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NICHOLAS FLAM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

J. B. BUCKSTONE.

PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

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LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,  
COVENT GARDEN.

*(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.)*

1833.

WATERBURY & B. A. M.  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
1881

LONDON:  
BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT,  
FLEET-STREET.

CCD  
7-1-93

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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### MEN.

<i>Nicholas Flam</i> , Attorney at Law . . . . .	MR. W. FARREN.
<i>Shrimp</i> , his Clerk . . . . .	MR. BUCKSTONE.
<i>Lord Pedigree</i> . . . . .	MR. BASS.
<i>Mr. Fitzsmith</i> . . . . .	MR. BRINDAL.
<i>Doctor Birch</i> . . . . .	MR. STRICKLAND.

### WOMEN.

<i>Harriet</i> . . . . .	MISS J. SCOTT.
<i>Mrs. Nibble</i> . . . . .	MRS. TAYLEURE.
<i>Miss Mary Puddicombe</i> . . . . .	MRS. W. CLIFFORD.

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This farce was represented for the first time August 1, 1833.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME.

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FLAM.—Snuff-coloured coat—black waistcoat—black trousers and gaiters—white neckerchief—iron grey wig, full at the back and flat on the forehead.

SHRIMP.—Very small blue coat with bright buttons—striped waistcoat—white neckerchief—short nankeen trousers—white stockings—laced boots—brown crop wig.

LORD PEDIGREE.—Suit of black.

MR. FITZSMITH.—Frock coat, &c.

DOCTOR BIRCH.—Suit of black—neckerchief tied loosely—hair powdered and falling in large curls upon the shoulders—black cotton stockings hanging loosely about the legs—shoes and buckles.

HARRIET.—Silk pelisse and hat.

MRS. NIBBLE.—White bonnet—pink shawl and cotton dress.

MISS PUDDICOMBE.—Black velvet spencer—very little French bonnet—the hair in bands—coloured skirt—reticule, and an ornament on the forehead.

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The subject of this farce was suggested by PICARD'S *L'Enfant Trouvé*. It is not a literal translation, as may be seen by comparing the two pieces. Its success was chiefly owing to the excellent acting of Mr. W. Farren, and the rest of the performers, to whom the author returns his sincere thanks.

# NICHOLAS FLAM.

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## ACT I.—SCENE I.

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*The Interior of an Attorney's Office—a high Desk and Stool, beneath which is a round office table, covered with papers—Doors and second Entrances, and a door in the flat—Chairs, &c. &c.*

SHRIMP discovered, seated on the high stool, at the desk writing.

SHRIMP. That's done—how my fingers do ache—now I'll rest myself a little—Master's out and I've finished the deed. (*descends.*) My aunt says I've a genteel situation here—what a pity one can't have a genteel situation without having to fag so. I'm here from nine in the morning till nine at night with only half an hour allowed for dinner—always writing or running about, and I get six shillings a week—a very handsome salary—but I should like to get it without having any thing to do—and that's not the case here—for no sooner one thing's done than there's another to begin at. (*The office bell heard. SHRIMP jumps on his stool, pulls cord that hangs over his desk, and re-commences writing.*)

*Enter* LORD PEDIGREE.

LORD P. Is Mr. Flam within?

SHRIMP. No, sir. If you'll take a seat he'll be in a quarter of an hour.

LORD P. If I *don't* take a seat, how long will he be?

SHRIMP. Twenty minutes—at least the time will seem so much longer if you stand—and if it *seems* so—why it it's all the same as if it really *was* so.

LORD P. You are a sharp lad—how old are you?

SHRIMP. Fifteen and a half.

LORD P. How long have you been with Mr. Flam?

SHRIMP. Five weeks next Monday.

LORD P. (*Taking up some papers on the table.*) Is this your writing?

SHRIMP. Yes, sir.

LORD P. A very good hand.

SHRIMP. It ought to be, for I'm always at it.

LORD P. What are your parents?

SHRIMP. Haven't got any—I've only a haunt.

LORD P. A sharp lad like you should have been put to a trade.

SHRIMP. A trade—what—Oh, no; they intend to make a gentleman o' me.

LORD P. And so have placed you in a lawyer's office?

SHRIMP. Yes, sir—six shillings a-week.

LORD P. Do you like your situation?

SHRIMP. If I'd nothing to do, I should.

LORD P. Then a sinecure would suit you better?

SHRIMP. What's that, sir?

LORD P. A place that gives no trouble.

SHRIMP. And a good salary?

LORD P. Yes, yes.



SHRIMP. Bless me—that would just be the very thing. If you should hear of a gentleman with a vacancy, will you think of me, sir?

LORD P. Oh, certainly. (*The office bell heard.*)

SHRIMP. That's master. (*Pulls the string.*)

FLAM *heard without.*

FLAM. The debt and costs must be paid to-morrow, or I shall sign judgment. Good morning. (*He enters, carrying a blue bag.*) Ah, my lud, hope your ludship's well. Take a chair, my lud—will attend to you in a moment. (*Sits on a stool at the desk.*) Shrimp!

SHRIMP. Yes, sir. (*Jumping from his stool.*)

FLAM. Done Spendthrift's mortgage?

SHRIMP. Yes, sir.

FLAM. Get your hat. (*SHRIMP gets down his hat from a a peg on which it was hanging.*) Serve this copy of a writ—defendant lives in Fleet-street—leave this bill of costs at M'Squabble's in Westminster—then run to the Royal Exchange with this letter—step to Whitechapel with this notice of declaration—then go as fast as you can with this draft to the Edgeware-road—and be back in half an hour.

SHRIMP. Yes, sir. (*Aside to LORD PEDIGREE.*) Please, sir, don't forget the sinecure. (*Exit.*)

FLAM. (*At the Desk.*) Perkins at the suit of Jones—put in bail. Smith versus Hopkins—case for counsel. (*Coming from the desk.*) Now, my lud, I'm at your service. I thought you were here, as I saw your carriage leave the door. Bowed to your niece—a charming lady—intends to return for you, no doubt.

LORD P. In a few minutes.

FLAM. Well, my lud, I have submitted an abstract of the title of your estate to a client, who is inclined to purchase.

LORD P. And the money Mr. Flam—if the sum I require be not forth-coming almost immediately ruin stares me in the face.

FLAM. And a very rude stare it is. That wretch ruin has no common politeness; none—well—well—we'll try to expedite the matter—now my lud you must excuse an observation I am about to make; being entrusted with your affairs, I am aware of course of their melancholy confusion, and which has been greatly encreased by two expensive misfortunes, a volatile son, and a lost election.

