

(6)
ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

A

F A R C E

O F

T H R E E A C T S.

As performing at the Theatres-Royal of

LONDON AND DUBLIN.

Written by Mrs. INCHBALD.

D U B L I N :

Printed by C. LEWIS, No. 67, GRAFTON-
STREET.

M, DCC, LXXXIX.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MARQUIS D'LANCY.

LA FLEUR, his VALET.

DOCTOR.

PICARD.

FRANCOIS.

JEFFERY, the DOCTOR'S Servant.

W O M E N.

CONSTANTIA.

LISETTE, her MAID.



ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Doctor's House.*

Enter CONSTANCE, *hastily, meeting* LISETTE.

CONSTANCE.

LISETTE, Lisette, who do you think I have just seen?

Lif. Your old Guardian, I suppose.

Con. Do you imagine I should look thus pleased if it was he whom I meant?

Lif. Who then? Our Jailor, who keeps his keys?

Con. What, poor Jeffrey! Ha, ha, ha!—How you talk!

Lif. No, no, I guess who you mean—the young Marquis D'Lancy; and who has passed under your window so frequently, within these few days, that I am amaz'd your Guardian (with all his suspicions) has not observ'd him.

Con. He has walk'd this hour; and ev'ry time with his eyes fix'd up to the lattice of my window—and I had not heart to remove from it, for ev'ry time he saluted me with the most respectful bow.

A 2

Lif.

Lif. Was his Valet with him ?

Con. No, but I saw another person in deep conversation with him ; a strange looking man, who appeared like one of the faculty ; for his dress very much resembl'd that of my Guardian's.

Lif. Who cou'd he be ?

Con. But what most surpris'd me, he had a letter in his hand, which he repeatedly held out to me, but I cou'd not reach it.

Lif. I know who it is—La Fleur, Valet to the Marquis, disguis'd as a Doctor—I have no doubt of it—and I have, moreover, no doubt, but under that disguise, he will find means to get himself introduc'd to your old Guardian, and perhaps brought into the very house ; and if I can assist his schemes, I will ; for is it not a shame the Doctor should dare, here in *Paris*, to forbid both you and your servant to stir from home!—lock us up!—and treat us as women are treated in *Spain* ! (*with anger.*)

Con. Never mind, Lisette, don't put yourself in a passion—for we can learn to plot and deceive, and treat him, as men are treated in *Spain*.

Lif. Right, Madam, and to prove I am not less inclined than yourself to the *Spanish* manners, I am as much in love as you.

Con. Not with the Marquis !

Lif. Do you think I don't know better where it is my duty to love ? I'm in love with his man.

Con. I wish I knew the contents of that letter, he held out to me.

Lif. That you are "*beloved—admired.*"—I can tell ev'ry word in it—I know ev'ry sentence as well as if I had read it—and now, Madam, it is my advice, you sit down, and answer it directly.

Con. Before I have received it ?

Lif. Yes, yes,—give your answer, at the time you receive his letter.—Consider, how convenient it will be to give the one, while you take the other.—We are so watch'd you know, that we ought to let no opportunity pass, for fear we should not have another ; and, therefore, when he finds means to send his

his letter, you must take the same method to return yours:

Con. But if my Guardian should ever know I had written to a Gentleman ?

Lif. I'll write for you ;—and should there be a discovery, the letter will be in *my* hand-writing, not yours.—We must lose no time.—The Doctor is abroad at present ;—and it must be both written and deliver'd before his return. (*She sits at the table, and begins writing.*)

Con. But, dear Lisette ———

Lif. Don't—put—me, out.

Con. What are you saying ?

Lif. (*Writing*) What you are thinking.

Con. You don't know my thoughts ?

Lif. I do,—and here they are in this letter.

Con. Let me look at it.

Lif. No, don't examine your thoughts ;—I beg you won't. (*Folds up the letter, and rises*) Besides, you have no time to read it ; I must run to the Garden-gate, and deliver it immediately.—The worst difficulty is, having, for near an hour, to supplicate this poor simple, decrepid tool of the old Doctor's, to open the Gate for a moment. Jeff'ry ! [*Calls.*]

Con. The Doctor has lately appointed Jeff'ry his apothecary—he is busy preparing of medicines, and will be angry at being disturb'd.

Lif. No matter—it may save the lives of some of his master's patients.

Enter JEFFERY, with a bandage on his left eye, and another round his right leg.

Jef. You made me overthrow the whole decoction.

Lif. Great Apothecary !

Con. And alone worthy the Physician, under whom you have receiv'd instructions.

Jef. I'm very sorry I overthrew the decoction, for it was for my own use—my leg is in pain still ;

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and I'm not yet satisfied the dog was not mad.

Lif. I tell you, I'm sure he was not; and had you suffer'd him to live, it wou'd have prov'd so.

Jef. My master order'd me to kill him.

Lif. Merely to make you believe he was mad, and to shew his skill, by pretending to preserve you from the infection.

Jef. Nay, don't speak against my master.

Lif. Who was it undertook to cure your eye?

Jef. He—and thank Heav'n, Lifette, I shall never suffer any more from that.

Lif. Why then do you wear a bandage?

Jef. To hide the place where it was.

Lif. And is it thus the Doctor has cur'd you?

Jef. He was so kind to put my left eye out, in order to save the right.

Lif. Well, you are still more fortunate than the God of Love, for he has no eyes at all.

Jef. And I shall have two very soon; for my master has promis'd to buy me one at the great manufactory, which will be much handsomer than either of my other—a very handsome glass one.

