The flattering Millener
or
A modern Half-Hour

A Piece of one Act as it was represented for the Benefit of Mr. Henderson [a judicious actor & sensible Man] at the Theatre in Bristol Monday September 11 1775.

Si discitis actum, indat tuus Jovi.

See how they beg an Oath of Flattery! They languish; O! support them with a die! Young

Dramatic Persons

Mr. Nobbyworth
Sir Hippery Pluten
Sailor
Lady Dorothy Doughtful
Mrs. Toilette
Isabella
Sailor's Wife
Mrs. Foul

Mr. Parson
Mr. Booth
Mr. Quick
Mrs. Davies
Miss Wheeler
Mr. Brett
Miss Costello
Mrs. Brighton

N.B. This little Performance was written in one evening at part of the succeeding Morning; & given to Mr. Henderson, who being much engaged in preparing himself to appear for the first time in the Character of Sir John Falstaff, left it to the Mercy of the Prompter to the Players who curtailed it most injudiciously indeed and omitted the entire Character of Mrs Toilette.

However such was the kindness of the Audience; that notwithstanding these disadvantages, - together with the ill casting, to its immediately following a play so full of Mirth as The Merry Wives...
Scene 1. — a Millener's Shop in a Street.

MRS BLOND.

— Isabella! — Isabella! What ails the Girl? — Why Isabella!

— Enter Isabella in her Hat, Coket &c.

Is: Did you call Ma'am
B: Did I call Ma'am? — Yes, I believe, I did call Ma'am, and long enough for you to have heard me, if you had been where you ought to be! — And your Hat & Coket on too; — pray where have you been janting?

Is: Where have I been Ma'am? — Why to my Lady's Doe, — my Doubtful's, where you sent me within this half Hour.

B: — What did I send — I had forgot if I declare, by I really did it be sure; — well, Isabella, and did her Ladyship say? — Did the Capo please her?

Is: — Why she said that one had not enough gauge; & that the other had not enough Ribbon, and that the large Morning Cap had not enough of either; — and then she threw them a side, & said the Ribbons were not of a pretty Colour, and that the gauge was yellow, — and they were not made in the Fashion. — I am sure, Ma'am, I was frighten'd almost out of my wits, for fear she should send 'em back again.
B— but she hasn't I hope?

A— No indeed Ma'am; but I verily believe she would have done it, had not a tall, handsome gentleman in a fine lace coat come to pay her a visit this moment as the caps lay upon the table, and after he had said a great many pretty things to her Ladyship, he took up the caps, God help him for it, began to admire them, and the second to please, that she paid me the money for them immediately, so would not take change— and here it is.

B— That's well— here give it me! — I don't know anything to condense to good spirits, in our way of traffic, as a little ready money.

A— La Ma'am! you can't conceive what a fine, handsome gentleman he was; — and what delightful clothes he had on; — and what fine, handsome things he tried to lay Dorothy. — Well to be sure, she took (to charm'd and pleased) so delighted with it; — but I don't wonder at her; I'm sure I wish I was a fine lady to have so many handsome, charming things —

B— How the girl chatters.

A— La Ma'am, it is enough to —

B— Don't be a fool; but mind what I say to you! — Here take these Handkerchiefs to Lady Jenkin & wait for an answer. — Then go to Mrs. King's (Lord高endi) kept Mistrey with these Buffets— but don't leave them till you've got the money. — At the same time, you may as well take this bit of dinner to Mr. Thromlinson the grey Merchant's Lady in the city — you need not stay for any answer there; she is as good as the Bank itself.
I. Have you anything more Ma'am?—
II. More?—Yes & be sure I have;—what could it be,—I'm certain I had,—let me see,—why then I say, Isabella, I declare I have forgot,—why then you must come but again.—

Scene 2°.—A Street.

Enter Ist. Shippery Stifter, as he crosses the Stage, Isabella comes out of the House.—They meet.

1st. Is my pretty Maid, who do you belong to?—

2nd. To my Mistress sir!

1st. A pretty, little Rogue, I faith! — Pray who is your Mistress?—

2nd. My Lord the Miller. — Sir Shippery.

