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T H E

(4)

MAID of the OAKS:

A

New Dramatic Entertainment.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE.

*— nec dulces amores
Sperue Puer, neque tu choreas;
Donec virenti canities abest
Moroja.*

HOR.

D U B L I N :

Printed for W. SLEATER, J. POTTS, D. CHAMBER-
LAINE, W. WILSON, S. WATSON, R. MON-
CRIEF, T. WALKER, and C. JENKIN.

MDCCLXXV.



P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Scenes, fully sensible how much he owes to the talents of the *Actor*, the *Musician*, and the *Painter*, can derive no confidence from the success of the representation, when he delivers them over to the judgement of the closet: But deficient as he may be in the execution of this essay, he cannot submit to be thought ignorant in the principles of Dramatic Writing; and would willingly premise the origin and progress of his design, as an explanation, if not a justification, of some of its imperfections.

Every one may remember how much the Fête Champêtre, given by a noble Lord last summer, engaged the public curiosity: It was thought, that to preserve for a more general display, an entertainment of so singular and elegant a kind would be not only pleasing to the public, but serviceable to the polite arts. Accordingly permission having been obtained to employ the music, and to copy some of the decorations, plan was projected for adapting them to the Stage.

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The Fable, by the means of which they were to be introduced, being only the secondary object, and the intention *then* to confine the representation to two acts, a plot of the utmost simplicity was judged the most proper; and in that decision the Author rests upon the example of Moliere, and many of the best criticks, of, perhaps, the best age in Theatrical History; who, in pieces of this nature, though they introduced characters of comedy, purposely avoided, in several instances, those intricacies and combinations of incidents, which generally, but perhaps falsely, are supposed essential to a regular Drama.

It is not the business of this preface to draw a parallel between the English and French Stages, but it may not be out of place, just to touch the characters of each, provided it be permitted to lay Shakespear out of the question: He stands single and inimitable; his excellencies cannot be weighed, because it is impossible to counter-balance the scale. Without appeal therefore to his almost supernatural powers, we may pronounce the properties of our Stage, whether considered in Tragedy or Comedy, to consist in energy, spirit, sublimity, force of character, and of expression—like the Hercules of Farness, all is muscle and nerve—with equal truth it must be confessed, that a few examples excepted, and those not much in the course of acting at present, we must turn to France to find the graces of the
Apollo

P R E F A C E.

Apollo—art, regularity, elegance, delicacy, touches of sentiment, adapted only to the most polished manners, distinguish their Theatres. In literary warfare, we call their compositions insipid; they describe ours as barbarous—both are unjust—all will agree, that to blend strength and refinement would be to attain perfection.

No candid reader will suppose the Author of this piece means to infer, that he has in any degree accomplished this union, in the part which has fallen to his share; but, he will be bold to say, it is the only part which has been wanting to complete a species of entertainment new to this country; elegant in its principle, and innocent, if not beneficial, in its tendency. He will be amply rewarded, even in the failure of his specimen, if it excites others, who may be better qualified, to pursue the same ideas.

They who suppose an English audience, because used to plain entertainment, are incapable of relishing the most refined, are greatly mistaken. It is true, there will ever be spectators in the two extremes of the house, who are tasteless and despicable—to the honour of the town be it said; they are but few—and whether they bawl for a hornpipe from the Upper Gallery, or yawn in the weariness of dissipation in the Boxes, they equally betray stupidity, prejudice, or caprice: But the middle class and bulk of the assembly,

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like that of the kingdom at large, will ever be on the side of nature, truth, and sense. Let the piece be founded upon those principles, and applause will follow every circumstance of elegance and decoration that can accompany them.

A sincere zeal for the improvement of the stage, has prompted this digression. It is requisite now to return, for a moment, to the history of the undertaking.

Mr. Garrick, after perusing the outlines of the two original acts, thought he discovered in the writer some talents for the higher species of comedy, and encouraged him to extend his plan. The scenery also, which in the first sketches promised a brilliant effect; the composition of the music, and the names of the dancers who were engaged, all seemed to require more distinction than could be given to them in an after-piece. But the most prevalent incentive to the Author, was the promise of Mr. Garrick's assistance; his judgement pervaded the whole, and though it may diminish the poet, it is the pride of the friend, to make a public acknowledgement to that gentleman, in the words of Horace to Melpomene,

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

UNLIKE to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues, ears,
See modern Fame, dress'd cap-a-pee, appears,
In Ledgers, Chronicles, Gazettes, and Gazetteers:
My soaring wings are fine Election Speeches,
And puffs of Candidates supply my breeches:
My Cap is Satire, Criticism, Wit;
Is there a head that wants it in the Pit? [Offering it.
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn,
Pipe, Song, and Pastoral, for five months past,
Puff'd well by me, have been the gen'ral taste.
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crouds!
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds!
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,
Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck!
And Drury Misses—"here in carmine pride,
"Are there Pastoras by the fountain side!"*
To frouzy bow'rs they reel thro' midnight damps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Driads breaking lamps;
Both far and near did this new whimsy run,
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington:
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our Manager must have his Fête Champêtre—
How is the weather? pretty clear and bright?
[Looking about.
A storm's the devil on Champêtre night!

* Arcadia's Countess, here in ermine pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain side. POPE.

Left

P R O L O G U E.

*Lest it should fall to spoil the Author's scenes,
I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means :
He means a show, as brilliant as at Cox's—
Laugh for the Pit—and may be at the Boxes—
Touches of passion, tender, though not tragic,
Strokes at the times—a kind of Lantern Magic ;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding-day ;*

*Whose is this piece?—'tis all surmise--suggestion—
Is't his?—or her's?—or your's, Sir?—that's the
question :*

*The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,
Lest it a puling infant at the door :
'T was laid on flow'rs, and wrapt in fancied cloaks,
And on the breast was written--MAID O'TH' OAKS.
The actors crouded round ; the girls caress'd it,
“ Lord! the sweet pretty babe !”---they prais'd
and bless'd it,
The Master peep'd--smil'd--took it in and dress'd it.*

*Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse,
Of being smother'd by a parish nurse !
As you're kind, rear it---if you're curious, praise it,
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

IN Parliament, whene'er a question comes,
Which makes the Chief look grave, and bite his
thumbs,

A knowing-one is sent, fly as a mouse,
To peep into the humour of the house :
I am that mouse ; peeping at friends and foes,
To find which carry it—the Ayes or Noes :
With more than pow'r of parliament you sit,
Despotic representatives of wit !
For in a moment, and without much pother,
You can dissolve this piece, and call another !
As 'tis no treason, let us frankly see,
In what they differ, and in what agree,
The said supreme assembly of the nation,
With this our great Dramatic Convocation !
Business in both oft meets with interruption :
In both, we trust, no brib'ry or corruption ;
Both proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,
And the best Speaker cannot keep you quiet :
Nay, there as here he knows not how to steer him—
When order, order's drown'd in hear him hear him !
We have, unlike to them, one constant rule,
We open doors, and choose our Gall'ries full :
For a full house both send abroad their summons
With us together sit the Lords and Commons.
You Ladies here have votes---debate, dispute,
There if you go (O fye for shame !) you're mute :
Never was heard of such a persecution,
'Tis the great blemish of the constitution !
No human laws should nature's rights abridge,
Freedom of speech! our dearest privilege :

Ours

E P I L O G U E.

*Ours is the wiser sex, though deem'd the weaker ;
I'll put the question---if you chuse me speaker :
Suppose me now be-wigg'd, and seated here,
I call to Order !---you, the Chair ! the Chair !
Is it your pleasure that this Bill should pass—
Which grants this Poet, upon Mount Parnass',
A certain spot, where never grew or corn, or grass?* }

**You that would pass this play, say *Aye*, and save it ;
You that say *No* would damn it—the *Ayes* have it.**

DRA-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

| | | |
|--------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| Mr. Oldworth, | — | Mr. AIKIN. |
| Old Groveby, | — | Mr. KING. |
| Sir Harry Groveby, | — | Mr. BRERETON. |
| Mr. Dupeley, | — | Mr. DODD. |
| Hurry, | — | Mr. WESTON. |
| Painter, | — | Mr. MOODY. |
| Architect, | — | Mr. FAWCETT. |
| Druid, | — | Mr. BANISTER. |
| Shepherds, | — | { Mr. VERNON, Mr. DAVIS, &c. |

W O M E N.

| | | |
|-------------------|---|----------------------------------|
| Lady Bab Lardoon, | — | Mrs. ABINGTON. |
| Maria, | — | Mrs. BADDELEY. |
| Shepherdesses, | — | { Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. SCOTT, &c. |

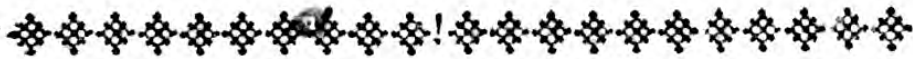
Gardeners, Carpenters, Painters, &c.





T H E

M A I D of the O A K S.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

Part of an ornamented Farm.

Enter Sir Harry Groveby and Mr. Dupeley meeting.

Sir Harry.

DEAR Charles, welcome to England! and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks——Friendship I see has wings, as well as love——you arrive at the moment I wished; I hope in your haste you have not forgot a fancy dress.

Dup. No, no; I am a true friend, and prepared for all your whimsies, amorous and poetical. Your summons found me the day after my arrival, and I took post immediately——next to my eagerness to see you, was that of being in time for the Fête Champêtre——Novelty and pleasure are the beings I pursue——They have led me half the world over already, and for aught I know they may some time or other carry me to the Otaheite.

