up myself.

**Westbrooke:** Thank you, Mrs Landlady – I have everything I want. It was not here the bell rang – (*aside*) the Deuce take her.

**Landlady:** Well Sir, then I wish ye a very good night and that you may rest well. And what time would you be pleased to be called in the morning, Sir? I suppose you left orders below – a very good night, Sir – (*she is going*).

**Westbrooke:** Good night to you, Mrs Landlady – (*aside*) God be praised she's gone!

**Landlady:** (*coming back*) I hope, Sir, the girl made your bed as you like it. Shall I send your servant up to – Oh, mercy on us, what do I see (*observes his legs*)? Christ Jesu! What next!

**Westbrooke:** (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha, good Mrs Landlady, don't betray me. I'm sure, Mrs Thunder, you can keep a secret, though you are a woman – and you shall not be the worse for it.

**Landlady:** Oh for that matter, Captain, no gentleman that ever made it worth one's while ever had it to say that I could not keep a secret. I should scorn to peach. Mum's the word, Captain.

**Westbrooke:** Well then, I'll tell you, Mrs Thunder. You know I'm Captain Campbell; and perhaps you know that one of the young ladies above stairs is to be Mrs Campbell?

**Landlady:** Why, to be sure, Sir, I've heard something of that, too – but which of 'em is it to be, if I may be so bold, Captain? The ten thousand pound prize, I hopes – ha, ha, ha.

**Westbrooke:** You have a good guess, Mrs Landlady!

**Landlady:** Oh Lord, Sir, you flatter me... but, to be sure, the neighbours say nothing's done within ten miles round about me that I don't know afore any one else. They say to me, "aye, pudding", ha, ha, ha; and so the ten thousand pound fortune's your Lady, Captain! Mrs Campbell, ha, ha, ha.

**Westbrooke:** Mrs Campbell – but I had a whim, Mrs Landlady, to try the young lady's constancy before we married and so presented myself to her the cripple you saw me. Miss Cocoa has perfectly satisfied me, and now I hope, Mrs Landlady, you will not deprive me of the pleasure of surprising her in my own person?

**Landlady:** Oh Lud forbid – I'm dumb. But la, Captain, if Miss was so taken with your figure afore, it's odds but she breaks with you now – for I'm sure there's as much difference, begging your pardon – he, he, he. Dear Sir, Miss won't know you again for certain.

**Westbrooke:** Good Mrs Landlady, you flatter me.

**Landlady:** And you are going to dress, Sir?

**Westbrooke:** Yes, if you please, Ma'am.

**Landlady:** *(here casts her eyes upon the portmanteau – sees the Fortune Teller's coat and pulls it out)* Oh, Christ save us! What have we here... the Conjuror's coat, as I'm a sinner! Here's a discovery! Murder will out! What do you call this, Sir? *(turning and holding the coat by one button)* Aye, what are you now, Captain! Bless my eyes, I wonder I did not recollect you before, Mr Conjuror – and – oh the fellow! Where's my gentleman in the blue coat and the gold watch, hey? Oh the cheat, the brazen imposter, to think to impose upon me! You thought, I suppose, you had taken me in finely? Did not you,

Sir! Aye, but I was too many for you – what have you to say for yourself now, Mr Conjuror? What trick have ye for it now? Haven't you another fib at your fingers' ends, hey! What loop hole can you find to creep out of now, Mr Proteus?

**Westbrooke:** For heaven's sake, dear Mrs Thunder, don't undo me... only don't betray me to the ladies above, and you shall hear all (*holds her gown*). Indeed, I'll make it worth your while!

**Landlady:** No, loose my gown, I say! Have done! I'll hear no more of your basilisk tongue I won't.

**Westbrooke:** For heaven's sake...

**Landlady:** No, no, no! Don't think to turn the tables upon me again. I'll up stairs this minute.

(*Exit*)

### *Act 3, Scene 4*

(*Assembly Room – Justice Cocoa, Miss Cocoa, and Fanny – rising*)

**Justice Cocoa:** Come, come, girls, get to bed. Do you think to sit prating here all night, that you may be up time enough in the morning?

