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See "The ..."

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THE
MAID OF BATH,
A
COMEDY
OF THREE ACTS,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, in the Hay-Market.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

WITH THE
ORIGINAL PROLOGUE,

As written

By Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken

By Mr. FOOTE;

The EPILOGUE, spoken by Mrs. JEWELL.

LONDON:

PRINTED for GEORGE ALLEN, No. 59, Paternoster Row.



T O

SAMUEL FOOTÉ, Esq.

S I R,

THE very ungentleman-like treatment you have experienced from the avariciousness and personal envy of the managers of both houses, in mutilating your plays and changing them into farces, determined you, long since, to suppress the publication of any future production. With an eye of pity you beheld the sordid views and ungenerous dispositions of Mr. C. and Mr. G. A species of dramatic writing they never could attain to, prompted them to injure you in the nicest and most sensible manner, that of profiting by the labour and invention of a Gentleman, whose abilities, as actor and performer, could support the expences of a theatre at a time, when with all their ingenuity and pageantry, they

are under an absolute necessity of shutting up their houses.

FROM these motives, the Public had to regret the loss of those pieces which do the greatest honor to your literary merit.

ONE objection, only, was raised to this publication of the MAID OF BATH, *viz.* That whilst the Publisher rail'd at the avariciousness of others, he might be condemn'd for covetousness and ungenerous treatment himself.

BUT the case is materially different. As you never intended to benefit yourself by a publication, no injury can be done you by its being published by another hand. In short, Sir, could the least injury accrue, no one would be more ready to forego every advantage; but whilst the contrary is manifestly the case, you and the world will excuse me for giving them the perusal of a piece which they have long lamented as buried in oblivion; especially those who never could have an opportunity of seeing the performance.

I am, Sir,

Your real Friend,

And Admirer,

The PUBLISHER.

P R O L O G U E,

Written by D. GARRICK, Esq.

And spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

WH O but has read, if he can read at all,
 Of one, they *Jack the Giant-killer* call :
 He was a bold, stout, able-bodied man,
 To clear the world of *fee, faw, fum*, his plan.
 Whene'er a *monster* had within his power
 A young and tender *virgin* to devour,
 To cool his blood, *Jack*, like a skilful surgeon,
 Bled well the *monster* and releas'd the *virgin* :
 Like the best doctors, did a method learn
 Of curing fevers,—never to return.
 Mayn't I this *Giant-killing* trade renew ?
 I have my *virgin*, and my *monster* too.
 Though I can't boast, like *Jack*, a list of slain,
 I wield a lancet, and can breathe a vein ;
 To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,
 He cleft his foes, I only make mine squeak ;
 As Indians wound their slaves to please the court,
 I'll tickle mine, *great sirs*, to make you sport.
 To prove myself an humble imitator,
Giants are *vices*, and *Jack* stands for satire :

By

By tropes and figures, as it fancy suits,
 Passions rise monsters, men sink down to brutes;
 All talk and write in allegorick diction,
 Court, city, town and country, run to fiction!
 Each daily paper allegory teaches—

Placemen are locusts, and contractors leeches;

Nay e'en *Change-Alley*, where no bard repairs,
 Deals much in fiction to pass off their wares;
 Else whence that roaring there?—From bulls
 and bears?

The gaming fools are *doves*, the *knaves* are *rooks*,
Change-Alley bankrupts waddle out *lame ducks*!

But, Ladies, blame not your gaming spouses,
 For you, as well as they, have *pidgeon-houses*!

To change the figure—formerly I've been
 To straggling follies only *whipper-in*;

By royal bounty rais'd, I mount the back,
 Of my own hunter, and I lead the *Pack*;

Tallyho!—a rank old fox we now pursue,
 So strong the scent, you'll run him full in view;

If we can't kill such *brutes* in human shape,

Let's fright 'em, that your *chickens* may escape;

Rouse em, when o'er their tender prey they're
 grumbling,

And rub their gums, at least to mar their mumb-
 ling.



Dramatis Personæ,

M E N.

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Mr. FLINT, - - | Mr. Foote. |
| Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, | Mr. Woodward. |
| BILLY BUTTON, - - | Mr. Weston. |
| Major RACKET, - - | Mr. Aickin. |
| PETER POULTICE, - - | Mr. Fearon. |
| FILLUP, - - - | Mr. Davies. |
| JOHN, - - - - | Mr. Vandermere. |
| Mynheer SOUR GROUT, - | Mr. Castle. |
| Monfieur DE JARSEY, - - | Mr. Lloyd. |

W O M E N.

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------|
| Miss LINNET, - - | Mrs. Jewell. |
| Lady CATHERINE COLDSTREAM, | Mrs. Fearon. |
| Mrs. LINNET, - - | Mrs. Collins. |
| NANCY, - - - | Mrs. White. |

Waiters, &c.

THE
MAID OF BATH.

A C T I.

SCENE, The Bear Inn, Bath.

[*Several Bells Ring.*]

Enter , F I L L U P.

Fill. **W**H Y, John, Roger, Ralphy; what a dickens are become of all the lads; can't you hear? Zure, zure, these whelps are enow to make a man maz'd.

Enter several *Waiters.*

All. Coming fir.

Fill. Coming! ay zo be Christmas I think. Where bee'ft thee a running boy? What, I reckon, thee cannot zee for thy eyes; here, take the candle and light the gentlefolk in.

[*Exit Waiters.*

B

Enter

THE MAID OF BATH.

Enter JOHN.

John. Carry a couple of candles into the Daphne.

Fill. John, who is it be come?

John. Major Racket, in a chay and four, from the Devizes.

Fill. What, the young youth that last zeafon carry'd away wi un Mrs. Muzlinfes prentice?

John. Miss Patty Prim, from the Grove.

Fill. Ay zure, thee dost know her well enough.

John. The same.

Fill. Zure, zure, then we shall have old doings anon; he is a deadly wild spark among the wenches thee dost know.

John. But as good a customer as comes to the Bear.

Fill. That's zure enough; then why dost not run and light en in. Stay, gi I the candle: its best for the maister to do't himself, thee dost know.

[*Exit Fillup.*

RACKET, without.

Rack. Give the post boys half a guinea between 'em.

John. Ay, there is some life in this chap, these are your guests that give spirit to Bath: your parylitical people that come down to be parboil'd and pump'd do no good, that I know, to the town, unless indeed to the physical tribe.—How

THE MAID OF BATH. 3

I hate to see an old fellow hobble into the house, with his feet wrap'd in flannel, pushing forth his ossify'd fingers like a cross on the hands to point out the different roads on a common ;—hush—

Enter RACKET and FILLUP.

Fill. I hope you do zee your way ; there be two steps you do know ; well, zure, I be heartily glad to zee your honor at Bath.

Rack. I thank you, my honest friend Fillup ; what have you many people in town ?

Fill. There be'nt a power, please your honor, at present. Zome zick folk that do no sort of zarvis, and a few lawyers that be com'd of a the zircuit.

Rack. Birds of passage, hey Fillup ?

John. True, Sir, for at the begining of term, when the woodcocks come in, these others fly off.

Rack. What, are you there honest Jack ?

John. And happy to see your honor in town.

Rack. Well, master Fillup, and how go you on ; any clubs fix'd as yet ?

Fill. No zir, not to zay fix'd ; there be parzon Pulruddock from Land's End, master Evan Thomas a Welch Attorney, two Bristol men, and a few port drinking people that dine every day in the Lyon ; the claret club be'nt expected down till the end of next week.

Rack. Any body in the house that I know ?

4 THE MAID OF BATH.

Fill. Ay zure, behind the bar there be Sir Christopher Cripple, fresh out of a fit of the gout, tossing off a sneaker of punch along wi master Peter Poullice the Potter-carrier on the parade.

Rack. The gazettes of the Bath, the very men that I want. Give my compliments to the gentlemen, and tell them I should be glad of their company; but perhaps it may be troublesome for Sir Christopher—

Fill. No, no. At present he is a little tender for zure, but I warrant un he'll make a shift to hobble into the room. [*Exit* Fillup.

Rack. Well Jack, and how fares it with you? you have throve, I hope, since I saw you.

John. Throve, no, no Sir, your honor knows that during the summer, taverns and turnspits have but little to do at the Bath,

Rack. True, but what is become of your colleague, honest Ned, I hope he has not quitted his place?

John. The share he had in your honors intrigue with Miss Prim, soon made this city too hot for poor Ned.

Rack. Then why did not the fool follow me to London? The fellow has humour, spirit, and sings a good song. I intended to have recommended him to one of the theatres.

John

THE MAID OF BATH. 5

John. Why, Sir, Ned himself had a bias that way; but his uncle, Mr. Alderman Surcingle, a fadler, and a peice of a puritan, would not give his consent.

Rack. Why not?

John. He was afraid that kind of life might corrupt or endanger Neds morals,—so he set him up in a bagnio at the end of Long Acre.

Rack. Nay, if the fellow falls after such a security—

Enter Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, led in by FILLUP and PETER POULTICE.

[*Sir Christopher, entering.*]

Sir Ch. At what a rate the rascal is running; zounds, I believe the fellow thinks I can foot it as fast as *Eclipse* *; slower and be — Where is this rake helly rantapole—Jack set me a chair. So, Sir, you must possess a good share of assurance to return to this town after the tricks you have play'd. Fillup, fetch in the punch; well you ungracious young dog, and what's become of the wench? Poor Patty! and here too my reputation is ruin'd as well as the girls.

Rack. Your reputation, that's a good jest!

Sir Ch. Yes, Sirrah, it is, and all owing to my acquaintance with you. I, forsooth, am call'd your adviser,

* A noted running horse of the famous Count O' Kelly's.

6 THE MAID OF BATH.

adviser; as if your own contriving head, and profligate heart, stood in need of any assistance from me.

Rack. Well, but my dear Sir Kitt, how can this idle stuff affect you?

Sir Ch. How! Easy enough. I'll be judg'd by Poullice; Peter speak truth, before this here blot in my scutcheon, have not you observ'd when I went to either a ball, or a breakfasting, how eagerly all the girls gathered round me, gibing and joking, and gigling, gad take me, as facetious and free as if I was their father,

Poul. Nothing but truth.

Fill. That's truth, to my zertain knowledge, I have zeen the women folk titering 'till they were ready to split, when your honor was a throwing your *double taunders* * about.

Sir Ch. Right, Fillup; and tho' now and then a prudish slut would prim up her mouth when I gave her a sly stroke, yet the worst word that ever I got was, ah, you are a horrid wild toad; by what you are, one may guess what you have been!

Fill. Except it be Seignior Trillins, the famous foreign fine finger, his honor was the greatest favorite among the quality that ever I zeed. †

Sir

* For double entendres.

