



THE
TURNUED HEAD.

A FARCE,
IN
ONE ACT.

by
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*The Mendicant, The Postilion, Jack Bray, Man-Fred, King Incog.,
Siamese Twins, Unfortunate Miss Bailey, The Revolt of the
Workhouse, The Roof Scrambler, Figaro in London,
St. Mark's Eve, &c.*

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION,
AND NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D. G.

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REMARKS.

The Turned Head.

THIS brief, pleasant, and punning farce turns upon hypochondriasis, a disease peculiar to merry England, from the superabundance of good things with which the inhabitants thereof stuff themselves to repletion. This, moistened by copious libations of Meux's malt and hops, mounts in thick fumes to the brain, and produces those whimsies, megrims, and phantasms, to which flesh, saturated with heavy wet, is heir to. The misery of having nothing to do—the intolerable tedium of idleness,—

(" Within my solitary bow'r
I saw a quarter of an hour
Fly heavily along !")

is also a sad provocative to blue devils, hypochondriasis, or spleen ; the cave of which is thus fancifully described by the poet:—

" Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen:
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;—
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs ajar, and there a goose-pie talks;—
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks."

In *The Turned Head*, two examples of this singular malady present themselves : Mr. Dampley, who fancies that it is always raining, and stalks up and down his chamber with an umbrella over his head; and Mr. Spoutling, a mad player, less puffed than blown up ! who swears that he is a pump, stands stiff as a ramrod by the hour together, and will have his hand sawed up and down, till every

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imaginary drop of Adam's ale in his body is completely pumped out of him ! The cheat who profits by these vagaries is Dr. Mulgent, a high-flying Hygeist—an Aberdeen M.D. — one of those pestilent, pauper impostors about town, who puff off their lying nostrums, and sport their professional two-horse trucks, on the credulity of their dupes. The Scotch quack keeps a receptacle; for lunatics : *his* particular humbug is the soothing system, which ("no mistake" to Sawney!) humours the patient's oddities, and confirms, by trickery, his delusions. Thus, the umbrella-bearer is indulged, night and morning, with a refreshing shower, pattering on his extended oil-skin, from the garden watering-pot; and the perambulating pump—a dry dog ! has a liberal spring of aqua pura flowing, from a concealed pitcher, behind him into a pail; his one hand serving for the spout, and his other for the handle ! At this hair-brained asylum for lunatic queer ones, a third candidate to be non compos arrives, and is admitted by factotum Dick, an unlucky slip-gibbet, full of quips and quaint sayings ; the materials of whose inexpressibles were indescribable—the front of his dickey was done up like lettuces ; there was an anterectic bold circle on his head, and the rest of his hair was cropped like a hard brush! The visitor desires to make one among the madmen of the establishment: he has lost his heart; he proposes that his wits, too, shall follow; in order that his father, one of those obstinate crabsticks with which the world and funny farces abound, may be terrified into good nature, and consent to his union with the lady of his choice. The bargain is struck ; Dick pockets the hush-money ; and the question now is, what particular maggot our newly-elected madman shall adopt to flam the old curmudgeon. His head shall be turned—turned right round the corner ! his face where the blind side of his sconce used to be ! looking backward—a retrospective review !—The doctor returns, and Dick announces the new patient—Ferdinand Fitzfiggins, junior, a gentleman whose physiognomy is all over behind ! his nasal gristle overhanging

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his haunches, his two eyes peeping down upon his heels, and his coat and waistcoat buttoned on the wrong side!—What a wonderful self-delusion! Turned brains, and turn-coats, are common enough; but a turned head—'tis positively unique! He is stark-staring into the bargain—mischievously mad! The doctor may be killed by his own patient: *that* would be reversing his system with a vengeance!

Fitzfiggins, senior, and the young lady, (a party to the plot) pay a visit to the sham lunatic. This calls up a comical fit of vapouring and capering ; and what makes other folks laugh, makes old Fitzfig cry ;—and he blubbers out a promise to consent to the match, if his son's stray wits would take a trot homeward, and his vagrant sconce twist round again to its right place. In the sequel, father Fitzfiggins is frightened out of his senses by the madman's hot pursuit of him round tables and chairs, and the mad doctor is half drowned; Dick plying the right hand of Mr. Spoutling, the pump! and emptying a pitcher of water over him, while the junior Fitzfig holds him down. The delusion passes away, with the necessity; and Hymen lights his torch, and drops the scene.

This lively piece is as full of jokes as a Christmas pudding is of plums. Mr. A Beckett has got the knack of writing crisp, punning dialogue; and Mr. Mitchell, as Dick, gave it with true comic impudence and spirit.

