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THE  
GARRICK FEVER.  
A FARCE

IN ONE ACT

BY

J. R. PLANCHE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

*A Romantic Idea; Reputation; Follies of a Night;  
Somebody Else; Grist to the Mill; Captain of the  
Watch; A Cabinet Question; Irish Post; The Jacobite;  
Spring Gardens; The Pride of the Market; Not a Bad  
Judge; The Jenkinses; Knights of the Round Table,  
&c., &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

## THE GARRICK FEVER

First Performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on Monday, April 1st, 1839.

909604

## CHARACTERS.

MAJOR DERRYDOWN (of the Westmeath Militia)	.	MR. BROUGHAM.
MR. HARDUP (Manager, Theatre Royal Ballinaslough)	.	MR. T. GREEN.
UNDERTONE (Prompter)	.	MR. WYMAN.
PUMPWELL	.	MR. CONNELL.
DECIMUS GINGLE (a Strolling Actor)	.	MR. KEELEY.
DRESSER	.	MR. KERRIDGE.
CALL BOY	.	MASTER IRELAND.
HAIR DRESSER	.	MR. IRELAND.
LADY O'LEARY	.	MRS. MACNAMARA.
MRS. HARDUP	.	MISS JACKSON.
MISS POLLY HARDUP	.	MISS AGNES TAYLOR.
KITTY	.	MISS GOWARD.

Royal Olympic Theatre, June 11th, 1855.

MAJOR DERRYDOWN	.	MR. DANVERS.
MR. HARDUP	.	MR. EMERY.
MR. UNDERTONE	.	MR. J. H. WHITE.
DECIMUS GINGLE	.	MR. ROBSON.
DRESSER	.	MR. MOORE.
CALL BOY	.	MR. RIVERS.
HAIR DRESSER	.	MR. T. ROGERSON.
MR. PUMPWELL	.	MR. FRANKS.
LADY O'LEARY	.	MRS. FITZALLAN.
MRS. HARDUP	.	MISS STEPHENS.
POLLY HARDUP	.	MISS FANNY TERNAN.

## COSTUMES.—PERIOD, 1745.

HARDUP.—1st. Brown square cut coat, grey waistcoat, and breeches, blue stockings, shoes and buckles; full curled black wig, spectacles, white cravat, and ruffles.

2nd. Breastplate, gorget, armour leggings, helmet, truncheon, spectacles.

UNDERTONE.—Black square cut coat, black waistcoat and breeches, blue stockings, shoes and buckles; white cravat, black tail wig.

MAJOR DERRYDOWN.—Scarlet regimental coat, white breeches, silk stockings, shoes and buckles; cross belt and sword, powdered wig, cocked hat, cane, white cravat.

DECIMUS GINGLE.—1st. Drab square cut coat, black waistcoat, white plush breeches, grey stockings, shoes and buckles; small three-cornered hat, crop wig.

2nd. Black velvet square cut coat, waistcoat and breeches, black stockings (one ungartered), shoes and buckles; white wig, sword and ribbon.

MR. PUMPWELL.—Red square cut coat, embroidered waistcoat, drab breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles; King Arthur wig and crown.

POLONIUS.—Brown old fashioned court suit, wig, &c., shoes and buckles.

LAERTES.—White embroidered old fashioned court suit, shoes, and buckles.

CALL BOY.—Black waistcoat with sleeves, drab breeches, grey stockings, shoes and buckles; scratch wig.

HAIR DRESSER.—Cotton jacket, blue waistcoat, black breeches, blue stockings, shoes, white apron.

DRESSER.—Black waistcoat with sleeves, black breeches, shoes, stockings.

LADY O'LEARY.—Yellow figured silk tuck-up dress, black lace shawl, fan; white full wig, white silk round hat, high-heeled shoes.

POLLY HARDUP.—1st. Flowered chintz tuck-up dress, blue skirt, lace stomacher, and apron. 2nd. White muslin tuck-up dress, with straw and flowers, full white wig.

MRS. HARDUP.—Green velvet old-fashioned train dress, white wig, and feathers.

LADIES OF COURT.—Velvet train dresses.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION (with POLLY's introduced Song).—Forty-one minutes.

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# THE GARRICK FEVER.

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## SCENE.

*A room in Mr. Hardup's house, connected with the theatre, to which a door opens in flat, c.; door in R. H. flat, and doors R. and L. 2 E.*

*Enter HARDUP, R., and UNDERTONE, c.*

HARDUP. Well—well—any news? Any news?

UNDER. None at all, sir. So, in this case, we can give the lie to the old proverb, for *no news* is anything but *good news* with us.

HARDUP. What is to be done, Mr. Undertone?

UNDER. We are to be done, sir—brown! The game's up, sir—it's all over with us!

HARDUP. What can it mean? There must have been some accident! There can be no mistake—the letters are clear enough! (*takes two letters out of his pocket.*) Here is a copy of my own letter. (*reads.*)

“ To Mr. Garrick.

“ Sir,—Understanding your engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, will terminate on Saturday next, I beg to know whether it will answer your purpose to play six nights in this town, before your departure for England, commencing on Monday, with Hamlet. Share, above ten pounds. Clear Benefit, &c. &c.”

And here's the anwer. (*reads.*)

“ Dear Sir.—In reply to yours, just received, I have

only to say, *yes!*—with great pleasure. I will be with you between four and five, on Monday, which will just give me time to dress.

