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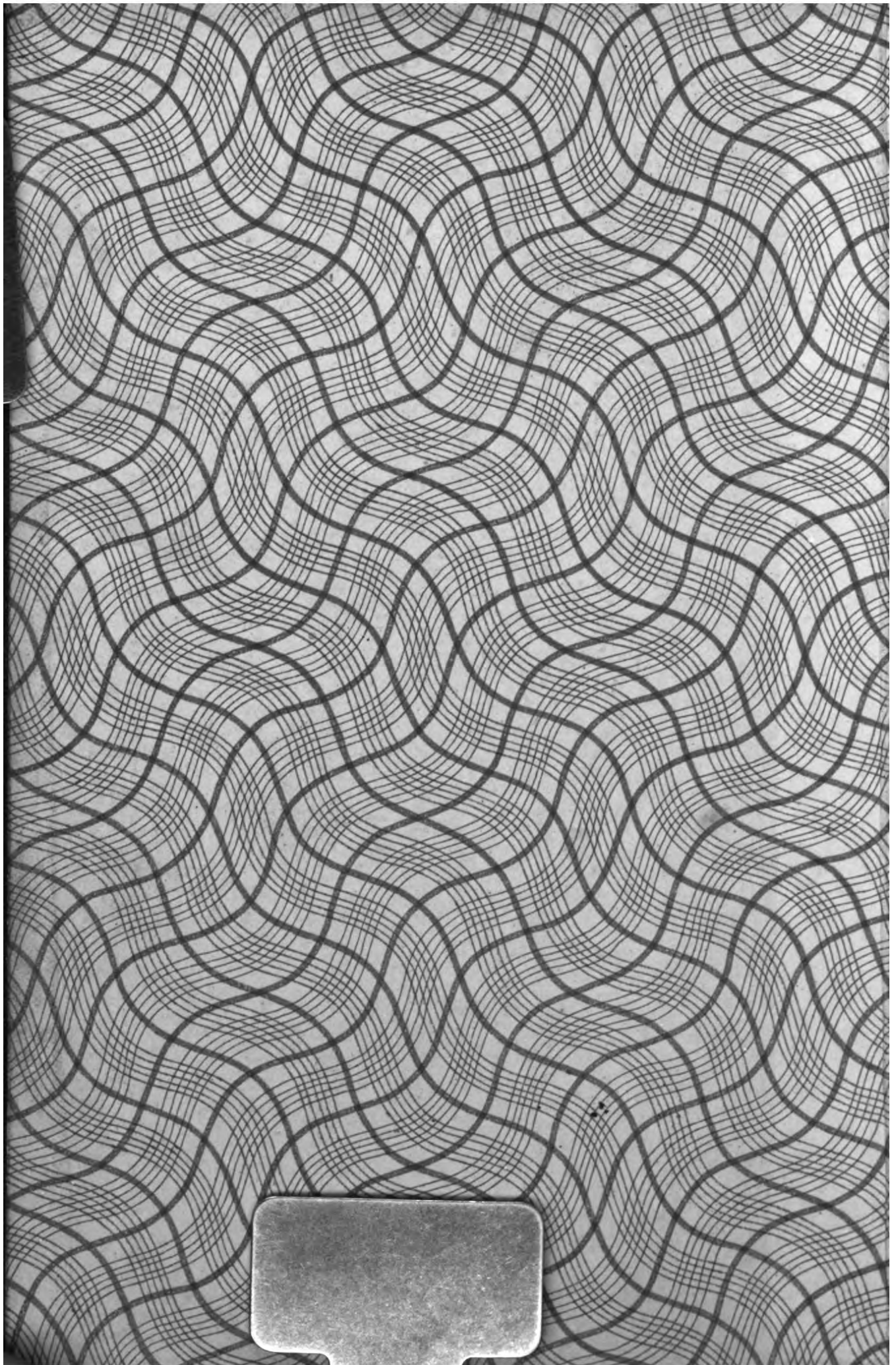
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FROGS AND BULLS
BY
LADY DACRE

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e. 232

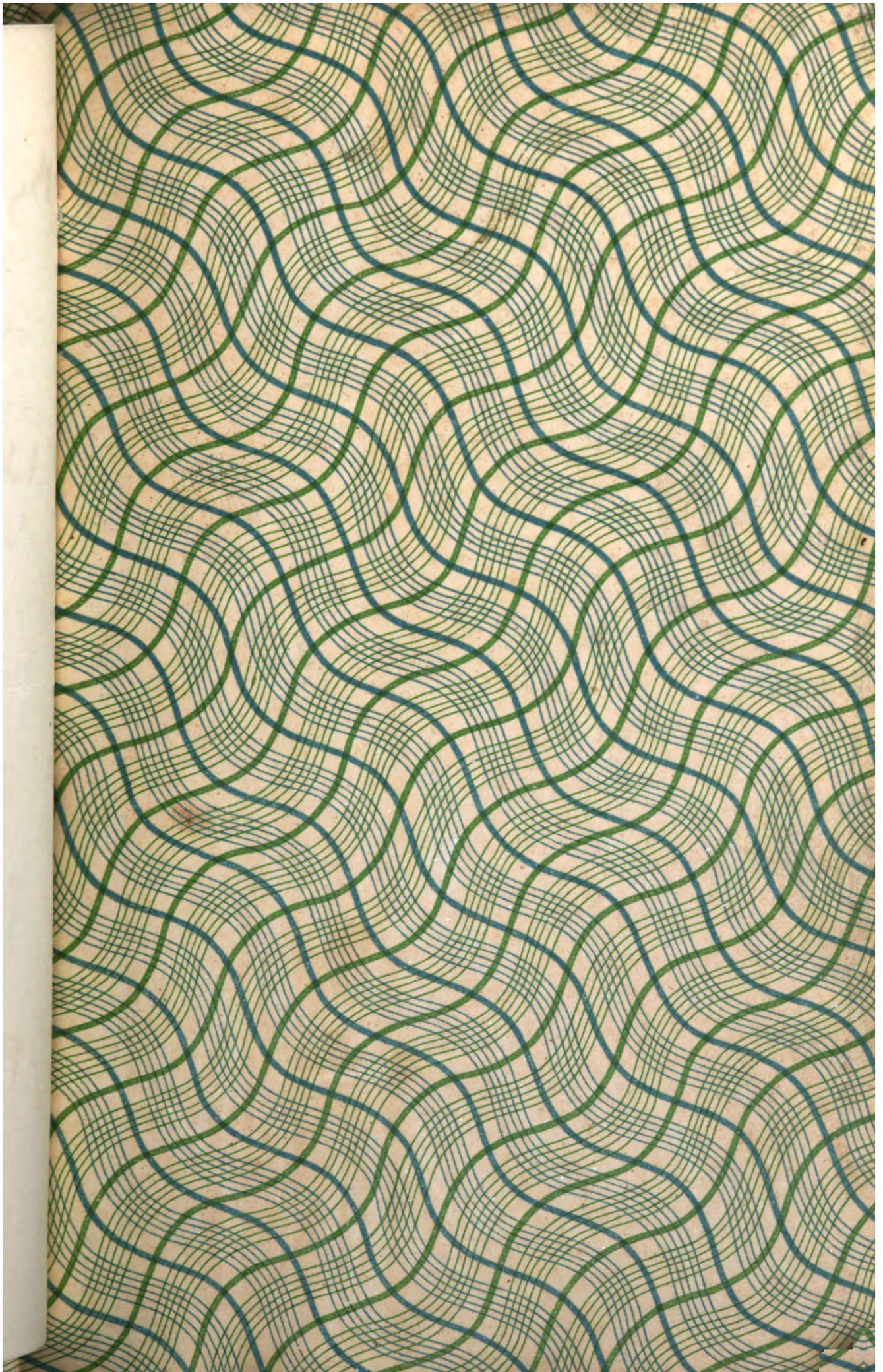


By Barbarina, Lady Dacre. She
was wife of Thomas Brant. Lord
Dacre of the Wood. Her father mine.
He was the widow of Valentine
Henry, with out. & 2^d or 3^d
daughter of Marmaduke de Melbourn
Esq. by Katharine, d. of John
Mowbray. Br. of Winchester.

This is not the D. M.
among the other names &
titles.

Family now Viscountess Dacre
of St. Albans. Sussex.

