

FARREN.



KEELEY.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

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LONDON STAGE;

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST REPUTED
TRAGEDIES,
COMEDIES, OPERAS, MELO-DRAMAS,
FARCES, AND INTERLUDES.

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AT THE
THEATRES ROYAL,
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VOL. III.

LONDON:

G. BALNE, GRACECHURCH STREET;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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WITH PORTRAITS OF

Mr. KEAN, Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. BLANCHARD, Mr. W. FARREN,

Mr. KEELEY,

Mrs. DAVISON, and Miss KELLY.

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A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY GENERAL BURGOYNE.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

LORD GAYVILLE
SIR CLEMENT FLINT
BLANDISH
RIGHTLY
CLIFFORD

ALSCRIP
CHIGNON
PROMPT
LADY EMILY
MRS. BLANDISH

MRS. SAGELY
MISS ALSCRIP
MISS ALTON
TIFFANY
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Lady's Apartment.

MR. BLANDISH AND MRS. LETITIA BLANDISH discovered, writing.

Mrs. B. (Lays down the pen.) There it is, complete. *(Reads, conceitedly.)*

"Adieu, my charming friend, my amiable, my all Accomplish'd associate! conceive the ardour of Your lovers united with your own sensibility; Still will the compound be but faintly expressive Of the truth and tenderness of your

"LETITIA BLANDISH."

There's phrase, there's a period; match it, if you can.

Mr. B. Not I, indeed; I am working upon quite a different plan: but, in the name of the old father of adulation, to whom is that perfect phrase addressed?

Mrs. B. To one worth the pains, I can tell you; Miss Alscrip.

Mr. B. What, sensibility to Miss Alscrip! My dear sister, this is too much, even in your own way: had you run changes upon her fortune, stocks, bonds, and mortgages; upon Lord Gayville's coronet at her feet, or forty other coronets, to make footballs of, if she pleased, it would have been plausible; but the quality you have selected—

Mrs. B. Is one she has no pretensions to; therefore, the flattery is more persuasive: that's my maxim.

Mr. B. And mine also, but I don't try it quite

so high. Sensibility to Miss Alscrip! you might as well have applied it to her uncle's pig-iron, from which she derives her first fifty thousand; or the harder heart of the old usurer, her father, from which she expects the second. But come, *(rings)* to the business of the morning.

Enter PROMPT.

Here, Prompt, send out the chairman with the billets and cards. Have you any orders, madam?

Mrs. B. (Delivering her letter.) This to Miss Alscrip, with my impatient inquiries after her last night's rest; and that she shall have my personal salute in half an hour. You take care to send to all the lying-in ladies?

Prompt. At their doors, madam, before the first load of straw.

Mr. B. And to all great men that keep the house, whether for their own disorders, or those of the nation?

Prompt. To all, sir; their secretaries, and principal clerks.

Mr. B. (Aside to Prompt.) How goes on the business you have undertaken for Lord Gayville?

Prompt. I have conveyed his letter, and expect this morning to get an answer.

Mr. B. He does not think me in the secret?

Prompt. Mercy forbid you should be! *(Archly.)*

Mr. B. I should never forgive your meddling.

Prompt. Oh! never, never!

Mr. B. (Aloud.) Well, despatch—

Mrs. B. Hold! apropos, to the lying-in list: at