

F L O R A;
O R,
H O B I N T H E W E L L.

A F A R C E,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L , C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

COMPRESSED BY MR. HIPVESLEY INTO TWO ACTS,

FROM

T H E C O U N T R Y W A K E O F M R . D O G G E T .

The Lines distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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ELORA, or HOB IN THE WELL, is an alteration by MR. HIPFESLEY, from THE COUNTRY WAKE, written by MR. DOGGET, whose name will not be forgotten by the KNIGHTS OF THE OAR, so long as Thames rolls its silver tide from London-bridge Old Swan, to Chelsea White One.—These gentlemen were, both of them, actors; to the founder of the feast the preference is surely due, and therefore we lay before the encouragers of this undertaking the following particulars respecting

MR. THOMAS DOGGET.

OUR author was born in the last century, in Castle-street, Dublin; where, as an actor, a writer, and a gentleman, he lived respected till the autumn of the twenty-first year of the present.

When but a very young man, Mr. Dogget made his first appearance on the stage in his native city, where he exhibited traits of merit, highly creditable to his taste and understanding; but the fostering hand of encouragement, not being held forth to lead him on to a station worthy of such abilities as he was master of, he quitted the pursuit of fortune in his own country to court her in another, where she might prove kinder. London, the grand mart

for adventurers of every description, presented itself to his imagination in all its alluring colours, and full of those glowing hopes, which animate and strengthen young minds, in the glorious and laudable struggle for character and consequence in life, he paid a visit to

“ That spot of glory, and that world of woe ”

He had no reason to lament the change of place; for he soon accomplished, in an engagement, the end of his errand; and as soon experienced the truth of the remark, that the candour and liberality of a London audience remains unequalled in any division of the habitable world.

His merits procured to him a place among the town's first favourites. In his range of characters he presented the critics of the day with a variety, which, at once, raised their admiration, and secured their support and patronage.

Drury-Lane and Lincoln's-Inn, by turns, possessed this ornament to his profession; his great excellence lay in low comedy; but, indeed, whatever he undertook proved successful; for, assisted by a finished education, a superior understanding, and a strict regard to the unerring rules of nature, he was sure to engage the public mind, whether the scene presented the modest room of an humble cottage, or the splendid apartment of elegance, fashion, and refinement.

His characters, however contrasted, possessed so much of freedom, and evinced such richness of mind, as to render them, through all their varieties,

equally acceptable to a public, conscious of his superior claims, and equally willing to admit them.

Nor was his popularity less on the stage of life than on that of fancy; his manners were attractive and unassuming; those who conversed with him experienced the strength of his judgment; and society proud of such a member, gave him a welcome throughout its numerous circles. The first wits of his time were constantly of his parties; among which was the accomplished Congreve; in whose excellent comedies of the *OLD BACHELOR* and *LOVE FOR LOVE*, Mr. Dogget personified *Ben*, the honest tar, and *Fondlewife*, the old dotard, in a manner which proved that his talents were not fixed to one point, and which procured to him the universal character of a tried and genuine comedian.

Such was his success in the line of his profession, that in the course of a few years he was enabled to unite with *Cibber* and *Wilks* in the management of Drury-Lane theatre: but jealousies and heart-burnings will intrude themselves into every situation where individuals join together on the score of interest. In the year 1712, Mr. Booth, in the opinion of Mr. Dogget, was improperly admitted into a part of the concern. We presume not to enquire into the justice of his resentment; but it must be allowed to have been considerably raised, when, in consequence of his displeasure, he quitted a connection, at a time, when it was generally considered, that in so doing he gave up the receipt of at least a thousand pounds per annum.

However this may tell for his prudence, as a man of the world, it surely must redound to his honour as an independent gentleman, for such he was at this time. He disdained to suffer interest to smother resentment; a commendable pride, and a native vigour of mind had enabled him to avoid those follies which degrade the man; and his reward was, a genteel competence to soften and to cheer the evening of his days.—But in life's full noon, he withdrew himself from all its perplexities, and enjoyed the fruits he had gathered from the tree of fortune.

That kind of excellence which distinguished Hogarth as a painter, dignified the subject of these *particulars* as a player. Even Cibber, his cotemporary, and who on that account cannot be suspected of partiality, allowed, that, apart from his merit in supporting his characters, his manner of dressing them exhibited a proof that he was as good an artist as he was an actor.

The interests of the House of Hanover were held so dear to this worthy member of society; that, at the close of the first year of the reign of the first George, he gave a coat and badge, which were rowed for on the first day of August by six watermen.

At his death he bequeathed a sum of money, the interest of which was to support the annual repetition of a ceremony, at the present time, so well known to all ranks of people resident within the sound of Bow-bell.

Mr. Dogget left with his friends many private testimonies of his abilities as a writer; and we set down with regret, that the only public memorial of his genius, that way, is the drama before-mentioned; and from which the following entertaining After-piece is taken.

EPILOGUE,

BY THE SAME HAND AS THE PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. FRITCHARD.

GOOD folks, I'm come, at my young Lady's bidding,
To say, you are all welcome to her wedding.
Th' exchange she made what mortal here can blame?
Show me the maid that would not do the same.
For sure the greatest monster ever seen,
Is doating Sixty coupled to Sixteen!
When wintry age had almost caught the fair,
Youth, clad in sunshine, snatch'd her from despair:
Like a new Semele the virgin lay,
And clasp'd her lover in the blaze of day.
Thus may each maid, the toils almost intrapt in,
Change old Sir Simon for the brisk young Captain.
I love those men of arms, they know their trade:
Let dastards suc, the sons of fire invade!
They cannot bear around the bait to nibble,
Like pretty, powder'd, patient Mr. Fribble:
To dangers bred, and skilful in command,
They storm the strongest fortress sword in hand!
Nights without sleep, and floods of tears when waking,
Show'd poor Miss Biddy was in piteous taking.
She's now quite well; for maids in that condition,
Find the young lover is the best physician;

And without helps of art, or boast of knowledge,
They cure more women, faith, than all the college!
But to the point—I come with low petition,
For faith poor Bayes is in a sad condition;
* *The huge tall Hangman* stands to give the blow,
And only waits your pleasure—aye or no.
If you should—Pit, Box, and Gallery, egad,
Joy turns his senses, and the man runs mad!
But if your ears are shut, your hearts are rock,
And you pronounce the sentence—block to block:
Down kneels the bard, and leaves you when he's dead,
The empty tribute of an author's head.

* Alluding to Bayes's Prologue in *The Rehearsal*.

Flora; or, Hob in the Well.

WHENEVER this lively musical farce is brought forward, it is sure to put honest John Bull into a good humour.

POOR Ryder, now no more, personified Hob, in a manner highly honourable to the professional abilities of that excellent actor, but unfortunate man.