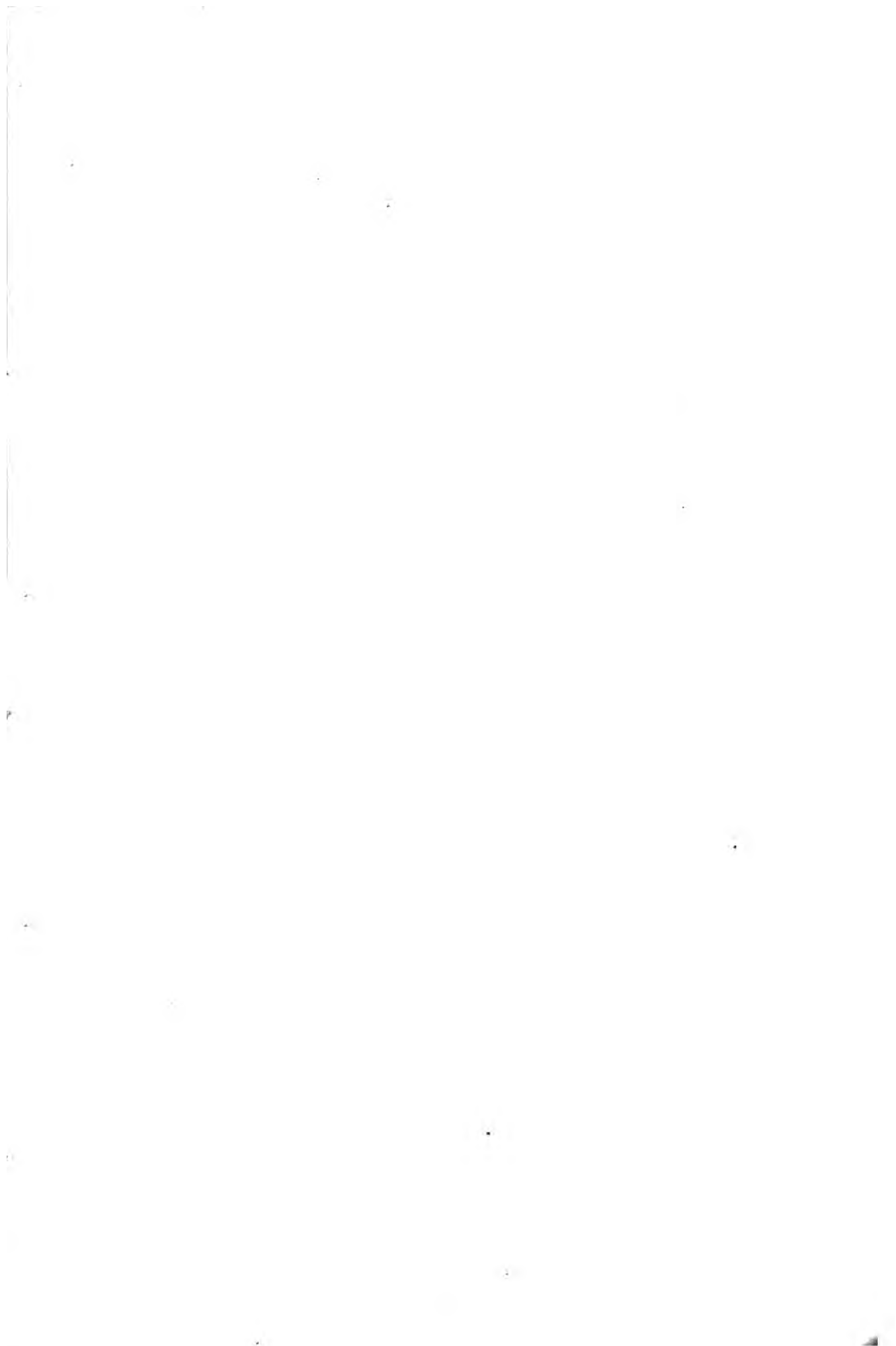


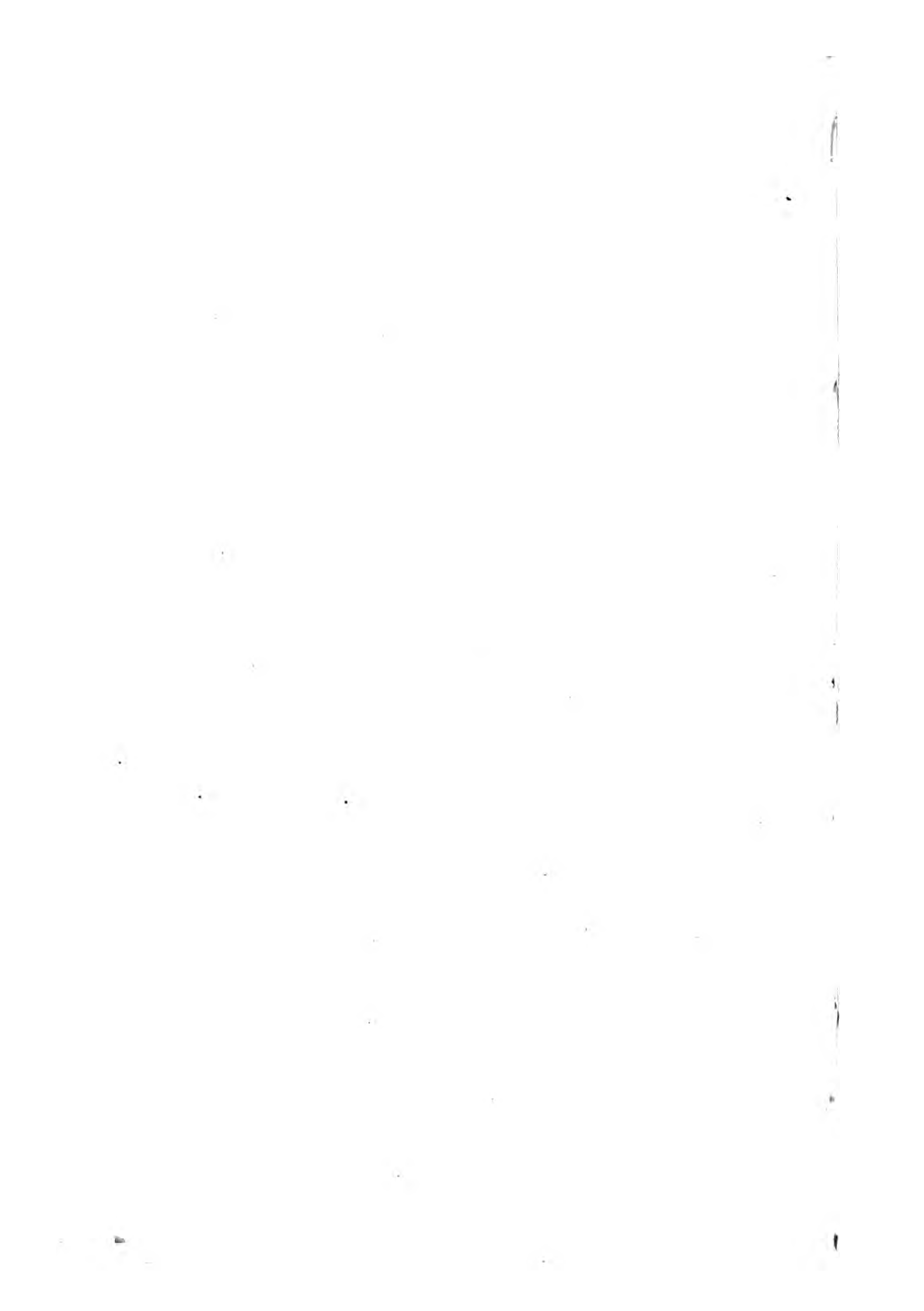


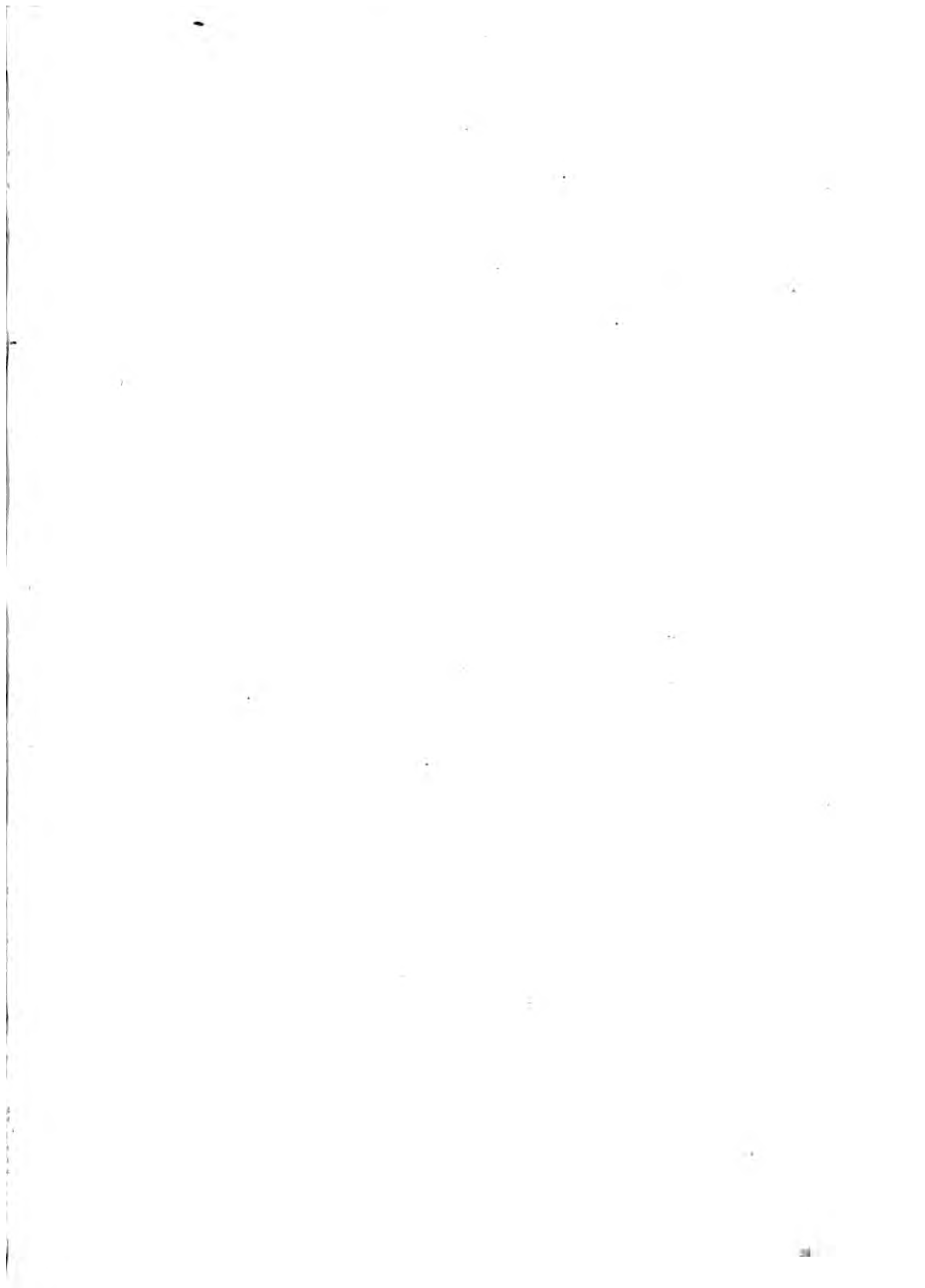
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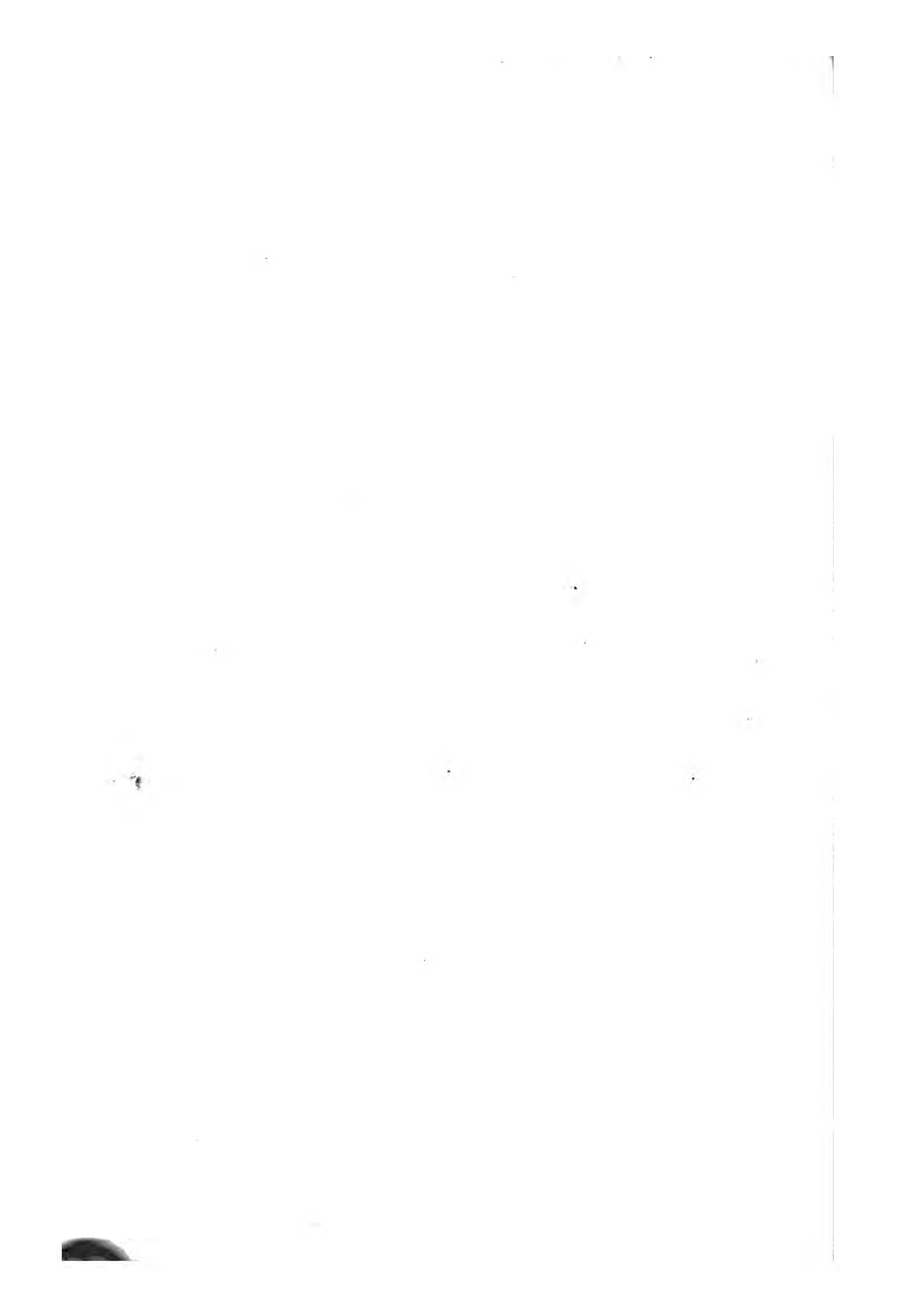
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The following *Gen d'esprit*
was written at the close
of a gay winter party at
the Club, when the evening
amusement had been ^{written}
Logoglyphs, charades, riddles,
de, and was suggested by
a conversation in which
the writer's "politics were
suspected".

