

5 Vol 5



*Jack the Gyant-Killer :*

A COMI-TRAGICAL

F A R C E,



(Price Sixpence.)

# Jack the Gyant-Killer :

A COMI-TRAGICAL

F A R C E

Of ONE ACT.

As it is Acted at the

NEW-THEATRE

IN THE

HAT-MARKET.

---

*Since Noise and Nonsense have such powerful Charms,  
I, that I may successful prove,  
Transform myself to what you love.*

The FOOL in Fashion.

---



---

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford-Arms in  
Warwick-Lane. M.DCC.XXX.

# Persons of the Drama.

## M E N.

*Jack* Friend to *Reason* dethron'd.

*Gormilan*

*Thunderdale*

*Blunderboar*

*Galligantus*

*Plotless*

*Scenewell*

} *Gyants*, Supporters of *Folly*.

} Poets.

A Beau.

A Taylor.

A Husband.

Several Friends to *Jack*.

*Genius* of the Isle.



## W O M E N.

*Folly*

An Usurping Queen.

A Wife.

Ladies of the Train of *Folly*.

Three Women who tell Fortunes by Coffee, Tea,  
Cards, &c.

Mob, Attendants, and Messengers.




# Jack the Gyant-Killer.



SCENE the Palace of *Folly*.

A T H R O N E.

*Plotless* and *Scenerwell* meeting.

*Scen.*  Good Day to you, Mr. *Plotless*! I suppose you hear the News?

*Plot.* What, that our old Monarch REASON is depos'd and banish'd, and the Charming Princess *Folly* made Queen! I must be strangely ignorant of publick Affairs indeed not to know that.—'Tis to see the Splendour of her Court that I come here.

B

*Scen.*

*Scen.* The same Curiosity has brought me hither too—But hark ye, between ourselves, is not this a sad Revolution for us Poets?

*Plot.* Not at all. On the contrary, I am assur'd we shall get more Money than ever we did. Wit has always been a starving Quality; and, if you observe, those Authors who have least of it, acquire the greatest Favour; nay, and Reputation too, among the Polite World.

*Scen.* Aye; but that has been only since *Folly* wound herself into the Hearts of our Great Ones. You know very well that when *Reason* sway'd the Scepter, nothing wou'd pass for true Poetry that was not inspir'd by the *Muses*.

*Plot.* Hang the *Muses*—For my part, I always thought it hard, that a Man cou'd not be allow'd to be a good Author, without so many Qualifications, as not one in a thousand can attain to:—You must have Learning, Genius, Fire, Invention, sound Judgment, great Reading, understand the Mathematicks, Philosophy, the Customs and Manners of Governments, especially those you have a mind to write on, and have a perfect Knowledge of Nature, or the Booksellers wou'd have the Impudence to tell you your Copy was not worth Two-Pence. 'Twas a strange pains-taking Age that—I have toil'd, and toil'd, and toil'd till I have wore my Brain as thin as a Cobweb, and not been able, after all, to bring out one Sentiment to please those four-fac'd Rogues the Criticks.—But thank my better Stars, the Times are chang'd: I don't doubt now, Mr. *Scenewell*, but to get myself made Poet Laureat, and that by the prettiest easiest Method in the world.

*Scen.* What is it, pray?

*Plot.* Why, tho' we Cedars of *Parnassus* have a natural Envy of each other's Growth, yet, as I

know my own Fortune as good as compleated, I shall not make a difficulty of communicating the Secret to you. You must know then, that I have pick'd out of the Dictionary a great number of the most obsolete, and sounding Words I could find: These having wrote down on as many different pieces of Paper, I shook together in my Hat, as Boys do Halfpence, and what came up first, made the first Line: in like manner I proceeded to the second; and so on till I had compos'd a whole Epic-Poem, which I intend to lay at the feet of our most gracious Queen *Folly*.

*Scen.* An easy Method indeed, Mr. *Plotless*; pray favour me with the repetition of your Poem.