† As pretty and severe a sarcasm on the nobilities encouraging of Italian eunuchs, and insipid signoras, as ever came from the pen of Mr. Foote.

THE MAID OF BATH. 7

Sir Ch. True, honest Fillup,——before your curs'd affair, neither maid, widow, or wife, was ashamed of conversing with me ; but now, when I am wheel'd into the room, not a soul under seventy will venture within ten yards of my chair. I am shunn'd worse than a leper in the days of king Lud ; an absolute hermit in the midst of a croud : speak, Fillup, is not this a melancholy truth.

Fill. Very mollycolly zure.

Sir Ch. But this is not all. The crop-ear'd curs of the City have taken it into their empty heads to neglect me ; formerly Mr. Mayor could not devour a custard, but I receiv'd a civil card to partake ; but now the rude rascals, in their bushy bobs, brush by me without deigning to bow ; in short, I don't believe I have had a corporation-crust in my mouth for these six months—you might as well expect to meet a minister of state at the mansion-house, * as see me at one of their feasts.

Fill. His honor tells nothing but truth.

Sir Ch. Oh, Tom, Tom, you have been a curs'd acquaintance to me ; what a number of fine turtle and fat haunches of venison has your wickedness lost me !

Rack.

* This alludes to the majority of patriots in Alderman Beckford's mayoralty, and perfectly expressive of the present one.

8 THE MAID OF BATH.

Rack. My dear Sir Kitt, for this I merit your thanks; how often has Doctor Carawitchet told you, that your rich food, and champaign would produce nothing but poor health and real pain.

Sir Ch. What signifies the prattle of such a punning puppy as he; what, I suppose, you would starve me you scoundrel! when I am got out of one fit how the devil am I to gather strength to encounter the next. Do you think it is to be done by sipping, and flopping? But no matter,—look you, Major Racket, all between us is now at end; and, Sir, I should consider it as a particular favor if you would take no farther notice of me; I sincerely desire to drop your acquaintance: and as to myself, I am fix'd, positively fixed, to reform.

Rack. Reform, ha! ha! ha!

Sir Ch. Reform! And why not? Well, you shall see, the whole city shall see; as soon as ever I get to my lodgings I will send for Luke Latitat and codicil a handsome bequest to the hospital.

Rack. Stuff.

Sir Ch. Then I am resolved to be carried every day to the twelve a clock prayers at the abbey, and regularly twice of a Sunday; damn me if I will not. *

Rack. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Ch.

* A just character of a debilitated superannuated valetudinarian.

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! You may laugh; but if all this don't recover my credit, I am determin'd, besides, to hire a house in Harlequin Row, and be a constant hearer at the Countess's Chapel. *

Rack. And so, perhaps, turn out a field preacher in time.

Sir Ch. I don't know but I may.

Rack. Well then, my dear Sir Christopher, adieu; but, if we must part, let us part as friends should do, not with dry lips and in anger. Fillup, take care of the Knight. [*Fillup fills the glasses*] Well, faith, my old crony, I can't say but I am heartily sorry to lose you; many a brave batch have we broach'd in our time.

Sir Ch. True, Tom, true.

Rack. Don't you remember the bout we had at the Tuns in the days of plump Jack? I shall never forget; after you had fell'd poor Falstaff by a pint bumper of Burgundy, how you bestrode the prostrate hero, and in his own manner cry'd, "Crown me ye spirits that delight in generous wine!"

Sir Ch. Vanity, mere vanity, Tom; nothing but vanity!

C

Rack.

* Meaning the Countess Dowager of Hunt——don, who has a chapel at Bath. Mr. Whitefield was her chaplain. And Harlequin Row hints at Mr. Woodward's having been the best harlequin in this kingdom.

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Rack. And then another day at the——
but replenish; Fillup, the Bowl is not empty.

Sir Ch. Enough, enough.

Rack. What! don't flinch man, it is but to
finish the—— Come, Sir Christopher, one
tender squeeze——

Sir Ch. Take care of my hand; none of your
old tricks you young dog.

Rack. Gentle as the lick of a lap-dog, there—
(*Shaking hands*) What a clock is it Fillup?

Pbli. Just turn'd a fix.

Rack. So soon! hang it, Sir Kitt, it is too
early to part; come, what say you to one supper
more? But one, by way of sacrifice to the sacred
feelings of friendship. Honest Fillup knows your
taste, he'll toss you up a——

Sir Ch. Not a morsel, Tom, if you would give
me the universe.

Rack. Pooh, man, only a Sandwich or so.
Fillup, what has't got in the house?

Fill. A famous Jahn Dory, two pair of soles;
and there be a joint of Clarkendown mutton.

Rack. A fine bill of fare—Come, knight, what
do you choose?

Sir Ch. Me? Why you seem to have forgot
what I told you just now.

Rack. Your design to reform? Not at all, and
I think you quite right, perfectly so, as I hope to
be fav'd; but what needs all this hurry? To-
morrow

THE MAID OF BATH. II

morrow is a new day, it will then be early enough. Fillup, send us in just what you will.

(Fillup going)

Sir Ch. Ah, you are a coaxing, cajoling, young dog. Well, if it must be so, Fillup, it must;—Fillup, get me an anchovy toast; and, do you hear? A red herring or two, for my stomach is so damnably weak.

Fill. I shall to be zure. [Exit Fillup.]

Rack. So that is settled; now Poullice come forward,—Well, my blades, and what news have you stirring among you?

Poul. Except a little run of fore throats about the beginning of autumn, and a few feeble fellows who dropp'd off with the leaves in October, the town is in tolerable—

Rack. Pox of the dead and the dying; what amusements have you got for the living? As to the musical world, what hopes have we there? Any of the opera people amongst you? Apropos, What is become of my little flame La Petite Rossignole, the lovely little Linnet, is she still—

Sir Ch. Lost, totally lost.

Rack. Lost! What, left you? I am sorry for that.

Sir Ch. Worse, worse!

Rack. I hope she an't dead!

Sir Ch. Ten thousand times worse than all that!

Rack. How the deuce can that be?

Sir Ch. Just going to be buryed alive,—to be married!

Rack. Pooh, is that all; that ceremony was indeed formerly look'd upon as a kind of metaphorical grave; but the system is changed, and marriage is now considered as a resurrection * to a new and better kind of life.

Sir Ch. Indeed!

Rack. Pshaw! who talks now of the drudgery of domestic duties, of nuptial chains and of bonds! Mere obsolete words! they did well enough in the dull days of queen Bess. But a modern lass puts on fetters to enjoy the more freedom, and pledges her faith to one, that she may be at liberty to bestow her favors on all! †

Sir Ch. What vast improvements are daily made in our morals! What an unfortunate dog am I! I came into the world at least half a century too soon; what would I give to be born twenty years hence! Dam'me there will be fine doings then, hey Tom? but I'm afraid our poor little girl
won't

* The word, *resurrection*, was objected to by the Lord Chamberlain, when the play was presented for his Lordship's approbation; and Mr. Foote chang'd it into *entrance*. An alteration that does equal honor to the Chamberlain and the Author.

† The justness and severity of this satire cannot be sufficiently applauded.

won't have it in her power to profit by these prodigious improvements.

Rack. Why not?

Sir Ch. Oh, when once you hear the name of her partner!

Rack. Who is it?

Sir Ch. An acquaintance of yours; Only that fat, fuffy, shabby, shuffling, money loving, water drinking, mirth-marring, amorous, old huncks, Master Solomon Flint.

Rack. What, he that enjoys, I mean owns, half the farms in the country?

Sir Ch. He, even he!

Rack. Why, he is fixty at least;—what a filthy old goat! But then how does this design suit with his avarice? The girl has no fortune.—

Sir Ch. No more than what her talents will procure her.

Rack. Why, the poltroon does not mean to profit by them?

Sir Ch. Perhaps, if his family should chance to increase; but, I believe, his main motive is the hopes of an heir.

Rack. For which he must be indebted to some of his neighbours.—In that point of light, indeed, the matter is not so much amiss; it is impossible she can be fond of the fellow; and it is very hard, with the opportunities that this place will afford, if in less than a month I dont—

Sir

Sir Ch. This place! why you don't think he'll trust her here for an hour?

Rack. How?

Sir Ch. Not a moment; the scheme is all settled; the rumbling old family Coach carries her immediately from the church door to his moated, haunted, old house in the country.

Rack. Indeed!

Sir Ch. Where, besides the Argus himself, she will be watch'd by no less than two brace of his sisters, four as fusty, malicious old maids, as ever were sour'd by solitude, and the neglect of the world.

Rack. A guard not to be corrupted or cozen'd; why, Sir Christopher, in a Christian country this must not be suffered.—What, a miserable, batter'd old fellow like him to monopolize such a tempting treasure as her!

Sir Ch. A most diabolical plan!

Rack. Besides, the secluding and immuring a girl possess'd of her elegant talents is little better than robbing the world.

Sir Ch. Infamous! worse than a rape! but where are the means to prevent it?

Rack. Much might be done, if you would lend us your assistance.

Sir Ch. Me! of what use can I—and so you rascal you want to employ me again as your pimp,

Rack.

THE MAID OF BATH. 15

Rack. My dear Sir Kitt, you take the thing wrong! I only wish you to stand forth, my dear knight, like myself, the protector of innocence and a true friend to the public.

Sir Ch. The public! a fine stalking horse that; but I fear, like other pretenders, Tom, when your own private purpose is serv'd, the poor public will be left in the lurch;—but, however, the girl does deserve to be fav'd; and if I could do any thing not inconsistent with my plan of reforming——

Rack. That was spoke like yourself! upon what terms are you and Flint at present?

Sir Ch. Oil and vinegar are not so opposite.

Rack. Poullice, you smoke a pipe with him sometimes. Pray who are your party?

Poul. Mynheer Sour Grout, the cue player at billiards; Monsieur De Jerfy, the port manufacturer; Billy Button, the taylor, and Master Flint and I, most evenings take a wiff at the Chequer.

Rack. Are you all in his confidence on this great occasion?

Poul. We have had a consultation upon most of the measures; but Billy Button is first in his favor, he likes his prescriptions the best.

Rack. From this quarter then we must begin the attack; could not we contrive to convene this illustrious assembly to night?

Poul. I should think easily enough.

Rack.

Rack. But before you meet at the Chequer?

Poul. Without doubt.

Rack. My dear Poullice will you undertake the commission?

Poul. I'll feel their pulses to oblige Sir Christopher.

Sir Ch. But, Peter, dost really think this rash fool is determined?

Poul. I believe, Sir Christopher, he is firmly persuaded that nothing will allay this uncommon heat in his blood, but swallowing the pill matrimonial.