1st. What do you know me child?—

2nd. Yes sir!—you are Sir Shippery Stifter, sir!

1st. Upon my word, my dear: you seem to be a very knowing young Baggage. — And where may you be going with this Punge of Brand Boxes?—

2nd. To one of my Mistresses Customers Sir Shippery.

1st. And if I was to become one of your Mistresses Custo-

mers: could you bring a Brand-Box to me?—

2nd. Yes surely, Sir Shippery; — I must go wherever my

Mistress sends me.

1st. A pretty, complying creature are you shall. — Well, I'll

step in to your Mistresses and order a little parcel for the purpose: and do you bring it to my House tomorrow morning about eleven.

2nd. Yes Sir Shippery—

1st. Be sure you don't forget!

2nd. No Sir Shippery, I never forget my Mistresses Orders.
I. S. — Nor your own neither or I'm confoundingly mistaken;— Well, my pretty dear, fare thee well! — We shall be acquainted I hope tomorrow.

II. S. — Your best, Sir Sherry! — [As he goes off] I'll have a little Sherry too, as well as the rest of them. [Ex]

Sir Sherry, Flirtin

— As pretty a piece of goods, faith, as a Miller's wife can be stuck with. — That the little rogue the knows me too! — Indeed a Man of my Figure, & Fashion, his Appearance cannot avoid being known. — To say the truth, it is to very little purpose that we have Appearance & Fashion if we are not known; — Nay, we must study Appearance & Fashion in order to be known.

And with people of a certain Rank, Fortune is the more to be esteemed. — It is without a doubt, no inconsiderable Preeminence to be admired among some Hierarchical Orders of the Rabble. — Nay, I do not absolutely dislike to see the vulgar creatures, eye me with a scornful — neer, as a Dutch — Poor does a thing Prussia in a Puppet — Show. — Wherever this is the case, which is so often as I walk the Streets, — I smile upon the busy Fuggers, — take a pinch of snuff, — give my face a genteel glaze, and walk on. — Exit.

Scene 3. Mrs. Blond's Shop. — Mrs. Blond

at work. — Enter Sir Sherry, Flirtin.

II. S. — Mrs. Blond your most obedient, and all alone to, by Jupiter, my dear Madam, I could almost find, in my Heart to make a little Love to you! —

Bl. — You are pleased to be merry! Sir Sherry! — Nay, I am sure, I have too much charity to make a bankrupt.
of me, which would, most assuredly, be the case, if you're here to degrade yourself as far as to bestow those attentions on me, for which all the fine women are fighting for; a very fortunate thing, that it wasn't happening could detect me immediately. — You may laugh, sir, but they really would. If I read, Mr. Blond, you are most delightful creature, — Not the Brent, has it happened that I never visited you be fore?

B — I can only say, sir, that it has been my great misfortune! — Indeed, sir. Skippers, to tell you the truth, it has been a matter of great Notification to me, to see a gentleman of so much Taste, Elegance and Fashion, as you are, pass by, as you often do, without favouring me to far with your Patronage, as to purchase a pair of Ruffles of me.

1st J — For this very purpose, believe me, I have done myself the Pleasure of paying you this visit. — For, my dear Blondel, down with your Boxes, and display your Bags of delhas.

B — I shall be very happy, sir, to have the Honour of serv ing you in anything you may want.

1st J — That I most cordially believe! —

B — These, sir. Skippers, are the best Point Laces a very beautiful Pattern. — Here are some of Brussels Lace, and those are very handsome, of the Bath Manufacture. — They are English, sir, Skippers.

1st J — Why as to the matter of Ruffles, that is no great becom e mendation; — For in Lace, Snuff Boxes, Toothpick, Hair trisers, Dancing-Masters, Gloves, &c. &c., no more they rather excel us; — but in Sound Meat, warm Hands, Jeans & soldiers, Roast Beef, Plum-pudding & lettuce we beat them all to nothing. — Here, to be sure, we have a very considerable Advantage.
Then here are some which perhaps, sir, will suit your taste better; they are wrought by the Nuns in Flanders.

