

*Plowland.* An't be he, I'll baste him a little, I'm resolv'd — What a murrain could make the Lad chuse to look so like a Monkey —  
*[beats him]*

*Simplex.* Sir, I must interpose — The young Gentleman only keeps his Neighbours in countenance —

*Plowland.* Countenance! — What! do you serve a Farthing's-worth of Pins in this Trim?

*Simplex.* You confound him, Sir — His Dress does honour to his Employment, and also to you.

*Plowland.* Not to my Pocket, Sir — Come, get up *George*, and let's see thee a little — What dost keep thy Face in wet Cloths, it is so white?

*Mr. George.* My Duty, Sir, will not permit me to oppose you; use me as you please; but I expected other Treatment —

*Plowland.* Other Treatment thou shalt have! What do you imagine I toil and fatigue myself with keeping my Grounds in my own Hands, and let you lavish away more in half a Year, than my Industry produces in a whole one! — thou Butterfly Jack?

*Mr. George.* Would you not have me dress answerable to the Business you have plac'd me in?

*Plowland.* Yes: But you are now dress'd so as to answer no Business at all — What use are these of in Business, thou Fly-catcher? — *[Pulls the Ribbon round his Neck]* I know, indeed, the Quality and Gentry use such Things; but in them they are no way blameable, and indeed of service, since they furnish some little Employment for their Valets —

*Mr. George.* Please, Sir, to look at the other young Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, and if I'm dress'd beyond them, then blame me.

*Tom.*

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*Tom.* Hush, *George!* thou'rt a power finer than Father, or *Ned* i'th' Country, who, you know, must have the Estate.

*Mr. George.* Hold your Tongue; I'm not speaking to you, Clod!

*Plowland.* Ay, ay, he shall be a Clod-hopper all his Days, before he comes to be metamorphos'd as you are—But tell me, *George,* since you insinuate that all the neighbouring young Fellows are, as foolish as yourself, if those of their Masters, who are getting Money, ever did dress so?

*Mr. George.* Perhaps they did not—but Trade has lately taken a genteeler Turn.

*Plowland.* A Turn, indeed; *George!* A few Years ago, while a Man continued in Business, he was supposed to be at least endeavouring to *get* Money; but now we see handsome Fortunes *spent in* Business; and, which is yet newer, I find you are introducing an Improvement, to spend one even *before* you get into it.

*Enters an INNKEEPER.*

*Innkeeper.* Sir, your humble Servant [*to George*] hearing the good 'Squire, your Father, was in Town, I brought your Bill—

*Plowland.* Bill! for what, Master? Are you his Shoemaker?

*Innkeeper.* No, Sir, I am an Innkeeper?

*Plowland.* What, didn't he pay the last Time he came up in the Stage-Coach?

*Innkeeper.* My Bill, Sir, is only for a Year and half's keeping his Horse.

*Plowland.* Horse!

*Tom.* To be sure, Father, this is a *London Bite*—there's no riding about these Streets, I'm sure!

*Plowland.*—

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*Plowland.* — But prithee, *George*, dost own this Demand?

*Mr. George.* Yes, Sir.

*Plowland.* — Dost keep a Horse to ride to the Binding-Weavers in *Spittlefields*? — I know not what else thou can'st lack him for — you can never mount him behind the Counter, I think.

*Simplex.* It is the Custom, Sir, with many young Gentlemen of his Station to keep a Horse the Year round, to have an Opportunity of mounting him now and then on a *Sunday* — It gives him a Licence to appear at Church in Boots, to travel to the next Door with a Whip in his Hand — and to speak in the Jockey-Language, without which, since Horse-racing has so generally prevail'd, there is no such thing as appearing a Gentleman!

*Plowland.* Give me your Bill, Master; call on me to-morrow, and we'll see if my Son's Horse han't eat's Head off.

*Innkeeper.* Sir, your Servant. [*Exit Innkeeper.*]

*Plowland.* As for you, *George*, I'll settle Matters with your Master, and take you down wi' me — you may have Riding enough about Field now its Harvest-time — It'll be cheaper to maintain you at home as a Gentleman, I find, than here as a Haberdasher of Small-Wares — *Tom* bought a Ballad, last Fair-Day, call'd, *The City run mad* — I didn't mind it much then, but find it not far from being true — Sing it, *Tom*, as well as't can; may-be the Gentleman ha'n't heard it.