“Yours, in great haste,

“DAVID GARRICK.”

Addressed to “Mr. Hardup, Manager, Theatre Royal —”

UNDER. If that's not plain, I don't know what is.

HARDUP. And here's five o'clock struck, and no tidings of him.

UNDER. The whole street is filled with people—the pit and gallery will overflow with the first rush.

HARDUP. And every place taken in the boxes—and a guinea offered for a chair behind the scenes! It's a fortune within my grasp!

UNDER. And to be obliged to make an apology—return the money—

HARDUP. I can't do it, Mr. Undertone—it would break my heart! It's hard enough, in these times, to get money—to return it, is an impossibility! Why, I've gone to the expense of ten pounds in printing! Here's a bill! Here's an announcement! I flatter myself I've done it this time! (*reads bill.*)

### *THEATRE ROYAL, BALLINASLOUGH.*

*Unparalleled Attraction! First Appearance of the Immortal*

**MR. GARRICK!**

*The Greatest Actor that ever was or ever will be!!!*

*The Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general are respectfully informed that*

**ON MONDAY NEXT,**

*Will be presented, with entirely new Scenery and Decorations,  
Shakespere's Tragedy of*

**HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK,**

*OR THE MAD SON AND THE MURDERED FATHER!*

*The part of HAMLET, Prince of Denmark (the Mad Son),  
by that Inimitable Tragedian, MR. DAVID GARRICK,  
(From the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, and Smock Alley,) who has been engaged for a limited number of nights.*

NOTA BENE.—MR. GARRICK'S attraction at the Theatre Royal Dublin, on his last visit to Ireland, was so great, that the crowded state of the Theatre produced an epidemic which was called

### THE GARRICK FEVER!

And, to use the words of that sublime Poet, THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER POPE to my Lord Orrery—“We may safely declare that Mr. Garrick never had his equal as an Actor, and will never have a Rival !

There's a quotation for you ! And from such an authority !  
(handing bill to UNDERTONE.

UNDERTONE. (looking over bill.) But what does this mean, sir ? (reading.) “The Ghost of Hamlet's Father, murdered by Mr. Hardup.”

HARDUP. (snatching bill.) Eh ! What !—“murdered by”—confound the printers ! One of their cursed blunders !—“The Ghost of Hamlet's murdered Father, by Mr. Hardup”—not “Father murdered.” (noise of wheels without.) Hark !—there's a chaise ! (running to window.) Yes ! it stops here ! It must be he ! The modern Roscius ! The great Garrick !

UNDER. I'm afraid not, sir. Mr. Garrick is a young man, and, as well as I can see, the person in the chaise is an old woman !

HARDUP. Lady O'Leary, by all that's disappointing ! And her shadow, Major Derrydown ! The devil fly away with them both !

UNDER. Have they got a box ?

HARDUP. No—the major wrote too late—everything was gone. There'll be a famous scene with her ladyship. She comes forty miles, on purpose. Where's my daughter Polly ? Polly ! Polly Hardup !

*Enter POLLY, L. D.*

POLLY. Here I am, father.

HARDUP. Run down stairs, Polly! There's your grand god-mother, Lady O'Leary at the door, in a post-chaise. She'll be in a fine passion when she learns there's no box for her. Tell her she shall have a chair in the orchestra—just behind the big drum.

POLLY. She's coming up stairs. [*Exit POLLY, L. D.*

HARDUP. The deuce she is! Then I'll be off! Follow me, Undertone, into the theatre, and let's see all is ready before they open the doors.

UNDER. You will open the doors, then?

HARDUP. At all hazards! He must come! He's sure to come, if he's alive!—if not—why, its no fault of ours. And if they tear up the benches, and break the chandelier, the county must pay the damage. I stick to the old text—"Vivant Rex and Regina! No money returned!"

[*Exeunt HARDUP and UNDERTONE, C. D.*

POLLY *re-enters with LADY O'LEARY, and MAJOR DERRYDOWN, L. D.*

LADY O. No box! I shall expire! Why major—

MAJOR. My angel!—

LADY O. Do you hear what my god-daughter, Miss Polly Hardup, says, sir? There is no box, and I must sit in the orchestra, behind the big drum!

MAJOR. Behind the big drum! I'll run the big drum through the body, before you shall submit to such an indignity—and the big drummer into the bargain.

POLLY. My father's very sorry, my lady. If he had but known your ladyship wanted a box—

LADY O. Had but known! Why, Major—

MAJOR. My Venus!

LADY O. Do you hear that, sir? If he had but known! as if you had not written to him three days ago, at my especial request.

MAJOR. It is as you say, exactly as if I had not written to him three days ago.

POLLY. Of course it must be, sir—because you did not.

LADY O. Did not! Why, major—

MAJOR. My darling!

LADY O. Do you hear my god-daughter, Miss Polly Hardup, assert that you did not write, as I desired you?

MAJOR. Indeed I do. And if she don't retract the assertion, she shall give me the satisfaction of a gentleman.

POLLY. I only know that the letter did not arrive till this morning. I took it in myself, and heard my father read it.

MAJOR. Oh, you only know that, don't you? Then why didn't you say what you only knew, at first—and not what you didn't know? Does the mere appearance of a postman prove that I didn't write it at the time specified?

LADY O. Where is Mr. Hardup? Let me see him instantly.