S. No, no, no, by the Nuns say you?

B. Indeed, sir, it is very true; they are wrought in a convent by the Nuns, who have nothing to do, poor souls, but to work away, suffer & starve to pay their prayers.

S. It's a pretty employment truly, Mr. Lord! but I don't see this morning, any of your needle-making Nuns about you.

B. They are among my customers, Sir Tupper!

S. And pray, my good lady, will they ever return the compliment and be among them?

B. Indeed, sir, I don't understand you, I don't know what you mean.

S. No, to be sure! I am absolutely unintelligible! I'm not to be understood, Mr. Lord; I don't speak English; I'm all jargon, to be sure! Well then, my dear good Tupper, to speak a little plainer, you will be so good as to consider me as the Purchaser of the best pair of Ruffles in your shop at your own price, provided you will send to my house to morrow morning by —

B. I am exceedingly obliged to you, Sir Tupper, you may depend upon —

S. Not quite so fast, my dear, good Mr. Lord, I have not quite done, — and that you let the little bird of yours, that I met just now at the corner of the street, tell the bearer of them —

B. What do you mean by reading them?

S. You have heard me, Mr. Lord, — much as my condition.

B. I shall be at Rone tomorrow, all the same; I observe you will be punctual. Mr. Lord your servant. — Nothing can resist
No fur! — So 'tis you were to strike me with the purchase of every piece of gauge, lace, silk, & thread in my shop. I could not. If I could help it, suffer any one that belongs to me to be the dupe of such unhuman designs! — If a simple flattery would satisfy a customer — with all my heart — if by hinting that he was handsome when he was most hideously ugly, — if the flattering him that he was a favorite of the ladies — when I knew that they hated or detested him; if by a few trifling, harmless, insipid, pretty, little deceivers, I could induce either male or female to empty their purse upon my counter — I should not have any great temple of insensibility, in throwing a few temptations of this nature in their way; — But I go no further! — If I am they'd to have a pretty face or two, in my shop, to draw customers; if I must have what is generally thought to be the sign of my profession, — I'll take care if shall not hang in anyone's reach. — So rather than give the least countenance to the moral scheme of seducing innocence, I would suffer my thy to fall about my ears, I and be buried in the ruin of beneath the Heap of — my own Bank — Boxes —

But here comes another of my delightful customers!

Enter Mr. Hettleworth

Confound this Gout! — Here have I been confined, these three weeks, to a cursed arm-chair or a stool: and am so lame, able to walk across the street — So it is, not a shocking thing that a Man of my spirits & Time of life should be thus crippled by a Hernial Disorder; that prevents me six months out of the twelve, from enjoying the least pleasures of my Nature. If all Equivalences of the least element in a pair of a stockings — and as for Townshelt, I had rather
be touched and feathered than be wrapped up in it. — Oh! — what a confounded twitch! — Well — I'll just rattle Blond what news — and go home again. — to Mrs. Blond, how do you do, Mrs. Blond, how do you do? —

B — Very well, Mrs. Hulthworth, I thank you, — the better for seeing you abroad again. — Why sir, I have not had that pleasure this month, I believe. — Indeed, I was very uneasy for people said you were like to die.

B — Like to die? — like to die? — Mrs. Blond! — What the Devil, had they a mind to send me out of the world at one coup? — like to die indeed! — No, No, No, No. — I mean to live these forty years. — I intend to have another couple of scores, and half a dozen children, at least before I die.

B — Why do I look, Mrs. Blond, as if I was going to die.

B — No indeed sir. — I never remember to have seen you look since I have had the honour of knowing you. — I know if I was young lady, I very believe I should make love to you.

B — Why, you saucy jade, you flatterer, you flatterer: this to be sure, I'm not an old man, and my family have all been remarkable since the days of William the Conqueror for long lives & stout constitutions. — Besides, Mrs. Blond — I have the gout, the gout, a disorder, if it can be called one, which prevents all others. — I declare that I would not be without it for half my estate! (Aside) This if it did not make me quite so often I should like it the better. —

B — Why, to be sure, sir — what you say, I believe is very true, and, if the gout did not sometimes leave a little tenderness in the feet, and make an active, young gentleman hobble, now to then, for a month or six weeks, — it would be truly desirable.