Sir Har. You have pursued but their shadows——here they reign in the manners of this New Arcadia, and the smiles of the sweet Maid of the Oaks.

B

Dup.

Dup. Who, in the name of curiosity, is she that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapsody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never saw—What, are we to have a representation of the Pastor-fido in a Garden?

Sir Har. The Pastor-fido is before you *in propria persona*; the business of the day is a wedding, and Charles Dupely is invited to see his friend, Sir Harry Groveby, united to the most charming of her sex.

Dup. The devil it is! What a young fellow of your hopes and fortune, sacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, prithee, relieve my impatience, and tell me who she is.

Sir Har. An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman, at whose seat you now are: His character is singular, and as amiable in its way as her's. Inheriting a great estate, and liberally educated, his disposition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence, and hospitality are boundless; and these qualities joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimsical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the polish of courts——but judge of the original.

Enter Oldworth.

Mr. Oldworth, I present you my friend; he is just arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendship.

Old. To be worthy of yours, Sir Harry, is the best recommendation. (*To Dupely*)—Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands, a lovely girl, whose merit he has discern'd and lov'd for its own sake: Such nuptials should recal the ideas of a better age; he has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I shall be happy to receive the judgment of an accomplish'd critic.

Dup.

The MAID of the OAKS. 3

Dup. Sir, by what I already see of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the master, I am persuaded the talent most necessary for the company will be that of giving due praise.

Enter Hurry.

Hur. Lord, Sir, come down to the building directly—all the trades are together by the ears—it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon—they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honey-suckles—one of the cooks stumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white-wash—a lamp-lighter spilt a gallon of oil into a cream'd apple-tart, and they have sent for more roses, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

Old. Why, honest Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in such haste about 'em—Mercy on us! my Fête has turn'd this poor fellow's head already, he will certainly get a fever.

Hur. Get a favour, Sir!—why there has not been one left these three hours; all the girls in the parish have been scrambling for them, and I must get a hundred yards more—Lord a mercy! there is so much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head.

(Oldworth and Hurry talk together.)

Dup. Ha, ha, ha, is this one of the examples you produce, Sir Harry, to degrade the polish of courts?

Sir Har. If I did, have you never met with a courtier in your travels, as busy, as important, and as insignificant upon yet more trifling occasions?—Why, my friend Hurry's is the true buttle of an anti-chamber, with this difference, that there is rather more attachment and fidelity to the master at the bottom of it.

(During this speech Hurry is expressing by his action his impatience for Oldworth to go.)

Hur. Law, Sir, if you loiter longer, I tell you they will all be at loggerheads—they were very near it when I came away. [Exit.

Old. Mr. Dupely, you'll excuse me—Hurry convinces me, my presence is necessary elsewhere—this is a busy day!

Dup. The greatest compliment you can pay me, is not to look upon me as a stranger.

Old. I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every moment—she promised to be with us long before the hour of general invitation.

Dup. Who is she, pray?

Sir Har. Oh, she's a superiour!—a phoenix!—more worthy your curiosity than any object of your travels!—She is an epitome, or rather a caricature of what is called *very fine life*, and the first female gamester of the time.

Old. For all that, she is amiable—one cannot help discerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and understanding; though she is an example, that neither is proof against a false education, and a rage for fashionable excesses—But when you see her, she will best explain herself—I his fellow will give me no rest.

Hurry returns.

Hur. Rest, Sir, why I have not slept this fortnight; come along, Sir, pray make haste—nothing's to be done without it.

Old. Nor with it, honest Hurry. [Exit with Hurry.

Dup. A cunning old fellow, I warrant!—with his *ward and his love of merit for its own sake*—ha, ha, ha!—pr'ythee how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

Sir Har. Don't sneer, and I will tell you—By mere chance, in a progress of amusement to this side the country: The story is too delicate for thy relish, suffice it that I came, saw, and lov'd—I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and would have married

married instantly ; but that Oldworth opposed my precipitancy, and insisted upon a probation of six months absence—It has been a purgatory !

Dup. All this is perfectly *en regle* for a man of home education—I should like to see the woman that could entangle *me* in this manner.

Sir Har. There is not a fellow in England has a more susceptible heart : You may have learnt in your foreign tour to disguise it, but if you have lost it, put all your acquisitions together, and the ballance will be against you.

Dup. I have learned at least, not to have it imposed upon : Shew me but a woman from an Italian Princess, to a figurante at the French opera ; or change the scene, and carry me to the rural nymphs from a vintage in Burgundy, to dance round a may-pole at Oldworth's Oaks—and at the first glance I will discover the whole extent of their artifice, find their true lure, and bring them to my hand as easily as a tame sparrow.

Sir Har. And pray, my sagacious friend, upon what circumstances have you formed your suspicions that I am more likely to be impos'd upon than yourself ?

Dup. Upon every one I have seen and heard ; but above all upon that natural propensity of every true home-bred Englishman, to think one woman different from another—Now I hold there is but one woman in the world.

Sir Har. I perfectly agree, and Maria is that charming one.

Dup. Ay, but Maria, and Lady Bab, and Pamela Andrews, and Clarissa Harlowe, and the girl that steals a heart in a country church, or she that picks your pocket in Covent-Garden, are one and the same creature for all that—I am always too quick for them, and make fools of them first—Oh do but try them by the principle I have laid down ; you'll find them as transparent as glass.

6 *The MAID of the OAKS.*

Sir Har. My own principle will answer my purpose just as well ; with that perspective I have looked through the woman, and discovered the angel ; and you will do the same when you see her, or never brag of your eye-sight more.

Dup. Rhapsody and enthusiasm !—I should as soon discover Mahomet's seventh heaven ; but what says your uncle, old Groveby, to this match ?

Sir Har. Faith ! I have asked him no questions, and why should I ? when I know what must be his answer.

Dup. Oh, he can never disapprove a passion that soars above the stars !

Sir Har. He has all the prejudices of his years, and worldly knowledge ; the common old Gentleman's character—You may see it in every drama from the days of Terence, to those of Congreve ; though not perhaps with quite so much good humour, and so little obstinacy as my Uncle shews. He is ever most impetuous, when most kind ; and I dare trust his resentment will end with a dramatic forgiveness. Should it not, I may have pride in the sacrifice of his estate, but no regret.—So much for fortune, Charles—are there any other means to reconcile me to your approbation ?

Dup. Gad ! I know but one more—Have you laid any plan for succeeding at the divorce-shop next winter ? It would be some comfort to your friends, to see you had a retreat in your head.

Sir Har. Charles, I have listened to your raillery with more patience than it deserves, and should at last be out of humour with such an importation of conceit and affectation, if I was not sure your good sense would soon get the better of it. This is called knowing the world—to form notions without, perhaps, ever seeing a man in his natural character, or conversing with a woman of principle : and then, for fear of being imposed upon, be really dup'd out of the most valuable feelings in human nature, confidence in friendship, and esteem in love.

Enter

Enter Hurry.

Hur. Lord, Sir, I am out of breath to find you, why almost every thing is ready, except yourself, and Madam Maria is gone to the Grove, and she is so dress'd, and looks so charming!

Sir Har. Propitious be the hour!—here, Hurry, find out this Gentleman's servant, and shew him where he is to dress [Exit.]

Dup. Oh, take care of yourself, Corydon, the first, I shall be time enough; Hurry shall first shew me a little of the preparation—what is going forward here? (*Approaching the side scene.*)

Hur. Hold, Sir, not that way; my Master lets no body see his devices and figaries there.

Dup. Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

Hur. Doing!—as you are a gentleman, I will tell you what he is doing—I hope no body hears us. (*Looking about.*) Why, he is going to make the sun shine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thousand yards of sail-cloth, for fear the rain should put it out—lord, such doings!—here, this way, your honour.

Dup. But hark'ee, honest Hurry, do stand still a moment to oblige me.

Hur. Stand still, Sir!—lord, Sir, if I stand still, every thing stands still; and then what a fine *Sham-Peter* should we make of it! (*Always restless.*)

Dup. You seem to know every thing here?

Hur. To be sure I do—I am no fool I believe—what think you, Sir?

Dup. He that takes you for a fool, is not over wise, I warrant him; therefore let me ask you a question or two.

Hur. To-morrow, Sir, with all my heart; but I have so many questions to ask myself, and so many answers to give, that I have not five minutes to spare.

Dup.

Dup. Three minutes will do my business : Who is this Maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry ?

Hur. A young lady, Sir.

Dup. I thought as much. (*Smiling.*) You are a courtier, friend Hurry.

Hur. I court her !—Heaven forbid !—she's going to be married, Sir.

Dup. Well said, simplicity ! If you won't tell me *who* she is, tell me *what* she is ?

Hur. She is one of the most charmingest, sweetest, delightfulest, mildest, beautifulest, modeltest, genteest, never to be prais'd enough young creature in all the world !

Dup. True courtier again ! Who is her father, pray ?

Hur. It's a wise child that knows its own father ; lord bless her ! she does not want a father.

Dup. Not while Mr. Oldworth lives.

Hur. Nor when he is dead neither ; every body would be glad to be her father, and every body wishes to be her husband ; and so, Sir, if you have more questions to ask, I'll answer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and every where.

(*Bustles about.*)

Dup. Shew me my chamber to dress, and I'll desire no more of you at present.