 D.----- G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

	<i>Victoria.</i>	<i>Strand.</i>
<i>Mr. Fitzfiggins</i>	Mr. Chippendale.	Mr. Chippendale.
<i>Ferdinand Fitzfiggins</i>	Mr. Forrester.	Mr. Forrester.
<i>Doctor Mulgent</i>	Mr. Doyne	Mr. Doyne.
<i>Dick</i>	Mr. Mitchell.	Mr. Mitchell.
<i>Dampley</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Mildenhall.
<i>Spoutling</i>	Mr. Bender.	Mr. Debar.
<i>Laura</i>	Miss Debar.	Miss Wilmot.

Costume.

MR. FITZFIGGINS.—Old man's dark-brown suit.

FERDINAND FITZFIGGINS. — Green body coat, buttoned up—coloured waistcoat—white trousers—eyeglass, suspended by a black ribbon.

DOCTOR MULGENT.—A suit of black, and black silk stockings.

DICK.—Dark chocolate trousers and waistcoat, with long sleeves—white apron—brown paper cap.

DAMPLEY.—Large great coat, with capes.

SPOUTLING.—Dark-green body coat—black tights—Hessian boots—a hat like the top of a pump.

LAURA.—Blue silk dress—shawl—white bonnet.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre* R.C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*; D. F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R. D. P. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance* ; CD. *Centre Door*.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE TURNED HEAD

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the House of Doctor Mulgent—a door, c. F.

DICK discovered seated in a large arm chair.

Dick. This is a queer place I've got into!—I never was among such a rum set in all my life! My master, Doctor Mulgent, has got the queerest set of patients! and I wonder I have got the patience to wait upon them. I wish I'd never taken a situation as footman in a private madhouse;—but if I were to resolve never to wait on any but those who are quite in their senses, there would be very few families that would suit me. [*Rising.*] It's hard work for me: I have to clean the knives, dust the furniture, wait upon the hypochondriacs, mix the medicine, take it out, and answer the door. That door is a horrid bore for that; it's a most unfortunate door, for it always wants an answer. [*Knocking at the door, c. F.*] There it goes again! I've heard of the saying—as quiet as a mouse; but I never knew anything so noisy as a rat-tat! [*Knocking repeated.*] Lord! what a hurry they're in! It can't be a patient; or, if it is, it's the most impatient patient I ever met with. [*Opens the door, c. F.*]

Enter FERDINAND FITZFIGGINS, D. F.

Fer. Doctor Mulgent and his patients live here, I believe?

Dick. The doctor lives here, sir, but his patients generally die here.

Fer. The deuce they do! — But I don't see how a man can very well live upon a doctor's commons.

Dick. I believe you, sir: a man generally thinks it time to make his will when he gets to Doctors' Commons.

Fer. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! not so bad! I suppose your master's at home?

Dick. If you think he's at home, sir, you're out.

Fer. Ha ! ha!—One would think that you had picked up all the wits which your master's patients have lost.

Dick. Lord, sir! there's not many of them would be worth the picking up.

Fer. Your master, I believe, is a doctor who cures hypochondriacs ?

Dick. I don't know what they call it, but he takes care of fools ; and so, I suppose, you wish to put yourself under him.

Fer. Come, sir, you must put a bridle on your tongues! I don't want any nonsense.

Dick. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you did, by your asking for my master.

Fer. What do you mean by that ? Do you mean to insinuate that your master's system is not the right one ?

Dick. The right one!—Oh, of course it is—for himself, at any rate. But, lord, sir! they are not all mad who come here ; though I don't mean to say you can't be admitted.

Fer. Not all mad!—What do ye mean ?

Dick. Oh, sir—between you and me, I've had many a patient here who has had an object in being thought out of his senses.

Fer. Indeed! [*Aside.*] This seems a sharp fellow, and if I trust him with my scheme, he will be better for my purpose than the doctor. I can bribe the man cheaper than I can the master. [*Aloud.*] I say—what's your name ?

Dick. My name, sir ?—Dick.

Fer. Well, Dick, do you think you are to be trusted ?

Dick. Why, I don't know why I should not. They've given me credit many a time at the public-house round the corner.

Fer. No, I don't mean that; but do you think you could keep a secret safe in your breast ?

Dick. It will be kept safe enough in my breast, if its lodging is paid for.

Fer. Oh, I see: if I lodge my secret with you, I must pay for it. [*Giving him money.*] There !

Dick. Thank'ee, sir; but I think there should be a little consideration, as the apartments are to be strictly private.

Fer. You shall have more if you assist me in my plans ; but, in the mean time, I must bind you to silence. And now for my important secret—listen. I have a father—

Dick. Is that the secret ? Lord, sir ! everybody has a father one time or another !

Fer. Don't interrupt me. Richard, as I said before, I have a father, who is a pattern to every one else, but, unfortunately, an obstacle to my happiness.

Dick. I understand, sir: he's a patten to every one else, but a clog to you.

Fer. Right, Dick, he is, indeed. He was all kindness to me till I fell in love.

Dick. Ah ! that's where everybody falls. But can't you get up again ?

