

Tom and Jerry.



*Trifle.* Extwemely sowwy for your misfortunes, Logic, 'pon honour.

*Act III. Scene 4.*

TOM AND JERRY:  
OR,  
LIFE IN LONDON IN 1820.

*A Drama.*

IN THREE ACTS.

FROM PIERCE EGAN'S CELEBRATED WORK,

BY

WILLIAM T. MONCRIEFF,

AUTHOR OF

Giovanni in London, Spectre Bridegroom, Bashful Man, Cataract of the  
Ganges, Eugene Aram, Lear of Private Life, Somnambulist, Van.  
Diemen's Land, Court of Queen Anne, Green Dragon, Hag of  
the Glen, Heart of London, John Adams, How to take  
up a Bill, Latude, Lochinvar, Sam Weller, Mistress  
of Mill, Man Wolf, Monk's Cowl, One Fault,  
Parson's Nose, Lost Life, Waggoner of  
Westmoreland, What's in a Name? Peer  
and the Peasant, Monsieur Tonson,  
Cheque on My Banker, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

## REMARKS.

### Tom and Jerry.

It is possible to buy *gold* too dear: the same may be said of *experience*. It is dangerous to mix with vice in order to detect and shun its snares. We cannot touch pitch without being defiled; and who that visits the Pandemoniums of immorality escapes uncontaminated? The elderly inquisitive may gratify his mendacious curiosity, and escape with only a slight contagion; but the youthful explorer that opens this Pandora's box may be poisoned while groping in search of experience. If chance lead us into scenes of low life and depravity, let us extract good from evil, and profit by the experience thus thrust upon us; but to voluntarily singe our fingers to try if fire will burn, or walk through a horse-pond to ascertain how far we may become bemired, discovers not the brightest intellect, or the most savoury propensity. Happy is he who has no *practical* knowledge of the baser part of mankind!

" There are blackguards in high life as well as in low."

St. James's and St. Giles's boast their due proportion; but those of the former are infinitely the worst: for they hold out the hand of fellowship to their meaner brethren, and they must not be offended if 'tis grasped with the hearty hail-fellow-well-met-fa miliarity peculiar to that intelligent class. If a dustman or drayman have a cruel appetite to blacken his wife's eyes upon scientific principles, he may be initiated without offering much violence to the dignity of his order, and hammer away at his vocation as if he was paid regular wages for his exertions; but if a noble lord aspire to boxing honours, he must receive instruction in his favourite art from, and exercise it, not on his peers, but the veriest ruffians of society. Lord Byron's passion for pugilism is an exception that proves the rule:— yet we may just remark, that a more decorous manifestation of filial grief, and a higher consolation for a mother's death, might have been derived and sought than through the medium of a game at fisty-cutts, at which his lordship had a sorrowful set-to while the funeral procession of his only remaining parent was slowly moving from his ancestral domain. We question if even the venerated mothers of *Belasco* and *Dutch Sam* were mourned with similar obsequies.

The characteristic and humorous plates of Robert Cruikshank suggested to Mr. Moncrieff a ghable extravaganza. Bob is deeply erudite in the chaffing-d the metropolis; and Mr. Honcrietf may boast of equal accomplishments, with the additional advantage of being hand and glove with those renowned

" Nymphs of the sacred fount, around whose brink  
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses, to drink ;  
Dip their dark beards amidst their streams so clear,  
Ana, whilst they gulp it, wish it ale or beer."

"What wonder, then, at the rising of those twin-stars, Tom and Jerry - The moral *intended* is to show the necessity of a young gentleman being carefully initiated into the trickeries of the town, and introduced to its rakes and sharpers, for the purpose of arming him against imposition and corruption; and that, after having made the grand tour of London, accompanied in his perigrinatoris by his " guide, philoso

pher, and friend."—to wit, a cicerone familiar with every vice, a professor of the drawing insipidity of the court, and the impertinent vulgarity of the city, learned in the slang of high life and of low ; in two words, a " Corinthian Tom," -he may be safely trusted to walk without leading-strings ; and, having satiated his curiosity, retire with an abundant stock of useful experience, fully qualified to become the Mentor of some future Telemachus.

We will not meddle with the moral of this piece, but enlarge on a more popular topic—its powers of entertainment; and we ought to express our grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Moncrieff for having introduced us to characters and scenes, of which we might never have known the existence but for his helping hand. Taking into account the vast popularity of Tom and Jerry, who shall *now* say, " One half of the world don't know how t'other lives ?"

This whimsical melange exhibits the adventures of Corinthian Tom, one of the diamond squad of Almack's in the West, and the jolly companion of the cadgers in the black slums, in the Holy Land; and of Jerry Hawthorn, a simple rustic, who leaves his paternal farm for the purpose of making a metropolitan tour. Jerry receives with docility the lessons of his right-trusty and well-beloved cousin Tom, and displays an aptitude that promises rapid progress and ultimate proficiency. He makes his first bow in the chaffing-crib in Corinthian's house, where he meets with Doctor Bob Logic, an oddity with a broad-brimmed castor and green goggles, and whom to describe requires his own unique powers of language. Bob, in slang patter, is a prime swell, learned in all the larks extant, a walking map of London, and a peripatetic pocket-dictionary of the flash cant of St. James's and St. Giles's. To this personage the instruction of Jerry is in part confided; and our novice becomes progressively "*up*," gradually "*down*," and eventually "*fly*," and no higher can the most ambitious aspirant hope to soar! Having cast off his antediluvian cover-me-decently suit, and being slipped into his swell-case, by Dicky Primefit - in St. Giles's Greek, a *sufferer*—he becomes fit companion for the pinks in Rotten Row, the lady-birds of the saloon, the angelica of Almack's, the top-of-the-tree heroes, the legs and levanters of Tattersal's, the millers of the Fives' Court,—even Billy Waters, of the sable slums, and the dingy fashionables of Mr. Mace's crib, and the Whistling Shop ! He next takes a lesson in sporting the rhino, posting the poney, napping the rent, tipping the brads, and coming down with the dust; proceeds to Burlington Arcade; thence to Tattersal's, where, the game being horse-flesh, he is wide awake to the Yorkshire coves; to Almack's in the East; and to Tom Crib's parlour, where Tom maintains the dignity of his craft. The welcome sound of the Charlies' fiddle indicating a row, Tom, Jerry, and Logic, start on the spree. Tom plays at cricket with Teddy McLush's tooth-picker and gim, raps him over the mazzard, and goes through the ceremony of " boxing a Charley." They next repair to a fashionable hell; Logic regales himself with a bob-stick of rum slim ; all get cleaned out, and retire with pockets to let. Thence on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where they are introduced to the pie-bald gentlemen of the Noah's Ark society, and their noble grand, the immortal Billy Waters. They are politely pressed to sluice their domiuos and wash their ivories (drink!) and to partake of a plain rum-peck, hot roast turkey, at which the black diamond indignantly turns up his nose for want of the "*sassingers*," while Mr. Jenkins, into one of whose mauleys the Mendicity Society had slapped a pick-axe, and a shovel into the other, threatens to punch the landlord because there are no filberts to their port, nor devils to the Madeira! They drop in at Jackson's room?; where Jerry plays Logic a bout at single-stick, and cracks his knowledge-box ; just peep in at the fortune-teller's garret; lounge at Mr.

Mace's crib, the region of blue-ruin and heavy wet, where Dusty Bob, baring had a drain of heavy just by way of cooling his chaffers, orders a "twopenny burster, half a quarter o' bees'-vax, a ha'poth o' ingens, and a dollop o' salt with it," and afterwards dances a *pas deux* with African Sal, both, at the conclusion, sluicing their bolts with a regular quarter. Having made the grand tour of the metropolis, the three wearied bucks sit down and soliloquise; and a masquerade closes their Life In London.

It would have interrupted our narrative to say how Sue, Jane, and Kate, three romantic young lasses, disguised as coxcombs, ladies of fashion, beggars, and ballad-singers, watch their lovers through every danger; and how, as it should be, their constancy is rewarded. And we might have dilated on a most comic personage—the ever-verdant Jemmy Green, whose amusing simplicity and cockneyisms so much contribute to the mirth of the many very ludicrous scenes in which he figures away. No piece was ever more popular: high and low flocked in crowds to see an extravaganza which reflected the eccentricities of modern Babylon. It was an especial favourite with the late Duke of York, who was constant in his attendance, and enjoyed with hearty good relish the extraordinary spectacles, at which, more than once, his highness opened his eyes, and shrugged up his shoulders with incredulity and wonder. One melancholy result transpired: it broke the heart of *Billy Waters*! "No lemon to him weal! no hoyster to him rumb-steak!—de turkey widout de sassinger!" let out the secret of beggar-luxury: the public ceased to be liberal; and poor snow-drop, who naturally looked forward to many happy years of feasting and jollity, and to lay up his fiddle and timber-toe in ordinary, with a handsome independence, danced *for* (not *upon*!) nothing with doleful despondency and comic tribulation; chanted the sorrows of true lovers and his own with pitiable unction and lots of cheek; and finally cast his wooden pin, in *black* despair, in St. Giles's workhouse,

"Life in London" was acted to perfection: Wrench, John Reeve, Wilkinson, and Keeley, were excellent in Corinthian Tom, Jerry, Logic, and Green; and the ladies played up to them with equal spirit. The *public characters*, Tom Crib, Billy Waters, Tattersal, and Dusty Bob, were such surprising verisimilitudes, that nine-tenths of their numerous audiences hailed them as the *originals*, until the joke became understood, when uproarious were the applauding shouts that ever afterwards welcomed their entrance; particularly Dusty Bob, which, in the way of fame and profit, did wonders for Mr. Walbourn.



D.-----G.

### Costume.

CORINTHIAN TOM.—*First dress*: Fashionable light-coloured frock coat white cord breeches, and top-boots. *Second dress*: Fashionable full dress. *Third dress*: Fashionable light-coloured dress—frock coat—white trousers.

JERRY HAWTHORN.—*First dress*: Green hunting coat—white breeches—top-boots—white hat. *Second dress*: Fashionable full dress. *Third dress*: The same as the first.

LOGIC. *First dress*: Broad-brimmed hat—green spectacles—mulberry-coloured frock coat—fashionable white trousers—boots. *Second dress*: Fashionable full dress. *Third dress*: The same as the first.

JEMMY GREEN. — *First dress*: Green single-breasted coat—common-striped cockney waistcoat—drab breeches—knee gaiters—sugar-loaf hat. *Second dress*: Full dress green coat—white waistcoat—black silk breeches and stockings—pumps—Opera hat.

HON. DICK TRIFLE— Fashionable blue coat—white and under waistcoats-entire full dress.

SQUIRE HAWTHORN—Close brown wig—Hunting brown frock—Leather breeches—Top-boots.

PRIMEFIT—Dandy coat with curling; collar—Light pantaloons trimmed.

COPE & GULL'EM—Brown and drab frock coats—Striped and coloured waistcoats—Top-boots and gaiters—Corderoy and drab breeches.

BARON NAB'EM—Close brown mop wig—Fashionable single breasted coat - various coloured waistcoats and white breeches.

TOM CRIB—Brown coat—Kerseymer waistcoat—Drab breeches and gaiters.

TATTERSAL—As. much like a gentleman as possible.

REGULAR - Light frock coat with green collar—Drab breeches and gaiters.

Mr. JENKINS—Red worsted cap-Ragged coat, patched breeches—Dark darned stockings, no waistcoat.

BILLY WATERS - Cock'd hat adorned with various coloured feathers—Sailor's jacket—Canvas trowsers—wooden leg,

DUSTY BOB- Dustman's fan-tailed hat—Looseflannel jacket-Velveteen red breeches—worsted stockings,—Short Gaiters.

KATE—Fashionable full dress—Scarf and bonnet or hat for the colonade scene—Afterwards according to the directions of the piece.

SUE & JANE—Smart rural dresses—Cottage hats—Afterwards fashionable dresses and according to the directions of the piece-

Mrs. TARTAR—Striped old woman's gown with the train drawn through the pocket-holes, black straw bonnet—small red cloak.

AFRICAN SAL—Flowered cotten red gown—Blue stuff petticoat. Sportsmen, Grooms, Jockies, Noblemen, Fancy Lads, Watchmen, Markers, Beggars, Racket-players, &c. in the usual dresses.

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### Cast of the Characters.

	Covent Garden.	Adelphi.
Corinthian Tom .....	Mr. Wrench.	Mr. Wrench.
Jerry Hawthorn.....	Mr. T. Reeve.	Mr. J. Reeve.
Logic.....	Mr. W. Farren.	Mr. Wilkinson.
Jemmy Green.....	Mr. Keeley	Mr. Keeley.
Hon. Dick Trifle.....	Mr. Raymond.	Mr. Bellamy.
Squire Hawthorn.....	Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Buckingham.
Primefit.....	Mr. Horrebow.	Mr. Waylett
Regular.....	Mr. Henry.	Mr. Smith.
Tattersall.....	Mr. Fitzharris	Mr. Phillips
Mace.....	Mr. Tumour.	Mr. Maxwell.
Gull'em.....	Mr. Evans	Mr. Broad.
Dusty Bob.....	Mr. Walbourn.	Mr. Walbourn.
Kate, otherwise the hon Miss Trifle	Miss Goward.	Mrs. Baker.
Sue, otherwise the hon. Miss Trifle	Miss Cawse.	Mrs. Waylett.
Jane, otherwise the hon. Miss Trifle	Miss H. Cawse.	Mias Hammersley.
Mrs. Tartar.....	Mrs. Weston.	Mrs. Daly.
African Sal.....	Mr Sutton.	Mr. Saunders

[Performance Free.]

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TOM AND JERRY ;

OR,

*Life in London.*

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sportman's Cabinet at Hawthorn Hall.*  
—*Squire Hawthorn, Jerry, Sir Harry Blood, Bill Pointer, Village Lawtjer, Farmer Cornflower, &c. discovered seated at a table, drinking. Squire Hawthorn in the chair ; Jerry on his left hand, a vacant chair on his right; the other guests seated in order on each side.—Servant in waiting, lying on the ground, on one side, ready to uncork fresh bottles.*

CHORUS. (*Omnes.*)

Air.—" *To Bachelor's Hall* "

To fam'd Hawthorn Hall, we, good fellows invite,  
Who take, in the chase, and the glass, a delight;  
Sly Reynard's brought home, his brush graces our board,  
And while Bacchus assists, we're, each great as a lord  
Then drink and do honour to this jovial place.  
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that flow from the chafe.  
Hark away ! hark away !  
While our spirits are gay,  
Let us drink to the joys of the new coming day.

*Haw.* Bravo! bravo! thank ye, gentlemen—thank ye ; ne'er a pack of hounds in the county have clearer voices, or open more musically. Come, Jerry, the bottle stands with you ; what shall we say after this ? we have no time to lose, you know.

*Jerry.* True, Dad—so here goes—(*rises.*) Gentlemen, taking advantage of his temporary absence, I beg leave to propose the health of my worthy friend, and staunch relation, Corinthian Tom, the London sportsman. We'll drink it with three if you please, gentlemen—Bumpers! Now then, are you all filled ?

*Omnes.* All, all.

*Jerry and Omnes drink, (all upstanding.)* Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hip, hurrah !  
Bravo! bravo! [*Servant drinks the toast aside.* *They sit.*

*Haw.* Bravo! you could'nt have done a better thing, Jerry; considering he's a Londoner, I don't know a worthier lad than Tom. It isn't to every one, I'd trust

my only son, in such a racketty place as London. Gentlemen, you all know our present meeting is by way of jollification, previous to Jerry's start to Town wi'h his cousin Tom, and to drink a parting cup on the occasion—Jerry wants to see Life, and Tom being as he says, up to everything, has kindly promised to shew it him. They set off the first thing in the morning—

*Jerry.* And that won't be long before it makes its appearance.—'Tis almost day-break already.

*Tom.* (*without.*) There, that will do, my rum one.

*Haw.* Here Tom comes, till him up a bumper, and give him a squeeze of the fox's brush in it,— 'twont relish else. (*Jerry squeezes brush in Tom's glass* ) There, that will do.

*Enter TOM. L.*

*Tom.* (*taking his seat.*) Gentlemen, I beg pardon for being scarce so long ; but having to start early, I thought it best to see that the toggery was all right and fly—I never shirk the black strap intentionally, you know.

*Jerry.* Don't mention it, my dear Tom, your absence has afforded us an opportunity, which has given pleasure to every one. It has allowed us to drink your health with the customary honours, which I need not say we did both with enthusiasm and sincerity.

*Tom.* (*standing up* ) Gentlemen—permit me to return you my most sincere thanks, for the honour you have done me in my absence, and to drink all your healths in return, and may you never want

Horses sound, Dogs healthy ;  
Earths stopped, and Foxes plenty

*Omnes.* Bravo! bravo!

*Haw.* Very well, indeed—Well, I shall shortly begin to think there is something in living in London, after all.

*Tom.* Something! my dear Sir, there is everything in it.

*Jerry.* Ah ! London must be a rare place—I don't care how soon I'm there.

*Haw.* Well now, for my part, I always thought that living in London, was going to see the lions in the Tower: making a call at the whispering gallery—leaving one's card o'top of the monument, or taking a peep into Westminster Abbey. Ah! it was so in my day—how times are altered!

*Tom.* Each to his taste, my dear Sir; but allow me to observe, Life in London does not consist, as people

usually suppose it does, in hard drinking, round swearing, knocking down apple-women, talking loud in a play-bouse, insulting every girl you meet, tavern rows, and street fights—No—no—to seek for enjoyment wherever you can find it, join in a lark, laugh at a spree, be all alive in a ramble, acquire just enough experience to make you up to the sharps, down to the knowing ones, fly to the gammoners, and awake to every tiling that's going on, so that you may indulge in the sweet offices of charity without fear of imposition, relieve modest merit, and encourage humble talent ; this, my dear Sir, is what I call Life in London—and what I mean to teach Jerry.

*Haw.* Well, only let him derive instruction with amusement, and I'm satisfied At all events, my word is pledged, and he shall go. [*Village Lawyer falls on ground.*]

*Tom.* Go—why there's one gone already— who is it ?

*Haw.* Oh, it's only the village lawyer.