MAJOR. Ay—where is Mr. Hardup?

POLLY. I'll send for him, my lady. If your ladyship will condescend to wait here, and excuse me, as I shall hardly have time to dress for my part—

LADY O. Your part, my child! What do you play, then?

POLLY. Ophelia, madam! Only think, what an honour! to play Ophelia to Mr. Garrick's Hamlet!

“The expectancy and rose of the fair state;  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form—  
The observed of all observers!”

I'll send my father to you directly, madam.

“For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.”

[*Exit POLLY, c., singing.*]

LADY O. (R.) The girl's crazy, in downright earnest!

MAJOR. (L.) It's the Garrick fever they speak of. You've a touch of it yourself, my darling.

LADY O. Dont call me your darling! If I find that it is through your negligence—

MAJOR. It's the blundherring postman—bad luck to him! But if I don't give him such a double knock on his

head as he never gave a street door, I'll give anybody leave to say I'm not Major Derrydown of the Loyal Westmeath Militia.

LADY O. If I do not see Garrick, I shall die.

MAJOR. You would not dream of it, would you? Die for the sake of a dirty little play-actor, when you've promised to live to be Mrs. Major Derrydown.

LADY O. I have promised no such thing, sir. I have merely suffered you to hope. A dirty little play-actor! But what should a muddle-headed major of militia know of art or its professors? Mr. Garrick, though a little man, is a great genius!—A man for whom duchesses are dying by dozens, sir! Read the bill, sir!—Read what the great poet, Pope, says of him, sir—"That he will never have a rival!"

MAJOR. That will depend entirely upon whether or not he makes love to a certain beautiful creature of my acquaintance. For, by the powers, if he play Romeo to Lady O'Leary's Juliet, he'll have Major Derrydown for a rival, in spite of Pope or Pretender, as the saying is.

LADY O. Don't talk nonsense, Major! Where is Mr. Hardup? It is nearly half-past five—the doors will be opened, and we shall get no seat.

MAJOR. This door leads to the theatre. Let's go in, and beat up his quarters. I'll teach him the respect due to a lady of quality, and a major of the Westmeath Militia.

[*Exeunt through c. d. f.*

*Enter GINGLE, l. d.*

GINGLE. (*looking about him.*) "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we march'd on without impediment." They said "the manager was in this room: "There's no such thing!" Well, I must sit down, at all events, for I'm tired to death! Five-and-twenty miles have I walked this blessed day, and without eating since my breakfast. (*takes out a play-bill.*) The sight of this bill, however, as I entered the town, gave me fresh spirits. Garrick is here!—the great, unrivalled Garrick! If I could but get an engagement—were it only to carry a letter, or deliver a message; anything by which I might

meet the eye of the great Roscius, and, perhaps, obtain his approbation and patronage—who knows what might happen?—He might take me with him to London—get me an appearance at Drury Lane—fancy our names in the same bill—“Duke of Gloster, Mr. Garrick.—The Lord Mayor, Mr. Gingle, from the Theatre Royal, Ballinaslough —(being his first appearance in London.)” Oh, ambition! “By that sin, fell the angels!” I can’t help it. I feel, somehow, I shall be somebody, some day or another.

“ Swift it mounts on eagles’ wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures  
kings.”

There must be a chance for me, here. (*looking at the bill.*) They seem horribly off for members, and the whole family is pressed into the service. (*reads.*) “Ghost, Mr. Hardup—Ophelia, Miss Polly Hardup—and Polonius and Osrick, doubled by Mr. Terence Hardup.” They’re all Hard-up! If they’d let me play Osrick, now, I might make—“a hit, my lord—a palpable hit!” Somebody comes—should it be the manager!

“ Hold, hold, my heart—  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up.” (*Retires R. H.*)

*Enter HARDUP, c., not seeing GINGLE.*

HARDUP. The doors are open! The house is crammed to the ceiling, and no Garrick!—no tidings of him! What shall I do?

GINGLE. No Garrick! “Angels and ministers of grace defend me!”

HARDUP. I must change the play, and make an apology. Return the money I will not.

GINGLE. (*aside.*) “Oh! my prophetic soul!” It is the manager.

HARDUP. And the splendid supper I ordered at the King’s Arms for the great Roscius and a few select friends, after the play.

GINGLE. Splendid supper ! And I who " am as hungry as the sea, and could digest as much—"

HARDUP. I must send immediately, and countermand that.

GINGLE. (*aside.*) " Oh, cursed spite !" Countermand the supper ! I've a great mind—if I could only be sure—

HARDUP. But what shall I say to the audience ? Read them Mr. Garrick's letter, in which he positively promises to be here, and say, that as I am an utter stranger to that gentleman—

GINGLE. An utter stranger ! Good !

HARDUP. I am at a loss to imagine the cause of his non-appearance, and that I throw myself upon the generosity of—&c., &c., &c.

GINGLE. I will—I'll run the risk—I'm up in the part. They can but pelt me, and I'm used to that.

HARDUP. Here goes, if I die for it !

GINGLE. And here goes, if I die for it ! (*advancing and laying his hand on Hardup's as he is about to move.*) " Rest rest, perturbed spirit ! "

HARDUP. Hollo ! Who are you ?

GINGLE. " Thine evermore, while this machine is to him, Hamlet ! "

HARDUP. Hamlet ! Is it possible ? Can it be ? (*aside.*) It's about the height—the—age—the— (*aloud.*) My dear sir, I'm on the rack. Speak—Your name ?