[*Exit Poullice.*

Rack. We must contrive, at least, to take off the gilding, and see what effect that will have on his courage.

Sir Ch. Well, Major, unfold what can you mean by this meeting?

Rack. Is it possible you can be at a loss; you who have so long study'd mankind?

Sir Ch. Explain.

Rack. Can't you conceive what infinite struggles must have been felt by this fellow, before he could muster up courage enough to engage in this dreadful perilous state;—how often have you heard the proverbial puppy affirm, that marriage was fishing for a single eel amongst a barrel of snakes, what infinite odds that you laid hold of the

the eel, and then a million to one but he flipp'd through your fingers.

Sir Ch. True, Tom, true.

Rack. Can't you then guess what will be his feelings and fears when it comes to the push ; dont you think the public opinion, his various doubts of himself and of her, the pride of his family, and the loud claims of avarice, his ruling passion till now, won't prove near an equepoize to his love ?

Sir Ch. Without doubt.

Rack. At this critical period won't the concurring advice of all his associates, think you, destroy the ballance at once ?

Sir Ch. Very probable, Tom, I confess.

Rack. As to our engines there is no fear of them ; Billy Button you have under your thumb : I'll purchase a pipe of Port from De Jerfy ; and we are sure of old Sour Grout for a hamper of Hock.

Sir Ch. Right, right ; but after all, what is to become of the girl ? Come Tom, I will have no foul Play shewn to her.

Rack. Her real happiness is part of my project.

Enter FILL UP.

Fill. Here be Mynheer Sour Grout and Mounfeer De Jarfy come.

Sir Ch. We will attend them. [*Exit Fillup.*]
Only think, Tom, what a villain you will be to

D

make

make me the secret instrument of any more mischief.

Rack. Never fear.

Sir Ch. Particularly too, now I am fix'd to reform.

Rack. It would be criminal in the highest degree.

Sir Ch. Ah, rot your hypocritical face! I am half afraid, Tom, to trust you; I'll be hang'd if you han't some wicked design yourself on the girl; but, however, I wash my hands of the guilt.

Rack. My dear Knight don't be so squeamish; but the gentlemen within,—stay, who have we here—ah—my old friend Master Button.

Enter BUTTON.

Butt. Your worship is welcome to town—but where is Sir,—oh: I understood as how your honor had sent for me all in a hurry. I should have brought the patterns before, if I had them. The worst of my enemies can't say but Billy Button is punctual—Here they be, I received them to-night by Wiltshires waggon, that flies in eight days.

Sir Ch. To-morrow, Billy, will do, take a seat. I wanted to talk with you upon another affair—What, I suppose, you are very busy at present?

Butt. Vast busy your honor.

Sir Ch. This marriage, I reckon, takes up most of your time.

Butt.

Butt. Your honor!

Rack. Miss Linnet, and your old master Flint, you know.

Butt. Oh, ay; but the squire don't intend to cut a dash till the spring.

Sir Ch. No, nothing happen'd! I hope, affairs are all fix'd.

Butt. As a rock; I am sure now it can't fail, because why, I have peremptory orders to scour and new line the coachmans and footman's old frocks; and am, besides, to turn the lace and fresh button the suit his honor had made up twenty years ago, come next Lent, when he was shrieve for the county.

Rack. Nay, then it is determined.

Butt. Or he would never have gone to such an expence!

Sir Ch. Well, Billy, and what is your private opinion, after all, of this match?

Butt. It is not becoming, your honor knows, for a tradesman, like me, to give his——

Rack. Why not? Don't you think, now Billy, it is a bold undertaking for a man at his time of life?

Butt. Why, to be sure, his honor is a little stricken in years, as a body may say; and take all the care that one can, time, time, will wear the nap from even superfine cloth: Stitches tear, and elbows will out as they say.

Sir Ch. True. And besides, Bill, the bride's a meer baby.

Butt. Little better, your honor; but she is a tight bit of stuff, and, I am confident, will turn out well in the wearing. I once had some thoughts, myself, of taking measure of Miss.

Rack. Indeed!

Butt. Yes, and, to my thinking had made a pretty good progress; because why, at church, of a Sunday, she suffer'd me to look out for her the lessons and the text: and moreover, many a time and oft, we have sung psalms together out of the very same book.

Rack. That was going a good way.

Butt. Nay, besides, and more than all this, she has, at this precious minute of time, a pin-cushion by her side of my own presentation.

Rack. Ay, and how came the treaty broke off?

Butt. Why, who should step in, in the nick, but the very Squire himself.

Sir Ch. I am afraid, Bill, your beauty is a little bit of a jilt?

Butt. No, your worship, it is all along with her mother, 'cause her great aunt, by her father's side was a clergyman's daughter, she's as pragmatic and proud as the Pope; so, forsooth, nothing will please her, for Miss, but a bit of quality binding.

Rack. I knew the refusal could not come from the girl; for without a compliment, Billy, there
is

is no comparison between you and the— why you are a pretty, flight, tight, light, nimble and—

Butt. Yes, very nimble and flight, and we are both of a height. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Ch. Why, love has made Billy a poet.

Butt. No, no, quite an accident as I hope to be kifs'd.

Rack. And your rival is a fusty, foggy, lumbering old log.

Butt. For all the world like my goose, plaguy hot and damn'd heavy.

Sir Ch. Why, Billy blazes to-day.

Butt. And tho' my purse, may-hap, ben't so heavy as his'n, yet I contrives to pay every body their own.

Rack. I dare say.

Butt. Ay, and have, besides, two houses in Avon street; and, perhaps, a bit or two of land in a corner.

Sir Ch. Oh, the curmudgeonly rogue!

Butt. And, moreover, if Madam Linnet talks of families, I would have her to know, that I have as powerful relations as well as herself. Why, there's Tommy Button, my uncle's own son, that has an employment under the government.

Sir Ch. Ay, Billy, what is it?

Butt. At this very precious minute of time, he's an exciseman at Wapping.—And, besides, there is my cousin, Paul Puff, that kept the great pastry cooks shop in the Strand, now lives

lives at Brentford, and is made a justice of peace.

Rack. As this is the case, I dont think it will be difficult yet to bring matters to bear.

Sir Ch. If Bill will but follow directions.

Butt. I hope your honor never found me deficient?

Sir Ch. We will instruct you farther within. Major Racket your hand.

Butt. Let me help your—Folks may go farther and fare worse, as they say; why, I have some thoughts, if I can call in my debts, to retire into the country and set up for a gentleman.

Rack. Why not? one meets a great number of them who were never bred to the business.

Butt. I an't much of a mechanic at present, I does but just measure and cut,

Rack. No.

Butt. I don't think that I have fat cross-leg'd for these six years,

Rack. Indeed!

Butt. No. And who can tell, your honor, in a few years, if I behaves well, but like cousin Puff, I may get myself put into commmission?

Sir Ch. The worshipful William Button, Esq. It sounds well; and I can tell you, Billy, there have been magistrates made of as bad materials as yourself. [*Excunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. Mrs. Linnet's House.

Enter Mrs. LINNET and Miss LINNET.

Mrs. L. **Y**ES, Kitty, it is in vain to deny it. I am convinced there is some little, low, paltry passion, lurking in that breast of yours.

Miss L. Indeed, my dear mother, you wrong me.

Mrs. L. Indeed, my dear Miss, but I don't! What else could induce you to reject the addresses of a lover like this? Ten thousand pounds a year! Gads my life, there is not a lady in town would refuse him, let her rank be ever so——

Miss L. Not his fortune, that I firmly believe.

Mrs. L. Well! and who, now-a-days, marries for any thing else? Would you refuse an estate because it happens to be a little encumber'd? You must consider the man, in this case, as a kind of a mortgage.

Miss L. But the disproportion of years.

Mrs. L. In your favor, child,—the mortgage will be the sooner remov'd.

Miss

Miss L. Then, my dear Mother, our minds; how very widely they differ! my nature is liberal and frank, tho' I am but a little remov'd from mediocrity; but his heart, in the very bosom of wealth, is shut to every social sensation.

Mrs. L. And yet, Miss, this heart you have had the happiness to unlock. I hope you don't urge his offers to you as a proof of his passion for money! Why, you forget yourself, Kate; who, in the name of wonder do you think that you are? What, because you have a baby face, and can bawl a few ballads——

Miss L. Nay, madam, you know I was never vain of my talents; if they can procure me a decent support, and, in some measure, repay my father and you for their kind cultivation——

Mrs. L. And how long are you sure your talents, as you call them, will serve you?—Are a set of features secure against time; and won't a single sore throat destroy the boasted power of your pipe! But, suppose that should not fail, who can insure you against the whim of the public; will they always continue their favor?

Miss L. Perhaps not.

Mrs. L. What must become of you then? Now by this means you are safe, above the reach of ill fortune; besides, child, to put your own interest out of the question, have you no tender feelings for us? Consider, my love, you don't want for good nature; and your consent to this
match,

match, will, in the worst of times, secure a firm and able friend to the family.

Miss L. You deceive yourself, indeed, my dear mother: He a friend! I dare believe, the first proof you will find of his friendship, will be, his positive commands to break off all correspondence with every relation I have.

Mrs. L. That's a likely story indeed!—Well, child, I must set your father to work, I find what little weight my arguments have.

Lady CATHERINE COLDSTREAM, without.

Lady C. Is Mrs. Lynnet within?

Mrs. L. Oh, here comes a protectress of yours, Lady Catherine Coldstream; submit the matter to her Ladyship, she can have no views, is well read in the ways of the world, and has your interest sincerely at heart.

Enter Lady CATHERINE. *

Lady C. How is aw wi you Mestress Lynnet, and Mefs,—what a dickens is the maiter wi Mefs? she seems got quite in the dumps; I thought you were aw ready to jump out of your fkenes at the bonny prospect afore you.

E

Mrs.

* This Scotch character was wrote purposely for Mrs. Fearon, a Scotch woman, who was brought by Mr. Foote from Scotland; and she played it exceeding well, being blessed with a pure native accent.

Mrs. L. Indeed I wish your Ladyship would take Kitty to task, for what I can say signifies nothing.

Lady C. Ah, that's aw wrong, what has been the maiter, Mefs Ketty? You ken well enouk, that children owe an implicit concession to their parents; it is nae for bairns to litigate the wull of their friends.

Mrs. L. Especially, my Lady, in a case where their own happiness is so nearly concerned; there is no persuading her to accept of Mr. Flint's offers.

Lady C. Gads marcy, Miss, how comes aw this about! donna you think you ha drawn a brow ticket in the lottery of life? donna you ken that the mon is laird of aw the lond in the country.

Miss L. Your Ladyship knows, that real happiness does not depend upon wealth.