**Landlady:** (*behind the scenes*) Oh, I'm glad you're not in bed yet!

**Justice Cocoa:** Why, by Jabus, here comes our fat Landlady puffing for breath, and as fast as she can waddle!

(*Enter Landlady*)

**Justice Cocoa:** My good lady, what may have put you out of tune?

**Landlady:** Mercy on us! Mercy on us! Oh Sir! Lord, Ma'am! Oh Miss! A pretty spot of work we've made of it indeed! There's your fine Captain gallant there below! With his job and four! And his wooden legs and all his fandangos! What do you think he turned out to be? What *do* you think? A magician, a conjuror! A sorcerer! An imposter! A necromancer, and, I believe, the old gentleman himself!



**Miss Cocoa:** What does the woman mean? What alarum is here?

**Justice Cocoa:** Boo, boo, bo, boo.

**Landlady:** (*continuing*) God, rid my house of him, I say! That's all... pretty doings here, pretty doings... and who's to pay for his job and four, and his supper... and the best room in my house... I want to know that, I do! Oh, he shall turn out this very minute, so he shall. Here, Waiter! Betty! Boots, I say!

**Justice Cocoa:** (*aside to Miss Cocoa and Fanny*) By Jabus, she's going with all her myrmidons to dislodge him. Good Mrs Landlady, one word before you go.

**Miss Cocoa:** For heaven's sake! I'm in the most violent commotion. Pray, Mrs Thunder, do stop and give us an explanation!

**Landlady:** Why the long and the short of it is, Miss, that your Captain Campbell there is neither more or less than the strolling Fortune Teller that was prowling about the house all day.

**Miss Cocoa:** The Fortune Teller! He Captain Campbell! Who dares to say so?

**Fanny:** But surely, Uncle, that's very wrong!

**Landlady:** (*running on*) Oh, I thought how it would be, so I did. My heart misgave me from the first time ever I set my two looking eyes upon him... so it did. There I went into his room just now – and what should I see but my gentleman letting down his legs like any lame beggar man after a fair, and there was his conjuring coat staring out of his portmanteau! The assurance of the fellow, too, to think to impose upon me. Oh, I was too smart for him, or he would have put a strange story upon me of his being in good troth Captain Campbell and an estated gentleman and I don't know what!

**Justice Cocoa:** Harkie, Mrs Landlady... By Jabus! Now I think of it – I'm a Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum, too! And I'll have him before me directly, upon my conscience. I'm glad I thought on't.

**Miss Cocoa:** Pray Papa, do! I haven't patience with him.

**Landlady:** God bless Your Worship, I'm as glad as the best crown piece ever I saw to have the notorious offender brought to justice, the juggler! God bless and preserve Your Worship, I say.

**Justice Cocoa:** Fair and easy we must proceed regularly – send a *verbal* summons for the culprit.

**Landlady:** Betty! Betty Broom! Betty, Betty, I say?

**Betty Broom:** (*behind the scenes*) Ma'm, Ma'am, coming...

### Act 3, Scene 5

(*Enter Betty Broom*)

**Landlady:** Step down into the Sun this minute, and fetch the Conjuror up to His Worship.

**Betty Broom:** (*amazed*) Ma'am!!

**Landlady:** Why now, don't stand there gaping, child, like a stuck pig (*clapping her hands*). Get along into the Sun. You'll find the Captain there.

**Betty Broom:** But, Ma'am, God help me! How shall I get him up stairs all alone?

**Landlady:** Ye stupid one, ye! Can't ye take Hostler and Waiter and Bob Boots, and Nan Cook an' all with ye, if you want help? Do as I bid ye this minute, I say. You needn't to be afraid... he can walk very well now – he has found his legs! No thanks to him!

**Justice Cocoa:** Aye, aye, but look to him, Mrs Betty, now that he has found his legs, least he take to his heels.

**Landlady:** Betty! Betty Broom! Do ye hear! Set Boots to watch at the kitchen door.

**Betty Broom:** Oh, Ma'am, poor fellow! You know he's ill o'bed.

**Landlady:** Abed, indeed! Tell him he must get up. What signifies his scald! He's as tender as a chicken! Let him tie a handkerchief round his head, an' he must (*calling after Betty Broom as she going out*).

And harkie, Betty, be sure [to] bring up the cork legs that the vagrant mayn't play us false and whip them on again.