Fer. No ; I have pledged my love, past redemption.

Dick. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow! pledged his love, and can't redeem it ! [*Aloud.*] That's just what I did with my watch, when I was out of a situation.

Fer. Come, sir, no levity with a desperate man. I am my father's heir, and he has cut me off-

Dick. [*Aside.*] Lord! here's another hypochontrast! We've got one chap who fancies himself a pump ; but here's a gentleman who thinks that he is his father's hair, and that he has been cut off!—Poor fellow ! [*Aloud.*] What, then, your father has cut off his hair, has he ?

Fer. He has, indeed, with a shilling.

Dick. Cut off his hair with a shilling !—Why, how did he manage it ? I should have thought no shilling was sharp enough to do that.

Fer. Why an't a shilling sharp enough ?

Dick. Why, because it's blunt!

Fer. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha ! — But I tell you I am disinherited — I am thrown upon the world, with no one to direct me.

Dick. Like a letter at the post-office—to be left till called for!

Fer. But I have a plan in my head, and, as I said before, shall need your assistance.

Dick. I shall be happy, sir, if it's anything in my way.

Fer. Indeed, you shall find it a great deal in your way, if you serve me faithfully. But listen: my father, as I said before, is so angry at my having formed what he call an imprudent attachment—Do you understand ?

Dick. Oh, yes: I was turned away from my last place for being a victim to an unfortunate attachment—to the brandy bottle.

Fer. Nevermind that now. My father has determined, in consequence, to cut me out of his will, and to leave me nothing.

Dick. Well, air, that's nothing to you an't it ?

Fer. Yes; but I wish to work upon his parental feelings ; — in fact, Dick, I wish to make him believe I am mad!

Dick. Lord, sir! you wouldn't have much difficulty in making him believe that, I fancy.

Fer. Come, sir, none of that! I wish to pretend I've lost my senses, and to make him fancy I have gone out of my mind.

Dick. I see, sir, you don't want him to think you're gone very far.

Fer. I wish to gain admission as a patient into your master's house. Doctor Mulgent knows my father, and will acquaint him with my situation.

Dick. Very well, sir.

Fer. But do you think you can persuade your master to take me in, if I come as a patient ?

Dick. Lord, sir! if you come as a patient, he is sure to take you in!

Fer. But what sort of madness shall I put on ?

Dick. Why, you must fancy yourself something that you're not. Do you think you could rave, and pretend to be a man of genius ? No, that would be too hard ; or, rather, [*Touching Ferdinand's head.*] that would be too soft!

Fer. Upon my honour, sir, you take far too many liberties ; but I shall excuse it, as I may want your services. I have a thought—a very sharp one; it has just come into my head.

Did. It must have been sharp to have penetrated into your head so quickly. What is it ?

Fer. Why, I'll pretend that love and disappointment have turned my brain.

Did. Oh, no : we must have something more mechanical than that. How are they to see any difference if you only turn your brain ? You must turn your head.

Fer. Well, you fool, an't brains and head all the same ?

Dick. Not in your case at all. Excuse me, but I advise for the best: I would recommend you should pretend your head is turned.

Fer. I can't see the difference.

Dick. But I can. You must pretend that you fancy the back of your head is where your face used to be.

Fer. How can I do that ? It's the worst advice you could give.

Dick. Now, that's ungrateful to call it worse advice—because it's *wissee worsa!*

Fer. Why, I can't pretend to turn my head round—how can I? They would never believe it.

Dick. Believe it!—They would swallow it in a moment.

Fer. [Turning his neck round.] Swallow it, would they? Then they would be like the neck itself—have an enormous twist.

Dick. [Laughing.] Ha! ha! ha!—Come, that's not so bad for you!

Fer. Not so bad for me!—What do you mean, sir? If you go on in this way, it will be worse for you.

Dick. Oh, yes, that joke would have been much worse for me, I'll admit; but if you want my help, you must follow my instructions, and not dictate to me. Take off your coat.

Fer. What for?

Dick. Don't ask questions, but do it; that is, if you want your head turned. Lord! there's nothing in it!

Fer. Do you want your head broken? Though, by the bye, there might me nothing in that.

Dick. Come, sir, do as I direct: take off your coat and waistcoat, and button them the wrong side behind; and I will assist the delusion, by making them believe you really fancy your head is turned.

Fer. [Taking off his coat and waistcoat.] Excellent!—I did not see that before.

Dick. Well, no matter what you saw before; you must henceforth pretend to think you only see behind. [Assisting him to put on his coat and waistcoat the wrong side foremost.] There, sir—that's excellent! Now you look as if your head was turned in reality.

Fer. Oh, I'm infinitely obliged to you for teaching me to be mad!

Dick. Lord, sir! it's not the least trouble.

Fer. Thank you. Do you think we shall be able to turn it to advantage?

Dick. Certainly, sir: if your head is changed, it must be turning it to advantage.