Hur. Bless your honour for letting me go ; I have been very miserable all the while you were talking to me—this way, this way, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Dup. What a character !—yet he has his cunning, though the simplest swain in this region of perfect innocence, as Sir Harry calls it—ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

An out-side Building, workmen of all sorts passing to-and-fro.

Architect. (*As speaking to persons at work behind the Side-scene.*) Come, bustle away, my lads, strike the scaffold, and then for the twelve o'clock tankard; up with the rest of the festoons there on the top of the columns.

First Gard. Holloa! you Sir! where are you running with those flowers?

Second Gard. They're wanted for the Arcades; we can have no deceit there—if you want more here you may make them of paper—any thing will go off by candle-light.

First Lamp-Lighter, (*running.*) They want above a hundred more lamps yonder, for the illumination of the Portico.

Second Lamp-Lighter. Then they may get tallow-candles; I shan't have enough to make the sky clear in the saloon—that damn'd Irish painter has made his ground so dingy, one might as soon make his head transparent as his portico.

Enter Irish Painter.

Paint. Arrah! what is that you say of my head, Mr. Lamp-lighter?

Second Lamp-Lighter. I say you have spoil'd the transparency by putting black, where you should have put blue.

Paint. (*Daubing his brush across his face.*) There's a black eye for you; and you may be thankful you got it so easily—Trot away with your ladder upon your shoulder, or the devil fire me but you shall have black and blue both, my dear.

Archi.

Archi. (returning.) Good words, Good words, gentlemen; no quarrelling—Your servant, Mr. *O'Daub*; upon my word, you have hit off those ornaments very well—the first painter we have here could not have done better.

Paint. No faith, I believe not, for all his hard name; sure *O'Daub* was a scene painter before he was born, though I believe he is older than I too.

Architect. You a scene painter!

Paint. Ay by my soul was I, and for foreign countries too.

Archi. Where was that pray?

Paint. Faith, I painted a whole set for the Swish, who carries the temple of Jerusalem about upon his back, and it made his fortune, though he got but a half-penny a-piece for his shew.

Archi. (ironically.) I wish we had known your merits, you should certainly have been employ'd in greater parts of the work.

Paint. And, by my soul, it would have been better for you if you had—I would have put out Mr. *Lanternbug's* stars with one dash of my pencil, by making them five times more bright—Ho! if you had seen the sign of the setting sun, that I painted for a linen-draper, in Bread-street, in Dublin—Devil burn me, but the *Auroree* of *O'Guide* was a fool to it.

Archi. *O'Guide!*—who is he? *Guid-o*, I suppose you mean.

Paint. And if he has an *O* to his name, what signifies whether it comes before or behind—Faith I put it like my own of *O'Daub*, on the right side, to make him sound more like a gentleman—besides it is more melodious in the mouth, honey.

Enter Carpenters, &c.

First Carp. Well, Sir, the scaffold's down, and we are woundy dry—we have toil'd like horses.

Archi.

Archi. Rest you merry, Master Carpenter—take a draught of the 'Squire's liquor, and welcome, you shall swim in it, when all is over.

Paint. Fait, let me have one merry quarter of an hour before we at it again, and it will be no loss of time neither—we will make the next quarter after, as good as an hour—and so his honour and the *sbampater* will gain by the loss.

First Gard. Well said, O'Daub ! and if you will give us the song you made, the quarter of an hour will be merrier still.

Archi. Can you rhyme, O'Daub ?

Paint. Yes fait, as well as paint—all the difference is, I do one with a brush, and t'other with a pen ; I do one with my head, and both with my head, and both with my hands—and if any of the poets of 'em all can produce better rhimes and rai-fins too within the gardens, I'll be content to have one of my own brushes ramm'd down my throat, and so spoil me for a singer as well as a poet hereafter.

Archi. Well said, Master Painter !

Enter the several Tradesmen.

S O N G.

By the Irish Painter, to an Irish Tune.

Then away to Champêtre, Champêtre come all
away,

To work at Champêtre is nothing at all but play ;
As I know nothing of it, no more, my dear, will I
say,

But Champêtre for ever, for ever, and ay, I say !

II.

You may guess what a sight, for it never has yet
been seen

Heav'n bless her sweet face ! 'tis a sight for the
lovely Queen ;

For Lords, and for Earls, and for the Gentlefolks
too,

And the busy Beau Monde, who have nothing to do.

Then away to Champêtre &c.

III.

While 'tis light you'll see nothing, when darker, O
then you'll see,

That the darker it is, the more light it will quickly
be ;

The moon and the stars, they may twinkle and go
to bed,

We can make better sun-shine, than such as they
ever made.

Then away to Champêtre, &c.

IV.

Such crowds and confusions, such uproar and such
delight

With lamps hung by thousands, to turn the day into
night ;

There will be Russians, Turks, Prussians, and
Dutchmen, so bright and gay,

And they'll all be so fine, they'll have nothing at all
to say.

Then away to Champêtre, &c.

V.

Then let's take a drink to the 'Squire of the Jolly
Oaks,

May no crabbed critics come here with their gibes
or jokes ;

If they did I could make the dear creatures soon
change their notes,

With my little black brush I could sweep clean their
noisy throats !

Then away to Champêtre, &c.

(Exeunt singing.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE the OAKS.

Maria *sitting under a great tree. Sings.*

COME sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters, that visit the grove,
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

II.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause ;
I only with blushes replied,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

DA CAPO.

Come sing, &c.

Enter Oldworth.

Old. Joy to my sweet Maria ! may long succeeding years resemble this, her bridal hour ! may health, and peace, and love, still inspire her song, and make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life ! but come, my girl, if there is a wish remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this last hour of my cares, I shall not be a stranger to it.

Mar. If I have a wish you have not indulged, Sir, I fear it must be an improper one, or it would not have escaped you.

Old. You seem disconcerted, Maria, be more explicit.

Mar. My mind is incapable of reserve with you the most generous of men is on the point of giv-

his hand to your—what shall I call myself? I am almost nameless, but as the creature of your bounty and cares, this title gives me a value in my own eyes; but I fear it is all I have to boast. The mystery you have kept, makes me apprehensive there is something in my origin ought to be concealed—what am I to interpret from your smiles?

Old. Every thing that is contrary to your surmises: be patient, sweet Maid of the Oaks; before night all mysteries shall be cleared. It is not an ordinary wedding I celebrate, I prepare a feast for the heart—Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live!—the princess of dissipation! catch an observation of her while you can, Maria; for though she has been but three days out of London, she is as uneasy as a mole in sunshine, and would expire, if she did not soon dive into her old element again.

Enter Lady Bab.

L. Bab. Dear Maria, I am happy to be the first of your company to congratulate you—well, Mr. Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your Fête; it is so novel, so French, so expressive of what every body understands, and nobody can explain; then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expence, where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

Old. I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady, but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here.

Laugh where you must, be candid where you can.

I only hope that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals, or politeness of the company, and at the same time sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blame worthy.

L. Bab. Oh, quite the contrary, and I am sure it will have a run; a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste, and it holds

holds good from a cucumber at Christmas, to an Italian opera.

Mar. Is the rule the same among the ladies, lady Bab? is it also a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

L. Bab. Not absolutely in all things, though more so than people are apt to imagine; for even in circumstances that seem most natural, fashion prompts ten times, where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry in this country, if it was not for the sake of reputation.

Old. What do you mean?

L. Bab. Why, that a woman without a connection grows every day a more awkward personage; one might as well go into company without powder—If one does not *really* despise old vulgar prejudices, it is absolutely necessary to affect it, or one must sit at home alone.

Old. Indeed!

L. Bab. Yes, like lady Sprose, and talk morals to the parrot.

Mar. This is new, indeed; I always supposed that in places where freedom of manners was most countenanced, a woman of unimpeachable conduct carried a certain respect.

L. Bab. Only fit for sheep-walks and *Oakeries*!—I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldworth—in town it would just raise you to the whist-party of old lady Cypher, Mr. Squabble and lord Flimzey; and at every public place, you wou'd stand among the footmen to call your own chair, while all the macaronies passed by, whistling a song through their tooth-picks, and giving a shrug—*dem it, 'tis a pity that so fine a woman should be lost to all common decency.*

Mar. (*smiling*) I believe I had better stay in the *Oakery*, as you call it; for I am afraid I shall never procure any *civility* in town, upon the terms required.

L. Bab. Oh, my dear, you have chose a horrid word to exprefs the intercourse of the bon ton ; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer, when one is chusing a filk, but *familiarity* is the life of good company. I believe this is quite since your time Mr. Oldworth, but 'tis by far the greatest improvement the beau monde ever made.

Old. A certain ease was always an essential part of good breeding, but lady Bab must explain her meaning a little further, before we can decide upon the improvement.

L. Bab. I mean that participation of society, in which the French used to excel, and we have now so much outdone our models—I maintain, that among the *superior* set—mind I only speak of them—our men and women are put more upon a footing together in London, than they ever were before in any age or country.

Old. And pray how has this happy revolution been effected ?

L. Bab. By the most charming of all institutions, wherein we shew the world, that liberty is as well understood by our women as by our men ; we have our *Bill of Rights* and our *Constitution* too, as well as they—we drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and in every circumstance (petticoats excepted) are true lively jolly fellows.

Mar. But does not this give occasion to a thousand malicious insinuations ?

L. Bab. Ten thousand, my dear——but no *great measures* can be effected without a contempt of popular clamour.

Old. Paying of reckonings is I confess new since my time ; and I should be afraid it might sometimes be a little heavy upon a lady's pocket.