B — What do you mean Mrs. Blond, by hobbling? she asked.

B — Why I walk, child, with all the firmness of a
B—Really think so too, Sir; but as a Grenadier should never be without a cap, what think you of giving me five and twenty shillings for this?—It is very elegant, is it not?

No—a cap?—What the Devil, think I do with a cap?—You would not, Mrs Blond, make an Old Woman of me, would you?—(What a cunning Jezebel it is! I exclaim.)

B—I see, Mrs Nottleworth. I had no such meaning! An old Woman truly.—Thy you are not an old Man yet!

No, No, No, Mrs Blond, I hope to be useful in my generation some years longer.—She, when I'm grown old, of the two, I think, verily, I should prefer being an Old Woman.

B—An Old Woman?—Believe me Sir, I never was so astonished in all my life!—If all the Birds in the Air, thy thou should fix upon an Old Woman. If you had been desirous to make an Exchange with some young Lady of great Beauties and Accomplishments, it would not have surprised me.

The continual Attention which follows them;—the constant Praise which they hear;—the universal Admiration which they receive, is, I must own, very enviable;—And if I was rich, handsome at sixteen, I would not change my Petticoats for her a pair of Breeches in Christendom.

He—Ha, Ha, Ha, very well, Mrs Blond!—Ha, Ha, Ha, you are very droll, very comical indeed!—But you may believe me, when I tell you, that when I was a young Man I never wished to change Sexes with the most admired Beauty of the Time;—And I'm in a middle Age, I hold the same Opinion but where I'm grown old, I do not doubt, may I am certain that I shall be glad to do it with the highest—best eyes of an Old Woman that ever tumbled her Nose with a pair of Spectacles.

B—Why, Sir, I am all Amusement!
No. I have very weighty & sufficient Reasons, both hand.

B. I make no Doubt, sir, but a Gentleman of your Year.

H. Yeares, Hussey? 

B. Say, sir, I make no Doubt but a Gentleman of your wisdom, sagacity & acknowledged Understanding. 

H. Ay, that's another Thing!

B. Yes, sir, has the best Reasons for everything He thinks, says or does; but I am sure if I was to scratch my Nodle for this Fifteenth Month, I could not even guess at the Motive which shall induce you to wear a cap & Petticoat in your 80s Age, -- I mean, sir, the you grow old.

H. Ay, Ay,

B. And to become an old Woman instead of an old Man.

H. Why then shall I't tell you. -- I say to ease you of your Curiosity, I will tell you. Mr. Blond. -- I have but one Motive to wish for such an Exchange as this; but considering the Pains & Analties, the Sorrows & Troubles of Old Age. It is a great Matter gainst even if it was practicable to get rid of but one of them.

B. I am afraid I shall be grown 80s before He has done with His story, -- or come to a conclusion (staid)

H. To keep you then no longer, in suspense; the Reason why when I am no longer able to enjoy my present Reign of Pleasure.

B. And that seems to be only between his own House over the Way, and my House, at side?

H. The Reason why, when I am grown 80s, to have none of my present pleasures to share, &c. in that great House.
- 4. A situation. I had the desire to change my face to be a woman.


- 46. To save the trouble of shaving—what are a very good reason to— for a man with such a pretty beard as a male constitution has given me.

- 9. Lord! is that all? This if the change took place you might disappointed notwithstanding. My grandfather, he has a beard as grey as your wig.

- 96. Aye, aye! Mr. Pond, but then she does not shave, she does not shave. No, no, she does not shave.

- 9. Well, sir, you are the commonest, pleasantest gentleman that comes to my shop. Yes! this is the first time I've had this beard. We never to make their appearance here again. You are so lively, so entertaining. I don't wonder the ladies, Mr. X. are so fond of you.

- 9. Ha, ha, ha! This told you that. Mr. B.—hey? who told you that?

- 9. Who told it me, sir? I have heard it from so many people that I can't tell who.

- 96. Very likely, very likely! It's a secret? I really believe I must be glad to receive one of the little rogues!