Apologue

There's not a word 'tis my belief
Now left me for a Logogryph,
And yet the weather is so dreary
We must do something to be cheery.
Charades? We have had them by dozens,
Besides they're Logogryph's first-cousins.
Riddles? No they are out of vogue;
What think you of an Apologue?
Such as old Esop used of yore,
To gild the pill of wisdom o'er.
I sha'n't be quite so neat & terse:
Who can be so in doggerel verse?
By charter rambling & diffuse
As wild winds from their bags let loose.

In good old times - alias "lang-syne"
Before we were so vastly fine,
When England was the poet's theme,
Her what life his brightest dream,

Then milkmaids on a three-legged stool
Would milk their cows in evening cool.
This Stool's my theme! 'the farmer's pride!
The envy of the Country side!
No stool, no bench, had e'er been found
That stood so well on rugged ground;
For where four legs were seen to squabble,
Some up, some down, to hitch & hobble,
The form triangular could fit
Its three legs in, and "tackle it".

Besides 4, soon are 2 and 2
When there arises a to-do,
Whereas if 3 legs should fall out
You've 2 to fetch the 1 about,
A mystic number is this 3!

Soothsayers & all wise men agree
The triangle without dispute
Of exact science is the root.

Now tho' this stool was dirty grown,
And might require some soap, I own,
To scour its stains out (but with care)

And even needed some repair,
Yet in the main it was the thing
Tho' cows might kick, & flies might sting.
But mark, when intellect of late
Began to march at such a rate,
Philosophers declared they thought
The good old stool was good for nought.
They clipped it first, then hacked & hewed
(At first indeed they did some good,)
And as they thus in wisdom mangle
The three legs lose the just triangle:
This Patty felt, but could not reason,
Tant bien que mal got thro' the season
And hoped "next Spring" would be the ^{same}
As 'twas when to the farm she came".

When to 'Utilitarians rise,
Who scan the stool with thrifty eyes,
Economists political
Its whole construction overhaul,
And sages in mechanics versed
Declare it wrong built from the first.

"Behold," they urge, "the human race
So full of comeliness and grace!
If but two legs on man are seen,
Two legs must be the golden mean,
With this a leg they amputate
Ere Paddy can expostulate,
So, not convinced but forced to yield,
She goes with crippled stool afield:
Weeping she sits down by her cow,
But cannot milk her any how;
When one more deep than all the rest
Seeing the poor girl thus distressed,
Cries in his scientific wrath,
"Too many cooks spoil any broth."
Two legs affixed to one poor stool!
Your carpenter must be a fool.
See yonder, basking in the sun,
The tow-stool stand erect on one!
Nature in her peculiar stool
Exemplifying thus her rule.
The geese find also when they rest
That on one leg they so so best;

Then wherefore on this stool see I
Of legs a superfluity"?

Extending then his hand, the rogue

-- But why frown at my Apologue?
Dey? What? you wrong me! Can you call
My rural tale political? --

(And Tory too! That's worst of all.)

I who don't even know what means
By politics and government --

Some no Constitution known

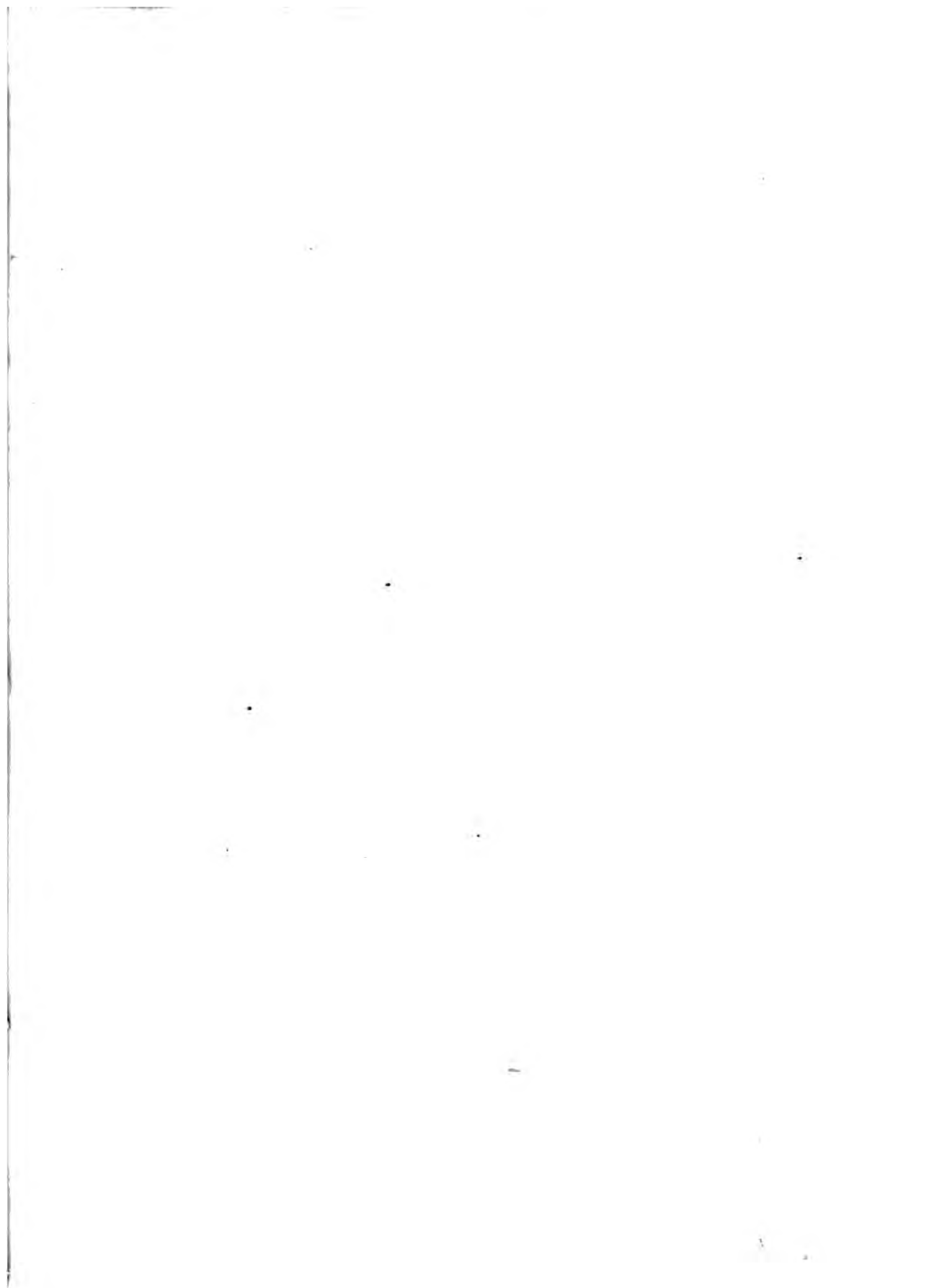
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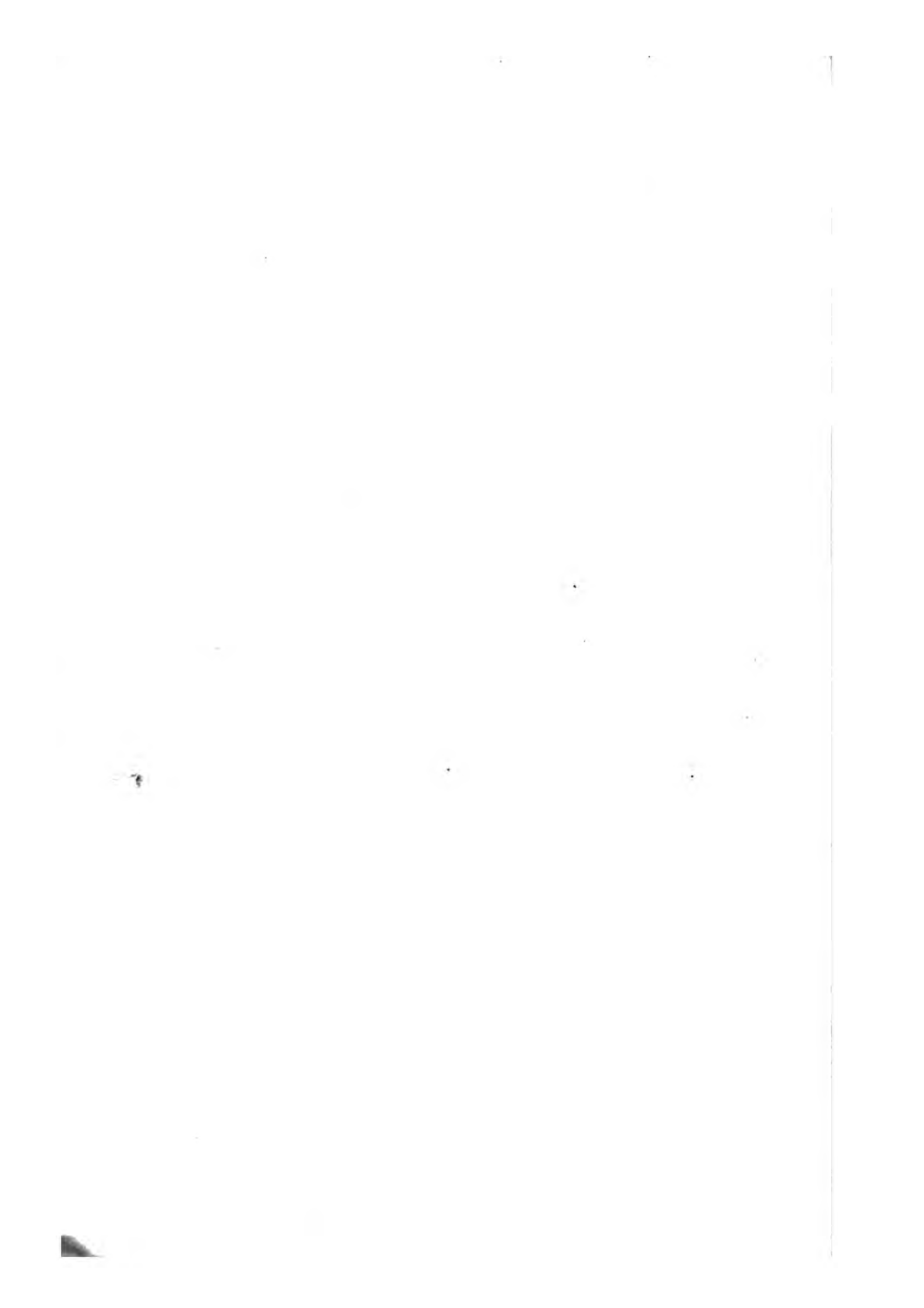
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B. Dace
July 11th 1837.

