

T H E

Broken Stock - Jobbers :

O R,

Work for the B A I L L I F F S.

A New

F A R C E.

As it was lately ACTED

I N

E X C H A N G E - A L L E Y.

*Here with like Haste, through different Paths
(they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.*

Denham.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. J A U N C Y without *Temple-Bar.*
M D C C X X.

May 2, 1939

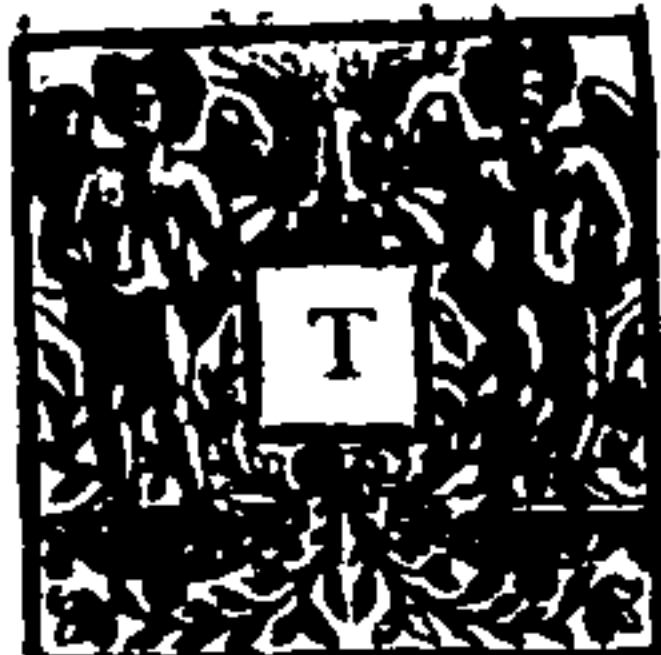
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THE
PREFACE.



*THE Vice of Gameing
being now become so
Publick, as to de-
serve a Publick Sa-
tyr; no one can blame any At-
tempt to expose that, which
must be the Ruin of a NATION.
The Sufferer, in the Part of
the Scene, will see and detest*

P R E F A C E.

the Folly by which he has impaired his Fortune ; the Gainer will be ashamed of his Wrongs, or pointed out as an Object of Contempt for them, and the Disinterested will have the Satisfaction of Pitying, Laughing at, or Despising Both.

A Performance of this Kind can't be supposed to comprehend the whole Scene and Mystery of Iniquity in such a Practice ; and the Author himself must have been too deep in the Secret, if he could trace them, and therefore unfit, or unwilling to explain them. Let this then be
looked

