

**A CAPFUL OF  
MOONSHINE: OR, 'TIS NOT  
ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS**

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A capful of moonshine: or, 'Tis not all gold that glitters by John Mills

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# CAPFUL OF MOONSHINE:

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'TIS NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

BY

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"THE STAGE COACH, OR THE ROAD OF LIFE;" "THE ENGLISH FIRE-SIDE;"  
"THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY;"  
"THE OLD HALL, OR OUR HEARTH AND HOMESTEAD;"  
"CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME;" "THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND;"  
&c. &c. &c.

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## A CAPFUL OF MOONSHINE.

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SCENE—*An elegantly-furnished Room.*

*Enter TOM BRASS.*

*Tom. (Yawning.)* I can't stand this much longer. A fashionable life doesn't suit me, and so I'll tell Sir Charles, before I'm quite a victim. Yes, that's the word, a *victim* to all hours; late and early. Here, I am the ghost, the shadow, the nothing of what I was. When I first came from the country, it was a pleasure to look at myself, as I often did in the cook's copper stew-pans; but now, I hate the sight of my own face. (*Going to a glass over the chimney-piece.*) There's an ugly rascal for ye! Who'd think these pale and whitewashed cheeks

were red and plump not six months since. My appetite's gone, too. I can't eat cold meat without pickles; and, once upon a time, I could bury (*patting his abdominal region*) a waxy tater without salt. As for sleep, I never get any, except what I snatch on the box of the brougham, and then it's at the risk of breaking my precious neck; for (*imitating the action*) I first nod this way, and then I nod that, and backwards and forwards I swing, in a way that makes me tremble to think of when awake. Oh! a fashionable life doesn't suit me at all.

*Enter PETER.*

Ah! Peter Perkins, what brings you here?

*Peter. (Indignantly.)* Come, Mr. Brass, you're too free by half, sir! Peter Perkins, indeed!

*Tom.* Well, young Buttons, and isn't that your name?

*Peter.* It might have been, sir, when I was a dirty, little, vulgar boy. (*Giving himself a swagger.*)

*Tom.* And what is it now, that you're a grubby, tall, vulgar hobbedyho?



*Peter.* (*Clenching his fists and striding forwards.*) I've a good mind to—(*Tom Brass places himself in a posture of defence, and Peter turns suddenly upon his heel*)—tell your master.

*Tom.* Ha, ha, ha! my crowing bantam. Why, you're all gold and gammon.

*Peter.* (*Haughtily.*) I'm a hupper servant, sir; a lady's page. That's what *I* am.

*Tom.* (*Good-naturedly.*) Well, well! no offence: for old acquaintance sake, we musn't quarrel, Peter.

*Peter.* I tell you that my name is *not* Peter.

*Tom.* Then, what is it?

*Peter.* *Percy*, Mister Brass, is what my missis calls, and has me called.

*Tom.* With all my heart. (*Offering his hand.*) *Percy*, tip us your flipper.

*Peter.* I bear no malice—there' it is. (*They shake hands cordially.*) I've brought a note for your master; but don't know what it's about.

*Tom.* That's uncommon strange, isn't it?

*Peter.* Not since they've taken to doubling them like cocked hats. I used to read 'em just as well as if they were open before; but can't make out a word now.

*Tom.* It spoils a great deal of fun.

*Peter.* Dreadfully so. We don't know, sometimes, what to talk about in the kitchen. Formerly, we knew as much about the family's secrets as they did; but now, stretch your eyes and ears as much as you will, nothing can be known, except by a guess from a message now and then, and a peep through the key-hole.

*Tom.* (*Taking the note.*) Do you wait for an answer?

*Peter.* Yes, and I'll do so at my ease. (*Throws himself in a lounging posture upon a sofa.*)

*Tom.* (*Is leaving the room reading the address of the note aloud.*) "Sir Charles Gaywing, Baronet, etceterar, etceterar, etceterar." (*Turns suddenly.*) Here comes Sir Charles.

(*Sir Charles Gaywing enters, and Peter, springing from the sofa, makes a very low, and awkward bow.*)

*Tom.* (*Confused.*) A—a—a—note for you, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* (*Languidly.*) What are my engagements to-day, Thomas?

*Tom.* (*Takes from his pocket a very*

*long and narrow slip of paper. Sir Charles opens the note, and, evidently pleased with the contents, writes a reply.)*

*Tom. (Reads.)* Thirty minutes past eleven, A.M., St. George's, Hanover Square, to attend the marriage (*Sir Charles starts, but, after a momentary pause, continues writing*) of the Right Hon. the Marquis of Silverton. Ten minutes to twelve, a pigeon match with Mister Bang at the Red House. Quarter past, lay the foundation-stone of the new Lying-In Hospital. Fifteen minutes to one, Lady Humdrum's day-jew-nar lar (*hesitates*) something; but what I don't know. Two, P.M., concert at the Queen's Theatre. Twenty minutes past, see the Leeds cobbler run a mile, hop a mile, jump ten hurdles, pick up a hundred eggs, and eat six pounds of fat bacon. Three, on Committee for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. Four, private view of Tom Thumb. Half-past, Tattersall's. Five, the Park. Twelve minutes to six, meet (the blank isn't filled up) in Kensington Gardens. Seven, dine at Lord Upturn's. Nine, the Opera. Half-past ten, Mrs. Fiddylee's rout. Twelve, Crockford's. One, A.M.—You've