- 9. Why? be sure I have heard as much. There was a young lady, no longer ago than this morning, who was enquiring a great deal about you. And I could tell you this.

- 9. Betty Lambkin! Mr. Pond, prove your words by and by. I'll purchase. I'll purchase. Ay, I'll buy a pair of garters of you that I will, this my own are not half worn out.

- 9. No sir, I don't want to be brib'd nother with such a generous customer as you are. Mr. Hestleworth, I would not make a bargain about the Matter.

- 9. I verily believe you. Do indeed! But tell me, come tell me!
P. — Why sir, the three Miss Pendlecrees?
H. — Pretty Rogues!
B. — These ladies were here this Morning: do I know from their conversation that you could make them all three completely happy.
H. — Oh you insensible creatures! what all three of them? Why you have no mercy upon me, Mr. Blond, you heartless, Why you make a grand Joke of me!
B. — Yes, sir, but I say you can: I'll tell you how.
H. — I'm afraid you are a Sawyer Baggage! fair-thinking.
B. — The eldest, sir, quite languish'd for this purpose. The other declared she had a Passion for these Feather's. — Do Miss B., if you are your other's Favourite said the rest, go quite distracted, if she not this cap & lappets?
H. — Well & what's that to me. Mr. Blond. — What have I to do with Feather's, Lappets?
B. — If therefore, like a Man of true Gallantry, you would see the languishings of the first, satisfy the Longings of the second, and make Miss Tuttle free from absolute Distraction, you will order me to send these frippers to the young ladies, they and make them completely happy. — It won't cost you above forty or fifty pounds.
H. — Why the women's out of her Senses! She's stark, staring Mad by Jupiter! What do you think I've got to this time! I like to lay out my Money in fans, Lappets & Parasols. I'll settle it as fast as I can.
B. — Little bit. The Lappets? No you Sir!
H. — You are an impertinent Woman!
B. — Why sir, Mr. Mittenworth, you march with all the Gore & Terriness of a Grenadier. — Pla, Pla, Ste!
H. — I won't cost you above twenty, forty or fifty pounds, mr. Extravagant Jewell. — Exit.
Mr. Blunt alone.

Ha, Ha, Ha! — your most obdient servant Sir! — I shall not see your sweet face again these three months! — I was able either to get some of his money or be rid of his company, — and Old Master Hanks! — I wish I had let him have had the garden! — In some part of England or the part they might have left to him! — and a worthy young man of a ton when he staved — and two Daughters whom he will not suffer to marry, which you know is worse than starving! Would perhaps, have thanked me for it! — He tells me of your youth may be repaired — and when repaired — paid for forgotten. — But when we see old Age to forget itself as to sink into the errors of youth without its temptations. Then it blends the vice of early passion with the shrivel of advanced age; then we see the hair turn in the head the locks grey, — so the face wrinkled, — yet hear the voice express wishes which ought to have been, for years for gotten! — She cannot act itself alone — Content till mingle with it.

Enter Mrs. Stilette.

[ — your obdient Mrs. Stilette, — how did you like your lady's test? — Mrs. Stilette, — I hope lady Dorothy liked them too! — Is they please you? — If it might be permitted to commend —]

— He pleased somebody! — as for my poor Lady, Heaven keep her! — she has no will or pleasure of her own! — [ — Stilett — If I had her Rank & Fortune, I have a good deal of will so pleasure too! —]