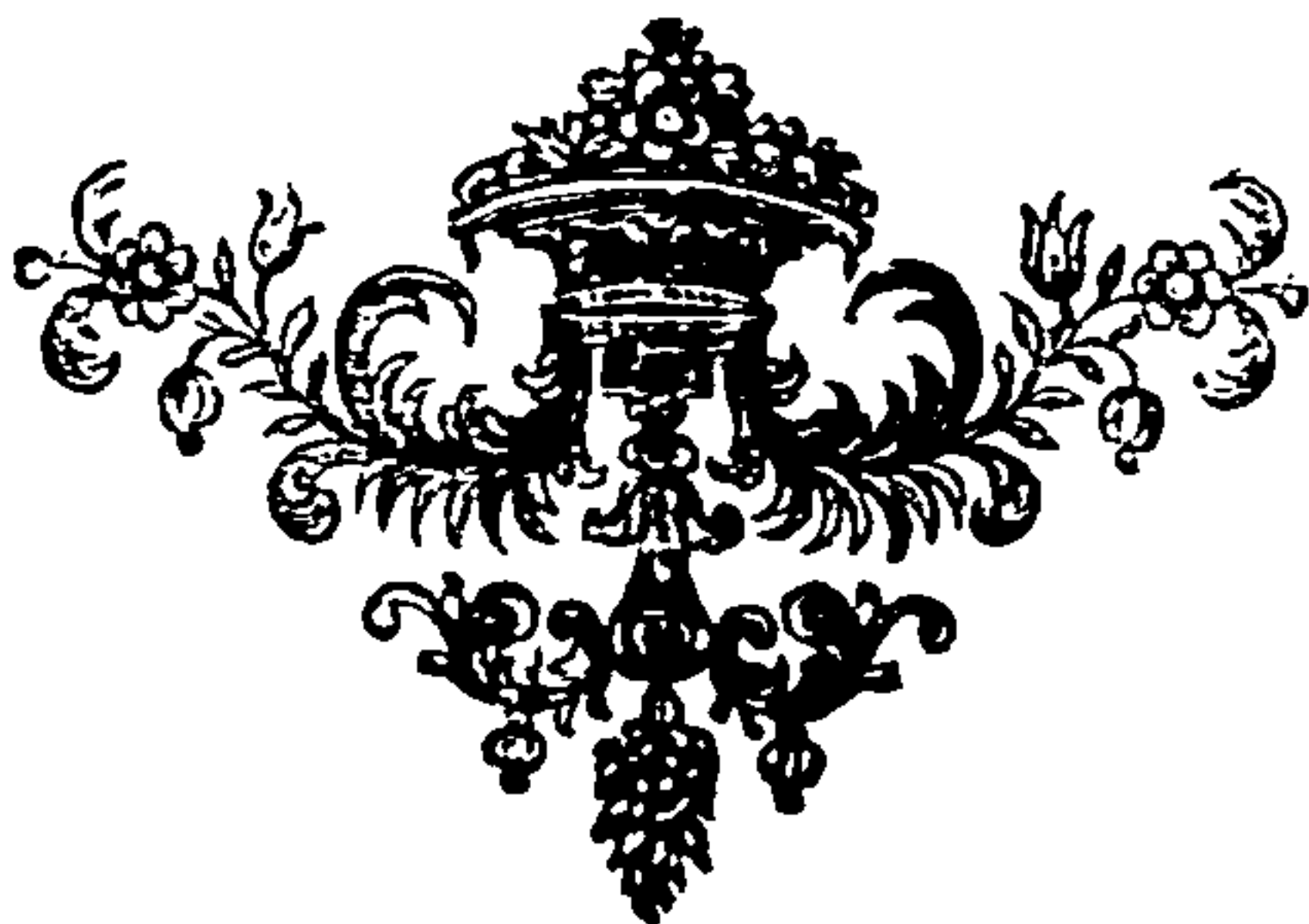
P R E F A C E.

looked upon as a Beginning only of an Attack from a Hand that may be Empowered to strike deeper, and keep a Guard against Complicated Villany, and Complicated Misery.

No Person is here meant by Character; Things, and Vices, not Men, are mentioned, and happy would it be if there were no Occasion for either: But if a Knave, or a Bubble, a Precisian, or a forward Attempter at Wealth, sees himself, let him not complain of a Picture which he himself resembles. I own, that it is easier for Folly than
Vil-

P R E F A C E.

*Villany to bear the Glass ; yet
the World will own, that the
Latter ought to be most exposed,
since it is much more easy to bear
being Ridiculed, than to think of
being Broken.*



PROLOGUE,

By a GAINER.

These Cloaths---my Grandeur---Equipage---and
(Coach,
Do they the Nation, or my self reproach?
Not me, — I got them fairly by a Cause
That proves my Merit, and commands Applause.
The Folks were Mad, — I saw the Humour high,
And learnt the useful Secret --- when to Buy.
But when to Wealth, Fools made such mighty Haste,
I Cry'd — a Bite, — and then sold out as fast.
In all I Traded, Stocks and Bubbles too,
My Wealth, by Shadows, and by Substance grew:
Sail-Cloath and Oil were full as good a Game
As South-Sea Hight, if they brought in the same.
It matters not what Name you give the Snare,
If you can catch the Bird — the Sport is fair.

Now then, since I have settled the Account,
And seen to what a Sum my Gains amount.
What's to be done? A Country House of Note,
And from the Herald's Court a borrowed Coat;
Some Idle Thousands I'll my Girls afford,
Titles run low now, — each shall have a Lord.

Thus I from dirty Shop, and Counter free,
Will mimick what, what I scorn, the first Degree;
And at my Death an Hospital I'll Give,
Where those I broke by Stock-Jobbing, --- may Live.

Dramatis Personæ.

My Lord, Equipage.

Sir Frippery Upstart..

Col. Berlin.

Mr. Pluckwell, a Director.

Mr. Transfer, a Banker.

Dr. Sine-Cure, a Stock-Jobbing Parson.

Headless, a Beau.

Blood-hound, a Compter-Officer.

Tom, his Setter.

Boy at the Bar.

Lady Whimsy.

Henrietta, her Daughter.

Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, &c. With a Multitude of several Stations and Degrees, to compose the Mob of *Jonathan's* and *Garraway's*.

The Time of Action, the same as the Representation.