The blundering rustic was next pictured by that genuine child of nature, Blanchard, and his performance will not soon be forgotten, among those who know how to draw the line between the sterling of the true comedian, and the frothy frippery of the shallow buffoon.

That this entertainment should have lain so long dormant is a matter of surprise, while our stage is in the possession of so admirable a low comedian. Its revival on the boards of Covent-garden would surely be productive; and at the same time the public would be gratified in once more beholding an old favourite in a part so congenial to his powers.

The merit of former days is not yet forgotten; and those who have attended the Hob of Dunstal and of Ryder would readily repair to the theatre to attend the representation of Blanchard.

Nor would the character sit ill upon that respectable low comedian, Munden; who might play the part, alternately, and thus present the town with a variety worthy of its most cordial welcome.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir Thomas Testy,	-	MR. THOMPSON
Friendly,	-	MR. DAVIS
Hob,	-	MR. BLANCHARD
Old Hob,	-	MR. DARLEY
Dick,	-	MR. LEDGER
Roger,	-	MR. COOMBS.

Women.

Flora,	-	MRS. MARTYR
Betty,	-	MRS. ROCK
Hob's Mother,	-	MRS. WEBB.



Flora ; or, Hob in the Well.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of Sir Thomas Testy.*

Enter FLORA and BETTY.

AIR I.

To the tune of, " At noon, one sultry summer's day."

Flora.

HOW wretched are we orphans made,
By dying parents wills betray'd
To guardians pow'rs, who oft invade
Our freedom, to our cost?
Like captives they their wards confine,
Pretending care ; but with design
To prostitute 'em for their coin,
To whoe'er bids the most.

Betty—

Bet. Madam.

Flo. 'Tis a sad life I lead here.

Bet. Life, indeed, Madam, is a sad thing any where to lovers that are uncoupled.

Flo. Wert thou ever in love, Betty?

Bet. O most cruelly, Madam; but the man I lov'd had another more darling mistress—call'd claret—for whose sweet society I was forsaken.

AIR II. Ye beaux of pleasure

The men of pleasure,

Who count the seisure

Of virgin-treasure

A pleasing task;

No sooner gain it,

But they refrain it,

Nay, oft disdain it,

For t'other flask.

Flo. And how do you find yourself now?

Bet. As most folks are after the loss of an old lover.

Flo. How's that?

Bet. Ready for a new one.

Flo. Wou'd I were of thy humour.—But, my silly heart's so set upon Mr. Friendly, that all mankind beside are no more than my own sex to me.

Bet. Then you must have him, Madam, or you'll go into a consumption—

Flo. Ay, but how shall I come at him, Betty?

Bet. Why, run a risk, Madam.

Flo. What risk?

Bet. Run away with him.

Flo. Psha! How is that possible? 'when my uncle
' lock^d me up as if I were his only bottle of brandy!

' *Bet.* You know, Madam, I have sometimes the
' keys of both in my keeping——and if you please
' to uncork your conscience, I'll undertake, in eight-
' and-forty hours, Mr. Friendly shall have at least
' half a dozen gddowns of you.

' *Flo.* Ah, Betty! I'm afraid you flatter me.

' *Bet.* Nay, Madam, you are as good a judge of
' that as I; for you must own, he has a very pro-
' mising person.

' *Flo.* Psha! I don't think of his person.

' *Bet.* If any other woman thought half so much
' of it, you wou'd pull her commode for her.

' *Flo.* Pooh! But 'I mean' I am afraid you are
not sincere in your advice; and that if I should trust
you with any design of that nature, you wou'd dis-
cover it to my uncle.

Bet. Ah! but if I were to live with you, and have
my wages rais'd, after you married—I know whose
suspicion does me a great deal of wrong.

Flo. Swear then to be true, and I will trust you.
But, dear Betty, be out of the fashion for once, and
keep your oath; I'll tell you why I so earnestly in-
treat you.

AIR III. *I, who once was great, now little am grown.*

Custom prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on,
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er designing to keep one.

For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame;
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name;
A lawyer to truth; a statesman from blame;
Or a patriot-heart in a courtier.

Bet. Here then, I swear, by all my hopes and perquisites; by the sweet profits of my place in view, and double wages in reversion; by your lac'd shoes too big, and those too little; by the silk gown you'll give me at your wedding; by all 'your mantuas, 'heads, hoops, short hoods and cloaks, and as I hope 'your last blue atlas never will be worn again!' I swear——

Flo. That you will inviolably keep my secrets, and assist me to your utmost in running away with Mr. Friendly.

Bet. I swear.

Flo. Then I will trust you; and when I'm married, Betty, every article of your oath shall be made good to you—Look here then, here's a letter I had just written to Mr. Friendly, wherein I've promis'd, at twelve o'clock to-night to be upon the mount in the garden; and if he will take care to meet me on t'other side, and set a ladder against the wall, I'll toss over my band-box, venture catching cold in the dew, and take my fortune with him.

Bet. There's mettle in the proposal, Madam—Let's see the letter; he shall have it in a quarter of an hour, though I carry it myself.

Flo. But I won't venture neither, unless his answer tells he'll be ready—So, dear Betty, be careful; I have no mortal to trust but thee.

Bet. And no mortal fitter to be trusted. [*Exit.*

Flo. So, now my heart's at ease——I find my resolution's good at the bottom; and since I have set my head upon running away, 'tis not my old uncle nor the garden-wall shall stop me, tho' he were as wise as a bishop, and the wall as high as a church-steeple.

AIR IV. *Man in imagination.*

* Tho' my uncle strives to immure me,
My lover's voice shall lure me
To leap from the mount o'er the garden-wall,
And fly this hated place.

Oh, a tedious day to me 'tis;
But when Sol's in the arms of his Thetis,
Swift as a roe (at my hero's call)
I'll elude my hunter's chase.

Ah!——

Enter Sir THO. TESTY.

Sir Tho. How now, Mrs. Irreverence! Am I such a hobgoblin that you start at the sight of me?

Flo. Sir, I did not think any harm; but when you come upon one unawares——

Sir Tho. Unawares! What! I surpris'd you then? Your head was full of other matters, which, I suppose, that close committee of the flesh and the devil have absolutely resolv'd to be the fundamentals of your constitution.

' AIR V. *As I was walking thro' Hyde-Park.*

' When a girl fifteen years does attain,

' Love's follies invading her brain,

' Her virtue's held by a slight rein.

' For equipage, hurry, and noise,

' Gay cloathing, and such female toys,

' She'll forego more substantial joys.

' To a feather or powder'd toupee

' Her heart soon a captive would be.

' To keep such a one chaste, we must lock her up fast:

' That maxim best pleases me.

Flo. Lord, Sir, how strangely you talk to one!

Sir Tho. Talk! you mal-apert; why, who should talk to you but I? Whom am I, hussy? who am I?