LORD P. Sir, I can allow of no—

FLAM. Pardon me, my lud. If I have wounded your feelings. I think I can produce a panacea that will infallibly cure the hurt. You have a niece—she has no other relative—now if we could marry her to a monied man—some young and wealthy citizen—

LORD P. A citizen, sir! think ye I should condescend.

FLAM. Hear me to the end, my lud. I have a client, a gentleman of respectable—respectable, do I say? a gentleman of *high* connections and princely income.

LORD P. Well, sir.

FLAM. But he's a man of business—his time is precious, too precious to be wasted in looking for a wife, he has therefore employed me as his agent, his chief aim being to form an alliance with some *noble* family—money no object.

LORD P. Certainly not—under circumstances.

FLAM. Now my lud—I have looked about me—I have been every where—from the boxes of the opera to the stalls of a fancy fair; but not a woman have I seen that I could conscientiously recommend—you yesterday introduced me to your niece—Flam, says I to myself—there's the wife for your client.

LORD P. He is rich you say?

FLAM. (*Aside.*) He bites. Was the junior partner in a great mercantile establishment—the seniors of the firm have died off, and he is now in sole possession of the house and connections.

LORD P. His family you tell me, are respectable.

FLAM. Noble, my lud—Sir William—I forget his name, is his cousin—Van Watermark the great banker of Amsterdam is his mother's brother-in-law. I *have* heard say that his grand father was nearly related to a noble duke—and his parents are—are—eminent, eminent, and irreproachable.

LORD P. And his name?

FLAM. Fitzsmith.

LORD P. Well, sir! If upon an introduction to your client, I find the description you have given of his fortune and connexions has not been exaggerated, we may talk further on the subject. (*The office bell rings.*)

FLAM. That's the office bell—no doubt the gentleman himself—will your ludship step into my parlour? 'Tis no doubt my client; if so, he must be prepared for the honour of meeting you, this way my lud, (*opening the right-hand door.*) I sincerely hope we may bring the matter to bear—his unbounded wealth will sustain your nobility—and your nobility will do honour to his unbounded wealth, (*Bows LORD PEDIGREE in, and closes the door, jumps on the stool, pulls the office string, and FITZSMITH enters.*)

FLAM. Ah, my dear sir! you could not have arrived at a happier moment. Hush! (*in an under tone.*) I have seen his ludship, and have commenced proceedings.

FITZS. Indeed, then you are my best friend, but I must first inform you, that mercantile buiness requires my immediate presence on the continent.

FLAM. And you wish to be married before you depart, in order to take your wife with you.

FITZS. Exactly.

FLAM. It *shall* be so—I've said the word—hush! his ludship is now here—you have told me that he is ignorant of the acquaintance already subsisting between his niece and you; and that she looks with an eye of favour on your little advances.

FITZS. But it is in despair, as his lordship has declared—vowed—that she shall never marry a commoner.

FLAM. Dear—dear—dear! can't you make a patent candlestick and get knighted? or—stay—you must bear me out in a few little hints I have given him, concerning your connections. You must swagger about noble uncles and illustrious aunts. Swear the Emperor of China is your distant relative—that he sends you a packet of Twankay every month, declare that Buonaparte——

FITZS. Nay, nay—I cannot descend to imposture.

FLAM. Imposture—you defame our proceedings. We are merely defeating an absurd prejudice: step into my back office, while I exchange a word with his ludship. Don't flinch, and you shall be married to-morrow. In—in—*(Puts FITZSMITH into the room at back.)* Now to bring them together.—*(Runs to the door.)* Will your ludship do me the honour to step out.—*(LORD PEDIGREE re-enters.)* I have consulted with my client, my lud, and he feels so highly flattered by your condescension in allowing him an introduction to you, that he has retired a moment to gain the composure necessary for so appalling an epoch—hem—Did you ever hear of the Earl of Smithfield?

LORD P. Never, sir. Nor do I believe—

FLAM. That such a peerage ever existed. You're right—

I've mistaken the title—'twas another—can't recollect it now. But the noble house that I mean, married into the family of my client. (*Aside.* I mustn't get out of my depth.) Before proceeding further I trust your ludship will consent to an immediate interview, at which your niece may be present; for surely *her* feelings should be consulted. She may object to my client—then of course the negotiation is at an end. On the other hand, she may, at first sight, become tenderly interested in him—then of course our labours will be greatly eased. Allow me to step to the carriage, and ask her so walk in—

LORD P. Nay—I'll not trouble you—

FLAM. No trouble, my lord.

LORD P. I must exchange a word with her before she can be introduced to your client.

FLAM. Then allow me to conduct your ludship to the door. This way, may lud—this way. (*Exit FLAM, bowing out LORD PEDIGREE. FITZSMITH comes from the room back.*)

FITZS. Confound the fellow, he will ruin us. She will naturally express some surprise at meeting me under such circumstances, and that may excite her uncle's suspicions.

*Re-enter FLAM.*

FLAM. Get ready, summon your presence of mind, and look dignified—fancy yourself lord mayor. She is coming into the office to be introduced to you. I had no opportunity of apprising her who you were.—Hush—they are here.

(*Re-enter LORD PEDIGREE and HARRIET.*)

FLAM. Allow me, my lud, to present to you my best respected client, Mr. Fitzsmith.

HAR. (*Starting.*) 'Tis he!

LORD P. He!—whom do you mean?

FLAM. (*Aside to LORD PEDIGREE.*) Hush, my dear lud—don't check the emotion for the world,—'tis love at first sight. I was once attack'd in the same way, and my symptoms were precisely similar. Don't disturb her—don't check the thrill of ecstasy that now so delightfully confuses her. Be seated, I beg. (*He places four chairs—they sit.*) Hem—You no doubt find this silence very embarrassing—allow me to break it for you. We are each of us placed in situations of peculiar delicacy. The young lady is agitated—natural enough. Her noble uncle is anxious—natural enough. My client is timid and confused—natural enough—and I feel for you all—natural enough. (*He rises.*) My lud, I have already explained the wishes of my client; he is willing to lay his princely fortune at your niece's feet; and surely the union of two such noble families—

FITZS. Hush!

FLAM. (*Aside to FITZSMITH.*) Silence—is a duty we owe to ourselves and to society; and if I have any knowledge of the human heart, I trust I am not speaking rashly or hyperbolically, when I assert that it is my opinion that my respected client is by no means indifferent to the tenderest feelings of the fair object of his proudest hopes. (FLAM resumes his seat.)