Une Grenouille vit un boeuf
Qui lui sembla de belle taille.
Elle qui n'était pas grosse en tout ^{un oeuf} comme
Envieuse s'étend, & s'enfle, & se travaille,
Pour egaler l'animal en grosseur,
Disant: regardez bien, ma soeur
Est-ce assez? dites moi, n'y suis-je point? ^{encore}
Nenni. N'y voici donc? Point du tout. N'y voila ^{n'}
Vous n'en approchez point. La chetive pécora
S'enfla si bien, qu'elle creva.
Le monde est plein de gens qui ne ^{plus sages:} sont pas
Tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les ^{seigneurs:} grands;
Tout petit prince a des ambassadeurs;
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La Fontaine
Livre 1^{er} Fable 3^{me}







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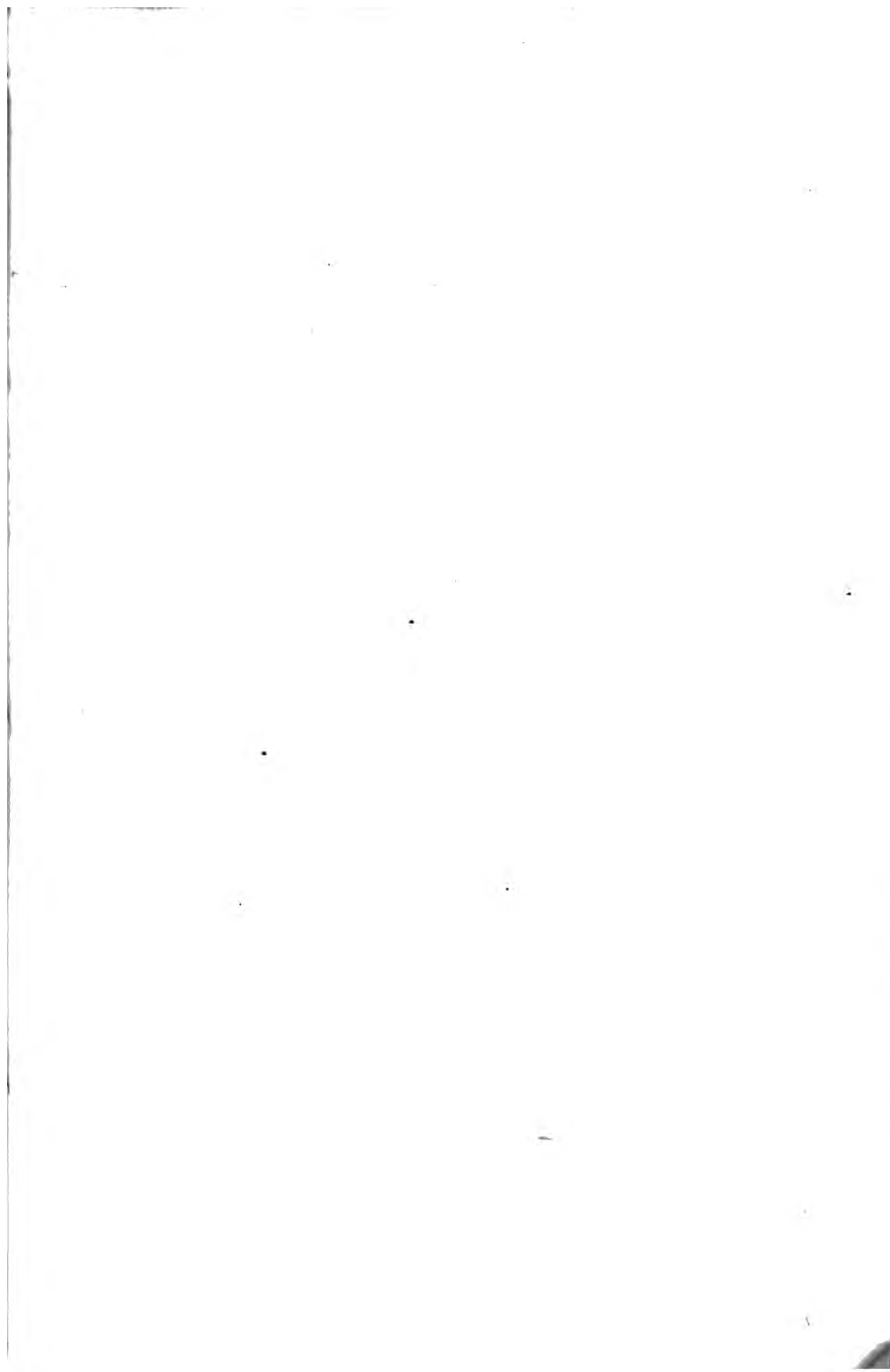
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Tout marquis veut avoir des pages.

Lafontaine
Livre 1^{er} Fables ^{me}



Bl. from Eric Bligh

FROGS AND BULLS.

A

LILIPUTIAN PIECE.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY LADY DACRE.

LONDON :

RIDGWAYS, PICCADILLY.

1838.



This little piece was written for a party of children assembled at the Hoo, in the winter of 1834, and acted by them to an audience composed of parents and partial friends who were in the house at the time. It is now devoted by them to the use of the Ophthalmic Hospital, in the hope that it may promote the interests of an establishment, of which they have learnt to appreciate the unbounded benefits to the indigent and suffering poor.

*Fifty copies only printed and presented to the Ophthalmic
Hospital, by LADY DACRE.*

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

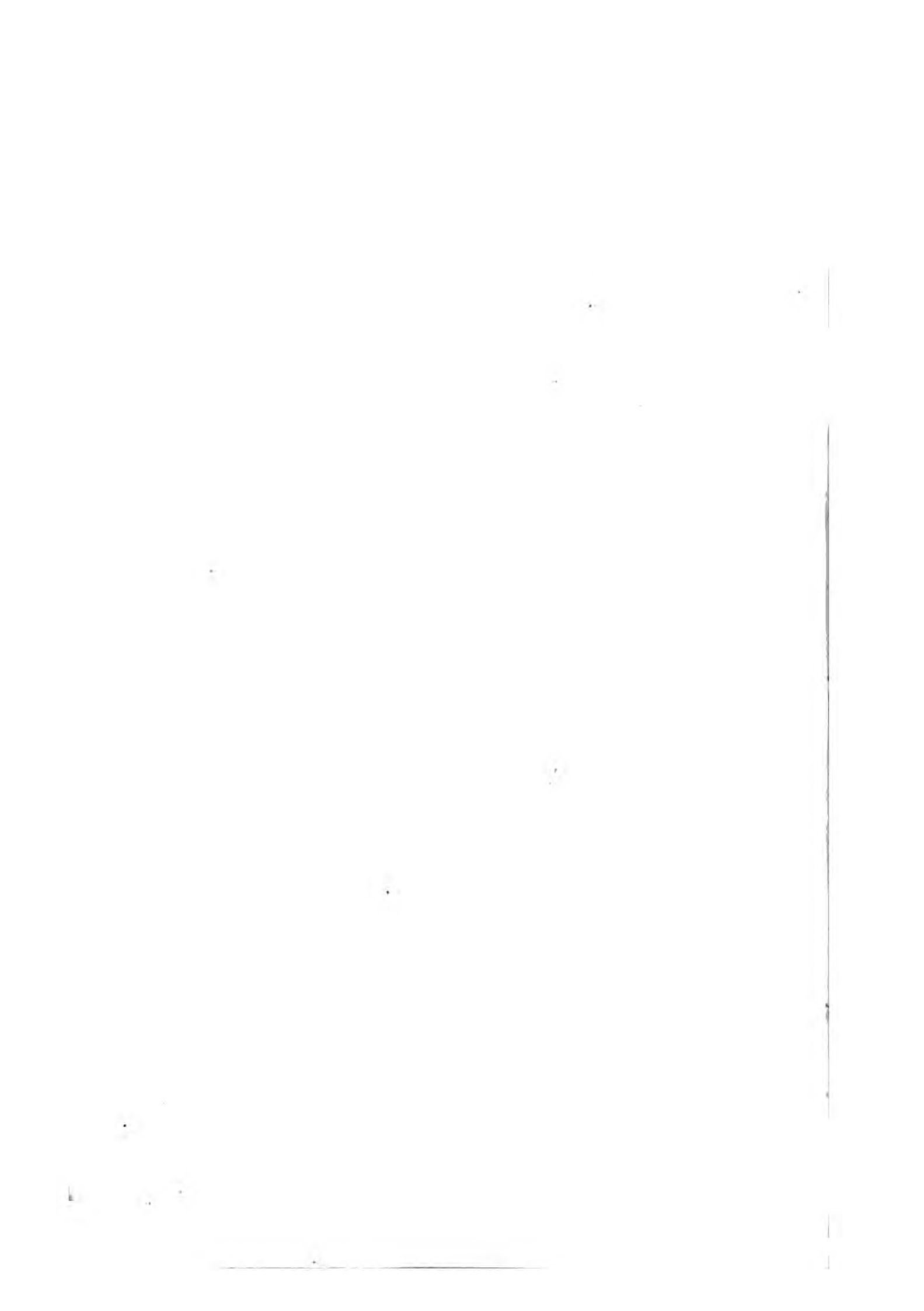
FARMER MUDLANDS.