*Plot.* I will; and I believe you'll own you never heard any thing come up to it in your life.—Let me see—no, this is *Pindarick*—O! here it is—Hem—hem—hem.

Rough, Rustling, Rumbling, Roaring Winds high  
blow.

Mind the R's, Mr. *Scenewell*.

With horrid, fearful, crackling, bellowing Din:  
The wide Horizon, vast extended Fields  
Of azure Hue, with blazonary Gold  
Streak'd o'er, bright, lovely, shining, gorgeous  
all!

The visual Rays from opening Casements rush  
And with admiring distant Ken discern  
The high Benefits of Thunder-making *Jove*.

There's a Loftiness of Diction for ye——Did you ever find any thing in the Classic Authors like it?

*Scen.* Never—but pray proceed:

*Plot.* In missive Wonders all the Soul bewilder'd,  
Dark, dismal, dreary, roams erroneous round  
Her clayey Cave: Distracted, maz'd, aghast!  
The Sense-confounding Transport closely locks  
Myriads of Myriads——

*Scen.* Hold a moment, good Sir; you have forgot  
your rumbling roaring Winds. Pray what's be-  
come of them?

*Plot.* Pshaw! what's matter what becomes of  
them? they were only brought in as an Embellish-  
ment to the Work. You don't take this, Mr. Scene-  
well, for a poor intelligible Piece, to be understood  
by every vulgar Capacity——The Winds! why  
what have we to do with the Winds? They are left  
entirely to the disposal of the Reader; let him find  
business for them, 'tis enough they are intro-  
duc'd.—The chief Glory of the modern Imitators  
of *Milton*, consists in soaring above Comprehension.

*Scen.* Very true, Mr. *Plotless*. I beg pardon, it  
will certainly be approv'd of. Pray what Title do  
you give it?

*Plot.* The *Sublime Sublimated*, Sir; or, *The Mystery  
of Refination*.

*Scen.* Admirable! But Sir, I hope you don't in-  
tend to quit the Stage entirely; and I am afraid this  
kind of Writing won't do for the Drama.

*Plot.* That's your mistake, Mr. *Scenewell*; I assure  
you, that nothing is so much admir'd in the Mouth  
of an Actor, as this very Diction.

*Scen.* But it has been a receiv'd Opinion, that  
the Beauty of Tragedy consists chiefly in touching  
the Passions.

*Plot.* Wrong again!——That's quite out of fa-  
shion. Since *Folly* has ruled the Hearts of our Au-  
diences,

diences, they are grown altogether insensible of the tender Passions; and as little Compassion is felt for the Distress of an Hero on the Stage, as for the Calamities of a poor Relation at Home.——No, no, no, nothing is now to be aim'd at in Tragedy but the Sublime. I have already compos'd two or three in the same manner I have done this Poem. You'll find by the Success of them, next Winter, what I say to be true.——But I'll proceed——Where was't I left off?——O! at

The Sense-confounding Transport closely locks  
Myriads of Myriads of high-soaring Flights  
In hollow Concave; proudly pluming, scorning,  
Not yielding——

But we are interrupted; some other time I'll feast  
your Ears with the Remainder.

*Scen.* 'Twill be kind.

*Enter a Beau; he takes out a Spying-Glass, looks thro' it, then speaks.*

*Beau.* I wonder how long it will be before our gracious Mistress appears——Gentlemen! Can you inform me?

*Scen.* Fine Ladies, Sir, you know take a long time to dress, especially on particular Days.

*Beau.* Aye certainly, it wou'd be the utmost Indignity to the *Beau-Monde*, to come out with any thing about one disconcerted. But here's a Fellow that pretends to model the Shape of a Gentleman, and is utterly unacquainted with the Arts of mending his own.

*Enter*

*Enter Stich.*

*Plot.* Who is he, pray Sir?