Fer. Now mind you don't tell your master I'm shamming!

Dick. Oh, no! [A knock at the door, c. F.] Here he is!—Run up stairs to the other patients; you'll find them in the first floor front. [Aside.] Lord, what a figure!—I

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never saw such a thing before! [*Aloud.*] I'll send my master to you. Mind you keep it up! [*Knock again.*]

Fer. If you'll play your part well, I'll remember you; for one good turn deserves another.

[*Exit, L. u. E., running very fast.—The knocking is repeated—Dick opens the door.*]

Enter DOCTOR MULGENT, C. D. F.

Mul. What made you keep me so long at the door? — I've been waiting ten minutes outside.

Dick. Ah, sir, ten minutes is the very outside; —you wer'nt so long as that; but I was on particular business.

Mul. Business! —What do you mean? —Have you delivered all the medicine?

Dick. Yes, sir, all, except Mrs. Jones's, and they said medicine was of no use to her, as she was expected to die every minute.

Mul. Nonsense, sir! —She would have survived another draught—I know she would! But I can't complain, for she's out-lived nearly eighty of my strongest doses.

Dick. Yes, sir; and if she dies, they'll write upon her tombstone—"Here lies Mrs. Jones, who departed this life in the forty-eighth year of her age, and in the seventy-fifth of Doctor Mulgent's prescriptions."

Mul. How was Mrs. Smith when you left her pills? Had they given her more relief than the last?

Dick. Yes, sir; she said they were quite another thing. And so they were; for the first pills were made of white bread, and the last dose we sent her were made of brown.

Mul. Exactly. And she fancies I have succeeded in acting upon the system?

Dick. Yes, poor fool! but we're only acting upon the old system, and that's humbug, you know, sir.

Mul. Silence, Dick! it is necessary to observe mystery in our profession. It is the hidden nature of the benefit that medicine affords, which makes it so effectual.

Dick. Then if hidden benefits are the best, our medicines must be first-rate; for, curse me, if all the good an't bidden entirely from me!

Mill. Never mind, so as we get the patients who will take our physic.

Dick. Yes; but it's where they find the patience to take the physic that puzzles me.

Mul. But it is my private practise, Dick, that pays me

best. Have you paid your customary attention to the two hypochondriacs who reside in the house ?

Dick. Yes, sir. There's Mr. Dampley, who fancies it always rains, and walks about the house with an umbrella over his head. I watered him as usual with the garden watering-pot.

Mul. Quite right, Dick. And then poor Mr. Spoutling, who fancies himself a pump—did you humour him ?

Dick. Humour him !—Indeed I did, sir, till I was almost out of humour myself;—for I sawed his hand up and down so long, that had he been a real pump, I should have pumped him dry half an hour before I'd done with him.

Mul. And was he relieved ?

Did. Yes, sir, so he said. He declared that if I had not pumped as I did, he would have deluged the neighbourhood.

Mul. Very good, Dick ; all just as it should be!

Dick. Yes, sir ; but I've got a new patient just come, who's worse than any we ever had yet.

Mul. You don't say so! I hope he an't violent.

Did. An't he, though! £

Mul. Is there no chance of his taking a turn ?

Dick. It's the turn he has taken that is so awful. His head is turned.

Mul. Oh, that's a common case enough ;—he may come round.

Did. Don't I tell you, sir, he has come round so completely, that he fancies the back of his head is where the front ought to be.

Mul. Dear me, how frightful! What is the cause ?

Dick. It appears to me, sir, that a quarrel with his father is the cause. He spoke incoherently of Mr. Fitzfiggins, and of some young lady to whom he had plighted his vows.

Mul. Poor fellow ! what a plight he seems to be in ! — Did he say his name was Fitzfiggins ?

Dick. As far as I could collect, that was his name.

Mul. Indeed !—I know the family well. I'll be off for his father, and see what can be done to soothe him. This is a bad case, and I must try to cure it in reality ; it's not a common case. In general, if a gentleman chooses to act like a madman, we can only do our best to humour him. I have only to study and pursue science for my patients' sake.

If you study your profession to know how to treat

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your patients, the next time you want to learn anatomy, dissect a donkey.

Mul. No, Dick; I don't think you're ready for the knife yet. But you are in my confidence, and must not abuse it.

Dick. Oh, no ; I don't want to be abusive, I'm sure, sir.

Mul. My system, you know, is, to be exceedingly mild ; and when I get a patient with an extravagant idea, I try to encourage the absurdity.

Dick. Certainly, sir. If there were no encouragement for absurdity, you could never get on.

Mul. Sir, you're too familiar by half. Run along about your business ;—there's a lot of physic to make up; fly to the surgery, and compound the drugs.

Dick. How shall I ever compound with my conscience ?

Mul. Never mind that. You've been to the dispensary, I hope, and got what's wanted ?

