THIRD EDITION.

SKETCHES FROM
MR. MATHEWS AT HOME!
AN
EXCELLENT COLLECTION
OF
RECITATIONS, ANECDOTES,
SONGS, &c. &c.
IN THE
POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS
OF
AIR, EARTH, AND WATER!—COUNTRY COUSINS!—
MAIL COACH ADVENTURES, &c. &c.

AS DELIVERED WITH
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS,
BY
MR. MATHEWS,

AT
THE THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE, LONDON;
AND PANTEON, EDINBURGH, &c. &c.

"Upon my life it's true: what will you lay it's a lie?"

STANFORD LIBRARY

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1822.
(Price One Shilling.)
half-a-pound of beef-steaks, with some potatoes—a plate of sausages—a piece of roast pork, and a tankard of strong ale—I never were so famish’d in my life, pa’."—"Well, well, my dear, step into the inn with your mother, and try if you can get some at to stay your stomach, while I look after the luggage."

Mrs and Master Capsicum adjourned to the inn to consult the state of the larder, while the old gentleman remained on the quay. He had not been long alone when he was accosted by a smart, well-drest, active-looking gentleman; who, coming up to him, with all the impertinence of fashionable life, examined him from head to foot through his glass. "How d’ye do, Sir?—how d’ye do?—how d’ye do?—Just arrived, I see."—"Yes."—"Pleasant passage?"—"Tolerable."—"Did you come alone, Sir?"—"No, Sir."—"Some person with you?"—"Yes, a great many."—"I mean in your company; persons belonging to you?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Friends, perhaps?"—"Yes."—"Perhaps they are relatives?"—"They are."—"Brothers or sisters?"—"Unh!"—"Perhaps your wife and family?"—"Very likely."—"Might I take the liberty of enquiring your name, Sir?"—"Sir, you have taken the liberty of enquiring a great many things, and it’s now my turn for interrogatories. Who the devil are you, Sir? and what’s your impudent name?"—"Oh! my name, my name, Sir, is Mr Chick-Chirro-Clap, the librarian of this town, Sir; who’s duty it is to be the most inquisitive, and the most good-natured fellow in the world; and if you will be equally candid and good-natured, I will have the honour of popping your honourable name, with that of your good lady, and all the masters and misses, in my long book of rolls."—"Damn you and your rolls!" reiterated the enraged citizen; "its a cursed hard thing an honest man can’t take a trip from the smoke of the city to taste the cool breezes of Margate, but he must be interrupted on his way by every jackanapes." And leaving the astonished librarian, he flounced into the inn, followed by the porter and his luggage.

We now thought it advisable to follow the example, and adjourned to the inn likewise. When we entered the public room, such a motley group could scarcely have been at the building of Babel. Never did Flemish Table d’hote, or a Congress at Rhapstad display such a miscellaneous assemblage as this room exhibited. Here were not only the passengers of the steam packet, which had just arrived, but when we included ourselves, we had actually travellers by Earth, Air, and Water. Here were travellers of four or five different coaches in the same room. In one corner of the room sat a handsome miss, just come from London, who declared it was the height of vulgarity to eat hot suppers. In the other corner sat Mr and Mrs Capsicum, and their hopeful son, regaling themselves with cold beef, biscuit, and brandy; and at the far end sat an elderly Scotch lady, in company with the identical persons whom I first set out with, namely, the cynical old gentleman in black; the lisping lady, with the pug dog, and the facetious Frenchman. I was highly delighted to see my old friends, and
was just going to speak, when the guard of one of the coaches entered the room, to announce the expiration of the time. But, Oh for the pen of a Fielding, or the pencil of a Hogarth, to describe the scene which ensued. (Imitates the horn.) "Come, I say, ladies and gemmen, we're all ready."—"All ready! what do you mean by all's ready, Sir?" (Pulling out his watch.) "Vy, ve a'nt been here ten minutes."—"Can't help it, Sir—time's gone."—"Waiter! vere's the bill?"—"Here it is, Sir."—"Vat! four shillings! Vell, that ere's vat I call laying it on pretty thick, a'nt it! What's that! four shillings for that tiny bit of weal, and that 'ere Foxhall slice of ham? I never see such a himposition in all my life. Vhy, you treat people in stage-coaches here, more lik convicks than gentle focks. Vell, I knows this, as if how as ewer I comes by one of these here stage coaches again, I'll bring my supper in my pocket, that's what I vill." (Imitates horn.) "Come, ladies and gemmen, can't wait no longer."—"Waiter, where's my cane?—I laid it on the chair."—"I say, talking of canes, who pick'd up my silver snuff-box, I laid on the table. (Horn.) Damn your horn, I can't go without my box!"—"Speaking of boxes, waiter! where's the fishing-rod I laid on the window?"—" Couldn't say, Sir; but I see the coach is just going to start; if you don't look sharp you'll lose your seat." (Horn.) This last sound of the horn made every person fly to their place, but the confusion which was exhibited in starting will be more fully explained in a song.