LORD P. 'Tis impossible, at this early stage of our acquaintance, to arrive at any conclusive point; but I trust if you will favour me with your company in Grosvenor-square to-morrow, the meeting may be attended with the happiest results.

FLAM. (*Aside to FITZSMITH.*) Hear! hear!—answer his ludship.

FITZS. I trust, my lord, I shall not forfeit one jot of your favour, if I candidly confess that an acquaintance, I may

say an attachment, already exists between that lady and myself.

FLAM. What the devil are you about?

LORD P. Sir! an attachment already exists! (*To HARRIET.*) Have you dared to form a clandestine connexion.—Come, madam, to your carriage. (*LORD PEDIGREE hurries off HARRIET, to the utter consternation of FLAM, who falls in his chair with a groan of agony.*)

FLAM. Oh!—ruined!—ruined! How could you be so weak? How could you be so idiotic? just as I had pleaded your cause so successfully, to jump up and criminate yourself. But 'tis all over now—you—will never see—“your attachment” again—he will take the management of his affairs out of my hands—I shall lose the making of a long bill—and you the woman that you are dying for.

FITZS. How could I see her embarrassment, and not endeavour to remove it?

FLAM. What must he think of me? I have lied through thick and thin for you. My day-book only knows the falsehoods I have uttered to advance your interests.

FITZS. But candour.

FLAM. Candour—Pooh! were we to be candid in our cases in the courts of law, what would become of us? You can arrive at no eminence, however mean, without some little juggling: the world, the very construction of the world requires, demands it. (*The office-bell heard; FLAM pulls the string and SHRIMP enters—a note in his hand.*)

SHRIMP. I've served the writ, sir; defendant said you might go to Jerico, and kicked me out of the house. I couldn't go to the other places in the time you told me, so I put the letters in the post; and as I was coming in here, a footman gave me this note to give to you.

FLAM. (*Looking at the note.*) 'Tis from my lud, and written in pencil (*to SHRIMP*). Go into the back office. (*SHRIMP goes off.*) Perhaps he relents—(*opens the note, and reads.*) “ Being informed of every particular respecting my niece’s acquaintance with your client, and as certain prejudices I entertain have been respected, the door of introduction is still open, provided his parents and connexions are of the high rank and respectability that you have stated, and to whom it is necessary I should be immediately known, otherwise all further negociation on the subject must cease.” A new trial by Jupiter—there is still hope.

FITZS. What have you said of my parents and connexions ?

FLAM. Said ! Given them splendid characters ; I knew our cause was hopeless unless I talked largely of *them*.

FITZS. But you have never seen my connexions ?

FLAM. Never—but I have an imagination, my dear friend.

FITZS. You do not know them.

FLAM. That honour is yet reserved for me.

FITZS. I have no relations.

FLAM. What ?

FITZS. Not a soul belonging to me.

FLAM. No cousins ?

FITZS. None.

FLAM. No uncles ?

FITZS. None.

FLAM. No aunts ?

FITZS. None.

FLAM. No fathers ?

FITZS. None.

FLAM. No mothers ?

FITZS. None.



FLAM. The devil! Then how did you come into the world?

FITZS. I never knew my parents.

FLAM. What? You are not a—death to our hopes—you are not a foundling?

FITZS. I am, indeed.

FLAM. Horror! And I have been talking to my lud of your uncles, and aunts, and brothers-in-law. What *is* to be done? if we go to his ludship to-morrow, and you with your usual candour confess that you have no relations, his ludship, with his usual candour, will order John the footman to kick us down stairs. Stop—yes—I see a way; I'll build a railroad over this marsh of despair that shall either carry us safely to our journeys end, or swamp us for ever. In the first place, tell me all you know of yourself—who are you? What are you? What are your earliest recollections of yourself?

FITZS. Being a troublesome boy in the country-house of my late friend the merchant—

FLAM. Who afterwards, I conclude, admitted you as a clerk, and then as a partner in the firm?

FITZS. From him I learnt that I was discovered when an infant lying at his door, and he being unmarried—

FLAM. Adopted you, and made you what you are—where was this country-house?

FITZS. In Devonshire.

FLAM. Well, Mr. Fitzsmith, how the deuce came you by the name of Fitzsmith?

FITZS. A whim of my benefactor; he thought the chances were in the favour of my being a child of some Smith or Jones, the former name he considered to be most universal—

FLAM. And hence your cognomen—now will you entirely confide in my skill ; if so, I'll carry you through this business triumphantly. In the first place we must get you a father and mother. No objections—it must be done. How much will you give for a father and mother ?

FITZS. What do you mean?—wou'd you have me deceive Harriet—wou'd you have me—

FLAM. Hush—If you are getting into heroics I've done with you ; she loves you, and a woman is ever ready to pardon any means a man may use to win her, however extravagant. In the first place I shall require supplies. Now that little property you have so long wished to get rid off. Stokeum cum Pogis, assign that to me, and I will undertake to provide for your parents and satisfy myself—say the word—give me Stokeum cum Pogis, and I will give you a father and mother. Are you content ?

FITZS. Well, well—I'll leave all to you.

FLAM. Enough. Now leave me to my thoughts, and call in the evening, I will then report progress. In the mean time I give you this assurance to comfort you,—you shall be married to-morrow. Now, go—fall down on your knees when you get home, and bless me—your second benefactor. Good morning (*bows him out, and calls after him*)—you may as well get the license at once, and the ring, and all the little concomitants. Hem ! Now to work, Shrimp.

*Enter SHRIMP.*

Get me the morning paper.

SHRIMP. Yes, sir. (*Goes off.*)

FLAM. I must search the advertisements ; they no doubt will assist me.

*Re-enter SHRIMP.*

SHRIMP. A client wishes to speak to you, sir.

FLAM. Of what sex?

SHRIMP. I don't know—She's a woman.

FLAM. A lady?

SHRIMP. Not quite. She's neither a lady nor a woman—between the two, you know.

FLAM. Ask her in.

SHRIMP. Walk in, ma'am. (*Enter MRS. NIBBLE.*) If you want advice, my master's the man.

FLAM. Your servant, madam—take a seat. The newspaper, Shrimp. Quick—quick.

SHRIMP. Yes, sir. (*Exit SHRIMP.*)

FLAM. Now, madam, your pleasure.