Lady C. Ah, Miss, but it is a bonny ingredient; donna you think, Mestrefs Lynnet, the lass has got some other lad in her heed. *

Mrs. L. Your Ladyship joins in judgment with me. I have charg'd her, but she stoutly denies it.

Lady C. Mefs, you munna be bashful; an you'd solicit a cure, your physician mun ken the cause of your malady.

Miss L. Your Ladyship may believe me, I have no complaint of that kind.

Lady

* The Scotch pronounciation for Head.

Lady C. The las is obstinate; Mestrefs Lynnet canna yoursel gi a gues?

Mrs. L. I can't say that I have observ'd. Indeed, some time ago, I was inclined to believe Mr. Button——

Lady C. What yon taylor in Stall Street! eich Mrs. Lynnet, you are aw out in your gues. The las is o'er weel bred, and o'er soncy, to gi her heart to sic a bourgeois as he, Wully Button; na, na, ne is na the lad of aw.

Mrs. L. Major Racket, I once thought; but your Ladyship knows his affairs took a different turn.

Lady C. Ay, Racket! that is another Mons matter; lasses are apt enouk to set their hearts upon scarlet; a cockade, you ken, hath muckle charms wi our sex; yes, yes, yes. Weel Mefs, blaws the wund fra that corner?

Miss L. Does your Ladyship think, to dislike Mr. Flint, it is absolutely necessary to have a prepossession for any body else?

Lady C. Mrs. Lynnet, an you wull withdraw for a while, perhaps Mefs may throw off her reserve when there's nobody bye but ourfels; a mother, you ken, may be ane o're mony sometimes.

Mrs. L. Your Ladyship is most exceedingly kind; doy' hear, Kitty? Mind what her Ladyship says, do, my dear, and be rul'd by your freinds, they are older and wiser than you. [*Exit Mrs. L.*

Lady C. Weel, Mefs! what's the cause of aw this? What makes you so averse to the wull of your friends?

Miss L. Your ladyship knows Mr. Flint.

Lady C. Ay, unco weel.

Miss L. Can your ladyship then be at a los for a cause?

Lady C. I canna say maister Flent is quite an Adonis; but wha is it that in matrimony gets aw that they wush? When I intermarried wi Sir Launcelot Cauldstream I was een sik a straicht spright lass as yoursel; and the baronet bordering on his grand climacterick. You mun ken Mefs, my father was sae unfonsy as to gang out with Charley in forty-five, after which his fidelity was rewarded by France, with a commission that did na bring him in a bawbee, and a pension that he never was paid. *

Miss L. Infamous ingratitude!

Lady C. Ay, Mefs, but I donna think they will find any mair sic fules in the north.

Miss L. I hope not!

Lady C. After this you canna think, Mefs, there was mickle filler for us poor bairns who were left at hame, so that in troth I was e'en glad to get an establishment and ne'er heeded the disparity between the gude mon and mysel.

Miss L.

* A just ridicule on the easy faith of the rebels, and the villany and ingratitude of the French who promoted that rebellion.

Miss L. Your ladyship gave great proofs of your prudence, but my affairs are not altogether so desperate.

Lady C. God's mercy, Mefs, I hope you donna make ony comparifon between Lady Catharine Cauldstream, wha has the best blood in aw Scotland running in her veins!

Miss L. I hope your ladyship does not fuppose——

Lady C. A Lady lineally defcended from the great Offian himfel, and allied to aw the illuftrious houfes abraid and at hame!

Miss L. I beg your ladyship——

Lady C. And Ketty Linnet! a little wee playacor wha gets applauded or hefs'd juft een as the mobility wulls! *

Miss L. I am extremely concerned that——

Lady C. Lookee, Mefs, I wull cut the mater very fhort, you ken well enouk the firft nortice that ere I took of you, was on your acting in Allen Ramfay's play of Paty and Roger; ere fine I ha been your faft friend; but an you continue
obftinate

* To understand this rightly, the reader muft know, that players are held, even now, in abhorrence by the generality of the Scotch. Thofe whose prejudices are obliterated by their connections with us, think and fpeak more like rational, and pay a comedian, of a good moral character, as much refpect as any other member of fociety.

obstinate, and wull nae fae come, * I shall straight withdraw my protection.

Miss L. I shall be extremely unhappy in losing your ladyship's favor.

Lady C. Mefs, that depends on yoursel.

Miss L. Well, Madam! as a proof how highly I rate it, and how desirous I am of obeying the commands of my parents, it shan't be my fault if their wisheş are not accomplish'd.

Lady C. That's aw right my Kitty! gy me a kefs! you are the prudent las I thought you. Love, Mefs, is a pastime for boys and green girls, aw stuff, fit for naithing but novels and romances, there is nothing solid, nae stability—

Miss L. Madam!

Lady C. But to fix your fortune at yonce, to get aboon the power of the world, that child is a serious concern.

Mrs. LINNET, without.

Mrs. L. With your ladyship's leave?

Lady C. Mrs. Linnet, you may come in. Your daughter is brought to a proper sense of her duty, and is ready to coincide with your wish.

Mrs. L. We are infinitely bound to your ladyship—this is lucky indeed! Mr. Flint is now below, and begs to be admitted.

Lady C.

* *Sae come*—A Scottishism for compliance.

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Lady C. Ah, the mon comes just in the nick, shew him up in the instant. [*Exit Mrs. Linnet.*] Now Ketty, now's your time, donna be shy lafs, but throw out aw your attractions, and fix him that he canna gang back.

Miss L. Madam, I hope to behave——

Lady C. Gads mercy how the girl trembles and quakes; come pluck up a heart, and consider your aw is at stake.

Miss L. I am afraid I shall be hardly able to say a fingle——

Lady C. Suppose then you sing—gi him a sang—there is naething moves a love-sick loon mair than a sang—Hark! I hear the lad on the stairs; but let the words be aw melting and fast—the Scots tunes, you ken, are unco pathetic.—Sing him the Berks * of Ender-May, or the Braes † of Ballendene, or the—[*Enter Mr. Flint, and Mrs. Linnet.*] Maister Flent, your Servant;—there, Sir, you ken the lafs of your heart;—I have laid for you a pretty solid foundation, but as to the edefice you mun e'en erect it yoursel.

[*Exit Lady C.*

Fl. Please your ladyship——I'll do my endeavours. Madam Linnet, I have made bold to bring you a present,—a small paper of tea in my pocket; you will order the kettle on.

Mrs.

* In English it means Broom.

† Braes are Green Banks.

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Mrs. L. Oh Sir! you need not have —

Fl. I was not willing to put you to any expence. [*Exit Mrs. L.*] Hum! well, Miss, I understand here by my Lady, that she, that is, that you, that I, with respect and regard to the — hum; wont you please to be seated?

Miss L. Sir!—My lover seems as confus'd as myself. (*Aside.*)

Fl. I say, Miss, that, as I was a saying, (*here they are seated*) your friends here, have, a—spoken to you, all, how and about it?

Miss L. About it! about what?

Fl. Why about this here business here that I came here about; pray Miss are you fond of the country?

Miss L. Of the country!

Fl. Ay, Miss, because why, I think it is the most prettiest place for your true lovers to live in; something so rural! for my particular I can't see what pleasure pretty Misses can take in galloping to plays and to balls, and such like expensive vagaries, I hates to be stived up in a room; there is ten times more pastime in fetching walks in the fields, in plucking of daisies——

Miss L. Hay-making, feeding the poultry, and milking the cows.

Fl. Right Miss!

Miss L. It must be owned they are pretty employments for ladies.

Fl.

Fl. Yes; for as my mother used to say, who between ourselves was a notable housewife,

Your folks that are idle,
May live to bite on the bridle!

Miss L. What a happiness to have been bred under so prudent a parent!

Fl. Ay, Miss, you will have reason to say so; for her maxims have put many a pretty pound in my pocket.

Miss L. How does that concern me?

Fl. Because why as the saying is,
Tho' I was the maker——

Miss may be the partaker.

Miss L. Sir, you are very obliging.

Fl. I can tell you such offers are not every day to be met with; only think, Miss, to have victuals and drink constantly found you without cost or care on your side,—especially too now meat is so dear.*

Miss L. Considerations by no means to be slighted.

Fl. Moreover, and that you may live and appear like my wife, I fully and wholly intends to keep you a coach!

Miss L. Indeed!

Fl. Yes, and you shall command the horses whenever you please,—unless during the harvest, and when they are employed in ploughing and carting;

* This was introduced at the time of raising the price of meat.

carting ;—because why, the main chance must be minded you know.

Miss L. True, true.

Fl. Tho' I don't think you will be vastly fond of coaching it about ;—for why, we are off of the turnpike, and the roads are deadly deep about we.

Miss L. What, you intend to reside in the country then?

Fl. Without doubt, for then Miss I shall be sure to have you all to myself!

Miss L. An affectionate motive ; but even in this happy state, where the most perfect union prevails, some solitary hours will intrude, and the time hang now and then heavily on our hands.

Fl. What, in the country, my dear Miss ! not a minute, you will find all pastime and jollity there ! for Miss, what with minding the dairy, dunning the tenants, scolding the servants, nursing the children, preserving and pickling, mending and making, roasting, boiling, and baking, you wont have a moment to spare,—you will be merry and happy as the days they are long !

Miss L. I am afraid the days will be hardly long enough to execute so extensive a plan of enjoyment !

Fl. Never you fear ; besides, I am told, Miss, you write an exceeding pretty, tolerable, good hand—

Miss L. Pretty well, I believe.

Fl. Then, Miss, there is more pleasure in store, I'll make you my clerk as a justice of peace, that

you

you may share sixpence out of every warrant to buy you any little thing you may want. *

Miss L. That is finely imagin'd!

Fl. And then, Miss, at the end of the year what a comfort, after all this pleasure, to find oneself in pocket beside!

Miss L. True, Sir! As your enjoyments are chiefly domestic, I presume you have contriv'd to make home as convenient as can be; you have, Sir, good gardens no doubt.

Fl. Gardens! Ay, ay; Why, Miss, before the great parlour window there grows a couple of yews as tall as a mast, and as thick as a steeple, and the boughs cast so delightful a shade, that you can't see your hand in any part of the room!

Miss L. A most delicate gloom!

Fl. And then there constantly roosts in the trees, a curious couple of owls, which I wont suffer our folks to disturb, as they make so rural a noise in the night.

Miss L. A most charming duet!

Fl. And besides, Miss, they pay for their lodgings, as they are counted very good mousers you know.

Miss L. True! but within doors, your mansion is capacious, and——

F 2

Fl.

* The person here aim'd at, is a certain justice, whose Lady serves him in capacity of clerk, and of course purloins the perquisites.