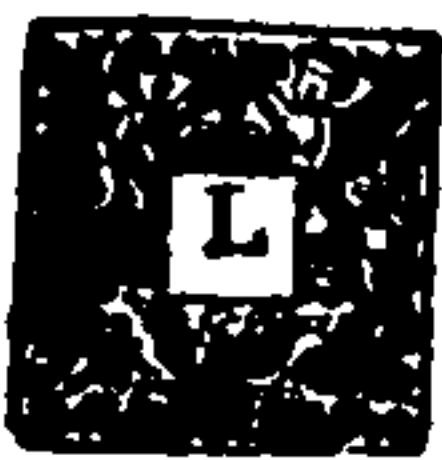
T H E

Broken Stock - Jobbers.

A C T. I.

Pluckwell discover'd Writing at his Desk.

PLUCKWELL.



LET me see ; Two, — Three —
Hundred Thousand and a Half :
Well, I've made it up prittily,
and when I've got it rais'd to
Four Hundred Thousand, I'll be easy, and
Erect a Charity-School, — for I'd will-
ingly Pave my Road to Heaven with Gui-
neas, 'tis good for Body and Soul too ;
B But

But then says some precise Coxcomb, *How got you this Money? Was it not by unlawful Means?* No, if People are such Fools to part with their Money for Moonshine in the Water, let their Judgments be arraign'd, not my Endeavours. Oh! here comes one of my Bubbles, Sir *Frippery Upstart*, who t'other Day made Interest to be a Hackney Writer, but now he is run into Money, that has got him a Title, and the Title has almost run him out of his Wits.

Enter Sir Frillery Upstart.

Sir F. Mr. *Pluckwell*, I admire you shou'd have the Impudence to make a Person of my Quality wait so long — but you take your Pride from your Brother Directors, — why my Horses will take Cold, my Equipage will be foil'd; and which will be the greatest Mortification, my *Berlin* will get into such a Croud of dirty Hacks at the *Change*, I must give the Fellow Directions to drive round into *Lombard-street*, or it won't be taken Notice of.

Pluckw. I beg your Honour's Pardon, — I'm ready for you, when you please.

Sir F. Ready for a Fiddle-stick, — have you summ'd up the Difference?

Pluckw.

Pluckw. I have, Sir.

Sir F. And what does it come to?

Pluckw. Three Thousand, Five Hundred.—

Sir F. Here's your Money — but pray treat me with more Manners, henceforward, or by all that's Powerful, I'll put into the Foreign Bubbles, and so your Servant. [Exit.

Pluckw. Foreign Bubbles, Quotha! Take Care of your self here Fool First, or in two or three Days there will be another Advertisement in the News-Paper, *where a beautiful Berlin, little worse for wearing, may be sold a Pennyworth.* Lord! Lord! that Men with half an Eye can't see through this *Cobweb Cheat*, which must entangle 'em one time or another.— For my Part, I'll take Care of One; and since we are to run the Race, I'll start first, and Cry, *The Devil take the Hindmost.*

[Exit.

S C E N E Changes to the *Coffee-Room.*

Enter Transfer, *Dr. Sine-Cure*, Lord, and *Colonel Berlin.*

Col. Servant, Servant my Lord ; you are very early here.

Ld. Why, really, Colonel, I do fatigue my self extreamly ; — if it was not for the Profit, I shou'd not take half so much Pains, — tho' I must needs say, there is a great Pleasure in getting of Money, especially to those who have nothing else to do.

Col. Now the chiefest Pleasure, I think, consists in spending one's Money. — What's Life without Pleasure ? And what Pleasure can be got in this Mercenary Age, with paying for it ?

Ld. Ay, but you mean beastly Pleasure. — Pray, how's Stock to Day, Colonel ?

Col. Why, Faith, my Lord, I give my self but little Concern about it. — I come as abundance of other Idlers do, to see and be seen, and have the World think I am a Man of Business, tho' I have no Occasion for't.

Ld.

Ld. Lord bless me ! Is't possible to be here without turning the Penny ? — Don't your Fingers itch to be handling the agreeable Thousands you may gain in half a Day ?

Col. No, Faith, I'm above it ; and it surprizes me, that so many Noblemen shou'd turn Gamesters in *Change-Alley*, and yet swoon away at the Thoughts of the *Groom-Porters*.

Ld. Ah, filthy Groom-Porters — there goes nothing but Rakes to that Place, who Curse and Swear, and Bully the Quality. — Now here we're snug, and shou'd we chance to fall out, we can give one another *Citizens Satisfaction*, by Fighting a *Tongue Battle*. Will you drink a Dish of Tea, Colonel ?