— Well, this is really the case with lady Dorothy. —

[ — Then I don't enjoy her Ladyship; I shame her, — for this I'm but a poor handicraft woman of a Milliner, I would not in some cases, but have it all of my own, — for the best luck]
and our long-talked Notes I ever said. — But my dear Mr.
Toilette, if your lady has no will of her own, she has the
honour of determining for her ladyship
T. — Anyone who happens to be present. — It sometimes, for
a better, your humble servant.
B. — I'm sure she cannot have a better — that's impossible.
T. — You're very obliging, indeed, Mr. Blond; — but I proceed.
Her Morning visitors direct her dress for the Afternoon, so
if it should to happen, — that we should not have a single
bath at the Door before three o'clock, — she then she'll
yawn and stretch herself upon the sofa as did yesterday.
& say, — Toilette, what shall I wear to day? — Then be
as pity'd whatever your ladyship pleases! — So says she,
'you odious creature, go think upon it for a Quarter of an
Hour, & then bring me a better Answer.' Upon which,
'well, do not knowing that the car engaged to go to town.
Still Places is being very dirty weather!' Got ready her last
new white Nightgown, & she put it on without tasting at it.
B. — Well, I shall always know for the future when I see
Lady Dorothy uncommonly well dressed, who she has call
—ed.
T. — Le! Mr. Blond!
B. — Ray, it's very true.— (B & I continue talking)

Enter Lady Dorothy Doubtful speaking to a servant.

B. — Let the coach wait, — I shall return immediately.
T. — To be sure my lady has some Charms —
B. — How is this Toilette, that is so charming? — Your servant
Mr. Blond.

T. — Miss, my Lady? — Why, my Lady, I was telling Mr. Blond,
yes I was telling — I was.
B—Mrs. Forlakes, My Lady, let tell you the truth, was tealing of your Ladyship, up everybody know's that the word charming can never be more justly applied than to Lady Dorothy—

L—Lady Dorothy, Sir Blond is extremely oblig'd, but you certainly overrate her small pretensions.

B—By no means, My Lady, your sartorial gists to myself are equal in faithful, the one shows you your failins as the other tells of them.

L—Delighted, Sir Blond. You are a most amusing creature, I wish you would give that tigress a lecture now I think that he might learn to pay a few of your assentles things while they drooping me, — but the girl has at a single idea beyond the whole Duty of Man.

L—Tell, my Lady, the whole Duty of Man is—

B—Is about your business. — I don't want you here. —

L—Tell the whole Duty of Man. Suppose the thinker — well with all my heart, do so wish had thought better (as he),

L—Tell, Sir Blond, any has fashion staring?

B—Your Ladyship is at this moment, the most perfect Model of Fashions, unless — if I make no doubt but I soon oth, if you will be the most fashionable dress'd Figure in all his Majesty's Dominions.

L—Do you think so?

B—I am very certain of it.

L—Why, for my own part if I cannot tell how I shall be dress'd. — Lord Trenchard & Sir William Meddy are both with me this morning — so I committed them upon this important article. — and the Lordship named here is much pleas'd to say I look'd best in Pink, but Sir William was outrageous for white, — and after they had disputed this important Matter, for full half an hour, they left me with my being able to come to any determination.

B—Then pray don't let your Ladyship be any longer at a loss—

L—Let us come to the very Prince of Tastes to devise the Matier for you in a Moment.
I. J.- Lady Dorothy here. — Have your Luncheon perfectly well. The
Repose of a Happier, I did not expect — and I am here not a
proper to throw myself at your Ladyship's Feet.

M. B.- I am afraid Sir Flippery, that as your place has got the Conven-
ience of a Carpet, it would be better to defer that shot of Gallantry to an
other opportunity. Besides, my Lady, wishes to employ you in an Affair
of a mote serious Nature.

I. J.- The Devil she does! — how sensibly, Sir Milliner will all her life
suffer, on her own Slaves, open an Intervene between her Cust-
omers of Quality. (Aside) Her Ladyship that shall command Sir
Flippery, Boston's best powers at all times, places & seasons.

B.- I do assure your Sir Flippery, Lady Dorothy has a very important par
of Burnsley for you.

M. B.- I am sure there's no Lady's Burnsley. What be better please'd to
do, than Lady Dorothy? — But does your Ladyship do me the Honour to
confirm the flattering Hopes? of our prattling Milliner?

I. J.- Why, Sir Flippery, as it is a matter which depends entirely upon a
Preference, do you my own Interest of you as well as Mr. Blunt?