Lif. And if the Doctor will re-make you thus, piece by piece, in time, my dear Jeff'ry, you may become a very pretty man. But you know, Jeff'ry, I love you, ev'n as you are.

Jef. Love me—that's a good joke!—Lifette, I'm afraid you want something of me, you speak to me so pleasantly.

Lif. Want something of you!—How cou'd such an idea enter your head?

Jef. Because when you don't want something of me, you huff me, and cuff me from morning to night.—Eh, ehe!—You look no more as you do now.—Why, tho' I'm dying, I durst hardly speak to you.

Lif. Well, henceforward, you shall have no reason to complain. But do you know, Jeff'ry, I have a little favour to ask of you.

Jef. Aye, I thought so.

Con. My dear Jeff'ry, we will make you any recompence.

Jef. What is it you want?—If I can do it without offending my master, I will.

Lif. If you won't tell him, he'll never know it.

Jef. But I tell him ev'ry thing.—He pays me my wages for telling;—and I must not take them without earning them.

Con. If money is of such value to you, here, take my purse.

Jef. No, it is not money I want—it is something else.

Lif. What!—What then?

Jef. (*Looking at her with affection.*) Ah! Mrs. Lifette, you know what I want;—but you have always denied me.

Lif. Psha!—If I could grant it, indeed, without my master's knowing of it.

Jef. Oh! I would not tell of that, I protest.

Con. Well, Jeff'ry, what is your favour?

Jef. Just one salute of Mrs. Lifette—

Lif. Oh, if that's all, after you have oblig'd us, you shall have twenty.

Jef. But, I had rather have one now, than the twenty you promise after.

Lif. Come then, make haste, if it must be so.

Jef. (*Saluting her.*) Ah, the first kiss of the girl we love, is so sweet!—

Lif. Now you are ready to comply with our request?

Jef. Tell me what it is.

Lif. To give us the key of the Garden-gate.

Jef. I'm very sorry I can't oblige you.

Lif. Why not?

Jef. For several reasons.

Lif. Tell me one.

Jef. In the first place, I have not got the key—my master took it with him, when he went out.

Lif. You know you tell a falsehood;—he has not got it.—Is this your bargain and your gratitude?

Jef. Nay, if you're angry at that, give me the kiss again.

Lif. Ugly, foolish, yet artful and cunning wretch!
Leave

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Leave the room—you make love to me, indeed.—Why, I always despis'd you, laugh'd at, and hated you.

Jef. I knew that.—Did not I tell you when you spoke so kindly to me, you wanted something?—How then could you expect me to oblige you?

Lif. I shall ever detest the sight of you.

Jef. Unless you want something—and then you'll call me again;—and then I shall kiss you again—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit, shewing the key.*

Lif. I ne'er was so provok'd in my life.

Con. My dear Lifette, if our two lovers, the Marquis and his servant, prove no more fortunate in their schemes, than we have been in ours, I fear, I must, according to his desire, marry the Doctor; and you Jeff'ry.

Lif. I marry Jeff'ry!—Here comes the Doctor—

Enter Doctor.

Doc. What an indignity—I can't put up with it—I can't bear it—I'm ready to choak with passion.

Con. Dear Sir, what is the matter?

Doc. I'm disgrac'd, ruin'd, and undone.

Con. And what has caus'd it, Sir?

Doc. A conspiracy of the blackest kind;—man's weakness is arriv'd to its highest summit—and there is nothing wanted but merit, to draw upon us the most cruel persecution.

Lif. Ah, I understand—the faculty have been conspiring against you.

Doc. They have refused to grant me a *diploma*; forbid me to practice as a physician, and all because I do not know a parcel of insignificant words; but exercise my profession according to the rules of *reason* and *nature*.—Is it not natural to die? Then, if a dozen or two of my patients *have* died under my hands, is not that natural?

Lif. Very natural, indeed.

Doc. But, thank Heav'n, in spite of the scandalous reports

reports of my enemies ; I have this morning, nine visits to make.

Con. Very true, Sir, 'a young ward has sent for you to attend his Guardian ;—three nephews have sent for you to attend their uncles, very rich men ; and five husbands have sent for you, in the greatest haste, to attend their wives.

Doc. And is not that a sign they think what I can do ? Is it not a sign they have the highest opinion of my skill ? And the faculty shall see I will rise superior to their machinations—I have entered upon a project that I believe will teize them. I have made overtures to one of their most profest enemies, a man whom they have crush'd, and who is the chief of a sect just sprung up, of which, perhaps, you never heard ; for simply, by the power of *Magnetism*, they can cure any ill ; or inspire any passion.

Con. Is it possible !

Doc. —Yes—and every effect is produc'd upon the frame, merely by the power of the Magnet, which is held in the hand of the Physician, as the wand of a conjurer is held in his ; and it produces wonders in physic, equally surprising.

Con. And will you become of this new sect ?

Doc. If they will receive me—and by this time the President has, I dare say, receiv'd my letter, and I wait impatiently for an answer.

Enter JEFFERY.

Jef. A Doctor at the door, desires to speak with you.

Doc. A Doctor in my house !

Lif. I dare say it's the Magnetizing Doctor you have been writing to.

Doc. Very likely. I dare say it's Doctor Mystery ! Shew him in, Jeff'ry.

Jef. Please to walk this way, Sir. [Exit.

Enter

Enter LA FLEUR, dressed as a Doctor.

La F. Doctor, I hope I've your pardon, that without further acquaintance, than by letter, I thus wait upon you to pay my respects.

Con. (To Lisette) It is the same I saw with the Marquis.

Lis. (Aside) And it is La Fleur, his Valet.

