Hardcastle and servants  
  
HARDCASTLE. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have  
been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your  
places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without  
ever stirring from home.  
  
OMNES. Ay, ay.  
  
HARDCASTLE. When company comes you are not to pop out and stare, and  
then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.  
  
OMNES. No, no.  
  
HARDCASTLE. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make  
a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the  
plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand  
so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your  
pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory  
carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no  
great matter.  
  
DIGGORY. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this  
way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill----  
  
HARDCASTLE. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all  
attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of  
talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see  
us eat, and not think of eating.  
  
DIGGORY. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible.   
Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing  
for a mouthful himself.  
  
HARDCASTLE. Blockhead! Is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as  
a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.  
  
DIGGORY. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my  
stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.  
  
HARDCASTLE. Diggory, you are too talkative.--Then, if I happen to say  
a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out  
a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.  
  
DIGGORY. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould  
Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that--he! he!  
he!--for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty  
years--ha! ha! ha!  
  
HARDCASTLE. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest  
Diggory, you may laugh at that--but still remember to be attentive.   
Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will  
you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (to DIGGORY).--Eh, why  
don't you move?  
  
DIGGORY. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the  
eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld  
as a lion.  
  
HARDCASTLE. What, will nobody move?  
  
FIRST SERVANT. I'm not to leave this pleace.  
  
SECOND SERVANT. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.  
  
THIRD SERVANT. Nor mine, for sartain.  
  
DIGGORY. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.  
  
HARDCASTLE. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are  
quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I  
find I must begin all over again----But don't I hear a coach drive into  
the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and  
give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. [Exit  
HARDCASTLE.]  
  
DIGGORY. By the elevens, my pleace is gone quite out of my head.  
  
ROGER. I know that my pleace is to be everywhere.  
  
FIRST SERVANT. Where the devil is mine?  
  
SECOND SERVANT. My pleace is to be nowhere at all; and so I'ze go  
about my business. [Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened,  
different ways.]