L. Bab. A mere trifle—one generally wins them—Jack Saunter of the guards, lost a hundred and thirty to me upon score at one time ; I have not eat him half out yet—he will keep me best part of next winter ; but exclusive of that, the club is the
greatest

greatest system of œconomy for married families, ever yet established.

Old. Indeed! how so pray?

L. Bab. Why all the servants may be put to board wages, or sent into the country, except the footmen—no plunder of house-keepers, or maitres de hotel, no long butcher's bills—Lady Squander protests she has wanted no provision in her family these six months, except potatoes to feed the children, and a few frogs for the French governesses—then our dinner societies are so amusing, all the doves and hawks together, and one converses so freely; there's no topick of White's or Almack's, in which we do not bear a part.

Mar. Upon my word, I should be a little afraid, that some of those subjects might not always be managed with sufficient delicacy for a lady's ear, especially an unmarried one.

L. Bab. Bless me! why where's the difference? Miss must have had a strange education indeed, not to know as much as her Chapron: I hope you would not have the daughters black-ball'd, when the mothers are chose: Why it is almost the only place where some of them are likely to see each other.

Enter Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir Har. I come to claim my lovely bride—here at her favourite tree I claim her mine!—the hour is almost on the point, the whole country is beginning to assemble; every preparation of Mr. Oldworth's fancy is preparing.

And while the priest accuse the Bride's delay,

Roses, and myrtles shall obstruct her way.

Mar. Repugnance would be affectation, my heart is all your own, and I scorn the look or action that does not avow it.

Old. Come, Sir Harry, leave your protestations, which my girl does not want; and see a fair stranger.

L. Bab. Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happiness—and do not think me so tasteless, Maria, as not to acknowledge an attachment like yours, preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filer le parfait amour*, is the first happiness in life: But that you know is totally out of the question in town; the matrimonial comforts in *our* way, are absolutely reduced to two; to plague a man, and to bury him; the glory is to plague him first, and *bury him* afterwards.

Sir Har. I heartily congratulate Lady Bab, and all who are to partake of her conversation, upon her being able to bring so much vivacity into the country.

L. Bab. Nothing but the Fête Champêtre could have effected it, for I set out in miserable spirits—I had a horrid run before I left town—I suppose you saw my name in the papers.

Sir Har. I did, and therefore concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

Mar. Your name in the papers! Lady Bab, for what pray?

L. Bab. The old story—it is a mark of insignificance now to be left out: Have not they begun with you yet, Maria?

Mar. Not that I know of; and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

L. Bab. Oh, but you will have it—the Fête Champêtre will be a delightful subject!—To be complimented one day, laughed at the next, and abused the third; you can't imagine how amusing it is to read one's own name at breakfast in a morning paper.

Mar. Pray, how long may your ladyship have been accustomed to this pleasure?

L. Bab. Lord, a great while, and in all its stages: They first began with a modest inuendo, “we hear a certain Lady, not a hundred miles from Hanover-square, lost, at one sitting, some nights ago; two thousand guineas—O tempora! O mores!”

Old.

Old. (*laughing.*) Pray, Lady Bab, is this concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the Printer's?

L. Bab. His, you may be sure; a dab of Latin adds surprizing force to a paragraph, besides shewing the learning of the author.

Old. Well, but really I don't see such a great matter in this; why should you suppose any body applied this paragraph to you?

L. Bab. None but my intimates did, for it was applicable to half St. George's parish; but about a week after they honoured me with initials and italicks: "It is said, Lady B. L's ill success still continues at the quize table: it was observed, the same Lady appeared yesterday at court in a *ribband collier*, having laid aside her *diamond* necklace, (diamond in Italicks) as totally bourgeoise, and unnecessary for the dress of a woman of fashion."

Old. To be sure this *was* advancing a little in familiarity.

L. Bab. At last, to my infinite amusement, out I came at full length: "*Lady Bab. Lardoon has tumbled down three nights successively; a certain colonel has done the same, and we hear that both parties keep house with sprained ankles.*"

Old. This last paragraph sounds a little enigmatical.

Mar. And do you really feel no resentment at all this?

L. Bab. Resentment—poor silly devils, if they did but know with what thorough contempt those of my circle treat a remonitance—but hark! I hear the pastoral's beginning. (*Music behind*) Lord, I hope I shall find a shepherd!

Old. The most elegant one in the world, Mr. Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

L. Bab. You don't mean Charles Dupeley, who has been so long abroad?

Sir Har. The very same; but I'm afraid he will never do, he is but half a maccaroni.

L. Bab.

L. Bab. And very possibly the worst half : It is a vulgar idea to think foreign accomplishments fit a man for the polite world.

Sir Har. Lady Bab, I wish you would undertake him ; he seems to have contracted all the commonplace affectation of travel, and thinks himself quite an over-match for the fair sex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

L. Bab. O, is that his turn ? what, he has been studying some late posthumous letters I suppose ?—'twould be a delight to make a fool of such a fellow !—where is he ?

Sir Har. He is only gone to dress ; I appointed to meet him on the other side of the Grove ; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

L. Bab. I'll attend him there in your place—I have it—I'll try my hand a little at *naiiveté*—he never saw me—the dress I am going to put on for the Fête will do admirably to impose upon him : I'll make an example of his hypocrisy, and his *graces*, and his *usage du monde*.

Sir Har. My life for it, he will begin an acquaintance with you.

L. Bab. If he don't, I'll begin with him : There are two characters, under which one may say any thing to a man ; that of perfect assurance, and of perfect innocence : Maria may be the best critick of the last ; but under the *appearance* of it, lord have mercy !—I have heard and seen such things !

Enter Hurry, (running.)

Hur. Here they come ! here they come ! give them room ! pray, Sir, stand a little back—a little further, your honourable ladyship, let the happy couple stand foremost—here they come !

Old. And, pray, when you can find breath to be understood, who or what is coming, Hurry ?

Hur. All the cleverest lads and girls that could be picked out within ten miles round ; they have garlands

garlands in one hand, and roses in another, and their pretty partners in another, and some are singing, and all so merry!

Old. Stand still, Hurry; I foresaw you would be a sad master of the ceremonies; why they should not have appeared till the lawn was full of company; they were to have danced there—you have let them in too soon by an hour.

Hur. Lord, Sir! 'twas impossible to keep them out.

Old. Impossible! why, I am sure they did not knock you down.

Hur. No, but they did worse; for the pretty maids smiled, and smirked, and were so coaxing; and they called me dear Hurry, and sweet Hurry, and one called me pretty Hurry, and I did but just open the door a moment, flesh and blood could not resist it, and so they all rushed by.

Old. Ay, and now we shall have the whole crowd of the country break in.

Hur. No, Sir, no, never be afraid; we keep out all the old ones.

Sir Har. Ay, here they come cross the lawn—I agree with Hurry, flesh and blood could not stop them—Joy and gratitude are overbearing arguments, and they must have their course.

Hur. Now, Sir Harry! now, your ladyship! you shall see such dancing, and hear such singing!

Enter First Shepherd, very gayly, followed by a group of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

S O N G.

Shepherd.

Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure;
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily, trip it along:

'Tis

'Tis holiday, lads, from the cares of your tillage,
Life, health, and joy, to the Lord of the village.

Scenes of delight,

Round you invite,

Harmony, beauty, love and pleasure :
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye swains, &c.

Shepherdes.

Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around,
Every sweet the spring discloses ;
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter them round,
With the bloom of the hour enamel the ground.
The feast of the day is devoted to beauty,
Sorrow is treason, and pleasure a duty :
Love shall preside,
Sovereign guide !
Fetter his wings with links of roses :
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around,
Every sweet the spring discloses.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye nymphs, &c.

B O T H.

Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Join your hands in sportive measure :
Lasses and lads with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily trip it along :
An hour of youth is worth ages of reason,
'Tis the sunshine of life, take the gift of the season,
Scenes

The MAID *of the* OAKS.

23

Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

Lasses and lads, &c.

Hur. So much for singing, and now for dancing ;
pray, give 'em room, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Here a GRAND DANCE,
Of Shepherds *and* Shepherdeffes,
Which finishes the *Second Act.*

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Garden Gate.**(Noise without.)*

INDEED, Sir, we can't! it is as much as our places are worth: Pray don't insist upon it.

Enter Old Groveby, booted and splashed, pushing in Hurry.

Grov. I must see Sir Harry Groveby, and I will see him. Do ye think, ye jackanapes, that I come to rob the house?

Hur. That is not the case, Sir; nobody visits my master to-day without tickets; all the world will be here, and how shall we find room for all the world, if people were to come how they please and when they please?

Grov. What, have you a stage play here, that one cannot be admitted without a ticket?

Hur. As you don't know what we have here to-day, I must desire you to come to-morrow—Sir Harry won't see you to-day, he has a great deal of business upon his hands and you can't be admitted without a ticket; and moreover you are in such a pickle, and nobody will be admitted but in a fanciful dress.

Grov. This is a dress after my own fancy, Sirrah; and whatever pickle I am in, I will put you in a worse, if you don't immediately shew me to Sir Harry Groveby——— *(Shaking his whip.)*

Hur. Sir Harry's going to be married——What would the man have?

Grov.

Grov. I would have a sight of him *before* he goes to be married. I shall marr his marriage, I believe. (*aside*) I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

Hur. Are you so, Sir? Bless my heart! why would you not say so?—This way, good Sir! it was impossible to know you, in such a figure; I could sooner have taken you for a smuggler than his uncle; no offence, Sir—If you please to walk in that Grove there, I'll find him directly—I'm sorry for what has happened—but you did not say you were a gentleman, and it was impossible to take you for one—No offence, I hope.

