

THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Sil. Yes, Sir, I live where I shou'd; I have neither Home, House, nor Habitation beyond this spot of Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Sil. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army I presume.

Sil. No, but I intend to list immediately—Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids me fairest shall have me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this Minute.

Plume. A Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young Rogue. [Kisses her.]

Braz. You shall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.

Sil. Then you must make me a Field-Officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

Sil. Yes.

Braz. Then your Business is done, I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Sil. Your Promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse, there is one *Plume* that I hear much commended in Town, pray which of you is Captain *Plume*?

Plume. I'm Captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I am Captain *Plume*.

Sil. Hey day!

Plume. Captain *Plume*, I'm your Servant, my Dear.

Braz. Captain *Brazen*, I'm yours—The Fellow dare not fight.

Enter Kite, goes to whisper Plume.

Kite. Sir, if you please——

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain—Captain *Plume*, your Serjeant here has got so drunk he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot—Here, my *Hector* of *Holbourn*, forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banes—Look'e, Friend, you shall list with Captain *Brazen*.

Sil. I will see Captain *Brazen* hang'd first, I will list with Captain *Plume*; I'm a free-born *Englishman*, and will be a Slave my own way—Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me? [To *Brazen*.]

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad.

Sil. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen* [To *Plume*.] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

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Braz. Ay, ay, a sad Dog.

Sil. A very sad Dog, give me the Money Noble Captain *Plume*.

Plume. Hold, hold, then you won't list with Captain *Brazen*?

Sil. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Dispute presently; heark'e, my Dear. [Takes *Plume* to one side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Show.]

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I'm his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't.

Sil. What! Are you Serjeant *Kite*?

Kite. At your Service.

Sil. Then I wou'd not take your Oath for a Farthing.

Kite. A very understanding Youth of his Age! Pray Sir, let me look you full in the Face.

Sil. Well, Sir, what have you to say to my Face?

Kite. The very Image and Superscription of my Brother, two Bullets of the same Caliber were never so like; sure it must be *Charles, Charles*——

Sil. What d'ye mean by *Charles*?

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variation in C fa ut flat; my dear Brother, for I must call you so, if you shou'd have the Fortune to enter into the most Noble Society of the Sword, I bespeak you for a Comrade.

Sil. No, Sir, I'll be your Captain's Comrade if any body's.

Kite. Ambition! There again, 'tis a noble Passion for a Soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious Halberd. Ambition! I see a Commission in his Face already, pray noble Captain give me leave to salute you. [Offers to kiss her.]

Sil. What! Men kiss one another!

Kite. We Officers do, 'tis our way; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kissing or fighting—But I see a Storm a coming.

Sil. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the t'other.

Kite. My Captain scorns Assistance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword? But you're a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad, I excuse that; but prithee resign the Man, prithee do, you're a very honest Fellow.

Plume. You lye, and you're a Son of a Whore.

[Draws, and makes up to *Brazen*.]

Braz. [Retiring.] Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the Lady?

Plume. I always do, but for a Man I'll fight Knee deep, so you lye again. [Plume and *Brazen* fight a Traverse or two about the Stage; *Silvia* draws, and is held by *Kite*, who sounds to Arms with his Mouth, takes *Silvia* in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.]

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Braz. Hold—Where's the Man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*] Now let's embrace, my Dear.

Plume. With all my heart, my Dear, [*Puts up.*] I suppose *Kite* has list'd him by this time.

Braz. You're a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards—And now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend that Lady that we frighted out o' the Walk just now I found in Bed this Morning, so beautiful, so inviting—I presently lock'd the Door—But I'm a Man of Honour—But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless; her twenty thousand Pound you know will be a pretty Convenience. I had an Assig-nation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my Sport, curse ye, my Dear,—But don't do so again.

Plume. No, no, my dear, Men are my Business at present. [*Exeunt.*]

[*The End of the Third Act.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE [I] of the Walk continues.

Rose and Bullock meeting.

Rose. Where have you been, you great Booby, you're always out o'th' way in the time of Preferment?

Bull. Preferment! who shou'd prefer me?

Rose. I wou'd prefer you, who shou'd prefer a Man but a Woman? Come throw away that great Club, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah! *Ruose, Ruose*, I fear somebody will look big sooner than Folk think of; this genteel Breeding never comes into the Country without a Train of Followers.—Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweet-heart, what will become o' him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations; I told the Captain how finely he could play upon the Tabor and Pipe, so he has set him down for a Drum-Major.

Bull. Nay, Sister, why did not you keep that Place for me? You know I always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

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Enter Silvia.

Sil. Had I but a Commission in my Pocket I fancy my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'um all; for I take a bold Step, a rakish Toss, a smart Cock, and an impudent Air to be the principal Ingredients in the Composition of a Captain.—What's here, *Rose*, my Nurse's Daughter! I'll go and practice—Come, Child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses Rose.*] And her Brother too!—Well, honest *Dungfork*, do you know the Difference between a Horse Cart, and a Cart Horse, eh?

Bull. I presume that your Worship is a Captain by your Cloaths and your Courage.

Sil. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented to list, Friend?

Rose. No, no, tho' your Worship be a handsome Man, there be others as fine as you; my Brother is engag'd to Captain *Plume*.

Sil. *Plume!* do you know Captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me.—He took the very Ribbands out of his Shirt Sleeves, and put them into my Shoes.—See there—I can assure that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bull. That is, in a modest way, Sir.—Have a care what you say, *Ruose*, don't shame your Parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Sil. Soh!—and pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child?

Rose. I expect, Sir! I expect,—but he order'd me to tell nobody—but suppose that he shou'd promise to marry me.

Sil. You shou'd have a care, my Dear, Men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wauns, *Ruose*, what have you said?

Sil. Afterwards! after what?

Rose. After I had sold him my Chickens,—I hope there's no Harm in that, tho' there be an ugly Song of Chickens and Sparagus.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What! Mr. *Wilfull*, so close with my Market Woman!

Sil. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, Sir! ay, and closer yet, Sir—Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little—

Plume. No, no, Friend, I han't done with her yet.

Sil. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good a Right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Sil. Sir, I wou'd qualife my self for the Service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the Service?

Sil. Yes, Sir: So let her go.

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