Flo. You are my uncle by relation, my guardian by my father's will, and my jailor against mine.

Sir Tho. Then while you are my prisoner, hussy, how dare you take such liberty?

Flo. Because liberty, Sir, is the sweetest thing a prisoner can take.

Sir Tho. Don't you think in your conscience now, mistress, you deserve to be lock'd up?

Flo. I think in my conscience you ought to let me marry since I've a mind to't.

Sir Tho. Proveking! Dare you own this to my face?

Flo. Why, Sir, isn't a fault? You have kept me in prison for these ten months, and I did not know but my confessing it might deserve a little of your mercy.

Sir Tho. Astonishing! The devil has harden'd you, hussy! you are a sight! Go, go to your chamber; people will stare at you; I would not have you seen abroad in this condition for——O Lord! your brain's turn'd! You shall bleed, mistress; I'll have your room darken'd; Water-gruel, discipline and water-gruel, ye gods!

Flo. Look'e, uncle, I find you have a mind to drive me to a hard bargain; therefore, to let you see that I am no hagler, I'll make you an offer which shall fairly come up to the most you can make of me——As thus——

Sir Tho. What new distraction hast thou got in thy head now?

Flo. Hear me. You know I have 8000*l.* to my fortune, and that by my father's will you are to be allow'd the whole interest of it, till I am either married or of age, to reimburse your expences in maintaining me; which said maintenance, by a modest computation, may stand you in—let me see—about seven or eight pounds a-year, (for I have no cloaths but my mother's.)—Now, Sir, if you'll immediately give me the liberty of marrying the man I have a mind to, I'll engage he shall consent to the throwing of my fortune into the public funds, the minute you throw me into his arms. So you shall have the use of my pence till I am of age, as a premium for advancing to him the use of my person.

Sir Tho. Hum! The girl begins to talk sensibly—But 'tis not yet proper to understand her——Look'e, child, when you have persuaded your lover to make

the same proposal under his hand, I shall then believe you are equally mad to come at one another.—In the mean time, let me advise you to your chamber, from whence I will allow you the lovely prospect of the garden. *[Exit.]*

Flo. You may chance to fret for this, my very wise uncle. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Before the garden-wall.

Enter FRIENDLY and SERVANT.

Fri. What a watchful old rogue is this?

Ser. A very dragon, Sir.

Fri. To use a young creature so unmercifully.

Ser. Nay, Sir, so uncivilly.

Fri. How, sirrah?

Ser. To force her to such extremities, to make her straddle over a great wall, and risk her neck down a ladder at midnight, when he ought to lend her his hand into a coach and six, and out of his great gate at noon day, to come to you, Sir. But the rascal has no breeding.

Fri. By Mercury, I'll be even with him.

Ser. You have reason, Sir; for though I say it—

Fri. That shou'd not say it.

Ser. She is a lovely piece of temptation, Sir.

Fri. What's o'clock, sirrah?

Ser. By the moon's rising, I believe it may be about, a—past ten.

Fri. Then, sirrah, about—past twelve—

Ser. You'll have one of her blue silk stockings straddling over the wall, Sir——

AIR VI. *At past one o'clock and a cold frosty morning.*

FRIENDLY *sings.*

At past twelve o'clock, and a fine summer's morning,
When all in the village sleep pleasantly,
Cynthia's bright beams all nature adorning
Shall guide my swift steps to my lovely she.

Then my fair Flora, fraught with kind wishes,
I'll fold in my arms, with amorous kisses,
Which serve as preludes to more solid blisses—
Soon as the vicar has made us one.

But where's the country fellow you promis'd should
carry my answer to her letter?

Ser. Who, Hob, Sir? Here he is; and if any suspects his face for a pimp's, I have no skill in the science, Sir.

Enter HOB.

Fri. Well, Hob, canst thou carry this letter to Sir Thomas Testy's house for me?

Hob. Zir, yes.

Fri. Do so, and give it to Madam Flora; but take care nobody sees you deliver it.

Hob. Yes, Zir—But must I carry it to-night?—'Tis main dark.

Fri. You must go immediately.

Hob. I hope, Zir, there's no difference between you and Zir Tomas?

Fri. Why dost hope so?

Hob. Why truly, Zir, I do hear there be; and therefore I don't care to meddle or make between friends, for 'tis but an unthankful office; and you know Zir Tomas is very crusty, and if he does but suspect that I shaud conzarn mysel, mayhap he may take the law of me; and you know, Zir, that law is a vrightful thing.

AIR VII. *She got money by th' bargain.*

The terrible law, when it fastens its paw
On a poor man, it gripes 'till he's undone;
And what I am doing may turn to my ruin,
Tho' rich as the Lord Mayor of London.
Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,
Unless we first make a zure bargain;
I will be 'dennify'd, thoroughly satisfy'd,
That ch'am shan't zuffer a varding.

Fri. Pish, the law shall never trouble thee; I'll secure thee from any harm.

Hob. Very well, Zir, very well; that's as much as I can desire: but pray, don't take unkindly what I say; for you know no man is willing to bring himzel into a primunire if he con help it.

Fri. No, no—Prithee be gone.

Hob. I will, Zir, I will—for—for—Pray, Zir, be pleas'd to read the zuperscription for me.

Fri. S'death, how I am tortur'd with this foolish fellow, and I can send nobody else without being

suspected—Don't trouble thyself with the superscription, but deliver it as I bid thee.

Hob. Very good, Zir, very good—'Tis main dark—would it not do as well, Zir, if I should carry it in the morning? I had rather go in the morning.

Fri. Why so?

Hob. Why, truly, Zir, I'll tell you: at the lower end of Zir Tomas's orchard, one of our poor neighbours belag in a disparaging condition has gone and hang'd himzel—Now there is zome do zay that he walks by night in zeveral zorts of shapes.

Fri. What, and so you are afraid, are you?

Hob. No, indeed, Zir, ch'am not afraid—I thank marcy, I defy the devil and all his works.

Fri. A pox on thee then, get thee gone.

Hob. Tho' I must tell you, I have a great conceit he will appear to me,—vor you must know, to-morrow the crowner's quest is to zit upon him, whereof, di'ye zee, I'm to be one: and who knows but he may have zomething upon his spirits that may make him break his mind to me: and if zo, let me tell you, I'm afraid it will make a bad day for zomebody—vor, if Sir^e Tomas had kept his fences whole, mayhap this man had ne'er been tempted to ha' gone into his ground to ha' hang'd himzel. But be that as it will, I'll do your business vor you; therefore pray take you no care Zir—

Fri. Prithce about it then.