*Tom.* Take him out of court—away with old six and eight-pence.

*Law.* Thus fell Cardinal Wolsey. My lord, I move—I—

*Tom.* Move him off, ha! ha! ha!

[*Lawyer is carried off by Servant. R.*]

*Enter* REGULAR, L.

*Reg. (aside to Tom.)* All's ready for starting, Sir whenever you give the word.

*Tom.* Very well, Regular, we'll make ourselves scarce directly.

*Jerry, (aside to Tom.)* I say, Tom—as I hate leave-taking, and have a small call to make, let us slip away at once—I'll meet you in the village in about ten minutes time.

*Tom.* Oh! what you've got a bit of muslin on the sly, have you ?

*Jerry.* Hush ! they're getting noisy—now's our time.

*Tom.* I'll take care—come along.

*Exeunt Tom and Jerry, severally. L.*

*Haw.* Come, gentlemen—to keep up the harmony of the evening, will any gentleman volunteer a song ?

*Omnès. (together.)* I will—I will, (*singing.*) "Bright chanticleer." " You all knew Tom Moody." " A southerly wind." &c. &c.

[*general confusion.*]

*Haw.* Silence! Silence!—Order! order!—one at a time—hey, D—me where's Jerry ? he's slipped cover! Yo, ho ! Jerry, my boy—yoicks ! yoicks !

[*Exeunt Omnes, in full cry. L.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside of Susan Roubud't Cottage.*

*Enter SUE and JANE, from Cottage, C. F.*

DUET. (*Ambo.*)

AIR.—" *When the Rosy Morn.* "

Now the rosy morn appearing,

Brings the hour when { you } must part,

From the youth who all endearing,

Long has won { you } virgin heart.

Ah, too well do { you } love him.

Even for a day to part,

In disguise { you'll } hover o'er him.

And secure his roving heart.

*Sue.* Yes, it is resolved— I will follow him to this dangerous London ; in every scene of pleasure and folly, I'll accompany him.—Woman's wit will furnish me with a hundred secure disguises; and unknown, I may preserve him from temptation and rescue him from ruin—too bappy if at last I bring him back to love and peace, and home: but he comes not—surely my dear Hawthorn will not break his promise.

*Jane.* Oh, it is'nt his time yet; four o'clock he said, and now it is only half past three.

*Sue.* Why what time was it when I rose ?

*Jane.* You desired to be called at three, but saved me the trouble, by getting up at half past two. Oh ! you lovers!

*Sue.* I had forgotten that. But are you sure the information you gave me, respecting my old friend and school-fellow, Kate, is correct?

*Jane.* Oh, yes—I had it from Mr. Corinthian's servant, Regular. Kate has long been attached to Mr. Corinthian, and every one thought it would have been a match, before he left Town—but he is so wild and fickle !—

*Sue.* Then my mind's made up, I will hasten to town directly, and seek out Kate ; she is a fine-spirited, free-hearted girl, and combining we may secure both our lovers and happiness; but Hawthorn comes—you had better leave me now. *(Exit Jane, into Cottage)*

*Enter JERRY, L.*

*Sue.* My dear Hawthorn !

*Jerry.* Dear Susan ! let us hope, my love, this will be the most painful meeting of our existence, since it is one in which we part for a short duration.

*Sue.* Let tears speak for me; at present my heart is too full for words: but silence is more than eloquence in love.

*Jerry.* And can I leave thee,—can I say farewell, love?  
*[kisses her.]*

*Enter Tom. L.*

*Tom.* I say, what are you at ? Beg pardon—sorry to interrupt such tender moments, but time and tide stay for no man, Jerry.

*Jerry.* True, Tom, but you should'nt come in just at such a critical time, and—

*Tom.* I know what you are going to say—but our nags won't stay for our turtles; besides where it is so much trouble to part, the sooner it's over the better.

*Jerry.* Exactly; protraction only adds to the pangs of parting.—so once for all, dear Susan, good-bye.

*Sue.* Good-bye, dear Hawthorn—but not for long though: two males without a female may travel very swiftly, certainly—but two females with a *mail*, may go quite as quick, *(aside.)*

*Tom.* If I had my Kate here, I could make one in this billing and cooing—but as she is not here, why, " Over the Hills and far away."

TRIO.—TOM, JERRY, and Sue.

AIR.—" *Over the Hills and far away.* "

*Tom.* Now for Life in London town,  
Spree and rambles night and day;  
High and low, and up and down,  
Over the hills and far away.

*Jerry.* Farewell, love, gay London calls,  
Fix'd in memory still thou'lt stay,  
Proof'gainst beauties, belles, and balk,  
Ov'r the hills and far away.

*Sue. (aside)* Over the hills and faraway,  
To Life in London, frolic, play ;  
For I'll not stay behind to say,  
What wind has blown my lad away.

*[Exeunt Tom and Jerry, R. s. E. and Sue into Cottage]*

SCENE III.—*A room in Kate's House.*

*Enter KATE with a letter. L.*

*Kate.* Well, at last this dear rattling spark of mine.

is on the wing for London. He is to be here to-morrow—Let me see.—(*reads.*)—" My dear Kate, It is with great pleasure I inform you, your Corinthian's tandem is again turned towards London; where he will arrive to-morrow."—" To-morrow!" that is to-day.—Oh that he were come!—(*reads.*)—"With his rustic cousin, Jerry Hawthorn ; whom he is to whisk up to town for the purpose of finishing his education as a regular."—Yes, regular enough, if Tom is to be his tutor.—(*reads.*)—" Accustomed only to the rustic scenes of Somersetshire, Tom intends to astonish him with the ups and downs, of Life in London. And *entre nous*, I have an astonishment in store for you, too; so look out, my dear girl, and you shall see what you shall see,—Your's, most truly, SUSAN."—"What can she mean ?—' Jerry Hawthorn !' why, as I live, that must be her admirer—It will now be her turn to feel how tedious pass the hours in a lover's absence. Well, though Tom has so long deserted me, still will I endeavour to reclaim him, and hope at length to prove that woman's love, is not to be idly bought.

SONG.—KATE.

AIR.—" *O say not Woman's heart is false.*"

O say not woman's heart is false,  
 Too well do I adore him !  
 Amid gay pleasure's giddy waltz,  
 I'll fondly hover over him.  
 He taught my bosom first to know  
 Love's flame, it wanders nerer;  
 My heart still feels affection's glow,  
 It loves,—and loves for ever !

Exit, R.

SCENE IV.—*Chaffing Crib in Corinthian House.—Table, Boxing Gloves, Chairs, Foils, &c. &c.*

*Enter TOM and JERRY, as just arrived, L.*

*Tom.* Ya! hip! come along, Jerry; here we are safe arrived, my boy. Welcome, my dear Jerry, to Corinthian Hall—to my snug chaffing crib—where, I hope we shall have many a rare bit of gig together.

*Jerry.* Chaffing crib! I'm at fault, coz, can't follow.

*Tom.* My prattling parlour—my head quarters, coz—where I unbend with my pals. You are now in London, the bang-up spot of the world for fun, frolic, aud out-and-out-ing. Here it shall be my care, Jerry, to introduce you to all sorts of life—from the flowers of society, the roses, pinks, and tulips, of one court, to the mecha-

nical tag-rag and bobtail—vegetables—bunches of turnips—and strings of ing-ens, of another: for without a proper introduction, London, gay, bustling, various, as it is, would be no more than an immense wilderness.

*Jerry.* I suppose not. I'll do as much for you another time.

*Tom.* We must make the best use of our time : I have seen a great deal of life myself: still I have a great deal yet to see. But let me give you a caution or two before we set out; never be too confident—rather at all times plead ignorance than show it; never disgrace the character of a friend, in that family where you are introduced as a friend: let the honor of the husband and the peace of the father be preserved inviolable ; and never have the once friendly door be shut against you, either as a seducer—a hypocrite—or a scoundrel. But I say, my dear fellow, what do you call all this ?—this toggery of yours will never fit—you must have a new rig-out.

*Jerry.* Eh! oh! I understand. You think the cut of my clothes rather too rustic—eh ?

*Tom.* Exactly : dress is the order of the day. A man must have the *look* of a gentleman, if he has nothing else. We must assume a style if we have it not. This, what do you call it?—this cover-me-decently, was all very well at Hawthorn Hall, I dare say ; but here, among the pinks in Rotten-row, the lady-birds in the Saloon, the angelics at Almack's, the-top-of-the-tree heroes, the legs and levanters at Tattersal's, nay, even among the millers at the fives, it would be taken for nothing less than the index of a complete flat.

*Jerry.* I suppose not—what's to be done?

*Tom.* I'll tell you; before we start on our sprints and rambles, I'll send for that kiddy artist, Dicky Primefit, the dandy habit-maker, of Regent Street. He shall fig you out in grand twig, in no time. Here Regular! [*calls*

*Enter* REGULAR, L.

*Reg.* Here I am, Sir.

*Tom.* Send for Dicky Primefit, directly.

*Reg.* What! the sufferer, Sir?

*Tom.* Yes, that's the fellow; tell him to bring his card of address with him.

*Jerry.* Sufferer! I'm at fault again, Tom; can't follow.

*Tom.* The tailor, Jerry: we do make them suffer sometimes.

*Reg.* Yea, Sir, the tailor bless me, how very unedu-

cated; I thought every gentleman knew his tailor was the sufferer; I'm sure I know mine is, and to some tune too. I'll chivey the rascal here directly, Sir. *[Exit P. S.]*

*Tom.* You shall go in training for a swell at once.

*Jerry.* A swell! I'm at fault again.

*Tom.* A swell, my dear Jerry

*Log.* *(speaks without, L. S. E.)*  arrived, eh, very well, I'll go up!

*Tom.* But stay; here comes my friend. Bob Logic; he shall tell you what a swell is—his head contains all the learning I beg his pardon—all the larks extant: he is a complete walking map of the metropolis—a perfect pocket dictionary of all the flash cant, and slang patter, either of St. James's or St. Giles's; only twig him. Welcome, my dear Bob; ten thousand welcomes.

*Enter LOGIC, L.*

*Log.* Thankye, my dear Tom—thankye. Seeing your natty gig and fast trotter at the door, as I passed, I couldn't avoid popping in to welcome you back to town. You've been sadly miss'd among the big ones since you've been away. Lots of chaffing about you at Daffy's.

*Tom.* I suppose so. You couldn't have popp'd in more opportunely! Allow me to introduce to you my companion and cousin, Jeremiah Hawthorn, Esquire, from Somersetshire; Jerry Hawthorn, Doctor Logic, commonly called Bob Logic—Doctor Logic, Jerry Hawthorn. Bob is the most finished man of all the pave, Jerry, whether for drinking, roving, getting in a row or getting out of one.

*Log.* Oh, you flatter me! I yield the palm to you in those particulars. To be sure I always was a knowing one.

*Tom.* You were, Bob.

*Log. (to Jerry.)* Your most obedient, Sir; happy to see you. *(they shake hands.)* Where did you pick him up? *(to Tom.)*

*Tom.* A slip from the chawbacons; rescued him from yokels. The business is this; bred up in Somersetshire, Jerry has never before crossed Claverton downs. He is now come to see life, and rub off a little of the rust. In affecting this desirable consummation, you can materially assist; under so skilful a professor of the flash as you, Bob—

*Jerry.* Flash! I'm at fault again, Tom.

*Tom.* Explain, Bob.

*Log.* Flash, my young friend, or slang, as others call it, is the classical language of the Holy Land ; in other words, St. Giles's greek.

*Jerry.* St. Giles's greek; that is a language, doctor, with which I am totally unacquainted, although I was brought up at a Grammar School.

*Log.* You are not particular in that respect; many great scholars, and better linguists than you, are quite as ignorant of it ; it being more studied in the Hammer Schools than the Grammar Schools. Flash, my young friend, or slang, as others call it, is a species of cant in which the knowing ones conceal their roguery from the flats; and it is one of the advantages of seeing Life in London, that you may learn to talk to a rogue in his own language, and fight him with his own weapons.

*Tom.* I was telling him before you came in, Bob, that he must go in training for a swell, and he didn't understand what I meant.

*Jerry.* Oh, yes, I did, Tom!

*Tom.* No, no, you didn't; come confess your ignorance.

*Log.* Not know what a swell meant ?

*Tom.* No; he wasn't up.

*Jerry.* Not up!

*Log.* That is, you were not down!

*Jerry.* Not down!

*Tom.* No ; you're green!

*Jerry.* Green!

*Log.* Ah! not fly!

*Tom.* Yes, not awake!

*Jerry.* "Green! fly! awake!" D—me, but I'm at fault again. I don't understand one word you are saying.

*Log.* We know you don't, and that's what we're telling you. Poor young man—very uninformed.

*Tom.* Quite ignorant, isn't he, Bob?

*Log.* Melancholy to think of—quite lamentable.

*Tom.* You must go to school again, Jerry.

*Jerry.* What! the Hammer School ?

*Log.* Yes, take your degrees under the classical Captain Grose. A swell, my dear boy, or rather an empty swell, is an animal very plentiful in the fashionable world; which, like the frog in the fable, wishing to appear greater than it is, and vie with the substantial John Bulls of the Exchange, keeps puffing and puffing itself out, till it bursts in the attempt, and proves its appearance, like itself, a bubble.

*Enter* REGULAR, L.

*Reg.* The sufferer's carriage is at the door, Sir.

*Tom.* What, Dicky Primefit? trundle him in.

*Reg.* This way, Mr. Primefit.

*Prime.* (*without, p. s.*) Have the goodness, young man, to desire my footman to tell my coachman to turn the horses' heads towards the Military Club House;—

*Enter* PRIMEFIT, L.

And take that pair of buckskins from under the seat, that I'm going to take home to the Duke of Dolittle.

*Reg.* Very well, Mr. Thing-emy. Must stick it into him for a new pair of *kickses*, by-and-by. [*Exit* P. s.]

*Prime.* Gentlemen, your most obedient. Mr. Corinthian, yours. What are your commands? was it your little bill you wanted? because if it is, I've got it all ready—'tis but a small account! [*unrolls long bill.*]

*Tom.* Eh! (*looking at it.*) oh, d—n your bill!

*Log.* (*after looking at it.*) Ah, d—n your bill!

[*throws himself on sofa.*]

*Jerry.* (*walking round it.*) Yes, d—n your bill!—I'm up, down, you see—I'm fly!

*Prime.* Very well, gentlemen, with all my heart—dem the bill: I'll take care of the receipt though: (*aside*) as you don't want to discharge your account, Mr. Corinthian, perhaps you wish to add to it; if so, I'll take your orders with pleasure.

*Tom.* You've nick'd it: the fact is this, Dicky—you must turn missionary. Here is a young native from the country, just caught, whom you must civilize.

*Prime.* Oh! I understand. From the cut of the gentleman's clothes, I presume he's lately come from the Esquimaux islands.

*Tom.* Ha! ha! very good, Primefit: I say, Jerry—you see he's down upon you.

*Jerry.* Yes, he's up, he's awake, he's fly—Ha! ha!

*Tom.* Now Dicky, out with your rainbow.

*Prime.* Here are the patterns, Gentlemen, the very last fashions, every one: you can chuse for yourself; but this is the colour most in vogue—generally greens.

*Jerry.* Yes, I'm told you London tailors are particularly fond of greens—cabbage to wit. But I am not very particular; only let me have something of this cut.

[*turning round and showing himself.*]

*Tom.* Oh, no, hang that cut; the colour may At; but the cut never will.

*Prime.* By the bye, if the gentleman's in a hurry, I've a suit of clothes in my carriage, that I was about to take home to the Marquis of Squander, which I think will fit him exactly.

*Tom.* Eh, the Marquis of Squander—just Jerry's diameter; why that will be the very thing! Let it be laid on the table directly.

*Prime.* Young man, bring that there bundle, into this here room. (*Regular brings on bundle. L.*) You will find these perfectly *comme il faut*, I can assure you.

*Tom.* Come, Jerry, cast your skin—peel—slip into the swell case at once, my boy—are you up?

*Jerry.* Peel! oh, I know—I'm down, Tom,—I'm fly.

*Tom.* Come, Dicky, put him all right—screw him into them.

*Prime.* You may rely upon me, Mr. Corinthian.

[*Jerry is fitted with Coat and Waistcoat; meantime, Tom and Regular box with gloves. (L—) When Jerry is dressed he struts along the front of the stage.*

*Jerry.* A tight fit, not much hunting room,—no matter,—there, Tom, I'm all fly.

*Tom.* I knew Dicky would finish him. There's not a better snyder in England, taking Nugee, Dollman, the Baron, and Rowlands into the bargain against him.

*Tom.* That will do—now then Dicky, mizzle!—be scarce!—broom!

*Prime.* Wouldn't intrude a moment, gentlemen, good morning—order my carriage, there, John—I'll just take an ice, and then for the Duke. [Exit P. S.]

*Jerry.* The Duke and an ice—cursed cool—If these are the London tailors, what must be their customers?

*Log.* It's the blunt that does it—blunt makes the man, Jerry.

*Jerry.* Blunt! I'm at fault again

*Tom.* Explain, Bob—

*Log.* Blunt, my dear boy, is—in short what is it not? It's every thing now o'days—to be able to flash the screens—sport the rhino—shew the needful—post the pony—nap the rent—stump the pewter—tip the brads—and down with the dust, is to be at once good, great, handsome, accomplished, and every thing that's desirable—money, money, is your universal good,—only get into Tip Street, Jerry.

*Tom.* Well, come let's make a start of it—where shall we go? no matter. I commit him to your care, Bob—

use him well, remember he is not out of pupi.'s straits, and musn't be blown up at point nonplus yet.

*Jerry.* Why on London points I confess I am miserably iguorant. But for any thing in the country, now—such as leaping a five-barred gate, jumping a ditch, trotting my pony against any tiling alive, wrestling, cudg'elling, or kissing in the ring, depend on it, Tom, you'll find me—fly!

*Log.* He's a fine-spirited youth, and will soon make a tie with us—we'll start first to the show shop of the metropolis, Hyde Park!—promenade it down the grand strut, take a ride with the pinks in Rotten Row, where dukes and dealers in queer—heavy plodders and operators—noblemen, and yokels—barber's clerks, costard-mongers—swell coves, and rainbows, all jostle one another; then we'll have a stroll through Burlington Arcade, peep in at Tattersal's, and finish as fancy leads us.

