

**PAST TEN O'CLOCK,
AND A RAINY
NIGHT: A FARCE**

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Past ten o'clock, and a rainy night: a farce by Thomas Dibdin

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THOMAS DIBDIN

**PAST TEN O'CLOCK,
AND A RAINY
NIGHT: A FARCE**

PAST TEN O'CLOCK,

AND A

RAINY NIGHT,

A *Farce.*

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

By **THOMAS DIBDIN.**

AUTHOR OF THE JEW AND DOCTOR, CABINET, METRICAL
HISTORY OF ENGLAND, &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1815.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR PETER PUNCTUAL.....	<i>Mr. Gattie.</i>
OLD SNAPS	<i>Mr. Penley.</i>
YOUNG SNAPS.....	<i>Mr. Fisher.</i>
HARRY PUNCTUAL	<i>Mr. Wallack.</i>
CHARLES WILDFIRE.....	<i>Mr. Barnard.</i>
BANTAM	<i>Mr. Knight.</i>
DOZEY	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
SAM SQUIB	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
WAITER	<i>Mr. Chatterley.</i>
NANCY	<i>Mrs. Orger.</i>
LUCY.....	<i>Mrs. Edwin.</i>
SILENCE.....	<i>Mrs. Harlowe.</i>

SCENE—LONDON.

(RECAP)
37/3
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PAST TEN O'CLOCK,

AND A

RAINY NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall.

Old SNAPS' discovered sealing a letter.

Snaps. Silence! Silence! Mistress Silence!—
(*She enters and curtsies.*) Are the young ladies
both up stairs? (*She nods.*) There have been
no strange men in the house? (*She shakes her
head.*) Is old Dozey below? (*She nods.*) Send
him to me. (*She curtsies and goes off.*) There!
there goes a wonder!—a woman who doesn't
talk. I bargain'd with her never to speak but
when I bid her—my two wards make so much
noise that, if *she* were to join, one might as well
live at a coppersmith's.—Of all my servants,
Mrs. Silence is the only *good* one who doesn't
answer. (*DOZEY enters.*) Dozey, do you know
the Rodney's head?

Doz. Forty years ago I remember—

Sna. I don't ask what you remember'd forty
years ago—do you know it *now*?

Doz. Hardly,—his face and wig were brown,
as a sailor's should be—but your land painters

have clapp'd a white perriwig on a face so red, that he looks like the setting sun, through the smoke of an evening salute.

Sna. Take this letter there—enquire for Sir Peter Punctual, and give it into nobody's hands but his own.

Doz. Before I finish my job?

Sna. What job?

Doz. Teaching your worship's ward, Miss Nancy, to box the compass; she has a knack at navigation, and knows how to cross the line.

Sna. How dare you make so free with my ward?—what do I hire you for?

Doz. Five pounds a year and the run of the kitchen—for which the poor old man is an errand boy all day, and a watchman all night.

Sna. Well, and if every man who can afford it, wou'd take one old warrior and help to eke out his pension, it would do the sons of Peace a dev'lish deal of credit.

Doz. It wou'd—but you keep *two*!

Sna. And harkye, Dozey; I've had your watchbox put close to the corner of the house.

Doz. Worse luck for me.

Sna. Why?

Doz. Because I never can sleep with my head to leeward.

Sna. What! sleep on your post?

Doz. Not till I've cried all my hours, and if the church clock's too fast, who can help it?

Sna. And then you are apt to *drink* a little.

Doz. My worst enemy can't say I drink a little—your worship enables me to eat, and where's the harm if I sometimes wash down your bounty with the good wishes of an old man's gratitude.

Sna. Well, well, give that letter to nobody

but Sir Peter, and make haste back. (*Goes up to table.*)

Doz. Poor Dozey!—Master calls me an old warrior! and yet the best of these landmen are so ignorant that they wonder a tar, who has been at sea for forty years, should eat, drink, and sleep. [*Exit.*]

Sna. And now to prevent the admission of any coxcomb before Sir Peter's arrival—Squib! Sam Squib!—

Squib. (*without—singing*). “Poize the musket, point the lance.” Coming, your honour.

Sna. Here's another sample of “laid up in ordinary.” Squib!

Enter SQUIB.

Squ. Your honour!

Sna. Don't say your honour any more.

Squ. I won't, your honour.

Sna. What have you been about, Sam?

Squ. Teaching Miss Lucy the broadsword exercise.

Sna. So, I shall have one half my house turn'd into a camp, and the other into a quarter-deck; now do leave off your military manners, turn your sword into a ploughshare, and try to be a civil citizen.

Squ. I know nothing of ploughs or citizens; your honour; but as to being civil, that's what I am, and always was—the whole regiment call'd me civil Sam—I'd have knock'd down any man as said I was'nt—and so would my dear old dead and gone master, Captain Wildfire.

Sna. Rot your old master!—I can never speak a word but up comes your dear old dead and gone master.

Squ. And where wou'd you see a better?—the day of battle with him was a glorious day; he was then a salamander, surrounded by fire, and cool in the middle of it.—“Corporal” he used to say “always take aim with desperate deliberation; you'll be sure to hit,” and I only wish your honour was an enemy to shew you how we did it.

Sna. Thankye.

Squ. Aye, death opened the trenches of an old wound, undermined the Captain's works, and carried the citadel by sap.

Sna. He left you to me as a legacy—but there's a tax upon legacies.

Squ. And if I'm not worth my *duty*, turn me to the right about,—I can walk as far as Chelsea, and after having in my country's cause, so many years stood up, I shall think it d—d hard if they don't ask me to sit down—but, was'nt the Captain a credit to his cloth?

Sna. He was—but he had one fault.

Squ. Not he.

Sna. Yes, he had, he was too hasty in his anger and in his good-nature.

Squ. Not a bit. He was every body's patron, every body's friend.

Sna. True, he lent his name to nostrums in the newspapers, married a hussey who had already deceived him, and used to buy all his wine of particular acquaintances; so that nobody left his table without a head-ache, his wife ran away, and he was killed by a quack medicine he had publicly attested as a cure for every thing.

Squ. So it was.

Sna. And so he found it—Aye, aye, in your eyes, nothing he did was wrong.

Squ. Oh, yes, one thing was very wrong—

there was his poor son!—a fine lad, bid fair to grow up like his father; and if his mother did desert her colours, it wasn't right to drum the young one out for it—to be sure, he was saucy to the Captain, who never forgave disobedience, but then it was in his *mother's* cause—and even if a mother shou'd quarrel with one's father, and be in the wrong—yet, she *is* one's mother, you know.

Sna. But Young Wildfire did many shocking things, it is said that he killed one of the men.

Squ. Oh, no, he did but throw a nine pounder at a grenadier's head, for speaking ill of the Captain—perhaps it might have made a breach in the palisades of the fellow's lower jaw, and left but one tooth standing, like a solitary centinel upon an outpost;—if it had killed him, it wou'd only have saved him from an untimely end, for he was hanged soon after.

Sna. Well, you know Old Dozey, our Watchman?

Squ. Yes, your honour, the groggy Old Pensioner takes post at our door and cries every hour in his sleep.

Sna. I've sent him with a letter to meet an Old Friend, coming to marry one of my wards, and the other I intend for my son Solomon—but the baggages last summer have got acquainted with two other lovers—Nancy is smitten with a disinherited son of some country baronet, and Lucy's in love with a soldier, forsooth!

Squ. A sensible girl.

Sna. Now you and Dozey, must club your vigilance and guard my door from these two young men. You won't be ashamed of your associate because he is a watchman?