Dick. Yes, sir. [*Aside, going.*] Dispensary, indeed, they may well call it; for it contains nothing but what might be dispensed with !

[*Exit, R. U.E.*

Mul. This is an awful case of young Fitzfiggins! I'll go at once and bring his father to him ; for if he don't know his son is gone mad, he'll think he caught the infection at my establishment. Besides, he's violent, I hear; and my system only extends to cases of quiet insanity. I don't want a patient here to put my life in jeopardy; it's so unbusiness-like for a doctor to be killed by those under his care ;—it ought to be the other way to be regular and professional. I'll go at once for his father. [*Exit, C.D.F.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Doctor Mulgens Home.*

FERDINAND FITZFIGGINS, DAMPLEY, and SPOUTLING, discovered—*Ferdinand with his coat and waistcoat on the wrong side before—Dampley, in a large great coat, closely buttoned up to his chin, seated on a chair, holding an umbrella over his head—Spoutling standing in the attitude of a pump, one hand as the handle, the other as a spout.*

Fer. Well, this is odd sort of company I've got into!—I wonder what the deuce is the matter with the gentleman in the great coat and umbrella ? And as to the other, I can make neither head nor tail of him. I should like to know their maladies. I'll try and enter into conversation; they seem peaceable, at all events. [*To Dampley.*] How d'ye do, sir?

Dam. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow! he's evidently out of his mind, or he wouldn't put his coat on in that way. I suppose he's harmless, though. [*To Ferdinand.*] Pretty well, I thank you, sir; I hope you're the same.

Fer. [*Aside.*] The same as you.—Now, I hope not!—
[*Aloud.*] May I ask, sir, why you wear that large coat, and hold that umbrella up, in doors?

Dam. [*Aside.*] Poor young man! he's mad, and don't see the rain! [*Aloud.*] Why, sir, I think any man in his senses would hold an umbrella up in the present rain.

Fer. Why more in the present reign, than in the reign of his late majesty?

Dam. Bless me, sir! what's his majesty to do with it? Don't you see what a shower it is—how it comes pelting down?

Fer. Really, my dear sir, it don't rain at all; it's a most delightful morning; or even if it did, are you not in doors?

Dam. Sir, you know nothing about it. This rain has lasted so long, that it has penetrated the roofs of the houses. You're very welcome to half my umbrella, if you like; but if you prefer standing in the wet, pray don't try to persuade me to deny the present rain.

Fer. The present reign!—Certainly not, sir. I'm a strict upholder of the powers that be.

Dam. Then you must allow that it pours most tremendously.

Fer. Really, sir, it stands to reason, that even if it should be wet outside the house, we should be free from its effects inside.

Dam. Stuff, sir!—Would you convince me against my senses? Hold your tongue!

Fer. Why, sir, you seem to want to throw rain upon every thing, and now tell me to put a rein upon my tongue. I won't talk to you any more, for you fling cold water upon every word I say.

Dam. Come, sir, allow me to ask you why you wear your coat the wrong side before?

Fer. [*Aside.*] Egad, he has me there! [*Aloud.*] Why, sir, don't you see my head is turned?

Dam. You admit your head is turned, and yet you dare contradict me when I tell you it rains.

Fer. [*Aside.*] If I practise the delusion, I must take the consequences. [*Aloud.*] Sir, I am convinced—it does rain most awfully.

Dam. [Aside.] He's open to reason: there are hopes— he may be cured! *[Aloud.]* Will you accept part of my umbrella, sir?

Fer. [Aside.] No, I can't humour him so far: I must stick to my own branch of insanity, lest, between two stools, I fall to the ground. *[Aloud.]* Thank'ee, sir, I rather prefer the wet.

Dam. [Aside.] Prefers the wet!—What a funny fellow ! quite a dry fellow, I declare! *[Aloud.]* Well, sir, just as you like.

Fer. [Aside.] I'm on good terms with one of my fellow-patients, at any rate. Now to have a look at the other. What a queer fellow he seems ! how he stands !— I'll ask his companion if he knows anything about him. *[To Dampley.]* Do you know that gentleman in the background?

Dam. Know him !—Alas, poor fellow! I wish he knew himself!

Fer. Well, why don't you introduce him to himself?

Dam. No, sir, he has quite forgotten himself; he has turned from his former being altogether.

Fer. Forgotten himself !— Oh, I see : he is a strange blade, and has cut himself.

Dam. No, not that; for if he be a blade, he's not quite sharp. He's out of his mind.

Fer. I suppose he was rather narrow-minded?

Dam. No, sir: he was formerly an actor, and did not succeed.

Fer. Then, perhaps, in big peculiar walk of the drama, he never had a run.

Dam. He came out as a star, but, like a great many other stars, went in again in a twinkling. He was not puffed.

Fer. Not puffed!—But blown up, I suppose?

Dam. The critics were severe, and proved too much for him.

Fer. I see: he was very much cut up about it. But was he really a bad actor?