Fl. Capacious! yes, yes, capacious enough! you may stretch your legs without crossing the threshold—in the winter you may walk till you are warm, without wanting a fire. Why we go up stairs and down into every room of the house!—to be sure, at present, it is a little out of repair; not that it rains in, where the casements are whole, at above five or six places.

Miss L. Your prospects are pleasing?

Fl. From off the top of the leads; for why, I have boarded up most of the windows in order to avoid paying the tax; but to my thinking, our bedchamber, Miss, is the most pleasantest part of the house.

Miss L. Oh, Sir, you are very polite!

Fl. No, Miss, it is not for that; but you must know, Miss, that there is a large bow-window facing the East, that does finely for drying of herbs; it is hung round with hatchments of all the folks that have died in the family; and then the pidgeon-house is over our heads.

Miss L. The Pidgeon-house!

Fl. Yes; and there every morning we shall be waked at day break with their murmuring, cooing, and courting, that will make it as pleasant and fine as can be.

Miss L. Ravishing! Well, Sir, it must be confessed you have given me a most bewitching picture of pastoral life; your place is a perfect
arcadia.

arcadia ; but I am afraid half the charms are derived from the painter's flattering pencil,

Fl. Not heighten'd a bit, as yourself shall be judge ; and then, as to company, Miss, you may have plenty of that whenever you will, for we have as pretty a neighbourhood as a body can wish.

Miss L. Really !

Fl. There is the widow Kilderkin, who keeps the Adam and Eve, at the end of the town, quite an agreeable body ! indeed the death of her husband has drove the poor woman to tipple a bit ;—farmer Dobbins's daughter, and doctor Surplice, our curate, and his wife, a vast conversible woman,—if she was not altogether so deaf.

Miss L. A very sociable set ! Why Sir, plac'd in this paradise, there is nothing left you to wish.

Fl. Yes, Miss, but there is——

Miss L. Ay, what can that be ?

Fl. The very same that our grandpapa Adam had, to have a beautiful Eve by my side, (*both rising*) Would the lovely Linnet permit me to lead her to that bower, nothing loath——

Miss L. Oh, excess of gallantry !

Fl. Would her sweet breath but deign to kindle, and blow up my hopes.

Miss L. Oh, Mr. Flint, I must not suffer this for your sake ; a person of your importance and rank !

Fl. A young Miss of your great merit and beauty——

Miss

Miss L. A gentleman so accomplished and rich!

Fl. Whose perfections are not only the talk of the Bath, but of Bristol and Gloucester, and the whole country round!

Miss L. Oh, Mr. Flint, this is too——

Fl. Her goodness, her grace, her duty, her decency, wisdom and wit, her shape, slimmness and size, with her lovely black eyes, so elegant, engaging, alluring, perfuming, so modest, so prudent, so pious, and if I am rightly informed, Miss, you have a sweet pretty pipe.

Miss L. This is such a profusion of——

Fl. Permit me, Miss, to solicit a specimen of your seraphic cherubimical voice.

Miss L. Why, Sir, as your extravagant compliments have left me nothing to say, I think the best thing I can do is to sing. (*Here they are seated.*)

S O N G.

The Birks of Endermay; To a Scotch Tune.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,

Invite the tuneful birds to sing:

And while they warble from each spray,

Love melts the universal lay.

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,

Like them improve the hour that flies;

And, in soft raptures, waste the day,

*Among the Birks of Endermay. **

Fl.

* Only this one verse of the song was sung.

Fl. Enchanting, ravishing sounds! Not the Nine Muses themselves, nor Mrs. Baddely * is equal to you!

Miss L. Oh fie, Sir!

Fl. May I flatter myself that the words of that song were directed to me.

Miss L. Should I make such a confession I should ill deserve the character you have been pleased to bestow.

Enter Lady CATHERINE GOLD-
STREAM.

Lady C. Come, come, Maister Flent, set your heart at rest, lassies are apt to be modest and shy,—then take her answer frae me, prepare the minister and aw the rest of the taickle, and you'll find us ready to gang to kirk in the morning—

Fl. Miss, may I rely on what her ladyship says?

Lady C. Gad's mercy! I think the mon's bewitch'd,—that he wanna take a woman of quality's word for sic a trifling thing as a wife!

Fl. Your ladyship will impute it all to my hopes, and my doubts, and my fears—then I may directly set about getting the needful? *(Going.)*

Lady C. Gang your gait as fast as you list—

Fl. (Returning.) Lord blefs me I have such a head—I had like to have forgot—my joys and my hopes were—I have put up a few presents, if Miss will deign to accept—

Lady

* Hinting at the Praise Mrs. Baddely so deservedly acquired in the song of Sweet Willy O!

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Lady C. That's aw right—as matters now stand there is nae harm in her accepting of presents frae you.—Maister Flent, you may produce.

Fl. (*Pulling out his Purse.*) It's a hard matter to get any thing out of my purse; here's first and foremost a Porto Bello pocket-piece of *Admirable Vernon* on one side, and six men of war only, on full sail, on t'other.

Lady C. Yes, yes, yes, it's a curious medalion (*presenting it to Lady C. who gives it to Miss L.*

Fl. Secondly, Here's a queen Ann's half crown, as fresh as out of the Mint. I could have had two shillings and seven-pence halfpenny for it.

Lady C. Ay, it's in very fine preservation, (*giving it to Miss L.*)

Fl. Thirdly, Here are a pair of mourning rings, —that which was left me by my aunt Botherem, might, I should think, do very well for the approaching happy occasion.

Lady C. How! a mourning ring!

Fl. No, my lady, not because of the mourning; but on account of the motto, it's so pretty and apt and pat.

Lady C. Ay! What is it Mr. Flent?

Fl. True till death——

Shall stop my breath.

Lady C. Aich, Mefs, it contains muckle morality (*giving it.*)

Fl. And, fourthly and lastly; if I have not forgot it, (*searching his pocket*) a silver coral and bells,

bells, (*pulling it out*) with only a bit of the coral broke off when I was cutting my grinders (*whistling*) it has a pretty sound. It was given me by my god-father Slingby. I hope, Miss, it will come in use again before the year comes about.

Lady C. Nae doubt, nae doubt, leave that matter to us. I warrant we'll impede the family of the Flents frae fawing into oblivion.

Fl. Do you think we shall? I shall be glad of that however, if its only to get a son to enjoy my estate: for, at present there is not a person in the world I care a farthing about.

Lady C. Make nae doubt; but Mr. Flent, you'd better gang your gait and prepare the tackle.

Fl. I'll get the needful directly.—My Lady your very obedient, most humble, and very—Miss, your ever admiring, and transported—Oh Lord!

[*Exit.*

Lady C. A foncey lad this Maister Flent.—You see, Miss, he has a meaning in aw that he does—

Miss L. Might I be permitted to alter your Ladyship's words, I should rather say, a meanness in all that he does.

Lady C. Its nae muckle maiter what the mon is at present.: In a little time you may mould him to any thing that you list.

Miss L. I am afraid he is not made of such pliant materials; however, the dye is cast and I

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cannot retreat. But suppose, my Lady, he should refuse to——

Lady C. You ken, Mess, that this treaty was begun under my mediation; and gin he should dare to draw back, Lady Catherine Cauldstream would soon find means to punish his perfidy. Come awa Mess.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Bear Inn.*

Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE, SOUR
GROUT, DE JARSEY, MAJOR
RACKET, and POULTICE, discovered
at Table, with wine, &c.

Sir Ch. **W**E must take care that Flint does
not surprize us, for the scoundrel is
very suspicious.

Rack. There is no danger of that; I lodg'd
him safely at Linnet's; Button stands centry at the
end of the street, so that we shall be instantly ap-
prized of every motion he makes.

Poul. Well manag'd, my Major.

Sir Ch. Yes, yes, the cunning young dog knows
very well what he's about.

Sour. G. Upon my vord, Major Racket, has de
very fine disposition to make a figure at de head
of de Army, five or six German Campaigns vill—
Ah, ah, dat is de best school in de world for make
de var.

Sir Ch. Five or six German campaigns!

Sow. G. Ay, Chevalie; vat you fay to dat?

Sir Ch. Oh, Mynheer, nothing at all; a German war, for ought I know, may be a very good school, but it is a damn'd expensive education for us! *

De J. Cet vrai Cheyalier, dat is all true, cet pais la, dat place is the grave for the Frenchman, and de fine English guinea, diable m'eporte. †

Sir Ch. True, Monsieur, but our guineas are rather worse off than your men, for they stand no chance of rising again.

De J. Ha! ha! dat is very well, le Chevalier have beaucoup d'Esprit, great deal of wit ma foy.

Sir Ch. And you have a great deal of sincerity, ma foy (*mimicking him.*)

Rack. I think the Knight is in luck; but don't let us lose sight of our subject. You, gentlemen, are all perfect in the several parts you are to play?

All. Ay, ay.

Rack. You Mynheer Sour Grout.—

Sour

* There is so much truth and justice in this remark, that it is sufficient of itself to destroy the political maxim of America's being conquered in Germany.

† Our successes in the last German war, great and glorious as they were, were very inadequate to the millions that were sunk in maintaining it.

Sour. G. I understand ; I will pique his honor, de pride of his famille.— *

Rack. Right,—Poultice.—

Poul. I will alarm him on the side of his health.

Sir Ch. Next to his money, the thing in the world he most minds.

Rack. You, De Jarfey, and Button, will employ all your eloquence on the prudential side of the—Oh, De Jarfy, here's the draft for the pipe of port that I purchas'd.—

De J. Dat is right.

Rack. The only receipt in the world to get bawds, burroughs, or Frenchmen : † Oh, here Billy comes. [*Enter Button.*] Well, Billy, what news ?

Butt. I am vast afraid, as how all matters are concluded at last,

Rack. Ay, prithee, why so ?

Butt. Because why, in ten minutes after you went, out bolted the Squire, and hurry scurry'd away to Layer Latitats, who you know arrestes tenants, and does all his concerns.

Rack.

* The reader must understand, that notwithstanding the natural haughtiness of a German, it is against their law for certain ranks in Germany to degrade the dignity of their ancestors by an alliance with a person of an inferior family.

† Scarce any observation is necessary to justify the truth of this satirical climax.

Rack. True! Well, Billy.

Butt. I suppose to give him orders about drawing the writings.

Sir Ch. Not unlikely; but you think Flint will come to the club?

Butt. There is no manner of doubt; because why, he hollo'd to me from over the way, what, Billy, I suppose you are bound to the Bear; well, boy, I shall be hard at your heels; and he seem'd in prodigious vast spirits.

Rack. I am mistaken if we don't lower them a little. Well, gentlemen, the time of action draws nigh, and it is time, Knight, for us to decamp.