*Tom.* Bravo! Hyde Park! Burlington Arcade! nothing can be better.

*Log.* No; Arcades are all the go now.

SONG.

AIR —" *Carnival of Venice.*"

Bazaars have long since had their day,  
Are common grown and low;  
And now, at powerful Fashion's sway,  
Arcades are all the go.  
Then lets to Piccadilly haste,  
And wander through the shade;  
And half an hour of pleasure taste,  
In Burlington Arcade.

'Tis fashion's lounge, 'tis beauty's bower,  
'Tis art's select depot;  
'Tis fancy's mart, industry's dower,  
'Tis London's raree show.  
The Opera cannot with it vie  
Despite its Colonadei  
Then let's to Piccadilly hie,  
To Burlington Arcade. *[Exeunt Omnes L.*

SCENE V.—*Burlington Arcade.*

*Enter KATE, SUE, and JANE. R.*

*Kate.* Believe me, my dear Sue, nothing could add to the pleasure this visit from my old friend and school-fellow gives me, but the motive that led to it. To rescue Mr. Corinthian from the vortex of riot, folly, and ruin.

into which he is plunging, is the most earnest wish of my heart.

*Sue.* The same kind-hearted girl, as ever.—This is a likely spot you say, to meet these swains of ours—

*Kate.* It is—all the fashionables in London, stroll through here, on their way from the Parks, Pall Mall, and Bond Street; besides, Corinthian's great friend, Logic, lives in the Albany, hard by here; they'll be sure to call upon him the first thing on their arrival.

*Sue.* They can scarcely have reached Town before us.

*Kate.* Well, now to business—I have scribbled an anonymous billet-doux, daring Tom, and your lover? jallantry, to meet two unknown inamoratas at Almack's to-night—this it must be Jane's care to deliver; when they appear, she can easily muffle up her face, and by disappearing the moment she has given it, escape recognition. I have admissions; Tom, I know, can procure them; at Almack's, my cousin, the honorable Dick Trifle, shall introduce us as his sisters; there appearing to them with all the advantage of rank and dress, we cannot fail of awakening their slumbering passion.—Then leave the rest to me.

*Sue.* But will they not find us out?

*Kate.* They may be struck with the resemblance at first, but cannot credit the truth, under such circumstances.—If I can believe my eyes, I see them yonder, entering the Arcade—take the note, my dear Jane, loiter about, watch your opportunity, and deliver it with all the adroitness of a waiting woman. Now then for love and victory!

## TRIO.

AIR.— " *Military Waltz,*" by Mozart.

*Kate.* Ah, could I but once fix thee mine, love,  
We'd tenderly, truly entwine love;  
Our year's time might lengthen,  
Our faith he'd but strengthen,  
And render our lives here divine, love.

*Jane.* Then courage combined, you'll invincible prove,  
When friendship and beauty combine, love must yield.

*Omnes.* When woman takes arms, vict'ry smiles from above,  
And still crowns the fair, who wage war in love's field.

*Jane.* With virtue our guide, joy beams from the beginning.

*Omnes.* Then haste to the battle, haste, haste, to love's field,  
Oh, dear is that combat, where all bliss are winning,  
And they noblest conquer, who first are to yield.

[*Exeunt Kate and Sue.* R.S.E. *Jane conceals herself.*]

*Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, L.*

*Tom.* Now, my dear Jerry, to introduce you to another scene of Life in London;—you have taken a ride among the pinks in Rotten Row, have dipped into the Westminster pit, sported your blunt with the flue fakers and gay tyke boys on the phenomenon monkey—seen that gamest of all buffers, Rumpy-tum, with the rats; and now you can make an assignation with some of our dashing straw-chippers and nob-thatchers in Burlington Arcade.—This is the very walk of Cupid and here—

*[JANE slips the letter into his hand, and runs off. R.*

*Log.* I'm down.

*Jerry.* I'm fly!—

*Tom.* I say, you messenger of Cupid—hey, why zounds she's bolted!

*Log.* You'll give chase, Tom?

*Tom.* To be sure I will, Bob.

*Jerry.* I see her, clearing the corner of yonder street—I'm not at fault now.

*Tom.* Tip us the view hollo! then, Jerry.

*Jerry.* Yoicks! yoicks! *[Exeunt Omnes. R.*

SCENE VI.—TATTERSAL'S.—*Grooms. Jockeys, 1's-Yorkshire-Coves, Blacklegs, &c discovered.*

SOLO AND CHORUS.

AIR.—" *Gee ho, Dobbin.* "

Grooms, Jockies, and Chaunters, to Tattersal's bring,  
Your lame and blind spavin'd brads all in a string,  
Knowing ones, that have no legs to go on, may scoff,  
But we 1's Yorkshire coves here can make them go off.  
Gee ho, Dobbin! Gee ho, Dobbin!  
Gee ho, Dobbin! Gee up, and gee ho'

*Cope*—*(coming down front of stage.)* Well, master Gull'em, do you think we shall get the flat-catcher off to-day?

*Gul.* As sure as your name is Simon Cope, only wait till the flats come—have you given his pedigree to Tattersal?

*Cope.* Yes; and he's promised to put him up first.

*Gul.* Mind, you're the seller,—I'm the bidder—hallo! here's three swells coming this way—that one in the middle, looks like a flat, we must try it on upon him.

*Cope.* Hush! don't let's appear to know one another.

*Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, from behind.*

*Tom.* Confound the little gipsey, she has fairly given

us the slip, by Jupiter—however, the assignation must be attended to.—Almack's! smacks well. You are now at Tattersal's, Jerry, a very worthy fellow, who made his fortune by a horse called Highflyer.

*Jerry.* Hum! and if one may judge from the splendor, and extent of his premises, he seems to be no small high-flyer himself.

*Tom.* You are right, Jerry—I shall here buy a bit of cavalry—that is a prad, on your judgment.

*Jerry.* You'll not find me at fault here, depend on't.

*Tom.* What you're up, Eh ?

*Jerry.* Yes, quite fly, depend on't it.

*Gul.* I beg pardon, gemmen—want to buy a prad? here's one a gentleman wants to sell—you can't have a better, Sir; here, you Bob, bring him out. (*Ostler brings on horse.* R.— ) There's action for you—there's one to tip 'em the go-bye at a mill,—there's earth-stoppers—quiet to drive, quiet in harness, trots fifteen miles in less than an hour.

*Tom.* Ah, with his legs tied.

*Gul.* Warranted sound—he would be cheap at a hundred, and I shouldn't wonder if he was to go for thirty.

*Jerry.* Ah, thirty pence—two-and-six-pence,— I wouldn't have him at a gift.

*Log.* He may be a good one to go—but he's a rum one to look at—one of my lord Cagmag's sort, he always drives two puffers, a stumbler, and a blinker.

*Gul. (to Cope.)* These chaps are awake ; it won't suit.

*Cope.* Never mind, we shall meet a flat presently.

*Tat. (who has now mounted the rostrum.)* Now, gentlemen, we'll proceed to business. The first article I have to offer to your notice, is that prime Yorkshire stallion Bite—he was got by Blackleg out of Greenhorn—what shall I say, gentlemen, for this beautiful and most service able animal?—he is rising five, next grass—warranted sound—perfect in all his paces.

*Tom.* Nine pence.

*Tat.* Ah, Sir! (*to Jerry.*) What do you say, Sir ?

*Jerry.* Why, if you'll put his other eye in, I'll give you three halfpence a pound for him.

*Log.* Let's be off, Tom—Come, Jerry.

[*Exit Tom, Jerry, and Logic.* L.]

*Tat.* Come, gentlemen, will nobody be a bidder?

*Enter JEMMY GREEN, from c. F.*

*Green.* Yes, I'll bid—I'll bid. Mr. Green from the

City. I want's an orse, and I like the looks of that 'ere hanimal amazingly, and I'm no bad judge, I tell you that.

*Gul.* Here's a customer by jingo. It's booked. Mr. Green's the purchaser, (*aside*) That's a famous horse, that there, Sir—I mean to have him at any price.

*Green.* I don't know that, Mister.

*Gul.* I must clench it at once—fifteen pounds for that 'ere horse.

*Green.* Twenty pounds, Mr. Hauctioneer.

*Cope.* Beg pardon, Sir, but you can't have a better horse, and he's cheap at fifty.

*Green.* I'm wery much obliged to you, for your advice—but I happens to know what an orse is—I'm not a *hass* ! I'll have him, but I shan't go further nor forty.

*Gul.* Five and twenty pounds.

*Green.* Thirty.

*Tat.* Thirty pounds; any advance upon thirty pounds?

*Green.* Yes, five more.

*Tat.* Thankye, Sir; thirty-five.

*Gul.* Thirty-six, my regular.

*Green.* Thirty-seven, my regular, [*trying to imitate him.*]

*Gul.* Thirty-nine.

*Green.* Thirty-nine, for me too.

*Tat.* It's against you, Mr. Green.

*Green.* Against me is it? vy I bid as much as him.—Vell forty!

*Tat.* For forty pounds, have you all done at forty ? last time at forty—forty—going for forty! going—going—gone! Mr. Green, he's yours.

*Green.* I've bought him!

*Tat.* You have indeed, Sir!

*Green.* Here's your money, Sir—Mr. Green, from Tooley Street—you'll find two twenties! and I'm wery much obliged to you for your serwility.

*Cope.* You don't want a civil honest lad to lead him home for your honor, do you, Sir ?

*Green.* No, thank'ye, I'm not going to trust an hanimal like that with nobody but myself. Can nobody have the goodness, to lend me a bit of rope, to get him along vith?

*Cope.* No, we've got you in a line, and that's quite enough. (*aside.*) You bought him too cheap to have rope with him, Sir; but here's a hay-band, that will do perhaps.

*Green.* An ay-band—oh, ah; an ay-band will do

wery well,—do you think I can get him as far as Tooley Street, vith this?

*Cope.* Oh, yes, Sir, he's as quiet as a lamb, and a famous hunter.

*Green.* An unter! I've taken'em all in ; I've bought an unter! *(aside.)*

*Cope.* All, and nothing but a good one neither—such a one to clear a gate.

*Green.* Vot ? clear a gate! vy, then I shan't have to pay no turnpikes!—How pleased they'll be in Tooley Street, when I tell's my Pa, I've bought an unter!

*Gul.* We'll get something more out of him yet. *(aside to Cope.)* So you think you have bought that 'ere horse, do you, Mister?—Now, I say, I've bought him. *(to Green.)*

*Green.* You bought him ? that's a good un ! but I'm not to be taken in, in this here manner!—if you bought him, I paid lor him, that s all I knows.

*Gul.* I say I bought him, and the horse is mine.

*Green.* I say as how, you are a wery unpurlite gentleman.

*Cope. (coming between them.)* Oh, gentlemen, I'm sorry to see you quarrel.—*(to Gull'em.)*—Let me speak to the gentleman, and I'll convince him.—*(to Green.)*—Sir if you'll give me a one pound note, I'll swear you bought him, and that the horse is yours, *(aside.)*

*Green.* Sir, I'm wery much obliged to you, you're werry purlite ; and as I don't mind a von pound note, and vishes to 'ave that 'ere hanimal all to myself, vy, there's the money.

*Cope. (aside )* I've done him. *(to Gull'em.)* Oh, the horse belongs to this gentleman,—I saw him pay for it.

*Green.* To be sure he did.

*Gul.* Oh, if you paid for him, you certainly bought him.

*Green.* Certainly; I'm glad it's all settled: I thinks as how I may as veil ride him home. Vill you please to assist me to mount ?—*(Gull'em puts him with his face to the horses tail)*

*Green.* Holloa ; vy the horse's head's behind. Turn him round, it you please, young man. Come, no tricks,—*(they turn the horse round.)*—Vy, the horse's head is behind yet.—*(Green jumps off his back.)*—I see you're going it, but I'm not to be had—I'm a knowing von! I shall lead him home myself.—Good morning, gentlemen, I thank you for all your serwilities.

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha!

*[Exit Green with horse, L.S.E. followed by Omnes.*

SCENE VII.—*Hyde Park Corner.*

*Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, R.*

*Tom.* Ha! ha! ha! was there ever such a flat, as that Mr. Green?—we can buy no prad to day, Jerry; we must go when some gentleman's stud is selling; and while the dealers are running down the cattle, wo-can get a prime good one for a song. But now for Almack's—the highest Life in London! and see what game Cupid has sprung up for us in that quarter

*Jerry.* I long to be there,—let's hasten to dress at once.

*Log.* Aye; call a rattler

*Jerry.* A rattler! I'm at fault again.

*Log.* A rattler is a rumbler, otherwise a jarvy! better known perhaps by the name of a hack; handy enough in a wet day, or a hurry.

*Jerry.* A hack! If it is the thing we rattled over the stones in to-day, it might more properly be called a bone-setter.

*Tom.* Or bone breaker—But if you dislike going in a hack, we'll get you a mab.

*Jerry.* A mab!—I'm at fault again—never shall get properly broken in.

*Tom.* A mab is a jingling jarvy!—a cabriolet, Jerry—But we must mind our flash doesn't peep out at Almack's. 'Tis classic ground there; the rallying spot of all the rank, wealth, and beauty in the metropolis; the very atmosphere of it is—

*Jerry.* Rather different to that of Rum-ti-tum and the rats, I should imagine.

*Tom.* A shade or two!—we must be on our P's and Q's there—forget the Phenomenon and the Fancy—If you find me tripping, Jerry, whisper Lethe to bury it in oblivion; and, if necessary, I'll do the same kind office for you. *[Exit Tom. L.*

*Jerry.* Ten thousand thanks!

*Log.* Come along, then. Now, Jerry, chivey!

*Jerry.* Chivey?

*Log.* Mizzle!

*Jerry.* Mizzle?

*Log.* Tip your rags a gallop!

*Jerry.* Tip my rags a gallop?

*Log.* Walk your trotters!

*Jerry.* Walk my trotters?

*Log.* Bolt!

*Jerry.* Bolt? oh, aye! I'm fly now. You mean, go.

SONG.—LOGIC.

AIR.—"Sure -sucha day .'"

Run, Jerry, run, all London are quadrilling it,  
 Jerry, Tom, and Logic, must not be behind;  
 Come, Jerry, come, now for toeing it, and heeling it,  
 'La Poule' et 'la Finale,'—soon we'll partners find.  
 King Almack, with his Star and Garter coterie,  
 To night does invite, come, we each must be a votary.  
 No time to waste, then haste, Willis strict is, we must nick it;  
 Not even a Field Marshal can get in without a ticket.

Run, Jerry, &c.  
*Exeunt L.*

*Enter KATE, SUE, and JANE, escorted by the Honorable  
 DICK TRIFLE, R.*

*Trifle.* This way, my de-a-r creatures; only name  
 your wishes, and you'll find me all devotion, *pan hanour*.

*Kate.* There will be some gentlemen at Almack's soon,  
 my dear Trifle, to whom you must introduce us; on  
 which occasion, we shall wish to borrow your name.

*Trifle.* Eh! lend my name? a mere trifle, don't blush;  
 I do it every day to both male and female. A great  
 many ladies are in the habit of taking my name ;—there  
 are a vast number of Mrs. Trifles upon Town, *pan hanour*.

*Kate.* We must be the Miss Trifles.

*Sue.* I declare, my dear Kate, the very apprehension  
 of overstepping the bounds of decorum in this affair,  
 makes me blush to the very fingers' ends.

*Kate.* Don't let sensibility overcome you, my dear  
 Sue; rely on my prudence and experience in this affair.  
 —You shall understand all about it soon, my dear Trifle.

*Trifle.* Oh, you needn't trouble me with any under-  
 standing ; I never refuse a woman any tiling, *pan hanour*.

*[Exit with Kate and Sue. L*

*Jane.* I long for the time ; how tedious are the hours  
 of suspense—years of certainty are moments to them.

SONG.—JANE.

Am.—" *Di Tanti Palpiti.* "

Love with doubt no joy can give,  
 Doubt hath still destroying power;  
 Lovewith hope will ages live,  
 But not with doubt an hour.

When jealous fears fill hearts that hearts adore.  
 Farewell each fond thrill, love throbs no more;  
 Passion will passion kill, joy's reign is o'er.  
 Then hoping, yet fearing, dark shadows appearing.  
 O'er-clouding, and shrouding, comes sighing, and dying.  
 Love with doubt no joy can give,  
 Doubt hath still destroying pow  
 Love with hope will ages live,  
 But not with doubt an hour.  
 Doubt reigning! our madness,  
 But yields us to sadness ;  
 It still it's canker throws  
 To blight affection's rose;  
 And, oh! worst curse of fate.  
 Turns all our love to hate. [Exit L.

SCENE VIII.—*Almack's brilliantly illuminated Dutch-  
 ess of Diamonds, Countess Conversatione, Princess  
 Plumante, Lady Eastend, Baron Rufus, Sir Tilbury  
 Unit, and Company discovered.*

*Enter* KATE, SUE, JAKE, and TRIFLE, C. F.

*Sue.* I do not see them, yet.

*Kate.* I can depend upon Corinthian ; and I think you  
 may upon your lover: in the mean time, let us have a  
 minuet to dissipate our ennui.

*Enter* GREEN, L.S.E *in ball dress.*

*Green.* (*coming forward.*) Aye, aye, a minnivit to dis-  
 sipate our *ong ree*, by all means.

*Sue.* As I live. Trifle, here is that Mr. Green, to whom  
 you introduced us.

*Trifle.* Aye, aye, from the City—We find these City  
 folks, these Greens, excessively useful in money matters,  
*pan Annour*—How are you, my dear fa-el-low ?

*Sue.* Your servant, Mr. Green.

*Green.* Ladies, your most *demoted*.—Mr. Trifle, your  
 humble—Oh, this is the master of the ceremonies, I sup-  
 pose ; and those are the two that's to dance the gawott—  
 Yes, that's Willb—*permitty may.*

*[takes Kate and Sue's arms.*

*Kate.* Eh, bless me, Mr. Green, what is the matter?  
 why you seem quite out of spirits; I hope nothing has  
 happened to Mrs. Green, or any of the little Greens ?