M. B.- I'll save her the Trouble of her Explanation (Aside) Your lady's
Back, Back — Will I have the Honour?

I. J.- Why you have not executed your Commission?

M. B.- That I presume can be done better at your Ladyship's own House.

I. J.- No, Sir Flippery.— I positively won't stir from hence; 'tis it is deter-
mind.

M. B.- The Devil you won't.

I. J.- Do you tell him, then, and for I cannot!

I. J.- If your Ladyship insists upon it, this is to be sure, I must, but I'll
think it will come in a more interesting Manner from you. In our
Sir Flippery will receive the Declaration of your difficulties, he reports to be more able in
directing your Ladyship's orders — than if it came from me.

M. B.- (Aside) Declarations, Difficulties, Letters, proposals; — a Woman such
is the most unaccountable, unintelligible Animal is —

I. J.- Well then sir, — I really have not courage.

M. B.- My dear Lady Dorothy, don't deny me the Happenings of —

I. J.- My then, Sir Flippery, — you must know I purposed this evening to go to
Marquerade.

I. J.- Charming! (Aside)

I. J.- And I have seen two Dames both very elegant and almost new.
D. Delightful, surly!

B. - My dear, both have been of two very intimate people above. One of them is a white of the other Rose colour.

L. F. - Do you mean our Rose friends for a thousand? - I am.

L. D. - And both of them are now hanging in my dressing-room, shall hang here the whole evening.

F. I. - Allow, I wear one of them.

L. B. - How is it, as it is improper, I can wear both of them.

L. F. - I am not sure, a most dandy boy.

L. D. - I cannot go any further, I protest!

B. - My then, I must help you dress him out.

L. F. - By such, a kind companion's creature.

L. D. - May do, my dear Mr. Blount?

B. - My then, how, lady, Dorothy knows, to know your opinion as a man of taste, which favour you think became her day-dress, blue, sky, or red.

L. F. - And this is all the mighty business is it, finely taken in to be more!

L. B. - Because sir, if you won't determine for me.

L. F. - It is really impossible, unable unless I saw the particular order of the paper which are now claiming prominence in your Ladyship's Wardrobe, prime & determining. - Your coach is awaiting, - if you'll permit me to attend you home, I make no doubt but I shall be able to fix your choice in five minutes.

L. B. - Well sir, since you won't determine for me; - I must can go home and determine for myself! - Wilt thou, - Good Morning.

B. - I am your Ladyship's most obedient servant.

L. B. - To Flippery, I will not ask another favour of you in haste.

L. F. - Give me leave to see if your servant are ready.

L. D. - To Flippery Mrs. Road, means & whispers it to me on the stair-case.

B. - Smith they are both at the bottom of the serpentine fires.

Mr. Blond alone

- Well, little as it may be practised a woman who be nothing but caution.

From the time she pulls of her Night-cap in the morning, till the day is past as the pubic is again. - A woman, especially if she be young, it hand some, that never act or speak without previous reflection. - More now is young lady, who, from a mere carelessness of reflection & fashion, but can her not only subjected herself to the superfluity of a discretion, but, besides win the mind of giving a subject to such a sale of scandal, as they would not have forgotten, till the Remembrance of this act had destroy every trace of her Beauty.
Scene the Street. Enter Sir Shipperty & Lady Durr.

Doubtful who owns the stage.

Lady B. – No, No, No – I think I Shipperty, this is not one of your bright days.

Sir A. – I dare say your Ladyship. I think it one of the dullest, most情形

Lady B. – I – I followed you Ladyship. I think it one of the dullest, most情形

Scene the Theatre. Enter Sailor of his Wife.

Sailor. – No, No, No. – Do look there fell’ – The Devil take one of the

Lady Durr. – No, No, No, No – I think I Shipperty, this is not one of your bright days.

Sailor. – No, No, No. – Do look there fell’ – The Devil take one of the

We are at the Green Feather 

Sailor. – No, No, No. – Do look there fell’ – The Devil take one of the

We are at the Green Feather

Scene the Theatre. Enter Thomas & Sally.

Mr. Blond. – How have we here?

Gracia. – Who have we here?

Sir A. – Sir, Gentleman, your servant? – if it’s Sir Gold, Madam,

Gracia. – Who have we here?

