

The bright sun's rest,  
 Was over and he drest  
 To walk in the broadway of heaven next morn ;  
 But when the maid awoke,  
 How distressing was the joke,  
 Her petticoats were stolen, and she forlorn.

A Scotch mist lay,  
 On the narrow path way,  
 With the marks of the boots, that the clothes-thief wore ;  
 But the maiden's feet are bare  
 She has lost her only pair  
 Of slippers, and dares not to budge from the door.

The next sun's ray,  
 Soon tepified the clay, [came;  
 And the ground was warm and dry, where the clothes-thief  
 But alas, the robber wag,  
 Has not left a single rag,  
 To warm the skin of TABITHA—Oh ! fie for shame.

*(Exeunt omnes.)*

## SCENE FOURTH.

*A Library.*

*Enter* MAYOR, JUSTICE, *and attendants.*

MAY. This unexpected visitor, I guess,  
 Will our good citizens of Glo'ster bless :  
 Our inns are full, the world is on the road,  
 And every hackman has a double load.

Jus. Aye, we shall turn him to a good account;  
 Of wealth and wonder the exhaustless fount;  
 Let Salem boast her museum, and her witches,  
 Her statues Newb'ry, Marblehead her riches—  
 We from them all the shining now will take,  
 The snake and Glo'ster, Glo'ster and the snake !