

The Salamanca Corpus: "Margery and Gulwell". Act I, Scene I.
The Register Office (1761)

Author: Joseph Reed (1723-1787)

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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTIINI

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THE
REGISTER-OFFICE:

A

FARCE

OF TWO ACTS.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

By J. REED.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Russel-Street, Covent-*

Garden. MDCCLXI

[Price One Shilling]

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Enter MARGERY.

Mar. Sur, an I may be so bold, I'se come to ax an ye've sped about t' Woman Servant, at ye advertis'd for.

Gul. I have not—Come nearer, young Woman.

Mar. Let me steck't Deer first, an ye please.

(Shuts the Door.)

Gul. What Countrywoman are you?

Mar. I'se *Yorkshire*, by my truly! —I was bred an *bworn* at *Little Yatton*, aside *Roseberry Topping*.

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Gul. *Roseberry Topping!* Where is that, my pretty Maid?

Mar. Certainly God! ye knaw *Roseberry*? I thought ony Fule had knawn *Roseberry*—Its' t' biggest Mountain in oll *Yorkshire*—It's about a Mile an a hofe high; an as *coad* as Ice at 'top on't i't hettest Summer's Day—that it is.

Gul. You've been in some Service, I suppose?

Mar. Ay, I'll uphode ye have I, ever sin I was neen Year ald—Nay, makins, I'd a God's-penny at *Stowslah* Market, about hofe a Year afore at I was neen—An as good a Servant I've been, thof I say't mysel, as ever came within a pair o Deers—I can Milk, Kurn, Fother, Bake, Brew, Sheer, Winder, Card, Spin, Knit, Sew, and do every Thing at belongs to a Husbandman, as weel as ony Lass, at ever ware Clog-Sheen: An as to my Karecter, I defy ony Body, gentle or simple, to say Black's my Nail.

Gul. Have you been in any place in *London*?

Mar. Ay, an ye please—I liv'd wi Madam *Shrillpipe*, in *St. Pole's Kirk-Garth*, but was forc'd to leave my Place, afore at I had been a Week o Days in't.

Gul. How so.

Mar. Marry becose she ommost flighted an scauded me out o my Wits—She wast' arrantest Scaud, at ever I met wi in my *bworn* Days—She hadseerly sike a Tongue, as never was in ony Woman's Head, but her awn—It wad ring, ring, ring, ring, ring like a

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Larum frae Mworn to Neeght—The she wad put hersel into sike Flusters, that her Face wad be as black as't Reeking-Crook—Nay for that Matter I was nobut rightly sarra'd; for I was tell'd aforehand, by some verra sponsible Fwoke, at she was a meer Donnot: howsomever as I fand my Money grow less an less every Day (for I had brought my good seven an twonty Shilling to neen

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Groats an two Pence) I thought it wad be better to tack up wi a bad Place, than nea Place at oll.

Gul. And how do you like *London*?

Mar. Marry, Sur, I like nowther Egg, nor Shell on't —They're sike a Set o Fwoke, as I never saw wi my Eyn—They laugh an flier at a Body like ony Thing — I went nobut t'other Day ti't Baker's Shop for a Lafe o Bread, an they fell a giggling at me, as if I'd been yan o't greatest *Gawvisons* i't Warld — Do you think, Sur, at I look ought like a *Gawvison*?

Gul. Not in the least, my pretty Damsel.

Mar. They may bwoast as they will o their Manners, but they've nea mare Manners than a Miller's Horse, I can tell them that; that I can—I wish I had been still at canny *Yatton*!

Gul. As you have so great a Liking to the Place, why would you leave it?

Mar. Marry, Sur, I was forc'd, as yan may say, to leav't!—The Squire wad not let me be—by my truly, Sur, he was after me Mworn, Noon, an Neeght—If I wad but ha consented to his wicked Ways, I might a had Gould by Gopins; that I might—Lo ye, Squire, says I, you're mista'en o me! I'se nane o thea sort o Cattle— I'se a vartuous young Woman, I'll asseer ye—Ye're others Fwoke's Fwoke—Wad ye be sike a *Taystrell* as to ruin me?—But oll wadn't do: he kept following an following, and teizing an teizing me—At lang run I tell'd my ald Dame, and she advised me to gang to *London* to be out of his way; that she did, like an honest Woman as she was—I went to my Cousin *Isbell*, an says I to her, *Isbell* says I, come will you goway to *London*?—An tell'd her the hale Affair atween me an the Squire— Odsbeed! says she, my Lass, I'll gang wi thee ti't Warld's End—An away we come in good yearnest.

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Gul. It was a very *vartuous* Resolution—Pray how old are you?

Mar. I'se *ninteen* come ald haly Even.

Gul. Would you undertake a Housekeeper's Place?

Mar. I'se *flaid* I cannot manege't, unless it were in a Husband-Man's House!

Gul. It is a very substantial Farmer's in *Buckinghamshire*—I am sure you will do—I'll set you down for it—Your Name?

Mar. *Margery Moorpout*, an ye please.

Gul. How do you spell it?

Mar. Nay, makins, I know nought o Speldering—I'se nea Schollard

Gul. Well, I shall write to him this Evening—What Wages do you ask?

Mar. Nay marry, for that Matter, I wad'nt be ower stiff about Wage.

Gul. Then I can venture to assure you of it—You must give me half a Crown, my pretty Maid—Our Fee is only a Shilling for a common Place; but for a Housekeeper's we have always half a Crown.

Mar. There's twea Shilling, an yan—twea—three—four—fave—six pen'north o Brass, with a thousand Thanks —God's Prayer light o you! for I'se seer ye'rt' best Friend, I have met wi sine I come frae canny *Yatton*: that you are—When shall I coll again, Sur?

Gul. About the Middle of the next Week.

Mar. Sur, an ye please, gud Mwarning to you.

(Exit.

Gul. Good Morning to you, dear, *vartuous* Mrs. *Margery Moorpout*—So this is a Specimen of *Yorkshire* Simplicity; *that it is*—More Customers!