Hob. Ay, ay, I'll warrant you, don't trouble yourzel no vurther—vor if I zay I'll do't, I'll do't that's my humour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Wood and Garden Wall.**Enter Sir THOMAS and SERVANTS.*

Sir Tho. 'Twill be a hard matter to sink any of
 ' the principal, indeed; so that, cou'd the girl make
 ' good the proposal, I wou'd not care how soon she
 ' were kiss'd black in the face; but should I give
 ' her the least liberty upon't, 'tis possible, when she
 ' has made use on't, her conscience might desire to
 ' be off. And I dare swear her lover will spare
 ' neither care nor cost to come at her without my
 ' consent; and gold in particular has a prevailing
 ' influence in a love-affair; therefore I must watch
 ' my ward myself—Servants may be corrupted.

' AIR VIII. *We'll learn to be merry and wise.*

' To guard my Hesperian tree
 ' Requires more care than of old;
 ' That was robb'd by a half deity,
 ' And without the assistance of gold.
 ' But, in this age, gold softens the mind,
 ' A governante's tongue 'twill lay mute,
 ' Charm prudes, make a coy virgin kind,
 ' Whilst a lover (with ease) steals the fruit.'

D'ye hear, rascals! look sharp; for this is the usual
 hour that your soft sighing rogues run a caterwaul-
 ing.

Ser. Sir! Sir! yonder's somebody with a light
 coming down the field.

Sir Tho. Stand still then, and observe.

Enter HOB, whistling.

Hob. Zo, this is the house—now let me see—how shall I go about to do this zame business?—If that old fox, Zir Thomas, shou'd 'spy me, he'd maul me vor zartain—But let me alone, I'll be cunning enough for him, I'll warrant ye—If he zees me, he must have more eyes than two.—Hold, hold, now let me zee for this same letter—O, here it is—for Madam Flo—Flo—Madam Flora.

Sir Tho. Where are you carrying this letter friend?

[Sir Tho. snatching it.]

Hob. Letter, Zir?

Sir Tho. Letter, Sir! ay, letter, Sir! who did you bring it from?

Hob. Bring it vrom, Zir? I brought it from nobody, not I.

Sir Tho. How came you by it?

Hob. By it, Zir? I did not buy it; why, I vound it in my pocket, Zir.

Sir Tho. Found it in your pocket!—What, did it grow there then, ha? Where are you going with it?

Hob. Going with it, Zir? I dan't know where cha am going with it, not I.

Sir Tho. What do you here at this time o'night?

Hob. I can't tell what I do here, not I—I'll go home, Zir, if you please—I wish you a good night.

Sir Tho. Hold, hold, a little, friend; let me reward you first for bringing, however.

Hob. Not a varthing, Zir; indeed, I must not take one varthing, for Maister Friendly charg'n me to th' contrary; therefore, pray, dan't offer it.

Sir Tho. O, did he so?—But something I will give you, however: Pray take that, and that, sirrah.

[Beats him.

Hob. O Lard! O Lard! what de ye strik'n vor? avore Gad, I'll take the law of you, zee an I don't—what, do you go to murder me?

Sir Tho. I'll law you, you rogue—are you their letter-carrier? there's more for you, sirrah.

Hob. Bear witness, bear witness, zee an you dan't pay for this. O Lard! O Lard!

Sir Tho. Here, sirrahs, lay hold of him, till I examine the letter. Let's see—"To Mrs. Flora"—right.

"The proposal you mention, in case of extremity, will certainly do; but it will be a much pleasanter piece of justice to bite him for his barbarity. "*(A son of a whore, he means me to be sure.)* The ladder, and all things shall be ready exactly at twelve to-night *(Oons!)* If you have any thing farther of moment, this fellow is honest, and will convey it safe to your eternal lover,

"TOM FRIENDLY."

Yes, yes, I find he is honest, with a pox to him, and I'll reward him accordingly—Here, desire that honest gentleman to walk down to the bottom of that well—And let him stay there 'till I call for him.

Hob. I con't do it, as I hope to be zav'd I con't; pray vorbear, and don't murder an innocent man.

[Falls on his knees.

AIR IX. *My father he left me a wealthy estate.*

Sings. I never 'till now was concern'd in strife;
Have mercy, Sir Thomas, and spare poor
Hob's life,
And give me my freedom, as I had bevore—
I'll be a good boy, and I'll do zo no more.

Indeed I won't—

Sir Tho. In with him, I say—

Hob. O Lard! Maister Jonathan, I vorewarn you,
shan't be concern'd in this: Consider what you do.

Sir Tho. Oons! in with him.

Hob. You are all principals, there are no 'com-
plishes in murder. Help! Murder!

[They put him down, and exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber.*

Enter FLORA.

Flo. I heard a strange noise without: I wish
things go as they shou'd—'My heart beats, as if
'Mr. What-d'ye-call 'em were in my arms.'—
Well, this love's a terrible thing—Wou'd the worst
on't were over, I'm afraid I shall never be able to
go thro' with it—I am sure here's an odd bustle
about it.

Enter BETTY.

How now?

Bet. Undone! undone! Madam! Your uncle has
intercepted Mr. Friendly's letter in answer to yours,
and all your designs are discovered; he raves and

tears like a madman, and in his passion he has thrown the poor fellow that brought it into the great well, and swears if any body offers to help him out, without his order, he'll throw them in after him.

Flo. Well, if I am here alive, I thought it would come to nothing—It vexes the heart of me.

Bet. But come, Madam, don't be wholly discouraged; for John tells me, 'tis a hundred to one but the fellow's drown'd.

Flo. Psh! I wish my uncle was drown'd in his room.

Bet. No, Madam; but he'll be hang'd, and that's as well.

Flo. Do you really think so?

Bet. Poz.

Flo. Then I'll marry in spite of his teeth.

Bet. Right; when he's in one noose, you may slip into t'other.

Flo. Dear Betty, step out and see how 'tis with the fellow, for I'm in a thousand frights; and if things are—you know how—ask when the assizes begin.

[*Exit Betty.*]

AIR X. *The lass with the nut-brown hair.*

' To forgive, sure, is great,

' But revenge for wrong's sweet,

' So for once let resentment prevail.

' My guardian relation

' Is in a situation

' Should move a soft breast to bewail:

‘ But his sordid cruelty
‘ Has so perverted me,
‘ I can hear of his death without pain.
‘ When he’s swinging in his shoes,
‘ I’ll fix my marriage noose,
‘ And (with justice) great Hymen shall reign.
‘ [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*A Wood and Garden Wall.*

Enter OLD HOB and his WIFE.

O. Hob. Come, wife, never trouble thy zelf, a wull go a rawging zometimes, and there’s an end on’t, a wull come home again I warrant ’un.

Wife. I think o’ my conscience ’tis no great matter whether he does or no.—A base raugue, to be out of the way at such a busy time as thick is. The zun has been up this hour and quarter, and that graceless boy, I warrant, has not been a-bed yet. Pri-thee, husband, step and zee an he ben’t zooting at the park-gate, and I’ll draw the water in the mean time.