*Green.* Oh, no, nothing—but you labour under a mis-  
 quite entirely—there is no Mrs. Green—I am not an  
 man yet! there are no little Greens neither, no  
 young sprouts, I assure you—No, I'm out of spirits

because I have been dishd, and doodled out of forty pounds to-day ; I have been taken in by the purchase of an orse at Tattersal's.—It was a wery fine looking hani - mal, but before I got him home, the cursed creature went upon three legs—Drag-g'd the other behind him, like a pendelhum.

*Kate.* My dear, Mr. Green, will you join in a dance?

*Green.* Oh, dear no—I couldn't think of such a thing—I never danced but once, and then I was so excruciated with termidity that I tripped up my partner, lost one of my shoes, and diskivered an ole in my stocking.

*Kate.* Oh, horrid, how could you support the shock ? But here is a lady, who is absolutely pining for the honor of your hand.

*Green.* Vell if she'll instruct me when I'm out, I don't mind making one in a quod-reel.

*Sue.* That's well said—hey, here they are, now, my dear Trifle. *[they retire up stage.*

*Enter Tom, JERRY, and LOGIC, full dressed, L.*

*Tom.* At length, my dear Jerry, we are at Almack's, though egad I began to think we should be too late.

*Jerry.* This indeed is a splendid view of Life in London.

*Tnm.* It is; the tip-top ! set off to the best advantage, by the best dresses, finished by the best behaviour.

*[ Trifle quizzes through glass up stage.*

*Log.* Yes, witness that puppy, staring us out of countenance with his quizzing glass yonder—why don't he wear green specs, as I do, if his ogles are queer.

*Tom.* LETHE! LETHE! my dear Bob-you forget where you are.

*Jerry.* The half-and half coves are somewhat different from the swaddies, and gay tyke boys, at the dog pit—Eh, Tom ?

*Tom.* Lethe ! Lethe ! my dear Jerry—Mum!

*Trifle. [aside advancing.]* My dear fa-el-ow, you really must excuse my interrupting you—but what can you possibly have been preaching to your friend from the country so long—here are three lovely girls waiting to be introduced to you—relations of mine, the honorable Miss Trifles—we must make up a quadrille.

*Tom.* Three girls, Jerry!—do you hear that ?

*Jerry.* I'm up—

*Trifle.* I'm not equal to the fatigue of an introduction

myself,—but my friend Green from the City here, will oblige me by taking the trouble off my hands.

*Green.* With the greatest of pleasure—the honorable Miss Trifle—Mr. Corinthian.—The honorable Miss S. Trifle—Mr. Hawthorn.—The honorable Miss J. Trifle—Doctor Logic.

*[Ceremony of introduction takes place, KATE to TOM, SUE to JERRY, and JANE to LOGIC—Tom behaving with the most polished nonchalance ; Jerry with country gallantry ; and Logic with smirking confidence.*

*Jerry.* What divinities ! but I say, Tom, this girl is as like my Sue, as—yet it can't be.

*Tom.* And this one is as like my Kate as one pea is like another—I could have betted every rap—six quid to four—

*Jerry.* Lethe, Tom,—Lethe,—L-E-T-H-E. *[spelling it.*

*Tom.* The retort courteous—I own it.

*Green.* Excuse my hinterfering, my dear fellows, but ve're just going to make up a quodreel, and vant you to join us.

*Tom.* Ah ! ah ! a quadrille by all means— you'll dance, Jerry!

*Jerry.* I know nothing about quadrilles, Tom—but the deuce is in it if I can't cut as good a figure as Green, so I don't care if I do kick up my heels a bit.

*Green.* Aye, a dance, a dance. *[Green comes down stage.*

SONG.—JANE.

AIR.—*Quadrille " La Finale."*

Now for quadrilling, toeing and heeling;  
 Every one to his place repair.  
 Each with his lady, anxious and ready;  
 Hey for the merry Finale there,  
 Cross hands, Ladies, Beaux are burning,  
 Balancez ! your partner turning,  
 Chaine-en-dames! all coldness spuming,  
 Then with your fair advance with care,  
 Now for quadrilling, &c.

*Quadrille " la Dorset."*

Lovers still like the favoring dance.  
 For loudly while the music plays.  
 They their fond passion can advance,  
 In all love's thousand serpent ways.  
 Occupied every watchful eye,  
 That on their passion cold might frown  
 They in full liberty can sigh,  
 Till answering sighs their crown.

Scene 8. TOM AND JERRY. 31

Then, oh, how sweet, when palm to palm,  
Warmly pressing, love expressing;  
Forms entwining, looks divining,  
All beauty only dares but guest.

Lovers, &c.

*During the singing of these Airs by JANE, Comic Quadrilles—in the course of which GREEN runs against Baron Ruffus, and severely contuses his forehead by the concussion—the Baron faints, but is brought to by the sal volatile of LADY EASTEND—JERRY in kicking up behind, afterwards throws down GREEN, and puts the whole in confusion.*

*After Dance, JERRY advances with SUE.*

*Jerry.* Sweet girl! may I be permitted to hope that the partnership of this evening may lead to one for life?

*Sue* Ah ! Sir, a dance affords you gallant gentlemen worlds of latitude for flattery and deceit.

*Jerry.* Nay, I am sincere, by heaven !

*Sue.* Come, Sir, they are about to waltz, and if you wouldn't have my head as giddy as you seem to think my heart is, you will conduct me to a seat.

*Jerry.* With rapture! This is, indeed, Life in London, *(aside)*

*Waltzing commences ; the principal dancing lady brings TRIFLE or GREEN forward, waltzing to an adaptation of Rossini's " Di tanti palpiti."*

GRAND FINAL E.—*(Omnes.)*

SOLO.—TRIFLE or GREEN

AIR.—" Merrily Oh" 

Never talk to me of waltzing, it,  
Giddily, o : Giddily, O!  
'Til a dance has many faults in it,  
Giddily, O ! Giddily, O!  
First it strains our stays, in a thousand ways,  
Whiskers much amaze, till your collar strays,  
And you make a thousand halts in it,  
Giddily, Giddily, O!

JANE to LOGIC.

AIR.—" Hungarian Waltz."

Ah, should I believe you, too soon I might rue it.  
For blue you might look through your spectacles green,  
Turn fickle and false, and add jealousy to it,  
A poor green-eyed monster—ah, think what a scene.

TOM AND JERRY. [Act 2.

KATE to TOM.

AIR.—" *Lieber Augustine.* "

Yes, I believe you will prove faithful-hearted;  
And stilt on our quadrille think long hours throughs  
But should you prove untrue, when we have parted,  
I'll die as torn flowers do, still true to you.

SUE to JERRY.

AIR.—" *Copenhagen Waltz.* "

Let me first have friendship, first love is a folly;  
And friendship, when worthy, may warm into love;  
The love that joins friendship, is fervent and holy,  
And fit to be felt by the angels above.

*[All these Tunes harmonize together—the whole of the Parties fill in the front of the stage, and staying the different Airs at the same time.*

CODA, OMNES.—*Original Air.*

How bless'd the night has pass'd;  
Ah ! could such nights of bliss for ever last  
Sight of joy ! every where,  
Beam sweet smiles devoid of care.  
Ah, how sweet, how dear to trace.  
Pleasure's looks in every face;  
Oh ! how to love it leads the heart;  
Oh, such nights—such delights—  
As these can never  
They raptures, ext  apart;  
Endless transports they inspire,  
Till the soul is sweetly undone !—  
This is Life—this is Life in London!

*[During this, the Company waltz at back ; and the Characters sing and waltz in front till Curtain falls on Grand Tableau.—End of Act I.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.— *Tom Cribb's Parlour.—Swell Coves, Millers &c. drinking and blowing their clouds ; Tom, Jerry, and Logic among them.—Cribb, in the chair.*

CHORUS—(Omnes.)

AIR.—" *Oh, who has not heard of a Jolly Young Waterman.* "

Oh, who has not heard of our gallant black diamond.  
Who once down at Hungerford us'd for to ply ?  
His mawleys he us'd with such skill and dexterity,  
Winning each mill, making each miller fly !  
He fibb'd so neat—he stopped so steadily;  
He hit so strait—he floor'd so readily.  
In every game 'twas the Cribb won it fair;  
He's Champion of England, and now fills the chair.

*Cribb.* Thank'ye, gentlemen, thank'ye—but as I see by our sporting oracle, "The Dispatch," there's a mill on foot,—I'll give you, "May the best man win."

*All drink.* "May the best man win."

*Green.* May the best man win.

*Log.* With all my heart; but zounds we've almost buzz'd the bowl—let's have another—and dy'e hear, Tom, serve it up in your Prize Cup; Jerry hasn't seen it, and we musn't omit that.

*Cribb.* With all my heart, Doctor, but you must stand a bottle to see the Cup.

*Log.* Yes, yes, I'll stand a bottle to christen the Cup.

*Jerry.* Aye, aye, I'll stand a bottle, Tom.

*Tom.* Ditto, for me.

*Green.* Yes, and I'll stand a bottle of ditto, too.

*Jerry.* This may indeed be call'd the very Temple of the Fancy.

*Log.* Yes and here are some of the finest fancy sketches in the kingdom.

*Tom.* Well, Jerry, after our last night's divertisement at Almack's, the set-to I gave you this morning at the great Commissary General, Jackson's rooms, cannot be better followed up than by a turn in the sporting parlour of honest Tom Cribb.

*Cribb.* Thank'ye, Mr. Corinthian; I'll always do my best to satisfy you in any way.

*Tom.* There is one way, Tom, in which you would very soon satisfy us.

*Jerry.* Yes, and I'm thinking not a little to our dissatisfaction. I am of opinion that every gentleman should practice the art of self-defence, if it were only to protect him from the insults of vulgar ignorance; though I by no means set myself up as a champion for boxing.

*Log.* No, for if you did we've a Champion here who would set you down.—We'll drink his health, and may he ever prove as successful as when lie floor'd the black miller, at Thiselton Gap. *[all drink.]*

*Tom.* Tom, your health. *(Cribb rises.)* Silence for Tom's speech—doff your castor, Tom,—that's the time of day.

*Cribb.* Gentlemen, my humble duty to you,—here's all your healths, and your families. Bless your soul, I can claim no merit for what I've done; fighting came naturally like, and thinking others might be as fond of it as myself, why I always gave them a belly-full.

*Tom.* Bravo, Tom! an excellent speech—Cicero never spoke better.

*Log.* No, nor any tiling like it.

*Tom.* Oil, liere comes the cup,—look out, Jerry. (*Enter WAITER, with the Champion's Cup. L.—*)—Come, Tom—I pledge you. [*Cribb chinks, the cup is passed.*]

*Jerry.* Well, this is the pleasantest way of cupping a man, I ever heard of—but come, Bob, give us a song.

*Log.* With all my heart, only let me sluice my whistle first.

SONG.—LOGIC.

AIR.—" *Such a Beauty I did grow.* "

Oh, when I was a little boy,  
Some thirty years ago ;  
I prov'd such an anointed one,  
They made me quite a shew ;

CHORUS.—Such a knowing one I did grow.

At tea I stole the sugar,  
And I slyly pinch'd the girls;  
I roasted mammy's parrot,  
Shod the cat in walnut shells.

Such a knowing, &c.

At school I play'd the truant,  
And would robbing orchards go;  
I burned my master's cane and rod,  
And tore the foolscap, too.

Such a knowing, &c.

As I learnt nought but mischief there,  
To College I was sent :  
Where I learn'd to game and swear,  
On fun and frolic bent.

Such a knowing, &c.

In town I mili'd the Charlies,  
Aim'd at all within the ring;  
Became one of the fancy,  
And was up to every thing.

Such a knowing, &c.

*Jerry.* Bravo! but zounds, Tom! Tom! what are you musing so profouudedly about ?

*Tom.* I was thinking about the women, Jerry ; those enchanting girls we danced wih at Almack's—could they be the incognitas that challenged us thithet ? There is some secret charm about those girls that hasn't allowed me to rest all night.

*Jerry.* Well, and do you know, Tom, to tell you the truth, I haven't been a whit better than yourself.

*Tom.* I've observed it—you feel it all about the left side.

*Jerry.* Yes, all about the core.

Tom. But, I say, only see how confoundedly the dustman's getting hold of Logic,—we'll funk him.

[ *Tom and Jerry smoke Logic.*

Log. Oh, hang your cigars, I don't like it; let's have no funking.

Tom. Well, come, come, rouse up; don't be crusty, Bob—let's start on some spree; no doubt we shall spring a lark somewhere, (*rattles heard. P. s.*) There's one! go it, Jerry!—Come, Green.

Log. Aye, come, Jerry, there's the Charlies' fiddles going.

Jerry. Charlies' riddles?—I'm not fly, Doctor.

Log. Rattles, Jerry, rattles! you're fly now, I see. Come along, Tom! Go it, Jerry!

GLEE.—(*Omnes.*)

AIR.—" *Hark the Lark.*"

Hark! hark! the lark it now begins.

And Charlies join the row;  
And prigs and pals are on their pins,  
As soon the flats will know;  
And walking lady-birds flock round,  
Nor fear to gain black eyes;  
Soon one is floor'd upon the ground,  
While loud her Flashman cries,  
Arise my lady-bird, arise! *Exeunt Omnes. L*

SCENE II. — *The City side of Temple Bar, by Moonlight.*

*Watchbox—Watchmen crying the Hour at different parts of the stage.*

*Enter drunken BUCK. R.*

Buck. Steady! steady!—now where shall I go?—I think I'll go strait home, (*reels.*) No, I won't! I'll go where I think proper—I'll go out again—I'll go—where Hike. *Exit L.*

*Enter Gas Light Man, R. S. E. who lights the Lamp*

SONG.—GAS.

AIR.—" *I'm jolly Dick the Lamplighter.*"

I'm saucy Jack, the gas-light man,  
I put the prigs to rout;  
For where I light do all they ran,  
They're sure to be found out.  
Your beaks and traps are fools to me,  
For in the darkest night;  
'Tis I that lets the people see,  
And bring their tricks to light. *Exit L*

Enter O'BOOZLE, R. S. E. CHAUNT.

AIR.—" *Author's Melody.*"

Past twelve o'clock—and a moon-light night!  
 Past twelve o'clock—and the stars shine bright!  
 Past twelve o'clock—your doors are all fast like you!  
 Past twelve o'clock—and I'll soon be fast too!

Re-enter BUCK. L.

*Buck.* Past two did you say, Watchey? didn't think it had been half so late—I think it's time for me to go home to bed.

*O'Booz.* Why, yes, I thinks as how it is, Sir—you've been taking a little too much refreshment—steady! steady! hold up, Sir. [*pretends to assist him, and picks his pocket of his handkerchief.*]

*Buck.* Good night, old Clockey. *reels off.* R.

*O'Booz.* Good night, Sir—take care nobody robs your honour—why the gentleman's left his vipe behind him, and I mustn't go off my beat to give it htm: how unfortunate—I'll call him back! Sir, Sir. (*whispers*) Bless my soul how wery deaf that ere gentleman is!—well I must take care of it for him till he calls again!—I don't know what would become of these here young chaps if it wasn't for such old coveys as we are—Oh, here comes that cursed Gas!

*He-enter* GAS. L.

*Gas.* Well, Watchey, and what have you to say about the Gas? Eh?

*O'Booz.* Why, that you've been the ruin of our calling—that's all!

*Gas.* Pooh! pooh! nonsense! I only throw a light upon the abuses of it. (*pushes by O'Boozle.*)

*O'Booz.* Holloa! you had better mind what you are at with your Jacob, or I shall just

[*Sounds rattle.*]

*Gas.* Come, come, silence your coffee-mill.

*O'Booz.* What I've got to say, is this—yes, the matter of the business is this here:—Since you sprung up, my beat 'ant worth having—I havn't had a broken head for these ten days past, and there's no such thing as picking up a couple of sweethearts now—why there isn't a dark corner in the whole parish.

*Gas.* No more there should be. Folks have been kept a little too long in the dark.

*O'Booz.* Have they?

*Gas.* But good night, for I suppose as how you won't stand a drop o'nothing, old Bacon-face?

*O'Booz.* No, I suppose I von't stand a drop of nothing! young Calf's head?

*[Exit Gas, R. s. E singing !' I'm saucy Jack," &c.*

*O'Booz.* I think I've given him his change.—Well, I don't see the use of my kicking my heels about here,—people's clocks can tell them the time just as well as I can, I'm sure! and a great deal better, if they knew all'.—so I shall go into my box, after I've call'd the half-hour, and have a regular snooze. — It looks damned cloudy to".

CHAUNT.

AIR.—" *Author's Melody.*"

Half-past twelve—and a cloudy morning!  
Half-past twelve—mind, I've given you warning  
Half-past twelve—now I'm off to sleep!  
And the morning soon my watch will keep!

*[goes into Box, and falls asleep.*

*Enter KATE and SUE, (O. P.) disguised as two young bucks,*

*Kate.* Well, here we are, just before them—and now to cure them of their love and rambling it must be our plan to involve them in all the scrapes we can, we shall never have a better opportunity.

*Sue.* No, 'tis now the very witching time of night, as Shakspeare says.

SONG.—KATE.

AIR.—" *Ackee Oh ! Ackee Oh .*"

When the moon o'er Temple Bar  
Glimmers slow, and gas lights glow;  
And lock'd in sleep, grave big wigs are  
Snoring sound asleep.  
We for pleasure gaily run,  
Full of frolic, full of fun;  
Whisking oh! frisking oh!  
To pick up a beau.

*Sue.* Stand aside, my dear Kate, I see occasion for our being active here! if I may trust my eyes, yonder comes a lovely girl—I must have some sport with her.

*Enter MRS. TARTAR, L.*

*Mrs. T.* There, I've shut up the shop, and as it's Mr Tartar's turn to sit as Constable of the night, I'll just take him the street-door key, and then he can let himself in when he pleases—I hope the dear man won't be long.

TOM AND JERRY. [Act 2.

*Kate.* Never mind, ma'am, if he should be—any thing in my power—

*Mrs. T.* Keep your distance, Sir—I'll call the watch.

*Sue.* Nay, but my dear madam, when beauty like yours is neglected, it is the duty of every mas. [*kisses her.*]

*Mrs. T.* Don't take liberties, Sir.

