

lucky quacks, who, tho' they know nothing of the theory, yet practice with surprizing success.

AIR XXXV. (Musing, I late on Windfor Terrace sat.)

*The lovely, blooming creature,
Charming in ev'ry feature;
Loving, moving,
Joys improving,
When she yields to nature:
But O! the pleasing smart,
That thrills thro' ev'ry part,
When possessing,
Kissing, pressing,
Passion's improv'd by art.*

SCENE X.

To them, JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

Sir, your honour's tenant, farmer Welford, is come to wait upon you.

SIR JOHN.

Ha! I might well expect him, indeed - I am strangely shock'd - Yet I must see him. - Tell him, I am coming down.

SCENE XI.

SIR JOHN AND LETTICE.

SIR JOHN.

My dear, my affairs force me to leave you for the present; in the mean time my servants shall attend you - Your servants they are now, and as such command them.

LETTICE.