O. Hob. Do you then. [Exit.]

Wife. This boy’s the plague of my life, I think —’twere more than time the gammon had been boiled by now. And now the volk will come to the wake bevore he be cold—and then it waun’t be vit to be eaten—A jackanapes! when I bid ’en, and beg ’en, and prayed ’en to stay, and he would go—And yet notwithstanding all I have zaid, cou’d I lay eyes on him, I shæ’d vorget his roguery, and vorgiv’n.

AIR IX. *The Logan water is so deep.*
Sings. The shepherdess with looks dismay'd,
 Because her fav'rite lamb has stray'd;
 In angry search her time employs!
 But found—that passion's lost in joys,
 So will it be with silly me,
 When next my truant-boy I see;
 My heart pleads strongly on his side,
 And I shall rather kiss than chide.

Here have I been blaming the poor boy for not minding his business, and at the same time neglect my own; I must haste to wind up the bucket, or I shall have husband back before I've drawn a drop of water.

[*Goes to the well, and sings.*] Did you not hear, &c.
 Lud, lud, 'tis main heavy—Heyday—I believe old Nick's in the bottom o' the bucket, for my part.
 (*Hob cries out.*) Oh, a ghost! a ghost!

[*Hob appears in the bucket; she lets the rope go, and he sinks again.*

Enter OLD HOB.

O. Hob. Heyday! what's the matter, with a murrain t'ye? is the woman in her tantrums?

Wife. A ghost! a ghost!—Hob's ghost in the well—ah!—

O. Hob. The woman's turn'd wool, I think—let me zee; if the devil be in the well, I'll vetch 'en out on't—here's a rout indeed—Wauns! I think the devil be in the bucket—But now I have got 'en half

way, I'll knaw what zort of a devil 'tis; and if he hen't a zivil one, I'll zouze 'en and zop 'en in the bottom agen.

Y. Hob. Ah! han'd vast, vather, 'tis-I! 'tis I!

Wife. Ah! 'tis there agen.

O. Hob. Haud your peace, I zay; the devil can't get in a word for you, I think—Who's there? Hob?

Y. Hob. Ay, vor lov's zake pull away, vather.

O. Hob. Prithee lend's thy hond, wife—Bless my eyes! 'tis Hob indeed—What in the name of wonder dost thou here, lad?

Y. Hob. Ah! dan't ask questions now, vather—get me home—Zir Thomas has don't; but if there be law in all the king's kindom, I'll capias 'en vor zartain; I dan't knaw but it may prove the death of me; I'll zue him next hizi-prizis, an't cost me vorty shillings. I'll zue him, come on't what will—zee if I don't make him pay vor't.

AIR XII. *To an Irish tune.* Trio.

Wife. Oh! my poor boy,

O. Hob. His looks are stark wild.

Wife. Cou'd Sir Thomas destroy

O. Hob. So hopeful a child?

Y. Hob. I'll revenge if I con.

Wife. Ah! talk so no more.

O. Hob. He's a great mon,

O. Hob. and Wife. And we are but poor.

Y. Hob. All you do zay can signify nothing,

I'll capias 'en for't, let cost what it will.

Wife. Get zbed, boy, whilst I get thee dry clothing.

O. Hob. Think thou art taught to return good for ill.

Y. Hob. I'll indict 'en i' th' crown,

And bind o'er to the sessions,

Tho'f I zell my heifer and the auld mare,

Udsblead I'd hang 'en or drown 'en.

O. Hob. Forbear zuch expressions.

Wife. Prithee vorgive, and be not zevere.

Y. Hob. I'll never vorgive, and will be zevere.

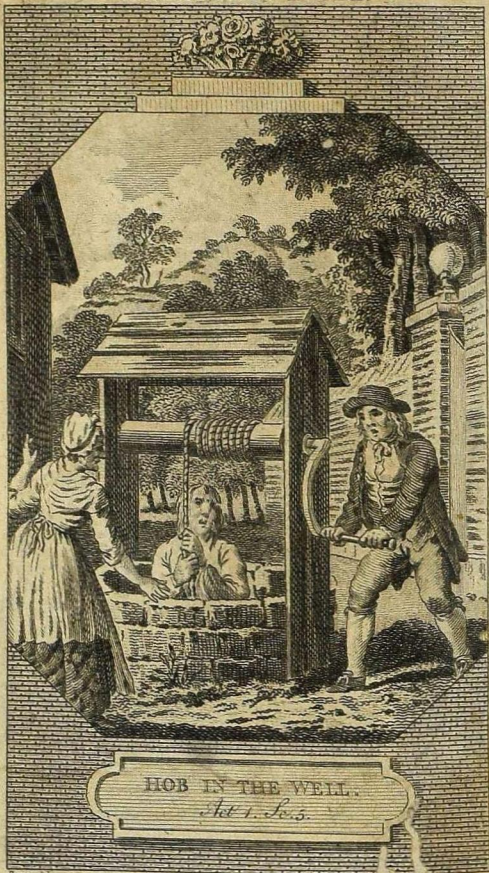
Wife. Oh, poor Hob ! come along, child, and I'll
get thee a little zugar-zops to comfort thy bowels.

[*E. Hunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

28

PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



HOB IN THE WELL.
Act 1. Sc. 5.

Dayes, del.

Printed for J. BARNES, at the Theatre Box, Jan 1794.

W. Groom, sc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter Sir THOMAS and SERVANT.

Sir Thomas.

JOHN, what's become of the fellow that fell into the well last night? has any body taken any care of him.

Ser. No, Sir; your worship said he should lie there till your worship was pleased to call for him——

Sir Tho. Oons, sirrah, you have not drown'd the fellow, have you?

Ser. Who, I drown him, Sir! nay, nay, hau'd yee, I am but a servant, and 'twas you bad me; an any mischief shou'd come on't, 'tis you must answer it—Flesh! what have I to do with it?

Sir Tho. You impudent rogue, wou'd you put your villainies upon me? Did not I see you collar him, did not you lay violent hands upon him, sirrah, and am not I a witness against you?

Ser. Lard! Lard! at this rate, a man had as good be a galley-slave as a servant—If one don't do as one's bid, on's head's broke; and if one does, one' to be hang'd fort—But come what will, the gallows will hold two, that's the best on't.

Sir Tho. He says true, faith—Well, well, keep your own counsel, sirrah, and I'll see what I can do to save you.

Ser. Nay, nay, as for that, do you see, do as you see cause—let it go thick way, or let it go thack way, 'tis all a case to me go which way it will; one good turn will require another.

Sir Tho. Hold your peace, sirrah—and be gone—
[Exit Servant.] This surly dog is not to be frightened, I see; I must (as is customary with a man in power) protect this fellow in his roguery for my own sake.

‘AIR XIII. *I have left the world as the world found me.*

‘Sir Thomas sings.