**Betty Broom:** Oh, I'll take care – I'll take care, Ma'am.

*(Exit Betty Broom)*

### *Act 3, Scene 6*

*(Justice Cocoa, Miss Cocoa, Fanny, Landlady)*

**Miss Cocoa:** What an escape! I had like to have been finely taken indeed! See what it is to have a ten thousand pound fortune, high ho!

**Justice Cocoa:** Come, come! Don't stand prating and moaning here – to business – to business! Mrs Landlady, in the first place we must have a Swearing Book.

**Landlady:** A Swearing Book!

**Miss Cocoa:** Aye, don't ye know, a Gospel or a Testament!

**Landlady:** Oh dear, lackaday! Where did I put my Testament... I can't justly recollect where I put it, and all the rest of the folks in the house are such heathens they haven't a Bible amongst them. I had mine, let's see... last Whitsuntide when I came from prayers I looked it up.

**Justice Cocoa:** Phoo! Phoo! Mrs Landlady... Do make haste and recollect now. Faith and troth, we must have a swearing book or it's no oath!

**Landlady:** Oh, mercy on us! Stay! No... I had it last when poor dear Mr Thunder was buried. Well, I'll step and see for it, but pray send for me before the Conjuror comes.

*(Exit Landlady)*

**Justice Cocoa:** Fanny, my dear, give me my belt and hanger, and my helmet and carbine. We must strike awe into these offenders.

*(Enter Landlady, with the Book)*

**Landlady:** Here, Your Worship. I was so afraid I should be too late. I've brought the *Compleat Justice*, which a gentleman going left in the Bar. We shall find the testament by and by.

**Justice Cocoa:** *(takes the book in one hand and his helmet in the other)* Thus am I doubly armed – with the judiciary authority on the one hand... and the executive power on the other.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh Lord, protect me! Here he comes, Papa! [...]

*(A horn sounds. Enter a Blue Coat Boy [...])*

**Miss Cocoa:** [It's not him – it's a Blue Coat Boy come about the lottery!] Oh, my ticket... my prize... give it me!

**Justice Cocoa:** *(takes the great ticket off the Blue Coat Boy's breast)* Here, here, Dolly. By Jabus, here it is for ye. Take it as a sovereign talisman against all misfortunes past and to come.

**Blue Coat Boy:** Ma'am, I hope you won't forget poor Blue Coat Boy?

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh no, no, no such thing. You did not bring the first news. Fanny, do reach me the newspaper... We had the intelligence long before your arrival.

**Blue Coat Boy:** Yes Ma'am, because as how I was sent to Bath first, and you had left it... and so...

**Fanny:** Oh, poor little fellow!

**Miss Cocoa:** But look here, my little gentleman. Here it is in the newspaper... Number 1229, a ten thousand prize.

**Blue Coat Boy:** And please you, Madam, to look at my ticket.

**Miss Cocoa:** *[(looking at his ticket)]* It's wrong printed in the paper, I suppose. This is number 1228.

**Fanny:** Oh, mine!

**Blue Coat Boy:** And it's not the ten, but the twenty thousand pound prize!

**Miss Cocoa:** What's that you say, fellow? (*She snatches the ticket and faints*)

**Justice Cocoa:** Throw a cup of cold water in her face, but take care it is not boiling. Fanny, I give you joy upon it with all my heart, for, after Dolly, there's not a girl I wish better in the world.

**Fanny:** Oh... but let me go to my Cousin (*she tears her ticket in two and puts half of it into Miss Cocoa's hand*). Dear Cousin, what's the matter? There's your ten thousand pound prize... you are just the same as you were. You know my ticket's a twenty thousand pound, and we'll divide it between us, if you please.

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, Fanny, now you are another girl, by my conscience (*catches her in his arms*).

(*Enter Betty Broom, with the cry of an escape*)

**Betty Broom:** Oh Lord, an escape!

**Justice Cocoa:** Faith and troth, now that's not right of me at all, at all. My joy for this girl made me forget Prisoner and Justice and Court and all!

**Betty Broom:** Oh Sir, he said he did not care a fig for Your Worship, begging Your Worship's pardon. "For tell him", say he, "he's out of his county and he has no more power than I have" – God forgive him!