Col. No, my Lord — I just came from drinking hot Rack-Punch at the *Jerusalem*.

Ld. Punch ! Punch ! Punch in a Morning ! Your surprize me, Colonel.

Col. Why, most of your Stock-Jobbers drink it, for they are fit for nothing 'till their Heads are a little *addled* : My Lord, you'll excuse me, I have some Business.

Ld. Won't you stay, Sir ?

Col.

Coll. No, my Lord, the Place begins to grow too hot and Noisy for me, so your Servant: Now for my Dear *Henrietta*, this is her appointed time.

Enter Sir Frippery.

Sir F. Well, this is a most implacable Thing: My Broker, I believe, is the greatest Rogue in the Alley----And then that Son of a Whore ---- that *Jew*, Damn his Circumcision, a Dog, he has bit me fairly by *Jupiter*.

Ld. Are you angry, *Sir Frippery*?

Sir F. Nothing but a trifle, my Lord: — Stocks fallen two and a half *per Cent.* and my Rascal gave me no notice of it till just now.

Ld. Stock fallen! you don't tell me so?

Sir F. 'Tis too true, my Lord.

Ld. Lord have Mercy up- } *throws down his*
on me, what have I been } *dish of Tea.*
doing all this Morning! I must run and see about this Affair: I'll pay you another time for my Tea.

Boy. The Cup to my Lord.

Ld. Fiddle, don't tell me of a Cup — I'll bring you one from my House to-morrow; for I have *China* enough, and to spare — Dear *Sir Frippery*, excuse me: Stock fallen!

fallen! Lord bless my Soul; what will be
come of me ? [Exit:

Mr. Transfer.

You seem in a Passion, *Sir Frippery*—
What's the Matter ?

Sir F. Nothing, Nothing, but we're all
bit, and Stock fallen, that's all.

Transf. Stocks fallen! *Why, is the Pre-
tender's Wife brought to Bed?*

Sir F. No, but We are brought to Bed,
and finely brought to Bed too; Damn the
Directors.

Transf. I'll go home and stop Payment—

Boy. Please to pay here, Sir.

Transf. No Money, Child, Stock's fallen.
But hold, I see my Doctor coming; I'll try
to bite him before I stop Payment.

Dr. Sinc-Cure.

Doctor, pray, shall I do any thing for you
this Morning?

Doctor. No, *Mr. Transfer*, I am appre-
hensive we shall have some damn'd Act of
Parliament against us.

Sir F. Act of Parliament! you Canonical
Pimp; What have you to do with Acts of
Parliament? Go Home to your Parish, and
read

read over the Acts of the Apostles, that's fitter for you, D — n me.

Dr. Sir, I scorn your Words — Oh, Sir *Frippery* is it you? I beg your Pardon ; but you seem to be in a Passion, and Swear ; and it does not become the Mouth of a Christian Gentleman.

Sir F. Stock's fallen, Sir,

Dr. Zounds!

[*Exit Dr.*]

Sir F. Ay, 'twill make your *Bishop* swear too, when he hears it, for all his Moderation — I'm undone, and my Lord Duke's undone, and — I'll go to *Bath* to Morrow Morning.

Enter Headless.

Head. Pray, Sir, did you see my Pocket-Book? I have lost my Pocket-Book ; Can any Body tell me of my Pocket-Book?

Sir F. I'll sell out immediately.

Head. What, my Pocket-Book?

Sir F. Damn your Pocket-Book —
Stock's Fallen.

Head. Then I have lost my Pocket-Book in very good time, and won't give myself the trouble to Advertise it — I'll go to *Southwark* Fair, and if I can get a Lodging, I'll stay a while on that side the Water.

Enter

Enter Pluckwell.

Pluckw. Come, come, Gentlemen, pluck up a Spirit, 'tis not so bad as we imagin'd; — Will any Body Sell?

Omnes. What, Is't up again?

Pluckw. Ay, ay, 'tis only a false Alarm about *Gibraltar* and *Port Mahone*, that's all.

Dr. Is that all?

Pluckw. Ay, ay, nothing else.

Dr. Oh, I thought it cou'd not be — Come, I'll buy.

Sir F. My Heatt's up again — Boy, a Dram.

Pluck. Will you buy, *Sir Frippery*?

Sir F. Ay, as much as you care to sell.