MRS. NIB. I have called, sir, to ask your advice on a very delicate point.

FLAM. A breach of promise?

MRS. NIB. Oh dear, no.

FLAM. Recommended to me by any friend?

MRS. NIB. No, sir, I am from the country; seeing your name on the door, it occurred to me that I might ask your advice on a subject that has long been locked in my agitated heart.

FLAM. (*Aside.*) From the country? I'll cross-examine her; she may make a very excellent mother for Mr. Fitz-smith. Well, madam, now for the delicate point?

MRS. NIB. You must know, sir, that I am housekeeper to an elderly gentleman.

FLAM. Um!

MRS. NIB. I trust what I am about to reveal will go no further.

FLAM. Madam, the bosom of a lawyer is the sacred repository of his client's confidence.

MRS. NIB. I was married when quite a child.

FLAM. Ah, we have all our weak moments.

MRS. NIB. My husband turned out a villain.

FLAM. A very common turn out now a days.

MRS. NIB. He deserted me, sir.

FLAM. Is it possible?

MRS. NIB. Deserted me eight years ago, sir—went abroad, and I have never seen him since. (*Sobbing.*)

FLAM. Don't weep, my dear madam. A real widow would not do that; she'd make another and a better use of her eyes.

MRS. NIB. I was thrown upon the wide world, 'till at length I turned my attention to housekeeping; now, sir, this is the point:—the gentleman with whom I have latterly resided, has paid me very great attention; he has behaved with a kindness and a delicacy, that I must confess has turned my thoughts into a channel, from which I once supposed they were excluded for ever—

FLAM. Has offered you his hand, I suppose?

MRS. NIB. Not exactly offered—but he has given me the hint in a manner so peculiar, that I must relate it. We tiffed a little yesterday, respecting a trifling mistake in my tea account, in the course of which he used rather a sharp word—that affected me to tears; he perceived that my feelings were hurt, and observed that he had not rebuked me half so severely as the fault deserved, and that if I committed it again he would marry me, and then he could scold me as he pleased.

FLAM. Of course you have committed it again.

MRS. NIB. I'm afraid at present—but if I should, and he wishes to put his threat into execution, what am I to do? Is a first husband considered dead in law, when he has not been heard of for eight years?

FLAM. No, madam.

MRS. N. Bless me!

FLAM. You must obtain evidence of his decease ere you can marry again.

MRS. NIB. Dear! dear! How very awkward!

FLAM. Shall I advertise your husband?

MRS. NIB. No, no, if he should be alive, he may appear, and in that case there would be no hope;—but I'll go home, consider what course to take, and call again to-morrow.

FLAM. Allow me to put down your name and address.

MRS. NIB. That is of no consequence. I merely wish for legal advice. Your fee I believe is—

FLAM. Six and eight pence, madam.

MRS. NIB. So I thought, and have wrapped it up ready. (*Giving him money wrapped in paper.*) Very hard to be obliged to pay for such unpleasant information.

FLAM. Very indeed, ma'am; but all my clients say the same—when verdicts are against them. Good morning madam; obtain proof of your first husband's decease, and I shall be most happy to draw up the settlement for your second.

MRS. NIB. (*Curtseying.*) You are very kind, sir—good morning, sir.

FLAM. Mind how you go out—take care of the office door, it shuts of itself—sometimes closes so sharply, it slaps my clients into the street—good morning madam. (*He bows her out.*)

FLAM. Pity she was not a widow; I think she would have made a very excellent mother—there was a fine matronly air in her looks.

*Enter SHRIMP with a newspaper.*

SHRIMP. The paper, sir.

FLAM. Sit at the desk, and write as I dictate.

SHRIMP. (*Sitting at the desk.*) Yes sir.

FLAM. (*Looking over the paper and reading.*) “Wants to borrow—wants to lend—case of distress—wants to take care of a single gentleman’s house—a neat widow—” What’s this? “As private tutor, an elderly gentleman, lately master of an academy in Devonshire—no incumbrance—wishes to travel—” The very thing—here’s a father at once. Write, sir, write—

SHRIMP. I’m ready, sir.

FLAM. (*Dictating.*) Sir—If you will apply—

SHRIMP. Apply—(*writing.*)

FLAM. At my office immediately—

SHRIMP. Two m’s in immediately, an’t there?

FLAM. Certainly.

SHRIMP. Immediately—

FLAM. You will hear of something to your advantage—

SHRIMP. Advantage—

FLAM. Sign my name—put the address—and direct—Homo, Peel’s Coffee-House—H-O-M-O. If he’s a good fatherly figure and wants to be settled, he’s the man. Now for a mother. (*Reading.*) “An aged lady—” Won’t do. “A young woman peculiarly situated—” No; I want a middle-aged lady peculiarly situated. (*Reading.*) “The French language—” Ah! here’s one.—“A middle-aged maiden lady, who has resided from childhood in the north of France—” Excellent.—“wishing to settle in England—” We’ll settle her.—“is anxious to reside in a family to teach—” The very thing; Shrimp, write a duplicate of that letter.

SHRIMP. Yes, sir.

FLAM. What man can wish for parents more respectable?

The mother accomplished, the father a scholar. I must get them here—see what they are—drill some parental feelings into them, and then introduce them to my lord. Direct that letter to M.P., 15, Burlington Arcade.

SHRIMP. How do you spell Burlington?

FLAM. You're a pretty clerk, sir; why don't you attend to your orthography?

SHRIMP. I'll attend to any thing, if you'll double my wages; give me twelve shillings a week and see how I'll spell. Burlington—oh, I know—its done, sir.

FLAM. Get you hat.

SHRIMP. Yes, sir. (*He jumps from the stool and gets his hat.*)

FLAM. Attend to me, and I think I can make you a sharp lad.

SHRIMP. I think you can, sir; I know you're a good one to grind a body.

FLAM. Silence, sirrah! Deliver those letters—endeavour to see the parties to whom they are addressed—learn who, and what they are—be quick—and cunning—and I'll—

SHRIMP. What, sir?

FLAM. Raise your wages.

SHRIMP. You will, sir? (*SHRIMP looks amazed and delighted at FLAM, and rushes out of the office.*)

FLAM. (*Calling after him.*) Stay, sir. Hang the notice that I am not at home, on the office-door, but will return in half an hour. Now for a cat-like meditation (*Falling in his chair, closing his eyes, and putting his handkerchief over his head.*) and a nap; then I shall awake like a giant refreshed—present my client with an excellent father and

mother, and a charming wife—his poor ludship with a rich son-in-law, and myself with the manor of Stokeum cum Pogis; then who will dare to say that a lawyer is not an useful member of society?