GINGLE. D. G. (*aside.*) That's no lie, at any rate.

HARDUP. Ah ! you then are—

GINGLE. I am.

HARDUP. The great—the unrivalled—

GINGLE. Nay, my dear sir—

HARDUP. The immortal Mr. Garrick !

GINGLE. You are too polite.

HARDUP. Oh, sir ! permit me—

(*offering to embrace him.*)

GINGLE. With all my heart. (*they embrace.*)

HARDUP. You have snatched me from the very depth of despair.

GINGLE. You seemed rather down in the mouth, I confess.

HARDUP. (*aside.*) Down in the mouth ! How familiar !

How void of all affectation ! As if he had known me for years. There's the mark of your truly great man. (*aloud.*) But, excuse me, you are covered with dust ; you have walked—

GINGLE. You are right.

HARDUP. Some accident ?

GINGLE. Right again.

HARDUP. As I suspected ! Your carriage broke down ?

GINGLE. Worse than that.

HARDUP. Worse ! Gracious powers ! You are not hurt ?

GINGLE. No ; but I've had a narrow escape.

HARDUP. The horses ran away ?

GINGLE. No—I ran away.

HARDUP. You !

GINGLE. When I could fight no longer.

HARDUP. Fight ! Preserve me ! I feared as much ! You were stopped on the road ?

GINGLE. By a band of highwaymen armed to the teeth. Postillion severely wounded — horses killed — chaise ransacked—portmanteau, trunk, hat-box, sword-case—all gone !

HARDUP. Terrible ! And your servant—you had a servant ?

GINGLE. Don't mention him, cowardly dog ! Left me to fight for myself.

HARDUP. In league with the villains, perhaps.

GINGLE. Shouldn't be at all surprised. But here I am, safe and sound ; though how I got here, I hardly know. I knew you expected me between four and five, in time to dress. I walked the last five miles ready to drop.

HARDUP. Bless my soul ! bless my soul ! You shall have some refreshment instantly. One moment, my dear sir, only to set our friends at rest. Mrs. Hardup—Mr. Undertone — Mr. Garrick's come ! Mr. Garrick has arrived ! (*Runs out calling, c. d.*)

GINGLE. Well, I'm astonished at my impudence, and frightened into the bargain, now I've done it. If anybody here should happen to know Mr. Garrick, what would become of me ? I shall never be able to keep it

up. I've a great mind to run for it now. I will, too, while the coast is clear. (*going L.*)

*Enter POLLY, (dressed as OPHELIA,) carrying wine and cake on a small tray, L.*

POLLY. (L.) If you please, sir, here's some wine and—gracious! what do I see? Mr. Gingle!

GINGLE. (R.) My fair unknown! Powers of love! my long-lost—

POLLY. How on earth came you here? If my father should know—

GINGLE. Who is your father?

POLLY. The manager—Mr. Hardup.

GINGLE. The devil he is!

POLLY. Yes; and if he finds you in this house—

GINGLE. He shan't—I'm off.

*Re-enter HARDUP, C.*

POLLY. It's too late!—he's here!

HARDUP. Mr. Garrick! Mr. Garrick! I've arranged everything. (*crosses to c.*)

POLLY. Mr. Garrick!

GINGLE. (*aside.*) There's nothing for it, but brazening it out. (*aloud.*) Well, sir!

(*Makes signs to POLLY, who stands R. H. in astonishment.*)

HARDUP. (c.) I've been forward, sir, just as I am, to the public, who were getting rather impatient, and begged their permission to perform the farce—a short, neat piece—first, in order to give you time to dress, and refresh yourself.

GINGLE. (L.) You are very kind, but I really feel so unwell, that I don't think I can act to-night at all.

HARDUP. Oh, sir! Mr. Garrick! don't say so. Take some wine, sir. (*handing him wine.*)

GINGLE. Yes, I'll take some wine, but I don't think it possible that I can play Hamlet.

POLLY. (*aside.*) I'm sure he can't. Why they hissed him as Bernardo.

HARDUP. My dear Mr. Garrick, consider the conse-

quences. It would be ruin to me. Take another glass, sir ! You'll be better presently.

POLLY. (*aside.*) He'll be tipsy presently—that will be the end of it.

GINGLE. Not bad sherry, by any means.

HARDUP. I'm delighted you fancy it. It's from the King's Arms, over the way—a capital house. I've taken the liberty of ordering a little supper there, after the play, and trust you will do me the honour—

GINGLE. You are very kind ! Wouldn't there be time before the play—I'm rather peckish.

HARDUP. I'm afraid not before.

GINGLE. Well, "After, be it, then," as Richard says.

HARDUP. But a wing of a fowl, perhaps, while you dress—

GINGLE. Dress ! Ah ! There ! (*aside.*) A capital excuse ! (*aloud.*) You see it's impossible I can play—I have no dress—those rascals have taken all.

HARDUP. Don't be uneasy, sir ; I've thought of everything. As luck would have it, Doctor Killmany, who is just your size, was in the stage box, in a new black velvet suit. I told him your predicament, and, in the handsomest manner possible, he volunteered to go home, and change his dress, and send you the new suit in a twinkling.

GINGLE. How very polite ! (*aside.*) There's no backing out any way !

POLLY. (*aside.*) He doesn't mean—surely, he never will have the impudence—

*Enter CALL BOY, with a bundle, L. H.*

Boy. Doctor Kilmany's servant, sir, brought this bundle, with his master's compliments.

HARDUP. That's right—take it into that room. Mr. Garrick will dress there. I'll see if all is ready, sir.

[*Exit with CALL BOY, into room L.*

POLLY. There—now ! Run ! Now !

GINGLE. What for ?

POLLY. Why, to get off with a whole skin to be sure.

GINGLE. Pooh ! pooh !

POLLY. Pooh! pooh! Are you mad? Or are you tipsy, already?

GINGLE. Tipsy? No! "That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold!" "There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." I've got a chance at last, and I won't fling it away.

POLLY. You'll stay?

GINGLE. I'll stay.

POLLY. And play Hamlet?

GINGLE. And play Hamlet.

POLLY. As Mr. Garrick?

GINGLE. Perhaps not exactly as Mr. Garrick. I don't presume—

POLLY. I mean in his name?

GINGLE. Decidedly! I'm perfect in the part—studied it long ago.

POLLY. There'll be murder!

GINGLE. Don't be rude, Miss Hardup.

POLLY. Dear Mr. Gingle! for my sake—

GINGLE. It is for your sake! When you played at Cork, under the name of Hopkins, you told me your father would never give his consent, unless I became "somebody" in my profession. This is the first chance I've had—and I tell you I won't fling it away!

POLLY. But how came you to be mistaken for Mr. Garrick?

GINGLE. "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till *they* applaud the deed!"

POLLY. Applaud! They'll fling the benches at you!

GINGLE. I don't care! I'm desperate! "My fate cries out, and makes each petty artery in this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve."

*Enter HARDUP from room, R.; and LADY O'LEARY and MAJOR DERRYDOWN from c. d.*

HARDUP. } LADY O. } Bravo! Bravo! (*they applaud.*)

HARDUP. Beautiful!

LADY O. Sublime!

MAJOR. As a puddle in a storm!

GINGLE. (*to POLLY.*) There!—you hear?

LADY O. Mr. Hardup, present me, I entreat, to your illustrious friend!

HARDUP. Mr. Garrick, allow me to introduce Lady O'Leary, relict of Sir Phelim O'Leary, late member for the county. (*aside to him.*) A widow with two thousand a year.

GINGLE. (*aside.*) Two thousand! (*aloud, and crossing to R. C.*) Madam, I— Ahem! “If I profane, with my unworthy hands, this holy shrine—the gentle fine is this—” (*kissing her hand.*)

LADY O. Oh! Mr. Garrick! this is the proudest moment of my life!

GINGLE. (*aside.*) ‘Gad, if it wasn’t for—

(*looking at POLLY.*)

HARDUP. (*L. C.*) Major Derrydown, of the Westmeath militia.

(*presenting MAJOR DERRYDOWN, who bows stiffly.*)

GINGLE. Major, I’m yours—to the ground.

(*bowing to the ground.*)

MAJOR. (*L.*) Faith, and you may soon be there, without breaking your neck, my honey—for it’s a small way you are above it, at any time.

HARDUP. I believe I did introduce my daughter, Miss Polly Hardup, who will have the honour to play—

GINGLE. (*crosses to L. C.*) “My soul’s idol, the most beautified Ophelia!” “Nymph, in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered.”

LADY O. How apt! How delicate! Why major—  
MAJOR. My beauty!

LADY O. You don’t seem struck by him!

MAJOR. By the powers! I wish I was—for I’m in a mighty good humour to strike him again.

LADY O. Strike Garrick! What profanity!

CALL BOY. (*within L.*) Farce over, ladies and gentlemen!

HARDUP. There! The Farce over, I declare, and you have not begun to dress yet! My dear sir, you’ll find every thing in that room! I have to play the Ghost—but I shan’t be five minutes—all the rest are ready. Mr. Undertone!

*Enter* UNDERTONE, L. D.

UNDER. (l.) Sir!

HARDUP. Send Mr. Garrick's dresser to him directly, with my best sword and the ribbon.

UNDER. Yes, sir. Shall I ring in the overture?

HARDUP. Not yet! not yet! Give us all the time you can! [Exit UNDERTONE, c.

Now, my dear sir—

GINGLE. But you said something about the wing of a fowl.

HARDUP. It will be here directly.

*Enter* DRESSER, c.

Here's your dresser! Quick, Dennis, and show Mr. Garrick every attention! I must fly! [Exit R. D.

GINGLE. (*aside.*) Another glass—just to—"Screw my courage to the sticking place!" (*taking wine.*)

POLLY. You'll be tipsy!

GINGLE. "Not a jot! not a jot!" (*drinks and sings.*)

"'Tis wine inspires us, and fires us  
With courage, love, and joy!

[Exit GINGLE, l. d.

LADY O. (r.) Delightful! What a voice! What expression! His genius is unrivalled.

MAJOR. (c.) He sings—as he looks—like a crow in a gutter!

POLLY. (l.) Major! You're jealous!

MAJOR. May be I am.

LADY O. Major! You're a fool.

MAJOR. I'm not such a fool as he looks—any way!

LADY O. Mr. Garrick look a fool! Major!

MAJOR. My jewel!

LADY O. Don't speak to me again this night!

MAJOR. I'm as dumb as a fish! But I'll speak to little Davy there, and pretty plainly, I warrant me!