*Kate.* I wouldn't take a liberty for the world.

*Mrs. T.* Eh, I shall be ruin'd, I'll call out—here, watch! watch! [*kisses her.*]  
[*rattles heard.*]

*Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, with Umbrella. L.*

*Jerry.* Aye, aye, aye, put down the rain napper, Doctor, the shower is over now. What's the matter?

*Mrs. T.* I'm in the greatest distress imaginable.

*Tom.* Holloa, what's the row?—a woman in distress! where's the man would refuse his assistance?

*Kate.* Who are you, Sir?

*Sue.* Yes, who are you, Sir?

*Tom.* What, shew fight! I'm your man! [*to Kate.*]

*Jerry.* And I'm your man, my little one. [*to Sue.*]

*Log. (to Mrs. T.)* And I'm your man, Ma'am.

*Mrs. T.* Watch! watch! [*rattles are heard.*]

*Enter TEDDY M'LUSH, an Irish watchman, s.*

*M'L.* Ulloa, here! what the devil have you got a fire?

*Tom.* What do you ask for your beaver, Charley?

*Mrs. T.* Why, my goodness, watchman, you are quite drunk.

*M'L.* Eh, drunk are you,—then I'll take care of you.

*Mrs. T.* But I want to give charge of these two gentlemen, who have behaved in the most extravagant manner—almost kissed me to death.

*M'L.* Oh, you want to charge these gentlemen in an extravagant manner, for almost kissing them to death, do you—but I'll soon put a stop to it.

*Kate.* That's right, watchman.

*Tom.* Zounds! fellow, do you think we're to be bullied in this fashion?

*M'L.* Oh, you're bullies drest in the fashion, are you?—I'll soon take charge of ye.

[*Springs rattle—it is answered without, R. and L.*]

*Tom.* A surprize! I'll make sure of this fellow, at all events. Now, Jerry, I'll show you how to box a Charley.

*Log.* Stop my boys, secure your tattlers.

[*they put up their watches.*]

*Tom.* Now, go it Jerry,—can you play at cricket?

*Jerry.* Yes, Tom.

*Tom.* Then catch—here's the gentleman's tooth picker, and here's his glim. [*throws stick and lanthorn to Jerry.*]

*Tom upsets O'Boozle's box—enter Watchmen, R--- and L. s. E General row.—Rattles, R. s. E. Logic fights M'Lush.—Kate, Mrs. Tartar and Sue, run off. —L.*

*Green enters R.—with a bloody nose and two watchmen ; he runs off. Jerry fights off with three watchmen. R.—Tom fights with three watchmen, floors them, and exits K.—O'Boozte creeps from under his box and finishes the scene by hobbling off springing his rattle. R.*

SCENE III.—*Fleet Street—St. Dmstan's.—All the Characters in the last Scene enter confusedly. L.*

CHORUS. (*Omnes.*)

AIR.—*From the Spectacle of "Don Juan."*

Watch! watch! watch! Lord how they're bawling!

Catch! catch! catch! That's if you can.

Scratch! scratch! scratch! Pulling and hauling—

Wretch! wretch! wretch! You are the man.

Patch! patch! patch! Lots of head breaking!

Fetch! fetch! fetch! the constable, John.

Match! match! match! Match them for raking.

Watch! watch! watch! My watch is gone.

*Mill renewed—the Women get away us before—Tom and Jerry perform prodigies of valour, but are at length overpowered by numbers, and borne off. R. Green enters alarmed, R. S.E. flies on all sides for safety, but is at length caught up by a watchman in his arms, and carried off. R. s. E. Scene closes on two watchmen cuffing one another by mistake.*

SCENE IV.—*Interior of St. Dunstan's Watch-house.—*

MR. TARTAR, *Constable of the Night, discovered at table ; pen, ink, Sc. Watchmen in attendance. Noise heard without, R. s. E. Cries of " Charge! Charge!*

*Mr. T.* Holloa! a charge! I must get into my big chair, pull off my night-cap, cock my wig, and look official. [*Watchman opens the door, R. s. E and is knocked down by rush.*]

*Enter TOM, JERRY, LOGIC. WATCHMEN, KATE, JANE, SUE, MRS. TARTAR, O'BOOZLE, and M'LUSH, very uproariously. R. s.E. MRS. TARTAR makes signs to MR. TARTAR.*

*Ommes.* Mr. Constable! Mr. Constable—Please your worship, this man!—this woman!

*Mr. T.* Silence! silence!—Eh, the devil! Sally Tartar, my wife!—and winking at me not to take any notice.

*Ommes.* Please your worship—I—I—

*Mr. T.* Silence! silence! Watchman, do you speak first.

*Mrs. T. (aside to TOM.)* Be quiet—I'll soon turn the tables.

*M'L.* Plaise your honour, I have brought before your worship a most notorious substitute and common street talker, who, for her foul doings, has been cooped up in the Poultry Compter, as often as there are years in a week.—I caught her charging these honest gentlemen, (*pointing to TOM and JERRY*) in a most impositious manner, and when I civilly axed her, how she could think of getting drunk, and acting so, she called her bullies, here. (*pointing to KATE and SUE.,*)

*Kate.* Zounds, fellow, you don't mean us?

*Sue.* Why, you rascal, I'll twist your neck for you.

*M'L.* Yes; they, your worship, who half murdered me first, and then buried poor little Teddy O'Boozle in his box, that he mightn't prevent them murdering the t'other half of me ; och, they're terrible desperadoes!

*Kate.* Here's a scoundrel for you!

*Mr. T.* Silence! we'll soon get to the bottom of all this.

*Kate.* Zounds, sirrah, we gave the charge ourselves. (*to M'LUSH.*)

*M'L.* Och, murder!

*Kate.* Those were the assailants.

(*pointing to TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC.*)

*Mr. T.* This is a very intricate affair.

*M'L.* Sure, won't I be after telling you my own story :—as I was going my round quietly enough, up comes these young sparks, and gave me such a maulagaran, that they knock'd me into the middle of next week—besides tipping me this here black eye—only see how red it is!

*Mr. T.* I'll soon set all to rights,—first let me hear what you have to say, to all this, woman: these are very serious allegations. (*to MRS. TARTAR.*)

*Tom.* Aye, aye, let the woman speak.

*O'Booz.* Oh, the woman will speak fast enough.

*Mrs. T.* Hold your tongue, fellow.—Please your

Scene 4. TOM AND JERRY. 41

worship it's all false from beginning to end—it's he that's drunk; nay you may perceive he's so drunk, he cannot even give a charge—doesn't know one person from the other, and can scarcely stand.

*M'L.* Plaise your honour it's only the ague, I have it every Saturday night regularly,—what I've said is all true, so help me Bob,—sure, she's not a woman to put whiskey in a jug, and throw stones at it.

*Mr. T.* Why you impudent vagabond you're drunk now—instead of giving charge of her, the good lady ought to give charge of you,—what business had you off your beat, and in such a situation?

*Tom and Jerry.* Aye, what business had you off your beat, old Charley?

*M'L.* They bate me off my beat.

*Mrs. T.* I give charge of him, your worship.

*Mr. T.* And I take it—off with him to the black hole.

*Tom.* Aye, aye, take him up the spout.

*Mr. T.* My dear wife! (*embraces MRS. TARTAR.*) My dear Sally Tartar.

*M'L.* His wife! Och, by the powers, then I've caught a tartar.

*Mr. T.* Take him away.

*M'L.* Och, sure I'm the boy that cares for nobody—so there's my coat, there's my hat, there's my rattle and lantern,—and to the devil I pitch the whole of you.

(*He is carried off. L.*)

*Kate.* They musn't get off so easily. (*aside.*)

*Tom.* A fortunate turn up for us, faith.

*Mr. T.* Gentlemen, you are at liberty.

*O'Booz.* Stay, your honour, I've got a charge. This here chap (*pointing to Tom*) with the Roossian head of hair—he comes up to me like a warment—

*Tom.* Why you impudent—*f(Snatches a bludgeon, and knocks O'BOOZLE down—a row ensues.)*

*Mr. T.* Silence! silence!—be quiet all of you, can't you?

*Kate.* Mr. Constable, I have a charge—*(to O'BOOZLE.)* Watchman, there's a crown—what I say, swear to. (*aside.*)

*O'Booz.* I'll swear to any thing, your honour.

*Log.* What the devil's in the wind now?

*Kate.* I charge those gentlemen with assaulting this young woman (*pointing to JANE*—the watchman saw the whole transaction.

*O'Booz.* I'll swear it, your worship.

*Tom.* Why, zounds, fellow, I never saw the girl!

*Sue.* (to *Jerry*.) Come, sir, you can't say you never saw her.

*Jerry.* Why I have a recollection of seeing her somewhere, though I'm at fault as to the place, at present.

*Kate.* It's a clear case.

*O'Booz.* I'll swear to it, your worship !

ROUND. (*Omnes.*)

AIR.—"*'Twas you, Sir.*"

'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir;

Your worship, it is true, Sir.

'Twas you that pull'd the girl about,

'Twas you, Sir, you.

Untrue, Sir, untrue, Sir,

It was the man in blue, Sir ;

"Twas he that pull'd the girl about,

'Tis true, Sir, true.

No, no, Sir, no, no, Sir,

How can you tell lies so, Sir ?

I did not pull the girl about.

But I know who.

*Mr. T.* Gentlemen, here are four witnesses against you; and 'tis my painful duty to commit you, unless you can find good bail.

*Tom.* We'll give you leg bail.

*Kate.* Ay, find good bail, and mind that it is good. There's our card—Come, watchman—Come, Sir Jeremy.

*Sue.* Good night—sorry to leave you in such had company—but beauty calls ; we must obey.

*Tom.* Aye, aye, your mamma waits for you.

*Log.* Go and get a penny-worth of elycampam-.

*Jerry.* There's a pair of men-milliners.

[*Exeunt* SUE, KATE, and WATCHMEN, R.

*Manent* TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, TARTAR, MRS. TARTAR, and O'BOOZLE.

*Log.* There's a couple of puppies.

*O'Booz.* I'm d—d glad you're boxed—you boxed me just now. (to *TOM*) And—

*Tom.* Yes, and now I'll box you again if you'll only wait one minute.

*Log.* Aye, aye, give him a rap over the mazzard, Tom.

(*TOM thumps O'BOOZLE off, R.*)

*Tom.* I've nobb'd him on the canister ; he napp'd it under the lug, too: well, Jerry, here we are, locked up for a night in the watch-house!

*Jerry.* O, I don't mind it, only I've lost my castor.

*Tom.* Lost your castor?—that's a trifle; here's a Charley's beaver for you. (*Gives JERRY an old hat one of the watchmen has left behind him.*)

*Mr. T.* Wife, as you keep the keys at home, and I feel inclined for sleep, take charge of them till I wake again—I hope, gentlemen, you'll make yourselves comfortable—so I wish you a very good night, (*goes to sleep.*)

*Tom.* Good night, old stick-in-the-mud—Where is the card those puppies left? (to LOGIC.)

*Log.* Here it is.

*Tom. (reads.)* " Sir Jeremy Brag, 44, Fielder Street, St. James's"—why, zounds! that's one of our modern hells—

*Jerry.* A hell, Tom? I'm at fault again!

*Log.* A gambling house, Jerry! (*TARTAR snores.*)—Curse that fellow, how he snores!

*Tom.* Stop! I'll soon silence him; I'll shy my castor at him.

*Mrs. T.* No, no—no mischief—harkye, you did me a service just now in the street.

*Tom.* I know I did, down by the pump.

*Mrs. T.* Well, now I'll do you one—my husband asleep: I have the keys; and I wear the breeches.

*Log.* Yes, and very well you must look in 'em!

*Mrs. T.* I'll open the door for you; and then make the best of your way off.

*Log.* Will you—you're a regular court-card.

*Jerry.* Yes, queen of hearts.

*Mrs. T.* There, away with you.

*Jerry.* Good night, my jolly old one.

[*Exeunt JERRY and LOGIC, R.*]

*Mrs. T. (to TOM, who is holding the candle to TARTAR'S nose.)* Come, come, that's ungenerous.

*Tom.* Must warm his nose.

*Mrs. T.* No, no,—see how invitingly the door opens.

*Tom.* Well, I'm off—you're a good old file—I'll give you a little shilling for luck.

*Mrs. T.* Thank'ye, money is always acceptable,—when will you call again?

*Tom. (fumbles in his pocket.)* Never mind, I'll owe it you. [*Exit. R.*]

(*MRS. TARTAR locks the door, and goes towards her husband.—Scene Changes.*)

## SCENE V.

*Interior of a fashionable Hell, at the west-end of the Town ; a large look-glass on the flat.*

*Enter GROOM PORTER, and MARKERS, L.*

*G. Porter.* Come, lads, bustle about; play will soon begin—some of the Pigeons are here already, the Greeks will not be long following.

*Enter KATE, SUE, TRIFLE, and GREEN, L.---- the latter with a large patch on his nose.*

*Kate.* Assist us in this, my dear Trifle, and we ask no more.—The card we left at the Watch-house will soon bring our sparks to demand satisfaction,—you and Green must act the parts of conciliators, and propose to end the affair in a game of cards; the insight you have giving Green and us into all the arcana of play, will enable us, with the aid of the servant, to fleece them to admiration ; thus we may pursue our plan, and cure them of this first of vices of Life in London, gaming! and save their fortunes from those who may play for a less disinterested stake.

*Trifle.* I'faith you ought to be very much obliged to me, girls, *pan hanour*, for letting Green into the secret,—it cost me fifteen cool thousands, demme ! but I'll assist you.—Green, my dear fa-e-llow, take your post near the glass while they're playing ; and, by the number of fingers you hold up, we shall easily know how many honours they have, and every other particular.

*Green.* With the greatest of pleasure.

*Trifle.* They come, you must mind your eye, *pan hanoar*, Green.

*Enter TOM, JERKY, and LOGIC, L.*

*Tom.* Where is this Sir Jeremy Brag? Oh, here you are, Sir—well met.—

*Trifle.* Ah, my dear Tom, how are you ?

*Green.* My dear Corinthian, how do you do? I'm glad they didn't put you in the black ole.

*Tom.* Excuse me a moment, Green, I have an affair with this gentleman that will not admit of a moment's delay.

*Trifle.* What my friend Brag,—honest Sir Jeremy ? You mustn't hurt him, he's a cursed good fellow.—It must be some mistake.

*Green.* Yes, it must be some mistake.

*Kate.* Entirely a mistake, I assure you—I'm extremely sorry, if that will give you any satisfaction.

*Tom.* Oh, if you apologize, I'm satisfied ; otherwise nothing would have done, but Chalk Farm! pistols! half-past six ! pooh !

*Log.* That's the time of day, my flower.

*Green.* Vell, I'm glad it's settled without blood-shed—Chalk Farm ! pistols! half-past six, and pooh!

*Jerry.* (to GREEN.) Sorry to see your nose in mourning, Green—here, Waiter, take my hat.

(Gives Waiter the Charley's old beaver to take care of, who brushes it up ironically, and takes it off. R.)

*Green.* What say you to burying all differences in a friendly game of whist ? Trifle and I vill cut out.

*Tom.* A rubber at Whist ? I have no objection.

*Jerry.* Nor I—you'll not find me at fault here, coz—no one is better skil'd in the mystery of the odd trick, than I am, I flatter myself.

*Trifle.* (to Tom.) Well, you and your country friend can pair with Sir Jeremy and the Captain, and this worthy vegetable, Green, and I, will see fair play, pan ianoir.

*Tom.* Allons donc—Waiter, bring some wine.

*Log.* Hang cards! bring me a bob-stick of rum slim, or a glass of Barsac—stay, on second thoughts, I'll have a snicker of green tea punch.

[KATE, SUE, TOM and JERRY sit down to cards; TRIFLE and GREEN stand behind them, overlooking TOM'S and JERRY'S hand.

*Log.* (Drinking and looking on.) They'll be done, as sure as my name is Logic.—Upon that suit, some of the best judges in London have been had.—Inviting a man to a swell dinner, and making him pay five guineas a mouthful for it afterwards, is no new feature of Life in London—Go it, ye flats—" Thus for men the women fair." (singing) Why, there's that fellow giving the office to his pal now: well, it's no business of mine. " Weave the silly, silly snare." [singing again.

*Tom.* (taking a trick.) That's ours—once a month.

*Log.* Go it my pippins—what, Tom, have you got the uneasiness ?—" What is beauty but a bait, [sings again.

*Torn.* (rising and throwing down cards.) Oh, if you can't play better than that, Jerry, we'd better do nothing.

*Log.* (singing.) " Oft repented when too late."

*Jerry.* Who can play while the Doctor's singing ?

*Log.* I knew how it would be—did you hear any thing knock, Tom?

*Jerry.* (*walks about, and, by mistake, takes Logic's hat, which he puts on.*) Damn the cards.

*Log.* (*following Jerry, and rescuing castor.*) Don't nibble the felt, Jerry!

*Sue.* (*to Jerry.*) Come, Sir, never be down-hearted. Bad luck now, better another time.

*Jerry.* Indeed!—I'm not going to try, though.

*Kate.* Very sorry, Mr. Corinthian—shall be happy to give you your revenue some other evening!

*Tom.* Oh, Sir, you're damned good-natured.

*Log.* Well, Tom, are you clean'd out?

*Tom.* Clean'd out! both sides; look here—pockets to let!—here have been two playing four; and we have stood the nonsense in prime style.

*Log.* Well don't grumble—every one must pay for his learning—and you wouldn't balk the schoolmaster, would you? But, come, I'm getting merry; so if you wish for a bit of good truth, come with me, and let's have a dive among the Cadgers in the Back Slums, in the Holy Land.

*Jerry.* Back Slums—Holy Land!—I'm at fault again.

*Log.* Why, among the beggars in Dyot Street, St. Giles's.

*Tom.* Beggars! ah, we shall be very good figures for the part. (*turns out his pockets.*)

*Log.* We must masquerade it there

*Kate.* (*to Sue, aside.*) And so must we—come, Trifle.

[*Exeunt Kate, Sue, Green, and Trifle, L.*]

*Jerry.* Waiter! bring my hat.