- ‘A rogue that is hired
- ‘To do what’s required,
- ‘And ne’er stick at honour or conscience;
- ‘To compass his ends,
- ‘Will destroy his best friends,
- ‘For a villain’s sure friendship is nonsense.
- ‘Yet still he may laugh,
- ‘Well assur’d he is safe,
- ‘And despise all attempts to accuse him;
- ‘For his patron oft-times
- ‘Promoting his crimes,
- ‘Must (for self-preservation) excuse him.’

Enter SERVANT with a letter.

Ser. Sir, here’s a letter for you.

Sir Tho. Who brought it?

Ser. Mr. Friendly’s man, Sir.

Sir Tho. Let’s see.

[Reads.]

“ Sir, Your niece informs me, that she has made
 “ you a proposal concerning our marriage,
 “ which I am willing to ratify whenever you
 “ please to do me the honour of a meeting.—
 “ Yours.”

Humph! that meeting may be to meet with my
 niece, for ought I know—I must have the partic-
 culars under his hand before I seem to understand
 him: Therefore, that I don’t understand him, shall
 be my answer—In the mean time, I’ll put on a
 smother look to the girl, and show her a little of
 the country-diversion from the mount in the gar-
 den; and if they are in earnest, that good-humour
 will work her to work him up to my price.—Bid the
 fellow stay till I write him an answer. [Exit,

SCENE II.—*A Green before Old Hob’s House, and
 Garden-wall.*

Enter OLD HOB and WIFE.

Wife. Come, husband, now the boy has got on
 his dry cloths, let him be stirring a bit—Come, come,
 make haste, the town will be vull of volk before we
 shall get vitted.

O. Hob. Don’t trouble thyzelf, wife; every thing
 within doors is ready, and there’s nothing wanting
 but the zign to be put up; and, look’ye, that shall
 be done present—Hob! Hob!

Y. Hob. (*within.*) What zay you, vather?

O. Hob. Tap the ale; quick, quick.

Y. Hob. Ay, ay, vather.

O. Hob. There—now he that will drink good ale, let him come to the sign of the pot-lid—Come, wife, let's to our business within. *[Exit.]*

Enter FRIENDLY, disguised; SERVANT, and COUNTRY PEOPLE.

Fri. If this disguise does not conceal me—

Ser. You'll then be out of countenance to no purpose, Sir—But pray, Sir, what do you propose by turning ballad-singer?

Fri. I do propose that Flora shall know me by my voice, and that consequently her wits will soon be at work to come at me.

Ser. Well, Sir, but of what use can I be? for I can no more sing than I can fast.

Fri. But you can help to draw other gaping fools about me.

Ser. There's some sense in that, indeed, Sir.

Enter Sir THOMAS, FLORA, and BETTY.

Sir Tho. Come, niece, if you must see the pastime, you may have as fair a prospect of it here as in the crowd.

Flo. I like it very well here, Sir.

Fri. Well, ho! this same is intitled, An excellent new Ballad in praise of the Country-wake.

Sir Tho. Hark! we shall have a merry ballad.

Flo. Bless my eyes! is not that he, Betty?

Bet. The very he, Madam—but hush.

AIR XIV. A Ballad. *Rare doings at Bath.*

Friendly sings.

" I'll sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,
 Give but attention unto me a while,
 " Of transactions at court, and in country too,
 Toilsome pleasures, and pleasing toil.
 Accept it (I pray) as your help-mates you take;
 To some 'twill give joy,
 " And some others annoy:
 All's fair at a country wake.
 All's fair, &c.

" At courts we see patriots noble and just,
 " Fit for employments of honour and pow'r;
 " But then there are sycophants, unfit for trust,
 " Blend with the great, and in number are more;
 " Slaves, who would honour and honesty stake,
 " With sordid intention,
 " To get place or pension;
 " Strange news at a country-wake,
 " " Strange news, &c."

Some ladies at court are styled unpolite,
 Because truly virtuous and prone to no ill;
 Whilst others who sparkle in diamonds bright,
 Are stript of their pride at *basset* or *quadrille*,
 'Till their losses at play do their lord's credit shake;
 Then, their toys to recover,
 They'll grant the last favour:
 Strange news at a country-wake,
 Strange news, &c.

Here most of our gentlemen patriots are,
Tho' very bad statesmen, I freely confess;
They design harm to none—but a fox or a hare,
And are always found loyal in war and in peace.
The farmer's industry does earth fertile make!
The husbandman's ploughing,
His planting and sowing,
Gets health and good cheer at a country-wake.
Gets health, &c.

Our girls blooming fair, without washes or paints,
From neighbouring villages hither resort;
They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints,
(Who can say more for the ladies at court?)
No worldly cares vex 'em, asleep or awake;
But their time they improve
In peace and true love,
And innocent mirth, at the country-wake.
And innocent, &c.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigue;
Here's all fair and open, dark deeds we despise;
Set rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigue,
Who chooses the former is happy and wise.
Now let's pray for the king, and, for England's sake,
From all faction free,
May his subjects agree
As well at the court as the country-wake.
As well at the court, &c.

Do you think she knew me?

Ser. Knew you, Sir! why, I bought one of your ballads for her; and she tipt the wink upon me, with as much as to say, Desire him not to go till he hears from me.—Supppose, Sir, you took a cup of nappy here, to pass away the time a little.

Fri. Call for what you have a mind to.

Ser. Here, house!—

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming. Your zar-vant Maister Friendly, I'm glad to zee you, you're welcome to the vair.

Fri. I thank you, honest Hob.

Hob. I shau'd know that gentleman——Maister Richard, I think?

Ser. Ay, Hob; how do'st do?

Hob. O Laird, Maister, haw d'ye do? Come, pray, zit down.—Maister Friendly—Come, pray stay, and drink one pot avore you go.

Fri. Sit down, or this fellow's impertinence will make us observ'd. What do'st thou do with an apron on, Hob?

Hob. Adod, I putn't on but just now; vather will do as neighbours do, and every one i' th' town almost zells ale vair-day—but now we zell several other sorts of liquors, and wine too, an occasion be.

Fri. Wine!

Hob. A'y, all zorts of wine.

Fri. Say'st thou so? Bring us some claret then.

Hob. Claret, Zir! We have no claret; we mun not zell claret, 'tis against th' law.—Now you may

ha' some o' your port, your red port now, or your white port, or such zort of stuff.

Fri. Such stuff as thou hast then, prithee bring us.

Hob. Yes, Zir—Ch'am coming—Now in my mind, Zir, what do you think of a little zack; a little zack now, and zome o' your zugar in't, is main good.

Fri. Prithee, bring what thou lik'st best thyself; for I am sure 'twill please no palate but thy own.

[*Exit Hob.*

Ser. Sir, with humble submission, I don't yet discover any great hopes from this same prospect of yours. Pray, Sir, how do you propose to come at the lady?