POLLY. Little Davy! Mr. Garrick is six feet high when he's in a passion, sir!

MAJOR. Then I'll make him a foot taller before he's an hour older—take my word for it!

LADY O. What! Would you pick a quarrel with him? Why don't you answer me, major?

MAJOR. Because you told me not to speak to you again to-night.

LADY O. You shall never speak to me again, if you do not instantly promise to drop all idea of so monstrous a proceeding. Swear to me that you will not hurt a hair of—

DRESSER *runs out of room, L. H.*

DRESSER. Mr. Garrick's wig! Mr. Garrick's wig!

*Enter HAIR DRESSER, with wig, and runs against him.*

Ugh! You stupid fellow! Can't you see?

[*Exit with wig.*

MAJOR. There! I've hurt it by deputy!

LADY O. No evasion, sir! Swear!

HARDUP. (*underneath stage.*) Swear!

LADY O. Mercy upon me!

MAJOR. What the devil's that?

POLLY. It's only papa! He's dressing for the Ghost, in the room below, and heard his cue.

LADY O. I declare he frightened me out of my wits! But, come, major! I insist, on pain of my lasting displeasure—

MAJOR. Well, there then! I bind myself over to keep the peace, upon one condition—

LADY O. And what may that be?

MAJOR. That you'll fix the day, my darling—the happy day!

LADY O. Major! how can you? Before that young person! Another time—when we are by ourselves!

MAJOR. By and bye, then—in the orchestra—behind the big drum.

*Enter CALL BOY, L. H. D.*

BOY. Here's a letter for the master if you please miss.

POLLY. (*aside, looking at it.*) The Dublin post-mark, and D. G. in the corner! It must be from Mr. Garrick,

to explain his absence. What's to be done? If I give it to my father, poor Gingle is ruined! He must not see it yet! (*aloud.*) Very well—it's post-paid, I see—you needn't wait. I'll give it to him. [Exit CALL Boy, c. When the play's over, perhaps! (*puts it in her pocket.*)

CALL Boy. (*within c.*) Overture on, ladies! Overture on gentlemen!

POLLY. (*to LADY O'LEARY.*) There's the overture begun, my lady! Won't your ladyship go down to your seat? (*crosses to c.*)

LADY O. Not yet—not yet! Do you go down, major, and keep it for me.

MAJOR. (*aside, going up c.*) Faith, it's bothered enough that I will be to keep my own seat. This divarting vagabond has made the ould girl so skittish, she'll fling me, to a certainty.

LADY O. Well—ain't you gone, major?

MAJOR. To be sure I am, my darling! Don't you see I'm gone! (*aside.*) This is the last stage of the Garrick Fever, and she may be carried off by it! I'll get the big drummer to be my deputy, and steal up again, to watch the proceedings. [Exit MAJOR DERRYDOWN, c.

POLLY. Here come papa and mamma, in their new dresses, ready for the tragedy.

*Enter HARDUP, dressed as GHOST, with his face floured;*

MRS. HARDUP, as QUEEN; MR. PUMPWELL, as CLAUDIOUS; and other performers as POLONIUS, LAERTES, &c. &c., R. H.

HARDUP. Well! well! Is Mr. Garrick dressed? I want to run through our first scene, before we ring up.

(*knocking at door of room, l. h.*)  
Mr. Garrick! are you ready?

GINGLE. (*within l.*) Where's that wing of a fowl you promised me?

HARDUP. Bless my soul! havn't they sent it? (*calling off, l. h.*) Kitty! run to the King's Arms, and ask why they have not sent the fowl I ordered for Mr. Garrick. "Murder most foul as in the best it is! But this, most foul, strange, and unnatural."

*Enter GINGLE from room L. H., dressed as HAMLET.*

GINGLE. "Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift as meditation, or the thoughts of love, may sweep to my revenge."

LADY O. (R.) Exquisite!

HARDUP. (L. C.) What fire!

LADY. O. What pathos! Nobody but Garrick could speak like that!

POLLY. (*aside.*) And yet, Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?"

LADY O. What an eye he has! It penetrates the soul!

GINGLE. Like a cobbler's awl! eh, my lady? Sharp's the word, and quick's the motion. I hate your dull, drawling fellows, who dole out speeches at a line a minute by a stop-watch. I'm for getting over the ground—flustering an audience—taking 'em by storm. Eh, Mr. Thingemmy?

HARDUP. Undoubtedly, sir! Listen! listen! gentlemen, to the great master of your art.

POLLY. He's taken too much sherry!—I knew he would!

HARDUP. Shall we run through your first scene as we've had no rehearsal? I think there's just time.

GINGLE. As you please, my dear fellow; anything to be agreeable.

LADY O. How condescending!

HARDUP. Mrs. Hardup, you hear Mr. Garrick! Mr. Pumpwell, you'll give the cue, if you please.

PUMP. "And now my cousin Hamlet, and my son"—

GINGLE. There's a little more sherry in that decanter. I beg your pardon, what did you say?

PUMP. "And now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son"—

GINGLE. "A little more than kin, and less than kind!"

PUMP. "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?"

GINGLE. "Not so, my lord! I am too much i' the sun."

POLLY. (*aside.*) He has been too much in the sun, as the saying is.