La F. And to assure you, that I, and all my brethren, have the highest respect for your talents, and shall be happy to have you a member of our society.

Doc. I presume, Sir, you are Doctor Mystery, author, and first discoverer of that healing and sublime art, *Animal Magnetism*.

La F. I am.

Doc. And it will render you immortal! My curiosity to become acquainted with the forms and effect of your power is scarcely to be repressed a moment—Will you indulge me with the smallest specimen of your art, just to satisfy my curiosity?

La F. You are then entirely ignorant of it?

Doc. Entirely.

La F. And so am I. *(Aside)* Hem! Hem!

Doc. Shall I send the women out of the room?

La F. By no means.—No, no.—But I will shew both you and them, a specimen of my art directly.—You know, Doctor, there is an universal fluid, which spreads throughout all nature —

Doc. A fluid!

La F. Yes—a fluid—which is a fluid—and you know, Doctor, that this fluid—generally called a fluid—is the most subtle of all that—is the most subtle.—Do you understand me?

Doc. Yes—yes—

La F. It ascends on *high*, (*looking down*) and descends on *low*, (*looking up*) penetrates all substances, from the hardest metal, to the softest bosom.—You understand me, I perceive?

Doc. Not very well.

La F. I will give you a simile then.

Doc. I shall be much oblig'd to you.

La F.

La F. This fluid is like a river.—You know what a river is ?

Doc. Yes, yes.

La F. This fluid is like a river, that—that—runs—that goes—that gently glides—so, so, so—while there is nothing to stop it.—But if it encounters a mound, or any other impediment—Boo, boo, boo,—it bursts forth—it overflows the country round ;—throws down villages, hamlets, houses, trees, cows, and lambs.—But remove this obstacle which obstructs its course, and it begins again softly and sweetly to flow ;—thus, thus, thus—the fields are again adorned, and every thing goes on, as well as it can go on.—Thus it is with the *Animal Fluid*, which fluid obeys the command of my art.

Doc. Surprising art ! But what are the means you employ ?

La F. Merely gestures—or a simple touch.

Doc. Astonishing ! Give me some proof of your art directly ;—do satisfy my curiosity.

La F. I will—and by this wand, in which is a magnet, in a particular position, I will so direct the fluid, that it shall immediately give you the most excruciating rheumatism, which will last you a couple of hours ; I will then change it to the gout—then to strong convulsions—and after into a raging fever—and in this manner shall your curiosity become satisfied. (*Holds up his wand as if to magnetize.*)

Doc. Hold, Doctor, I had rather see the experiment on some one else.

La F. Oh, then Sir, I have now at my house, a patient whom the faculty have just given up as incurable ; and notwithstanding his disorder is of a most violent and dangerous kind, I will have him brought here, and will teach you to perform his cure yourself—

Doc. By the power of Magnetism !

La F. By the power of Magnetism.

Doc. That wou'd do me infinite honour indeed ! But why bring the patient to my house ? Pray, who is he ?

La F.

La F. A young man of quality.

Con. Dear Sir, let him be brought hither, and let me see the cure perform'd.

Doc. (*Takes La F. aside.*) I can't say I approve of a young man being brought into my house—for you must know, Doctor—that young Lady is to be my wife; and as we are not exactly of an age, another may make an impression:

La F. Consider my patient's state of health—he is like a dying man.

Doc. But he'll be well after I have cur'd him.

La F. Very true.

Doc. (*Whispers bim.*) Pray, Doctor, is it true what they report, that he, who is once in possession of your art, can, if he pleases, make every woman who comes near him, in love with him?

La F. True—certainly it is.

Con. Why this whispering?—I'm ignorant which are the virtues of your art, Doctor? But I am sure it has not that of rendering you polite.

La F. Pardon, Madam,—I was but instructing the Doctor in some particulars, of which, perhaps, you may hereafter have reason to be satisfied.

Lif. I doubt that, Sir, unless your art cou'd render this solitary confinement, we are doom'd to, agreeable.

La F. Before the end of the day, you shall prefer it to all the false pleasures of the gay world; for what are more false than the pleasures deriv'd from balls, masquerades, and theatres?

Doc. Very true.

Lif. Well, I must own I love a theatre.

La F. The worst place of them all for youth to frequent—once in my life, I was present at a theatrical representation, but such a piece did I see.—Ah, the most dangerous for a young woman to be present at——

Lif. (*Eager'y.*) Pray, Sir, what was it?—

La F. An honest Gentleman of about seventy years of age, was brought before the audience in love with a young Lady of eighteen, whom he had brought

brought up from her infancy, and whom he meant to make his wife.

Doc. Very natural.

La F. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, because he was young, rich, and handsome, imagined he would suit the young lady better.

Doc. Just like them all.

La F. We therefore disguised his valet, who, under the mask of *friendship*, introduced himself to this good man, the guardian—

Doc. A villain! he deserv'd to be hanged!

La F. And seized the moment when he embraced him, as I now embrace you—to—stretch out his hand while it was behind him, and convey a letter to the lady's waiting maid.

Lif. And she gave him another—I have seen the play myself—and it was very well *acted*.

La F. And is it not scandalous to put such examples before young people?

Con. And pray, Doctor, do you think I am not under sufficient confinement, that you take these methods to make me still more unhappy?

La F. (*To the Doc.*) Why does your ward dislike confinement?

Doc. Because she dislikes me.

La F. Are you sure of that?

Doc. Yes, I think I am.

Con. I am dying with curiosity to read my letter. (*Aside, and Exit.*)

(*Lifette remains listening.*)

La F. Then this little wand shall cause in her sentiments, the very reverse. In this, is a magnet which shall change her disposition.—Take it—(*gives the wand*) and while you keep it, she will be constrained to love you, with the most ardent passion.