*Tom.* Ay, Father: But they sing so fine here in *London*, that an *English* Voice will scarce go down at all — and mine is piteous hoarse.

*Simplex.* Pray, *Mr. Thomas*, oblige us.

*Tom.*

The CITY FARGE. 39

Tom. Well, then; but I must ha'th' Ballad in my Hand — chance I forget any on't. [Tom sings in a Country Accent.]

Come, Neighbours, attend,  
Your Ears you must lend;  
I'm from London City this Instant come down,  
Where Porters drink Wine,  
And all go so fine,  
That the best Man amongst us must pass for a Clown.

2.

The Cits never fail  
At Courtiers to rail  
For Dressing, and Gaming, and twenty Things more;  
When looking at Home  
Wou'd alter their Tone,  
And shew them gross Follies lie at their own Door.

3.

Step into their Shops,  
You'll find nothing but Fops;  
Their Looks and Professions so sadly agree;  
When you cheapen their Ware,  
They bring you a Chair,  
And tell you the Price, with an humble Congée.

4.

Till Ten they're in Bed,  
To cure a pain'd Head,  
And almost the Minute that Breakfast is done,  
By Eleven, or so,  
To the Tavern they go,  
And whet, till they're call'd to their Dinners, at One.

5.

When Dinner is o'er,  
A Horse at the Door  
Attends to refresh the Fatigues of the Day;  
Then he mounts with an Air,  
Turns his Back upon Care,  
And, fine as our Squire, cries hey't, and away.

While

6.

*While Bus'ness affords  
To keep Tradesmen like Lords,  
In vain of the Badness of Times they complain;  
Since with half an Eye,  
'Tis easy to spy,  
The Want they groan under lies most in the Brain.*

*Enters TOBY, in sad Haste.*

*Toby.* Gentlemen, our Company is now compleat, and the Captain desires you to attend him in the Dining-Room to view us as we stand. If you don't come this Minute, you'll lose the finest Sight ever Man beheld!—

*[Drum beats to Arms.*

*Plowland.* We'll follow your Soldiership—I've seen that Man before, I think, and have a strong Notion it's the same our *Will* took in the Henroost the last Soldiers march'd our way.

*Simplex.* 'Tis *Toby*, the Captain's Servant—

*Plowland.* How Courage alters a Man's Features—Come, won't you go, Sir—

*[Exeunt all but Simplex.*

*Enters LIDDY FROGNET.*

*Liddy.* Sir, your Servant. I thought Mr. *Smatch* had been here?

*Simplex.* I expect him every Moment.

*Liddy.* My future Spouse, Mr. *George*, is not gone out, I hope, Sir?—

*Simplex.* Surely you would not inveigle the young Fellow to marry you!

*Liddy.* If I don't, I have humour'd and flatter'd him these two Years to little purpose—To be plain, Sir, my Lady is on the point of being marry'd herself, and I having protested against  
serving

*The* CITY FARCE. 41

erving a marry'd Lady, am resolv'd to provide myself at the same time—

*Simplex.* But his Father has resolv'd to take him into the Country.

*Liddy.* Then I must make the surer Work on't, that he may have me to take with him: I have been sick of the Town some time.

*Simplex.* But don't you think it would be very blameable in you to take Advantage either of his Pride or Folly?

*Liddy.* No, Sir; I think it rather an honourable Action—How few Gentlemen wou'd obtain the Wives they do, were they not to take Advantage of their Weakness; though Nature, we are often told, hath appointed you our Guardians!

*Enter SMATCH at one Door, ORINDA and Miss FLASH at the other.*

*Miss Flash.* Mr. *Simplex*! I have been pleading in your Favour this Half-hour—you thought I did not see through your making me a Pretence for visiting *Orinda*; however, as 'twas on her account, I freely excuse you—

*Smatch.* Let me see! I know not whether you can or no, before I have challeng'd him for making you his Dupe.