Sir Ch. When you will Major; (*rising.*)

Rack. I think, Sir Christopher, you lodge in the same house with the Linnets.

Sir Ch. Just over their heads.

Rack. Then thither we'll go, ten to one if our plot operates as I expect, but the hero will return to their house.

Sir Ch. Most likely.

Rack. We are come to a crisis, and the catastrophe of our piece can't be very far off.

Sir Ch. I wish, like other plays, it don't end in a marriage.

Rack. Then I shall be most confoundly bit; but come Knight.

Sir Ch. Rot you, I do as fast as I can.—I can't think, Major Racket, what the deuce makes you
so

so warm in this business, there is certainly something at bottom that I don't comprehend; but do Major have pity upon the poor girl, upon my soul she is a sweet little Syren, so innocent—and,

Rack. Poo, poo, don't be absurd, I thought that matter had been fully explain'd, this, Knight, is no time to look back; but suppose now I should have a little mischief in hand.

Sir Ch. How, of what kind?

Rack. Be innocent of the knowledge, dear Knight, till thou applaud the deed.

Sir Ch. It is very extraordinary, Major Racket, if you are determin'd to make the devil a visit, that you can't pay it alone; or if you must have company, what a pox makes you always think of fixing on me?

Rack. Heyday! what in the vapors again? we must have t'other sneaker of punch.

Sir Ch. You are mistaken,—that won't have power to change the state of my mind, my resolves are too firm.

Rack. And who wishes to break them? I only ask your assistance to-night, and your reformation you recollect does not begin till to-morrow.

Sir Ch. That's true indeed; but no human power shall prevail on me to put off any longer than to-morrow.

Rack. Or the next day at farthest.

[*Sir Ch.*

48 THE MAID OF BATH.

Sir Ch. May I be damn'd if I do.*

[*Exeunt Racket and Sir Christopher.*]

Poul. Come, lads, light your pipes, which of us shall be first to attack.—Billy——

Butt. Won't it be rather too bold for me to begin?

Poul. Then let us leave it to chance—hush!—
I hear him lumbering in,—compose your looks,
and let his reception be solemn and grave.

Butt. Leave that chair for him.

Enter FLINT.

Fl. Ah, how fares it my lads! Well, boys, matters are settled at last, the little Kate has complied, and to-morrow is fix'd for the day.

Poul. You have settled it then?

Fl. As firm as a rock.

Poul. So you can't retreat if you would?

Fl. Retreat! I have no such design.

Poul. You han't?

Fl. No, to be sure, you great fool! What the deuce would Poullice be at?

Poul. Nay, then, neighbours, what we have been saying will just signify nothing.

Fl. Saying! why you have not heard? that is, nobody has——

Poul.

* The irresolution of a valetudinarian could not be possibly painted in stronger colours than by this jumble of swearing and reforming.

THE MAID OF BATH. 49

Poul. No, nothing very material, only—but as the matter is carried so far——

Fl. So far! Why I hope you have not found out any flaw; Kitty has not.——

Poul. No, no, no, nothing of that; no upon my word I believe a very modest, prudent, pious, good girl, neighbours——

All. No manner of doubt.

Fl. Well then! but what a plague is the meaning of this, you all look as silent and glum, why can't you speak up with a pox?

Poul. Why, Squire, as we all are your fix'd friends, we have been canvassing the matter amongst us.

Fl. You have!

Poul. Marriage, you know very well, is no trifling affair, too much caution and care can't be us'd.

Fl. That I firmly believe, which has made me defer it so long.

Poul. Pray lend me your hand; (*feeling his pulse*;) how is the state of your health; do you find yourself hearty and stout. *

Fl. I think so; that is I, you han't observ'd any bad symptoms of late?

Poul. No, but you us'd to have pains flying about you.

H

Fl.

* The manner of conducting this scene was reckon'd a master stroke of dramatical ingenuity.

Fl. Formerly, but since I have fixed my gout to a fit they are gone; that, indeed, lays me up for four or five months in a year.

Poul. A pretty long spill, and in such a case do you think now that marriage——

Fl. The most best receipt in the world; why that, man, was one of my motives, wives you know are allowed to make very good nurses.

Poul. That, indeed.

Fl. Ay, and then they are always at hand; and besides they don't cost one a farthing.

Poul. True, true, why you look very jolly and stout—does he not.

Fl. Jolly and stout!

All. Exceedingly.

Poul. And yet he can't be less than,—let me see—was not you under old Syntax, at Wells?

Fl. I left the school the year he died.

Poul. That must be a good forty years since.

Fl. Come sheep-shearing next, Mr. Poullice.

Poul. Then, Squire, you are hard upon sixty?

Fl. Not far away, Master Poullice.

Poul. And Miss Linnet, sixteen! you are a bold man! not but there are instances, tho' they are not very common indeed, where men have survived many years such disproportionate matches.

Fl. Surviv'd! and why should they not?

Poul. But then their stamina must be prodigiously strong.

Flint. Stamina!

Poul.

Poul. Let us see, Button, there was doctor Dottage who married the Devonshire girl, he liv'd a matter of——

Butt. No, no, he dropp'd off in six months.

Poul. True, true, I had forgot——

Fl. Lord have mercy !

Butt. Indeed an old master of mine, Sir Harry O Tuff, is alive, and walks about to this day.——

Poul. Ay, but you forget where Sir Harry was born, and how soon his lady eloped. *

Butt. O, in the honey moon with captain Pike of the guards, I minds it full well.

Fl. That indeed alters the case. Well, well, but, Billy, you are not serious in this, you don't think there is any danger of death ?

Butt. As to the matter of death the Doctor knows better than I, because why, that's in his way ; but I shall never forget Colonel Crazy, one of the best customers that ever I——I never think of him without dropping a tear,

Fl. Why, what was the matter with him.

Poul. Married Lady Barbara Bounce, as it might be, on the Monday at midnight.

Fl. Well !

Butt. But never more saw the sweet face of the sun !

* A satire on our modern fashionable elopements.

Fl. What did he die! *

Butt. Within an hour after throwing the stocking.

Fl. Good Lord! That was dreadful indeed! Of what age might he be?

Butt. About your time of life, Squire.

Fl. That is vastly alarming! Lord Bless me, Billy, I am all of a tremble!

Butt. Ay, truly, it behoves you, Squire, to consider what you are about.

Fl. True, Billy, true.

Butt. Then what a world of money must go in running backwards and forwards to town and jaunting to see all the fine fights in the place.

Fl. I shan't take her to many of them; perhaps I may shew her the parliament houses, and plays, and Boodles and Bedlam, and my Lord Mayor and the Lions. †

Butt. Then the vast heap of fine cloaths you must make up!

Fl. What occasion for that?

Butt,

* This is a known fact—The gentleman expired in the night, and was found dead by his Lady next morning,—the shock was so great that she continues to this day bereft of her senses.

† It was wrote about the Time of the Lord Mayor's confinement in the Tower,

Butt. As you ar'n't known, there is no doing without; becaufe why, every body paffes there for what they appear.

Fl. Right, Billy; but I believe I have found out a way to do that pretty cheap.

Butt. Which way is that Squire?

Fl. You have feen the minifter that's come to tack us together?

Butt. I have; is he a fine man in the pulpit?

Fl. He don't care much to meddle with preaching and praying; but he is a prodigious patriot, and a great politician to boot. *

Butt. Ay, and has left behind him, at Paris, a choice collection of curious rich cloaths, which he has promised to fell me a penn'orth, †

Poul. Pooh! What Billy talks of are trifles to the evils you are too expect: to have a young girl breaking in upon all your old ways; your afternoon's nap interrupted, and perhaps not fuffered to take your pipe of a night.

Fl. No!

Poul. All your former friends forbidden your houfe.

Fl.

* The Rev. Mr. Horne.

† Alluding to the well known story of a trunk full of cloaths left at Paris by Mr. H. in which were fo many different fuits, that the parfon could be a captain one day and a quaker the next; the third a petite maitre, and the fourth a parfon again; and a phyfician with the addition of a fword.

Fl. The fewer come in the less will go out ;
I shan't be very sorry for that.

Poul. To make room for her own numerous
clan, who after all won't even vouchsafe you a
nod.

Fl. Not a soul of them shall enter the doors.

Poul. A brood of babes at your board, whose
fathers she wou'd not, herself, find it easy to
name.

Fl. To prevent that I'll lock her up in a room.

Poul. The King's Bench will break open your
door.

Fl. Then I'll turn her out of the house.

Poul. And her debts will throw you into a
jail.

Fl. Who told you so ?

Poul. A dozen of proctors.

Fl. Then I will hang myself out of the way.

Poul. By which she will become possessed of
her jointure, and her creditors foreclose your
estate.

Fl. O Lord ! What a miserable poor toad is a
a husband, whose misfortunes not even death
itself can relieve !

Butt. Think of that, Squire, before it is too
late.

Fl. Well, but friends, neighbours, what the
deuce can I do ! Are you all of a mind ?

All. All,

De J.

THE MAID OF BATH. 55

De J. Dere is no question at all : vat, a garcon of your ancien famille to take up with a pauvre petite bourgoise!

Fl. Does that never happen in the French country Mounseer?

De J. Never but when Monsieur De Baron is very great Beggar, and la Bourgoise has domn'd deal de guinea.

Fl. O Lord! that is none of our case, for she is as poor as a church-mouse, and 'tis I have the domn'd deal de guinea. Mynheer Sour Grout, do your people never make up such matches.

Sour G. Never! never! What a German dishonor his stocks! I never was known such a ding. Why, Maister Flint, should Mistress Lynnet bring you de children for de ten generation to come, they could not be ehose de Channon of Strafbourgh.

Fl. No! O Lord, what a parcel of poor miserable devils they would be!

Poul. So, Squire, you see, take it which way you will, what dreadful danger you shun!

Fl. I do! I do!

Poul. Los of friends!

Butt. Pipe and afternoon's nap!

Sour G. Your family gone to de dogs!

De J. Your peace of mind to de devil!

Poul. Your health!

Butt.

Butt. Your wealth!

Poul. Plate, money, and manors!

All. Your, your——

Fl. Enough, enough! Dear neighbours, enough! I feel, I feel it too well! Lord of mercy what a miserable scrape am I in! And here too, not an hour ago, it has cost me the Lord knows what in making her presents!

Poul. Never mind that, you had better part with half you are worth in the world!

Fl. True, true; well then I'll go and break off all matters this minute.

Poul. The wisest thing you can do.

Butt. The sooner the better, Squire.

Fl. No doubt, no doubt, in the—(*going and stops to consider*) Billy Button!

Butt. Squire, (*advancing to him.*)

Fl. She is a vast pretty girl! I should be heartily sorry to lose her. Don't think one could not get her on easier terms than marriage?

