

**ALL'S A DELUSION:
A COMEDY, IN FIVE
ACTS**

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All's a Delusion: A Comedy, in Five Acts by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.



By _____

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—
1847.

CHAPMAN, BISCOATE, AND COMPANY, 5, SHOE-LANE, AND PETERBOROUGH-
COURT, FLEET-STREET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD GAYTON.

LORD PYERS GAYTON, (*his Son.*)

LORD HOLLOW.

SIR FERNANDO FURNACE.

BLANDISH.

THORPE OF POGIS.

MALTHUS GLOOM.

DOCTOR BOLOBAM.

MOBELS.

MUGGINS.

TOOL.

LADY GAYTON.

LADY FURNACE.

LADY HAVALL.

EDITH LE MERCHANT.

PHILLIS.



ALL'S A DELUSION.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—DOCTOR BOLORAM'S HOUSE.

DOCTOR BOLORAM *and* TOOL.

DR. BOL. Tool, I say!

TOOL. Yes, grave Doctor.

DR. BOL. Dost listen?

TOOL. Yes, grave Doctor.

DR. BOL. Socrates of old used to be wrapt in meditation for four-and-twenty hours at a stretch, his venerable head unsheltered by a hat, barefooted, mute, and silent; he had a reason for it, for the ignorant rabble gazed upon him as a wonder.

TOOL. At that I don't wonder.

DR. BOL. Tool, simple Tool, thou art ignorant, that sagacious individual had an object, as deep and as impenetrable as the ocean.

TOOL. Not to all, profound Doctor; there is one who has discovered his object. Oh, Doctor, what a thing it is to be penetrating wise! Learning is as sharp as edge-tools, what goes through everything. Oh, profound Doctor, thou knowest all things.

DR. BOL. It is well; thou art apt. Now, what dost think his motive was?

TOOL. Verily I know not, except to get a very severe ague, or the fog in his throat, that should make him hoarser than any superannuated old jarvey, and deprive him of his speech for his born days; for doing of such a thing in this here enlightened age, a man would be considered at his wit's end—or rather, at the end of his wit—that is, when his senses had departed from him never more to return. He must have been doating mad, I assume, profound and learned Doctor.

DR. BOL. Unsophisticated nature, thou dost not perceive. Know, then, that I intend to do it—not in reality, for then, as thou sayest, I should be doating mad—but by thy word of mouth, Tool, I'll do it.

TOOL. By my word of mouth; how is that, grave Doctor?

DR. BOL. Simply, when the savans arrive and ask for me, point me out to them through the window; and when they ask thee how long I have been standing there, and the reason for it, prithee tell them eight-and-forty hours, in deep contemplation; that is just double the time it took Socrates to unravel his thoughts.

TOOL. But, grave Doctor, what is to become of the eating and drinking all that time, say nothing of warmth and firing?—it is fasting too long to be probable.

DR. BOL. The public are insatiable, nothing is too long for their credulity, they long to be gulled; besides, mesmeric influence supersedes food. Man may be taught to live without eating.

TOOL. They may be taught to believe it, but can they do so in reality?