*Beau.* A Taylor, Sir; but has never been in France.

*Plot.* Oh fyed 'tis as much Impudence to pretend to be a Taylor, without going to France, as it is to sing without having been in Italy.

*Beau.* Yet there are such incorrigible Coxcombs in the world: *Stich!*

*Stich.* Sir!

*Beau.* Prithce what has brought thee here?

*Stich.* The Desire of learning Fashions, Sir; my Customers tell me they'll never employ me again, if I don't take particular notice what's worn in the Court of Folly.

*Beau.* Well, 'tis possible thou may'st mend. Ha! I vow to Gad there's my Shoemaker, Periwig-maker, and Sempstrefs among that Crowd: I perceive the Mechanicks are as loyal as we Men of fashion to our new Queen Folly.

[Several Persons enter, Beau looks thro' his Glass.

*Scen.* Why not, Sir? they always look on the Behaviour of those above 'em, as the Compass by which they must steer their own. But pray, Sir, are your Eyes weak, that you are oblig'd to make such frequent use of that artificial Optick?

*Beau.* No farther, Sir, than consists with being a fine Gentleman—'Tis almost as vulgar now to have a strong Sight, as a sound Judgment.

*Scen.* Ha! then I find the Senses are going out of fashion.

*Beau.* Positively yes. I was t'other day at my Lady Topmode's, and she was proposing a Thickness of Hearing to the Company: for my part, I approv'd it, for there are a thousand things, said I,

I don't care to hear I-gad; especially an impertinent Dun, or an Affront given by a Fellow one knows will fight.

[A Man and Woman appear at one of the Entrances, endeavouring to keep each other off: after some struggle, they come forward.]

*Wom.* What, a Woman! and be refus'd entrance where *Folly* reigns! I tell you, 'tis we are her truest and best Subjects.

*Man.* That's false: you were once accounted so indeed, but we Men have now got the start of you; even Vanity and Affectation, who wore the Shape of Women formerly, are now become Hermaphrodites, and have the same share in our Sex, as in your's. Do not our Dress, our Air, our Conduct, Conversation, Writings, all prove how much we devote ourselves to reigning *Folly*?

*In the Army, in the Senate,  
From the Player to the Prelate,  
All, all are Folly's Subjects sworn;  
Aim we at things high or low,  
In Employments grac'd or no,  
By Folly still we're overborn.*

[Sings.]

*Woman.* Well, since you resolve to renounce Reason for ever, and openly avow your Obedience to *Folly*, I don't much care if I do allow you on an Equality with myself.

*Then let us, dear Husband, agree,  
Since a Votary to Folly like me;  
We'll strive who shall most  
Our Queen's Favour boast,  
And Folly, sweet Folly, be all our Delight.*

*Man.* Each Day we'll give to her, and eke every Night,  
And

*And Folly, sweet Folly, be all our Delight.*  
*Wom. Each Day we'll give to her, and eke every*  
*Night,*  
*And Folly, sweet Folly, be all our Delight.*

*Man.* But see the beauteous Queen borne on the Shoulders of the four great Giants, *Gormillan, Blunderboar, Thunderdale, and Galligantus!* this is a Sight indeed.

*Wom.* Who are those huge Men, Husband?

*Man.* Princes, Princes, Woman! by whose Strength and Greatness *Folly* is set upon the Throne; and old, furly, cross-grain'd *Reason* depos'd.

*Wom.* I love 'em dearly for it—they are gallant Men.

*Man.* Peace! they approach—

*Enter Folly, borne on the Shoulders of four Giants, who seat her on the Throne, a great Crowd following.*

*Omnes.* May *Folly* live and reign for ever.

*Folly.* At length, my Friends, we're safe, and now may call

This Seat our own, *Vox Populi* confirms it.

Science and Wisdom, Wit, and those dull Rules  
 Proud Criticism in a sullen Mood begot,

No more shall puzzle the distracted Brain:

The Fair at Tragic Tales shall cease to weep;

Nor, for their favourite Frailties, dread the Sting  
 Of pointed Satyr, in the Comic Strain.