Doc. I thank you a thousand times.—(*quite in raptures.*)

Lif. Excellent!

[*Exit.*]

Doc. Her maid has overheard us.

La F. No, no.—But take me to another apartment, and I will explain to you, what at present,

B

you

you are not able to comprehend — after which, you will permit me to step home, and fetch my patient hither.

Doc. Certainly — when I am in possession of my ward's affections, I can have nothing to apprehend from him. And you are sure she will now become favourable to me. — You are sure I shall attract her?

La F. Yes, sure — by the loadstone.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First ACT.

A C T.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *Another Apartment at
the Doctor's.**Enter CONSTANCE and LISETTE.*

L I S E T T E.

I OVERHEARD it all—and he has given your guardian the wand, in which you heard him say the magnet was contained—and while he keeps it, it is to magnetize you, and force you to love him, in spite of yourself.

Con. All this agrees with the letter he has given me from his master; in which the Marquis informs me by what accident, that letter my guardian sent to the Doctor, who professes Magnetism, fell into his hands; and immediately gave him the idea of disguising his valet, and sending him hitber, under the name of that very doctor.—But where is La Fleur now?

Lif. Just left your guardian, and gone home to bring the patient you heard him speak of—and I would lay a wager that very patient is no other than the Marquis himself.

Con. But for what end is all this?

Lif. That they have planned, you may depend upon it—for the present you have nothing to do but to pretend an affection for your guardian.

Con. It will be difficult to feign a passion my heart revolts at.

Lif. Never fear your good acting—besides, I will take equal share in it.

Con. How, you ?

Lif. I'll fall in love with the Doctor as well as you.—If the Magnetism affects you, why not have the same power over me? and if it makes you *love* him, it shall make me *adore* him.

Con. Hush! here he comes.

Enter DOCTOR, with the wand in his hand.

Doc. (*Aside*) What he has told me seems so very surprising, that nothing but proof can thoroughly convince me—and now for the proof—— (*Looks at Con.*)

Lif. (*Aside to Con.*) He ogles you—cast a tender look, and accompany it with a sigh.

Con. (*Sighing*) Alas!

Doc. My dear Constance—my lovely ward—what makes you sigh?—weariness of your confinement, I suppose.

Con. Ah, Sir! (*Sighing*)

Doc. Come, come—I confess the restraint you have been under, has been too much—and I am not surprized you have taken a dislike to me.

Con. A dislike to you—Ah, Sir! (*Sighing*) Oh, guardian!—— (*Going to speak, turns away, and hides her face*)

Doc. (*Aside*) I believe it will do. Come, come, Constance, do not sigh, and make yourself so uneasy—you shall not live many weeks thus retired; for I am thinking of marrying you very soon—— (*Turns eagerly to him*)—— to a fine young gentleman.—(*turns from him*)

Con. Ah, cruel!—(*near crying*)

Doc. What did you say?—if I have the good fortune to be beloved by you, let me have the happiness to hear it from yourself.

Con. Yes, cruel man.—Some invincible power compels me, in spite of my resistance—yes—I love you——

Lif. And I adore you.

Doc.

Doc. (Starting) What! you too! I did not expect that!

Lif. No! mine is not merely a love—but a rage, a violence—I doat to distraction—love you to the loss of health, of spirits, of rest, and life.

Con. If you do not take pity on the passion which burns in my heart (*with tenderness.*)

Lif. If you can be regardless of the flames which consume me —— (*with violence*)

Con. Can you be insensible of my tender pleadings?

Lif. Take care how you turn my affection to hatred.

Doc. (Aside) What a terrible situation have I got myself into.—This effect of the Magnetism is very natural; it acts upon one as well as another——but Lisette's love is very troublesome. I'll call Jeffrey in, and give up part of my power to him; he shall take the wand for a few minutes——and charm Lisette..

Con. Why do you thus turn from me? is this the return my love demands? but be not uneasy, death shall deliver you from an object whose passions you despise. (*turns from him*)

Doc. Oh, that you could but read, what is written in my heart!

Lif. Ah, sir, behold the state (*kneels*) to which you have reduced a poor innocent —— If I am treated with kindness, I am naturally soft, gentle and tender. — But if I am neglected—(*rising*) by all that's great and precious, I will do some strange thing—either to you, or to my rival!

Doc. (Aside) This Lisette is so furious, she makes me tremble! I must put an end to her affection.— Jeffrey.

Enter JEFFERY.

Jef. Here, sir—what do you want with me?

Doc. Take this, and carry it to my study. (*gives the wand.*)

Jef.

Jef. Yes, sir, directly.

Doc. Stop a moment, Jeffery—stop a moment.

Jef. Two or three moments if you please.

Doc. (*Aside*) Now we shall see what effect it has.

Lif. (*to Const.*) I see thro' his designs ; let us both fall in love with Jeffery.

Con. With all my heart.

Doc. Well, Jeffery—and—and—how do you do, Jeffery ?

Jef. Pretty well, considering my leg. where the dog bit me, and considering I can only see with one eye.

Lif. But even that misfortune, does not prevent your looking very agreeably, Jeffery.

Doc. It succeeds—she's taken — (*aside*)

Jef. What, you are beginning to laugh at me again.

Lif. Laugh at you ! no, Jeffery ; I now wonder how it was possible I should *ever* laugh at you. — How becoming is that bandage ! and the eye we do see, has a thousand times more bewitching charms, for the absence of that we do not.