[*Waiter brings on Watchman's beaver from o. P.*]

*Log.* Now, then; come along, and after that for Almack's in the East; where I'll match Dusty Bob's jig with black Sal, against all the waltzing and quadrilling of the diamond squad of Almack's in the West.

SONG.—LOGIC.

AIR—" *Your Landsmen's Wives.* "

Your swell broad coves, with all their airs,  
Can't match the kids near Wapping stairs.

They are so down and knowing;  
Of lowest life you'll see the best,  
At Mace's, All-max, in the East;

So let's at once be going;  
Come, toddle along, toddle along, &c.

The swells of Almack's, in the West,  
 May brag, but were they once the guest  
 Of Mace, the cove so knowing;  
 They'd say Sol rises in the East,  
 But oh, he sets. Sir, in the West;  
 So let's at once be going;  
 Come, toddle along, toddle along, &c.

*Exeunt Omnes. L.*

SCENE VI.—*Back Slums in the Holy Land.*

MR. JENKINS, SOLDIER SUKE, DINGY BET, LITTLE  
 JEMMY, CREEPING JACK, RAGGED DICK, and other  
*well-known Characters discovered.*

SONG.—MR. JENKINS.

AIR.—" *It was one Frosty Morning.*"

Cadgers make holiday.

Hey for the maunder'sjoys,  
 Let pious ones fast and pray.  
 They save us the trouble, my boys.  
 On the best peck and booze we'll live,  
 'Tis fit we their blunt should spend,  
 For what to us they give,  
 Ten fold to the saints they lend.

Rumpti bumpti bay, &c.

With our doxies, great as a Turk,  
 We taste all life can give;  
 For who but a slave would walk,  
 When be like a prince might live  
 Then lustily call away,  
 Cadgers keep up the ball,  
 Never mind what's to pay,  
 The public pays for all.

Rumpti bumpti bay, &c.

[ *Omnes Chorus the burthen of the Song—dancing grotesquely*

*Omnes. Ha ! ha! ha !* [ *Billy heard without. L*

Eh ! stand aside—here comes Billy Waters

*Enter BILLY WATERS, dancing. L.*

*Billy.* Ah; how you do my darley ? how you do  
 Massa Jenkins ?—I drink wid you. (*Drinks deep: Jen-*  
*kins takes the pot away.*)—And you, Massa Jack, I drink  
 wid you too. (*to Creeping Jack.*)—Your helt,—your goot  
 belt, ladies! (*Jack takes pot away.*)

*Jack.* I say, Billy, you're biting your name in it.

*Mr. J. Gemmen,* let's purceed to business—I've got to  
 inform you o'summat.

*Jack.* Vats that 'ere?

*Mr. J.* Vy, that'ere, is this here—I begs to obsarve that the time is come, when you may all consider yourselves independent, gemmen ; for if business should fail, you can at any time retire on a pension now.

*Jack.* As how ?

*Mr. J.* As how ? Vy, this is as how :—The Mendecity Society, I believe they calls themselves, have kindly purwided a fund for us-gemmen ; so, if any body offers you less nor a mag, or a duce, vy, you may say with the poet, "Who vou'd his farthings bear ? ven he himself might his quivetus make vith a bare Bodkin."

*Omnès.* Bravo!

*Billy.* Dat dam goot— me like dat!—dat Bodkin has dam goot point!

*Mr. J.* It was but t'other day they took'd me up; slapp'd a pick-ax into one of my mauleys, an! shov'd a shovel into t'other, and told me to vork—says I, gemmen, I can't vork, cause vy, I'm too veak—so they guv'd me two bob, and I bolted !

*Beggar.* You did quite right: veil, vile I can get fifteen bob a day by gammoning a maim, the devil may vork for me—If any lady or gemman is inclined for a dance, I'll nash my arm-props in a minute—

*(throws down his crutches)*

*Billy.* An I play you de tune in the key of de X, Y, Z.

*Jack.* We haven't had a better job a long vile nor the shabby genteel lay. That, and the civil rig, told in a pretty penny—Come, here's the ould toast:—" Success to Cadging."

*Omnès.* *(drinking.)* Success to Cadging.

*Mr. J.* Does any gemman understand these here Tread Mills, that have got such a footing?

*Billy.* Oh, curse a de tread mill, me no like a de ' here we go up, up, up,' and ' down, you go down, down, down, down,'—an if you no work, a great lump of wood come and knock you down so—

*(Strikes Beggar on head with his fiddle, who faih don n)*

*Billy.* *(picking him up.)* Poor fellow, him werry sorry, so dere no harm done.—Gemmen of de Noah-Ark society, as little Jemmy here is no starter, I move he be put in de chair a top o'de table.

*Omnès.* Bravo! Jemmy in the chair

*(Jemmy is put on the table)*

*Mr. J.* Silence for the cheer.

*Jemmy.* Gemmen, I shall return thanks—here's all

your jolly good healths ; and success to flat-catching  
*Omnes.* Bravo! bravo!

SONG.—MR. JENKINS, *and barking chorus of Beggars.*

*AIR.*—" Bow, Wow, Wow."

That all men are beggars, 'tis very plain to see,  
Tho' some they are of lowly, and some they are of high degree;  
Your ministers of state will say, they never will allow  
That kings from subjects beg, but that you know is all bow wow.  
BOW WOW WOW! fol lol, &c.

Then let us cadgers be, and take in all the flats we can,  
Experience we know full well, my boys, it is that makes the man ;  
And for experience all should pay, that Billy will allow,  
And as for conscience that of old we know is all bow wow.  
Bow WOW WOW ! fol lol, &c.

*Enter KATE, SUE, JANE, TRIFLE, and GREEN, disguised as Beggars. L.*

*Sue.* I do not see them here yet.

*Kate.* They'll not be long depend on't,—have I sufficiently disfigured my charms?

*Sue.* Yes, they cannot surely recognize us in these disguises?

*Trifle.* Dear me, a very dreadful perfume, *pan ha-*  
*nour*—essence of mendicity—I'm sorry I came.

*Mr. J.* (to GREEN.) Halloa, my little un?

*Green.* Eh ! come you a done now ; you a done vith you.

*Mr. J.* Sluice your dominos—vill you ?—

*Green.* Vot! I never plays at dominos—It's too vulgar!

*Mr. J.* Vy, then vash your ivories ?

*Green.* I've got no hiveries to vash.

*Mr. J.* Drink vill you? don't you understand Hinglish ?

*Green.* Eh! drink—quite a gemman, I declare.

*Mr. J.* (to GREEN, *looking at pot.*) Vy, I say, you've been eating red herrings for dinner, my young un!

*Green.* I vas dry, and that's the fact on't.

*Jemmy.* Gemmen, have you ordered the peck and booze for the evening ?

*Sold.Suke.* Aye, aye, I've taken care of that—shoulder of veal and garnish—Turkey and appendleges—Parmesan—Filberds—Port and Madery.

*Billy.* Dat dam goot, me like a de Madery—Landlord, here you give this bag of broken wittals, vot I had give me to-day, to some genteel dog vot pass your door: and you make haste wid de supper, you curse devil you!

Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, L,—disguised as Beggars, with Placards on their backs—TOMs " Burnt Out—lost my little all."—JERRY'S " Deaf and Dumb."—LOGIC'S " Thirteen Children," &c.

*Sue.* Here they are—I know them in spite of their rags.

*Tom.* This, my dear Jerry, is a rich page in the book of life, which will save you many a pound, by exposing the impositions of street mendicity.—It almost staggers belief that hypocrisy is so successful, and that the fine feelings of the heart should become so blunted, as to laugh at the humanity of those who step forward to relieve them.

*Log.* 'Tis the blunt that does it—but stow magging, Tom, or we shall get blown.

*Jerry.* Tom, here's a group of black beetles—do you see those lovely mendicants?

*Tom.* Beauty in rags—I do—Cupid imploring charity, I'll relieve him, for I'll be after that match-girl directly.

*Jerry.* And I'll chaunt a few words to that beautiful ballad-singer.

*Log.* And I'll take pity on that charming beggar.

(*All retire up.* c. F.)

*Enter LANDLORD with supper, L.*

*Land.* Now, your honours, here's the rum peck, here's the supper.

*Silly.* Eh, de supper! de supper! come along, (*after striking CREEPING JACK on the fingers with knife.*) You damn nasty dog! what for you put your thirty fingers in de gravy? you call dat gentlemans? you want your finger in de pie, now you got him dere!

*Jack.* I only wish'd to taste the stuffing.

*Billy.* And now you taste de carver knife instead! (*takes candle, and looks at supper*) Vy, what him call dis?

*Land.* Why, the turkey and the pie, to be sure.

*Billy.* De turkey aud de pie! I tink you said de turkey and de pie,—what! de turkey widout de sassinger! him shock—him wouldn't give pin for turkey widout dem—me like a de Alderman in chain.

*Land.* I'm very sorry, Mr Waters, but—

*Billy.* You sorry!—I sorry for my supper, you damn dog.  
*Mr. J. (to Landlord.)* Vhat! sarve up a turkey without sassiges,—you're a nice man I don't think.

*Jack. (to Landlord.)* I tell you vhat, young man, when you talk togemmen, larn to take off your hat.

*Jemmy.* Vy there's no lemon to the weal, nor hoyster

Scene 6.] TOM AND JERRY. 51

saase to the rump stakes.—It's shocking, infamous neglect, that's vot it is.

Mr. J. *(to Landlord.)* Vy, who do you suppose would eat rump stakes without ayesters? I've a great mind to smash your countenance for you !—You ought to have your head punched, you ought!

Jemmy. Here's no filberds to the Port, nor devils to the Madery, nather.

Land. Égad, I think there's devils enough to it. *(aside.)* Gentlemen the deficiencies shall be supplied directly. *(He is hunted off. L.*

Mr. J. Hit him; he's got no friends.

Jemmy. We must go to some hother tavern, if we're neglected in this here manner.

Mr. J. You may do as you please, gemmen, but for my part, I shall certainly use some other *hotel*.

Billy. You perfectly right, massa Jenkins, we must use some other *hot-hell*.

Jerry. *(to Sue, bringing her down, c. F. she having attracted his attention.)* And so you sell ballads, eh?

Sue. Yes, Sir, three a penny; but if you like to take twelve, I'll make you an allowance.

Jerry. Oh, I'll have the allowance by all means.

Sue. *(Singing.)*

"Relieve my woes, my wants distressing;  
And Heaven reward you with its blessing."

Jerry. Enchanting vagrant! come here, and let me bargain with you. *(Takes Sue aside.)*

Tom. *(to Kate, bringing her down, c,—in like manner.)* And so you make matches, do you?

Kate. Yes! as you'll find cut by and by. *(aside.)*

Tom. But'ent these brimstone dealings contagious? you little flower of—hum-um-um—

*(takes her up in a corner. R.*

Log. *(to Jane, bringing her down, R,----)* You've moved me so, that I could bestow every mag I've got, you beautiful beggar, I could. *(retires, c. F.*

*(Knocking without, L.*

Enter LANDLORD, running, L,---- Previously to which, KATE and SUE have, unobserved, given beggars money, and entered into communication with them, pointing aside to TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC.

Billy. Vat de mutter, vat broke, eh? *(to Landlord.)*

Land. Gentlemen vagabonds; the traps are abroad, and half a thousand beadles and beaksmen arc now about the door.

*Billy.* De beak! oh curse a de beak!

*Jemmy.* Gemmen!—gemmen! (*knocking on table to command attention.*)

*Jack.* Silence for the chair!

*Jemmy.* Put out the lights, put out the lights, everyone shift for himself. Here, Bob, carry me up the ladder, good luck to you do, Bob.

*Billy.* Landlord! landlord, you dog! which door de beak come in at?

*Land.* At the front.

*Billy.* Vy, den carry me out at de back door, you Dick. [*He and Jemmy are carried out. L. S. E Lights are put out—General consternation.*]

FINALE.

TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, SUE, KATE, JANE, MR. JENKINS,  
CREEPING JACK, and BEGGARS.

Am.—" *Zitti, Zilti—Piarto, Piano !*"

*Mr. Jenkins.*

Up the ladder, softly creeping.

Let us gently steal away,  
Traps without their watch are keeping.  
There we'll let the rascals stay.

*Creeping Jack.*

Traps without, their watch are keeping,  
Tread softly; no delay;  
Up the ladder, silyly creeping  
Thro' the back door and away.

*Tom, Jerry, Logic, Kate, Sue, and Jane.*

To my arms, love, softly creeping,  
To bliss we'll steal away;  
Suspence 'tis idle keeping,  
Seize pleasure while you may.

Where are you? where are you?  
To my arms, love, softly creeping,  
To bliss we'll steal away.

Softly, softly; lightly, lightly; away; away! away!

[*Kate, Sue, and Jane, as Tom, Jerry, and Logic advance, attracted by their voices, adroitly substitute Dingy Bet, Soldier Suke, and another, in the places of themselves.—Drop falls on Tom, Jerry, and Logic, carrying their beggarly bargains off R.—and L—in great exultation.—Kate, Sue, and Jane enjoying the joke in the back ground.—End of Act II.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—JACKSON'S *Rooms*.—TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC,  
*discovered.*

TRIO.—(Omnes.)

AIR.—" *In London my Life.* "

Life in London ! with us, is a round of delight,  
 It is larking all day, sprees and rambles all night;  
 Tom, Jerry, and Logic, have ever the best  
 Of the coves in the East, of the swells in the West:  
 Such pats in a turn-up, so bang up and merry,  
 As Jerry, Tom, Logic—Tom, Logic, and Jerry,  
 Ne'er were seen, since the world first by Noah was undone,  
 So here's Logic's, Jerry's, and Tom's, Life in London !  
 Drinking, dancing, pinking, prancing,  
 Milling, billing, wetting, betting,  
 Playing, straying, bumbling, tumbling,  
 Smoking, joking, swagg'ring, stagg'ring,  
 So up to all, downy, there's ages of fun done !  
 In Logic's, and Jerry's, and Tom's, Life in London!

*Tom.* We are, indeed, a regular trio; every part well harmonized.

*Log.* Ay, all sharps! not a flat or a natural among us.

*Jerry.* I don't think we were so very sharp last night, though; when we suffered ourselves to be made such apes of in Noah's Ark.

*Tom.* You are right, Jerry, we are all at fault here; instead of clasping in my arms my pretty timber merchant—judge my horror, when, on approaching a parish lamp, I found myself bugging that dutchess of the dust hole—Dingy Bet.

*Log.* I was serv'd quite as badly—instead of my seraphic street solicitor, I found myself carrying on the war with Soldier Suke.

*Tom.* Worse and worse, who did you make yourself agreeable to, eh, Jerry?

*Jerry.* I beg you won't mention it!

*Tom.* Let's think no more on't; the tables were fairly turned upon us, and we mustn't grumble—we have now stepp'd into Jackson's Rooms to decide the bet with Logic as to our weight; and as he has won it, let's be going—but stop, before we go, what say you to a bout with the foils?

*Jerry.* No go, Tom,—I'm fly—it's a bad spec; I am not going to expose my ignorance of fencing here—but as far as a bout at single-stick goes—why I have no objection.

*Tom.* Bob will accommodate you; won't you, Bob?  
*Log.* No go!—no, no, Mr. Somerset, you're a downy one at that sport—it won't fit.  
*Tom.* Positively you shall, Bob—come, the least taste.  
*Log.* Well, well! I won't baulk your fancy, as you seem bent upon sport—but mind, only one bout.  
*Jerry.* No; one will be sufficient.  
*Tom.* I'll be umpire.  
*Jerry.* Here, take your choice, which will you have?  
*[giving sticks.*
*Log.* The thickest.  
*Jerry.* Here it is then—now look out, mind your hits.  
*[They place themselves in positions, c.*
*Tom.* Holloa! Jerry, don't swallow him.  
*Log.* Use me gently, I'm but a green at this.  
*Tom.* Now, then, come up to the scratch.  
*(They play; JERRY makes a hit; LOGIC parries.*
*Tom.* Well stopp'd—uncommon well, Bob.  
*Log.* Do you think so; but, I say, none of your chaffing.  
*Tom.* Now, really—  
*Jerry.* Yes, yes, he's up.  
*Log.* Hum, I don't think it was so much amiss myself.  
*Jerry.* Now, Doctor, take care of your bread-basket—eyes right, look to your napper.  
*Tom.* Aye, aye, be leary, Bob, take care of your ribs—mind your pipkin—be down on your pimple, *[they play a second bout; Jerry breaks Logic's head.*  
*Tom.* I say, Bob, did you hear any thing knock?  
*Log.* Yes; and nobody at home.  
*Jerry.* Doctor! I touch'd your knowledge-box there, I think!  
*Log.* Touch'd it! zounds! you've broken it, Jerry, but it must have been crack'd before, or I should never have entered the lists with you—Brown paper and vinegar for one. *[Exit R.*  
*Tom.* Ha! ha! poor Bob—who have we here? the Miss Trifles, as I live!  
*Enter TRIFLE, GREEN, KATE, SUE, and JANE. L.*
*Trifle.* Ah! my dear Corinthian, excessively glad to see you, *pan hanour*. Sauntering down St. James's Street to give the girls an airing—just popp'd in to see who was here. It's against the rule, I know, but no matter—dem rules—I hate regulations, they're so mechanical—by the bye, where's Logic? I and the girls mean to give him a

benefit this evening at the Albany—he has often invited us, now—

*Green.* We're coming—I mean to inwite myself, though the Doctor has ask'd me before.

*Tom.* You cannot confer on him a greater obligation, I will answer for him.—May I venture to hope that the lovely Miss Trifles sustained no cold on their return from Almack's, the last evening we had the pleasure of meeting them?

*Kate.* None in the least.—The cold was previously encountered we are labouring to get rid of.

*Jerry.* If I might venture to prescribe, I would recommend the taking a bosom friend.

*Sue.* It might be mutually advantageous.

*Tom.* We should be proud to furnish you with one, 'Corinthian and Co. at the sign of the Bleeding Heart.'

*Kate.* 'Dealers and chapmen!'

*Jerry.* But, alas! with customers so difficult to please as you must be, lovely girls—

*Sue.* (*ironically.*) Not at all, Sir, *beggars* mustn't be choosers.