*(Falls back in his chair in an attitude of deep thought, and the drop descends.)*

END ÓF ACT I.



ACT II.—SCENE I.

(*Scenery as before.*)

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**FLAM** discovered waking from his nap, he looks at his watch.

**FLAM.** Not yet returned, the fellow has been away two hours; I have taken a long nap, and have wasted time enough for the disposal of half a dozen Chancery suits. (*The office bell heard, he jumps up, pulls the door-string.*) Here he is—now sir, you have been a long while, sir.

**SHRIMP.** Yes, sir, but it cou'd not be avoided.

**FLAM.** Have you seen the parties?

**SHRIMP.** Yes, sir; and they will both be here presently.

**FLAM.** And what have you learnt respecting them?

**SHRIMP.** All manner of things; I had a talk with the lady.

**FLAM.** Well! is she matronly in her appearance? dignified—does she seem to carry her head high?

**SHRIMP.** As high as she can, about five feet eight, I should think, she sadly wanted to know the meaning of your letter.

**FLAM.** Of course you knew nothing.

**SHRIMP.** Oh, nothing! I said I thought it was concerning money matters. And when she found she could get nothing out of me, she said she was almost afraid to come.

As she was quite alone here in London, with nobody to protect her, which was very distressing; as she was quite artful and *fisticated*.

FLAM. And you told her—

SHRIMP. That she needn't be at all frightened. As you was a most gentlemanly man, and no ways given to being *sarcy*.

FLAM. Poor creature! she must have a husband, she shall have one—'twill be an act of philanthropy to marry her; well, and what of Homo?

SHRIMP. Oh, a very nice old gentleman indeed, wears black and powder, and seems very odd.

FLAM. Eccentric, eh? so much the better.

SHRIMP. While I was watching for him, I heard the waiter's calling him all manner of names.

FLAM. Ah!

SHRIMP. They said he was an old miserly fellow. That he came there every day about letters, giving all sorts of trouble, without any body ever seeing the shape of his money.

FLAM. Avaricious too; nothing *can* be better—a small annuity for life, will secure him at once. Stokeum cum Pogis will afford him 300*l.* a-year, and yet leave a handsome overplus for myself; an excellent pair! fortune seems to have thrown them in my way on purpose. (*The bell heard.*)

SHRIMP. There's the bell; I shouldn't wonder if it an't one of them.

FLAM. Run to the door, and shew them in. (*Exit SHRIMP.*)

FLAM. Now to put on a look of gentlemanly mystery mingled with an aspect of excessive urbanity.

*Re-enter SHRIMP.*

SHRIMP. 'Tis the lady, sir! she seems in an awful twitter.

FLAM. Ask her in—stay in the passage to answer the bell

immediately ; and don't let a soul enter, while we are in conference.

SHRIMP. I'll take care—walk in ma'am—please ma'am.

(*Enter MISS PUDDICOMBE.*)

That's master, ma'am ! don't be frightened, I shall be outside the door. (*Exit SHRIMP.*)

FLAM. (*Observing her.*) I like her—there's a calm dignity in her face.

MISS P. (*Curtseying.*) I have called in consequence of a letter, I am M. P.

FLAM. Indeed, be seated I beg ; (*placing her a chair, and looking at her very intently, she catches his eye, and seems confused.*)

FLAM. Um—good eyes—aristocratic hands.

MISS P. Bless me how he is scutinizing ; I begin to feel excessively nervous.

FLAM. (*Drawing a chair close to her.*) Madam.

MISS P. (*Retreating.*) Sir.

FLAM. Don't be alarmed, my dear madam.

MISS P. Excuse my suspicions ; but I trust—I hope—that I am not selected to be the victim of evil machinations.

FLAM. Madam—you wrong my purpose: there is a moral dignity in your whole deportment that would awe the most reckless libertine into respect and propriety.

MISS P. London is so strange to me—that I tremble at every sound.

FLAM. No doubt—no doubt ; you have cause to be apprehensive ; you are still young ; I should say six-and-forty.

MISS P. Not quite, sir.

FLAM. Ah ! a period of life, when one cannot be too cautious, you are a teacher of the French tongue, I learn.

MISS P. 'Tis my only resource, the daughters of a family

with whom I have resided at St. Omer, some years in that capacity having married, I am compelled to seek another asylum.

FLAM. Um! will you allow me to ask you one question?

MISS P. Certainly.

FLAM. You will not be offended at its singularity?

MISS P. I hope not.

FLAM. (*Fixing his eye on her.*) You are, I believe unmarried.

MISS P. (*Spreading her fan.*) I am, sir, (*she conceals her face.*)

FLAM. You were never married?

MISS P. I have been proposed to many times; but—but—

FLAM. You are difficult to please!

MISS P. Exactly.

FLAM. Should you like to have a husband?

MISS P. Oh, sir—what an odd question!

FLAM. And yet 'tis one that's put every hour in the day.

MISS P. My reply, so entirely rests upon circumstances.

FLAM. Suppose a gentleman offered himself—who might realize all your ideas of male perfection, should you refuse?

MISS P. (*Aside.*) What does he mean? he must have met me previously, and I have struck his attention.

FLAM. I pause for a reply.

MISS P. (*Glancing at him, aside.*) I declare he's far from ordinary.

FLAM. May I construe this silence into a sweet assent?

MISS P. I must confess, that the delicacy of your manner, and the intellectual superiority of your address, cannot be disagreeable to any one.

FLAM. My address, (*aside.*) and manners! he! he! she'll do—thinks I am proposing for myself, and would marry

me immediately. My dear madam—I—I— (*Taking her hand tenderly. The office bell rings very loudly, she is startled.*)

MISS P. Bless me.

FLAM. 'Tis my bell, madam.

MISS P. How it startled me.

FLAM. No doubt—you ladies *will* jump at a ring.

*Enter SHRIMP, crosses behind to FLAM.*

SHRIMP. It's Homo—is he to come in?

FLAM. Certainly—and keep your place at the door, that we may not be disturbed; I am at home to no one but Mr. Fitzsmith.

SHRIMP. Yes, sir, (*Exit SHRIMP.*)

MISS P. You are called to your professional duties. Don't let me interrupt you.

FLAM. Don't stir, my dear madam, keep your seat, 'tis merely a gentleman that I hope to see you better acquainted with.