Doc. (*Aside*) Very well ! it does very well—what a happy stratagem was this.

Lif. Dear madam, only observe him.

Con. Alas, Lifette, don't imagine I am any more than you, blind to the perfections of Jeffery.

Doc. Ha !—what !— (*Starting*)

Con. In short, I must confess, Jeffery appears to me this moment, the most captivating object I ever beheld.

Jef. Ha, ha, ha !

Doc. This is as bad as the other. (*aside*)

Jef. I think the mad dog has bit us all.

Lif. Is it possible you can love Jeffery.—No, no—your station forbids it—take, take my master—I resign him to you. (*To Const.*)

Con. No, I resign him to you.

Lif. I will not have him.

Doc. This is a very disagreeable situation.

Lif. Jeffrey, will you be deaf to my passion ?

Con.

Con. Yes, I am sure he will prefer me.

Jef. No, I won't—I have been in love with her this twelvemonths, and I'll make choice of her.

Con. Then what will become of me.

Doc. I can bear this no longer.—Give me that, (*snatches the wand*) and, do you go and make up some medicines.

Jef. Ah, my dear Lisette! you have made me so happy, I must shake hands. (*Offers to take her hand, she strikes him.*)

Lif. Learn to behave with more reserve.

Jef. Ecod, I think you have not behaved with much reserve—did not you hang upon me, and said you loved me.

Lif. Love you! Behold my master! and do not imagine I can love any but him.

Con. No, who can love any but him.

Doc. This is worse and worse.—Where is the Doctor, if he does not come, and give me some relief, I am a ruined man. (*loud knocking*) Jeffrey, see if that is him. ——— [*Exit Jef.*]

I have no doubt but it is; and with him the young patient, on whom I am to prove my skill.—Constance and you Lisette, leave the room for the present.

Con. Yes, if you will go with me—but how do you think it is possible for me to leave you—a feeling which I cannot explain—

Lif. And one I cannot explain—

Doc. But I am going to prescribe—and it is improper ———

Enter La FLEUR leading the MARQUIS.

The DOCTOR draws the chair.

La F. This, Doctor, is your patient.—This is the renowned physician, from whom you are to expect a cure.

Doc. He looks surprisingly well, considering how much he has suffered.

La F.

La F. That renders his case the more dangerous. I would rather a patient of mine should look ill, and be in no danger, than look well, and be in imminent danger.

Mar. To conceive the suffering I have undergone, a being must be first transformed—he must be me, before he can conceive what I have felt—for months have I led this agonizing life.—— But I am told, Doctor, you can put an end to my disorder—you have in your possession, that, which can give me ease—— but by what science, you are master of so great a power, I own, is beyond my comprehension.

La F. Dear Sir, you know not half the resources in the art of medicine; trust firmly, that you are in the hands of persons well informed, and well practiced.—— We know how to give nature a filip

Doc. Doctor Mystery, do you use your authority with these females to leave us to ourselves.

Con. I can't go.

Lif. Nor I.

La F. I believe its very true. (*goes and feels their pulses*) No, they can't go—no—the force of the attraction will not suffer them.—(*to the Doc.*)—What do you think of the power of Magnetism now?

Doc. It has double the power I desire, and I wish it not to act upon Lifette.

Con. (*to Lif.*) I hope the Marquis is not really ill.

La F. I will remedy that. (*whispers the Doc. while the Mar. makes signs of love to Con.—She gets nearer his chair*)—Now attend to what I am going to do. I will turn the whole affection of the maid upon myself.

Doc. I will be very much obliged to you. (*whispers the Doc. again.*)

Mar. (*to Con. in a low voice*) One word only—will you be mine, should my scheme prove successful?

Con. What is it?

Mar.

Mar. I have not time to say—but answer me, will you be mine?

Con. I will.

Doc. (in a low voice to *La F.*) Very well—extremely well—this will do very well—and now deliver me from her love as soon as you can.

La F. I must approach her, and 'tis done.—
(goes to *Lis.* makes signs of Magnetism; then in a whisper.)—I am in love with you, feign you to be so with me.

Lis. I am in earnest, without feigning.

La F. So much the better, it will appear the more natural.—(returns to the *Doc.*)—Its done, observe how she looks at me. (during this *Con.* and the *Mar.* are exchanging sighs, &c.)

Doc. What an art!

La F. But I will yet shew its power in a manner, yet more astonishing.

Con. (to *Mar.* in a low voice) I was on the point of being married to my Guardian.

Doc. (to *La F.*) Is it possible?

Mar. (Forgetting himself, in warmth.) Distraction! that must never be! (*Doc.* turns to him in surprize, which *Lisette* perceiving.)

Lis. Oh, heavens! look to the patient.

La F. One of his fits has seized him—(*Marquis* pretends a fit.)—But it's nothing, it will soon be over.

Mar. Nay, do not hide yourself—Oh, that I could plunge this steel (holds up his handkerchief) a hundred times in that detestable heart!—come on monster! and acknowledge thy conqueror, expiring under this hand!

Doc. I'll go into the next room.—It is me, I believe, he has a desire to kill.

La F. But he has no weapon—don't be afraid.

Con. (to *La F.*) Ah, dear Sir, relieve him from this terrible fit.

Doc. Do—I beg you will.

La F. I cannot wholly relieve him at present—but you shall see me change the manner of his ravings

ings.—Behold, my power—(*pretends to magnetize him*).—See, his countenance changes—his looks express tenderness now—it is no longer fury that transports him, but the soft languor of love now pervades his senses.

Mar. (*looks at Con.*) Ah, charming Aspasia.

La F. Aspasia was the name of his first love; he fancies himself near to her.