*Tom.* Beggars! that's a chalk! (*aside to Jerry.*)

*Jerry.* One against us—It looks devilish smoky.

*Enter LOGIC.*

*Tom.* Here's Logic—well, Bob, hows your nob? owing to an accident, he is a little metamorphosed, at present, ladies.

*Kate.* (*ironically.*) Not so much as he has been lately—but we all appear in *masquerade* sometimes, you know.—Mr. Logic, we have invited ourselves to your chambers; but mind, no preparation—

*Log.* None, on my honour—merely Bachelor's fare, bread and cheese, and —

*Tom.* Kisses!

*Kate.* Shockingly vulgar! leave out the latter article, pray—

*Tom.* Then I shall get no supper.

*Log.* And I shall save my bacon.

*Kate.* Better come without your appetite!—Come, Trifle, come, Green—adieu, gentlemen, we shall meet in the evening.

*Green.* Je vous autandray—au rewor.

[*Exeunt Trifle, Green, Kate, Sue, and Jane. L. The Ladies are escorted to the door by Tom, Jerry, and Logic—Sue having dropped a card at if by accident, as she goes out.*]

*Tom.* Angelic creatures! we live but in the hope of seeing you again.—Strange girls, those!

*Log.* They are not going to make themselves strange with us, at all events. Well, I'm glad we shall see them once more—Holloa! what's this? (sees *the card*.) A card! I'll read it.

*Tom.* Do!

*Log.* (*picks up card, and reads.*) " Mary Davis begs leave to inform the ladies, &c. that she answers all sorts of difficult questions, &c. (Very accommodating!)—Is to be heard of at the Mouse Trap, (damn'd queer sign!) Sphinx Street, St. George's Fields."

*Tom.* I smell a rat!

*Log.* ' Mary Davis!'—She must be some old fortune-teller!—to whom now could this card have belonged?

*Tom.* To whom but the lovely Trifles—' Sphinx Street!' doubtlessly they are gone there—let us follow, and be convinced—allons, Jerry. [*Exeunt Omnes. L.*]

SCENE II.—*Interior of Fortune Teller's Garret,*

*Enter JANE, KATE, SUE, TRIFLE, GREEN, & LANDLORD, L.*

GLEE.—(*Omnes.*)

AIR.—" *Who has seen the Miller's Wife?* "

JANE, KATE, SUE, TRIFLE, *and* GREEN.

Have you the Fortune Teller seen?  
I, I for hours have waiting- been ;  
A shilling o'er her palm I'll pass  
If she'll but look in Fortune's glass.  
Have you, &c

*Landlord.*

The Fortune Teller is within,  
Why raise then such a shocking din?  
Obliged the stars all night to read,  
She in the morn of rest has need,  
But soon to tell her cards she'll speed.  
And shew what Fortune has decreed:  
The present, future, and the past.  
She can unfold from first to last;  
Your silver once by her held fast,  
The planets she will quickly cast.

*Omnes.*

Though stained her cheeks with nut brown berry.  
The Fortune Teller's life is merry.

*Land.* Oh, here she comes at last.

*Enter FORTUNE TELLER. O.P.*

*Land.* Now, mother, stir your stumps: here are two ladies waiting for you, and half a score more below.

*F. Teller.* Aye, aye ! I turn hundreds away.

*Green.* What an orrid hooman!

*F. Teller.* You must leave the room, gentlemen, (*to Green and Trifle,*) my charms never hold good in the presence of a third person.

*Sue.* You hear, Mr. Green, her charms never hold good in the presence of a third person!

*Green.* I should vonder if they did—Her charms! Lord—I can take an int; I'm to go—wery vell, I shall absconce—Vat a ugly old vitch !

*Trifle. (to Girls)* We shall meet again at Logic's, so I'll leave you with the particularly frightful old hag, *pan hanour—demme!* [*Exeunt Green, Trifle, and Landlord.*]

*F. Teller, (sitting at table.)* Now then, young women. I'll tell you—I'll tell you—but you must let me shuffle the cards first! (*produces cards.*) For it's all done by shuffling !—now then, cut them, Miss. [*Sue cuts cards.*]

*Kate.* Let us sit down while we stay—rather short of furniture; but never mind, we must make shift.

[*Turns down chair length-ways to sit ; she sits on one side, Sue on the other—Sue is nearly let down by Kate's suddenly rising.*]

*F. Teller. (looking over cards.)* Hey day! what have we here ? You'll be married soon.

*Sue.* I hope so, with all my heart!

*F. Teller.* There's a fair man been paying some attentions to you, lately—Hum! a cradle—three!—nine!—fourteen !—have a large family.

*Sue.* Fourteen ! mercy on me !

*Kate.* Enough to make one faint!

*F. Teller.* There's nothing more that I see at present.

*Sue.* Nor there hadn't need be; if I'm to have fourteen children, I think I've heard quite enough.

*F. Teller. (to Kate.)* Now, Miss, I'll tell you your fortune ; how many husbands, and how many children, and all about it—all about it.

*Kate.* But I don't want to hear "all about it." (*imitating her.*) I only want to peep into your magic mirror, and see who I'm to marry.

*F. Teller.* You should have told me that before, I always charge more for that, but I suppose I must throw it you in! Now, then, stand there; and be very still!—

[*Music.—Fortune Teller places Kate and Sue in position at off-end*]

*of the stage—then advances to cabinet—waves her crutch ; pulls curtain aside, and discovers a large glass—Landlord passes rapidly behind.*

There!—I told you I'd shew him to you !

*Kate.* Wonderful! why that's the man, that opened the door to us ! *(aside to Sue.)*

*F. Teller.* Now, Miss, I'll shew you your sweet-heart! *(to Sue.)*

*(Music and ceremony as before :—Landlord re-passes contrary way.)*

*Kate.* Ha, ha, ha! that's the same man again! We're both to marry the same husband !

*Sue.* Amazingly agreeable!

*Kate.* The old impostor !—Well, now you've told us our fortunes; can't you tell your own ? *[to Fortune Teller.*

*F. Teller.* No, no--I've no power over my own stars.

*Kate.* Then I'll tell it for you—In half an hour, unless you make good use of your time, you'll have a visit from Union Hall!

*F. Teller.* O, dear me ! It's lucky I've a handy cockloft, and a safe way over the houses—I'll be off directly, I'll be off directly! *[throws down crutch, cloak, &c. and exits hastily, R.*

*Kate.* "I'll be off directly, off directly," *(imitating Fortune Teller.)* Ha, ha, ha!—She's left all her things behind her !—We can now set up in business for ourselves.

*Enter JANE, hastily, L.*

*Jane.* Oh, my dear girls, as I was keeping watch below, I saw Tom and Jerry coming down the street, and making for this very house—depend on't they have traced you here!

*Kate.* What's to be done ?—Tom and Jerry !

*Sue.* Jerry and Tom coming here ! *[running about in confusion.—Knocking at door. L.*

*Jane.* Don't keep running about there, as if you were out of your senses, but listen to me—get behind that glass, and leave me to manage; I'll play the Fortune Teller, now!—help me on with the things—there! there! that will do ; now then away with you ! *[they hide behind Cabinet, after disguising Jane.*

*Enter TOM and JERRY, L.*

*Tom.* *(as entering.)* Come, Jerry, here they—Eh!—not here!—well, we won't have our walk for nothing—Let's quiz the old one a bit. I say, Mother Mummery, can you tell our fortunes for us?

*Jane. (as old woman.)* Oh, yes, but you must cross my hand first.

*Tom.* She wants the tipper—there—*(gives money.)*  
There, that's the figure, Jerry !

*Jane. (looks at Jerry.)* Now, Sir!

*Jerry.* Oh, I must fork out, too. *(gives money.)*

*Jane. (looking at their palms.)* Dear me ! dear me !

*Tom.* You've said that before, you know.

*Jane.* You've been sad rakes ! sad rakes indeed!

*Tom. (imitating her.)* Have we, indeed !

*Jerry.* Why, you witch of Endor!

*Tom.* What! can the devil speak ?—but come, I'll find you out at once : I conjure you by that which you profess, how'er you come to know it; answer me, though you untie the winds !—unveil your magic mirror, and shew us the images of the women we are to marry—Come, up with your little machine—*Whew !* appear! appear!—they won't come !

*Jane.* I must have a little more money first!

*Tom.* Why, you old cormorant! more blunt, eh ?  
there— *(gives money.)*

*Jane.* There, then!

*[Draws Curtain ; KATE and SUE appear behind it, in their own dresses—JANE slips away.]*

*Tom.* Well, Jerry, what do you see?

*Jerry. (going up to glass.)* Susan Rosebud !—astonishing!—

*Tom.* Susan Rosebud ! Oh, my dear Jerry, your ogles must be queer! *(goes up : sees Kate.)* My Kate ! by all that's miraculous ! Where is this juggling hag? *(looking for Jane.)* Why, she's mizzled! Holloa! Mother Damnable?—Oh, there's some mystery in the infernal mirror; which thus I solve !

*Jerry.* What are you about, Tom ?

*Tom.* I'm going to mill the glaze—I'll—

*[Is about to break the Glass; when KATE and SUE appears as the MISS TRIFLES.]*

*Tom.* The Miss Trifles ! bolt, Jerry, bolt!

*[they run off. L.]*

*JANE, KATE, and SUE, come forward,*

*Kate.* Ha, ha ! fairly caught, upon my word ; but it is time we should bring our plans to a conclusion. Logic's imprudent ramblings have involved him in difficulties which, unless timely met, must terminate in ruin : I have

bought up most of his debts ; and in the midst of the gaiety of this evening, it is my intention to have him arrested and conveyed to prison. I have sent the officer my card of invitation, that he may be sure to gain admittance. This will open the eyes of the thoughtless trio ; and enable us to put the money, we took in trust at the Gambling-house, to its proper use: so let's away, and about it strait. *[Exeunt L.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of MR. MACE'S Crib—All Max in the East.*

*Enter SAILORS, DUSTY BOB, AFRICAN SAL, MAHOGANY MARY, MRS. and Miss LILLY-WHITE, ROSIN, &c. &c. with gin measures, drinking—MR. MACE in attendance*  
GLEE.

AIR.—" *Nothing like Grog.*"

A plague on those malty cove fellows,  
Who'd have us in spirits relax.  
Drink, they say, and you'll ne'er burn the bellows.  
Half water, instead of all max ;  
A glass of good max, had they twigg'd it,  
Wou'd have made them, like us, lads of wax;  
For Sal swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,  
And Bob swigg'd and Nick swigg'd,  
And I've swigg'd, and we've all of us swigg'd it,  
And by jingo there's nothing like max.

All Max!

By jingo there's nothing like max !

*Bob.* Now, landlord, arter that 'ere drap of max, suppose we haves a drain o'heavy wet, just by way of cooling our chaffers—mine's as dry as a chip,—and, I say, do you hear, let's have a two-penny burster, half a quartern o'bees' vax, a ha'p'oth o'ingens, and a dollop o'salt along vith it, vilt you ?

*Mace.* Bellay ! a burster and bees vax—iugens and salt, hero, (*calling as he fetches the porter from the side wing L.—*) Now then, here you are Muster Grimmuzzle. [*Holding out his right hand for the money, and keeping the porter away with the other.*

*Bob.* That's your sort, give us hold on it. [*Takes Mace's empty hand.*] Vy, vhere?

*Mace.* (*keeping the porter back.*) Vy here.

*Bob.* Oh! you are afeard of the blunt, are you?

*Mace.* No, it an't that ; only I'm no schollard—so I alays takes the blunt vith von l... and gives the pot vith t'other—It saves chalk, and pr... mistakes, you know.

*Bob.* You're a downey von—you'll not give a chance away if you knows it.

*Mace.* Vy, it 'ant times, Muster Grimmuzzle.

*Bob.* Now then for the stumpy, (*searching about in his pockets for the money.*) My tanners are like young colts ; I'm obliged to hunt 'em into a corner, afore I can get hold on 'em—there!—hand us over three browns out o'that 'ere tizzy ; and tip us the heavy. (*Landlord receives money, and delivers porter.*) Vy don't you fill the pot ?

*Mace.* Vy, it is full.

*Bob.* Likes to have my vack for my groat and half-penny

*Mace.* Vell, and you've got your vack, 'ant you ?

*Bob.* Likes to have a head on the pot.

*Mace.* How can you have a head on the pot, vhen the chill's off?

*Bob.* Vell, then let me have the next vith the chill on, vill you? [*Bob drinks—Sal keeps running round the pot, waiting with great anxiety till he finishes his draught.*]

*Sal.* You leave some for me, Massa Bob.

*[drinks and empties the pot.*

*Bob.* Vy, Sarah, you seem fond on it.

*Mace.* Now then, gemmen, I hopes for the harmony of the evening, you'll not be backwards in handing out your mags and duces to the teazer of the catgut, here.

*Sal.* Massa Bob tips forme.

*Bob.* Aye, aye !—lend us a tanner on the bell, vill you?

*Mace.* Lend you a tanner on the bell?—it's vhat I don't like, Muster Bob; highly improper— you know I've a verry great objection to any thing of the kind; but, however, for vonce, I suppose I must; though it 'ant right—but talking o'that, I bigs leave to hint, that I trusts heavy vet von't be the order of the evening!

*Tom.* (*without, L.—*) No, no, damn up stairs, we'll go in here.

*Mace.* Zounds, I hope no traps isn't abroad, and that there 'ant any btaksroen out on the nose!

*Sal.* (*looking out. P. s.*) Law, lovee, no, it's only some gemmen out en the spree—I dare say dat dey'll stand a drop o' summat all round.

*Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, L.*

*Tom.* Now, my dear Jerry, here we are among the unsophisticated sons and daughters of nature, at All Max in the East.

*Log.* What, my lily! here, take a drop of mother's milk, (*gives black child gin out of a measure he has received from Landlord.*) Landlord, let every one have a glass of what they like best, at our cost.

*Mace.* Regular trumps! I can charge vhat I like 'ere! (*aside.*) Now, Muster Bob, vhat'll you take?

*Bob.* Oh, ax my Sal.

*Mace.* Now, Marm Sal, give it a name !

*Sal.* Vy, bring me de kwarten of de Fuller's earth.

*Mace gives orders aside to Bellay, the Waiter, who brings in the several articles, L.~ and delivers them as ordered.*

*Tom.* Come, it shall be a night of revelry, my pip-pins—Song—Dance—every thing in the world!

*Mace.* Aye ! a jig, a jig!—Remove the stand-stills—sit down gemmen. Ve shall be as merry as mud-larks, and as gay as sand-boys soon—It's a poor heart vhat never rejoices. Come, Muster Grimmuzzle, vhat say you to a minnyvit vith your ould lady in mourning, here.

*Bob.* Vith all my heart; I'm never backward at any thing of that'ere sort; am I Sal?

*Sal.* Dat you not, Massa Bob.—Massa Fiddler, you ought to be shame; your fiddle drunk, and no play at all.

*Log.* I'll gin him a little, my Snow-ball; then he'll rasp away like a young one; won't you, my old one?

*[gives Fiddler gin and snuff, and begrimes his face.*

*Bob.* ' Snow-ball,'—come, let's have none o'your sinnywations, Mister Barnacles; she's none the vurser, though she is a little blackish or so!

*Log.* Here, Landlord, more Blue Ruin, my boy!

*Sal.* Massa Bob, you find me no such had partner ; many de good vill and de power me get from de Jack Tar.

*Tom.* Ceremonies are not in use here, so there's no occasion for a master of them. Come, start off, my rum ones ! the double shuffle.

*Jerry.* Aye, aye! come it strong, my regulars.

COMIC PAS DEUX—DUSTY BOB and BLACK SAL,

*[Accompanied by ROSIN, on his cracked Cremona, and JERRY on a pair of Tongs, to the Air—" Jack's alive." In the course of the Pas Deux, when encored, SAL, by way of a variation, and in the fullness of her spirits, keeps twirling about; at the sametime going round the Stage—BOB runs after her, with his hat in his hand, crying "Sarah! vy, Sarah, 'ant you vell!" &c—the black Child seeing this, and thinking there is something the matter with its mother, also squalls violently ; stretching its arms towards her: at length, SAL, becoming tired of her vagaries, sets to BoB, who exclaims, " Oh! it's all right !" and the dance concludes.*

*Tom.* Here, Dusty, my prince, now then, sluice your bolt. *[gives Bob gin.*

*Bob.* Vell, your honours, here's luck. *[bolts gin.*  
That's a regular kwortern, I knows by my mouth!

*Tom.* There's a swallow, Jerry, this fellow is a perfect mop,

*Jerry.* Now, Doctor, we must think of starting—  
Eh!—zounds! what's the matter with you? *(to Logic.)*

*Log.* I've left off drinking in a great measure. *(Merry and singing.)* "There's a difference between,"—&c. &c.

*Jerry.* Tom, see how snugly Captain Lushington's getting aboard of Logic—Come, my boy.

*Tom.* Remember your appointment with the ladies.

*Log.* I do like this Fiddler—I will have this Fiddler. *[pulling Fiddler along.*

*Tom.* Eh, zounds, Doctor! you're going to smug the Fiddler, and prig the pewter, *(taking gin measure away from him.)* Now then, what's to pay, Landlord?

*Mace.* All out, v'ill be fourteen bob and a kick, your honour.

*Tom.* Well, there's a flimsy for you; serve the change out in max to the covies. *[gives money.*

*Mace.* Thank your honour.

*Tom.* Now then, Doctor, this way, my boy; come, come along.

*Log.* *(singing.)* "A Queen she cannot swagger." I will have this Fiddler—"nor get drunk like a beggar"—  
More max, here—"nor be half so merry as I"  
*[Logic becoming obstreperous, they partly force him of, and exeunts with him. L.*

*Mace.* Regular out-and-outers, those ere! quite gentlemen!—I've stuck it into 'em a bit!— *(aside.)*

*Bob.* Aye, aye, ve knows it; vith the chill off!—you're an out and out *Stringer*, you are!—

*Mace.* So I don't mind standing a trifle of summat all round, just by vay of drinking their healths; and when ve've had the liquor, ve'll kick up a reel, and all go to our dabs.

*Bob.* Aye, aye! but before that, mind you get us a bit of grub for me and my Sal—about a pound and a half ol rump stake.—

*Sal.* No, two pound! Massa Bob, for her rather peckish.

