

Then the companies I've started in all these lucky lands!
But I always kept the management in comprehensive hands;
And the money that they *should* have made a schoolboy understands.

Then I served once as a doctor's boy: I can cast a horoscope;
I can give an entertainment of an hour that I hope
Would call no blush upon the cheek of maiden or of Pope.
(CHOR.) Would call no blush, etc.

Here, I've got a cure for toothache that will drive the dentists mad;
Here's a plaster that can draw a cart from here to Hyd'rabad;
And this box of pills will cure all ills that ever mortal had.

Here's a philtre for a lover that will hold him like a vice;
This will smooth out all your wrinkles and give beauty in a trice;
This pretty stuff is very rough on beetles, rats and mice.
(CHOR.) That pretty stuff, etc.

I can tell the fortune plainly, now, of every pretty lass;
And I'm just the only wizard with the famous "magic glass."
So take this opportunity, and pray don't let it pass.

In short, I'm sure I've tackled all that any mortal can;
And I never tumbled down too low beneath the social ban;
For I never yet became a mayor, nor yet an alderman.
(CHOR.) He never yet, etc.

CHAT. A very pretty list, upon my word. But you don't seem to have made much of a fortune, after all. (ESCARBOT puts box on ground, R.)

ESCAR. Fortune! In a few days I shall be positively rolling in gold. Smelling of money.

(All laugh incredulously.)

ESCAR. Listen, and I will tell you how: (Recitative.)

Do any of you wish to make a mammoth and colossal fortune in the twinkle of a Jew's eye, or at least in that ordinary and insignificant section of a day called a minute?

ALL. (Interested.) Ah!

ESCAR. Because, if you do, I am acquainted with a sweet and child-like process which I assure you, on the honour of a financier, though one at present out at elbows, contains a positively ridiculous number of millions in it.

ALL. (Gathering about him.) Ah, sir, we do, indeed we do.

ESCAR. Well, then, you have heard, or, perhaps, considering the awful one-horseness of this otherwise charming locality, you have not heard, of a certain John Law, a famous man who has come direct from Scotland, or the skies, to lay before the Regent, now at his wits and for vile dross, and who, to put it plainly, has jumped at the idea, his little plan.

ALL. (Shaking their heads.) No, sir, we know him not.

ESCAR. No matter; the aforesaid John Law proposes to make money as cheap as dirt, if not cheaper, so that everybody from Dan to Beer-sheba, so to speak, may be rich as Cræsus, or a trifle richer, in a caper.