**Justice Cocoa:** Upon my conscience, he's right – I'm out of my latitude sure enough – that never once struck me before. But what could I do, you know? I was all astray without my Boilingbrooke, but the fellow shan't escape so!

**Miss Cocoa:** No, indeed I hope not!

**Landlady:** Surely Worship can take him up without a warrant, as you are a Volunteer, can't you?

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus and so I can. Mrs Landlady, a horse! A horse! My commission for a horse!

**Landlady:** Hostler, saddle Smiler for His Worship I say!

**Justice Cocoa:** Here Dolly, help me on with my belt and hanger! Fanny dear, my helmet!

*(Here Dolly and Fanny help the Justice on with his helmet, etc.)*

**Fanny:** Oh dear Uncle, if you can do, let him off for my sake.

*(Enter Westbrooke in his own uniform, on the other side of the stage unobserved. He hears Fanny's last words and gently turns her round.)*

**Westbrooke:** "Let him off for your sake!" A charming, generous girl!

**Fanny:** Oh Charles! Oh, Mr Westbrooke!

**Justice Cocoa:** *(drops his hanger)* Why Charles, in the name of Jabus, where do you come from?

**Miss Cocoa:** *(aside: Then I'm undone indeed.) (curtseying doubtfully)* Captain Westbrooke.

**Landlady:** *(aside)* Why, now I wonder where his harlequin tricks will end. I suppose he will turn out to be somebody else by and by...

**Justice Cocoa:** Now Charles Westbrooke, upon my conscience, so glad to see you! And, faith and troth, I like you better coming home with your hands clean and your four or five thousand pound in your pocket honestly earned than with a lac of rupees and the crimes of Nabob – 50,000 pounds scraped together *God knows how*. That's my way of thinking.

**Westbrooke:** And the best way of thinking, Sir. I had rather have the approbation of my friends at home than to be the richest Nabob that ever returned from India.

**Justice Cocoa:** But [I'm afraid] I can't answer for Dolly [on that score], hey!

*(Miss Cocoa curtsies sullenly and disdainfully)*

**Justice Cocoa:** Well then, let her alone, my boy, I say... But how's this, Charles, now we talk of fortunes: how came you by Mr

Alderman Guzzle's Certificate, that the bearer was possessed of 50,000?

**Westbrooke:** I hope, Sir, you cannot think me capable of a forgery? Alderman Guzzle's certificate is true. The bearer is possessed of 50,000 pounds.

**Justice Cocoa:** Faith, I'm glad 'ont and gladder still, my dear boy, that you didn't blacken your fingers with a forgery, even in jest.

**Westbrooke:** And I hope, Sir, you will now believe that gentlemen may return from the East with an ample fortune, a fair character, and "*The Blessings of Thousands*".

**Justice Cocoa:** My dear Charles, that's better than all the rest put together.

**Landlady:** (*sliding up to him*) La Sir, Captain – by what name must I wish you joy? He, he, he.

**Miss Cocoa:** Dear Captain Westbrooke, is this the small fortune you wrote me word this morning you were afraid would not [be]come me? How could you think me so unreasonable? How could you be so unkind! And will you forgive me if, for the frolick's sake, I had a mind to try you as you did me? But, now I'm satisfied there has been nothing all along but the difference of a name between us, I accept Captain Westbrooke, instead of Captain Campbell. And so, I hope, shall please both of my loves, ha, ha, ha (*an affected laugh*).

**Westbrooke:** Madam, you do me honor, but you must not forget that the secrets you trusted to your Fortune Teller this morning put your sentiments of Mr Westbrooke beyond all doubt, and... (*turning to Fanny*) and if I must yet retain doubts of Miss Fanny's, I hope she will now dispel them (*offers her his hand*).

**Fanny:** You know my heart, Uncle, and I hope approve of my choice?

**Justice Cocoa:** By Jabus, I'm heartily glad you are both of you come together for you both of you deserve each other, and that's saying as much as I can for either of ye.

**Betty Broom:** La, Miss Fanny, I give you joy with all my heart – I know who I wished for all day.

**Fanny:** Thank you, my good girl.

**Westbrooke:** Miss Cocoa, one of my predictions at least is accomplished. I find that you have been “as fortunate as fair”. I wish you joy, Madam, of your prize.