*Bob.* Verry vell, two pound, vith a pickled cowcumber, and a pen'orth o'ketchup, to make some gravy of; and stick it up to the bell!—d'ye hear?

*Mace.* You'll melt that 'ere bell if you don't mind.

*Bob.* Aye, aye ! with the chill off, I knows!—but its all right—must have the bell in the morning, you know, even if I spout the tops for it.

*Mace.* Now then, strike up, my beauty !

*Bob.* Aye, aye, pull it out, my pink!

[*Comic characteristic Reel by all the Characters ; who, under the influence of All Max, at last reel off, L.*

SCENE IV.—LOGIC'S Chambers, in the Albany.

*Enter* LOGIC. R.

*Log.* Now that I am for once in my life alone, let me give a few moments to cool reflection. I have run my lengths; the game's played out; and I must soon be blown up at point nonplus. Yes! I have been long wanted; and the time must come when I must go!- I'll have a few gay moments to-night, at all events; I have invited some trumps to meet Tom and Jerry, and the girls ; but have taken the precaution to order that no one shall be admitted without a ticket. [*knocking without. p. s.*]

*Porter.* (*without. L.*—) Mr. Corinthian and Mr. Hawthorn, coming up.

*Enter* TOM and JERRY, L.— *shown in, and announced by Footman.*

*Log.* Ha! Tom, Jerry, my boys! how are you, after the lark ?

*Tom.* Rather cut, but recovering.

*Jerry.* I am dead beat ; and shall retire to Hawthorn Hall, and Susan Rosebud, the very first wind that blows.

*Tom.* (*sitting down, and soliloquizing.*) And I must retire somewhere : I was not born to racket thus. Fortune ushered my entrance into the world; splendour rocked my cradle; fun, frolic, and fancy, perched upon its top, and luxury waited on my very go-cart. My leading-strings were under the guidance of tenderness and refinement ; and I scarcely lisped, 'ere anxiety anticipated all my wants—my infant tears were dried by acquiescence, and surly contradiction was forbidden to cross my path—my—[*Logic and Jerry steal down on each side of him, and laugh derisively.*

*Jerry.* Go it!—Bravo! beautiful! ha, ha, ha!

*Log.* Let's have chapter the second, pray !

*Tom.* A truce to moralizing, I forgot myself.

*Porter.* (*without. L.*—) The Honourable the Misses Trifle, Mr. Trifle and Mr. Green, coming up.

Scene 4.] TOM AND JERRY. 65

*Enter JANE, SUE, KATE, GREEN, and TRIFLE. L.  
(Announced, and shewn in by Footman)*

*Log.* Welcome, ladies! welcome, Trifle! welcome.  
Jemmy Green!

*Kate.* Nothing serious the matter with your head, Mr-  
Logic, I hope?

*Log.* Merely broken, sweet girl, like my fortunes,—  
and as my heart will be, should your lovely sitter here  
prove cruel.

*Porter. (without.)* Mr. and Miss Lightfoot, coming up.

*Log.* Apropos! let us unite the sister arts—Do you  
sing, *(to Kate)* and my friend, Miss Lightfoot, will  
dance.

*Enter MR and Miss LIGHTFOOT, I,— announced and  
shewn in by Footman, and received by LOGIC. LOGIC  
presents KATE with music—Miss LIGHTFOOT dances,  
while KATE sings.*

" SONG.-KATE.

AIR.—" *French Hornpipe.* "

Hours of pleasure nerer should be slighted,  
Too rare they offer in this world of ours;  
Roses of bliss still by delay are blighted,  
Smiles of the present best revive joy's flowers.  
Shall we slight the hours? no!  
Trample on life's flowers? no!  
Fly from pleasure's bowers? no! no!  
Shall we seek for joy? yes!  
Thoughts of woe destroy? yes!  
Banish dark annoy? yes! yes!

'Tis a sweet flower the rose of yellow autumn,  
Tho' brief its bloom, and chill and drear its close,  
And, oh! the joys that spring where least we sought'em,  
Far, far the dearest joys of life are those!

*After dance, Porter announces Baron Nab'em, who is  
shewn in L.— and announced by Footman.*

*Log. (aside.)* Baron Nab'em!—haven't the pleasure  
of knowing the gentlman.—Some swell acquaintance of  
Tom's, I suppose.

*Borrowbody, alias Baron Nab'em. (aside)* There he  
it, I've got him safe enough.

*Jane. (aside.)* This is the Bailiff.—I may as well give  
Logic a hint.

*Log.* What does the harmony stop for? will nobody  
volunteer a song, or dance?

*Jane.* Suppose I volunteer!—Play me the " Stop  
Waltz."

*Log.* 'Stop!'—what do you mean by that?

*Jane.* You shall hear.

SONG.—JANE.

AIR.—" *Stop Waltz.* "

Though the moments we pass now to pleasure are tending,  
 Yet the blithest of moments must come to a stop;  
 Though brilliant and happy! they still find an ending,  
 The fruit that is mellowest, first is to drop.  
 The 'wanted long' must come at last,  
 The sweetest hours are soonest past.  
 When bid the fates, 'point nonplus' waits,  
 Life's fairest scenes are first o'ercast.

[*While this is singing, MR. and Miss LIGHTFOOT waltz.*]

*Log.* What the deuce does she mean by that?—Oh, I am now awake—this damned Baron Nab'em! I'll speak to him at once.—Pray, Sir, may I enquire to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?

*Bor.* You're indebted to five hundred pounds for it, Sir! You're wanted, and must come! (*aside to Logic.*)

*Log.* Confusion! blown up at 'point nonplus' at last: I won't mince the matter—I'll put on a bold face and chaunt it at once, then I shall see who are my real friends. (*aside.*) Ladies and gentlemen—

*Tom.* What's the matter, Bob?

*Log.* Allow me to introduce to you a gentleman, who has a great affection for my person—Baron Nab'em, otherwise—

*Bor.* Nicholas Borrowbody, Serjeant at mace, very much at your service, ladies and gentlemen.

*Tom.* Poor Bob, he's roll'd up.

*Jerry.* Yes, in a very small parcel, too.

*Visitors.* A bailiff!—shocking! shocking!—my carriage, there! &c. [*Exeunt Visitors, hastily.* L.]

*Trifle.* A Bailiff!—my dear Logic, this is very unkind of you to sport with our feelings in this most extraordinarily alarming manner, demme!

*Green.* Yes, very shocking, indeed, I can't abide these shoulder-knots.

*Bor.* Never fear, Sir, I don't want either of you just yet.

*Green.* You vont have us if you did!

*Sue.* A Bailiff! shocking!—well, I thought there was something very catching about him.

*Trifle.* Extremely sorry for your misfortunes, Logic, *pan-hanour!*

*Green.* (*Sipping wine and eating cake while speaking.*) I'll give him a few words of advice. We're very sorry, but what could you expect, living in the extravagant manner you have done? giving such expensive entertainments! and the best of vines too! shocking! you ought to be ashamed of yourself—you see what it's brought you to!

*Trifle.* The honourable Miss Trifles' carriage, there—good evening, good evening, we'll come and see you again, when you're out—poor fellow!

*Green.* Yes, we'll all come and see you when you're out; but we must go now, you know.

[*Exeunt Green, Trifle, Kate, Sue, Jane, and Guests. L.*]

*Log.* Summer birds, all flown at the first blast of winter!

*Tom.* So much for fashionable sympathy!

*Jerry.* Well, if this be fashion. I hope I may remain unfashionable all the days of my life.

*Log.* I must go tinker the screw, Tom.

*Tom.* You must, lad, you are booked for the Spike Hotel.

*Log.* Yes, I must take a short voyage on board the Fleet, to refit. You'll come and see me, now and then, my boys?—

*Tom.* To be sure we will.

*Log.* There are worse scenes in life than washing the ivories with a prime screw under the spikes in Fleet Market; or tossing off a glass of tape, on the sly, with a pal undergoing a three months preparation, to come out as a new member of society—but you'll excuse me, my friend waits, I see. My hat and rain-napper there! (*Servant brings on hat and umbrella. L. S. E.* Now, Sir, I am very much at your service. (*to Borrowbody.*)

*Bor.* Allow me to offer you my arm.

*Log.* Oh, Sir, you're d—d kind! Curse him, how he grips! (*aside.*)

*Bor.* Now, Sir!

*Log.* Oh, Sir!—Good bye, lads.

*Bor.* (*forcing him along.*) This way, Sir!

*Log.* Oh, Sir!—you're too pressing!

[*Exeunt Logic and Borrowbody. L.*]

*Tom.* Good bye, Bob! we'll come and see you—Sure to find you at home now, you know! Poor Bob! pressed to go on board the Fleet, ha, ha!—well, we mustn't desert him now he's in trouble!

*Jerry.* No; as I intend to return to Somersetshire

immediately, suppose we visit him at once—set sail, directly.

*Tom.* Aye, to the Fleet, the last scene of Life in London. We begin by being fools, and end in turning knaves ; like as at all-fours : ' *Jack*' sees ' *high*' and ' *low*,' and then the ' *game*' ends.

[*Exeunt Tom and Jerry. L.*]

SCENE V.— *Interior of Whistling Shop ; Master and Mistress of Whistling Shop—Racket Shop—Racket Players—poor Tradesmen, Smuggler and Debtors discovered.*

CHORUS.—(*Omnes*)

AIR.—" *College Hornpipe.*"

All in the Fleet we're safely moor'd.

But while we've trusty pals on board,

Law may to

The devil go;

Then, brother Debtors, sport and play.

Let tempests whistle as they will,

Our Whistling Shops will drown them still;

A yard of tape

Will prove the Cape,

And drive each thought of care away. Tol de rol.

Let faint-heart fools, dread College rules,

We'll dance and sing the live-long day:

While Whistling shop

Still yields a drop,

Our Creditors they whistle may. Tol de rol.

*Enter TURNKEY and LOGIC. L.*

*Turn.* Here's Doctor Logic come to pay you a visit, gentlemen—You'll get good accommodation here, Sir;

and find some regular trumps among 'em. [to *Logic*.

*Log.* Thank'ye.

*Turn.* Is that all?

*Log.* Oh, want some tippery! (*gives money.*) there! (*Exit Turnkey. L.—*) Brothers, your most obedient. Some of my friends, thinking my learning was not complete, have sent me to your College to finish my education; not that I owe any thing!—

*Omnes.* Oh, no!—we none of us owe any thing !

*Log.* I'm only here on suspicion of debt.

*Omnes.* That's the case with all of us !—we're all of us only here on suspicion!

*Log.* You'll not find me a bad chum—but ready to hunt down any game you can start. Landlady, serve them with a glass of tape, all round ; and I'll stand Sammy—

*Omnès.* A regular trump! (*Landlady serves them all with liquor, out of a bladder, as directed : Logic pays.*)

*Smug.* Well, while I can blow my cloud, and get a drop on the sly, I sets the Excise at defiance. What was a little smuggling?

*Poor T. (aside.)* Could I have conveyed the value of that liquor to my wife and children, it might have saved them another day from starvation !

*Log. (overhearing.)* What ! hard up !—wife and children starving!—that shan't be while Bob Logic has a quid left.—Here, my honest fellow, go fill their bellies, and make them happy. (*gives money*)

*Poor T.* May heaven bless you, Sir:—you know not half the good you have done! (*Exit Poor T L.*)

*Log.* No; but I know one thing though, and that is, the value of money—a prison is the only place to learn that in ; and if ever I get out again—

*Enter TOM and JERRY, L.*

Ah, Tom and Jerry ! my boys ! this is kind, indeed !

*Tom.* Never desert an old pal in limbo, Bob; but when you get safe out of the river tick, take my advice, look *into*, not *over* your affairs ; if young men would but deign to consider this, would but, in the flowery wilds of pleasure, cast one glance at the guiding star of prudence—their pockets would be more full, and the prisons of the law more empty.

*Log.* Never doubt me, Tom—but welcome to ' Fresh-water-Bay,' to my new settlement on board the ' Never-Wag man of war;'—homeward station—forced to be on good *terms* with others, if I am not with myself—

*Jerry.* Still as lively as ever, eh, Doctor ?

*Log.* And so will you be when the haberdasher has served you with a yard of good tape.

*Jerry.* 'Haberdasher! Tape! I'm at fault again.

*Log.* The haberdasher is the whistler, otherwise the spirit-merchant, Jerry—and tape the commodity he deals in—It's a contraband article here—white is Max, and red is Cognac.

*Jerry.* Then give me a yard and a half of red, if you please. [*Landlady gives Jerry liquor.*]

*Enter TURNKEY, L. S. E. with a letter.*

*Turn.* Here's a stiffener for you, Doctor!—

*Log.* A letter for me !—

*Turn.* It 'ant paid for.

*Log.* More tip, eh! (*pays him.*) This fellow's a regular leech! you never use any chalk here?

*Tarn.* Can't afford it; besides, it 'ant in our way, and then it makes such a mess all over the walls.

*Log.* (*opening the letter.*) Aye, aye, that will do, that will do, go along—(*Exit Turnkey. L.—*) What's this?—'Five hundred pounds!—(*takes out note.*)—Wheugh!—Let me read—"Sir Jeremy Brag and the Captain, present compliments to Doctor Logic, request his acceptance of the enclosed, to free him from his present difficulties; it is the same sum his friends threw away on an *odd trick* the other evening.—If Mr. Logic, and his friends, will look in at the Venetian Carnival this evening, they will be joined by the Captain, Sir Jeremy, the Miss Trifles, and the Mendicants from the Holy Land; when, if properly solicited, the Masqueraders may unmask." Prodigious!—*I'm* at fault here. I'll away at once; drop the debt and costs in the hatchway, and be off to the Carnival.

*Tom.* We'll go with you, Doctor.

[*Exeunt Tom, Jerry, and Logic. L.*

*Smug.* Why, they've hoisted sail, lads—well, success to them—oh, the changes of life!

CHORUS.—(*Omnès.*

AIR—"Here we go up, up, up."

Some they are up, up, up,

And some they are down, down, down.

But whether above or below.

Let us always take care of the crown.

They that are out may grin,

While those that are in may fret.

Yet poverty ne'er was a sin,

And we're sure they can't hang us for debt. Fol, lol.

[*Exeunt C. F.*

SCENE VI.—*Leicester Square.*—Characters dressed in Masquerade, cross the stage, as if going to the Carnival—*Dominos lead the way.*

[*Enter OLD MAID and POODLE followed by CLOWN—CLOWN steals POODLE, and pops his own head in POODLE'S place. OLD MAID enraged, pummels CLOWN'S pate till she breaks her fan. CLOWN carries her of squalling R. They are followed by grotesque DWARF, in chintz gown and cup, with big head; preceded by Servants with candles, who also exit R. Enter LILLIPUTIAN HARLEQUIN, COLUMBINE, and CLOWN, L. Characteristic PAS DE TROIS, to the NATIONAL WALTZ; little COLUMBINE coquetting between HARLEQUIN and CLOWN*

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—after they are off. o. P. various MASKS enter, severally—business ad libitum. The Scene ends with COUNTRYMAN crossing the Stage on DONKEY—he slips off gets up very much bruised, and eventually takes DONKEY under his arm, and exits in a hobble. R.

SCENE VII.— Venetian Carnival brilliantly illuminated—various Characters on...Music, Dancing, Tumbling, and Masquerade business ad libitum, till enter JERRY (as Sportsman) and SUE in Domino.

Sue. (coming down.) What game would you start here, Mr. Sportsman?

Jerry. None, my pretty Domino—I only hunt in Somersetsshire; that's my manor.

Sue. Manners makes the man, certainly; but you're making game of me.

Jerry. I speak truth, by heaven!—Oh, Susan, lovely Susan, never can I forget thee, dear.

Sue. Indeed! then Susan takes you at your word.

[unmasks.

Jerry. Susan Rosebud!—Astonishment!—then the Captain—Miss Trifle, and the pretty ballad singer!—

Susan. Were one and the same person, your humble servant!—I followed to preserve and reclaim you; I have done so, and I am happy—but your cousin comes, stand aside.

[they retire R.

Enter TOM, as Don Giovanni, with KATE in Domino, C. F.

Tom (advancing with Kate, c-----) Could I find one of your sex that would be faithful, I would never rove again.

Kate. Are you sincere?

Tom. By heaven!

Kate. Then behold the reward of your sincerity, the constancy of your faithful Kate, (unmasks.)

Tom. Kate! oh, my dear Kate! (takes her up the stage. R.

Enter LOGIC, as Doctor Pangloss, with JANE in Domino. c.F.

Log. (advancing with Jane.) I am an L.L.D. and A.S.S.

Jane. (unmasks.) You are indeed an A-S-S, not to have found me out before.

Log. What! my Jenny!—

Jerry. (coming down with Sue.) Don't be astonished, Bob—I'll explain all:—Tom and I, are going to make two matches; you must make the third—form a bunch of matches—exchange one imprisonment for another, her arms, you dog:—ant you up?—

Log. I'm fly—Oxford has no fellowship like this!

[embracing Jane.

*TOM. (coming down with Kate.)* You are right, Bob, it has not.—Well, we have been aroused, by Life in London, now let us endeavour to profit by it;—let our experience teach us to avoid its quicksands, and make the most of its sunshine ;—and in that anticipation let us hope our kind friends will pardon Tom, Jerry, and Logic, all their sprees and rambles.

F I N A L E . (*Omnes.*)

AIR —" *Giovinetti.* "

Tom, Jerry, and Logic, have made Life in London one holiday,  
 Bidding frolic and merriment reign;  
 In larks, sprees, and rambles, have sported thro' maury a jolly day  
 And many will sport thro' again. Fal lal la, &c  
 Tom, Jerry, and Logic, together met, three very merry boys,  
 And three merry boys they have been;  
 And merry now part, for a time, Tom, Logic, and Jerry, boys.  
 And merry will they meet again. Fal lal la, &c.  
 If the friends, who are smiling before us,  
 But join in our jollity's chorus.  
 For ever 'twill banish our pain.  
 And bind us in gratitude's chain. Fal lal la, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE  
 FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Jerry. Sue. Tom. Kate. Logic. Jane.

R.

L.

THE END