**SONG.**

**THE MAIL COACH.**

Come, listen to my story,
Now seated in my glory,
We make no longer stay:
A bottle of good sherry,
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day.—
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White Horse cellar,
Get a smack before we go.
Bring me that leg of mutton,—
I'm as hungry as a glutton,—
Some gravy soup.—Hollo!

[Spoken, changing his voice to each character.]
"Waiter!"—"Coming Sir."—"Make haste!"—"There in a minute, Sir."—"Waiter!"—"Sir?"—"Where's my gravy soup?"—"Just coming off the spit, Sir; have it in a minute."—"Waiter!"—"Sir?"—"Where's that boiled leg of mutton?"—"Just coming off the grid-iron,"—"Hope you'll remember Jemmy the hostler,—my name's Jemmy."—"Waiter!"—"Coming Sir."—"Bring me a glass of Sherry."—"Yes, Sir; hot or cold."
"Yes, yes; devil that bone for me."—"Waiter, are the steaks ready?"—"No, Sir; but your chops are." (Horn.) "Take care!—All fast behind,—Ya, hip!" (Horn.)

Then thus away we rattle,—
Jolly dogs, and stylish cattle,—
Crack whip,—they dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches
On every side approaches,
What work for man and beast!
Then let's have a little drop, sir,—
We first of all must stop, sir,
Then afterwards make haste.
I mount,—the whip I crack now,
All bustle,—what a pack now
On every side approach;
Now making sad grimmaces,
All for the loss of places,
They cry,—I've lost the coach.

[Spoken.] "Coachman—I begs as you will not admit too many inside." "Not all ma'am—just as many as we can cram." "Coachee—any room?" "No, Ma'am, I say we can't admit females." "Why so?" "Why, because it is a mail-coach." "Now, I suppose that's vat you call a pun?" "Well, don't you think it a good one?" "No, I can't say as how I do." "Sorry for it, poor man." "Now, do you know, I disagree with you." "As how!" "I think it a damnd bad one." "Well, I say, I am still right; for I maintained that a good bad pun, is better than a bad good one.—What do you think of that?—Eh!" "Rot your puns; I wish you would be quite—I can't get a comfortable nap for you." "I say, you can't go in there, ma'am, with that there poll parrot along wi' you." "VY so?" "VY, because one tongue is quite enough for one lady." "Lord bless me, when some people do come into a coach, what a deal of room some people do take.—Bless me what a crowd of people are here." "Yes, Ma'am, and you seem to take-up more room than all the people together." "I say, coachee—I hope that 'ere lady pays double fare?" "Oh, la!—I wish really you would sit up a little farther; my little girl is taken exceedingly poorly"—Ough! Ough! "What the devil!—look ye there Ma'am; do you see what a pickle your girl has put me in—pray do sit up a little?" "Indeed I vont; I alway likes to sit next the door, in case I should be taken a little howish or so." "That's right, Patty; first cum'd first serv'd; that's what always says to my customers when they're scrambling for geese at Michaelmas." "Stop, stop, coachman!—Stop! my little girl is really taken extremely ill, and she want to go out for a minute." "I objects to that, Ma'am, for I have an engagement with Deputy Calipash, at four; and if I am not in time, all the green fat will be in the fire." "All right behind there?"—

(Horn.)