Mar. (*Rises from his chair, and kneels to Con.*) Is it you then whom I behold! but alas! you do not suspect what I have suffered in your absence—and I only retain my life, in the pleasing hope of one day passing it with you, and rendering yours as happy as my own. What am I to think of this silence—you do not answer to my tender complaints—Ah! you hate me!—you despise me!—but dread the effects of this contempt—I feel what it is in my power to accomplish; and that I dare to accomplish all. (*rising.*)

Lis. He is going into his raving fit again.—Pray Madam, speak to him, if it is only a word.

Mar. Speak to him one word—if it is only one word.

La F. (*to the Doc.*) Your Ward is afraid of disobliging you; but give her leave to speak to him, if it is but one word—only to be witness to a scene so nouvelle.

Doc. But—hark!

La F. Pshaw, pshaw! she looks at you for consent; tell her she may say “yes” just “yes.”

Doc. But why suffer her to speak.

La F. Consider, you are in possession of the Magnet, and that nothing can prevent the power of that charm.

Mar. Ah, cruel! ought I thus to wait for a word from those lips? you wish then to behold me die.

Doc. Well, well, answer him yes.

Mar. Do you love me.

Con. Yes.

Mar. (*kissing her hand*) I'm transported.

Doc.

Doc. (*endeavouring to separate them*) Hold, hold! this is a fit as painful to me, as it is to you.

Lif. Dear Sir, let him alone—he may fall into his rage again.

Mar. What thrilling transport rushes to my heart. All nature appears to my ravished eyes more beautiful than poets ever formed her—Aurora dawns, the feathered songsters chant their most melodious strains—the gentle Zephyr breathes its choicest perfumes—and the inspiring scene intoxicates my very soul.

Doc. Come, change this fit into another.

Mar. And you, who listen to me, partake my joy.—Come, and dwell with me, under the shady branches of the river's side. Come, lovely shepherds. (*taking hold of Con.*) Come, young shepherd, (*taking hold of the Doc.*) mingle in the dance.

Lif. Come, young shepherd. (*takes hold of the Doc. then La F. with the other hand.*)

Doc. I can't dance.

Mar. In vain you refuse—press with gentle steps the mossy banks, and join in rural pastime.—(*Takes them round the Stage; the Doc. awkward and unwillingly.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Second ACT.

ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E *Continues:*

Enter LISETTE and La FLEUR.

L I S E T T E.

BUT where is this Farce to end?

La F. My Master, now he is introduced, will take advantage of some circumstance, to obtain either by force or stratagem, the Doctor's consent to his wishes; and as he finds he is beloved by the young lady, which before he was in doubt of.

Lif. Pshaw! he might easily have guessed her sentiments.—A young woman, weary of confinement, as she was, is easily in love with the first young man who solicits her affections.

La F. And, may I hope you love me.

Lif. Aye, Sir, I am weary of confinement, like my Mistress.

La F. A thousand thanks, my dear Lisette.

Lif. But while Jeffrey keeps the keys of every door, no creature can either go out, or enter, without his leave.

La F. Yes—a thought strikes me this moment.—A couple of days ago, one of our neighbour's dogs bit him; and our Doctor, merely to shew his skill, in the cure, persuaded him the dog was mad; suppose we make the Doctor himself believe he really was so; and that poor——

Enter

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. He has had another fit.—But I have just now left him in a sound sleep; which came upon him, as suddenly as any of his waking paroxysms.

La F. If that is the case, he must be left alone.—We will not disturb him.

Lis. (*afide to La F.*) When I return, be sure to confirm whatever I shall say. [Exit.

Doc. What, have you persuaded her to leave you?

La F. Yes, for a little while.

Doc. Why, too much of love is something tedious. I come once more to talk with you, Doctor, about this surprising art; which, though you have taken great pains to explain, I am still far from comprehending so much as I think I ought.

La F. I will, before long, give you such proof—

Enter LISETTE, followed by JEFFERY.

Lis. O save me, save me—or I am a dead woman.

Doc. What's the matter?

Jef. This is no joke—and I won't take it as such.

Lis. (*Goes between the Doc. and La F.*) Have a care of him——don't speak to him——speak low, he'll be at us——

Doc. Will be at us!

Lis. (*In a low voice*) Jeffery is mad.

Doc. What do you say?

Lis. I found him on his bed, gnawing the bed clothes; and when he saw me, he would have gnawed me too—(*the Doc. turns to him.*) don't look at him, don't look at him.

Doc. Why, I don't think this possible, the dog that bit him, was not——

Lis. Indeed, Sir, he was as mad as ever——

C

La F.

La F. Indeed, the poor creature looks as if some horrible infection had seized him.

Doc. Why, I can't say, but that I think he does.

Lis. And I'll give you the true proof immediately. *(goes to the toilette for a glass of water, and throws it on him.)*

Jef. What's that for—how dare you use me thus? *(with great passion.)*

Lis. There! you see what a dislike he has to water.

La F. That is a symptom, which confirms our suspicions.

Doc. *(With an air of skill.)* An evident sign of the Hydrophobia.

La F. Yes—of the Hydrophobia.

Lis. *(comes with another glass of water to throw at him—he starts.)* See, see how he looks, only at the sight of water.

Jef. If you dare throw any more upon me—*(holds up his hand.)*

Doc. Lisette, let him alone, it is dangerous to push the poor creature to extremities. Doctor, suppose we magnetize him——

La F. No, Magnetism, in cases like this, can have no effect.

Doc. What remedy then.

La F. I know of but one——and that is to smother him.

Lis. The only thing in the world.