Butt. It is but trying however.

Fl. To tell truth, Billy, I have always had that in my head. I have thought of a project that will answer my purpose.

Butt. Ay, Squire, what is it?

Fl. I won't tell; Billy, if I should get her consent, and you will take her off my hands when I begin to grow tired, I will settle ten pounds a-year upon you for both of your lives!

Butt. Without paying the taxes?

Fl.

Fl. That matter we will talk of hereafter, little Billy. [*Exit Flint.*]

Poul. So, so, we have settled this business however.

Butt. No more thoughts of his taking a wife.

Poul. He would sooner be tied to a gibbet. But, Billy, step after him;—they will let you in at Sir Christopher Cripples; observe all that passes, and bring us, Bill, a faithful account.

Butt. I will, I will; but where shall you be?

Poul. Above, in the Phenix, we will not stir out of the house; but be very exact.

Bill. Never fear. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene changes to *Miss Linnets.*]

MISS LINNET, alone.

Miss L. Heigh ho! What a sacrifice am I going to make; but it is the will of those who have a right to all my obedience, and to that will I submit. (*Loud knocking at the door.*) Bless me! who can that be at this time of night? Our friends may err, and projects, the most prudentially pointed, may miss of their aim; but age and experience demand respect and attention, and the undoubted kindness of our parents designs claims on our part, at least a grateful and ready compliance.

I

Enter

Enter NANCY.

Miss L. Nancy, who was that at the door?

Nancy. Mr. Flint, Miss, begs the favor of speaking five words.

Miss L. I was in hopes to have had this night, at least, to myself. Where is my mother?

Nancy. In the next room with lady Catherine, consulting about your cloaths for the morning.

Miss L. He is here. Very well, you may go.

Enter FLINT.

Fl. Thank you Mrs. Nancy.—I'll give you the first crooked six-pence I get. [*Exit Nancy.*] She is alone as I wish'd. Miss, I beg pardon for intruding at this time of night; but—

Miss L. Sir!

Fl. You can't wonder that I desire to enjoy your good company every minute I can.

Miss L. Those minutes, a short space will, Mr. Flint, place in your own power; if, till then, you had permitted me to—

Fl. Right, Miss, but to say truth, I wanted to have a little serious talk with you—all how and about it. I think, Miss, you agree, if we marry, to go off to the country directly?

Miss L. If we marry! Is it then a matter of doubt?

Fl. Why, I will tell you Miss, with regard to myself, you know, I am one of the most antientest families all the country round!

Miss

Miss L. Without doubt.

Fl. And as to money and land, in these parts, I believe few people can match me,

Miss L. Perhaps not.

Flint. And as to yourself, I don't speak in a disparaging way; your friends are but low folks, and your fortune just nothing at all.

Miss L. True, Sir; but this is no new discovery, you knew this before.

Fl. Hear me out, Miss. Now as I bring all these good things on my side, and you have nothing to give in return but your love, I ought to be pretty certain of the possession of that.

Miss L. I hope the properly discharging all the duties of that condition, which I am shortly to owe to your favor, will give you convincing proofs of my gratitude,

Fl. Pshaw! your gratitude, Miss! but I talk of your love; and of that, if I marry, I must have plain and positive proofs.

Miss L. Proofs! of what kind?

Fl. There is but one that I know,

Miss L. What is it?

Flint. Can't you guess?

Miss L. Not I on my word!

Fl. Why, lookee, Miss, I am a man of vast prodigious delicacy, and my delicacy requires, that you steal away with me directly to my lodgings.

Miss L. Your lodgings!

Fl. There stay the whole night, and in the morning, when my delicacy is satisfied, we'll march away to the abbey and be married.

Miss L. Sir!

Fl. In short, Miss, I must have this proof of your love; or not a syllable more of the marriage.

Miss L. Give me patience!

Fl. Come, Miss, we have not a minute to lose; the coast is clear, and should any body come in, you will put it out of my power to do what I design.

Miss L. Power! Hands off Mr. Flint.—Power! I promise you, Sir, you never shall have me in your power—

Fl. How, Miss!

Miss L. Despicable Wretch! from what part of my character could your vanity derive a hope, that I would submit to your infamous purpose?

Fl. Lord Miss, don't be in such a—

Miss L. To put principle out of the question; not a creature, who has the least tincture of pride, could fall a victim to such a contemptible wretch!

Fl. Why, but Miss,—

Miss L. It is true, in compliance with the earnest request of my friends, I had consented to sacrifice my peace to their pleasure; and tho' reluctant would have given you my hand—

Fl.

Fl. And a vast pretty present I should have had.

Miss L. What motive, but obedience to them, could I have had in forming an union with you! Did you think I was struck with your personal merit—

Fl. Why not!

Miss L. Or that the fordidness of your mind and manners could tempt me?

Fl. Really, Miss, this is carrying the—

Miss L. You have wealth, I confess, but where would have been the advantage to me? As a reward for becoming your drudge, I might, perhaps, have received a scanty subsistence; but I can never suppose you would grant the free use of that to your wife, which your meanness has denied to yourself.

Fl. So, so, so,—you'll alarm the whole house!

Miss L. The whole house! The whole town shall be acquainted with—

Fl. So let them and they will—A pretty extravagant house I am got into—Two candles a burning! (*blows one out.*)

Miss L. Sure the greatest misfortune that poverty brings in its train, is the subjecting us to the insults of wretches, like this, who have no other merit than what their money bestows.

Fl. What a damnable vixen!

Miss

Miss L. Go, Sir, leave the house; I am aſham'd you have had the power to move me: and never more let me be ſhock'd with your appearance.

Fl. What, I have moved you, have I? Why then you ſhall be even with me, and ſo you ſhall move me. (*As he is going Lady Coldſtream ſpeaks without.*)

Lady C. How's aw wi you w ithen?

Fl. O Lord! here's the Scotch woman again!

Enter Lady CATHERINE COLDSTREAM
and Mrs. LINNET.

Lady C. Gad's marcy! what's the matter wi Mefs! I hope Maifter Flent it is no you wha ha ſet her a wailing. (*Mrs. L. runs to Miſs L.*)

Mrs. L. Kitty! My love! What's the matter?

Miss L. A modeſt propoſal of that gentleman's making.

Lady C. Of what kind, Mefs.

Miss L. Only, this moment, to quit my father and you, and take up my lodging with him.

Lady C. To night! Ay, that's quite out of the order of things—That's ne'er done, Maifter Flent, till after the ceremony of the nuptials are ſaid.

Fl. Is'nt it? Then it never will be done.

Lady C. How!

Enter

Enter Sir CHRISTOPHER, led in by Major RACKET and BILLY BUTTON.

Sir Ch. We beg pardon for taking the liberty to come in; but we were afraid some accident had happened to Miss—

Mrs. L. There has Sir.

Rack. Of what nature, Madam?

Mrs. L. That worthy gentleman there, under pretence of friendship to us, and honorable views on my daughter, has hatch'd a most treacherous design to inevitably ruin my child!

Sir Ch. What he! Flint?

Mrs. L. Even he.

Sir Ch. An impudent son of a—Billy, lead me up that I may take a peep at the puppy. Your servant *young* gentleman! What, is this true that we hear? A sweet swain this to tempt a virgin to him! Why, old nick has made a little mistake here: he us'd to be a little more expert in his angling; for what female on earth could be found to catch at this bait?

Lady C. Haud ye, haud ye, Sir Christopher, let Maister Flent and I ha a short conference on the occasion. I suppose, Maister Flent, you persevere to gang wi Mefs to kirk i'the morning?

Fl. I'the morning! no, nor the evening neither.

Lady

Lady C. Gad's marcy! do you refuse to raitify the preliminaries?

Fl. I don't say that neither.

Sir C. Then name the time in which you will fulfil them: a week.—

Lady C. A fortnight.

Mrs. L. A month.

Flint. I won't be bound down to no time.

Rack. A rascally evasion of his to avoid an action at law.

Sir C. But perhaps he may be disappointed in that.

Lady C. Weel, but Maister Flent, are you willing to mack Mefs a pecuniary acknòwldgment for the damage.

Fl. I have done her no damage, and I'll make no acknòwldgment.

Rack. Twelve honest men of your country may happen to differ in judgment.

Fl. Let her try if she will.

Sir C. And I promise you she shan't be to seek for the means.

Lady C. If you be na afraid of the laws, ha you na sence of shame?

Rack. He sence of shame!

Lady C. Gads wull! it shall come to the proof; you mun ken, gudefolks, at Edinburgh laist wenter, I got acquaint with maister Fett, the
play

play a cor, I wull get him to bring the filthy loon on the stage. *

Sir Ch. And so expose him to the contempt of the world he so richly deseves it.

Fl. Ay, he may write, you may rail, and the people may hiss, what care I? I have that at home that will keep up my spirits!

Lady C. At hame!

Sir Ch. The wretch means his money.

Fl. Money! And what better friend can any man have? Tell me the place where its influence fails—Ask that gentleman there, how he got his cockade: Money! I know it's worth, and therefore can't too carefully keep it: Even now, I have a proof of its value; for it protects me from the designs of that squeamish giddy headed girl, and the weak efforts of your impotent malice—Call me forth to your courts when you please, I have that shall procure me able defenders,—and good witnesses too, if they are wanted. So you may all go to the devil together. [Exit Flint.

Rack. You had better let him alone, it will answer no end; what a damnable dog is a miser!

Sir Ch. Much worse than a robber; that poor devil only pilfers from Peter or Paul, and the money is scattered as soon as received; but the wretch

K

who *

* The Winter before this play made its appearance, Mr. Foote had the management of, and played at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

* Turn over Two leaves
for Page 66.

Sir Ch. Who?

Miss L. The Major can guess,—the unhappy
Miss Prim.

Sir Ch. You see, Major, your old sins are rising in judgment.

Rack. I believe, Madam, I can satisfy you that——

Miss L. I shan't give you the trouble; but let me, gentlemen, return you all my most grateful acknowledgments for your kind intentions towards me. I know your generous motive, and feel its value, I hope, as I ought; but might I be permitted to choose, I should beg to remain in the station I am; my little talents have hitherto receiv'd the public protection, nor whilst I continue to deserve, am I the least afraid of losing my patrons!

F I N I S.

Rack. Upon my soul, Sir Christopher, you really make me blush at your——

Sir Ch. Oh, you are devilish modest I know; but to come to the trial at once: I have some reason to believe, Major, you are fond of this girl, and that her want of fortune mayn't plead your excuse, take her, and with her five thousand good guineas into the bargain.

Rack. Sir!

Sir Ch. And expect another good spill, you young dog, when Monsieur Le Fevre set me free of the gout.