PEGGY, his wife.

LADY STATELY.

MABEL.

SALLY.



PROLOGUE

TO

“ FROGS AND BULLS,”

*On its re-appearance at the Fancy Fair for the
Ophthalmic Hospital, July, 1838.*

To those assembled here on blindness' part
No need of eloquence to touch the heart,
Or lure to hail with grateful, proud delight,
The Heaven-permitted power, restoring sight!
Yet prudence whispers, it perhaps were wise
To throw a little dust into their eyes
While they pass judgment on our enterprize. }

Then let us tell ye, Gentles gather'd round,
Altho' the blind restored to sight abound,
There is a natural, most inveterate blindness
Baffling the faculty,—brought on by kindness.
(All love, 'tis said, of *wrong* sort or of *right*
Is more or less defective in its sight —)
'Twas for this blindness, which no skill can cure—
For which no patient would be couched, I'm sure,
Nor would of any hospital approve
That might their loved infirmity remove,—

For this sweet blindness, the true "drop serene,"
 In eyes of parents ever to be seen,—
 John Mudlands and his wife their *début* made,
 And all the little corps their powers displayed.

Since, then, to cherished blindness of the mind—
 Blindness so dear and sacred!—as you find,—
 We debutans and debutantes were bound
 For the fair wreath that once our labours crowned,
 Let us,—the smile repelled by pity's tear,—
 For *real* blindness, melancholy—drear—
 Before an audience *thus* once more appear. }
 To the relief of Nature's deepest ill,
 By human knowledge, and by human skill,
 Even children's Christmas gambols fain would lend
 Their little aid,—and boast a worthy end!

FROGS AND BULLS.

ACT FIRST.

LADY STATELY AND PEGGY.

PEGGY. Oh yes, my Lady, sure enough we poor farmers' wives might be sad drudges if we wasn't to pluck up a spirit.

LADY. We, in a higher station are not more fortunate, Mrs. Mudlands.—These men! these men! They are all brutes alike. But *I* don't submit to *my* husband so tamely as *you* do to *yours*.

PEGGY. But I won't any longer, my Lady, that I won't.

LADY. Courage, ma chere, c'est bien dit. Insist on a degree of elegance in the arrangement of the farm. Par exemple, why not fit up your little parlour something in the style of my boudoir.

PEGGY. Why not, indeed, my Lady? And, why should n't I have a chay too, something like your Ladyship's pony phe-a-ton? Oh! the two little milk-white loves!

LADY. I don't care *that* (*snapping her fingers*) now for my *white mice*: I have seen the Duchess's Arabians; and I can promise Sir John he shall have no peace till I drive Arabians too.

PEGGY. And then to think how beautiful every thing is up at the Hall! such furniture to be sure!

LADY. Horrid old fashion'd rubbish! I have order'd every thing new.

PEGGY. And all your Ladyship's wedding clothes!

LADY. Pooh! they are only from London. The Duchess has every thing from Paris. Even her nightcaps.

PEGGY. Well now, I should have thought no Paris, nor no town in all the world could have beat our shop in the Strand, where I was brought up.

LADY. *La pauvre innocente!* London may do very well for *your* things. *Une élégance champêtre vous suffit.* But I will leave you now, good Mrs. Mudlands, and enlarge your ideas more another time. *Je veux un peu respirer l'air.*

(*Exit.*)

PEGGY. (*curtseying*) Your servant, my Lady.— And now my brute, as my Lady calls our husbands, will be coming home for supper. Mabel! Mabel! Is supper ready?

MABEL. (*peeping in*) Yes, Mistress, the bacon's ready, and the cabbage is ready, but where's the apples for the pudding?

PEGGY. Why upon the shelf to be sure, with the herrings and the onions.

MABEL. Yes, Mistress, here they be. I ha' got 'em, (*enters with her apron full*) and now, Mistress, if you would but lend a hand.

PEGGY. *I* lend a hand, indeed? *I* make an apple pudding? No, no.

MABEL. Then you and Master must go without one, for I don't know how to set about it. We never had such dainties at mother's. As for boiling a 'tater, or such-like, I won't turn my back upon nobody for *that*, but—

PEGGY. Then put the apples back upon the shelf, for I can't, nor I won't, demean myself any more. (*she flings herself on a chair*) It don't signify talking—I never shall be happy again.

MABEL. O la! Mistress, what makes you say that? What can be the matter?

PEGGY. Oh! the bonnets! the caps! the silks! the satins! the laces! the blondes! (*starting up*) and then the court dresses, Mabel! the trains reaching from one end of the room to the other!

MABEL. Why, you don't envy my Lady her fine things, sure?

PEGGY. O no, but only to think the difference! And both brides alike! and to see this poor little poky farm, and my John in such a coat! while *her* husband!—for I saw Sir John's coat that he visits the King in—all over gold flowers—here and there—and every where!

MABEL. Well now, Mistress, never trust me if Sir John don't wear a coat the very *moral* o' Master's. I see'd 'em but yesterday together, talking over the sheep and the turnips, and for matter o' that, you could n't ha' told one from t'other. But hark!—here comes Master home for supper, and no apple pudding! But don't fret, Mistress; he won't mind, so as he has his bacon and cabbage comfortable, and there 'tis—all ready, and fit for the King.

Enter Farmer.

FARMER. Well, my pretty little wife, how goes it? Here I am, so tired! and half famished. Give us a hand here. (*Pulling off his great coat, she gives a helpless pull.*)

PEGGY. Here, Mabel,—help your master. I'm not used to lugging and pulling.

(Mabel helps him)

FARMER. And what have you got for supper, my dear?

PEGGY. (*peevishly*) O, bacon and greens as usual.

FARMER. Ah—well—that will do for a hungry man that ha' been out all day. But can't you, my dear, think of a little change—like? A nice bit of pork, or a fowl, or a bit of butcher's meat now and then for a rarity?

PEGGY. I could *think* of many things, Mr. Mudlands, if *thinking* would roast 'em or boil 'em;—for as to soiling my fingers with such dirty work, don't expect me to do so any more.

FARMER. Well, but, you must eat, my dear, as well as me, and—

PEGGY. I take my toast and butter, Mr. Mudlands, your coarse farmer's victuals turns my stomach.

FARMER. But there's Mabel to help you, if you'd but shew her how.

PEGGY. I scorn to do any such thing.

FARMER. But if you scorns every thing a farmer's wife should do, why did you marry me, my dear?

PEGGY. Why, to go into the country, to be sure, and see all the beautiful cowslips and primroses you told me of, when you came to our house in the Strand. But if you come to that, why did you go to London for a wife, if you wanted nothing but a two-fisted drudge, to brew and to bake, and to roast, and to boil, and never to see any thing genteel from year's end to year's end?

FARMER. I did'nt go to London for a wife, not I. I went to London to see Cousin William, as was settled there:—and how could I help it, if there you was next door, looking so smart and so smiling behind the counter, and *sarving* out the ribbons, and the laces, and what not, so quick and so handy?—So, says I to myself, for certain sure that *gal* would make me a good *industrious* wife, says I!—For to see how she handles all them delicate things!—Now she would nurse a sick chicken, says I, or a duckling in an old worsted stocking

by the embers, says I—and in the morning, I warrant me, hunt for the new-laid eggs, and see to the pigs.—

PEGGY. Oh stop, stop, or I shall faint. What do you see in my face, John Mudlands, to make you think I'll hunt for new-laid eggs or see to pigs.—Look at my hands—

(He takes her hands as she holds them out.)

FARMER. Pretty little hands sure enough.—They'll come to it by degrees, Rome wasn't built in a day, as the saying is; so now let's have some supper, and you shall have it all your own way if you will but look pleasant.

(Mabel has been preparing the table. He goes and helps her awkwardly, watching his wife.)

Quite sulky!—Won't turn her hand to nothing.—But I can't find in my heart to be angry with her.

(Goes to her)

Come, Peggy, what can't be cured must be endured. You can't be unmarried now, you know—so, come, shake hands—and let us sit down quiet and comfortable to supper.

PEGGY. No, I won't shake hands, nor I won't sit down, nor I won't eat, nor nothing.

FARMER. Why now, Peggy, what is it you be a'ter.

PEGGY. Well, then, I have heard of farmers, wives that had every thing just like my Lady herself.

FARMER. But *their* husbands rented farms of 500 acres. Mine is but 80; so, you see, I can't afford it.—

PEGGY. "Can't afford it," truly?—You can afford great clumsy cart-horses enough, tho' you can't afford me a pair of little ponies, and you can afford carters and threshers, and all sorts of vulgar fellows in smock frocks, tho' you can't afford me one little groom boy:—A smart little fellow, such as young gentlemen that used to come to our shop called their tigers.—I want a tiger, Mr. Mudlands, a nice little tiger.—

FARMER. And you should have a tiger, my dear, and a lion, and a wolf too, if I had 'em to give you.

PEGGY. Fine words! just like your talking about the beautiful things in the country, that all turns out to be cackling geese, and gobbling turkeys, and quacking ducks.—I'll tell you what, Mr. Mudlands, if you'll get rid of all the poultry that makes such horrid noises, and make me a flower garden like my Lady's, where the farm yard is, I'll try to put up with the rest.

FARMER. Well now *I* should think the noise of the poultry nothing to what you had in the Strand. But 'tis all according to one's taste. *That* was music to you, perhaps—

PEGGY. Oh yes! The lulling hackney coaches! The soothing drays! The cheering omnibuses! The lively cabs!

FARMER. As fine music as "God save the King," or "Rule Britannia," I warrant me—but

come along—come along—let's sit down to supper.

*(He leads her and she reluctantly sits down—
Mabel waiting on them.)*

PEGGY. Is that the way to hand me a plate you awkward wretch?

MABEL. I begs pardon, Mistress.—Is that better?

PEGGY. No—worse. You almost knocked my cap off. A footboy, at least, you might let me have, Mr. Mudlands.