MRS. HARDUP. "Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, and let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark—"

*Enter CALL Boy with chicken, &c., on tray, L.*

GINGLE. I beg your pardon again, but here's my chicken, and—"I have that within which passeth show." Never mind me—"Go on! I'll follow thee!" You see I'm at the wing!

HARDUP. Ha! ha! excellent! At the wing! A professional joke, my lady!

LADY O. What wit! What playful fancy!

CALL BOY. (*to HARDUP.*) And please, sir, there's a gentleman below, as comed in by the Dublin Mail, and wishes to know if you've ever got a letter from Mr. Garrick?

POLLY. Oh, mercy!

GINGLE. (*aside.*) A letter from me!

HARDUP. A letter from Mr. Garrick? Why, to be sure I have—had it a week ago. What does the man mean?

LADY O. He wants the autograph, no doubt. But don't let him have it. If you part with it at all, let it be to me. I'll give you ten guineas for it.

GINGLE. Nonsense, my lady! I'll write you as many as you please. (*aside.*) Love letters!

LADY O. Oh, Mr. Garrick! Fascinating creature!

CALL BOY. (*to HARDUP.*) If you please, sir, what am I to say to the gentleman?

HARDUP. Tell him I'm just going on the stage with Mr. Garrick, and I can't be troubled now. He must call to-morrow morning if he wants to see me.

CALL BOY. Very well, sir. [Exit CALL Boy, L. D.

POLLY. (*aside.*) It's all over with us—there is a letter—it came this evening—I've got it in my pocket!

GINGLE. The devil!

HARDUP. (*crosses to L.*) What does she say about a pocket?

GINGLE. Nothing! Only prompting me—"That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in his pocket." Come, ladies and gentlemen, it must be near the time; let us go down upon the stage. Mind, I give you all notice, though I say it that shouldn't say it, you are going to see such a piece of tragic acting as you never saw before in all your lives!

OMNES. We have no doubt of it!

[*Exeunt all c. d., but POLLY and LADY O' LEARY.*

POLLY. (*L. detaining LADY O' LEARY.*) One word if you please, my lady.

LADY O. (*R.*) What, now, my dear child! Impossible! I shall miss his entrée—his reception!

POLLY. Oh, but indeed, my lady, you must hear me! It's of the greatest consequence! I shall be ruined if you don't.

LADY O. Mercy on the child! Speak quickly, then! What is the matter?

POLLY. It must be found out, and then my father will kill us both, if you don't interfere.

LADY O. Both? What, you and me, child?

POLLY. No, my lady—me and Gingle.

LADY O. Gingle! Who's Gingle?

POLLY. Mr. Decimus Gingle; the young man who is playing Hamlet.

LADY O. The poor girl has lost her senses, surely! Hamlet! You don't mean Hamlet, child! Mr. Garrick is playing Hamlet.

POLLY. That is not Mr. Garrick, my lady.

LADY O. Not Mr. Garrick, Miss Polly Hardup! Are you really mad, or do you mean to insult me?

POLLY. No, indeed, my lady. Mr. Garrick has not arrived. Here's a letter from him, most likely to explain—you heard what the boy said, just now, about the gentleman, my lady?

LADY O. I shall go crazy myself. Is it possible that anyone can have dared to assume—

POLLY. It was for my sake, my lady. Mr. Gingle thought if he succeeded father would give his consent.

LADY O. And I had nearly quarrelled with the Major about this impostor !

POLLY. Oh, dear, my lady !

LADY O. Have been trapped into praising, admiring a trumpery strolling player—a fellow without fame, figure, voice, or any single recommendation for his profession.

POLLY. Oh, my lady !

LADY O. A stamping, storming, ranting, vulgar, horrid, little wretch !

POLLY. Indeed and indeed, my lady, he may not be a very good actor, but he's a very nice young man.

CALL BOY. (*looking in c.*) Stage is waiting, Miss !

POLLY. The stage waiting for me ! Oh, dear ! what shall I do ?—what shall I do ? [Exit POLLY, c.

LADY O. I'm ready to sink with shame !—I, who have been considered an oracle on such matters. The more I think of it, the more astonished I am that I could be deceived for a moment. He, Hamlet ! He's no more like Hamlet—

*Enter MAJOR, c.*

MAJOR. (*entering.*) Exactly my opinion, Lady O'Leary ; and I'm delighted to find you've come round to it at last, where'er you have been to get it. But the public, you see, are not of the same way of thinking.

LADY O. (r. c.) The public !

MAJOR. (l. c.) Did you ever hear such acclamations—such a hububoo of applause, in your born days ?

LADY O. At his entrance, of course.

MAJOR. At his exit—at the end of his ghost scene, and all through it as well. Devil a word in twenty could you hear for the shouting. They've got the Garrick fever, my lady, badly, and a noisy disorder it is.

LADY O. You don't say so ?

MAJOR. Why, where could your ladyship be not to hear it yourself ?

LADY O. (*aside.*) If it should be Garrick after all. The Major is no judge of acting, and the girl herself may be mistaken. There certainly was a sort of a kind of a— (*aloud.*) I have not seen the performance. I was

detained by particular business; but I will hasten, and pronounce at once upon his merits.

*Enter HARDUP, MRS. HARDUP, POLLY, and ACTORS, hastily; the latter bearing GINGLE in a chair, c.*

HARDUP. This way! This way! Take care! Quietly!

MAJOR. }  
LADY O. } What's the matter?

HARDUP. }  
MRS. HARDUP. } Mr. Garrick has fainted! Mr.