Doc. And we ought to lose no time if it must be done.

Jef. What! smother me! *(falls on his knees to the Doc.)* Oh Sir, have pity on me.

Doc. Don't be frighten'd—it will be over in ten minutes.

Jef. But I had rather not.

Doc. Ungrateful wretch! do you consider the consequence of living.

Lis. For shame, Jeffrey! don't ask such a thing.

Doc. But since he won't consent with a good grace

grace, we must seize him all three together.

Jef. Ah, mercy! what will become of me.

Lif. (to *Jef.* *aside*) Run out of the house, and never come back if you would save your life.

[*Jef.* runs off.]

La F. He shan't escape—Stop him there!

[*Exit after him.*]

Doc. Why, he is run into the streets—what a deal of mischief he may cause?—and as I'm alive he has run away with all the keys in his pocket.

Lif. But luckily the doors are open.

Doc. But why does not the Doctor come back?

Lif. Depend upon it he will not leave him, 'till he has him secured in some safe place, where he can do no mischief.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Con. Dear Sir, come to the assistance of your patient—he has followed me to my chamber, and frightened me out of my senses—I thought he was going to die—indeed, Sir, he is so very ill, I am sure he can't live long.

Enter the MARQUIS creeping slowly to the couch,
as if unable to walk.

Mar. Oh, Doctor, relieve me from this pressure, or I die!

Doc. I with my brother physician was returned—(alarmed)—come, Sir, lean your head this way—where is your complaint?

Mar. Here, here it lies—(lays his hand on his stomach)—I fear this is the last hour of my life.

Doc. No, no—I hope not——(Magnetizes him with his wand, but in a very awkward manner; sometimes with one end, and sometimes with the other, uncertain which is the right, and much alarmed.)

Mar. The malady changes its place—Oh, oh, my head!—remove it from my head—make it

descend —— (*the Doc. more frightened*) —— Now it fixes on my heart—it sets it on fire—it tears it to pieces.— (*writes himself, and is totally silent.*)

Doc. I wish the Doctor would return.

Mar. My tortures redouble! Vultures gnaw me! can't you remove them! (*attempts again to magnetize*)—No, no; my strength fails me—my eyes lose their sight—I die!— (*Groans, sinks on the couch, and remains motionless.*)

Lif. Ah, he's dead!—he's dead!—he's dead!—
(*crying.*)

Con. (*In tears also*) What will become of us all? he is dead!

Doc. I am quite shocked at it—but, my dear children, don't make such a noise— (*trembling*) —the neighbours will hear you, and they will say I have killed him with some of my experiments.

Lif. It was that fatal wand you put upon his heart.

Doc. Yes—I suppose I directed the fluid the wrong way.—But, perhaps, he is only fainted—Who knows but we may recover him—I will go find some of my new invented drops, which may, perhaps, restore him— (*feels in his pocket*) —and that poor unhappy Jeff'ry has taken away the key of my cabinet, where all my drugs are.

Con. Break open the locks then—there is no time to lose.

Doc. And Dr. Mystery not to return.—Every thing conspires to ruin me.—I was loath to receive this patient into my house. My heart foreboded some ill consequences—Dear me!—adieu!

[*Exit in great uneasiness.*]

Mar. (*Rising*) If my scheme succeeds, the consequence will be such as you little dream of. Where is La Fleur?

Lif. Gone to secure Jeff'ry, somewhere, out of the house.

Mar. If he does not return soon, all my long concerted plan is overturned.

Lif. Here he is.

Enter

Enter La FLEUR.

La F. I have lodged him safe for these two days.

Mar. (*taking off his robe*) Give me your clothes, and take this immediately, and be dead.

La F. Dead! what do you mean?

Mar. Ask no questions, but lie down on that couch, and counterfeit being dead.

Lis. Your master has been doing it this half hour.

La F. (*dressing himself*) It is very strange—but since you command it——

Mar. Dare not stir, or breathe—all depends on your acting well—(*powders his face*)—You must have your face powdered, that he may not know you.

La F. Now, I'm in character.

Mar. Where are my people?

La F. At the Tavern in the next street, both disguised like Doctors.

Mar. That's right—I fly to them directly —
(*Going.*)

La F. Your night cap—your night cap——

Mar. And give me your wig—(*puts it on*) I hear the Doctor coming—farewell—play your part to a miracle. [*Exit.*]

Con. And heaven prosper your designs.

La F. (*Sitting on the Couch*) But what does all this mean—I don't understand——

Lis. (*Throws him down on the Couch*) Hush! dead people never speak——

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. Well, how is he?—What does he say?

Lis. Why, like all other persons in his state; he does not complain.

Doc. Hold this bottle to his nose—and sprinkle this upon his face.

Con. Alas! he's gone, and nothing can be of use.

Doc. How a few moments has changed him, he's

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as white as ashes—lay your hand upon his heart, Lifette, and feel if it beats at all—for my part, I am so disconcerted with the accident, I am fit for nothing.

Lif. (*laying her hand on his heart*) "All is still—Sir—"

Doc. Is there no motion?

Lif. None in the least—(*Slaps his face*)—like marble—no feeling in it.

Doc. Doctor Myffery not returning!—I conceive this was a plot upon me.

Lif. And this poor creature was in the plot, you think—and died on purpose to bring it about.

Doc. No, but the other found he could not cure him, and so left the disgrace of his death to me—and my enemies will take the advantage of it—considering how many of my patients have died lately.

Lif. What are we to do with the body?

Doc. I have yet one hope left—it is my last resource—and I won't hesitate, but about it instantly.

Con. What resource?