MISS P. Some friend that I am to be introduced to, no doubt, how singular. (*Enter DOCTOR BIRCH.*)

DR. B. I have called at your request.

FLAM. Homo, I presume?

DR. B. The same, sir.

FLAM. Will you step into my parlour for one moment, my dear madam, (*opening door.*) I shall not detain you a second.

MISS P. Really sir, I am so confused—

FLAM. Nay, dear madam.

MISS P. And alarmed, but I trust entirely to your honour, sir.

FLAM. And you shall not be deceived, believe me, (*FLAM bows her in, shuts the door, and approaches DR. BIRCH.*)

FLAM. Do me the favour, sir, to step to that end of my office.

DR. B. That end, sir, (*pointing.*)

FLAM. Yes, sir. (*DOCTOR BIRCH crosses to the right-hand,*)  
A very gentlemanly walk, indeed! he'll make a highly imposing father, sir!

DR. B. Sir.

FLAM. In your advertisement you state that you are without incumbrance.

DR. B. I am sir.

FLAM. That is, you have no wife.

DR. B. My only meaning of the word incumbrance—

FLAM. I am a man of business, sir.

DR. B. So am I, sir.

FLAM. My purpose in sending for you to my office, is to encumber you.

DR. B. I don't comprehend.

FLAM. To give you a wife.

DR. B. I'm much obliged to you, sir; but if ever I do take one, I should prefer making the choice myself.

FLAM. I have chosen one for you.

DR. B. You have?

FLAM. A maiden lady with 300*l.* a-year.

DR. B. Oh! Ah!

FLAM. Now you're struck—you feel a tender interest in the object already.

DR. B. But tell me sir—

FLAM. Nothing more at present—merely admit that your curiosity is excited.

DR. B. Certainly an advantageous match would demand my earnest attention.

FLAM. That's enough. (*FLAM. crosses to the door, and opens it, and leads out MISS PUDDICOMBE.*)

FLAM. Take a seat, madam. (*Placing a chair, MISS*

PUDDICOMBE *sits.*) Homo, don't stand, I beg. (*Placing another for BIRCH, looking at them.*) They were made for each other. (*Drawing a chair between them.*) Now to strike the blow at once; the subject to which I wish to rivet your attention, interests both of you.

MISS P. Indeed!

DR. B. I have not the honour of knowing that lady.

FLAM. So you think: listen; I am about to unfold a tale that must not be interrupted; for both of you are deeply implicated in its mysteries.

DR. B. Bless me!

MISS P. I'm quite agitated!

FLAM. Hush! about thirty years ago, a young English scholar, in making a tour of the Continent, was attracted by the beauties of a certain spot, to make it his residence—hem—a singularly beautiful girl, also of this country, was then an inhabitant of that place. At one of those little merry-makings peculiar to the province, this luckless pair formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into an attachment; the young scholar was elegant, graceful, formed for tenderness, and overflowing with poetry and passion. He declared his love; the singularly beautiful girl, flung herself into his arms, and with sighs and blushes, confessed the impression he had made upon her heart, and—they were married.

MISS P. What a relief! I began to tremble.

DR. B. But I can't conceive what this has to do—

FLAM. Silence in the court! The morning after their marriage, the horrors of a civil war suddenly burst forth in that once peaceful paradise; dwellings were burnt, whole families became [disunited, husbands and wives were torn asunder, amongst whom was this newly married pair. He

was borne away for his opinions, and she was persecuted for her beauty.

MISS P. Unfortunate beings!

DR. B. But tell me—

FLAM. Silence! The singularly beautiful girl looked for years for her heart's betrothed, but in vain; the young and elegant scholar, after ages of confinement in a dungeon, escaped to England, and strange to say, established an academy in Devonshire.

DR. B. Ah! what was his name?

FLAM. Hush! But the undiscovered fate of his bride still haunted him; he watched for every opportunity to get to the spot where they first met, but in vain; she, on the other hand, wandered distracted over the earth, in search of her soul's treasure, enduring insult and suffering, bathed in tears, steeped in agony. (*Sobbing.*)

MISS P. Oh, sir—

FLAM. Steeped in agony, and gaining a subsistence by teaching the French language to English detenus. You, HOMO, are that young and elegant scholar.

DR. B. (*Staring*). I?—

FLAM. And you, Miss P., that singularly beautiful girl.

MISS P. Sir, I'm sure—

FLAM. Hush! You are; you had also a little pledge of your affections.

MISS P. I defy any living creature to say such a thing.

FLAM. 'Tis truth: in your frenzied wanderings the poor infant was deserted, but he was adopted by others, was brought to this country, has attained wealth and honours, and is now burning with impatience to see his beloved parents, and settle upon them three hundred per annum.

BOTH. Indeed!



FLAM. I now call upon you in the name of your beloved child, whom you have so long mourned as lost to you for ever, to renew your vows ; repeat your marriage here, and be happy.

DR. B. I'm in a mist—thréè hundred per annum ?

MISS P. A very genteel income !

FLAM. Very— But it is not interest that re-unites—'tis the recollection of your early loves—'tis parental tenderness ; in your son you will exist again ; in your son you will trace your mingled features ; and when I reflect on his worth, and his wealth, tears of joy burst from my eyes as they now do from yours. Ah ! check them not, my friends—you demand your child. (*Bell heard.*) My office bell—you implore to see the dear object.

(*Enter FITZSMITH.*)

FLAM. Behold your son. There stands your honoured (*they rise*) parents—your father and mother—throw yourself into their arms—you must—you shall—(*He pushes FITZSMITH over to them.*) My friends, accept your annuity, and embrace your son—(*They each take a hand of FITZSMITH.*) Noble and affecting picture—now indeed are my toils rewarded.

FITZS. But tell me—

MISS P. Elucidate—

DR. B. Explain—

FLAM. Nothing ; I am going out, and will explain nothing till I return. You have found your parents—they must be introduced to your intended father-in-law at once. Madam, here is your husband ;—here, sir, is your wife ; and there the son, who settles an annuity upon you both. Now, you understand—step into my parlour—discover each others good qualities, and be mutually tender—my clerk shall wait

on you with wine and cake. Mr. Fitzsmith, tear yourself from the arms of your parents, and come with me, Shrimp.

(Enter SHRIMP.)

FLAM. Attend this lady and gentleman with refreshments—here's the key of my cellaret—show them both into the parlour. (SHRIMP opens the door—DR. BIRCH hands Miss P. in with great gallantry.)