*Orinda.* These Points of Honour, Mr. *Smatch*, may at present be well enough dispensed with—I have just now deviated so far from my own Character, as to solicit, to my utmost, a Cause you have long had depending with Miss *Flash*.

*Smatch.* Madam, you have serv'd me in the kindest Manner; so much Beauty can never plead in vain.

G

*Simplex:*

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*Simplex.* You see, Mr. *Smatch*, how apt you fighting Gentlemen are to fly to your Swords when there is no Occasion for them.

*Miss Flash.* The Pretence of seeing the Parade happens well—I know not whether the Captain would have spared you out of his fight on any other account: Follow us soon to my Apartment, Gentlemen, and we will settle Particulars.

*Simplex.* Madam, we will punctually attend you.  
[*Exeunt* Orinda, Miss Flash, and Liddy.]  
Prithee, *Smatch*, dost know what's in the Women's Heads?

*Smatch.* Only a Voyage to the Island of Matrimony: I have been providing a Pilot—I, for my part, am under a Necessity of recruiting my Fortune some way or other, and Miss *Flash* is the best Mark I have at present in my Eye!

*Simplex.* Has your mutual Design of Marriage been resolv'd on for any time?

*Smatch.* Yes, Sir, by me for some Months; and by her for about Half-an-hour—And if I wait many Half-hours, I shall despair obtaining her—

*Simplex.* A marry'd State is commonly of so long Duration, that some Thought seems necessary before we enter it—

*Smatch.* None at all, I think, is best; it is precarious enough to resemble a Lottery, and it avails nothing to stand picking and chusing your Number.

*Enter* Captain TRUCK, Colonel COUNTERSCARP,  
Squire PLOWLAND, and TOM.

*Truck.* I hope, Colonel, the Sight of my Men has convinc'd you that our City Forces are not  
fo

*The* CITY FARCE. 43

so despicable as you have hitherto thought them.

*Counterscarp.* I can't say much for the Credit they do you; though they all appear capable of standing now their Pieces are grounded, however they may be when they come to bear the Weight of them—

*Truck.* Sir, their Leader's Presence will animate them with sufficient Strength to bear their Arms.

*Plowland.* What, do you cloath your Company yourself, Captain?

*Tom.* No, Father, you might have seen, I think, that they are neither cloathed, by the Captain, nor any body else.

*Truck.* As to that, we regard not much what adorns the Outside of our Soldiers, provided they are possessed of Valour within—You seldom hear of new-cloath'd Troops gaining Victories—

*Counterscarp.* But still I could wish, Captain, your Company were a little better cloathed, at least somewhat more uniform—'Tis so odd to see one Man with Coat and Waistcoat, another on his Right-hand with a Waistcoat only, and he on the left with, perhaps, scarce one or t'other—Agreement of Dress would add much to their Appearance, and atone, in some measure, for a Man six Foot high walking next one not more than three and a half.

*Truck.* We march but one Day in a Year, Colonel—I hope, Gentlemen, you'll let me see you in the Parade—you'll easily know my Company from the rest—Miss *Flash* has got my Consent for my Daughter's going with her to view us; I suppose you're to 'squire them—

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*Simplex.* Yes, Sir, we design to set out a little after you, and be there time enough to see you enter the Ground.

*Counterescarp.* That's rightly judg'd, Sir: There's more Nicety in turning a Corner, than in the whole March.

*Enters TOBY.*

*Toby.* Captain, we wait your Honour's coming to head us.

*Truck.* I'll come in an Instant—But han't you got the Veteran Cobler in the Company, who has march'd in all our Regiments for these forty Years?—

*Toby.* Yes, Sir; and he is so brisk that I can't keep him from singing in his Rank. When I interpose my Authority, he tells me I am a young Officer, and ought to have known better how to obey, before I undertook to command; for which, I must tell you, Captain, he lies under some Displeasure.