Doc. (*to Lif.*) He is certainly dead, is he not?

Lif. Certainly—there can be no doubt of that.

Doc. And do what we will, nothing worse can happen to him.

Lif. No—certainly not in the world.

Doc. Well then—I will try an experiment upon him, which I once read, and I have often had a vast mind to try it upon Jeff'ry—but as he was alive, it might have proved fatal.

Lif. What is it?

Doc. No matter—you shall see it perform'd, and I can't say I have much doubt of its success.—Begin to take off some of his garments, while I go get all the apparatus's ready. [*Exit.*]

La F. (*Rising*) But I am not such a fool to stay till you come back.—My master may say what he will—but I will go away ———

Lif. Nonsense man have not you undertaken to be dead?—Come, finish the part with a good grace.

Con. Pray do, La Fleur.

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La F. But what experiments is he going to try upon me? — I always hated Doctors, and would never let one of them come near me.

Con. But this is not a Doctor; the College have refused to admit him—so don't be afraid.

La F. Oh, if that is the case——

Lif. Hush! play your part——(*throws him down as before*)

Enter the DOCTOR with a bag of instruments.

Doc. Lifette, help me with these instruments, and then run and watch that skillet of oil on the fire, and when it boils, bring it hither.

Lif. But, suppose any body should come in, while you are trying the experiment.

Doc. Right, I'll lock the door.—My fright makes me forget every thing. * *[Exit.*

La F. (*Raising himself.*) Let me see the instruments.

Lif. Pshaw — what signifies seeing them, an't you to feel them?

Doc. (*without*) What! force into a man's house whether he will or no.

Con. I hear a noise—(*looks out*)—it is the Marquis returned—and all his schemes perhaps will be fulfilled.

Enter MARQUIS, PICARD and FRANCOIS disguised as Doctors. The DOCTOR following.

Mar. I have powerful reasons for entering this house; I come hither accompanied by these physicians, sent with me, by the College, to demand a patient, who was this morning brought hither by a notorious professor of quackery.—The young gentleman is of family, and nearly allied to me.

Doc. (*aside*) I am undone!

Mar. Where is he, Sir—I must see him—and speak with him.

Lif. At present he can't speak with you—he is in a better world.

Mar. Alas! behold him there—or am I deceived? No, it is he himself whom I see—and he is dead.—Gentlemen, I call you to witness he is dead, and that yonder stands the assassin.———— (*Picard and Francois examine the body.*)—*Picard puts on his spectacles.*)

Fran. (*Feels his pulse*) Yes, he is dead—but he is not dead, according to our rules.—(*They place themselves at the table.*)

Mar. O my dear friend—and are you gone—but your death shall be revenged—Villain—(*to the Doc.*)—tremble! for thy life shall answer for his.—Gentlemen, gentlemen, please to take notes of what you see and hear in this house.—(*the Doctors write.*)

Lif. (*Kneeling*) Dear Sir, have pity on my poor master—he has killed the gentleman to be sure—but it was without malice.

Doc. But, you know, Gentlemen, this is not the first patient that has been killed during an operation.

Pic. Aye, by the authority of the College.

Doc. (*To the Mar.*) Dear Sir, my only hope is in your mercy.

Mar. Then despair—for know I am the Marquis D'lancy; and call to your remembrance with what insolence you rejected all my overtures to espouse your Ward.—Here is the advantageous contract I repeatedly sent to him, and which he had the arrogance to return to me, without even deigning to look at it.

Doc. Only deliver me from this trouble, and I will sign it without reading it at all.

Mar. But will the lady also sign it?

Con. No—for how cou'd I wed another, while he (*the Doc.*)—is the object of my love?

Doc. But, consider, my dear Constance, that I am old, ugly, jealous, and infirm—indeed I am—I am, I protest, Constance.

Con.

Con. But my love for you is so implanted in my heart—

Mar. If that is the case, come Sir, follow us—
(*Going.*)

Doc. Stay—give me the contract, and let me sign it—(*aside*)—I will once more have recourse to the wand—

Mar. What imports your signing, if your Ward will not?

Doc. She will sign.

Con. Never.

Doc. Give me the contract, and hold that—(*On taking the Contract, and giving the Wand to the Marquis, he signs it.*)

Mar. What is this?

Doc. Keep it—never let it go from you.

Con. Yes, I feel a desire to sign—give me the contract.

Doc. Aye, I was sure of it—(*Con. signs*)—And there Marquis is the contract.—(*Giving it him*)

La F. (*Raising himself.*) Ah! I breath again! I am a little better.

Doc. (*Starting*) Why he is not dead!

La F. No—I'm mending apace.

Doc. Gentlemen, tear in pieces the process—(*to La F.*) Oh, Sir, what misery have you brought upon me!

La F. And what misery would your damn'd instruments, and your boiling oil, have brought upon me?

Doc. How! did you hear, in that fit, what I did?

La F. Very easily—Sir, return him the wand, and the ladies, I dare say, will fall in love with him again.

Doc. (*looking at him, then at the Mar.*) My eyes are open—I recollect them both—But this was the sick man.—(*to the Mar.*)

La F. But I was the dead one.

Doc. I am cheated, defrauded;—what—ho!—neighbours

neighbours—here are thieves!—murderers!——
(*calling.*)

Mar. Nay, Doctor, reflect upon the arts you made use of, to keep my Constance yours, even in spite of her inclination; then do not condemn the artifice I employed to obtain her with her own consent. A reward, like this, urged me to encounter every hazard, and every danger—for believe me, Doctor, there is no Magnetism, like the powerful Magnetism of Love.



F I N I S.