I, not controul the Heart, but charm the Sense:

Unmeaning Transformations, thoughtless Rants,  
 Sound, Show, and Hurry, excite natural Mirth,

In every laughing Subject of my Power,

Till the strain'd Muscles crack with wide Gri-  
 mace.

*Gor.* Wondrous your Arts are own'd, Toy-mo-  
ving Queen !

But yet forget not by what Steps you rose :  
Our Mightiness first lifted you to Fame,  
And must support you there, or you would sink.

*Blun.* When long oppress'd by *Reason's* cruel  
Force,

'Twas we who snatch'd you from Obscurity,  
And to the grinning World disclos'd your Charms.

*Thun.* Our Actions are the Sanction of the  
Mode ;

High Titles give Infallibility !

*Gall.* What e'er we say th' inferiour Crowd will  
eccho :

Small Courtiers ever are the Apes o' the Great.

*Folly.* I not deny my Obligations, Princes !

And will reward your Zeal in my Behalf.

Indulge each Wish, fond Appetite can form,

Whatever *Folly* can bestow is yours.

Come to my Arms, embrace me in your Turns,

Share me among you——ye bold Sons of *Ti-*  
*tan,*

Who for my Sake Imperial *Reason* scorn ;

And, like your great Progenitor, dare storm

Another Heaven——Pursue me again——yet  
closer ;

Let me shoot all myself into your Bosoms,

Ye great Defenders of my Crown and Glory.

*Gor.* We vow ourselves your ever-faithful Cham-  
pions.

*First Mob.* There's a Queen for you.

*Second Mob.* A glorious Queen——*Folly* for ever,  
say I.

*Omnes.* Folly for ever, say we all. *Huzza!*

*Folly.* Let none here want some Portion of our  
Grace ;

You, whose Agility attracts the Eye;  
Come forth, and charm my Subjects with a Dance.

*A Dance here.*

*Folly.* Now let brisk Sounds, with Words of no  
Import,  
Drive hence each Thought that is the Foe of  
*Folly.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Arm ! Arm, Oh Queen ! Rebellion's nigh  
at hand ;  
*Reason,* when banish'd, left some lurking Friends,  
Who, under the Pretence of aiding, have betray'd  
you.  
Numbers o' th' Populace they have engag'd,  
And now in open Force, thunder Defiance :  
They say by the Genius of the Isle they 're sent,  
To tear you from a Throne you long have  
sway'd.

*Folly.* That Genius ever was my deadly Foe ;  
But who appears to lead the Traytors on ?

*Mess.* They call him *Jack*, a Name of high Re-  
nown,  
Thro' all the Western Parts, for great Atcheive-  
ments.

*Gor.* The petty Miscreant—soon I'll crush his  
Bones,  
And make a Banquet on 'em for my Dogs.

*Thun.* I long, methinks, his Head should feel my  
Club.

*Folly.* Go then, and prove your Might ; yet stay  
a while ;  
First we'll examine the Decrees of Fate,  
In mystic Coffe -Cups and Tea reveal'd ;

The

The new-invented Arts of Snuff and Cards,  
 Shall all be try'd, the grand Event to shew,  
 If we, my Friends, shall conquer, or the Foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *Changes.*

*Enter Jack, and his Party.*

*Jack.* Chear up, brave Hearts! the Cause we undertake is good; we fight for the Restoration of *Reason*, a Monarch to whom Obedience elevates us almost to Angels; and for the Extirpation of *Folly*, an Usurper, who by her Wiles would debase us into Brutes. As *Circe* transform'd the *Grecians* into Swine, so does *Folly* metamorphose my nobler Countrymen into something yet more despicable— Oh! can we behold *British* Lions wearing Asses Ears, and losing their brave Fierceness to become Beasts of Burthen, and not venture Life to redeem 'em from this ignominious Slavery—— Think, my worthy Friends, how great will be our Fame if we succeed, and let us not flag in so glorious an Enterprize; 'twas Courage and Resolution made us enter on it, and Courage and Resolution can only enable us to go thro' with it.