Grov. None at all, if you do as I bid you.

Hur. That I will, to be sure. I hope you are come to be merry, Sir. [Exit.]

Grov. O, ay to be sure—It is true, I see; I come at the very instant of his perdition—whether I succeed or not, I shall do my duty, and let other folks be merry if they like it—Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without any body knowing any thing about her; and without so much as saying to me, his uncle, *with your leave, or by your leave*: If he will prefer the indulgence of a boyish passion, to my affection and two thousand pounds per annum; let him be as merry as he pleases.—I shall return to Gloomstock-hall, and make a new will directly [Exit.]

Scene changes to a Grove.

Enter Maria.

Mar. I wish I may have strength to support my happiness: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wishes, my heart, I don't know how, feels something like distress—But what strange person is com-

D

ing

ing this way ? How got he admitted in that strange dress ?

Enter Groveby.

Grov. Madam, your servant ; I hope I don't intrude : I am waiting here for a young gentleman—If I disturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

Mar. Indeed, Sir, you don't disturb me. Shall I call any body to you, Sir ?

Grov. Not for the world, fair lady ; an odd kind of a pert, bustling, restless fellow, is gone to do my business : and if I might be permitted to say a word or two, in the mean time, to so fair a creature, I should acknowledge it a most particular favour : But I intrude, I fear.

Mar. Indeed you don't, Sir --I should be happy to oblige you.

Grov. And you make me happy by such civility—This is a most lovely creature! *(aside.*

Mar. Who can this be ? *(aside.*

Grov. I find, Madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

Mar. Yes, Sir ; a very splendid one, by the preparations.

Grov. A very foolish business to make such a fuss about a matter which both parties may have reason to curse this time twelve months.

Mar. I hope not, Sir—Do you know the parties ?

Grov. One of them, too well, by being a near relation—Do you know the bride, young lady ?

Mar. Pretty well, Sir ; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to-day.

(Maria seems confus'd.

Grov. Might I without being impertinent, beg to know something about her—but you are partial to her, and won't speak your mind.

Mar.

Mar. I am, indeed, partial to her—every body too partial to her—her fortune is much above her deserts.

Grov. Ay, ay, I thought so—sweet lady, your sincerity is as lovely as your person—you really think then, she does not deserve so good a match?

Mar. Deserve it, Sir! so far from deserving it that I don't know that human creature that can deserve Sir Harry Groveby.

Grov. What a sensible sweet creature this is (*aside.*) Young lady, your understanding is very extraordinary for your age—you sincerely think that that this is a very unequal match?

Mar. Indeed I do, very sincerely——

Grov. And that it ought not to be.

Mar. Ought not to be, Sir! (*hesitating.*) That Sir, is another question—If Sir Harry has promis'd—and the young lady's affections——

Grov. Ay, to be sure, the young lady's affections they are more to be consider'd than the young man's credit, or the old man's happiness—But pray, fair young lady, what are your real sentiments of this incognita?

Mar. Upon my word, Sir—(*hesitates.*) I scarce know how to answer your question—(*much confus'd.*)

Grov. Your delicacy to your friend won't let you speak out; but I understand your objections—Nay I feel 'em so much, that I am come on purpose to break the match.

Mar. (*astonish'd.*) Indeed, Sir!

Grov. Ay, indeed am I—a silly young puppy without acquainting me with it, to go so far—I suppose some interested creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine——

Mar. Your nephew, Sir!

Grov. Yes, yes, my nephew; but he must give up his girl, or renounce the relationship.

Mar. But consider, Sir: what the poor young woman must suffer!

Grov. She *ought* to suffer, a designing baggage ! I'll be hang'd if it is not some demure looking chit, with a fair skin, and a couple of dimples in her cheeks, that has done all this mischief ; you think so too, but you won't speak out.

Mar. But if Sir Harry is contented with such small accomplishments—

Grov. He contented, a simpleton ! don't say a word in his favour ; have not you confessed, though her friend, that she does not deserve him ? I'll take your word for it ; you have good sense, and can see his folly : You can't give up your friend to be sure ; I see your affection struggling with your understanding ; but you have convinced me that the fellow's undone.

Mar. For heaven's sake, Sir !—I convinc'd you !

Grov. Had the young blockhead but half an eye he would have fallen in love with *you* ; and if he had there had been some excuse for his folly ; on my word, you are so sensible and sincere, I could fall in love with you myself—don't blush, maiden—I protest I never was half so much smitten in so short a time, when I was as young a fool as my Nephew—don't blush, damsel---

Mar. You overpower me with your goodness ; but, Sir, pray, let me plead for him.

Grov. Nay, nay, sweet young lady, don't contradict yourself ; you spoke your sentiment at first--- truth is a charming thing and you're a charming creature and you should never be asunder. My nephew, (as you hinted at first) is a very silly fellow, and in short it is a damn'd match.

Enter Sir Harry.

(Who starts at seeing his Uncle, and looks ashamed)

Mar. I cannot stand this interview- *(Exit.*

Grov. O, your humble servant, Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir Har. My dear Uncle, I am so happy—

Grov.

Grow. O, to be sure—you are very happy to see me here. (*Sir Harry looks confused*) O, ho, you have some modesty left—And so you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you?

Sir Har. Indeed, Sir, I was afraid to trust your prudence with my seeming indiscretion; but were you to know the object of my choice——

Grow. Ay, to be sure, I shall be bamboozled as you have been; but where is the old fox, that has made a chicken of you? I shall let him know a piece of my mind.

Sir Har. Mr. Oldworth, Sir, is all probity, he knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his consent, without your's.

Grow. Ay, to be sure they have set a simpleton-trap, and you have popped your head into it; but I have but a short word to say to you, give up the lady, or give up me.

Sir Har. Let me intreat you to see her first

Grow. I have seen a young lady; and I am so put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if she would but talk to me half an hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomstock-Hall, and have my Champêtre-wedding too.

Sir Har. You are at liberty, Sir—

Grow. To play the fool as you have done—her own friend and companion told me she was undeserving!

Sir Har. That Maria was undeserving! where is she who told you so? who is she?

Grow. Your aunt, Sir, that may be; if I could get to talk to her again—so don't be in your airs—

Sir Har. Should she dare to hint, or utter the least injurious syllable of my Maria, I would forget her sex, and treat her—

Grow. And if you should dare to hint, or mutter the least injurious syllable of my passion, I should forget our relationship, and treat you—zounds, I don't know how I should treat you.

Sir Har. But, dear Sir, who is the slanderer? she has deceived you.

Grov. I don't know her name, and you must not call her names.

Sir Har. Where did you see her?

Grov. Here, here.

Sir Har. When, Sir?

Grov. This moment, Sir.

Sir Har. As I came in, Sir?

Grov. Yes, Sir, yes—she could not bear the sight of you, and went away.

Sir Har. Dear Sir, that was Maria herself.

Grov. Maria, what Maria?

Sir Har. Maria, the Maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

Grov. That's a fib, Harry, it can't be, and it shan't be.

Sir Har. It can be no other, and she is the only person upon earth, that could speak without rapture of herself.

Grov. And she is the person you are going to marry?

Sir Har. I cannot deny it.

Grov. If you did, you ought to be hang'd—follow me, Sir, follow me, Sir—shew me to her this moment—don't look with that foolish face, but lead the way, and bring me to her, I say.

Sir Har. What do you mean, Sir?

Grov. What's that to you, Sir—shew me the girl, I say; she has bamboozled you and me too, and I will be reveng'd.

Sir Har. But, dear Sir?

Grov. Don't dear me, I won't rest a moment 'till I have seen her; either follow me, or lead the way, for I must and will see her directly, and then you shall know, and she too, that I am—zounds! I'll shew you what I am—and so come along, you puppy you.

(Exeunt.)

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

A Flower-Garden.

Enter Lady Bab, dressed as a Shepherdess, passing over the stage, Oldworth following.

Old. Hift, hift! Lady Bab. Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

L. Bab. Not for the world; you see I am dress'd for the purpose. I have been out of my wits this half hour, for fear the scene should be lost, by the interruption of the company—what is that he?

Old. Yes, he is looking out for us.

L. Bab. Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made, if fortune had not unluckily brought me into the world an Earl's daughter.

Old. Don't be too hasty, for it is a pity Sir Harry should not be a witness; he owes him vengeance too.

L. Bab. Away, away—— *(Exit Oldworth.*
Lady Bab retires to a corner of the stage.

Enter Dupely.

Dup. Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by and by, like two pheasants in pairing-time—*(observing Lady Bab)* Hah! I wish that was a piece of game, she should not want a mate: is that a dress now for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region?—Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing else but daisy hunting; they
are

are as awkward to her, when she looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berline.

L. Bab. (aside) My spark does not seem to want observation, he is only deficient in expression; but I will help him to that presently. Now to my character. *(settles herself)*

Dup. (aside) What a neck she has? how beautifully nature works, when she is not spoiled by a damn'd town stay-maker; what a pity she is so awkward; I hope she is not foolish.

(During this observation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady Bab looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect naiveté presents it to him)

L. Bab. You seem to wish for my nosegay, Sir, it is much at your service.

(Offers the flowers, and curtsies awkward.)