FLAM. You see—you see—they understand the whole affair. Now for my lord—then to instruct them how to act, and your happiness is complete. Don't stand staring at me in that way. Come, sir, to my lord—to my lord—you're a made man—you'll come in with a new batch of peers one of these days—you'll form a Ministry—you'll be Premier, and I shall be Lord Chancellor. (He hurries FITZSMITH off.)

SHRIMP. Ha! ha! I'm getting on in my situation. I never was trusted with the key of the cupboard before, he told me to attend them with refreshments. Very well. (He opens a cupboard in the flat—a decanter of wine, and a plate of biscuits are seen on a shelf: he places them on the table.) I never tasted wine in all my life—I know its drank out of little glasses—(takes two wine-glasses from the closet)—I shou'd like to taste a drop—wonder if them people can see me. (He goes to the door, and looks through the keyhole.) Oho! my stars, how he's kissing her hand; then master's managed the matter, I can see—they're too busy to think of me, so I'll help myself. (He pours out a glass of wine, and is drinking it when the office bell rings: he swallows the wine with great agitation.) There's the office-bell—what a pity! All the wine has gone the wrong way—can't be master already. (He goes off—DR. BIRCH comes from the parlour, his cane in his hand.)

DR. B. Where's the clerk who was to wait upon us? Oh, the wine is placed out already.—very well. (*He lays his cane on the table, and takes the wine and biscuits into the parlour, closing the door after him.*)

*Enter SHRIMP, shewing in MRS. NIBBLE.*

SHRIMP. Mr. F. is out just now, ma'am. I don't think he'll be long before he comes in—will you take a seat, ma'am?

MRS. N. Thank'ye, sir.

SHRIMP. Calls me SIR! What a man I am getting—you was here this morning, I think, ma'am?

MRS. N. I was.

SHRIMP. I thought so; I know what you came about; better take my master's advice, or you may fall into a hobble.

MRS. N. Affairs have taken a turn since—by a most singular circumstance I have discovered that my poor husband is indeed no more.

SHRIMP. Oh!—an't you glad?

MRS. N. I am relieved from my suspence, I confess.

SHRIMP. Then now you can marry the old gentleman. You can *mum*—you may take *my* advice as far as that goes. It's quite as good as master's—better—'cause you get it for nothing. (*Goes up the stage.*) Hollo! they have help'd themselves I see. (*Looks through the key-hole.*) Ah! there they are. I shouldn't wonder if they won't be a very happy couple. Oh! here's his cane—(*Takes it from the table.*) a very handsome one. I wonder if the top is real gold—there are letters on it I declare—A. B. Ah! that's his coat of arms I suppose.

MRS. N. (*Observing the cane.*) What do I see?

SHRIMP. La! how you stare ma'am.

MRS. Who does that cane belong to?

SHRIMP. A gentleman in the next room.

MRS. N. Allow me to examine it?

SHRIMP. Mustn't keep it though.

MRS. N. 'Tis the Doctor's I declare—his gold-headed cane with his initials engraved on it—I know it well. The gentleman to whom this belongs is here you say?

SHRIMP. In there. (*Points to door.*)

MRS. N. Indeed!

SHRIMP. With a lady.

MRS. N. Ah! for what purpose?

SHRIMP. Taking wine and cake.

MRS. N. With a lady? I never knew him to have a female acquaintance since I have been his housekeeper. (*Aside.*) Young man—

SHRIMP. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. N. Who is this lady?

SHRIMP. She in there?

MRS. N. Yes, yes.

SHRIMP. Shou'd you like to know what's going on?

MRS. N. I shou'd indeed.

SHRIMP. Such fun.

MRS. N. Well—

SHRIMP. Master has a fee when *he* informs people.

MRS. N. There's a trifle, young man.

SHRIMP. A shilling I declare! I shall raise my salary myself this week.

MRS. N. Well—that lady and gentleman in that room?

SHRIMP. Are going to be married.

MRS. N. To be married!

SHRIMP. Yes; don't you understand—he's going to take a *missus* to *master* him.

MRS. N. Here's a discovery! a hypocrite—after all his hints to me—

SHRIMP. What's the matter, ma'am?

MRS. N. Nothing, young man—nothing. But tell me who is the lady?

SHRIMP. I don't know, she's come out of a newspaper.

MRS. N. Has advertised for a husband no doubt; and the infatuated Doctor—(*Aside.*) Your master then is employed in this affair?

SHRIMP. He's the man what's brought 'em together.

MRS. N. I'll look in again.

SHRIMP. Very well, ma'am.

MRS. N. I'll watch the house 'till the lawyer returns, and see the end of this I'm resolved.

(SHRIMP is looking through the keyhole again as MRS. NIBBLE goes off with the cane.)

SHRIMP. They are quite sociable, I declare, and nodding to one another with glasses of wine in their hands. What does that mean? Eh! where's the cane? That lady has gone away with it. Suppose she was only a thief after all, and has been getting a story out of me only to see if she cou'dn't steal something. I'll run after her. (*Bell rings.*) There's the bell; master no doubt. (*Pulls the string.*) What shall I say?

*Enter FLAM.*

FLAM. It's all arranged—all settled—

SHRIMP. Did you see a woman go out, sir?

FLAM. My client's mother? Not gone, I hope.

SHRIMP. No, sir, it was—

FLAM. Don't tease me now—can't attend to any one else—get your hat—run to the law-stationer's for two marriage settlements, one twenty pound stamp, the other thirty shillings—quick—quick—no time must be lost. (*giving money.*)

SHRIMP. One twenty pound and the other—

FLAM. Thirty shillings.

SHRIMP. I don't think I'll come back any more. (*Exit.*)

*Enter FITZSMITH and HARRIETT.*

FLAM. Now, my dear madam, your uncle has gone to his club, but will be here presently, when all will be arranged: his scruples are satisfied. I have told him your respected parents have arrived from their country seat in their carriage and four, and are impatient to meet him—confirm their son's happiness, and return to their peaceful retreat. Must get them out of the way the moment the business is arranged. Remain you here, while I instruct your honoured father and mother what to do. (*Knocks at the door.*) Don't disturb yourself, 'tis only me. (*Opens the door and goes in.*)

FITZS. Will your uncle ever pardon this imposture, and yet without its assistance there is no hope for us.