*Omnes.* *Reason* is our lawful King, we'll live and die his Subjects.

*Jack.* 'Tis nobly said, be it as well perform'd. Swear then, whatever Artifices shall be practis'd on you, never to leave my Side, till *Folly* is no more.

*Omnes.* We swear.

*Jack.* Remember, for Oh, my Friends! 'tis not a common Foe we go to combat, but an Enchantress, whose fatal Snares have already entangled

more than half Mankind—Doubt of your Caution, not Valour, made me exact this Oath.

*Omnes.* We will be cautious.

*Jack.* Let us advance then towards you cursed Palace, and pluck the Traiteurs from the ravish'd Throne.

*Omnes.* To Arms, to Arms, to Arms!

[*Shout, and exeunt.*]

S C E N E *Changes to the Palace of Folly.*

*A Table, Coffee-Cups, Folly, and the four Giants turning the Cups; three Women looking into them; several Persons of both Sexes standing on each Side.*

*First Woman.* Your Majesty cannot fail of vanquishing—I see a Gallows in this Cup, that must be for the Traitors to be sure: Here are small Crosses indeed, but you stand above 'em.

*Folly.* That's well.

*Second Woman.* Here is a Cock crowing in this, that betokens good News—Does not your Majesty expect a Letter?

*Folly.* Yes, from the *South*.

*Second Woman.* Aye, from the *South*——I see 'tis from the *South*——it comes from that Part of the Compass——the Cup being round, we have at once every Quarter of the Globe before us——your Allies are all firm to your Interest——but please to throw again——Your Majesty knows the third Time is most to be depended on.

*Gor.* Have you look'd on mine?

*Third Woman.* Yes, my Lord! you stand on a huge high Mountain, with several People about you, who seem to beg something.

*Gor.*

*Gor.* Vanquish'd Rebels begging Mercy——  
but they shall all be hang'd. What else do you see ?

*Third Woman.* A Ring, my Lord, over a fine Lady's Head : She sits by the Sea-side——she must be some Foreign Princess.

*Thun.* Come, what say you to mine ?

*First Woman.* Here is so much, my Lord, that it almost puzzles my Art——but I am certain you will conquer, for an Angel with gilded Wings holds a Laurel to you——an undoubted Sign of Triumph.

*Second Woman.* Your Majesty's Cup is not dry enough——please to let it stand a little, while I look in Lord *Blunderboar's*.

*Third Woman.* And I in Lord *Galligantus's*.

*Second Woman.* A divided House ! my Lord, you'll be divorc'd from your Lady.

*Third Woman.* And you'll be married, my Lord, to the great Fortune you have courted so long——here you are at the very Top of the Cup, and all your Rivals under your Feet——O, she has a vast Estate, I see Acres with Cattle feeding on them, Trees loaded with Fruit, Rivers and Ponds full of Fish——you'll be a happy Man——you have been with her lately, I believe.

*Gall.* Yesterday I paid my Devotions to her.

*Third Woman.* Aye, 'twas yesterday——She receiv'd you kindly.

*Gall.* No, far inferior to my Merit or Expectations.

*Third Woman.* Humph, no ; I see now she was reserv'd——there was a little Cloud between you——but 'twill do——'twill do for all that, my Lord ; 'twill do, or I'll never turn a Cup again.

*Second Woman.* Your Majesty will gain more Admirers than you have Hairs——your Court will  
be

be fill'd with Persons of all Degrees, all Nations, all Religions——if Fortune does not strangely turn, you will go near to be universal Empress.

*Folly.* I flatter myself with the Hope of it.