Dup. Oh, the charming innocent!—my wishes extend a little further. A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

L. Bab. To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet; pray smell 'em, they are charming sweet I assure you, and have such fine colours—law! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think.

(simplers, and looks at him.)

Dup. Exquisite simplicity! *(half aside)* sweet contrast to fashionable affectation—Ah, I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

Bab. Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

Dup. By a certain instinct I have, for I have seen few or none of the sort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

L. Bab. Situation!

Dup. Ay, what are you?

L. Bab. I am a bride maid.

Dup.

Dup. But, my sweet image of simplicity, when you are not a bride maid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

L. Bab. I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employ'd, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content. (*With an innocent curtsy.*)

Dup. O, the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, Pan, pipes, and pastorals. (*Aside.*) What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of Champeyre!—'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it.

During this soliloquy she examines him round and round.

L. Bab. And pray, what may you be? for I never saw any thing so out of the way in all my life!—he, he, he! (*Simpering.*)

Dup. Me, my dear—I am a gentleman.

L. Bab. What a fine gentleman! bless me, what a thing it is!—this is a fine gentleman!—ha, ha, ha! I never saw any thing so comical in all my life—ha, ha, ha! and this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much!

Dup. What is the matter, my dear? is there any thing ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

L. Bab. That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks—

Dup. And as loving as sparrows—my beautiful Delia, do not leave out the best property of the feathered creation.

L. Bab. No, no, I did not mean to leave out that; I know you are very loving—of yourselves; ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds, that flock, but never pair.

Dup. Why, you are satirical, my fairest; and have you heard any thing else of fine gentlemen?

L. Bab. Yes, a great deal more—That they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for shew; squander their money among taylors, barbers, cooks, and fiddlers,

fidlers, pawn their honour to sharpers, and their estates to Jews; and at last run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimzy carcase, and an empty pocket—that's a fine gentleman for you!

Dup. (*Surprized.*) Hey-day! where has my Arcadian picked up this jumble?

L. Bab. I am afraid I have gone too far. (*Aside.*)

Dup. (*Still surprized.*) Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

L. Bab. (*Resuming her simplicity.*) My name is Philly.

Dup. Philly!

L. Bab. Philly Nettletop, of the vale.

Dup. (*Still suspicious.*) And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

L. Bab. O, I learnt it with my catechism—Mr. Oldworth has it taught to all the young maidens here about.

Dup. (*Aside.*) O, the glutton!—have I found at last the *clue*—I'll be hang'd if old sly-boots has not a rural seraglio, and this is the favourite sultana!

L. Bab. (*Aside.*) I fancy I have put him upon a new scent—why, a real fool now would not have afforded half this diversion.

Dup. (*significantly.*) So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming *innocence*, that you have learnt to be so much afraid of fine gentlemen?

L. Bab. No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

Dup. And how is that, pray?

L. Bab. Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord you'd thiak he would devour one at a mouthful! but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

Dup.

Dup. Well said, rural simplicity again!—Oh damn it, I need not be so squeamish here!—Well but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin, as to waste your youth, and your charms upon a set of rusticks here; fly with me to the true region of pleasure—my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

L. Bab. (*fondly.*) And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays and Sundays and all?

Dup. (*aside.*) Oh, this will do without an annuity, I see!

L. Bab. You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by and by—there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

Dup. Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed!—Oh, you have named a special object for a passion—I should as soon be in love with the figure of the Great Mogul at the back of a pack of cards—If *she* has any thing to do with *hearts*, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket—No, sweet Philly; thank heaven that gave me insight into the sex, and reserv'd me for a woman in her native charms—here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips! (*struggling to kiss her.*) Thus let me thank you for my nosegay.

During the struggle enter HURRY.

Hur. Oh, Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship (*pauses.*) Lord, I thought they never kiss'd at a wedding till after the ceremony; but they cannot begin too soon—I ask pardon for interruption. (*going.*)
(*Dupeley stares, Lady Bab laughs.*)

Dup. Stay, Hurry; who was you looking for?

Hur. Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder,

Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stop'd her mouth.

Dup. Who! what! who!—This is Philly Nettletop!

Hur. Philly Fiddlestick—'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you; do you think I don't know her, because she has got a new dress? But you are surpriz'd and busy, and I am in haste, so your servant. [*Exit.*]

Dup. Surpriz'd indeed!—Lady Bab Lardoon!

L. Bab. No, no, Philly Nettletop! (*curtseys.*)

Dup. Here's a damn'd scrape! (*aside.*)

L. Bab. In every capacity, Sir—a rural innocent, Mr. Oldworth's mistress, or the Great Mogul, equally grateful for your favourable opinion.

(*Slowly, and with a low curtsy.*)

Enter OLDWORTH and Sir HARRY, (*laughing.*)

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you a gentleman remarkable for second sight; he knows all women by instinct.

Sir Har. From a Princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a May pole—I am rejoiced, I came in time for the catastrophe.

L. Bab. Mr. Oldworth, there is your travell'd man for you! and I think I have given a pretty good account of him.

(*Pointing at Dupeley, who is disconcerted.*)

Old. I hope the ladies are not the only characters in which Mr. Dupeley has been mistaken!

L. Bab. Upon my word, Mr. Dupeley, considering you have not been two hours in the house, you have succeeded admirably, to recommend yourself to your company; why you look as if you had gone your *va toute* upon a false card.

Dup. The devil's in her, I believe; she overbears me so, that I have not a word to say for myself.

L. Bab. Well, tho' I laugh now, I am sure I have most

most reason to be disconcerted, for that blundering fellow spoiled my fortune.

Sir Har. How so?

L. Bab. Why, I should have had an annuity.

Old. Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably: Mr. Dupeley must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

Dup. I own myself her captive, bound in her chains, and thus I lay all my former laurels at her feet.

(*Kneels.*)

L. Bab. The laurels have been mostly poetical—gathered in imagination only; he, he, he!

Dup. Quarter, quarter, my dear invincible!

Sir Har. Now this scene is finished, let me open another to you—Maria's charms have been as much signalized as her ladyship's wit—my old uncle Groveby—

L. Bab. Of Gloomstock-hall.

Sir Har. The same, and full primed with the rhetoric of sixty-five, against a marriage of inclination; but such a conversion! such a revolution!

Old. Your uncle here! I must chide you, Sir Harry for concealing from me, that you had a relation, so well intitled to be consulted—which way is he?

Sir Har. I left him all in transport with my bride; he kisses her, and squeezes her hand—'gad, I shan't get her away from him, without your help.

Dup. Poor Sir Harry!

L. Bab. If she has sweetened that old Crab, that his sourness will not set our teeth an edge, she has work'd miracles indeed.

Sir Har. There you totally mistake his character; Lady Bab:—no—he has the heart of an Oldworth. (*addressing himself to Mr. Oldworth*) Though I confess with very different manners; his expression often puts me in mind of the harsh preparation of instru-

E.

ments:

ments ; your ear is jarred, before it is delighted—but attend to his sentiments, and as Hamlet says,

He will discourse most excellent Musick.

He never said or did an ill-natured thing in his life.

L. Bab. I wish I had him in town, to contrast with some *smooth* successful characters of my acquaintance, who will smile upon you, even though you affront them, and always flatter your judgment, when they mean to pick your pocket—but here he is, I declare, and looks as if he was quite in tune.

Enter GROVEBY with MARIA under his arm.

Sir Har. (running to her) I was coming to seek you, my Maria !

Grov. Your Maria ! Sir, my Maria—*she* will own me, if you won't—there, Sir, let her teach you your duty.

(Quitting Maria, who retires with Sir Harry to the bottom of the stage.)

Old. Sir, I have many pardons to ask of you ; but Sir Harry will be my witness, that my fault was in my ignorance ; had I known your name and situation, I should have paid you my respects months ago.

Grov. Sir, I don't wonder the graceless rogue forgot me, but I shall be even with him ; he shan't have a guinea from me.

Old. Good Sir, you are not serious that he has offended you—

Grov. I am serious, that I found another inheritor for Gloomstock-Hall—I have got a niece, worth twenty such nephews, (*Maria and Sir Harry approaching*) Ay, you may look, Sir, but *she* shall have every acre of it. *(taking Maria by the hand.)*

Sir Har.

Sir Har. I ever found your kindness paternal, and you now give me the best proof of it.

Grov. No, Sir, had I been your father, and you had surpris'd me with a match like this, I should have taken another method.

Sir Har. What would that have been, my dear Uncle ?

Grov. I would have loaded you with all the rents, and you should have been forced to keep me, at your own expence, for the rest of my life, Sirrah.

L. Bab. There is a sort of humour about this old fellow, that is not unpleasant ; I must have a little laugh with him before the day is over.

Grov. Well, Mr. Oldworth, I intend there shall be no more ceremony between us ; I shall not quit your Champêtre, I assure you—but what shall I do, to equip myself ; one shall look like a fool, it seems, dressed in one's own cloaths.

Old. Sir, your good humour and compliance will be a new compliment to the day—you shall be supplied—I took care to be provided with plenty of habits for chance comers.

Grov. Why, then, this lady, who looks like a merry one, shall choose for me, if she will do me that favour ?

L. Bab. With great pleasure, Sir ; and before I have done with you, I'll make you look—

Grov. Ay, what shall I look, fair lady ?

L. Bab. Why, like Old Burleigh, revived from the Champêtre, Leicester gave to Queen Elizabeth, at Kenelworth-Castle.

Grov. And no bad compliment, neither—Gad, fair lady, if you could revive more of 'em, it would do the country no harm, I believe.