Garrick is very ill!

HARDUP (l. c.) Have you such a thing as a smelling bottle, my lady?

LADY O. (r.) Here! here! Bless my soul!

HARDUP. How unfortunate! In the midst of such a magnificent effort, with the house in a tumult of applause.

POLLY. (l. aside.) It's the wine!—I knew it would be so!—He's not used to it!

MRS. HARDUP. (r. c.) He opens his eyes! He moves!

HARDUP. (l. c.) Do you feel a little better, sir?

GINGLE. (c.) "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you—(hiccupps.) trippingly on the tongue."

MAJOR. (r.) Ill! Why, the man's drunk!

GINGLE. (staggering up.) "To be, or not to be, that's the question."

HARDUP. Mr. Garrick drunk! Impossible!

GINGLE "My custom always in the afternoon."

LADY O. (r.) How very disgraceful. (*aside.*) It cannot be Mr. Garrick.

MRS. HARDUP. I'm all astonishment!

GINGLE. "Oh, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!"

HARDUP. Was there ever anything so provoking? I must make an apology, after all, or dismiss the audience.

GINGLE. "Alas, poor ghost!"—"Lady, shall I lie in your lap?" (*to LADY O'LEARY.*)

LADY O. Major, protect me !

MAJOR. Keep off, fellow ! or I'll make a tragedy actor of you in earnest.

GINGLE. You ! You make a tragedy actor of me ! I defy you ! I scorn your words, sir ! I can draw, sir, as well as you, sir. (*draws.*) [The WOMEN scream.]

HARDUP. Here'll be bloodshed ! Major ! Mr. Garrick !

GINGLE. (*trying to pass at the MAJOR.*) "A rat ! a rat ! a rat ! Dead for a ducat !—dead !"

POLLY. Gingle ! My dear Gingle ! (*pulling his coat.*)

ALL. (*but LADY O'LEARY.*) Gingle !

HARDUP. Gingle ! What does the wench mean by Gingle ?

LADY O. That you have been imposed upon, as this letter may, perhaps, explain. (*gives letter to HARDUP.*)

HARDUP. To me ! (*breaking letter open hastily—reads*)

"Dear sir,

I have just discovered, to my great concern, that I have misdirected two letters, and sent you the answer to a dinner invitation from a friend a few miles out of Dublin. I enclose, in all haste, the note intended for you, declining, with many thanks, your liberal proposal, and trust it will arrive in time to prevent any disappointment to the public.

Your obedient servant,

D. G."

D. G.! Confusion ! Then who the devil are you ?

GINGLE. Your obedient servant, D. G.

HARDUP. D. G.! What D. G.? How D. G.?

GINGLE. Decimus Gingle!

HARDUP. The fellow who made love to my daughter at Cork ?

GINGLE. "The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever."

MAJOR. (*laughing.*) Ha ! ha ! my lady ! "You don't seem struck by him ! What a voice ! What expression ! His genius is universal !"

LADY O. Laughed at by him, too ! I shall die with vexation !

POLLY. (*aside, on her r. h.*) Say you knew it all the

while, my lady, and kept the secret to serve me. Nobody can laugh at you then.

LADY O. An excellent idea!

HARDUP. You drunken rascal! You shall suffer for this!

GINGLE. That I shall! I've a horrid head-ache to begin with.

HARDUP. You've ruined me!

(POLLY. goes to LADY O'LEARY, and entreats her to interfere.

GINGLE. Don't say so, sir! I hoped to make your fortune, and my own too. It's all the fault of the sherry—upon an empty stomach.

HARDUP. I wish it had been poison, with all my heart.

*Enter UNDERTONE, c.*

UNDER. Mr. Hardup. There's a terrible noise in front, sir. They're calling for the manager.

HARDUP. I can't face 'em! Do you go, Mr. Undertone. Tell 'em—

GINGLE. No—stop! I'll go! I don't mind an apple or two—and I'm getting sober fast.

HARDUP. Go to the devil! They'll want their money again!

LADY O. (*advancing r.*) And if they do, I'll make it up to you!

HARDUP. You, my lady? Why, it's a hundred and twenty pounds!

LADY O. I have promised my god-daughter, Miss Polly Hardup, to arrange matters between you, and I shall keep my word. The young man, I am assured, is not an habitual drunkard, and he may have talent in another line.

MAJOR. To judge from his figure he'd be better in Low Comedy, than High Tragedy.

POLLY. Nay! you must own, father, that you said he was magnificent, even in Hamlet, as far as he went.

HARDUP. Yes—because I thought he was Mr. Garrick—and of course—

POLLY. And because he is not Mr. Garrick, you will say he has no merit at all.

HARDUP. If he can get me out of this scrape with the audience, I'll say whatever you please.

GINGLE. Done! It's a bargain! I'll go forward to them, and I'll say—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

“I throw myself on the generosity of an enlightened Public! I candidly confess to you that I am not the immortal Mr. Garrick! But, don't be angry! I assumed his name in the humble hope of affording you some entertainment. This is my first appearance in Hamlet. I took the part at a very short notice, and respectfully solicit the usual indulgence.”

### FINALE.

Curtain.

PUMPWELL.

MRS. HARDUP.

MR. UNDERTONE.

POLLY.

LADY O'LEARY.

GINGLE.

MAJOR.

HARDUP.

R.

L.