MABEL. I'm sure, Mistress, I can wait upon you as well as any *boy* in all the parish, that I can.

FARMER. Aye, aye, Mabel, so you can, my *gal*; never mind—never mind.

PEGGY. What? Taking her part against me! D'ye think I'll put up with *that*? No, no—I've a spirit of my own, Mr. Mudlands—I'm not to be trampled upon, neither.

(Starts up and throws the things about.)

There—there—I shan't stay here to be brow beat after this fashion. *(Exit in a rage.)*

FARMER. 'Be good unto me! What a humour she is in!—Peggy—my dear—Peggy.

(Exit following.)

MABEL. Now all this comes o' going to the Hall and seeing my Lady's fine things, my poor Mistress ha'n't been herself since! I may as well put away the supper, however.

(Busies herself and scene closes.)

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT SECOND.

MABEL AND SALLY MEETING.

MABEL. Oh sister Sally.

SALLY. Well—sister Mabel——

MABEL. And how d'ye like your new *situation* at the Hall?

SALLY. And how do you like yours at the farm?

MABEL. Why *my* Mistress is hard to please. How is your Lady that way?

SALLY. Would you believe it, Mabel? Though my Lady has more of every thing than she knows what to do with, she's never satisfied.—She's always at Sir John to get himself made a Lord. She says he might have it for *axing*.

MABEL. La, Sally, if axing is all, why should'nt my master ax? and then Mistress would be quite happy—for she'd be my Lady too—and then I dare say we should sit down to our rasher of bacon jovial and comfortable again.

SALLY. (*drawing herself up.*) Not so easy as that, neither. There's a great difference between Sir John Stately and John Mudlands.

MABEL. (*innocently*) To be sure there is, and that's what frets my poor mistress so. But if they was once both Lords, there wouldn't be, you know. And then my mistress could have just such caps, and bonnets, and long trains to her gowns,—and phe-a-tons, and white ponies, and every thing! But see—here comes my Lady—let's go and have our talk out in the back kitchen.

Enter Lady.

LADY. Stop, girls—why d'ye run away? Where's your mistress, Mabel?

MABEL. I don't know, my Lady. She flung away from supper all in a miff.

LADY. Ah! sans doute c'est ce butor de Mari. Quel triste sort!

MABEL. Sore, my lady, what's sore? Mistress han't hurt herself that I knows of.

SARAH. (*aside to Mabel.*) That's French, Mabel. All the fine Ladies talks so up at the Hall.

MABEL. Do they? It sounds *monsous* high and fine.

SALLY. If I could talk French, I should be company for my Lady. But I takes care to *seem* to understand her, for she'd think me stupid if I didn't.

LADY. So your poor mistress is very wretched? Helas! et moi aussi. (*sighing.*)

MABEL. I'm sure your Ladyship can't have no call to fetch such a sigh. If I may make so bold—

(*curtseying.*) You don't seem to want for nothing.

LADY. *Moi, mon Enfant? Je manque de tout—absolument de tout. Husbands have no refinement, no tact. They are monsters of illiberality and insensibility.*

MABEL. (*aside.*) *La! she makes me all of a goose-skin. Why, monsters means big things, don't it, Sally? And master an't so monsous big as that comes to, whatever Sir John may be.*

SALLY. (*nudging her.*) Hush, Mabel.

(*To Lady, curtseying.*)

Yes, my Lady; certainly.

LADY. Certainly—what? Child.

SARAH. *Just—what—your Ladyship says.*

LADY. Indeed? Do people perceive Sir John's deficiency in those attentions—ces petits soins, due to the gentler sex? Does the village begin to talk?

SALLY. Yes, my Lady; poor folks talks as well as rich.

LADY. *Ah les miserables! Osent-ils donc jaser?*

MABEL. (*aside.*) How beautiful that sounds, Sally!

(*Sally nudges her to be silent.*)

SALLY. Yes, *mi-se-raw-ble*, my Lady, and all the rest,—just as you says it.

LADY. *Que je suis à plaindre, with my sensitive morale, and my delicate physique!*

MABEL. Well now, my Lady, as for *delicate*

physic, I dare say the doctors keeps the delicatest for such Ladies as you; but I can't say, for my part, I ever did taste any I could call *delicate*, neither.

LADY. La petite innocente! Elle prend tout a rebours. That's not what I meant, child.

MABEL. I begs pardon, my Lady. I thought for certain sure you was talking o' doctor's stuff, and that, you knows, is always *monsous* nasty.

LADY. Well, go home now, Sally, you are wanted. My brodeuse, Mademoiselle Amaranthe, had rung her bell several times for you before I came out. She really must be better waited on, or I shall lose the inestimable advantage of her talents.

SALLY. Good bye, Mabel.

MABEL. Good bye then, Sally. And you'll run down again soon.

SALLY. Aye, whenever I can. (Exit)

LADY. The Duchess has no brodeuse. I *have* heard she envies me mine. Oh, mercy! if she should attempt to seduce my Amaranthe from me! Ah! je serais au desespoir.

(Mabel who has listened eagerly.)

MABEL. Mamzeal—Hammer—Hammer an't! Now for a tizzy that's the French Lady as makes all them beautiful gowns, and caps, and all!

LADY. No, no; the labour would be too severe. Elle y met la derniere main—the last finishing touches, only. She gives the air—la tournure—puts in the feathers—attends to the fall of the skirt—

arranges the necklaces, the bracelets, the gloves, the chausseure,—all the lighter labours of the toilet. (*Arranging herself as she speaks.*) Even in this department, I believe I must let her have more assistance.

MABEL. *'Sistance!* why that means *help*, don't it, my Lady? La! if your Ladyship would let *me* help her, and so be up at the hall along wi' Sally!

LADY. You help her, child? What can you do?

MABEL. Every thing, my Lady. I'll do every thing I be told, French and all, to give satisfaction.

LADY. (*laughing.*) Oh! mercy!—French? you will kill me with laughing. D'ye suppose you can speak French.

MABEL. I han't tried yet, my Lady.

LADY. And do you think trying is sufficient?

MABEL. Why, my Lady, I always *have* done every thing I tried hard at. I could'nt sweep a room as should be, nor nothing when first I came to the farm, and now I gives uncommon satisfaction about all them things—tho' Mistress *was* a little cross wi' me at supper, about the plate.

LADY. You are a droll little original, I declare,—and might serve to amuse me when I am low and nervous. I have half a mind to negociate with Mrs. Mudland's—

MABEL. I begs pardon—is that French?

LADY. What, child?

MABEL. Why that 'goshating you be going to do along wi' Mistress?

LADY. Excellent! Excellent! How she will enliven us when we are all dressed, and have nothing more to do!—No, child, I meant that I would endeavour to induce her—

MABEL. Oh fie, my Lady! What a bad word!

LADY. (*laughing*) A bad word!—What word?

MABEL. Why, Deuce. That's what we says sometimes when we be afeard to talk of the *Divil* outright.

LADY. Oh, I must have you, you little monkey.—She must relinquish you.

MABEL. I hopes that a'n't any thing ill-natured you'd have her do to me.

LADY. On the contrary, it is the very thing you wish.—

MABEL. What I wishes more than any thing again, my Lady, is to talk French.

LADY. Elle a du talent, cette petite. She really might from Amaranthe catch something of the phraseology.

MABEL. Now if *that* a'n't French, I'll be hanged. Frazle, frozle—let me see — lolligy — that's it!

LADY. She is evidently talented!—will acquire the idiom with unparallel'd facility.

MABEL. (*clapping her hands*) French! more French! all French! as sure as eggs is eggs!

LADY. (*laughing*) Oh I must have her.—She is impayable!

MABEL. Thank ye, my Lady, thank ye—may I go and tell Mistress that you says I be *hampyhawble*, and that you must have me?

LADY. No, child, no—Leave it to me. I see poor Mrs. Mudlands there—in the lane.—Poor thing! In tears!—No wonder! Stay where you are—Mabel—I'll go to her, and try to comfort her.

[*Exit Lady, and Mabel looks eagerly after her, while the Farmer enters from the other side.*]

FARMER. Well, if I be'n't fit to go and hang myself. If she wanted any thing in reason, why she should have it for a quiet life.—But such out o'the way things for a farmer's wife! Just what my Lady ha' got up at the Hall! And folks *do* say my Lady's never satisfied a'ter all;—and wants whatever the Duchess ha' got at the great park, there.—And I'll warrant me the Duchess wants whatever the Queen ha' got at Windsor Castle.—
(*to Mabel.*) Mabel, I say, where's your Mistress?

MABEL. She's walking in the lane and taking on sadly, and my Lady's gone to comfort her.

FARMER. I don't think my Lady will do her any great good, not I, for 'tis since she have been up and down at the Hall, that she's so queer-like.

MABEL. I thinks, Master, 'tis the fine things my Lady shewed us, that runs in my poor Mis-

dress's head so. She says she dreams of 'em all night, and last night was a'dreamed as how she had one of my Lady's fine long trains to her gown, and that it reached all over the kitchen, and went fairly out at the door into the yard.

FARMER. Bless my soul! bless my soul! What can I do?

MABEL. I say, Master—I thinks I can tell you how to make Mistress quite happy again.

FARMER. Can you? Then I'm sure I wish you would.

MABEL. Why then, my Lady wants Sir John to ax the King to make him a Lord. Now if you'd ax—

FARMER. What? To be a Lord?

MABEL. No—Sally says that an't so easy. But when the King makes Sir John a Lord, why should'nt *you* ax him, while his hand's in, to make you Sir John?

FARMER. Why, Mabel, you'll drive me mad amongst you. John Mudlands a Baronet!

MABEL. But then, if you can't do *that*, Master, you *may* bring my poor Mistress home from market the same fine things my Lady have, and then you shall see if she an't quite easy and comfortable again.

FARMER. Odsbodlikins! Why *your* head's turn'd too!—Get ye gone, and feed the chickens, gal—and I'll go and sarve the pigs.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT THIRD.

ENTER LADY AND PEGGY.

LADY. I pity you very much, Mrs. Mudlands, your husband is evidently d'une grossièreté!—Yet Sir John says he is an excellent tenant, and he bears a high character for honesty and integrity,—mais pour un mari a quoi bon tout cela?

PEGGY. How much happier your Ladyship must be with good Sir John for a husband!

LADY. Vous vous trompez—c'est un butor. I assure you he would fain check that taste for elegance which becomes *my* rank, as yours would refuse you the *little* comforts of *your* humble station.

PEGGY. Ah, sure enough, — humble indeed! I shall break my heart about it before I have done. (*crying and sobbing.*) Thank you, my Lady, —thank you kindly—for—for comforting me so.

LADY. La pauvre femme! la pauvre femme! Elle pleure à chaudes larmes!—Be more composed, good Mrs. Mudlands—I assure you I am equally to be pitied.