Dam. I am sorry to say, sir, all he did get was his desert.

Fer. Then, I suppose, if all he did get was his desert, he very often was in want of a dinner?

Dam. Yes, sir, you're right. But what completely destroyed his intellect was one of the newspapers calling him a pump.

Fer. A pump!

Dam. Yes, sir, a pump; and he has stood in that attitude, fancying himself a pump, ever since.

Fer. What! an actor, and feel offended at being called a pump? Isn't a pump the very best thing in the world to create an overflow?

Dam. Talking of overflows, how dreadfully it rains!—Really, sir, you'll be wet through; you had better take part of my umbrella.

Fer. No thank you, sir. I'll go and have a bit of chat with our friend, the pump. [*To Spoutng.*] How d'ye do, sir?

Spo. [*Aside.*] Another poor maniac! —Never mind; I must not refuse to talk to him. [*Aloud.*]- I hope I see you well, sir.

Fer. If you don't see me well, sir, perhaps you'd like a pair of spectacles.

Spo. Spectacles! — Don't talk about spectacles: I've been an actor, and am ruined by spectacles.

Fer. Oh, sir, I don't mean stage spectacles—I should hardly recommend them; for, upon my honour, I think some of them are the most unpleasant things on earth to see through.

Spo. Yes, sir; they generally close the eyes they're presented to. [*Aside.*] This would be a sensible young man, if he wouldn't be so mad as to wear his clothes in that fashion. But that act alone shows him to be very far gone.

Fer. [*Aside.*] This man talks reasonably enough; but what the deuce makes him stand in that way? I'll ask him at once. [*To Spoutng.*] Sir, may I ask you what is the reason you stand in that particular attitude?

Spo. Can't you see, sir, that I stand so, because I cannot help it?—Have you not by this time discovered, that I have the misfortune to be a pump?

Fer. No, sir—how should I? You must remember, I have never had the pleasure of seeing you upon the stage.

Spo. What's that to do with it? I was an actor then; but do you not see an extraordinary change?

Fer. Dear me! no, sir. The change from an actor to a pump needn't be so very extraordinary.

Spo. Well, sir, will you do me the favour to take hold of my handle, and pump me?

Fer. Pump you!—I've got everything I can out of you, and what's the use of pumping you now?

Enter DICK, with a large garden watering-pot, L.

Dick. "Well, gentlemen, how d'je do ? [*To Dampley.*] Wet morning this, sir, an't it ?

Dam. Very, Dick; I don't know when the rain will give over.

Fer. Give over, indeed!—If it came down, it would be given over us;—but I don't see it.

Dam. Do you know, Dick, that that gentleman with his coat the wrong way before will have it it don't rain ?

Dick. Never mind him, sir;—poor maniac with his head turned! how's he to know ?

Dam. That's what I said—how's he to know ? But he would persist, though he saw that I was obliged to hoist my umbrella.

Fer. Why, Dick, you don't mean to agree with that gentleman in telling me it rains ?

Dick. Of course, I do. [*Apart to him.*] Don't you see, sir, that it's part of the doctor's system to humour his patients ? We never contradict or try to convince them; for if they're cured, there's an end of the job.

Fer. [*Apart to Dick*] Oh, you rascal! your master's establishment ought to be called an asylum for the encouragement of lunacy, and not for the cure of it. I'll expose the trick!

Dick. [*Apart.*] Recollect, sir, you've your own point to gain, and so don't thwart us. [*To Dampley.*] It will come on a good deal sharper presently, I expect.

[Places a chair gently behind Dampley, and gets upon it, with the watering-pot in his hand.

Dam. Do you think so, Dick ?

[Dampley puts his umbrella on one side, and looks up—Dick pours a quantity of water over him from the watering-pot, and Dampley instantly raises his umbrella to its former position.

Dam. Dear me ! it is sharp, indeed!—I thought it was inclined to be fair.

Fer. [*Apart.*] It seems, Dick, you're not inclined to be fair, or you would not take advantage of a poor maniac, to play these tricks upon him.

Dam. [*To Ferdinand.*] You most admit, sir, that it came down pretty smartly then; though I thought the sky looked blue.

Fer. I think I should look blue, sir, if I were treated in that way! [*Apart to Dick.*] I'll expose the cheat !

Dick. [*Apart.*] You'd better not, sir; your father will be here presently.

Fer. Hang my father! [*To Dampley, violently.*] I tell you, sir, you're being hoaxed, cheated, and imposed upon! I say, sir, it does not rain!

Dam. Take him away, Dick: a man who can say it don't rain after being in the last shower, must be dangerous. [*Dick pours more water over Dampley's umbrella.*] Dear me! how rapidly it comes down!—I'd no idea it was such a hard shower!

Spo. Here—Dick! Dick!

Dick. Coming, sir, coming! How do you find yourself this morning?