Old. Well, my good friends—now for a slight refreshment, and then for the happy rites. Who must lead the bride ?

Grov. That will I—she is my niece, and only
E 2. your

your ward. Give me your hand, Lady Paramount,
of Gloomstock-Hall. *(Leads Maria off.)*

Dup. And may I be thought worthy to offer mine
to the lovely Phillida?

L. Bab. She accepts of your sagacity as Cavalier
Servante and Cecisbeo *(going off)* and as we go along,
we will talk of the annuity.

Dup. (half aside) Gad, you deserve one—and,
if I durst, I'd make it a jointure—and now, if
you please, you may over hear that, my Lady
Quick-ears. *(Exeunt.)*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. A GROVE.

Enter Hurry (In great spirits.)

HERE, lass, take this basket, and run away to the church, or you'll be thrown out, and then you won't be married this year---tell all the girls to be sure they strew in time to the music; and bid Dolly Dump smile, and not look as if she was at a funeral.

[Exit Girl.]

What a day of joy is this! I could leap out of my skin, and into it again---here, you, Robin---

Enter Robin.

Rob. What say you, Master Hurry?

Hur. What signifies what I say, when you are running and fluttering about, that you can neither hear, see, nor understand!

Rob. Law, Master, I try to do every thing after you---where shall I go next?

Hur. Run away to the ringers, and set the bells a-going directly---and do you hear *(Robin returns)* Huzza all of you, till no body can hear the bells.

[Exit Robin.]

What have I to do now?---ho, I must go down to the Tents. *(Going.)* No, I'll go first to the Shrubbery, and tell the musicianers---*(Going and returns.)* That I have done already---I must take care that none of the servants---that will do by-and-by. I must bid the maids---'gad I must not go near them neither in those rampant spirits---I am so full of every thing, that I can think for nothing but to be mad with joy!

[Exit singing and capering.]

S C E N E II. *Arcades of Flowers.*

Procession from the Marriage, Bells ringing, Music playing, and Huzzas at a distance.

S O N G.

FEMALE VOICE.

*Breezes that attend the spring,
Bear the sound on rosy wing,
Waft the swelling notes away,
'Tis Maria's wedding day.*

CHORUS OF FEMALE VOICES

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and swain,
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

MALE VOICE

*Hence suspicion, envy, strife,
Ev'ry ill that poisons life,
Skulking vice, and specious art,
All that spoils, or cheats the heart,*

CHORUS OF MALE VOICES.

Here the chastened Loves invite,
Harmless dalliance, pure delight,
Choral sonnet, festive play,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

MALE

MALE VOICE.

PLENTY come with ceaseless board,
MIRTH to crown the evening board,
TRUTH the nuptial bed to guard.
JOY and PEACE, it's bright reward.

FEMALE VOICES.

But the chief invited guest,
HEALTH in rosy mantle drest,
Come, and with thy lengthened stay,
Make her life a bridal day.

CHORUS.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and swain,
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Old. Thank you, my honest friends and neighbours! if *your* hearts overflow with joy, how must it be with *mine*? I beg to retire a moment. (*they retire, (He walks about greatly agitated.)*)

Oh, my heart! my heart! what a moment is this? I cannot bear it! the tide is too strong, and will overwhelm me.

Mar. What is the cause of this?

Old. You are Maria—you?

Mar. Am I, Sir?---heav'n forbid!

Old. Heaven has granted it, and I avow it---I have liv'd to see in these times, successful merit, and disinterested love---my hopes and wishes are accomplish'd! my long projected joys are full, and I will proclaim 'em! I have a child!

Mar. Sir!

Old. Come to my arms, Maria! thy father's arms!
If

If my lips fail me, let my heart, in throbs, speak the discovery.

Mar. O, Sir! explain this mystery!

Old. I have a father's right! my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

Mar. How, how, Sir!--I am lost in rapture and amazement!

Gov. So we are all.

Old. Excuse me, brother, Madam, all---my story is very short, Maria! the hour of your birth made me a widower, and you a splendid heiress; I trembled at the dangers of that situation, made more dangerous by the loss of your mother---to be the object of flattery, in the very cradle, and made a prey to interest, is the common lot attending it---These reflections, call them whim, call them singularities, what you please, induced me to conceal your birth; being abroad at the time, the plan was easily executed.

Mar. How blind have I been! Benevolent as you are to all, I might still have perceived and interpreted the distinction of your unremitting tenderness---how could I mistake the parent's partiality, the parent's fondness?

Old. Your happiness has been the motive of my actions, be it my excuse---The design has answered wonderfully---for though Maria's virtues would have found their lustre under any trial, there would have wanted the humble station of the Maid of the Oaks to give her due proof of a disinterested lover.

Mar. O, Sir! expect not *words*---where shall I find even *sentiments* of tenderness, gratitude, and duty, that were not yours before.

Old. The life of my ward, is a pledge for that of the daughter and the wife---To you, Sir Harry, I shall make no apology for my secrecy; it has served to give scope and exercise to your generosity, a sensation more gratifying to minds, like your's, than any acquisition of fortune---that pleasure past, accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

Sir

Sir Har. Sir your conduct does not surprise, but it overwhelms me---long may you remain the possessor of Oldworth's Oaks! when you cease to be so, he will ill deserve to succeed you, who does not make your example the chief object of his imitation.

Dup. New joy to the disinterested lover, and to the destined Queen of the Oaks!

L. Bab. to the amiable pair, and the rewarder of their merits---Mr. Oldworth, you promised us a singular regale, but you have outdone yourself.

Grov. Regale! egad I don't know what to call it---he has almost turned the Champêtre into a tragedy, I think---I never felt my eyes twinkle so oddly before, but I shall be merry by and by; and when I begin, have at you double bottles and long corks!

Old. My worthy friend, brother let me call you! I have robbed you of a pleasure; I know you also had your eye upon my Maid of the Oaks, for an exercise of your generosity.

Grov. It is very true, I should have been as well pleased as her lover to receive her only with an under petticoat, though not quite for the same reason---but you may perceive how cursedly vexed I am at the disappointment (*pauses.*) Ay, I must alter the disposition of my acres once more---I will have no Nabobs nor Nabobesses in my family.

L. Bab. The females would be the better of the two, for all that; they would not be guilty of so much rapacity to acquire a fortune, and they would spend it to better purposes.

Dup. By as much as a province is better disposed of in a jewel at the breast of a Cleopatra, than when it is melted down in the fat guts of mayors and burgeses of country corporations.

Grov. I agree in your preference between the two; but an honest country gentleman, and a plain English wife, is more respectable and useful than both---so do you hear, Madam, take care to provide me a second son, fit for that sort of family

—let

—let him be an honest fellow, and a jolly fellow, and in every respect a proper representative for Gloomstock-hall.

Enter Hurry.

Hur. An't please your honour and worship, here are all the quality persons in fanciful dresses—you never saw such a sight, they are for all the world like the Turks and Prussians—do but look at 'em, how they come prancing along through the grove; I never saw any thing so fine, and so proud, and so fantastical—Lord, I wonder any body will ever wear a coat and waistcoat again—This is *shampeter* indeed!

Grov. My friend Hurry is in the right—Harry, come and help to dress me, for till I have got my fool's coat on, I can't make one among 'em.

Sir Har. I'll wait upon you—My sweet Maria, I must leave you for a few minutes—for an age.

Old. My heart is now disburthen'd, and free to entertain my friends—Come, Maria, let us meet 'em, and shew in our faces the joy of our hearts—Will your ladyship and Mr. Dupely assist us?

(Exit Oldworth and Sir Harry.)

L. Bab. O, most willingly, Mr. Oldworth!

(As she is going out, she sees Actæa coming.)

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!”

Dup. Hey-dey! what is coming, Lady Bab?

L. Bab. O, that most hideous of all goblins, a country cousin—and I can neither avoid her, nor overlook her, as I should to do in town.

Dup. Where is the barbarian?

L. Bab. Mistake her if you can—the lovely Diana there that is talking to Maria, with a tin crescent upon her head, big enough for a Turkish mosque.

Dup. *(looking through his glass.)* Oh, I have her—
By her step the goddess is revealed.

Bab. What can I do with her? she'll suffocate me if you don't take her off my hands.

Enter

Enter Actæa, followed by six hunters.

Actæa. O cousin! Lady Bab! here am I at the head of my hunters—I left the company to you—I want to practice my song before I sing in publick, you shall hear me. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bab. O you delicate creature! pray let us hear it—while she is singing we'll steal off and join the company.—*(aside to Dupely)* Come, my dear, pray begin.

Actæa sings her HUNTING SONG.

(During which lady Bab and Dupely steal off laughing.)

Come, rouse from your trances!
The fly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head:
Each away to his steed,
Your goddess shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
For the chase all prepare,
See the hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow!

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See Reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground;
Now they skim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound;
With

The MAID of the OAKS:

With dashing,
 And splashing,
 The hills, woods, and vallies resound :
 Then away with full speed,
 Your Goddeſs ſhall lead,
 Come follow, my worſhippers, follow ;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
 If you ſtop you're too late,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's ſweet hollow !

*After the Song, the * Scene opens and diſcovers
 The GARDENS illuminated.*

Aëtæa and her Followers, join the Company.

Another ſet of Company dance a Country-Dance.

Enter Oldworth.