PEGGY. (*sobbing*) I'm sure—my Lady—if I was—a Baronet's Lady—and had—such gowns, and such caps—and such—such—

LADY. Alas! What are they compared to the Duchess's? I have an aspiring genius, Mrs. Mudlands.

PEGGY. (*sobbing*) And—I suppose—that's—what's the matter—with me—too—in a little way—my Lady.—

LADY. Yes, I see you are a person very much above your station.

PEGGY. That I am, my Lady, that I am, very much above it! And I'll shew my John that I am—I can tell him.

LADY. Ah! pour le coup. Here comes your John.

Enter Farmer, bowing.

FARMER. Your servant, my Lady, your servant. You are kindly welcome. Peggy, fetch my lady some of our best ale.

PEGGY. Indeed I shan't *fetch* any thing.—What would my Lady think of me if I did? Mabel, fetch some ale.

LADY. Thank you—not for the world—I never taste such horrid stuff. (*Aside.*) Le monstre! Il me fait horreur—je frissonne en le voyant. Don't distress yourself about me, dear Mrs. Mudlands; I drink nothing but de l'eau sucrée

(Then turning to Farmer, and collecting herself, awfully.)

Mr. Mudlands—I am sorry to say, that Mrs.

Mudlands has given me the greatest concern—has vexed me, indeed, extremely, by her ——

FARMER. Why sure she ha'n't been cross wi' you, my Lady, as she was wi' me at supper?

LADY. It is not *crossness*, Mr. Mudlands, it is something more. She is *outrée*, John Mudland, *outrée*, and I am shocked.

FARMER. Why, Peggy, where's your manners? You knows *I* dont mind a little tiff or so, because man and wife can't stand upon no great ceremony, and if we've any thing upon our minds, why it must *out* to one another. But to go for to be uncivil to my Lady—in your own house too!—and to refuse to fetch her a draught o' beer that way! Why there a'n't an English-bred farmer that walks upon shoe-leather, that such grudging ways wouldn't vex to the heart's core, Peggy.

PEGGY. John! John! hold your tongue. I am ashamed of you.

LADY. You quite mistake me. Mrs. Mudlands has been extremely polite, I assure you.

PEGGY. There, John—you hear—Polite! I wasn't bred up in the Strand for nothing!

FARMER. I'm glad to hear it, my Lady. But, then, if you please,—what is it you would be for finding fault with?

LADY. Every thing—her whole entourage—every thing.

FARMER. Every thing, and something else that

I don't understand. If you please, my Lady, what is it you says is wrong, besides every thing?

LADY. *Le malheureux ? Il est d'une ignorance crasse.*

FARMER. As for *cross*, my Lady, Peggy knows which was *crossed*; and I'm sure there was no call for't. Haven't she a plenty, and a good roof over her head, and a tidy *gal* to wait upon her? and a loving husband—

(He holds out his hand to Peggy, and she turns away sulkily. He adds smiling,)

—as puts up with her little humours? I hopes your Ladyship is as well off with my good landlord, Sir John, that's all.

PEGGY. Hush, John—are you mad to speak so free to my Lady?

FARMER. Mad? No. I'd serve Sir John, and my Lady too, to the last drop of my blood. But if ladies comes to poor folks's houses only to breed disturbances —

(Peggy stops his mouth with her hand.)

PEGGY. Be you stark staring.—

FARMER. *(Trying to speak through her hand.)*
To breed—disturbances—I says—why then —

LADY. *(solemnly.)* You astonish me, Mr. Mudlands; your ignorance and vulgarity are not to be endured, and I shall insist on Sir John's turning you immediately out of the farm.

(Turning to Peggy.)

As for you, Mrs. Mudlands, I shall take no farther notice of you, unless you immediately separate from such a savage, such a barbarian, such a—*Fi donc, cela fait horreur.*

FARMER. Just as you please, my Lady; but if you turns me out o' my farm now I've spent all my capital upon it, why we must come upon the parish, that's all.

LADY. *Vous êtes fait pour ecla. (Flings out.)*

FARMER. *(Looking after her.)* Poor, sure enough!—but as for *slaw*, if you means to be giving me bad names, that's what I won't take of Sir John, nor of his Lady neither.

(Farmer and Peggy stand some time at opposite ends of the stage without speaking, looking under their lids at each other.)

PEGGY. John!

FARMER. Peggy!

PEGGY. Husband!

FARMER. Wife!

PEGGY. Hey? Did you speak?

FARMER. There's no occasion for words. When folks come upon the parish, they must hold their tongues, and use their hands.

PEGGY. *(crying.)* And so, my wanting to be a lady, ends in my coming on the parish!

FARMER. *(doggedly.)* My Lady told you to part from me, so I suppose she's ready to make a lady of you, herself, somehow or other. *(Beating his hat about.)*

PEGGY. (*reproachfully but gently.*) Oh, John! don't talk so.

Enter Mabel, breathless.

MABEL. Here's news, Master! here's news, Mistress! O la! I be in such a fluster!

(*Fans herself with her apron.*)

Poor souls! Poor souls!

FARMER. What, be there more folks turned out o' house and home besides me and my mistress?

MABEL. Yes; the Duke and Duchess at the great park three miles off.

FARMER. And what in all the world can have happened to them?

MABEL. Ruination, master; they says, Ruination! turning all their servants away, and going to live in foreign parts wi' folks that a'n't like Christian *creaters!* where they'll have nothing to eat but frogs, mistress, and not a drop o' beer, master, nor nothing heartening to keep up their spirits! And every body says 'tis all along o' the Duchess wi' her proud ways, and grand doings, that—Sally says—made my Lady so discontented wi' good Sir John.

Enter Sally, breathless, fanning herself with her apron.

SALLY. Oh, Mabel! Mabel! Oh dear! oh dear! what will become of me? I shall lose my fine *situation* up at the Hall, I shall!

MABEL. Bless us, Sally, why you fairly frights a body. What can be the matter?

SALLY. Oh such doings up at the Hall while my Lady was down here!

MABEL. What doings? Do tell us.

SALLY. Sir John in such a way! and my lady in such a taking! There she is, if you'll believe me, crying so, and wringing her hands! And Sir John!—Oh! if you could but see him now, his back's fairly up! So—I run away to tell you.

FARMER. Who ha' offered to affront Sir John, I wonder? I'll stand by him, whoever 'tis. He ha' been the best o' landlords to me, and I'll stand by him, all one, whether he turns me out of the farm or not.

SALLY. Oh, but he don't want your help, nor nobody's. He says he'll sell the coaches, and the phe-a-tons, and the white ponies, and all, but what he'll set matters right himself.

FARMER. Why, bless us all, what is it that's gone wrong?

SALLY. They calls it a *hexicution* in the *ouse*, Master Mudlands; that is, there be some men come down from Lunnon to take away every thing they can lay their hands upon.

FARMER. But what for?—what for?

SALLY. Why to pay my Lady's bills for all the new furniture, and the new plate—and the beautiful jewels, and the necklaces, and the ear-rings, and the laces, and the caps—and the— Oh dear! I can't tell half the things. So beautiful! to be sure!

(Mabel and Sally talk apart, as if counting all the fine things, while Peggy and John stand silent for a space, on opposite sides of the stage as before.)

FARMER. *(significantly)* Peggy!

PEGGY. *(humbly)* John!

FARMER. Wife!

PEGGY. Husband!

FARMER. *(archly)* Be you for a footboy, and a groom boy and a tiger now, Peggy?

PEGGY. *(sidling towards him)* Oh John! John! I ought to be ashamed of myself—and so I am—John—and I'm sure—I want nothing—John—*(getting close to him and putting her arm through his)* but a kind—good—husband—*(looking up in his face with a hesitating smile)* who will forgive my folly—and *forget* it too.

FARMER. *(pressing the hand affectionately that is on his arm)* Aye, aye, that I will, with all my heart, we'll never say another word about it,—and if I have but a thrifty, industrious wife, I won't mind being turned out—but—bless my soul, here comes my Lady again. 'Twill be all up with us now.

Enter Lady in great agitation.

LADY. I see you start at my appearance, good Mr. Mudlands—nor can I blame you. But, indeed—excuse me—I am very much flurried. Je n'en puis plus. This unexpected event! It is Sir John who—Oh my too—too generous husband!

(*sinks into a chair, Peggy goes to her*) a glass of water, dear Mrs. Mudlands.

(*Peggy runs to fetch one.*)

FARMER. Why, I must say, my Lady, if what I hears is true, he deserved better of you.

(*Peggy brings the water, and she sips some.*)

LADY. He did—he did, indeed! but never, never more shall he have cause to complain. Ah! c'en est fait!

FARMER. If you please, my Lady, to speak plain English, if you'd have a plain man know what 'tis you comes about.

LADY. (*rising*) I will, Mr. Mudlands, I will,— I will compose myself, and speak my errand, (*after a pause*) As I—as I—I fear (Ah! oui c'est moi qui ai troublé leur bonheur!) As I, perhaps, have been the means of discomfort here, Sir John allows me to be the bearer of good tidings. A large farm of 500 acres has just fallen in, and his wish is to establish you in it.

FARMER. (*bowing and scraping*) Thank you, my Lady, kindly! I always said he was best o' landlords, and now who shall contradict me?

(*They all crowd round him, with expressions of joy. Lady looks on pleased.*)

LADY. I shall take upon myself, dear Mrs. Mudlands, to fit up your little parlour in the neatest and most appropriate style, ce sera——!

(*Kissing her fingers in the French way, to signify mignon.*)

PEGGY. No, my Lady, no—much obliged to you, all the same. I'll sit in the chimney corner in the kitchen, with my own good man, and be happy and contented.

(Puts her arm through his, and clings to him as if for protection.)

FARMER. *(kindly)* And you'll hunt for the new-laid eggs, hey? with them pretty little hands.

(Patting her hands.)

PEGGY. Aye, and see to the pigs too, John.

LADY. *(coming forward)* Yes, we will both prove that one may be equally happy in every station of life, if one makes a pleasure of one's duty. Ces devoirs m'avaient paru un peu fades—Je l'avoue—mais—J'AVAIS TORT.

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY LADY STATELY.