Butt. Please your worship, I'll accept her with half, (*Here Button runs to Sir Christopher, and the Major puts him out of the room.*)

Miss L. How, Sir, shall I acknowledge this goodness.

Sir Ch. By saying nothing about it, Well, Sir, we wait for your answer.

Rack. I think the lady ought first to be consulted, I should be sorry a fresh persecution should follow so fast on the heels of——

Sir Ch. Come, come, no trifling, your resolution at once.

Rack. I receive then, Sir, your offer with pleasure.

Sir Ch. Miss!

Miss L. Hold, Sir! there is a little account to be first settled between this gentleman, and an old acquaintance of mine.

who accumulates for the sake of secreting, annihilates what was intended for the use of the world, and is a robber of the whole human race!

Rack. And himself too into the bargain.

Butt. For all the world like a magpye, he steals for the mere pleasure of hiding.

Rack. Well observ'd little Billy!

Butt. Why he wanted to bring me into his plot; yes, he did, he made proposals for me to marry Miss after his delicacy was satisfied,

Sir Ch. How!

Butt. But he was out in his man; let him give his cast cloaths to his coachman;—Billy Button can afford a new suit of his own.

Rack. I don't doubt it.

Butt. Fellow! I am almost resolved never to set another stitch for him as long as I live.

Sir Ch. Right, Button, right! but where is Miss Kitty? Come hither my chicken; faith I am heartily glad you are rid of this scoundrel; and if such a crippled old fellow as me was worthy your notice; but hold Kate there is another chap I must guard you against.

Butt. Another, Sir! who?

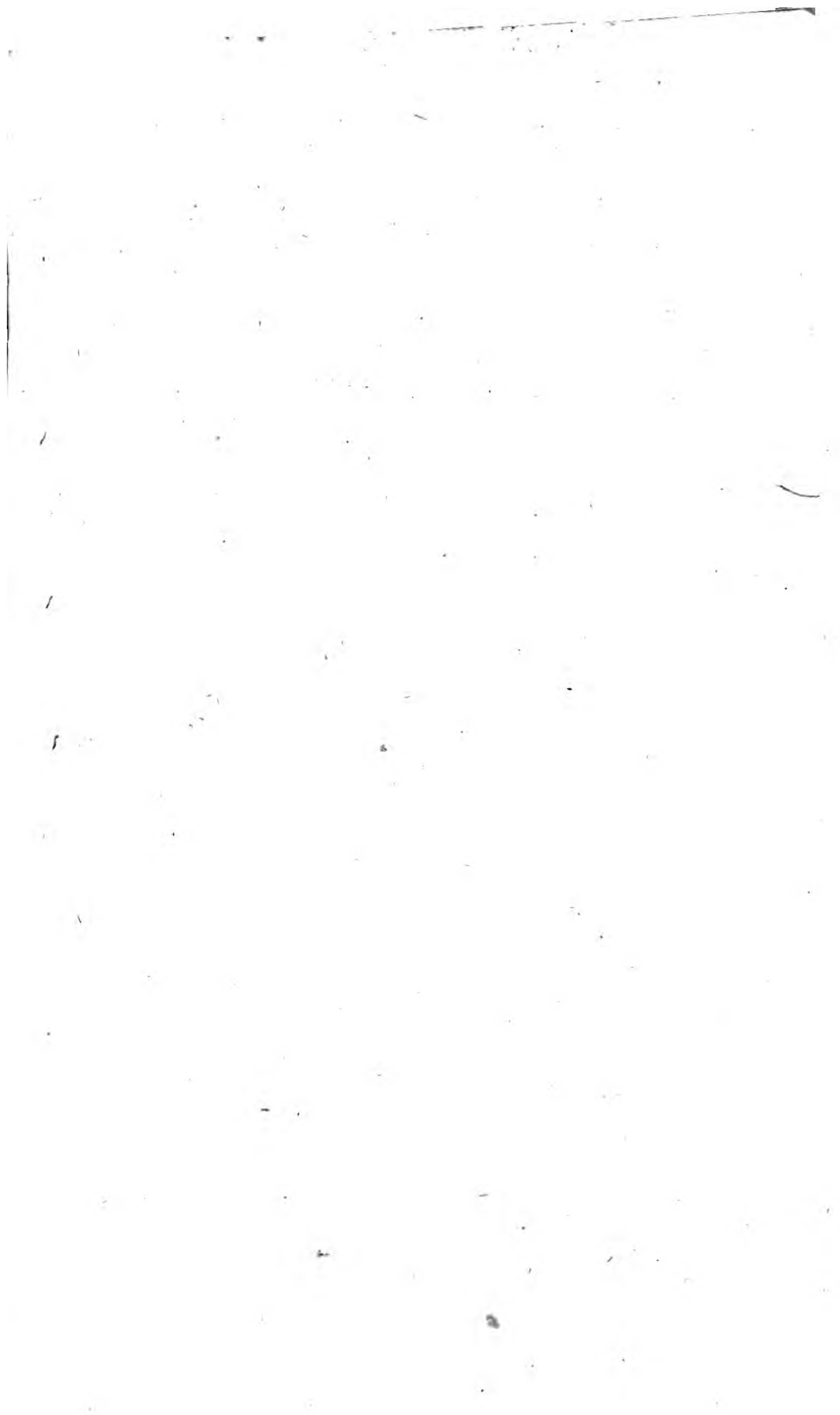
Sir Ch. Why this gentleman here.

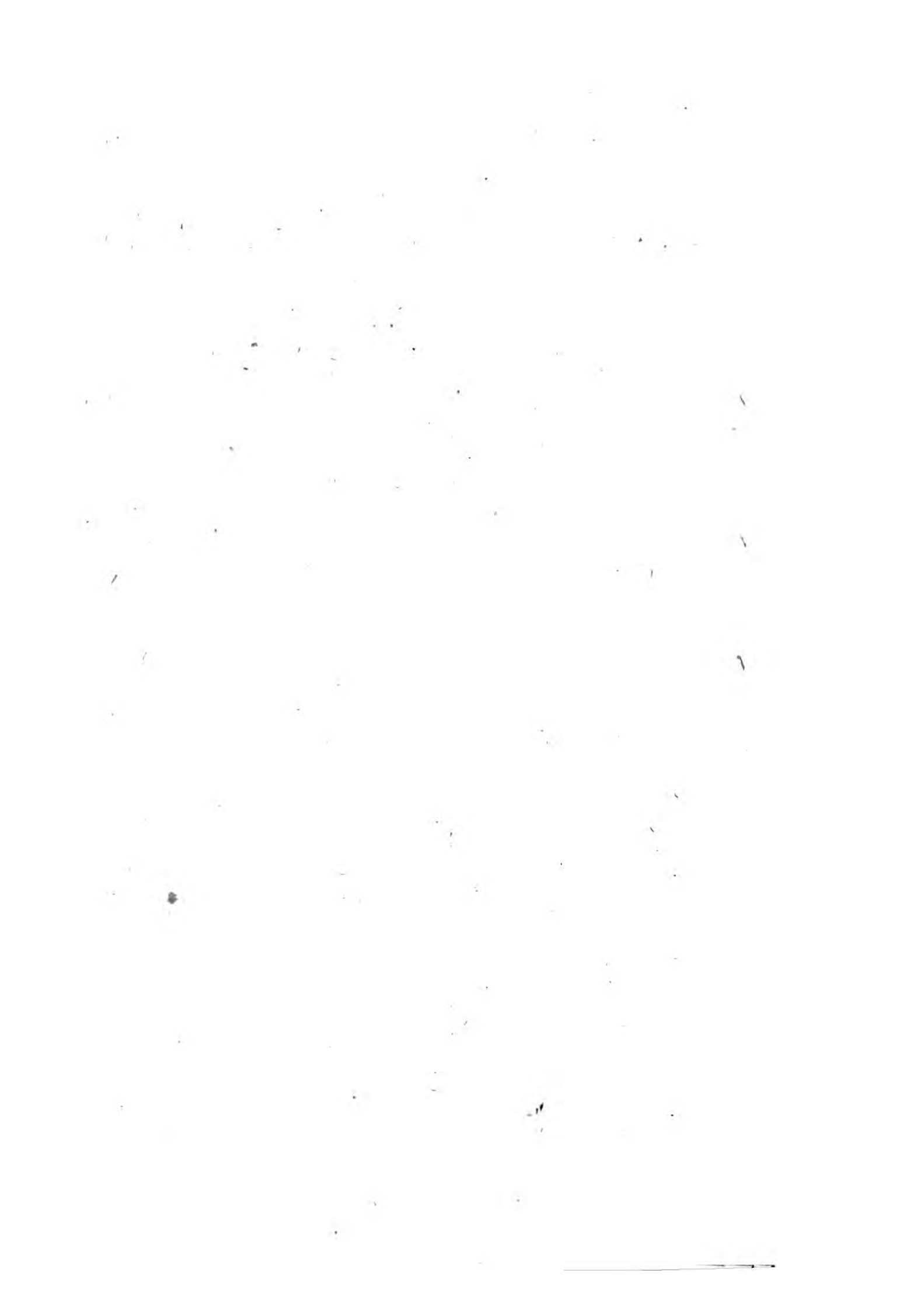
Rack. Me!

Sir Ch. Ay, you! Come, come, Major, don't think you can impose upon a cunning old sportsman like me.

Rack.

* Turn back overleaf for Page 67 & 68





E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. J E W E L L.

CONFIDING in the justice of the place,
To you, the MAID OF BATH, submits her
case.

Wrong'd and defeated of three several spouses,
She lays her damage at,—nine full houses!

Well, Sirs, you've heard the parties *pro* and *con* :
Do the *pro*'s carry it? Shall the suit go on?

Speak hearts for us, to them we make appeal :
Tell us not what you *think*, but what you *feel* :

For as our Author takes satiric aim,
He seldom starts, but seizes on the game.

So on a ramble late one starry night,

With Don *Asmodeo* his familiar sprite;

Soaring in air his ready pen he drew,

And dash'd the glowing satire as he flew.

And in these rank, luxuriant days, there needs
Some strong, bold hand, to pluck the noxious
weeds ;

The rake of sixty, crippl'd hand and knee,

Who sins on *claret*! and repents on *tea*!

The

E P I L O G U E.

The *witless Macaroni* who purloins
A few cant words, which some pert gambler coins!
The undomestic Amazonian dame,
Staunch to her coterie in despite of shame!
These are the objects of our poet's plan;
But most, that monster, an unfeeling man!
When such a foe provokes him to the fight,
Tho' maim'd, out fallies, the puissant knight!
Like With'rington maintains the glorious strife,
And only yields his laurels with his life!