Pluck. Then take among you at 800, you'll go to the Office and Transfer.

Omn. Ay, we'll all go.

Pluck. Bit; Stock's not worth a Farthing.
[*Aside.*]

Exeunt.

C

S C E N E

SCENE Changes to Akerman's China-Shop.

Enter Lady Whimsy and Henrietta.

Lady W. I'm glad there's no Company here: *Henny*, Child, How do'st like the City? I think thou were't never here before: This is the Place to get Money in, and it shall all go to marry thee to Sir *Crazy Rheumatism*, he's to be thy Husband, and then thou'lt be a Lady as well as thy Mother.

Hen. But I believe I shall disappoint you, Madam; I like the City very well—but I thought you came here to do Business; is this your Brokers?

Lady. No, Child; but this is a Place I shall leave you safe in; I won't trust thee in the *Alley*, thou wou'd'st be so squeez'd, I warrant thee, good Lack! I was squeez'd t'other Day — they make nothing of tumbling a Body, and value a Hoop-Petticoat no more than a borrowing Friend — well, sit down and drink a Dish of Tea, and I'll be with thee presently.

[*Exit.*

Hen.

Hen. I wonder that the Colonel is not here! My Heart pants with Fear and Expectation.

Enter Colonel Berlin.

Col. Oh, my fair Stock-Jobber! You are punctual I perceive — Well, now my Angel, let's improve the happy Opportunity, and take the Occasion of your Mother's Absence to make your faithful Lover ever happy.

Hen. What will you think of my so soon complying? You'll hardly value what you gain so easy.

Col. Have better Thoughts of me, you know my Soul is yours; think, if you slip this Moment, you may be irrecoverably lost, and I eternally unhappy — the Licence I've procur'd, and in this Neighbouring Church, let's Ratify our Vows in Holy Marriage — it may be done before your Mother comes — be speedy, and resolve.

Hen. I go, half loath, and half consenting. —

Col. Spare thy Speeches, 'till thou com'st
to that agreeable One of, *I take thee.*

*Let some for Gain employ their Hour's Life,
My chiefest Blessing is a virtuous Wife.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Blood-hound and his Setter.

Blood. Zoonds, *Tom!* I hear rare News,
half the City's undone! — Stock's fallen!

Tom. Ay, that is blessed News indeed ;
then there's Hopes, Master, we may get
Estates by the Ruin of the Stock-Jobbers,
as they got Estates by the Ruin of many a
Family.

Blood. Ay, Ay, Damme, I'll work some
of their Buffs, I warrant ye ; the prodigal
Rascals were grown so uppish, nothing but
Ven'son wou'd go down — I'll be even
with 'em for that, Dogs ; for I love my
Belly as well as any Man, and cou'd not
indulge my self, because the *South-Sea* Ras-
cals had engros'd every Thing that was
nice for their own Pallates.

Tom. I believe some of 'em will be glad to
jump at a Piece of Neck Beef now.

Blood. I believe so — I have half a
Dozen of them to Arrest this Morning,
and the Rascals are so poor, I must knap
'em

'em, for they have not Money enough to make me take their Words; so go you down *Lombard street*, and I'll thro' *Cornhill*, let's Barracade the *Alley*; and if I catch any of 'em in the *Money Borough*, I'll use 'em as they do Rabbits, give 'em such a Knock on the Neck, that they'll never recover again.

Exeunt.

Enter Transfer.

Tran. Hip, — my Lord Duke — he's gone, I see, — but I remain, — I stand good. — I *John Transfer*, at the Sign of the *Handsome Devil* in *Lombard-street*, am worth Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds, tho' I say it, and I struck my Fortune out of my self too, no Thanks to any Body but Gracious Heaven, and my honest Endeavour.

Enter Pluckwell.

Pluckw. Neighbour *Transfer*, what do you here? We're are all undone — Go Home, Man, and stop Payment immediately, or you'll have such Drawing upon you, you'll be ruin'd.

Tr an.

Tran. No, Sir, I shan't; I'll keep my Head above Water, in spite of ill Fortune, or ill Nature, and to Morrow, Sir, I'll Advertise it in the *Daily-Post*.

Pluckw. For my Part, I design to break and move off the Ground, else I shall not only be thrown into a Goal, but have my Throat cut too — or else be oblig'd to cut it my self, for they swear every Director shall be us'd worse than a Bailiff in the *Mint*, — and really we deserve it, for we have been a Parcel of sad Dogs, that's the Truth on't.