Fri. While the garden door's shut, and that old dragon is so watchful of the fruit, there are but little hopes indeed. However, I won't quit the place; fortune may yet do something unexpectedly to befriend me.

Enter HOB, with pots, tobacco, bread, cheese, and sugar.

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming.—Here, Zir.—

Fri. Where's the sack, Hob?

Hob. Zack, Zir! Odd I dan't knaw, I thought you zaid you had rather have ale.—Ale is indeed much wholesomer for your English stomachs.—For my part, I'd rather have ale now. Maister Richard, bite a bit avore you drink; come, and in the mean time I'll put a little zugar in the ale, and make it as good as I can for you. Come, Zir, against you're dispos'd.

Fri. Thank you, Hob——This fellow's kindness will poison me. [Aside.

Ser. Not at this rate of tasting, Sir; for he has not left a drop at the bottom.

Hob. Adod, 'tis main good, Sir.—Will you have another pot, Zir?

Fri. No; prithee drink this too; and then fetch us a couple.

Hob. Yes, Zir, I will.—Ch'am coming.

[Exit Hob.

Sir Hob. Come, my merry countrymen, every man take his lass, and give us a dance or two, and then we'll have the cudgels out.

Count. Yes, a'nt like your worship, we are all ready. Come, Scratch, strike up. [Dances.

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ay, marry Zir; well done, Ralph! zet to un, Joan! zet to un——

Wife. (within.) Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming—Tol, lol—In, Mary——Sides all new——Sides all——

Fri. Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming, Maister.—Tol, lol.

O. Hob. (within.) Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming——What a plague ails vather, trow? An old vool! Udsblead, he makes mōre a noise—Set to now, William—Ah, rarely done! In, Mary; ah, dainty Mary! Turn her about, John—now, now! a murrain!—You're

quite out.—Look, Ralph should ha' cast off; and while John had turn'd Mary about, Tomas shou'd ha' led up Nan, and Joan met Ralph at bottom agen; mean-while, John shou'd have sided with Mary, and then Mary shou'd back to back with Ralph, and then Tomas had come in again in his own place; and so all had been right.—Come, begin again!—Strike up, Scratch. Tol, lol.

O. Hob. (*within.*) Hob! Hob! Where be ye?

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming: What a devil, can't you be quiet a bit?—Tol, lol.

Enter OLD HOB.

O. Hob. Heyday! heyday! This is rare sport. Udsblead, I'll strap you, you base rawg ye—Must you be dauncing here, and your mother and I at work? [*Strikes him.*]

Hob. Heyday, what's the matter now? What, must I be beat all days o' my life?

O. Hob. You graceless rawg, mind your business then, do; yonder's your poor mother within, a scawring and scawring 'till she sweats again, and nobody to draw one drop of beer.

Hob. I don't care a varthing—I won't draw a drop more, if you go to that; do your worst, and take your course.

O. Hob. Sirrah, come in, and dan't stand dauncing here, dan't ye.

Hob. I won't go in, zo I won't; if that trouble ye, I will daunce, and daunce agen. Tol, lol, lol—

AIR XV. *Old Hob.*

Sure never was seen such a rebel,
 Thou worst of undutiful boys;
 Thy tongue, like the builders of Babel,
 Confuses the ear with its noise.
 Remember thy dreary figure,
 When out of the well thou wast brought;
 Thy mother and I toil'd with vigour
 To save thee—And now thou'rt worth nought.

Ah! thou'rt an untoward boy as e'er was born.
 Marcy forgive me for begetting thee. [*Exit O. Hob.*]

Hob. Marry come up, what's here to do, I trow?
Country-p. Here's the cudgels, an't like you; will
 your worship please to have us begin?

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, by all means; make haste, Roger,
 and bring forth the hat and favour.

Rog. Here 'ti, an't please you.

Sir Tho. Hang it up there; and he that wins it,
 let him wear it—The first Somersetshire man that
 breaks a head, here's half-a-crown for him to drink;
 and he that breaks that rogue Hob's head, shall have
 another.

Hob. Shall he?

AIR XVI. *Go vind the vicar of Taunton Dean.*

Go vind the vicar of our town,
 And he'll hauld ye an angel o' my head;
 And I'll bet you another, and stake it down,
 That I break both his and thy head—

Few bouts will set these matters right ;
 For my cudgel, an't prove a good one,
 Shau'd make no distinction 'twixt yeoman and
 knight,
 Sing heydon, dooden, rudden, &c.

Look ye, he that breaks my head shall ha' zomewhat to do, I'll tell you that.—Let'n be who he wull, he shall earn his money ; ecod I'll rib'n ; and look ye, to begin, here I'll take up the cudgel—and now let the best man here take up t'other a'n he dare. If he be a Zomerzetshire man, let'n be a Zomerzetshire man.—I fight for Gloucestershire, I don't care who knaws it.

Sir Tho. At him, at him therel What ! is there nobody dare venture upon him ? Neighbour Puzzlepate, take up t'other cudgel.

Puz. Not I, an't please you ; I have enough of 'en already, he broke my head but last week.

Sir Tho. Roger—Sirrah, do you take up t'other cudgel, and thrash him, d'ye hear, thrash him soundly, sirrah.

Rog. I ca'nt promise that, Sir ; I'll do my best : I'll break his head if I can, in love ; and if he breaks mine, much good may do him.

Fri. So, if Hob does but get the better of the combat, the testy knight will certainly be provok'd to come down, and then we shall have sport.—Dick, help to encourage him.

Ser. Well said, Hob ! O brave Hob ! now for Gloucestershire, Hob !

Hob. I warrant ye, Maister; let me alone.

Fri. Here, Hob, there's an angel for thee; and if thou break'st his head, I'll give thee another.

Hob. Don't ye veare, maister; ecod I'll 'noint 'en.

Rog. Do, if thou can'st—I don't fear thee, Hob.

Hob. 'Sblead, I'll dress thy jacket, I'll dowse thy Zomerzetshire coat for thee.

Rog. Will you?

AIR XVII. *In Taunton Dean.*

In Taunton-Dean I was born and bred,
And 'tis knawn I don't value a broken head;
Nor shou'd I fear Hob, were he stout in his wrath,
As Hercules or Goulding of Bath.

Fal, lal, &c.

Come on.

Ser. O brave Hob!

All. O brave Roger!—Huzza!

[*Hob breaks his head, takes down the hat and favour, puts it on, and struts about.*]

Hob. Ecod I have don't, I have don't, efaith.

AIR XVIII. *Now comes on the glorious year.*

Now, brave boys, the fight is done,
And I the prize have fairly won;
For I knew I cou'd beat'n four to one.

And that he'll sore remember.

Fal, lal, &c.

Sir Tho. Foul, foul, foul.

Hob. Fair, fair, fair.