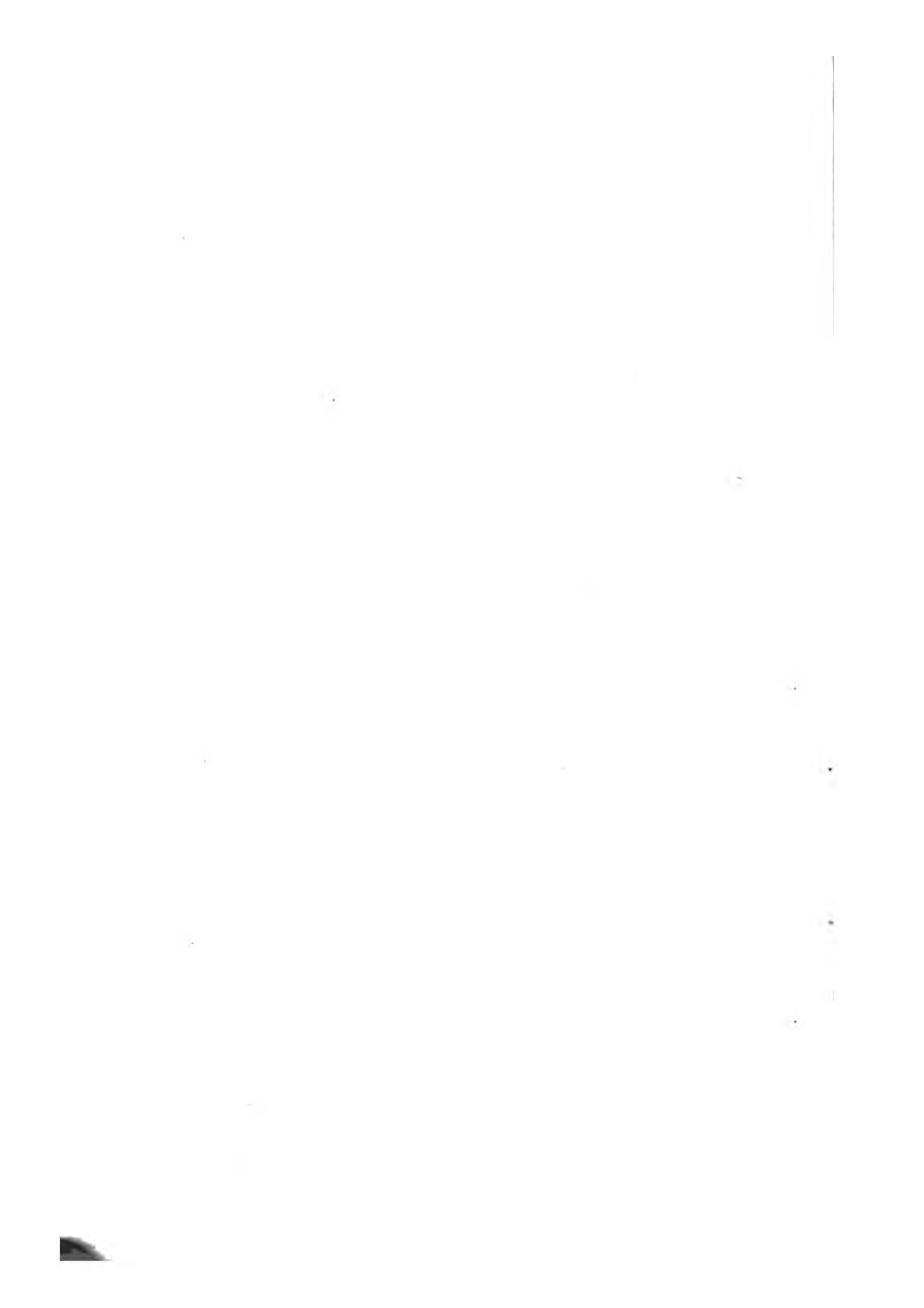
Great Shakspeare says, (and who e'er used a pen
That proved such knowledge both of things and men ?)
That we may hear a sermon preached by trees,
By running brooks, and stones too,—if we please,—
That is to say, if we attention lend,—
For if we don't, you know 'tis to no end
That trees, or brooks, or stones,—or Bishops preach,
Or even little children morals teach.

I mark your frown with indignation fraught ;
“ Shall parents be,” you say, “ by children taught ?”
And pray why not ?—but this my pert reply
Must be sustained by proofs of cogency :
I'm ready then.—Did we not take from you
Whate'er we have of good, or wise, or true ?
And shall we not some restitution make
Upon the golden rule of—“ give and take ?”
You say, “ Shall Nature's order be reversed ?
Immutable, and sacred from the first !”
I beg your pardon,—since the world began,
Thro' all her works, *mine* has been Nature's plan :
Do not the fleecy clouds of pearly hue
From mother Earth *take* what they *give* in dew ?

And every herb and flower, in every clime,
 That draws its sweetness from the hour of prime,
 Restore the perfume, and with interest too,
 To evening's balmy hour of sober hue?
 E'en so, we children, in the moral shewn,
 Do nothing more than give you back your own.
 From *whom* we drew contentment in our lot
 In life's first dawn, we have not yet forgot,
 Nor by *whose* precept, with example mixed,
 Each principle for riper years was fixed ;
 And oh ! when evening's shadows shall descend
 Around the brow of parent, and of friend,
 May we,—still true to nature—grateful pour
 Our heart's best incense o'er the darker hour !

THE END.





The Evening Star & the Glow-worm
A fable
Dedicated to the political
Ladies of the united Kingdom

In older time when all things ^{talked,}
Whether they swam, or flew, or walked,
(One universal tongue in use
Ere Babel tower had played the dance,
Giving the human race too many,
Nor leaving other creatures any)
The summer sun had in the west
Midst gold & purple sunk to rest,
And, breathing odours fresh & sweet,
Soft dewy airs the senses greet:
The nightingale his varied snatches
Trills forth as o'er his nest he watches,
And 'mong the wild weeds cool & damp

The glow-worm lights her tiny lamp,
While in the sky the evening star
Her shimmering radiance sends afar.
When to! A way-worn traveller
Enquires his path of all things near.

"Oh Sir! I'm glad that I tonight
Have lit my lamp to give you light"
Exclaims the glow-worm, "While the ground
I thus illumine all around
Your way will easily be found."

"For your good-will, bright insect, thanks,
The will as the kind action thanks," -
Smiling replied the way-farer, -
But we've a moon, - I'll wait for her
and yonder, gracious grub! behold }
As sink those floods of molten gold }
The evening star her station hold! }

"What, that poor thing, so far away,
With winking, blinking, trembling ray,

Which every cloud that stains the skies,
May blot from your detuded eyes!
For her would you your trust repose
While my more steady Cressel glows:
Nay, mark how I illumine each flower
That breathes its sweets around my bow,
Each humble weed that rears its head
Ennobled by the light I shed!"

True, brilliant fly! Be this your prayer,
That you at home emit your rays,
While, breaking from your gorgeous sheen
The evening star precedes her Queen,
Apparent to a hemisphere
Contemplating her bright career!
Content that your concentrating ray
Point not the lost & arduous way,
But gild the cowslip & harebell
That love on your own bank to dwell,

Thou, Evening's gem in light arrayed
Brightest & loveliest in the shade!

Feb 9 23^d 1837

Fable.

The Rabbit and the Hedgehog

In the thick coppice lone and still
That decks the skirts of yonder hill,
A bristly hedgehog dwelt as snug
As any bug dwells in a rug;
She passed her days - by nature shy,
Rolled up in self security,
Her visitor set, and at her ease,
Within her own cheviot de-fence,
Her next door neighbour was a Joe
Of rabbit race as white as snow,
And mother, - tho' but one year old,
Of children more than can be told.
Four daughters shamed old Niobe
(all to be shot too, probably)
And ten King Priams of ten Troys
Could not compete with her in boys.
Full of herself and of her brood,

She brooked no others in the wood,
For her monopolizing habits
Taught her the world was made for ^{Rabbits}
Thus all importance, fidget, fuss —
"There won't be room enough for us
If Mrs Wedgwood — (who looks big) —
So close to us should chuse to pig —
The bustling cried — "so I'll e'en chide
To a larger dog tied up head by,
And tell him when let loose at night
Where of pig-meat to get a bite!" —

Now Jews descend and stars arise,
Children and dairies wink their eyes,
The nestlings chirp themselves to sleep,
And forth the bats & owlets creep,
While the insect's curfew seems to knell
From "sharded beetle's" droning bell.
'Twas at this witching hour the doe
Peeped from her burrows forth, to know
How sped her treacherous plan; & hark!
She hears the dog at distance bark —
Now nearer — and now nearer — bay,
And towards the coppice make his way;

Yes - now he's on the hedgehog's trail
He'll have her soon, - he cannot fail
A few steps more - A few steps more
The ventures - ventures - from her doo.
But when the dog with eager eyes
Pounces upon the promised prize
His jaws close on a prickly mass
That like a log lies in the grass; -
He howls with pain, & quick lets go
Within his reach the treacherous foe
Becomes his supper in its stead.
My moral easily is read,
Malice recoils on its own head.

The Knife, the Fork, & the Spoon
A dramatic Fable

A Knife, & a fork at the Foot in a tray
side by side. a sold Chorus & companions one
lays the fork to the knife, "you queer old-fashioned
"To get out of the way, that I here may lie cool, ^{lay} fool"
"You jostle & cramp me beyond. I entreat"
"You are put on the shelf, my good friend, obsolete"
"And no longer of service, when folks sit at meat."

The knife bristled up very sharp & cried "Sir!"
"Do you know who you speak to? Do me if I stir"
"Who are you, Sir, I ask? Such a dust here to"
"What can you do I wonder? excepting to pick up ^{pick up}
"The morsels I cut, and on saucy prongs stick up."

"Good knife you're quite vulgar in your objurgation,
"You're really low bred, - so are all your relations,
"Spade, mattock, & plough share, & all their rude kind,
"Rudely fashion'd for rude hands, - to rude labour
confined:

In the dark ages - passé - but times, good knife, vary
And you're a unc ignorance in the art culinary!
I really pity you - "Pity me, Sir 'erics knife,
Get out of the tray if you value your life:
My steel for your silver is more than a match
If under my edge your soft metal 'I catch'
'You creature of low-birth' from mine European
Lunth Fork," I contend not with thing so plebeian,
While I to the new world my ancestry trace,
And thanks to Columbus, this old one now grace.

A good-humoured Spoon, finding words run so high
To keep the peace, quick interposed & cried, "See!
'Keep your tempers, good folks, what will Holloway say
When he finds you, at loggerheads thus in the tray?
We all serve one Lord - We're none of us free -
No distinction but merit can spoon of sense see.
I'm indifferent honest myself - I may say
With prince Hamlet of Denmark, in Shakespeare's fine
And my character, Sir, stands as high as a spoon
As if I had been dug out of the moon -

"But to business! Ours, ici bas is with food -
leave the soup, friends, to me. - you, Knife may do good
With joints à l'Anglaise - (ie tough as wood.)

And you, my compatriot Fork! may discuss
The viands refined in diners à la Russe -
In consommés plunge all your prongs - Nota Bene
Have an eye to his lordship throughout the whole dinner
Who best serves his master will be esteemed most!
Hark! The dinner bell rings - let us each to
his post!