Fer. Find himself, indeed I — Poor fellow! he's quite lost himself. [*To Dick.*] What deception do you mean to practise upon him?

Did. [*To Spoutling.*] Don't mind him, sir; he's an unfortunate gentleman with his head turned, but he's quite harmless. How do you feel, sir?

Spo. Why, Dick, to say the truth, I'm glad you're come, for I want a little of your kind attention. I asked that gentleman to pump me, but he refused.

Fer. How the devil was I to pump him?

Dick. [*To Spoutling.*] Never mind him, sir; I'll do it for you in a moment.

Spo. Thank you, Dick; you're a kind fellow.

[Sid places a pail on one side of Spoutling, underneath the hand extended as a spout—he then takes hold of the hand held out as the handle, and, pretending to pump, pours water from a jug behind Spoutling's back into the pail.]

Dick. There, sir.

Spo. I'm greatly obliged to you, Dick; I feel much relieved. If you had not done what you have done, I should have burst, and drowned you all.

Dick. [*Apart to Ferdinand.*] Won't you believe he's a pump now?

Fer. [*Apart.*] Upon my honour, after that, I don't think it worth while to deny it.

Dick. [*Looking off, L.*] Oh, here comes the doctor, followed by your father and a young lady. Now you must keep it up!

Fer. My father!—The devil! Then I must be as mad as a March hare!

[Capers fantastically about, and then seats himself in a chair.]

Enter DOCTOR MULGENT, MR. FITZFIGGINS, and
LAURA, L.

Mul. [*To Mr. Fitzfiggins.*] There, sir, is your unfortunate son; — see where he sits, evidently lost in abstraction!

Fitz. Ah ! I see it is my heir apparent.

Dick. Oh, sir, did you say you were the parent of that 'ere ?

[*Points to Ferdinand.*]

Fitz. I am.—Tell me what are his symptoms ?—Is he really mad ?

Diet. I believe you, sir : your heir is as mad as a March hare, you may depend upon it.

Mul. [*To Dick.*] Have you tried the soothing system ?

Bid. I have, air.

Mul. Well, and what was the result? The soothing system generally succeed!.

Dick. Why, he sprung upon me, and knocked me down.

Fitz. Goodness gracious ! then he is violent ! I must not be in his way.

Dick. In his way !—No, indeed, sir: if you were in his way, I should not like to come into yours. Would you like to speak to him ?

Fitz. I speak to him!—Oh, 'tis of no use my speaking. But what has he been saying ?

Dick. Oh, sir, he's been talking a great deal about his father's cruelty in disinheriting him; and so, to pacify him, I pretended to be his father, and told him I would leave him my property.

Fitz. Of course, I would—every farthing, if his complaint would only take a fresh turn.

Did. Perhaps it will soon, as it has already come to a head. But love appears to be the chief cause of his unhappy condition. Now, I couldn't humour him in this, because I can't pretend to be a young lady in love with him. But if this young lady would only condescend to assist us by a little deception, she would be of great service.

Laura. I shall be happy to aid as far as lies in my power. But what am I to do ?

Dick. [*To Laura.*] His eyes, you see, are intently fixed on you, and pass over the objects at your side. [*To Mulgent and Fitzfiggins.*] Therefore, gentlemen, you had bet-



*short time, until we have seen the result of

Fitz. Oh, I would give the world to have my son restored to me and to reason !

Dick. I've no doubt we can restore him to reason, sir; but as to restoring him to you, that's quite another affair. Be kind enough to adjourn to the next apartment.

Mul. We will; but, in the mean time, administer this medicine to the unhappy patient;—I am almost convinced it will prove an immediate remedy in this awful case of hypochondriasis. [*Apart to Dick.*] Don't neglect to give it him, Dick; for I shall get more by curing him, than by keeping him under a delusion. [*To Fitzgigins.*] Now, sir, if you please, we will retire to another apartment.

Fitz. Any where that you choose to direct me; for till the light of reason returns to my son's brain, I am indeed wretched ! [*Exeunt Dr. Mulgent and Mr. Fitzgigins, n.*]
[*As they go out, Dick pours water over Dampley, who puts his umbrella up hurriedly.*]

Dick. Light, indeed !—What does he want with a light in his son's brain, unless he wishes him to continue light-headed ? [*Apart to Ferdinand.*] Now's your time, sir—keep it up ! [*Retires up to Dampley and Spoutling.*]

Fer. [*Starting up, and advancing towards Laura.*] What form is that I see before me ? — or, rather, now that my head is turned, I should say, I see behind me'.

Laura. Do you not know me ? It is your Laura.

Fer. My Laura!—Excuse me turning my back upon you, Laura; but the unfortunate turn things have taken render it necessary for me to do so while I am looking at you.

Laura. Have you no recollection of me ? — Do you not remember the many happy days we have spent together ?

Fer. Now that I am looking backwards, I do. You have revived in me some reminiscences of the past; but it is gone.