HAR. I wou'd have you pause ere you proceed; you have been sincere towards me, and I will be equally candid with you. In marrying me you marry almost a beggar—the follies and extravagancies of my family have reduced them far beneath—

FITZS. Say no more dearest—I love you for yourself alone, and it is only in the hope of having an immediate right to save the fortunes of your house that I have lent myself to the schemes of this man. You have before explained the prejudices of your uncle, and perhaps when we are married he may find me so sincere a friend that all will be forgiven.

*Re-enter FLAM leading out DR. BIRCH and MISS PUDDICOMBE.*

FLAM. Come forth, my friends, and behold your happy children. Allow me, madam, (*to HARRIET.*) to introduce the father and mother of your intended—like his mother—striking—wonderful resemblance—his mother's eye to a T.

—not much of the father—but boys always prefer taking after their mothers. (*Bell rings.*) There's my lud. Now the propitious moment has arrived. Let me place you in proper order to meet him. You must be affectionately seated between your parents. You, madam, (*to HARRIETT.*) must be at the table carelessly looking over the papers.

*Places FITZSMITH between his father and mother. HARRIET at the table. He then pulls the office bell-string, and takes his place ready to receive LORD PEDIGREE.*)

FLAM. (*To BIRCH and MISS P.*) Don't look so terrified—put a little joy into your faces—smile—smile! (*They force a smile.*) Hush! Ah! that will do.

*(Enter LORD PEDIGREE. They all rise. He bows with great condescension. MRS. NIBBLE enters behind, unobserved, and glides into the room at the back.)*

FLAM. The highly-respected parents of my client—Permit me to say, that the delight they have expressed at their son's noble alliance, is greatly increased by the consciousness that their own illustrious descent is but one degree beneath that of your ludship's. (*Aside to BIRCH.*) Speak—support me—give him some Latin.

DR. B. Sir?

FLAM. Zounds! Don't say sir—my lud ——

DR. My lud—my son and my wife!

*(Bowing, confusedly, to LORD PEDIGREE. MRS. NIBBLE bursts from the room at the back, and stands between them.)*

MRS. N. What, sir—your wife!

DR. B. Madam, what brings you here?

FLAM. Who is this?

DR. B. My housekeeper.

FLAM. What! My anonymous client of this morning? The devil!

MRS. N. I'll expose the whole plot!

FLAM. Silence, madam—silence—you must not intrude here. A poor lunatic, my lord, whose case I am conducting; she perpetually haunts my office, and annoys my clients; I must get her taken care of. Go home, my good woman—go home. (*Aside to her.*) Go, and I'll marry you myself.

MRS. N. You marry me, sir? My affections are not to be shifted from one to another so easily.

FLAM. Silence!

MRS. N. I shall not be silent. Is this your return for all my cares? Is this the end of all your gentle hints to me?

FLAM. My good woman —

MRS. N. Away, wretch! (*Taking BIRCH'S arm.*) This person is my master.

FLAM. But you are not his, ma'am—not his. Don't be disturbed, my lord. Poor lunatic, her keeper will soon be here. Poor woman—poor woman! Don't be alarmed at her—Miss P. Humour her—humour her. Leave the office—(*To Mrs. NIBBLE.*) You have no right here. Your first husband, who deserted you —

MRS. N. I have none, sir—I am now at liberty. I have this person's promise in my pocket-book, and he shall abide by it. Release his arm, miss—my claim is prior. She is no wife of yours; (*To DR. B.*) and I here declare he has never had one; and as for his being the father of that young man —

FLAM. Silence—let me speak.

MRS. N. Let me speak.

DR. B. Let me speak.

FITZS. Let me speak: I confess the imposture. This lady speaks the truth.



FLAM. What! "Et tu Brute"—now bursts my mighty heart! Oh! (*Falls in the chair.*)

MRS. N. I learnt the whole affair from your clerk, sir.

*Enter SHRIMP, with rolls of parchment and a letter.*

SHRIMP. The marriage settlements, sir.

FLAM. (*Seizing him.*) Villain, you have betrayed the secrets of my office—you have ruined your master, and I discharge you on the spot—get out!

SHRIMP. What, Sir?

FLAM. Get out!

SHRIMP. A letter, sir—a letter for that gentleman. (*Points to LORD P.*) His servant brought it just now.

(*FLAM gives the letter to LORD P., and kicks SHRIMP out.*)

MRS. NIBBLE holds the arm of DR. BIRCH. MISS PUD-  
DICOMBE is trembling in the corner.

LORD P. (*Reading the letter.*) Then all is lost. I am indeed a beggar!

FITZS. My lud!

LORD P. My steward has absconded. (*Hands the letter to FLAM.*)

FLAM. He has! (*Reads.*) 'Tis true, sir; he has gone to America; and I am sorry to say, has decamped with our only means of raising a shilling.

FITZS. But the estate that his lordship wished to mortgage

---

FLAM. We have now no title-deeds.

FITZS. I care not for any defect in the title: that estate I have set my heart upon, and will purchase it for thrice its value. I am without friends—without connections in life, and all that I possess shall be applied to restore the fallen fortunes of your house—the only return I ask is ———

LORD P. The hand of my niece. Take it, sir. Your generosity has at length conquered my prejudice, and I

cannot but consider you my equal, possessing, as you do, that high quality which exalts all men—nobility of heart.

FLAM. Hear, hear! Now I'm jealous. This matter has been arranged without me, after all; and my delight has ever been to settle, not to embroil, affairs. However, there is something left for me to arrange. You Homo ———

DR. B. Doctor Birch, sir.

FLAM. Take my advice, Dr. Birch—marry your house-keeper; don't think of travelling; the schoolmaster has been abroad long enough; stay at home, and be happy. As for you, Miss P. ———

MISS P. Mary Puddicombe, sir.

FLAM. You are a disappointed woman, no doubt, yet my client, at no very distant day, may require the aid of so accomplished a lady in his establishment, when, be assured, you shall not be forgotten. But hold—I am nonsuited—I've lost my prize—the manor of “Stokum cum Pogis”—

FITZS. Shall still be yours.

FLAM. Then the verdict is in my favour, after all; for the property will not be encumbered; and now, having made my peace with you all, I have to appeal to a higher tribunal, where my judges and my jury sit enthroned in awful majesty before me.

My luds and gentlemen, suffer my good intentions in behalf of my clients to be considered ere you weigh the means I have employed to effect them. If those means have caused you to forget the troubles of life's lawsuit for one moment, I shall not touch your pockets—but your goodnature; and only ask, in return, that very handsome and stimulating fee—your approbation.

THE END.





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