*Truck.* Bring him up—his Song in Praise of our March may, perhaps, divert these Gentlemen; let him have a Comrade or two to attend him for the Chorus. [*Exit Toby.*] This Soldier whom *Toby* is gone to bring us, is of more Service than any ten Men we have; for by his Head being full of nothing but Marches, Musters, and other martial Exercises, he keeps up a sort of Discipline among his Companions the whole Year; and never drinks a Pint of Beer in an Evening, without teaching such young Fellows as are near him, some Part of the Exercise, tho' with a Kitchen Poker.

*Counterescarp.* Han't you advanc'd him? His Merit shou'd be rewarded—

*Truck,*

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*Truck.* No, Colonel; shou'd we raise him, we know not what sort of an Officer he'd make; whereas now we are sure of an excellent private Man—Every one is not fit for Preferment—

*Enters TOBY, as Corporal, at the Head of a File of Musqueteers, and a Drum; they pay the military Compliments of Resting, &c. to their Captain, and ground their Pieces; TOBY very busy all the while in marshalling his Men, &c.*

*Counterscarp.* Very well, indeed, my Lads; you look brave and fierce.

*Truck.* Mr. Fairstitch, I beg you'd favour my Friends and me with your March Song—'Twill spirit us at setting out, as well as a Point of War—

*Cobler.* Ay, good Sir—Come Boys, mind the Chorus—Hem—

*W*hile we hear of distant Broils,  
And are stunn'd with foreign Toils,  
Let Morocco's Contests bring,  
Drench'd in Blood, each Year a King;  
Sword and Slaughter they endure,  
London Warriors march secure.

While the martial Drum beats high,  
Sends our Fame above the Sky,

*With a rub a dub a dub.*

2.

While the Victors boast in vain,  
Leaving Thousands on the Plain,  
Triumph is but empty Sound,  
While their Brethren spread the Ground;  
Fewest Tears attend the Fight  
When we all return at Night.

While the martial, &c.

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3.  
*See us as we march along,  
Through the captivated Throng,  
How the Windows crowded are  
By the youngest, sweetest Fair!  
Who with Smiles applaud the Sight,  
And, by Glances, speak Delight.*

While the martial, &c.

4.  
*See us turn a Corner just,  
Though half blinded with the Dust;  
See us, with a fearless Air,  
Fall again just as we were;  
Nought to Stop can make us yield,  
Till we come to Bunhill-Field.*

While the martial, &c.

5.  
*See our Wives and Neighbours all,  
And our Children, great and small,  
(Who can scarcely know their Dad,  
When with Warlike Trophies clad)  
Hear them boast our martial Look,  
And hand a Dram, by Hook or Crook.*

While the martial, &c.

6.  
*When in Ranks we bravely stand,  
Num'rous as the Ocean's Sand!  
Hear the Word To FIRE giv'n,  
Soon we send it up to Heaven!  
While beneath, the frighten'd Ground  
Shakes and eccho's with the Sound!*

While the martial, &c.

7.  
*See us, when our Duty's o'er,  
And our Vollics cease to roar,  
Fill'd with Joy which Victors feel,  
Turn about upon our Heel;  
Swing our Guns and walk away,  
And with Huzzas crown the Day!*

While the martial Drum beats high,  
Sends our Fame above the Sky,  
*With a rub a dub a dub.*

F I N I S.



## EPILOGUE.

*L*adies! our Author's such a thoughtless Dog,  
He'd never nam'd you in the Epilogue: ----  
I cry'd, *Why, Man!* you know not what you're doing!  
Omit the Ladies! ---- 'twill prove your utter *Fuin!*  
Their angry Eyes will burn you up to Tinder,  
For nought succeeds in which they ha'n't a Finger ----  
He gravely yawn'd, and fetch'd a throbbing Sigh,  
And said, I wish th' Omission you'd supply ----  
Tell the fair Circle, that my Infant Muse  
Dar'd not, at first, so sweet a Subject chuse;  
Since all the Bards who have aspir'd the Bays,  
Have prov'd unequal to Love's piercing Rays:  
Beauty's resistless when it's join'd with Wit,  
And one small Box out-votes a crowded PIT.



*O Read, Tuesday Aug<sup>r</sup>. 6<sup>th</sup>. 1793.*