

Side 17 Foiegras and Boniface

Foiegras: Well, Monsieur Boniface, garzoons, 'tis a fine night for our enterprise.

Boniface: Dark as hell.

Foiegras: And blows like the devil; we must break into Mrs. Bountiful's fine establishment.

Boniface: Ay, ay, Mr. Foiegras! But don't hurt Mrs. Bountiful! She is the best of women... As for her son, the squire—

Foiegras: He's safe enough, I 'ave been drinking with him, and he's more than half overseas already. But such a parcel of scoundrels are hanging about him now, that, garzoons, I was ashamed to be seen in their company. Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a coward?

Boniface: Calling Scrub a coward is an insult to the coward community. You 'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies. But be nice to Mrs. Bountiful! I feel so terrible...

Foiegras: I will be gentility itself! And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of good manners in robbing a lady; I am the greatest gentleman that ever travelled the road.—But, my dear Bonny, I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand bucks.

Boniface: In plate, jewels, and money.

Foiegras: Why then, I'll get up to Manhattan, buy myself a fine house, and be as snug and as honest as any fine city gentleman.

Boniface: And what think you then of my daughter Cherry for a wife?

Foiegras: Look you, my dear Bonny—Cherry is the Goddess I adore, as the song goes; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another; for if they should, the Lord have mercy on 'em both! [Exeunt.]