Sir Tho. You lie, you dog, 'twas foul.

All. Huzza.

Fri. Stand upon your guard, Hob, the Knight's coming down.

Hob. Is he? Let'n come, and welcome; here I'll stand; I'll take no other than St. George's guard. If he let's drive at me, vore gad, I'll hit'n o'er the sconce, an he were a knight of gold.

Sir Tho. Where are these bunkins? Now, who says 'tis fair? I say 'tis foul.

Hob. I say 'tis fair.

[Sir Thomas endeavouring to come at Hob, killed by the country people.]

AIR XIX. *Come, sound up your trumpets.*

Pray let'n come, neighbours, for I ben't afeard:

Dost think I'll be scar'd, like a child at a rod?

I'll keep my ground bravely, and St. George's guard.

Take care then, Zir Tomas, I'll 'noint ye, ecod.

With a fal, lal, &c.

[They let him go, Hob breaks his head; he draws his sword. Hob and Countrymen run away; Sir Thomas pursues.]

Fri. to Flo. Now, now, dear creature, if ever you would redeem yourself or me from eternal bondage, be kind, and fly into the arms of liberty.

Flo. What wou'd you have me to do?

AIR XX. *Come, open the door, sweet Betty.*

O fly from this place, dear Flora,

Thy jailor has left thee free;

And before the next blush of Aurora,

You'll find a guardian in me.

Flo. Fain would I exchange for the better;
Confinement can have no charms.

Fri. Think which of your prisons is sweeter;
This or a young lover's arms,

Madam, your uncle has left the garden-door open;
there's no mortal now to oppose your flight—
Scout—Scout, you dog, and see that the enemy
don't rally upon us.

Ser. Ay, ay, Sir. [Exit Servant.]

Flo. Ah, but consider, if my uncle should surprise
me!

Bet. Consider, the door's open, Madam.

Fri. Nothing but delay can ruin us.

Flo. O dear, I'm in a thousand frights!

Bet. This is downright provoking! Sir, since you
see there's no hopes of my lady, if you can settle the
least tip of your heart upon her humble servant, I'll
be over the wall in a twinkling.

Flo. Hold, hold; rather than you should break
your neck, I will venture—Well, here I am; I
tremble every joint of me; now, whither will you
carry me? [They come down.]

Fri. To a doctor that shall cure thee of all fears
for ever—To the parson, the parson, my dear
angel.

Flo. O Lord! but 'if he should not be at home
now!

Bet. What should we do for something to be
afraid of?

AIR XXI. *Ranting, roaring Billy.*

- ' Thus maidens belie their desires,
 ' Yet languish for what they refuse;
 ' And tho' their cheeks glow with love's fire,
 ' Seem cold to the joys they would choose.
 ' The tongue and the heart are two factions
 ' We scarce reconcile till made brides;
 ' Like statesmen, our speeches and actions
 ' Have commonly contrary sides. *[Exeunt]*

Enter Sir THOMAS.

Sir Tho. There, you rustic rogues, you hard-headed dogs, I think I've at last met with your skulls—I believe I have notch'd some of your noddles for you—Heyday! the garden-door open, and my niece gone!—My mind misgives me consumedly—Niece! Betty! Thieves! Robbery! Murder! Lost! Not to be found!

Enter FRIENDLY'S SERVANT.

Ser. So, here he is, and I must bam him till the business is over.

Sir Tho. Thieves! Thieves!

Ser. Pray, Sir, what's the matter?

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, let me go, or I'll run my sword into your guts.

Ser. I am afraid your brain's something out of order; and therefore 'twill be a friendly part in me to take care of you.

Sir Tho. Blood and thunder! you dog, get out of my way, or I'll——

Ser. Nay, then—— [Presenting a pistol.

* AIR XXII. *Stand, who comes there?*

* Stand; have a care.

* Stand; have a care.

* One step to move,

* Will fatal prove;

* For I know who you are.'

Come, Sir, make your thrust——

Sir Tho. What the devil are you, Sir?

Ser. A philosopher; and this small pop is my argument.

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, I believe you're a highway-man, and your pop there is your livelihood.

Ser. Sir, you may be as scurrilous as you please, provided you don't pass this way.

Sir Tho. 'Sdeath, Sir, what business have you to hinder me?

Ser. Sir, I have no business at present but to hinder you.

Sir Tho. But pray, Sir, how comes it to be your business?

Ser. Because, Sir, 'tis my business to do my master's business; and I have some modest reason to believe that he and the parson are now doing your niece's business.

Sir Tho. The devil! Murder! where are they, villain?

Ser. Pray, Sir, compose yourself, for they are here.

Enter FRIENDLY, FLORA, and BETTY.

Fri. Your blessing, Sir.

Ser. Does not that low sweet temper in him now, to ask it of you, that are but his bare uncle?

Sir Tho. I am struck all of a heap, and dumb.

Ser. Come, Sir, don't be as obstinate as an old covetous father at the end of a comedy; consider, the main action's over, you had as good be reconcil'd.

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, I can't be reconcil'd.

[Exit Sir Tho.]

Ser. Go thy ways, like a cross-grain'd old fool.

Fri. Let him persist in his obstinacy, it can be no bar to our happiness. You look melancholy, my love.

Flo. ' I think I've reason—You promis'd to carry
' me to a doctor that should cure me of my fears.
' But, on the contrary, I find that the malady in-
' creases; and in nothing more than the dread of
your inconstancy.' I have for ever lost my uncle's
favour, and have now no friend but you—Shou'd
you hereafter estrange your heart from me, I am
wretched indeed—' Reflect on what I've said, excuse
' my suspicions; and remember there is no return of
' seasons in love.

' AIR XXIII. 'Twas on a sunshine summer's day.

' *Flo.* Sweet is the budding spring of love—
' Next, blooming hopes all fears remove;
' And when possess'd of beauty's charms,
' Fruition, like the summer, warms.

MISSING PAGES ARE 49 & 50, IN BOOK

AIR XXV. *Friendly.*

Success this day has gain'd me possession
 Of what I love much dearer than life :
 The coming night shall give me fruition
 Of all I can wish in a lovely wife.
 To enjoy the sweets the country affords,
 Who would not forego the servile flattery of courts?
 To hunt, fish, and fowl,
 And taste the full bowl,
 There is nothing so healthful as rural sports.

CHORUS.

Now from envy free,
 All friends loyally
 Supplicate with me,
 Our guardian divinity,
 To bless the king and queen, and royal progeny.
 Send us peace, trade's increase, health and prosperity.
 May Cupid's darts strike sure,
 But be the cause the cure !
 In virtuous deeds delight—
 Happy all unite
 In friendship and love.
[A dance, and exeunt.]

PARSON'S'S MINOR THEATRE.



Engraved by W. Bingley, from a Miniature by Mr. Pope.

MR POPE.