**Miss Cocoa:** No, Sir – there you are still under a mistake. The prize is not mine, but has fallen to the lot of a more fortunate, a more deserving object.

**Westbrooke:** Fanny! Well, I am glad, however, [that] I did not know this before, [as] I might have been suspected.

**Fanny:** No indeed, Mr Westbrooke, you are secure from such a suspicion.

**Justice Cocoa:** Fair and softly now, Charles. If you expect a twenty thousand pound prize fortune with my Niece, you’ll find yourself confoundedly mistaken. I am a Gentleman, and a Volunteer, and though, lookie, I should be very glad to call you my nephew, I won’t let you be taken in. The little simpleton has just given the half of her ticket (*pointing to Miss Cocoa*) to one who won’t be after givin’ it her back again in a hurry! I’ll answer for her.

**Westbrooke:** My dear Fanny! That is so like you! Your good fortune gave me some and no small pleasure, but, if I know any thing of my own heart, generosity gives it more.

**Landlady:** Harkie, who’s without there, do you hear? Tell them besure not to turn Raven and Smiler out to grass in the morning, for the Captain and his lady will choose four for certain.

**Westbrooke:** No, no, Mrs Landlady. Tomorrow we’ll spend one merry day at least at the Pig and Castle, to make some amends for the trouble I have given.

**Landlady:** (*curtseying*) Oh Lord, Sir, you’re heartily welcome!

**Fanny:** And Miss Betty, let me recommend my poor little Blue Coat Boy to your protection – we won’t forget you, my little boy.



**Betty Broom:** With pleasure, Madam. [... He seems a lovely] little Master. I'll do my best to take care of him, if it was only for your Ladyship's sake, God bless you.

**Justice Cocoa:** Come, come, Dolly, cheer up. With ten thousand pound in your pocket, you can't long want your match!

*FINIS.*

## *The Epilogue*

Before an adjournment this sentence may Seal  
At this Court let our Author proffer his Appeal.  
He finds that his Olio has suited your taste  
With its harmless ingredients though hash'd up in haste.  
But lest critical Quacks like the Ghosts of Apicious  
Should any Poisons lurk in each Dainty delicious,  
Should they see in our Justice a Satire on Laws  
Or what's ten times worse on the Volunteer Cause,  
You'll surely acquit him of any transgression;  
For what single man represents a Profession.  
When Shakespear with pictures of horror afrights us  
Or with scenes of rich humor informs and delights us,  
Whoe'er supposed Richard a libel on Princes,  
Or when Parolles is detected what Soldier e'er winces,  
Or when Congreve in story displays Lady Pliant  
As the type of her sex, should my lady cry fye on't,  
Or my Lord hiss at Ben as a stain on his glory  
Whilst out Navy boasts leaders unrivalled in story.

**Miss Cocoa:** Oh horrid! Is that to be our apartment! Our Irish Inns on the Sligo road are better ten to one than this. Just whitewashed all wet! I hope, Mrs Landlady, you don't mean to put us into such a room as this?

*The Double Disguise* (1786), by Co. Longford writer Maria Edgeworth, tells the story of a "half Gentry" Irish family descending upon a small English inn. It remained unpublished until 2014, and, over the preceding centuries, it was often dismissed by commentators familiar with it as colourful but immature "apprentice work". (Maria wrote the play when she was 18.) But it is now seen by many as Edgeworth's first mature work, and it is certainly an important work to engage with in the context of the author's wider oeuvre. For, in this script, Edgeworth's career-long obsessions are on display, including her interest in "national character", social class, gender dynamics, and finding comedy in everyday interactions. In fact, this new "composite" version of *The Double Disguise* (which combines the best aspects of the two extant manuscript versions of the play) proves that this work compares favourably to her classic Irish novels *Castle Rackrent* (1800), *Ennui* (1809), *The Absentee* (1812), *Ormond* (1817), and *Orlandino* (1848).

**Justice Cocoa:** Now Charles Westbrooke, upon my conscience, so glad to see you! And, faith and troth, I like you better coming home with your hands clean and your four or five thousand pound in your pocket honestly earned than with a lac of rupees and the crimes of Nabob – 50,000 pounds scraped together *God knows how*. That's *my* way of thinking.

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