*First Lady.* If your Majesty and these Princes have done, I would gladly throw a Cup, to know when I shall get a Husband.

*Second Lady.* And I, to know when I shall be a Widow.

*Third Lady.* I am as impatient for the Sincerity of my Lover.

*Man.* And I for the Event of my Law-Suit.

*Fourth Lady.* And I, to know who will be finest at the next Ball.

*Beau.* I would fain know if my Lady *Leer*, or my Lady *Simper*; who have both of them a violent Passion for me, will die of it or not.

*Old Woman.* Hold, I desire first to be inform'd, whether the young Gentleman I am going to marry will make as fond a Husband as my five deceas'd ones were.

*First Woman.* Will you throw in Chocolate, Coffee, Tea, or Snuff?

*Omnes.* In all of them.

*Folly.* You shall be satisfy'd anon——but we must lay the Cards first——Time presses, and the Princes must depart. Give us the Cards, that in our several Turns we all may Cut: I am the Queen of Hearts.

[*First Woman* gives the Cards to *Folly*, then to each of the *Gyants*, who cut, and deliver 'em to her again, and she lays 'em on the Table in Rows.

*First Woman.* You, Lord *Gormillan*, are the King of Clubs; Lord *Thunderdale* shall be the angry Majesty of Spades; the Diamond Crown Lord *Blunderboar* shall wear; and King of Hearts Lord *Galligantus* shall assume.

The Knave of Spades, Madam, seems to threaten Danger, but he lies oblique; and the Ten of Hearts between them shews he wants Power to hurt you——the Eight of Clubs and Ace over your Head denote a chearful Bowl, and Mirth will crown Night——all will be well——these Princes are surrounded with Diamonds; the Eight lies at the Feet of Lord *Gormillan*; the Deuce, the Four and Five are in a direct Line with Valiant *Thunderdale*; the Tray and Nine are at the Elbow of great *Blunderboar*, and the Six and Seven are just over the Head of noble *Galligantus*. Some Spades of ill Aspect are mingled with them, but the Hearts and Clubs take off their malevolent Quality.

*Folly.* Go then, my Friends, secure of Fame and Conquest,  
The Oracles pronounce it.

Ha! what Noise?

[A great Noise.]

*Enter a Messenger out of Breath.*

*Mess.* Ah, Madam! you are lost——all-conquering *Jack* with his Retinue has broke into your Palace——behold 'em here——

*Enter Jack and his Party, they throw down the Table, Cups, Cards, &c.*

*Jack.* Fall on, my Friends.

*Gor.*

*Gov.* What bold Intruder dares, with Spear erect,  
And Noise of War disturb our peaceful Hours,  
Death is thy Portion, Thing of low Degree.

*Jack.* Whate'er I am I fear not Death from thee, nor any here: 'Spight of thy mighty Bulk, and the unequal Strength of these thy Associates—the Cause in which ye fight will turn ye Cowards, and weigh down your enervate Arms—but I disdain all Parley—Have at thee, for Reason and for Virtue!

*Thun.* For Folly and for Pleasure!

[ *All fight; but after a little Skirmish, Jack's Party stand still, and gaze on Folly and her Attendants. On which the Gyants press hard on Jack, who is obliged to retreat, still fighting till out of sight.*

*Folly.* How vain the Attempt to check establish'd Power!  
Your General's fatal Rashness will undo him.  
Be you advis'd, and timely sue for Pardon.

*Lady sings.* Leave the Sword, and leave the Spear,  
Nor fight for Reason too severe;  
Reason checks each pleasing Wish,  
Reason's still the Foe of Bliss.  
Taste the Joys that Folly gives,  
He dies, who not in Pleasure lives.

*Second Lady sings.*

New Ways we find out to delight and surprize,  
Join with us and try,  
You'll quickly comply,  
And the dull, dull Slave of Reflection despise.

*Jack's*

*Jack's Party.* We yield——we yield.