Tran. So I can but *meliorate* the Acidity of my own Affairs, I care not what becomes of yours; and you shou'd have gone upon a better Foundation, and not have built such a stupendious Fabrick of Pride and Vanity upon the uncertain Surface of the *Sea*, there's a Figure for you, and so your Servant. [Exit.]

Pluckw. Proud Coxcomb! I wish I had not stood for *Sheriff*, but I have alter'd my *Religion* and *Principles* so often, what does it signify? — Oh, there they are coming full Cry; the Artillery of the whole *Alley* is in Motion — for my Part, I cou'd play three Bouts at *Tongue* and *Paper* with any of them once, but now I must abscond. [Retires.]

Enter

Enter several People, — a confus'd Noise of who Buys? Who Sells? New African, River Douglas, Rock Salt, &c. the usual Jargon of the Place.

My Lord ———, Sir Frippery, &c.

Ld. Sir Frippery, this is a sorrowful Day, we're all-bit.

Sir Fripp. So we are, my Lord; I wish I had sold out, and gone to *H* ——— when the Rest did. Oh! that Son of a Whore, *Pluckwell* ——— I'll ruin the Dog when I see him.

Ld. Well, but there's no Help for it now ——— What shall we do?

Sir Fripp. Return to our Primitive Idleness, I think, or pull the Directors by the Nose, since we have nothing else to do; but they'll take it so patiently, 'tis hardly worth while: For my Part, if I can but get fairly out of the City in a Hackney Coach, I'll leave my *Berlin* to shift for itself — I'll come no more here 'till the Parliament sits, I'm resolv'd.

[Exit.

Dr. That ever my Reverend Father's Son shou'd come to such Misfortune — I must now preach, or do something for my

my Living, and I was in Hopes to live above my Business, had *Stock* continued *Highb*, and the *Jacobite Party* Low. I'll furnish my self with two or three Ream of *Old Sermons*, and run into the Country to *Morrow Morning*, and if possible I'll edify my Parishioners. [Exit.]

Ld. And I'll go to *I——d* and enjoy the Privilege of my *Peerage*; and so, Dear *Change-Alley*, adieu. [Exit.]

Enter Colonel and Henrietta.

Col. Come, my Dear, we may go thro' the *Alley*, now, without *Justling*; and shou'd we see your Mother, we can't fear her, for thou art mine now, and no Property of hers.

Hen. Is this the Place of *Confusion* that you told to me of? I see no Body stirring hardly.

Col. No, they are vanish'd as if a *Pestilence* had enter'd here; the *Honey-Pot* is empty, and all the *Wasps* and *Drones* have left it — the *Drones* of *Quality* I mean, who fed on others Labour, and suck'd the *Sweets* of the industrious *Trader*.

Enter

this Place of Falshood and Deceit, have
dealt with one another upon honourable
Terms.

Altho' in Stocks some have their Fortunes
(lost,
And others rais'd Estates at Bubbles's Cost :
Tho' Bankers fail, and at ill Fortune rave,
Out of Love's precious Store, some Stock I'll
(save,
That Current Payment thou shalt always
(have.)

E P I

EPILOGUE,

By a LOSER.

Curs'd be the Man at present! and may Fame,
For future Curses keep his impious Name!
Whose evil Genius, and deep-working Brain,
Contriv'd the Scheme of Stock-Jobbing for Gain!
With a fair flowing Fortune in my Hand,
A clear Estate, a Borrough at Command.
What mov'd me from my Country Seat to range!
And take a Lodging near the damn'd Exchange?
Where, if a lucky Morning Lye, appear,
It proves a Villain's Income for a Tear;
And Stocks, or mount, or sink the falling Scale
From a Forg'd Letter, or a Holland Mail,
Why must my stupid Fancy e'er admire
The Way of raising Water up by Fire?
That cursed Engine pump'd my Pockets dry,
And left no Fire to warm my Fingers by.
Assurance! Old Assurance! a fine Prize!
Buy, — cries a Friend, it certainly will rise;
I Bought, — but can the Old Assurants tell,
With all their Policy, — when I shall Sell.
A Hundred others I forbear to name,
Charters and Patents all, — but all the same:

And

EPILOGUE.

*And now reduc'd, which Way must I contrive
To beg or borrow! — any Means to live?
E'en take a Pair of Pistols, a Buff-Coat,
And with more Honour, cut a Rascal's Throat:
For sure if Tyburn had a just Supply,
More Stock-Jobbers, than Highway-Men, wou'd
(die.*

F I N I S.