Old. This is as it ſhould be—a dance, or a ſong, or a ſhout of joy, meets me at every turn ; but come, ladies, I ſhall truſt you no more in the gardens ; at leaſt not my fair dancers ; though the evening is fine it may be deceitful, we have prepared a place under cover for the reſt of the entertainment.

Enter Hurry.

Hur. Gentlemen, nobility, ladies and gentry, you are all wanted in the Temple of Venice, to—but I'll not ſay what, that you may be more ſurpriz'd ; and if you are ſurpriz'd here, you'll be

* The Painting of this Scene is taken from a Portico in the Gardens of Lord Stanley, as illuminated at his entertainment laſt ſummer.

more surprized there, and we shan't have done with you there neither—pray make haste or you'll get no places. *(They all croud off.)*

Hur. (alone.) Bless my heart, how the whole place goes round with me!—my head seems quite illuminated as well as that there. *(Points to the building.)* See what it is to have more business than one's brains can bear; I am as giddy as a goose; yet I have not touched a drop of liquor to day—but three glasses of punch, a pint of hot negus to warm me, a bottle of cyder to cool me again, and a dram of cherry-bounce to keep all quiet—I should like to lie down a little—but then what would become of the *Sham-Peter*—no, as I am entrusted with a high office, I scorn to flinch; I will keep my eyes open, and my head clear—ay, and my hands too—and I wish all my countrymen had done the same at this general election. *(Reels off.)*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Scene, *The Saloon.* *

A MINUET.

After the Minuet, enter a Shepherdess, drawing forward a Shepherd by the arm.

D U E T T O.

She. SIMON, why so lost in wonder,
At these folk of high degree?
If they're finer, we are fonder;
Love is wealth to you and me.

He. Phœbe stop, and learn more duty,
We're too lowly here to please:
Oh, how splendor brightens beauty!
Who'd not wish to be like these?

She. Prithee, Simon, cease this gazing,
They're deceitful as they're fair;

He. But their looks are all so pleasing,
Phœbe, how can I forbear?

She. Simon, stop, and learn more duty;

He. Honest freedom can't displease;

B O T H.

* This Scene is also a representation of the temporary Saloon, as designed by Mr. Adam, and erected at Lord Stanley's.

B O T H.

He. Riches give *new* charms to beauty.
She. Riches give *no* charms to beauty.
He. *Who'd not* wish to be like these ?
She. *Who wou'd* wish to be be like these ?

* S O N G.

I.

O Simon, simple Simon, know,
'The finest garments cover woe ;
The outside glitter never tells
The grief of heart, that inward dwells.

II.

We rustic folk so true and plain,
Shall ne'er allure the light and vain ;
Whate'er *without* our fortune wears,
Within no pang our bosom tears.

III.

O Simon, simple Simon, know,
That lack of wealth, is lack of woe ;
Then homeward go, and let us prove,
The greatest blifs, content with love.

The Character of Folly enters from the Top of the Stage to lively Symphony.

S O N G.

Make room, my good neighbours, of every degree,
My name it is *Folly* who does not know me ?
Of high ones, and low ones, of great and of small,
I've been the companion and friend of you all :

* This Song is omitted in the Representation.

The MAID of the OAKS.

Wherever I come, I drive away care,
And if there's a crowd, I am sure to be there.

I'm here, and there,

And every where,

All know me—all know me—

Where'er I come,

Nobody's dumb ;

Prating, prancing,

Singing, Dancing ;

Running o'er with mirth and glee.

II.

From country elections, I gallop post haste,
For there, I am always the most busy guest ;
And whether it be in the country or town,
I'm hugg'd very close, by the cit and the clown :
The courtier, the patriot, the turn-coat and all,
If I do not sweeten—breed nothing but gall.

I'm here, and there, &c. &c.

III.

The statesman, without me, unhappy wou'd be ;
No lady, so chaste, but gallants it with me ;
The gravest of faces, who physick the land,
For all their grimaces, shake me by the hand ;
At the play-house, a friend to the author, I sit,
And clap in the gallery, the boxes and pit.

I'm here, and there, &c. &c.

(A slow symphony—all the company retire to the wings on each side ; the curtains of the saloon are drawn up, and discovers the company at supper.)

Enter DRUID.

Druid.

Folly away ! nor taint this nuptial feast !

I come, a friendly, self-invited guest ;

The Druid of these Oaks, long doom'd to dwell

Invisible, 'till beauty broke the spell ;

Beauty,

The MAID of the OAKS.

53

Beauty, which here erects her throne,
And every spell dissolves, except her own,

Intended to be sung.

Beauty breaks the magic spell,
Her pow'r can ev'ry power subdue ;
Can charm the Druid from his cell,
To revel and rejoice with you !
What cannot beauty, spotless beauty do ?

Stand all apart, while mortals learn
The recompence their virtues earn ;
When thus the gen'rous court *their* power,
Celestial guardians find the dower,
And these are mansions they prepare,
For the disint'rested and fair.

(He waves his wand.)

*The Scene breaks away, and discovers the
Palace of Celestial Love.*

Maria, take this oaken crown,
The region round is all your own :
See ev'ry Driad of the groves,
With bending head, salute your loves ;
And Naiads, deck'd in constant green,
With homage due, avow their queen ;
Here all of autumn, all of spring,
The flower and fruit to you they bring ;
And, while they heap the lavish store,
A father's blessing makes it more.

Mar. It does, indeed ! my heart o'erflows with
happiness.

Old. Long, long, may it do so ! my dear my
matchless daughter !—Come then, my friends and
children ; I see our joys are too sincere and spirited
to be any longer celebrated in magic and allegory.

Grow. I ask your pardon, friend Oldworth ; this reverend old gentleman Druid has charmed me, and I hope we shall have more of his company—A contempt for old times may be fashionable, but I am pleased with every thing that brings them to my remembrance—I love an old oak at my heart, and can sit under its shade 'till I dream of Cressy and Agincourt ; it is the emblem of British fortitude, and like the heroic spirits of the island, while it o'ertops, it protects the undergrowth—And now old son of Missetoe, set that sentiment to music.

Old. And he shall, brother.

(Druid gives signs to the musicians.)

S O N G.

Two Voices.

Grace and strength of Britain's isle,
 Mayst thou long thy glories keep,
 Make her hills with verdure smile,
 Bear her triumphs o'er the deep.

CHORUS.

Grace and strength, &c.

Dup. Well, Lady Bab, are your spirits quite exhausted, or have the events of the day made you pensive ? I begin to believe there are more rational systems of happiness than ours—thou'd my fair instructress become a convert, my ambition wou'd be still to follow her.

L. Bab. I am no convert—my mind has ever been on the side of reason, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practice, or even to contemplate it as I ought—but to follow fashion, where we feel shame, is surely the strongest of all hypocrisy, and from this moment I renounce it.

Grow. And you never made a better renounce in your life.

L. Bab.

L. Bab. Lady Groveby, accept the friendship of one sincerely desirous to imitate your virtues—Mr. Oldworth, you do not know me yet ; you forbid your company masks upon their faces, I have worn one upon my character, to you, and to the world.

Old. Lady Bab wanted but the resolution to appear in her genuine charms, to make her a model to her rank, and to the age.

Dup. To these charms I owe my conversion—and my heart, hitherto a prodigal, justly fixes with her, from whom it received the first impression of love and reason—There wants but the hand of lady Bab, to make Oldworth's Oaks distinguished by another union, founded on merit in her sex, and discernment in mine.

L. Bab. Sir, your proposal does me honour ; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands—Let us follow the example before us in every thing—after the life we have led, six months probation may be very proper for us both.

Old. Amiable Lady Bab !—Confer the gift when you please ; but my Fête Champêtre shall be remember'd as the date of the promise—and now for such a song and dance as will best conclude so happy a day.

(Short flourish of Instruments.)

V A U D E V I L L E.

SHEPHERD.

Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities and courts,
By your presence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome our innocent sports,
And the fruits that our industry yields.

CHORUS.

Ye fine fangled folks, &c.

No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,
 No altar to interest smokes,
 To the blessing of love, kind seasons and health,
 Is devoted to the Feast of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

No temples we raise, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,
 The villagers hasten away,
 Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,
 To compensate the toils of the day ;

CHORUS.

From the thicket, &c.

The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,
 In the furrow the plowman unyokes,
 From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,
 To assist at the Feast of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

The milk maid, &c.

SHEPHERD.

The precept we teach is contentment and truth,
 That our girls may not learn to beguile,
 By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,
 And decorate age with a smile ;

CHORUS.

The precept we teach, &c.

No serpent approaches with venemous tooth,
 No raven with ominous croaks,
 Nor rancorous critick, more fatal than both,
 Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

No serpent approaches. &c.

SHEP-

SHEPHERDESS.

Bring roses and myrtles, new circlets to weave,
Ply the flutes in new measures to move,
And lengthen the song to the star of the eve,
The favouring planet of love.

CHORUS.

Bring roses, and myrtles, &c.

Oh Venus! propitious attend to the lay,
Each shepherd the blessing invokes;
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

Oh Venus! propitious, &c.

DRUID. (*Stopping the musicians.*)

Yet hold—though Druid now no more,
He's wrong who thinks my spells are o'er,
Thus midst you all I throw them round,
Oh, may they fall on genial ground!
May ev'ry breast their influence prove!
The magic lies in *truth of Love*.
'Tis that irradiates ev'ry scene,
Restores from clouds the blue serene,
And makes, without a regal dome,
A palace of each humble home.

(*Exeunt.*)

The whole finishes with a GRAND DANCE.

F I N I S.

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A

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