Laura. Why not look forward to better times ?

Fer. Look forward ! — Can you ask a man, whose head is turned, to look forwards ? Mad supposition ! No, no ; my life must be spent in gloomy retrospections.

Dick. [*At the back, to Dampley.*] How do you find yourself now, sir ?

Dam. Find myself] — Why, Dick, I've never yet lost myself.

Dick. It's only a very slight shower now, sir ; I'm in hopes it will soon give over altogether.

Dam. I wish it may; for I'm getting rather tired of holding up my umbrella.

Fer. [*To Laura.*] My scheme, you must admit, was ingenious.

Laura. It was; but I must be quite convinced your head was not turned in reality before I become your wife; I must be certain you are quite sane.

Fer. What greater proof of sanity and good sense can I give, than declaring my devotion to you ?

Dick. [*Coming forward.*] Come, that's blarney—none of that! [*Looking off, R.*] Your father and the doctor are watching you. Now, you must give them a touch of the violent.

Re-enter DOCTOR MULGENT and MR. FITZFIGGINS, R.

Fer. [*Rushing towards the Doctor, and seizing him.*] Ha ! who is this ? [*Pushing him violently away.*] No! you are not the victim I have in my eye! There—there he is ! [*Running after Mr. Fitzfiggins, who retreats from him.*] You, sir ! yes, you ! — Give me my father! what have you done with him ? where is my father ?

Fitz. Oh, I wish I was farther!

Fer. What's that ?—Give me my father—you have him in your pocket! [*Looking at Doctor Mulgent.*] Ha! there is the villain that has robbed me of my father! [*Pursuing and seizing him.*] Come here, sir — to the pump with him!

[*Forces the Doctor up to Spoutling, and holds him down, while Dick pretends to pump, and pours water over Mulgent.*

Mul. [*Rising.*] Why, Dick, you scoundrel! how dared you assist the maniac in pumping upon me !

Dick. You know, sir, you told me to humour him in all his fancies; and if he had a fancy for ducking you, it is not my fault.

Fer. [*Rushing again to Dr. Mulgent.*] Give me my property !—It is you who have persuaded my father to cut me off with a shilling ! you, sir, you !

Mul. No such thing, sir : I persuaded him to reinstate you. Let go my throat! I say, Mr. Fitzfiggins, my advice as a professional man is, that you should consent to your son's marriage, and reinstate him in your favour.

Fer. [*Calmly.*] Sir, you talk reason: where did you pick it up, that you are able to let it drop ?

Fitz. Ah! my displeasure is evidently the point on which he has gone mad.

Dick. Decidedly, sir; or, if he is not quite mad on that

point, he was on the point of going completely mad.—
Suppose you give your consent.

Fitz. But are you ready, Laura, to unite yourself to a young man who is mad? [To *Dick.*] Is he fit to marry?

Dick. Fit to marry!—Why, if he's mad, it's just the time.

Laura. Oh, sir, I do not fear; it was only love that turned his brain.

Dick. Marriage will bring any man to his senses. Go to him, sir, and soothe him.

Fitz. [Approaching *Ferdinand.*] My son, do you not know me?

Fer. [Looking stedfastly at him.] Ha! I think I do: that piercing nose—that withered eye-brow—that straggling whisker! it must be my father!

Fitz. Ah! he knows me. [Weeping.] I cannot restrain my tears.

Dick. [Aside.] Cry away, old chap; 'twill do you good!

Dam. [At the back.] What a delightfully refreshing shower!

Dick. [To *Mr. Fitzgigins.*] Now, sir, is your opportunity; tell him you consent to all he requires.

Fitz. Willingly I do—anything to see his coat on the right way again, and his reason restored. My son, I give my consent to your union with Laura whenever you please; and I promise that my estate shall be yours at my death, with a good income whilst I live.

Fer. Oh! my head turns round with joy! [Examining himself.] How's this?—Let me put on my coat properly. [Turning it the right way.] There—I feel another thing now, and wonder at the strange delusion I've been under!

Fitz. Oh, my son! I know you again, now that you've turned your coat.

Dick. [Aside.] He's not the only one who has turned his coat to get hold of a fortune! [Going up to *Damperley.*] Don't you think, sir, the rain is over?

Dam. [Putting down his umbrella, and rising.] Why, I must say it's looking very fair and pleasant over head. I hope the fine weather will continue.

Dick. [To *Spout ling.*] And you, sir, do you still persist in calling yourself a pump? You must forget the character for a time, at least, if you want encouragement

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Spo. Do as you please with me.

Dick. Well, then, I won't make a pump of you, but only a handle, to aid the general harmony. [*Advancing to the front, c*] I hope that here there will be no heads turned away from us; for what should we do, if you refused to give us your countenance?

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SPOUTLING. DAMPLEY.

MR. FITZ. FERDINAND. LAURA. DR. MUL.

DICK.

R].

[L.

THE END.