[All throw away their Swords, and go over to Folly, and sing in Chorus.

*War but affrights us,  
Peace most delights us,  
With Folly we'll live, and with Folly we'll die.*

*Re-enter Jack, all the Gyants wounded.*

*Jack.* Are you content yet to submit to *Reason's* lawful Sway?

*Gom.* No, my last Breath for *Folly* shall declare.

*Thun.* But e'er we die, *Jack* shall her Victim be.

*Jack.* Your Threats I scorn; and tho' thus basely left, deserted by those who vow'd my Partnership in Glory, this Armour made by Hands Divine protects me from your Force.

*Blun.* Since I must fall, I'll crush thee with my Weight.

[Endeavours to throw himself on him, but the other avoiding, he falls.

*Gor.* I die, I die, revenge, revenge me on him.

*Gall.* 'Tis now too late; I follow thee. [Dies.

*Thun.* Oh! my black Blood grows stagnate in my Veins. [Dies.

*Folly.* My Gyants slain——Now I begin to fear, and see my dreadful Foe, the Genius of the Isle, in Person comes; where shall I hide me from him?

*The Genius descends with a Wand in his Hand.*

*Folly gets behind the Crowd, and crouches down.*

*Gen.* Bravely, my Son, hast thou perform'd thy Part,

The Gyants Death confirms the Fall of *Folly*;

D

Yet

Yet something still is wanting to be done,  
 E'er *Reason* can return to grace the Throne :  
 Receive this Wand, on whose all-powerful Touch  
 Every false Gloss will instantly wear off.  
 Let *Folly* prove it ; and these deluded Wretches  
 See what she truly is. This Task fulfill'd,  
 Our Isle her ancient Glory shall retrieve ;  
 For Arts and Arms above her Neighbours fam'd,  
 Her Great Ones in the Paths of Knowledge tread,  
 And Learning be no more the Jest of Fools.

[*Ascends.*]

*Jack.* Bless'd is my Lot, thus happily ordain'd,  
 to bring about a Work for which Posterity shall re-  
 vere my Name. But to complete it—come forth,  
 thou Sorceress ! Thou curs'd Seducer of the noblest  
 Race that ever grac'd the World since *Adam's* Fall !  
 Well may'st thou tremble——Now behold, infat-  
 uated Men, what you have idoliz'd ! View this  
 hideous Form, and wonder how you cou'd be thus  
 beguil'd !

[*Jack touches her with the Wand ; at which she  
 becomes a Monster, and the Bells and Orna-  
 ments about her, convert to Snakes.*]

*Wife.* Bless me ! I'll be none of her Subject—  
 not I——You may serve her now, Husband, by  
 yourself.

*Husb.* Pshaw ! I only pretended to pay homage  
 to her, because 'twas the Fashion——I knew  
 what she was well enough.

*Scen.* What will become of your Epic Poem and  
 your Tragedies now, Friend ?

*Plot.* I shou'd have made more haste with 'em—  
 This it is not to time things !

*Jack's Party.* Oh, *Jack* ! forgive us for our base  
 Desertion——We were bewitch'd—blinded.

*Beau.*

*Beau.* Ah, the filthy Creature!

*First Mob.* Is this the Creature we set up for our Queen?

*Second Mob.* We'll burn the Hag—we'll tear her in pieces.

*Omnes.* Aye, aye, let's tear her in pieces.

*Jack.* Hold! 'tis dangerous to touch, as 'twas to love her: This powerful Wand alone returns un-fully'd from her polluted Carcase——Thus then, with *Reason's* sacred Spells, I charm thee hence——Down to the Center sink, and never more presume to infest this happy Isle.

*[He touches her a second time with the Wand, and the Ground opens and she sinks.]*

*So now, my Friends, the mighty Work is o'er,  
And Folly and her Gyants are no more.*

*Reason's triumphant——Reason still shall reign,  
Tho' Folly and her Gyants rose again.*

F I N I S.