Sir A. – Sir, Gentleman, your servant? – if it’s Sir Gold, Madam,

P. – Yes sir, if you’ll please to walk this way. I’ll show you some of the

P. – Yes sir, if you’ll please to walk this way. I’ll show you some of the

P. – Yes sir, if you’ll please to walk this way. I’ll show you some of the

P. – Sir, sir, you must be a Man of Taste for Blue and in all of Tails.

Sir A. – Sir Gold, Madam, of Tails? – but this True-Blue’s out of Fashion, I believe it will be some for 10 inst. – Here Madam, this one upon Sally’s fate, a real stick another upon her Breast.
as hardie, let her have one of the other niche her Ultons, and now
I have one in my Hat, and she'll be to fine as we.

G—Dear!—

G—May I think ever board next voyages, to be lost in two by a wharf,
if the does not look handsome than any faculty Woman in England.

G—Indeed, I think the does!—Sir James become you, Man! very
Much.

G—De! you flatter me to be sure.

G—Not the by Kings. — Pray Sir, may I see Gold as I knows whether
you are the Mistres or the Maid; because Maids go to time now a Days
for one don't know can it have their Mistres.

G—I believe, sir, I am the Mistres of this ship at your service.

G—I think you Mistres kindly, but I was more false to my little look-
was. — Hell! said.

G—Hope it — Thomas.

G—No, No! — Hell, Sir, here's your Money! — is it enough.

G—Yes Sir, it is more than enough.

G—Is there? — Why then since you are not the Maid, — give the rest to
her with my service.

G—Well, I do believe an English Lady has it his equal for generosity on
the face of the Globe. — (And)

G—one fable of how will you see a Conquering Man, — or a Puppet ther or
como.

G—Your lady, sir, will be the prettier there.

G—Lee! Thomas, did you hear that? — The gentlewoman called me Lady.

G—Did the to, — why then turn round I make her one of your best
sisters!

G—Handy Morris, I am not flatter me! — Scant, by my —

G—Depends me alone.

— You flatter me! — Why, I my Trade! — I live by it! — It is more
heapsmore than an article I have in my shop. — In this gives an air of
Elegance & everything I sell. — Then, just began the world, I was deteged
tell it truth, and I acted more through fear of spending than a desire
please; but my empty shop soon convinced me, that I must change my
Eupe or become a Punishment. — I therefore, took another line of proceedings.

G—Mother she had handsome Daughters then the young Ladys, nice
eyes of themselves. — I Hope, young then, that they were all admired by
the young Women, — if young Women then young men were all doing
for them. — So to so. — Thus I sell more sage, Bluffles, Waskerchick, etc.

G—That picks a tender puffs then most Millenears in Town. — But my
Sholtery only tickles the ear, — it does not sink into the heart. — Mine is
nothing more than a little Spence upon a pocket Blankettert, and an affectionate Admiration for an Hour, — and then totally evaporated — But Mather's flatter'd Daughters, so encourage them to join in it: Abduction. When young Women are delighted with the idle, unmeaning praises of individuals, young Men; — then, in short, — the polite art of flattery are one and the same thing, — It is not to wonder; their good sense is called Deceiument, despite cautious Behaviors, considered as Fondness.

ye flattering hopes, — of free from earning strife,

and seek the pleasures of a married life.

as do not charm the fruit with flattering strains,

nor make each future hope of Virtue vain.

and you, ye flattering Maidens, Oh beware,

the soft enticing words, — the gilded snare!

Then stop your prattle, — let your anger rise:

For they who flatter most, — the most deceive,

not mix the whisperings of deceitful Youth;

That are your charms to Nature, & to Truth.
Editors’ Note:

This document contains pictures of the manuscript of William Combe’s one-act play *The Flattering Milliner*, which was performed at the Bristol Theatre on 11 September 1775. For a complete transcript of the work, interested individuals can access it at https://wordpress.com/page/pixeliapublishing.org/410.

To enhance readability, some images have been improved using Matt Zucker's open-source Python script, "Page dewarping." The script can be found at the following link: https://mzucker.github.io/2016/08/15/page-dewarping.html.

When quoting from the photographs, scholars are advised to cite the manuscript in this or similar form:


When quoting from the transcript, please cite it in this or similar form: