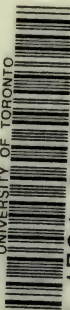
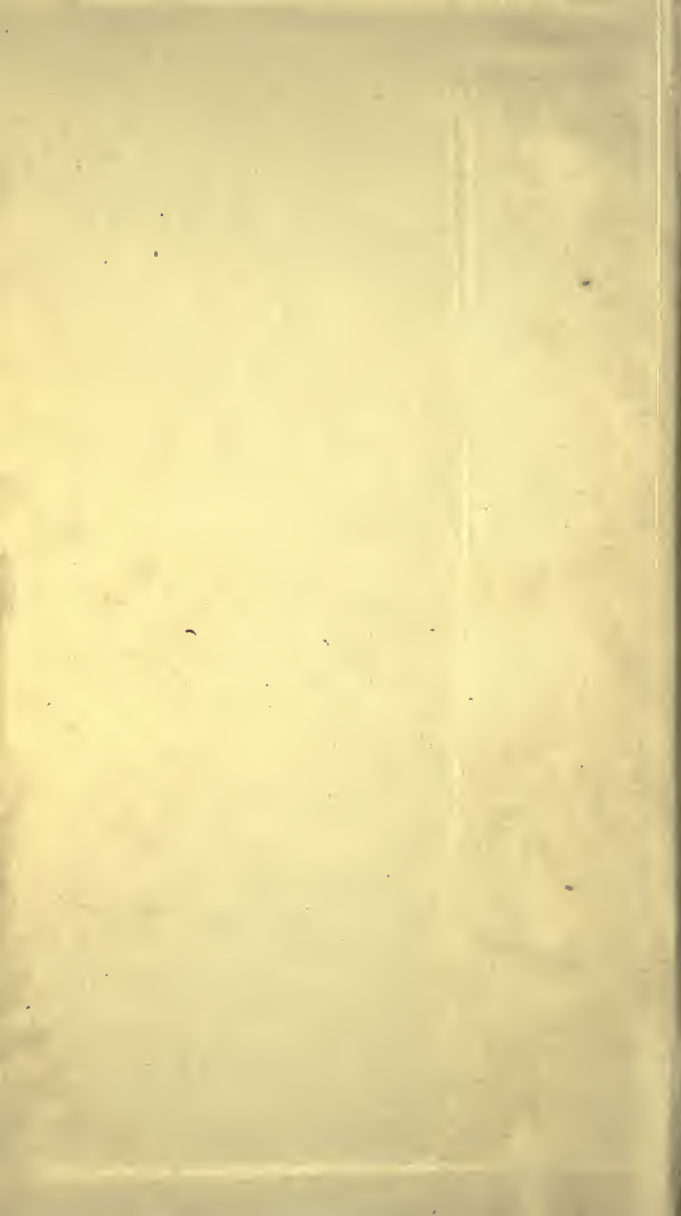


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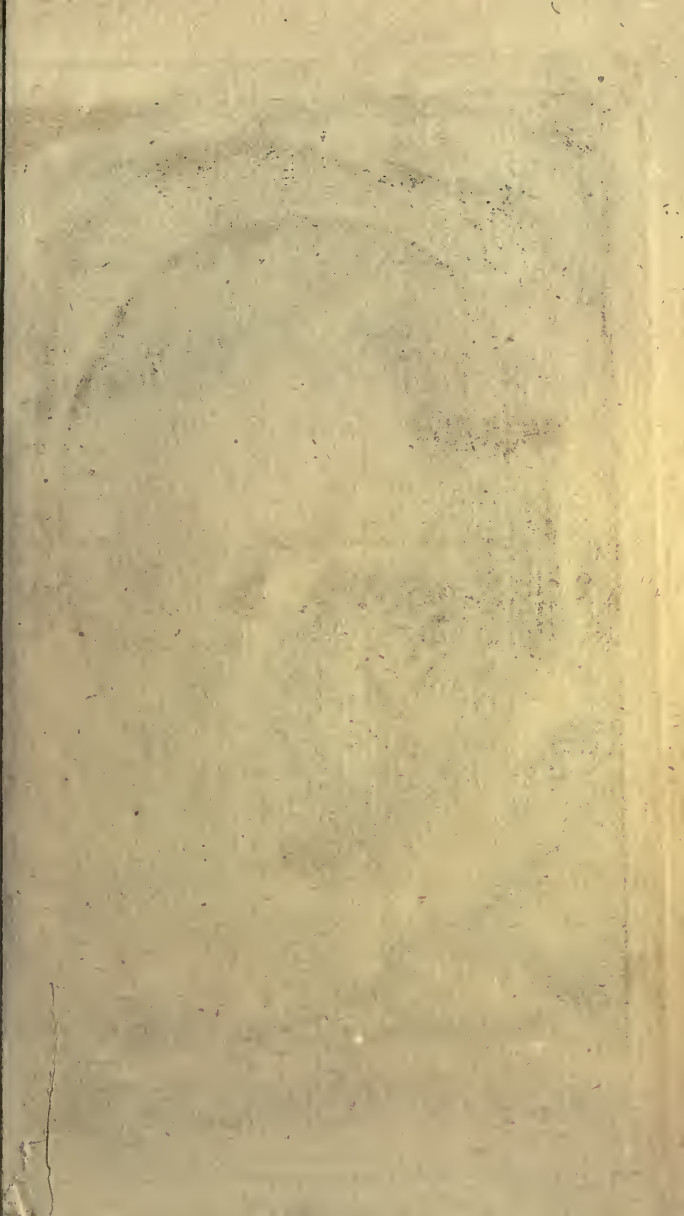














Vanloo pinx.

Miller sculp.

2567

THE DRAMATIC

W O R K S

James O F *Barp*

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

In FIVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT:	170528.
WOMAN'S WIT.	
LOVE MAKES A MAN:	17.4.22
SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT.	

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. RIVINGTON and Sons, C. BATHURST, T. LONGMAN, T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

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LIFE OF COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

HE was born on the 6th of *November*, O. S. 1671, in *Southampton Street, Covent Garden*.—His father, *Caius Gabriel Cibber*, was a native of *Holstein*, and came into *England* to follow his profession of a statuary some time before the restoration of king *Charles II*.—The eminence he attained to in the art may be judged from the two celebrated images of raging and melancholy madness on the two piers of the great gate of *Bethlehem* hospital, and also by the basso relievo on the pedestal of that stupendous column called the Monument, erected in commemoration of the great fire of *London* in 1666.—His mother was the daughter of *William Colley*, Esq. of *Glaiſton* in *Rutlandſhire*, whose father, *Sir Anthony Colley*, by his steady attachment to the royal cause, during the troubles of king *Charles I*'s reign, reduced his estate from three thousand to about three hundred pounds *per annum*.—The family of the *Colleys*, though extinct by the death of our laureat's uncle *Edward Colley*, Esq. from whom our author received his christian name, and who was the last heir male of it, had been a very ancient one, it appearing from *Wright's* history of *Rutlandſhire*, that they had been sheriffs and members of parliament from the reign of *Henry VII*. to the latter end of king *Charles I*.—In 1682 he was sent to the free-school of *Grantham* in *Lincolnſhire*, where he staid till he got through it, from the lowest form to the uppermost; and such learning as that school could give him, is, as he himself acknowledges, the most he could pretend to: about 1689 he was taken from school to stand for the election of children into *Winchester* college, but having no farther interest or recommendation than that of his own naked merit, and the being descended by the mother's side from *William* of *Wickham* the founder, it is not to be

wonder'd at that he was unsuccessful.—Rather pleased with what he look'd on as a reprieve from the confined life of a school-boy, than piqued at the loss of his election, he returned to *London*, and there even thus early conceived an inclination for the stage, which however he, on more considerations than one, thought proper to suppress; and therefore wrote down to his father, who was at that time employed at *Chatsworth* in *Derbyshire*, by the earl (afterwards duke) of *Devonshire* in the raising that seat to the magnificence it has ever since possess'd, to intreat of him that he might be sent as soon as possible to the University.—This request his father seem'd very inclinable to comply with, and assur'd him in his answer, that as soon as his own leisure would permit, he would go with him to *Cambridge*, at which University he imagin'd he had more interest to settle him to advantage than at *Oxford*; but in the mean time sent for him down to *Chatsworth*, that he might in the interim be more immediately under his own eye.

Before young *Cibber*, however, could set out on his journey for that place, the prince of *Orange*, afterwards king *William III.* had landed in the west, so that when our author came to *Nottingham*, he found his father in arms there among the forces which the earl of *Devonshire* had raised to aid that prince.—The old man considering this as a very proper season for a young fellow to distinguish himself in, and being besides too far advanced in years to endure the fatigue of a winter campaign, entreated the earl of *Devonshire* to accept of this son in his room, which his lordship not only consented to, but even promised, that when affairs were settled he would farther provide for him.—Thus all at once was the current of our young hero's fortune entirely turned into a new channel, his thoughts of the University were smother'd in ambition, and the intended academician converted, to his inexpressible delight, into a campaigner.

From *Nottingham* the troops marched to *Oxford*, where the prince and princess of *Denmark* met.—Here the troops continued in quiet quarters till on the set-

thing of the public tranquillity, when they were remanded back to *Nottingham*, and those who chose it were granted their discharge, among whom was our author, who now quitted the field and the hopes of military preferment, and return'd to his father at *Chatsworth*.—And now his expectations of future fortune, in a great measure, depended upon the promises of patronage he had received from the earl of *Devonshire*, who, on being reminded of them, was so good as to desire his father to send him to *London* in the winter, when he would consider of some provision for him. During his period of attendance on this nobleman, however, a frequent application to the amusements of the theatre, awakened in him his passion for the stage, which he seem'd now determin'd on pursuing as his *summum bonum*.

Previous however to our proceeding to the theatrical anecdotes of his life, it may be proper to mention one circumstance which, though it happened somewhat later than his first commencing actor, I cannot without an improper interruption introduce with any chronological exactness without breaking into the thread of my narrative hereafter; yet, which is an event constantly of importance in every man's history, and which he himself mentions as an instance of his discretion more desperate than that of preferring the stage to any views in life—This is no other than his marriage, which he entered into before he was quite twenty-two years of age, merely on the plan of love, at a time when he himself informs us he had no more than twenty pounds a year, which his father had assur'd to him, and twenty shillings *per week* from the theatre, which could not amount to above thirty pounds *per annum* more.—The lady he married was sister to *John Shore*, Esq. who for many years was serjeant-trumpet of *England*, to which gentleman as Mr. *Cibber* was one day paying a visit, his ear was charmed with the harmony of a female voice, accompanied by a fiddle which performed in a masterly manner on a harpsichord; being informed, on an enquiry which an unusual curiosity urged him to

make, that both the voice and hand belong'd to the sister of his friend, he begg'd to be introduc'd, and at first sight was captivated with the view of every personal charm that could render a female amiable and attractive.—Nor was she less delighted with the sprightliness of his wit, and the easy gaiety of his address.—In short, a courtship quickly commenc'd on the foundation of a mutual passion, and terminated in a marriage.

But to proceed to his dramatic history.—It appears to have been about *February* 1689, when our author first became a dangler about the theatre, where for some time he considered the privilege of every day seeing plays a sufficient consideration for the best of his services; so that he was full three quarters of a year before he was taken into a salary of ten shillings *per* week.—The insufficiency of his voice, and the disadvantages of a meagre uninformed person, were bars to his setting out as a hero; and all that seem'd promising in him was an aptness of ear, and in consequence of that a justness in his manner of speaking.—The parts he played were very trivial; that which he was first taken any considerable notice of being of no greater consequence than the chaplain in the *Orphan*; and he himself informs us, that the commendations he received on that occasion from *Goodman*, a veteran of eminence on the stage, which he had at that time quitted, filled him with a transport which could scarcely be exceeded by those of *Alexander* or *Charles XII.* at the head of their victorious armies.—His next step to fame was in consequence of queen *Mary's* having commanded the *Double Dealer* to be acted, when Mr. *Kynaston*, who originally play'd lord *Touchwood*, being so ill, as to be entirely incapable of going on for it, Mr. *Cibber*, on the recommendation of *Congreve*, the author of the play, undertook the part, and at that very short notice, performed it so well, that Mr. *Congreve* not only paid him some very high compliments on it, but recommended him to an enlargement of salary from fifteen to twenty shillings *per* week.—But even this success did not greatly elevate the rank of estimation in

which he stood with the patentees as an actor; for on the opening of *Drury-Lane* theatre in 1693, with the remainder of the old company, on the revolt of *Betterton* and several of the principal performers to *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, an occasional prologue which he had written, although acknowledg'd the best that had been offer'd, and very readily paid for, yet would not be admitted to an acceptance on any other terms than his absolutely relinquishing any claim to the speaking it himself.

Soon after his accepting of the part of *Fondlewife* in the *Old Batchelor* on a sudden emergency, in which, by the closest imitation of *Dogget*, who had been an original performer of it, not only in dress, but in voice and manner, he obtained an almost unbounded plaudit from the audience, gave him some little flight of reputation; yet not only this, but even the applause which in the ensuing year he obtained, both as an author and actor, by his first comedy, called *Love's Last Shift*, or the *Fool in Fashion*, were insufficient to promote him to any considerable cast of parts, till the year 1696, when Sir *John Vanbrugh* did him a double honour, viz. first, by borrowing the hint of his comedy for the writing of his *Relapse*, by way of sequel to it; and secondly, by fixing on him for the performance of his favorite character in it of lord *Foppington*.—In 1706, however, we find him considered by Mr. *Rich* the patentee, as of some consequence, by his excepting him from the number of the performers whom he permitted Mr. *Swiney* to engage with for his theatre in the *Hay-market* (tho' our author, on finding himself slightly us'd by this manager, paid no regard to that exception, but joined *Swiney*) and in the ensuing year, when his friend colonel *Brett* obtained a fourth share in the patent, and that the performers formed a coalition, and returned to *Drury Lane*, Mr. *Cibber* also conceded to the treaty, and returned with them; but on the silencing the patent in 1709, he, together with *Wilks*, *Dogget* and Mrs. *Oldfield*, went over again to Mr. *Swiney*.

In 1711, he became united as joint patentee with

Collier, Wilks, and Dogget, in the management of *Drury Lane* theatre.—And afterwards in a like partnership with *Booth, Wilks* and *Sir Rich. Steele*.—During this latter period, which continued till 1731, the *English* stage was perhaps in the most flourishing state it ever enjoy'd.—But the loss of *Booth, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Porter*, and *Mr. Wilks*, lopping off its principal supports, *Mr. Cibber* sold out his share of the patent, and retired from the public business of the stage, to which however he at a few particular periods occasionally returned, performing at no less a salary, as I have been inform'd, than fifty guineas *per* night; and in the year 1745, tho' upwards of seventy-four, he appear'd in the character of *Randolph* the pope's legate, in his own tragedy, called *Papal Tyranny*, which he performed, notwithstanding his advanced age, with great vigour and spirit.

What might perhaps be an additional inducement to this gentleman to leave the stage at the time he did, when, as he himself tells us, though it began to grow late in life with him, yet, still having health and strength enough to have been as useful on the stage as ever, he was under no visible necessity of quitting it, might be his having, in the year 1730, on the death of *Mr. Eusden*, been promoted to the vacant laurel, the salary annexed to which, together with what he had saved from the emoluments of the theatre, and the sale of his share in the patent, set him above the necessity of continuing on it.—And after a number of years pass'd in the utmost ease, gaiety, and good-humour, he departed this life towards the latter end of the year 1757, having just completed his 86th year.

Mr. Cibber has, in his own apology for his life, drawn so open and candid a portrait of himself in every light in which we can have occasion to consider him, that I can by no means do more justice to his character than by taking separately the several features of that portrait to enable the reader to form an idea of him in the several points of view, of a *man*, an *actor*, and a *writer*.

As a *man* he has told us, that even from his school-days there was ever a degree of inconsistency in his dis-

position; that he was always in full spirits; in some small capacity to do right, but in a more frequent alacrity to do wrong; and consequently often under a worse character than he wholly deserved.—A giddy negligence always possess'd him, insomuch that he tells us he remembers having been once whipp'd for his theme, tho' his master told him at the same time, that what was good of it was better than any boy's in the form.—The same odd fate frequently attended the course of his later conduct in life, for the indiscretion, or at least unskilful openness with which he always acted, drew more ill-will towards him, than men of worse morals and more wit might have met with; whilst his ignorance and want of jealousy of mankind was so strong, that it was with reluctance he could be brought to believe any person he was acquainted with capable of envy, malice, or ingratitude.—In short, a degree of vanity sufficient to keep him ever in temper with himself; blended with such a share of humility as made him sensible of his own follies, ready to acknowledge them, and as ready to laugh at them; a sprightly readiness of wit and repartee, which frequently enabled him to keep the laugh in his favour, with a fund of good-nature which was not to be ruffled when the jest happened to run against him; together with a great natural quickness of parts, and an intimate acquaintance with elegant and polite life, seem to be the principal materials of which his character was compos'd.—Few men had more personal friends and admirers, and few men perhaps a greater number of undeserved enemies.—A steady attachment to those revolution principles which he first set out with in life, though not pursued by him with virulence or offence to any one, created a party against him which almost constantly prevented his receiving those advantages from his writings, or that applause for his acting, which both justly merited.—Yet, that the malevolence of his opponents had very little effect on his spleen, is apparent through the whole course of his disputes with *Mr. Pope*, who, though a much superior writer with respect to sublimity and correctness, yet

flood very little chance when obliged to encounter with the keenness of his raillery, and the easy unaffected nonchalance of his humour.—In a word, he seem'd most truly of Sir *Harry Wildair's* temper, whose spleen nothing could move but impossibilities.—Nor did it seem within the power of even age and infirmity to get the better of this self-created happiness in his disposition, for even in the very latter years of his life I remember to have seen him, when amidst a circle of persons, not one of whom perhaps had attained to the third part of his age, yet has Mr. *Cibber*, by his easy good-humour, liveliness of conversation, and a peculiar happiness he had in telling a story, been apparently the very life of the company, and, but for the too evident marks of the hand of time on his features, might have been imagined the youngest man in it.—Add to this, that besides these superficial *Agremens*, he was possess'd of great humanity, benevolence, and universal philanthropy, and by continued actions of charity, compassion, and beneficence, ever bore the strongest testimonial to his being master of that brightest of all sublunary gems, a truly good heart.

As an *actor* nothing can surely be a stronger proof of his merit than the eminence which he attained to in that profession, in opposition to all the disadvantages which, by his own account, we find he had to struggle with.—For, exclusive of the pains taken by many of his cotemporaries to keep him below the notice of the public, nature seem'd herself to oppose his advancement.

His person at first, though not ill-made, was, he tells us, meagre and uninformed (but this defect was probably soon amended, as he latterly had a figure of sufficiently fulness and weight for any part) his complexion was pale and dismal, and his voice weak, thin, and inclining to the treble.—His greatest advantages seem to have been those of a very accurate ear, and a critical judgment of nature.—His chief excellency lay in the walk of fops and feeble old men in comedy, in the former of which he does not appear ever to have been excelled in any period before him, or nearly equalled in any since.—Yet it is apparent, that he frequently

acted parts of consequence in tragedy, and those too, if not with the admiration, yet with the patient sufferance of the audience; and the rank of estimation he stood in with respect to the public in the opposed lights of a tragedian and a comic performer, cannot be better described than in his own words.—“ I was vain enough to think,” says he, “ that I had more ways than one to come at applause, and that in the variety of characters I acted, the chances to win it were the strongest on my side.—That if the multitude were not in a roar to see me in cardinal *Wolfey*, I could be sure of them in alderman *Fondlewife*.—If they hated me in *Iago*, in *Sir Fopling* they took me for a fine gentleman.—If they were silent at *Syphax*, no *Italian* eunuch was more applauded than when I sung in *Sir Courtley*.—If the morals of *Æsop* were too grave for them, justice *Shallow* was as simple and as merry an old rake as the wisest of our young ones could wish me.—And though the terror and detestation rais’d by king *Richard* might be too severe a delight for them, yet the more gentle and modern vanities of a poet *Bayes*, or the well-bred vices of a lord *Foppington*, were not at all more than their merry hearts, or nicer morals could bear.”

Though in this account, Mr. *Cibber* has spoken with great moderation of himself, yet it is apparent that he must have had great merit in tragedy as well as comedy, since the impression he made on the audience was nearly the same in both; for as it is well known that his excellence in representing the fops, induced many to imagine him as great a coxcomb in real life as he appear’d to be on the stage, so, he informs us, that from the delight he seem’d to take in performing the villainous characters in tragedy, half his auditors were persuaded that a great share of the wickedness of them must have been in his own nature.—But this he confesses, that he look’d on in the very light I mention it in this place, rather as a praise than a censure of his performance, since aversion in that case is nothing more

than an hatred incurr'd for being like the thing one ought to be like.

The third and last view in which we are to consider him is that of a *writer*.—In this character he was at times very severely handled by some of his cotemporary critics; but by none with more harshness than Mr. *Pope*.—Party zeal, however, seems to have had a large share in exciting the opposition against him, as it is apparent, that when uninfluenced by prejudice, the audience has, through a course of upwards of sixty years, received great pleasure from many of his plays, which have constantly formed part of the entertainment of every season, and many of them repeatedly performed with that approbation they undoubtedly merit.—The most important charge against him seems to have been, that his plots were not always his own, which reflection would have been just, had he produced no plays but such as he had alter'd from other authors; but in his first letter to Mr. *Pope* he assures us, and with great truth, that his *Fool in Fashion* and *Careless Husband*, in particular, were *as much* (if not *so valuable*) originals, as any thing his antagonist had ever written.—And in excuse for those which he did only alter, or indeed compile from others, it is evident that they were for the most part compos'd by collecting what little was good in perhaps several pieces which had had no success, and were laid aside as theatrical lumber.—On this account he was frequently treated as a plagiarist, yet it is certain, that many of those plays which had been dead to the stage out of all memory, have, by his assisting hand, not only been restor'd to life, but have even continued ever since in full spirit and vigour.—On this account surely the public and the original authors are greatly indebted to him, that sentiment of the poet being certainly true,

Chi trae l'Uom del Sepolcro, ed in Vita lo serba.

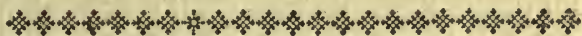
Petrarch.

Nor have other writers been so violently attacked for the same fault.—Mr. *Dryden* thought it no diminution of his fame to take the same liberty with the *Tempest* and the *Troilus and Cressida* of *Shakespeare*.—Nor do

these alter'd plays, as Mr. *Cibber* justly pleads, take from the merit of those more successful pieces, which were entirely his own.—A taylor that can make a new coat well is not surely the worse workman because he can mend an old one; a cobler may be allowed to be useful, though no one will contend for his being famous; nor is any man blameable for doing a little good, though he cannot do as much as another.— Besides, Mr. *Cibber* candidly declares, that whenever he took upon him to make some dormant play of an old author fit for the stage, it was honestly not to be idle that set him to work, as a good house-wife will mend old linen when she has not better employment.—But that, when he was more warmly engaged by a subject entirely new, he only thought it a good subject, when it seem'd worthy of an abler pen than his own, and might prove as useful to the hearer as profitable to himself.—And indeed, this essential piece of merit must be granted to his own original plays, *viz.* that they always tend to the improvement of the mind as well as the entertainment of the eye; that vice and folly, however pleasingly habited, are constantly lashed, ridiculed, or reclaimed in them, and virtue as constantly rewarded.

There is an argument, indeed, which might be pleaded in favour of this author, were his plays possess'd of a much smaller share of merit than is to be found in them, which is, that he wrote, at least in the early part of his life, through necessity, for the support of his increasing family; his precarious income as an actor being then too scanty to supply it, with even the necessaries of life: and with great pleasantry he acquaints us, that his muse and his spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom mother of a child, but in the same year the other made him the father of a play; and that they had had a dozen of each sort between them, of both which kinds some died in their infancy, and near an equal number of each were alive when he quitted the theatre.—No wonder then, when the muse is only called upon by family duty, that she should not always rejoice in the fruit of her labour.—

This excuse, I say, might be pleaded in Mr. *Cibber's* favour: but I must confess myself of the opinion that there is no occasion for the plea; and that his plays have merit enough to speak their own cause, without the necessity of begging indulgence.—His plots, whether original or borrowed, are lively and full of business, yet not confused in the action, nor bungled in the catastrophe.—His characters are well drawn, and his dialogue easy, genteel, and natural.—And if he has not the intrinsic wit of a *Congreve* or a *Vanbrugh*, yet there is a luxuriance of fancy in his thoughts which gives an almost equal pleasure, and a purity in his sentiments and morals, the want of which in the above-named authors has so frequently and so justly been censur'd.—In a word, I think the *English* stage more obliged to Mr. *Cibber* for a fund of rational entertainment, than to any dramatic writer this nation has produced, *Shakespeare* only excepted.—And one unanswerable evidence has been borne to the satisfaction the public have received from his plays; and such an one as no author besides himself can boast, *viz.* that altho' the number of his dramatic pieces is very extensive, half of them at least are now, and seem likely to continue, on the list of acting and favorite plays.



LOVE'S LAST SHIFT:

O R,

The FOOL in Fashion.

A

C O M E D Y.

— *Fuit hæc Sapientia quondam,
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis.*

HOR. de Art. Poet.



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

THE GREAT

CHARLES

THE SECOND

BY

RICHARD NORTON of SOUTHWICK, Esq;

S I R,

TH O' I can't, without ingratitude, conceal the exceeding favours which the town have shewn this piece; yet they must give me leave to own, that even my vanity lay hush'd, quite stifled in my fears, till I had securely fix'd its good fortune, by publishing your approbation of it: an advantage, which, as it will confirm my friends in their favourable opinion, so it must, in some measure, qualify the severity of the malicious. After this declaration, let the world imagine how difficult it is for me not to launch into your character: but since your candour and depth of judgment are my chief protection, I am loth to discompose you, by an ungrateful repetition of those virtues, which only please you in the practice: the world as little wants the knowledge of them, as you desire the recital.

'Tis your happiness, SIR, that your fortune has fix'd you above the need of praise, or friends, yet both are equally unavoidable: for even to your solitude, praise will follow you, and grows fonder of you for your coldness; she loves you for your choice of pleasures, those noble pleasures of a sweet retirement, from which nothing but the consideration of your country's weal can draw you.

But as no man can properly be made a patron, whose virtues have not in some sort qualified him for such a care; so, SIR, it is sufficient for me, that your life and conversation are the best heralds of your power, and my safety.

Here, SIR, I must beg leave to clear myself from what the ill wishes of some would have the world believe, that what I now offer you is spurious, and not the product of my own labour. And tho' I am pleas'd that this report seems to allow it some beauties, yet I am sorry it has made a discovery of some persons, who think me worth their malice. This DEDICATION were little better than an affront, unless I could with all fin-

The Dedication.

cerity assure you, SIR, that the fable is entirely my own; nor is there a line or thought throughout the whole, for which I am wittingly oblig'd either to the dead or living: for I could no more be pleas'd with a stolen reputation, than with a mistress who yielded only upon the intercession of my friend. It satisfies me, SIR, that you believe it mine; and I hope what others say to the contrary, is rather owing to an unreasonable disgust, than their real opinion. I am not ignorant of those oversights I have committed, nor have the dissecting critics much discourag'd me: for 'tis their diversion to find fault; and to have none, is to them an unpardonable disappointment; no man can expect to go free, while they don't spare one another. But as I write not in defiance of their censure; so, after having diverted you, SIR, I shall not trouble them with a *preface*. Had it not succeeded, I should have had modesty enough to impute it to my own want of merit: for certainly the town can take no pleasure in decrying any man's labours, when 'tis their interest to encourage them. Every guest is the best judge of his own palate; and a poet ought no more to impose good sense upon the galleries, than dull farce upon the undisputed judges. I first consider'd who my guests were, before I prepared my entertainment: and therefore I shall only add this, as a general answer to all objections, that it has every way exceeded mine, and hitherto has not wrong'd the *house's* expectation: that Mr. *Southern's* good-nature (whose own works best recommend his judgment) engaged his reputation for the success; which its reception, and your approbation, SIR, has since redeem'd, to the entire satisfaction of,

S I R,

Your most devoted,

Humble Servant,

Jan. 1695.

C. CIBBER.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. VERBRUGGEN.

*W*IT bears so thin a crop this duller age,
We're forc'd to glean it from the barren stage:
Ev'n players fledg'd by nobler pens, take wing
Themselves, and their own rude composures sing.
Nor need our young-one dread a ship-wreck here;
Who trades without a stock, has nought to fear.
In ev'ry smile of yours a prize he draws;
And if you damn him, he's but where he was.
Yet where's the reason for the critic crew,
With killing blasts, like Winter to pursue
The tender plant that ripens but for you?
Nature, in all her works, requires time;
Kindness, and years, 'tis makes the virgin climb,
And shoot and hasten to th' expected prime;
And then, if untaught fancy fail to please,
Y' instruct the willing pupil by degrees;
By gentle lessons you your joys improve,
And mould her awkward passion into love.
Ev'n folly has its growth: few fools are made;
You drudge and sweat for't, as it were a trade.
'Tis half the labour of your trifling age,
To fashion you fit subjects for the stage.
Well! if our author fail to draw you like;
In the first draught, you're not t' expect Vandyke.
What tho' no master-stroke in this appears,
Yet some may features find resembling theirs.
Nor do the bad alone his colours share;
Neglected virtue is at least shewn fair,
And that's enough o' conscience for a play'r.
But if you'd have him take a bolder flight,
And draw your pictures by a truer light,
You must yourselves, by follies yet unknown,
Inspire his pencil, and divert the town.
Nor judge, by this, his genius at a stand;
For time, that makes new fools, may mend his hand.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Sir Will. Wisewou'd.* A rich old gentleman, that fancies himself a great master of his passion, which he only is in trivial matters. } *Mr. Johnson.*
Loveless. Of a debauch'd life, grew weary of his wife in six months; left her and the town, for debts he did not care to pay; and having spent the last part of his estate beyond sea, returns to *England* in a very mean condition. } *Mr. Wilks.*
Sir Novelty Fashion. A coxcomb that loves to be the first in all foppery. } *Mr. Cibber.*
Elder Worth. A sober gentleman of a fair estate, in love with *Hillaria*. } *Mr. Williams.*
Young Worth. His brother, of a looser temper, lover to *Narcissa*. } *Mr. Mills.*
Snap. Servant to *Loveless*. } *Mr. Cibber jun.*
Sly. Servant to *Young Worth*. } *Mr. Miller.*
A lawyer. } *Mr. Rosco.*

W O M E N.

- Amanda.* A woman of strict virtue, married to *Loveless* very young, and forsaken by him. } *Mrs. Porter.*
Narcissa. Daughter to *Sir William Wisewou'd*, a fortune. } *Mrs. Thurmond.*
Hillaria. His niece. } *Mrs. Herron.*
Flareit. A kept mistress of *Sir Novelty's*. } *Mrs. Mills.*
Woman to *Amanda*.
Maid to *Flareit*.
Servants, &c.

The SCENE, London.

LOVE'S Last Shift:

O R,

The FOOL in Fashion.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Loveless, and Snap his Servant.

LOVELESS.

SIRRAH! leave your preaching:—Your counsel, like an ill clock, either stands still, or goes too slow:—You ne'er thought my extravagancies amiss, while you had your share of 'em; and now I want money to make myself drunk, you advise me to live sober, you-dog—They that will hunt pleasure as I ha' done, rascal, must never give over in a fair chace.

Snap. Nay, I knew you would never rest, till you had tir'd your dogs.—Ah! Sir! what a fine pack of guineas you have had! and yet you would make 'em run till they were quite spent.—Wou'd I were fairly turn'd out of your service.—Here we have been three days in town, and I can safely swear I have liv'd upon picking a hollow tooth ever since.

Love. Why don't you eat then, sirrah?

Snap. E'en because I don't know where, sir.

Love. Then stay till I eat, hang-dog! Ungrateful rogue! to murmur at a little fasting with me, when thou hast been an equal partner of my good fortune.

Snap. Fortune!—It makes me weep to think

what you have brought yourself and me to! How well might you ha' liv'd, sir, had you been a sober man!— Let me see ——— I ha' been in your service just ten years:—In the first you married and grew weary of your wife: in the second you whor'd, drank, gam'd, run in debt, mortgag'd your estate, and was forc'd to leave the kingdom: in the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh you made the tour of *Europe*, with the state and equipage of a *French* court-favourite, while your poor wife at home broke her heart for the loss of you: in the eighth and ninth you grew poor, and little the wiser; and now in the tenth you are resolv'd I shall starve with you.

Love. Despicable rogue! canst thou not bear the frowns of a common strumpet, fortune?

Snap. ——— 'Sbud, I never think of the pearl necklace you gave that damn'd *Venetian* strumpet, but I wish her hang'd in it.

Love. Why, firrah, I knew I could not have her without it; and I had a night's enjoyment of her, was worth a pope's revenue for't.

Snap. Ah! you had better ha' laid out your money here in *London*; I'll undertake you might have had the whole town over and over for half the price.— Besides, sir, what a delicate creature was your wife! She was the only celebrated beauty in town; I'll undertake there were more fops and fools run mad for her ——— 'Sbud she was more plagu'd with 'em, and more talk'd of than a good actress with a maiden-head! Why the devil cou'd not she content you?

Love. No, firrah; the world to me is a garden stock'd with all sorts of fruit, where the greatest pleasure we can take, is the variety of taste: but a wife is an eternal apple-tree; after a pull or two, you are sure to set your teeth on edge.

Snap. And yet I warrant you grudg'd another man a bit of her, tho' you valu'd her no more than you wou'd a half-eaten pippin, that had lain a week sunning in a parlour window.— But see, sir, who's this? ——— for methinks I long to meet with an old acquaintance.

Love. Ha! egad, he looks like one, and may be necessary, as the case stands with me.—

Snap. Pray heaven he do but invite us to dinner!

Enter Young Worthy.

Love. Dear *Worthy!* let me embrace thee; the sight of an old friend warms me, beyond that of a new mistress.

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath! what bully's this? [*aside*] Sir, your pardon, I don't know you.

Love. Faith, *Will*, I am a little out of repairs at present: but I am all that's left of honest *Ned Loveless*.

Y. Wor. *Loveless!* I am amaz'd! What means this metamorphosis?—Faith, *Ned*, I am glad to find thee among the living however.—How long hast thou been in town?

Love. About three days.—But prithee, *Will*, how goes the world?

Y. Wor. Why like a bowl, it runs on at the old rate; interest is still the jack it aims at; and while it rolls, you know, it must of necessity be often turn'd upside down.—But I doubt, friend, you have bowled out of the green, have liv'd a little too fast, [*surveying his dress*] like one that hath lost all his ready money, and forc'd to be an idle spectator.—Prithee, what brought thee at last to *England*?

Love. Why, my last hopes, faith, which were to persuade Sir *William Wisewou'd* (if he be alive) to whom I mortgaged my estate, to let me have five hundred pounds more upon it, or else to get some honest friend to redeem the mortgage, and share the overplus. Besides, I thought that *London* might now be a place of uninterrupted pleasure; for I hear my wife is dead: and to tell you the truth, 'twas the staleness of her love was the main cause of my going over.

Y. Wor. His wife dead! Ha! I'm glad he knows no other; I won't undeceive him, lest the rogue should go—and rifle her of what she has. [*Aside.*] Yes, faith, I was at her burial, and saw her take possession of her long home, and am sorry to tell you, *Ned*, she died with grief: your wild courses broke her heart.

Love. Why, faith, she was a good-natur'd fool, that's the truth on't: well! rest her soul.

Snap. Now, fir, you are a single man indeed, for you have neither wife nor estate.

Y. Wor. But how hast thou improv'd thy money beyond sea? What hast thou brought over?

Love. Oh, a great deal of experience.

Y. Wor. And no money?

Snap. Not a soufe, faith, fir, as my belly can testify.

Love. But I have a great deal more wit than I had.

Snap. Not enough to get your estate again, or to know where we shall dine to-day.—(O Lord, he don't ask us yet!)

Y. Wor. Why, your rogue's witty, *Ned*; where didst thou pick him up?

Love. Don't you remember *Snap*, formerly your pimp in ordinary? But he is much improved in his calling, I assure you, fir.

Y. Wor. I don't doubt it, considering who has been his master.

Snap. Yes, fir, I am an humble servant of yours, and am still, fir, and should be glad to stand behind your chair at dinner, fir. [Bows.

Y. Wor. Oh, fir, that you may do another time; but to-day I'm engag'd upon business; however, there's a meal's meat for you. [Throws him a guinea.

Snap. Bless my eye-sight! a guinea!—Sir, is there e'er a whore you wou'd have kick'd? any old bawd's windows you would have broken? Shall I beat your taylor for disappointing you? or your surgeon, that would be paid for a clap of two years standing? If you have occasion, you may command your humble servant —

Y. Wor. Sweet fir, I am obliged to you: but at present am so happy as to have no occasion for your assistance.—But hark you, *Ned*; prithee, what hast thou done with thy estate?

Love. I pawn'd it to buy pleasure! that is, old wine, young whores, and the conversation of brave fellows, as mad as myself. Pox! if a man hath appetites, they are torments, if not indulg'd. I shall never complain

as long as I have health and vigour: and, as for my poverty, why the devil should I be ashamed of that, since a rich man won't blush at his knavery?

Y. Wor. Faith, *Ned*, I'm as much in love with wickedness as thou canst be, but I am for having it at a cheaper rate than my ruin. Don't it grate you a little to see your friends blush for you?

Love. 'Tis very odd, that people should be more ashamed of others faults than their own: I never yet cou'd meet with a man that offered me counsel, but had more occasion for it himself.

Y. Wor. So far you may be in the right; for indeed, good counsel is like a home jest, which every busy fool is offering to his fellow, and yet won't take it himself.

Love. Right ——— Thus have I known a jolly red-nos'd parson, at three o'clock in the morning, belch out invectives against late hours, and hard drinking; and a canting hypocritical finner protest against fornication, when the rogue was himself just crawling out of a flux.

Y. Wor. Tho' these are truths, friend, yet I don't see any advantage you can draw from them. Prithee, how wilt thou live, now all your money's gone?

Love. Live! how dost thou live! thou art but a younger brother, I take it.

Y. Wor. Oh, very well, sir! tho' faith, my father left me but 3000*l.* one of which I gave for a place at court, that I still enjoy; the other two are gone after pleasure, as thou say'st. But besides this, I am supply'd by the continual bounty of an indulgent brother: now, I am loth to load his good-nature too much, and therefore have e'en thought fit, like the rest of my raking brotherhood, to purge out my wild humours with matrimony: by the way, I have taken care to see the dose well sweetened with a swinging portion.

Love. Ah! *Will*, you'll find marrying to cure lewdness, is like surfeiting to cure hunger: for all the consequence is, you loath what you surfeit on, and are only

chaste to her you marry.—But prithee, friend, what is thy wife that must be?

Y. Wor. Why, faith, since I believe the matter is too far gone for any man to postpone me (at least, I am sure, thou wilt not do me an injury to do thyself no good) I'll tell thee:—You must know, my mistress is the daughter of that very knight to whom you mortgaged your estate, Sir *William Wise-wou'd*.

Love. Why, she's an heiress, and has 1000*l.* a year in her own hands, if she be of age: but I suppose the old man knows nothing of your intentions. Therefore, prithee, how have you had opportunities of promoting your love?

Y. Wor. Why thus:—You must know, Sir *William* (being very well acquainted with the largeness of my brother's estate) designs his daughter for him; and to encourage his passion, offers him, out of his own pocket, the additional blessing of 5000*l.* This offer my brother, knowing my inclination, seems to embrace; but at the same time is really in love with his niece, who lives with him in the same house: and therefore, to hide my design from the old gentleman, I pretend visits to his daughter, as an intercessor for my brother only; and thus he has given me daily opportunities of advancing my own interest;—nay, and I have so contriv'd it, that I design to have the 5000*l.* too.

Love. How is that possible, since I see no hopes of the old man's consent for you?

Y. Wor. Have a day's patience, and you'll see the effects on't: in a word, 'tis so sure, that nothing but delays can hinder my success; therefore I am very earnest with my mistress, that to-morrow may be the day: but a pox on't, I have two women to prevail with; for my brother quarrels every other day with his mistress; and while I am reconciling him, I lose ground in my own amour.

Love. Why, has not your mistress told you her mind yet?

Y. Wor. She will, I suppose, as soon as she knows it herself; for within this week she has chang'd it as often as her linen, and keeps it as secret too: for she wou'd

no more own her love before my face, than she wou'd shift herself before my face.

Love. Pshaw! she shews it the more, by striving to conceal it.

Y. Wor. Nay, she does give me some proofs indeed; for she will suffer nobody but herself to speak ill of me, is always uneasy till I am sent for, never pleas'd when I am with her, and still jealous when I leave her.

Love. Well! success to thee, *Will*; I will send the fiddles, to release thee from your first night's labour.

Y. Wor. But, hark you; have a care of disobliging the bride though. — Ha! yonder goes my brother: I am afraid his walking so early, proceeds from some disturbance in his love: I must after him, and set him. — Dear *Ned*, you'll excuse me: shall I see you at the *Blue Posts* between five and six this afternoon?

Love. With all my heart: — But d'ye hear? — Can't not thou lend me the fellow to that same guinea you gave my man? I'll give you my bond, if you mistrust me.

Y. Wor. Oh, sir, your necessity is obligation enough: — There 'tis, and all I have, faith; when I see you at night, you may command me farther. — Adieu: at six at farthest. [Exit *Y. Wor.*

Love. Without fail. — So! now, rascal, you are hungry, are you? Thou deservest never to eat again — Rogue! grumble before fortune had quite forsaken us!

Snap. Ah! dear sir, the thoughts of eating again have so transported me, I am resolv'd to live and die with you.

Love. Look ye, sirrah, here's that will provide us with a dinner, and a brace of whores into the bargain: at least as * guineas and whores go now.

Snap. Ah! good sir! no whores before dinner, I beseech you.

Love. Well, for once I'll take your advice; for, to say the truth, a man is as unfit to follow love with an

* Guineas went then at thirty shillings.

empty stomach, as business with an empty head: therefore I think a bit and a bottle won't be amiss first.

The god of wine and love were ever friends;

For by the help of wine love gains his ends. [Exeunt.

Enter Elder Worthy with a letter.

El. Wor. How hard it is to find that happiness which our short-sighted passions hope from women! 'tis not their cold disdain or cruelty should make a faithful lover curse his stars, that is but reasonable; 'tis the shadow in our pleasure's picture: without it, love could ne'er be heightened. No, 'tis their pride and vain desire of many lovers, that robs our hope of its imagined rapture: the blind are only happy: for if we look thro' reason's never-erring perspective, we then survey their souls, and view the rubbish we were chaffering for: and such I find *Hillaria's* mind is made of. This letter is an order for the knocking off my fetters, and I'll send it her immediately.

Enter to him Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. 'Morrow, brother. [*Seeing the letter*] What, is your fit return'd again? What beaux's box now has *Hillaria* taken snuff from? What fool has led her from the box to her coach? What sop has she suffered to read a play or a novel to her? Or whose money has she indiscreetly won at basset? — Come, come, let's see the ghastly wound she has made in your quiet, that I may know how much claret to prescribe you.

El. Wor. I have my wound and cure from the same person, I'll assure you; the one from *Hillaria's* wit and beauty, and the other from her pride and vanity.

Y. Wor. That's what I cou'd never yet find her guilty of: are you angry at her loving you?

El. Wor. I am angry at myself, for believing she ever did.

Y. Wor. Have her actions spoke the contrary? Come, you know she loves.

El. Wor. Indeed she gave a great proof on't last night here in the *Park*, by fall'ning on a fool, and caressing him before my face, when she might have so easily avoided him.

Y. Wor. What! and I warrant, interrupted you in the

middle of your sermon; for I don't question but you were preaching to her. But, prithee, who was the fool she fast'ned upon?

El. Wor. One that heaven intended for a man; but the whole business of his life is, to make the world believe he is of another species. A thing that affects mightily to ridicule himself, only to give others a kind of necessity of praising him. I can't say he's a slave to any new fashion, for he pretends to be master of it, and is ever reviving some old, or advancing some new piece of foppery; and tho' it don't take, is still as well pleased, because it then obliges the town to take the more notice of him. He's so fond of a public reputation, that he is more extravagant in his attempts to gain it, than the fool that fir'd *Diana's* temple to immortalize his name.

Y. Wor. You have said enough to tell me his name is Sir *Novelty Fashion*.

El. Wor. The same: but that which most concerns me, he has the impudence to address *Hillaria*, and the vanity enough not to discard him.

Y. Wor. Is this all? Why, thou art as hard to please in a wife, as thy mistress in a new gown: how many women have you took in hand, and yet can't please yourself at last?

El. Wor. I had need to have the best goods, when I offer so great a price as marriage for them: *Hillaria* has some good qualities, but not enough to make a wife of.

Y. Wor. She has beauty.

El. Wor. Granted.

Y. Wor. And money.

El. Wor. Too much: enough to supply her vanity.

Y. Wor. She has sense.

El. Wor. Not enough to believe I am no fool.

Y. Wor. She has wit.

El. Wor. Not enough to deceive me.

Y. Wor. Why then you are happy, if she can't deceive you.

El. Wor. Yet she has folly enough to endeavour it: I'll see her no more, and this shall tell her so.

Y. Wor. Which in an hour's time you'll repent, as much as ever —

El. Wor. As ever I should marrying her.

Y. Wor. You'll have a damn'd sneaking look, when you are forc'd to ask her pardon for your ungenerous suspicion, and lay the fault upon excess of love.

El. Wor. I am not so much in love as you imagine.

Y. Wor. Indeed, sir, you are in love, and that letter tells her so.

El. Wor. Read it, you'll find it to the contrary.

Y. Wor. Prithee, I know what's in it better than thou dost: you say, 'tis to take your leave of her; but I say, 'tis in hopes of a kind, excusive answer: but, faith, you mistake her and yourself too; she is too high-spirited, not to take you at your word; and you are too much in love, not to ask her pardon.

El. Wor. Well, then, I'll not be too rash, but will shew my resentment, in forbearing my visits.

Y. Wor. Your visits? Come, I shall soon try what a man of resolution you are! — for yonder she comes: now; let's see if you have power to move.

El. Wor. I'll soon convince you of that. — Farewel.

Y. Wor. Ha! gone! I don't like that: I am sorry to find him so resolute; but I hope *Hillaria* has taken too fast hold of his heart, to let this fit shake him off: I must to her, and make up this breach: for while his amour stands still, I have no hopes of advancing my own. [Exit.

Enter Hillaria, Narcissa, and Amanda in mourning.

Hil. Well, dear *Amanda*, thou art the most constant wife I ever heard of, not to shake off the memory of an ill husband, after eight or ten years absence; nay, to mourn, for aught you know, for the living too, and such a husband, that tho' he were alive, would never thank you for it: why d'ye persist in such a hopeless grief?

Am. Because 'tis hopeless. For if he be alive, he is dead to me. His dead affections, not virtue itself can e'er retrieve: wou'd I were with him, tho' in his grave!

Hil. In my mind you are much better where you

are. The grave! young widows use to have warmer wishes. But, methinks, the death of a rich old uncle should be a cordial to your sorrows.

Am. That adds to 'em; for he was the only relation I had left, and was as tender of me as the nearest: he was a father to me.

Hil. He was better than some fathers to you; for he died just when you had occasion for his estate.

Nar. I have an old father, and the duce take me, I think he only lives to hinder me of my occasions; but, Lord bless me, madam, how can you be unhappy with 2000*l.* a year in your own possession?

Hil. For my part, the greatest reason I think you have to grieve is, that you are not sure your husband's dead; for were that confirm'd, then, indeed, there were hopes that one poison might drive out another: you might marry again.

Am. All the comfort of my life is, that I can tell my conscience, I have been true to virtue.

Hil. And to an extravagant husband, that cares not a farthing for you. But, come, let's leave this unseasonable talk, and pray give me a little of your advice. What shall I do with this Mr. *Worthy*? Wou'd you advise me to make a husband of him?

Am. I am but an ill judge of men; the only one I thought myself secure of, most cruelly deceiv'd me.

Hil. A losing gamester is fittest to give warning: what d'ye think of him?

Am. Better than of any man I know. I read nothing in him but what is some part of a good man's character.

Hil. He's jealous.

Am. He's a lover.

Hil. He taxes me with a fool!

Am. He wou'd preserve your reputation: and a fool's love only ends in the ruin of it.

Hil. Methinks he's not handsome.

Am. He's a man, madam.

Hil. Why then ev'n let him make a woman of me.

Nar. Pray, madam, what d'ye think of his brother?

Am. I would not think of him.

Nar. O, dear, why, pray?

Am. He puts me in mind of a man too like him, one that had beauty, wit, and falshood.

Nar. You have hit some part of his character, I must confess, madam; but as to his truth, I'm sure he loves only me.

Am. I don't doubt but he tells you so, nay, and swears it too.

Nar. O Lord! madam, I hope I may without vanity believe him.

Am. But you will hardly, without magic, secure him.

Nar. I shall use no spells or charms, but this poor face, madam.

Am. And your fortune.

Nar. Senseless malice! [*Aside.*] I know he'd marry me without a groat.

Am. Then he's not the man I take him for.

Nar. Why, pray — what do you take him for?

Am. A wild young fellow, that loves every thing he sees.

Nar. He never lov'd you yet. [*Peewisbly.*]

Am. I hope, madam, he never saw any thing in me to encourage him.

Nar. In my conscience you are in the right on't, madam; I dare swear he never did, nor e'er would, tho' he gaz'd till doom's-day.

Am. I hope, madam, your charms will prevent his putting himself to the trial, and I wish he may never—

Nar. Nay, dear madam, no more railing at him, unless you wou'd have me believe you love him.

Hil. Indeed, ladies, you are both in the wrong: you, cousin, in being angry at what you desir'd, her opinion of your lover; and you, madam, for speaking truth against the man she resolves to love.

Nar. Love him! Prithee, cousin, no more of that old stuff.

Hil. Stuff! Why, don't you own you are to marry him, this week?—Here he comes, I suppose you'll tell him another thing in his ear.

Enter Young Worthy.

Hil. Mr. *Worthy*, your servant; you look with the face of business: what's the news, pray?

Y. Wor. Faith, madam, I have news for you all, and private news too; but that of the greatest consequence is with this lady. Your pardon, ladies; I'll whisper with you all, one after another.

Nar. Come, cousin, will you walk? The gentleman has business; we shall interrupt him.

Hil. Why really, cousin, I don't say positively you love Mr. *Worthy*; but, I vow, this looks very like jealousy.

Nar. Pish! Lord! *Hillaria*, you are in a very odd humour to-day. But to let you see I have no such weak thoughts about me, I'll wait as unconcern'd as yourself. (I'll rattle him.) [Aside.]

Am. Not unpleasing, say you? Pray, sir, unfold yourself, for I have long despair'd of welcome news.

Y. Wor. Then in a word, madam, your husband, Mr. *Loveless*, is in town, and has been these three days; I parted with him an hour ago.

Am. In town! you amaze me! for heaven's sake go on.

Y. Wor. Faith, madam, considering *Italy*, and those parts have furnished him with nothing but an improvement of that lewdness he carry'd over, I can't properly give you joy of his arrival: besides, he is so very poor, that you wou'd take him for an inhabitant of that country. And when I confirm'd your being dead, he only shook his head, and call'd you good-natur'd fool, or to that effect; nay, tho' I told him his unkindness broke your heart.

Am. Barbarous man! not shed a tear upon my grave? But why did you tell him I was dead?

Y. Wor. Because, madam, I thought you had no mind to have your house plunder'd; and for another reason, which, if you dare listen to me, perhaps you'll not dislike: in a word, 'tis such a stratagem, that will either make him ashamed of his folly, or in love with your virtue.

Am. Can there be a hope, when ev'n my death

could not move him to a relenting sigh? Yet, pray instruct me, sir.

Y. Wor. You know, madam, 'twas not above four or five months after you were marry'd, but (as most young husbands do) he grew weary of you. Now, I am confident, 'twas more an affectation of being fashionably vicious, than any reasonable dislike he could either find in your mind or person: therefore cou'd you, by some artifice, pass upon him as a new mistress, I am apt to believe you wou'd find none of the wonted coldness in his love, but a younger heat and fierce desire.

Am. Suppose this done; what would be the consequence?

Y. Wor. Oh, your having then a just occasion to reproach him with his broken vows, and to let him see the weakness of his deluded fancy, which even in a wife, while unknown, could find those real charms, which his blind ungrateful lewdness wou'd ne'er allow her to be mistress of. After this, I'd have you seem freely to resign him to those fancy'd raptures, which he deny'd were in a virtuous woman: who knows but this, with a little submissive eloquence, may strike him with so great a sense of shame, as may reform his thoughts, and fix him yours?

Am. You have reviv'd me, sir; but how can I assure myself he'll like me as a mistress?

Y. Wor. From your being a new one — Leave the management of all to me: I have a trick shall draw him to your bed; and when he's there, faith, ev'n let him cuckold himself: I'll engage he likes you as a mistress, though he could not as a wife. [At least, she'll have the pleasure of knowing the difference between a husband and a lover, without the scandal of the former. [Aside.

Am. You have oblig'd me, sir; if I succeed, the glory shall be yours.

Y. Wor. I'll wait on you at your lodging, and consult how I may be further serviceable to you: but you must put this in speedy execution, lest he should hear of you, and prevent your design; in the mean time, 'tis a secret to all the world but yourself and me.

Am. I'll study to be grateful, sir.

Y. Wor. Now for you, madam. [To Hillaria.

Nar. So! I am to be last serv'd: very well. [*Aside.*

Y. Wor. My brother, madam, confesses he scattered some rough words last night; and I take the liberty to tell you, you gave him some provocation.

Hil. That may be; but I'm resolv'd to be mistress of my actions before marriage, and no man shall usurp a power over me, till I give it him.

Y. Wor. At least, madam, consider what he said as the effects of an impatient passion; and give him leave this afternoon to set all right again.

Hil. Well, if I don't find myself out of order after dinner, perhaps I may step into the garden: but I won't promise you neither.

Y. Wor. I dare believe you without it. — Now, madam, I am your humble servant. [To *Nar.*

Nar. And every body's humble servant. [*Walks off.*

Y. Wor. Why, madam, I am come to tell you —

Nar. What success you had with that lady, I suppose — I don't mind intrigues, sir.

Y. Wor. I like this jealousy, however, tho' I scarce know how to appease it. [*Aside.*] 'Tis business of moment, madam, and may be done in a moment.

Nar. Yours is done with me, sir; but my business is not so soon done as you imagine.

Y. Wor. In a word, I have very near reconcil'd my brother and your cousin, and I don't doubt but tomorrow will be the day; if I were but as well assur'd of your consent to my happiness too. —

Nar. First tell me your discourse with that lady; and afterwards, if you can, look me in the face. — Oh, are you studying, sir?

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath! I must not trust her with it; she'll tell it to the whole town as a secret. — Pox! ne'er a lie? [*Aside.*

Nar. You said it was of the greatest consequence too.

Y. Wor. A good hint, faith. [*Aside.*] Why, madam, since you will needs force it from me, 'twas to desire her to advance my interest with you; but all my in-

treaties could not prevail; for she told me, I was unworthy of you: was not this of consequence, madam?

Nar. Nay, now I must believe you, Mr. *Worthy*, and I ask your pardon; for she was just railing against you for a husband before you came.

Y. Wor. Oh! madam, a favour'd lover, like a good poem, for the malice of some few, makes the generous temper more admire it.

Nar. Nay, what she said, I must confess, had much the same effect, as the coffee-critics ridiculing prince *Arthur*; for I found a pleasing disappointment in my reading you; and till I see your beauties equal'd, I shan't dislike you for a few faults.

Y. Wor. Then, since you have blest me with your good opinion, let me beg of you, before these ladies, to complete my happiness to-morrow. Let this be the last night of your lying alone.

Nar. What d'ye mean?

Y. Wor. To marry you to-morrow, madam.

Nar. Marry me! Who put that in your head?

Y. Wor. Some encouragement which my hopes have form'd, madam.

Nar. Hopes! Oh, insolence! D'ye think I can be mov'd to love a man, to kiss and toy with him, and so forth?

Y. Wor. P'gad, I find nothing but downright impudence will do with her. [*Aside.*] No, madam, 'tis the man must kiss and toy with you, and so forth. Come, my dear angel, pronounce the joyful word, and draw the scene of my eternal happiness. Ah! methinks I'm there already, eager and impatient of approaching bliss! just laid within the bridal bed; our friends retir'd; the curtains close drawn around us; no light but *Celia's* eyes; no noise but her soft trembling words and broken sighs, that plead in vain for mercy. And now a trickling tear steals down her glowing cheek, which tells the happy lover at length she yields; yet vows she'd rather die; but still submits to the unexperienc'd joy.

[*Embracing her.*

Hil. What raptures, Mr. *Worthy*!

Y. Wor. Only the force of love in imagination, madam.

Nar. O Lord! dear cousin and madam, let's be gone! I vow he grows rude. Oh, for heaven's sake! I shan't shake off my fright these ten days: O Lord! I will not stay — Be gone; for I declare I loath the sight of you. [Exit.

Y. Wor. I hope you'll stand my friend, madam.

Hil. I'll get her into the garden after dinner. [Exeunt.

Y. Wor. I find there's nothing to be done with my lady before company; 'tis a strange affected piece — But there's no fault in her 1000*l.* a year, and that's the loadstone that attracts my heart. — The wife and grave may tell us of strange chimæra's called virtues in a woman, and that they alone are the best dowry; but, faith, we younger brothers are of another mind.

Women are chang'd from what they were of old:

Therefore let lovers still this maxim hold,

She's only worth, that brings her weight in gold. [Exit.

A C T II.

The SCENE, a garden belonging to Sir William Wisewou'd's house.

Enter Narcissa, Hillaria, and Sir Novelty Fashion.

H I L L A R I A.

O H! for heaven's sake! no more of this gallantry, Sir *Novelty*: for I know you say the same to every woman you see.

Sir Nov. Every one that sees you, madam, must say the same. Your beauty, like the wrack, forces every beholder to confess his crime — of daring to adore you.

Nar. Oh! I han't patience to hear all this. If he be blind, I'll open his eyes. [*Aside.*] I vow, Sir *Novelty*, you men of amour ar strange creatures: you think no woman worth your while, unless you walk over a rival's ruin to her heart: I know nothing has encourag'd your passion to my cousin more, than her engagement to Mr. *Worthy*.

Hil. Poor creature! Now is she angry she ha'n't the address of a fop I nauseate. [*Aside.*

Sir Nov. Oh! madam, as to that I hope the lady will easily distinguish the sincerity of her adorers. Tho' I must allow, Mr. *Worthy* is infinitely the handsomer person.

Nar. O fie! Sir *Novelty*, make not such a preposterous comparison.

Sir Nov. Oh ged! madam, there's no comparison.

Nar. Pardon me, sir, he's an unpolish'd animal.

Sir Nov. Why, does your ladyship really think me tolerable?

Hil. So! she has snapt his heart already. [Aside.]

Sir Nov. Pray, madam, how do I look to-day? — What, cursedly? I'll warrant; with a more hellish complexion than a stale actress in a morning. — I don't know, madam: — 'tis true — the town does talk of me, indeed; — but the devil take me, in my mind, I am a very ugly fellow.

Nar. Now you are too severe, Sir *Novelty*.

Sir Nov. Not I, burn me: — for heaven's sake deal freely with me, madam; and, if you can, tell me — one tolerable thing about me.

Hil. 'Twould pose me, I'm sure. [Aside.]

Nar. Oh! Sir *Novelty*, this is unanswerable; 'tis hard to know the brightest part of a diamond.

Sir Nov. You'll make me blush, stop my vitals, madam. — [I'gad, I always said she was a woman of sense. Strike me dumb, I am in love with her, — I'll try her farther. [Aside.] But, madam, is it possible I may vie with Mr. *Worthy*? — Not that he is any rival of mine, madam; for I can assure you, my inclinations lie where, perhaps, your ladyship little thinks.

Hil. So! now I am rid of him. [Aside.]

Sir Nov. But, pray tell me, madam; for I really love a severe critic: I am sure you must believe he has a more happy genius in dress: for my part, I am but a sloven.

Nar. He is a genius unsufferable! Why he dresses worse than a captain of the militia: but you, Sir *Novelty*, are a true original, the very pink of fashion: I'll warrant you there's not a milliner in town but has got an estate by you.

Sir Nov. I must confess, madam, I am for doing good to my country: for you see this suit, madam — I suppose you are not ignorant what a hard time the ribband weavers have had since the late mourning: now my design is to set the poor rogues up again, by recommending this sort of trimming: the fancy is pretty well for second mourning. — By the way, madam, I had fifteen hundred guineas laid in my hand, as a gratuity to encourage it: but, i'gad, I refus'd them, being too well acquainted with the consequence of taking a bribe in a national concern.

Hil. A very charitable fashion, indeed, — *Sir Novelty!* But how if it should not take?

Nar. Ridiculous! Take! I warrant you in a week the whole town will have it; tho' perhaps *Mr. Worthly* will be one of the last of them: he's a mere *valet de chambre* to all fashions; and never is in any till his betters have left them off.

Sir Nov. Nay, ged, now I must laugh; for the devil take me, if I did not meet him, not above a fortnight ago, in a coat with buttons no bigger than nutmegs.

Hil. There, I must confess, you out-do him, *Sir Novelty*.

Sir Nov. Oh, dear madam, why mine are not above three inches diameter.

Hil. But methinks, *Sir Novelty*, your sleeve is a little too extravagant.

Sir Nov. Nay, madam, there you wrong me; mine does but reach my knuckles, but my lord *Overdo's* covers his diamond ring.

Hil. Nay, I confess the fashion may be very useful to you gentlemen that make campaigns; for should you unfortunately lose an arm, or so, that sleeve might be very convenient to hide the defect on't.

Sir Nov. Hah! I think your ladyship's in the right on't, madam. [Hiding his hand in his sleeve.

Nar. Oh! such an air! so becoming a negligence! Upon my soul, *Sir Novelty*, you'll be the envy of the *Beau Monde*.

Hil. Mr. *Worthly!* a good fancy were thrown away upon him; but you, sir, are an ornament to your clo'es.

Sir *Nov.* Then your ladyship really thinks they are
— *bien entendue!*

Hil. *A Merveil, monsieur.*

Sir *Nov.* She has almost as much wit as her cousin.
[*Aside.*] I must confess, madam, this coat has had a uni-
versal approbation; for this morning I had all the emi-
nent taylor's in town at my levee, earnestly petitioning
for the first measure of it: now, madam, if you thought
it would oblige Mr. *Worthy*, I would let his taylor have
it before any of them.

Nar. See, here he comes, and the duce take me, I
think 'twould be a great piece of good-nature; for I
declare he looks as rough as a *Dutch* corporal. —
Prithee, Sir *Novelty*, let's laugh at him.

Sir *Nov.* O ged! no, madam, that were too cruel:
why you know he can't help it.—Let's take no notice
of him.

Hil. Wretched coxcomb! [*Aside.*

— *Enter Elder Worthy.*

El. Wor. I find my resolution is but vain, my feet
have brought me hither against my will: but sure I can
command my tongue, which I'll bite off ere it shall
seek a reconciliation. Still so familiar there! but 'tis
no matter, I'll try if I can wear indifference, and seem
as careless in my love as she is of her honour, which
she can never truly know the worth of, while she persists
to let a fool thus play with it. [*Aside.*] Ladies your
humble servant.

Hil. Now I can't forbear fretting his spleen a little.
[*Aside.*] Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, we are admiring Sir *Novelty*,
and his new suit: did you ever see so sweet a fancy?
He is as full of variety as a good play.

El. Wor. He's a very pleasant comedy indeed, ma-
dam; and dress'd with a great deal of good satire, and, no
doubt, may oblige both the stage and the town, especi-
ally the ladies.

Hil. So! There's for me. — [*Aside.*

Sir *Nov.* O ged! Nay, prithee, *Tom*, you know my
humour — Ladies (stop my vitals) I don't believe
there are five hundred in town that ever took any no-
tice of me.

El. Wor. Oh, fir, there are some that take so much notice of you, that the town takes notice of them for't.

Hil. It works rarely. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. How of them, *Tom*, upon my account? O ged, I wou'd not be the ruin of any lady's reputation for the world. Stop my vitals, I'm very sorry for't: prithee name but one that has a favourable thought of me: and to convince you that I have no design upon her, I'll instantly visit her in an unpowder'd periwig.

El. Wor. Nay, she I mean is a woman of sense too.

Sir Nov. Phoo! Prithee, pox, don't banter me: 'Tis impossible: what can she see in me?

El. Wor. Oh, a thousand taking qualities. This lady will inform you.—Come, I'll introduce you. [*Pulls him.*]

Sir Nov. O ged, no. Prithee—hark you in your ear—I am off of her; damme if I ben't: I am, stop my vitals. —

El. Wor. Wretched rogue! [*Aside.*] Pshaw, no matter; I'll reconcile you. Come, madam.

Hil. Sir.

El. Wor. This gentleman humbly begs to kiss your hand.

Hil. He needs not your recommendation, fir.

El. Wor. True; a fool recommends himself to your sex, and that's the reason men of common sense live unmarried.

Hil. A fool without jealousy, is better than a wit with ill-nature.

El. Wor. A friendly office, seeing your fault, is ill-nature.

Hil. Believing more than we have, is pitiful. — You know I hate this wretch, loath, and scorn him.

El. Wor. Fools have a secret art of pleasing women: if he did not delight you, you wou'd not hazard your reputation by encouraging his love.

Hil. Dares he wrong my reputation?

El. Wor. He need not; the world will do it for him, while you keep him company.

Hil. I dare answer it to the world.

El. Wor. Then why not to me?

Hil. To satisfy you, were a fondness I never should forgive myself.

El. Wor. To persist in it, is what I'll never forgive.

Hil. Insolence! Is it come to this? Never see me more.

El. Wor. I have lost the sight of you already; there hangs a cloud of folly between you and the woman I once thought you.

[*As Hillaria is going off, enter Young Worthy.*]

Y. Wor. *What to ourselves in passion we propose;*

The passion ceasing, does the purpose lose.

Madam, therefore, pray let me engage you to stay a little till your resentment is over, that you may see whether you have reason to be angry, or no.

Sir Nov. [To *Nar.*] Pray, madam, who is that gentleman?

Nar. Mr. *Wortly's* brother, sir; a gentleman of no mean parts, I can assure you.

Sir Nov. I don't doubt it, madam, ——— He has a very good periwig.

Hil. To be jealous of me with a fool, is an affront to my understanding.

Y. Wor. Tamely to resign your reputation to the mercilefs vanity of a fool, were no proof of his love.

Hil. 'Tis questioning my conduct.

Y. Wor. Why you let him kiss your hand last night before my face.

Hil. The fool diverted me, and I gave him my hand, as I would lend my money, fan, or handkerchief, to a legerdemain, that I might see him play all his tricks over.

Y. Wor. O, madam, no jugler is so deceitful as a fop; for while you look his folly in the face, he steals away your reputation with more ease than the other picks your pocket.

Hil. Some fools indeed are dangerous.

Y. Wor. I grant you, your design is only to laugh at him; but that's more than he finds out: therefore you must expect he will tell the world another story; and 'tis ten to one but the consequence makes you repent your curiosity.

Hil. You speak like an oracle: I tremble at the thoughts on't.

Y. Wor. Here's one shall reconcile your fears——
Brother, I have done your business: *Hillaria* is convinc'd of her indiscretion, and has a pardon ready, for your asking it.

El. Wor. She's the criminal; I have no occasion for it.

Y. Wor. See, she comes towards you; give her a civil word at least.

Hil. Mr. *Worthy*, I'll not be behind-hand in the acknowledgment I owe you: I freely confess my folly, and forgive your harsh construction of it: nay, I'll not condemn your want of good-nature, in not endeavouring (as your brother has done) by mild arguments to convince me of my error.

El. Wor. Now you vanquish me! I blush to be out-done in generous love! I am your slave, dispose of me as you please.

Hil. No more; from this hour be you the master of my actions and my heart.

El. Wor. This goodness gives you the power, and I obey with pleasure.

Y. Wor. So! I find I han't preach'd to no purpose. Well, madam, if you find him guilty of love, e'en let-to-morrow be his execution-day; make a husband of him, and there's the extent of love's law.

El. Wor. Brother, I am indebted to you.

Y. Wor. Well, I'll give you a discharge, if you'll but leave me half an hour in private with that lady.

Hil. How will you get rid of Sir *Novelty*?

Y. Wor. I warrant you; leave him to me.

Hil. Come, Mr. *Worthy*, as we walk, I will inform you how I intend to sacrifice that wretch to your laughter.

El. Wor. Not, madam, that I want revenge on so contemptible a creature: but I think you owe this justice to yourself, to let him see (if possible) you never took him for any other than what he really is.

Y. Wor. Well! Pox on your politicks: prithee consult of them within.

Hil. We'll obey you, fir.

[*Exeunt Elder Worthy and Hillaria.*

Y. Wor. Pray give me leave to beg a word in private with you, fir, if you please.

[*To Sir Novelty, who is taking snuff.*

Sir Nov. Ay, fir, with all my heart.

Y. Wor. Sir ———

Sir Nov. Nay, 'tis right I'll assure you. [*Offering his box.*

Y. Wor. Ay, fir—but now the lady wou'd be alone.

Sir Nov. Sir.

Y. Wor. The lady wou'd be alone, fir.

Sir Nov. I don't hear her say any such thing.

Y. Wor. Then I tell you so, and I wou'd advise you to believe me.

Sir Nov. I shall not take your advice, fir: but if you really think the lady wou'd be alone, why——you had best leave her.

Y. Wor. In short, fir, your company is very unseasonable at present.

Sir Nov. I can tell you, fir, if you have no more wit than manners, the lady will be but scurvily entertain'd.

Nar. Oh, fie, gentlemen! no quarrelling before a woman, I beseech you. Pray let me know the business.

Sir Nov. My business is love, madam.

Nar. And yours, fir.

Y. Wor. What I hope you are no stranger to, madam. As for that spark, you need take no care of him; for if he stays much longer, I will do his business myself.

Nar. Well, I vow, love's a pleasant thing, when the men come to cutting of throats once. O gad! I'd fain have them fight a little—Methinks *Narcissa* wou'd sound so great in an expiring lover's mouth.—Well, I am resolv'd *Sir Novelty* shall not go yet; for I will have the pleasure of hearing myself prais'd a little; tho' I don't marry this month for't. [*Aside.*] Come, gentlemen, since you both say love's your business, e'en plead for yourselves; and he that speaks the greatest passion, shall have the fairest return.

Y. Wor. Oh, the devil! now is she wrapt with the hopes of a little flattery. There's no remedy but patience. 'Sdeath! what a piece have I to work upon. [*Aside.*

Nar. Come, gentlemen, one at a time. Sir Novelty, what have you to say to me?

Sir Nov. In the first place, madam, I was the first person in *England* that was complimented with the name of *beau*, which is a title I prefer before right honourable; for that may be inherited; but this I extorted from the whole nation, by my surprizing mien, and unexampled gallantry.

Nar. So, sir.

Sir Nov. Then another thing, madam: it has been observed, that I have been eminently successful in those fashions I have recommended to the town; and I don't question but this very suit will raise as many riband-weavers, as ever the clipping or melting trade did goldsmiths.

Nar. Pish! What does the fool mean? he says nothing of me yet. [Aside.]

Sir Nov. In short, madam, the cravat-string, the garter, the sword-knot, the centurine, bardash, the steinkirk, the large button, the long sleeve, the plume, and full peruke, were all created, cry'd down, or reviv'd by me: in a word, madam, there has never been any thing particularly taking or agreeable for these ten years past; but your humble servant was the author of it.

Y. Wor. Where the devil will this end? [Aside.]

Nar. This is all extravagant, Sir Novelty: but what have you to say to me, sir?

Sir Nov. I'll come to you presently, madam, I have just done: then you must know, my coach and equipage are as well known as myself; and since the convenience of two play houses, I have a better opportunity of shewing them: for between every act — whisk — I am gone from one to th' other: oh what pleasure 'tis, at a good play, to get out before half an act's done?

Nar. Why at a good play?

Sir Nov. O, madam, it looks particular, and gives the whole audience an opportunity of turning upon me at once: then do they conclude I have some extraordinary business, or a fine woman to go to at least: and then again, it shews my contempt of what the dull town

think their chief diversion: but if I do stay a play out, I always sit with my back to the stage.

Nar. Why so, sir?

Sir Nov. Then every one will imagine I have been tir'd with it before; or that I am jealous who talks to who in the king's box. And thus, madam, do I take more pains to preserve a public reputation, than ever any lady took, after the small-pox, to recover her complexion.

Nar. Well, but to the point: what have you to say to me, *Sir Novelty*?

Y. Wor. Now does she expect some compliment shall out-flatter her glafs. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. To you, madam?—Why, I have been saying all this to you.

Nar. To what end, sir?

Sir Nov. Why, all this I have done for your sake.

Nar. What kindness is it to me?

Sir Nov. Why, madam, don't you think it more glory to be beloved by one eminently particular person, whom all the town knows and talks of; than to be ador'd by five hundred dull souls that have lived incognito?

Nar. That, I must confess, is a prevailing argument; but still you ha'n't told me why you love me.

Y. Wor. That's a task he has left for me, madam.

Sir Nov. 'Tis a province I never undertake, I must confess: I think 'tis sufficient if I tell a lady why she shou'd love me.

Nar. Hang me! he's too conceited: he's so in love with himself, he won't allow a woman the bare comfort of a cold compliment. [*Aside.*] Well, Mr. *Worthy*.

Y. Wor. Why, madam, I have observed several particular qualities in your ladyship, that I have perfectly ador'd you for; as the majestic tofs of your head;—your obliging low court'sy;—your satyrical smile;—your blushing laugh;—your demure look;—the careless tie of your hood;—the genteel flirt of your fan;—the design'd accident in your letting it fall, and your agreeable manner of receiving it from him that takes it up.

[*What he speaks, she imitates in dumb show.*]

[They both offer to take up her fan; and in striving

Y. Worthy pushes Sir Novelty on his back.

Sir Nov. [adjusting himself] I hope your ladyship will excuse my disorder madam—How now!

Enter a footman to Sir Novelty.

Foot. Oh, sir! Mrs. Flarrit ———

Sir Nov. Ha! speak lower: what of her?

Foot. By some unlucky accident has discover'd your being here, and raves like a mad woman: she's at your lodging, sir, and had broke you above forty pounds worth of china before I came away. She talk'd of following you hither; and if you don't make haste, I'm afraid will be here before you can get through the house, sir.

Sir Nov. This woman's certainly the devil; her jealousy is implacable; I must get rid of her, tho' I give her more for a separate-maintenance, than her conscience demanded for a settlement before enjoyment.—See the coach ready; and if you meet her, be sure you stop her with some pretended business, 'till I'm got away from hence——Madam, I ask your ladyship ten thousand pardons; there's a person of quality expects me at my lodging, upon extraordinary business.

Nar. What, will you leave us, Sir Novelty?

Sir Nov. As unwilling as the soul the body; but this is an irresistible occasion—Madam, your most devoted slave.—Sir, your most humble servant.—Madam, I kiss your hand.—O ged, no farther, dear sir; upon my soul I won't stir if you do. ———

[Y. Worthy sees him to the door.

[Exit Sir Nov.

Y. Wor. Nay then, sir, your humble servant. So! this was a lucky deliverance.

Nar. I overheard the business.—You see, Mr. Worthy, a man must be a slave to a mistress sometimes, as well as a wife; yet all can't persuade your sex to a favourable opinion of poor marriage.

Y. Wor. I long, madam, for an opportunity to convince you of your error; and therefore give me leave to hope to-morrow you will free me from the pain of farther expectation, and make a husband of me.—Come,

I'll spare your blushes, and believe I have already nam'd the day.

Nar. Had not we better consider a little?

Y. Wor. No, let's avoid consideration, 'tis an enemy both to love and courage: they that consider much, live to be old batchelors and young fighters. No, no; we shall have time enough to consider after marriage.— But why are you so serious, madam?

Nar. Not but I do consent to-morrow shall be the day, *Mr. Worthy*; but I am afraid you have not lov'd me long enough to make our marriage be the town-talk: for 'tis the fashion now to be the town-talk; and you know one had as good be out of the world, as out of the fashion.

Y. Wor. I don't know, madam, what you call town-talk; but it has been in the news-letters above a fortnight ago, that we were already married. Besides, the last song I made of you, has been sung at the musick-meeting: and you may imagine, madam, I took no little care to let the ladies and the beaux know who 'twas made on.

Nar. Well, and what said the ladies?

Y. Wor. What was most observable, madam, was, that while it was singing, my lady *Manlove* went out in a great passion.

Nar. Poor-jealous animal! On my conscience, that charitable creature has such a fund of kind compliance for all young fellows, whose love lies dead upon their hands, that she has been as great a hindrance to us virtuous women, as ever the *Bank of England* was to the city goldsmiths.

Y. Wor. The reason of that is, madam, because you virtuous ladies pay no interest; I must confess the principal, our health, is a little securer with you.

Nar. Well; and is not that an advantage worth entering into bonds for? Not, but I vow, we virtuous devils do love to insult a little; and, to say truth, it looks too credulous and easy in a woman to encourage a man before he has sigh'd himself to a skeleton.

Y. Wor. But heaven be thank'd, we are pretty even

with you in the end; for the longer you hold us off before marriage, the sooner we fall off after it.

Nar. What, then you take marriage to be a kind of jesuit's powder, that infallibly cures the fever of love?

Y. Wor. 'Tis indeed a jesuit's powder, for the priests first invented it; and only abstained from it, because they knew it had a bitter taste; then gilded it over with a pretended blessing, and so palm'd it upon the unthinking laity.

Nar. Prithee don't screw your wit beyond the compass of good manners.—D'ye think I shall be tun'd to matrimony by your railing against it? If you have so little stomach to it, I'll e'en make you fast a week sooner.

Y. Wor. Ay, but let me tell you, madam, 'tis no policy to keep a lover at a thin diet, in hopes to raise his appetite on the wedding-night; for then

*We come like starving beggars to a feast,
Where, unconfin'd, we feed with eager haste,
Till each repeated morsel palls the taste.
Marriage gives prodigals a boundless treasure,
Who squander that, which might be lasting pleasure;
And women think they ne'er have over-measure.*

A C T III.

The SCENE, Sir William Wisewou'd's house.

Enter Amanda and Hillaria, meeting.

A M A N D A.

MY dear, I have news for you.

Hil. I guess at it, and fain wou'd be satisfied of the particulars: your husband is return'd, and, I hear, knows nothing of your being alive: *Young Worthy* has told me of your design upon him.

Am. 'Tis that I wanted your advice in: what think you of it?

Hil. O! I admire it: next to forgetting your hus-

band, 'tis the best counsel was ever given you; for under the disguise of a mistress, you may now take a fair advantage of indulging your love; and the little experience you have had of it already, has been just enough not to let you be afraid of a man.

Am. Will you never leave your mad humour?

Hil. Not till my youth leaves me: why should women affect ignorance among themselves? When we converse with men, indeed, modesty and good breeding oblige us not to understand what, sometimes, we can't help thinking of.

Am. Nay, I don't think the worse of you for what you say: for 'tis observ'd, that a bragging lover, and an over-shy lady, are the farthest from what they would seem; the one is as seldom known to receive a favour, as the other to resist an opportunity.

Hil. Most women have a wrong sense of modesty, as some men of courage; if you don't fight with all you meet, or run from all you see, you are presently thought a coward, or an ill woman.

Am. You say true; and 'tis as hard a matter now-a-days for a woman to know how to converse with men, as for a man to know when to draw his sword: for many times both sexes are apt to over-act their parts. To me, the rules of virtue have been ever sacred; and I am loth to break them by an unadvised undertaking: therefore, dear *Hillaria*, help me, for I am at a loss.—Can I justify, think you, my intended design upon my husband?

Hil. As how, prithee?

Am. Why, if I court and conquer him as a mistress, am not I accessory to his violating the bonds of marriage? For though I'm his wife, yet while he loves me not as such, I encourage an unlawful passion; and tho' the act be safe, yet his intent is criminal: how can I answer this?

Hil. Very easily; for if he don't intrigue with you, he will with somebody else in the mean time, and I think you have as much right to his remains as any one.

Am. Ay, but I am assured, the love he will pretend

to me is vicious: and 'tis uncertain that I shall prevent his doing worse elsewhere.

Hil. 'Tis true, a certain ill ought not to be done for an uncertain good. But then again, of two evils chuse the least; and sure 'tis less criminal to let him love you as a mistress, than to let him hate you as a wife. If you succeed, I suppose you will easily forgive your guilt in the undertaking.

Am. To say truth, I find no argument yet strong enough to conquer my inclination to it. But is there no danger, think you, of his knowing me?

Hil. Not the least, in my opinion: in the first place, he confidently believes you are dead; then he has not seen you these eight or ten years: besides, you were not above sixteen when he left you: this, with the alteration the small-pox have made you (though not for the worse) I think, are sufficient disguises to secure you from his knowledge.

Am. Nay, and to this I may add the considerable amendment of my fortune; for when he left me, I had only my bare jointure for a subsistence: besides my strange manner of receiving him ———

Hil. That's what I wou'd fain be acquainted with.

Am. I expect farther instructions from Mr. *Worthy* every moment; then you shall know all, my dear.

Hil. Nay, he will do you no small service: for a thief is the best thief-catcher.

Enter a servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, your servant is below, who says young Mr. *Worthy's* man waits at your lodgings with earnest business from his master.

Am. 'Tis well.—Come, my dear, I must have your assistance too.

Hil. With all my heart, I love to be at the bottom of a secret: for they say the confidant of an amour, has sometimes more pleasure in the observation than the parties concerned in the enjoyment. But, methinks, you don't look with a good heart upon the business.

Am. I can't help a little concern in a business of such moment. For tho' my reason tells me my design must

prosper, yet my fears say 'twere happiness too great.— Oh! to reclaim the man I'm bound by heaven to love, to expose the folly of a roving mind, in pleasing him with what he seem'd to loath, were such a sweet revenge for slighted love, so vast a triumph of rewarded constancy, as might persuade the looser part of womankind ev'n to forsake themselves, and fall in love with virtue.

Re-enter the servant to Hillaria.

Serv. Sir *Novelty Fashion* is below in his coach, madam, and enquires for your ladyship, or madam *Narcissa*.

Hil. You know my cousin is gone out with my lady *Tattle-tongue*: I hope you did not tell him I was within.

Serv. No, madam; I did not know if your ladyship wou'd be spoke with, and therefore came to see.

Hil. Then tell him I went with her.

Serv. I shall, madam.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Hil. You must know, my dear, I have sent to that fury, Mrs. *Flareit*, whom this Sir *Novelty* keeps, and have stung her to some purpose, with an account of his passion for my cousin: I ow'd him a quarrel, for that he made between Mr. *Worthy* and me, and I hope her jealousy will severely revenge it; therefore I sent my cousin out of the way, because (unknown to her) her name is at the bottom of my design.—Here he comes: prithee, my dear, let's go down the back-stairs, and take coach from the garden.—

[*Exeunt Am. and Hil.*]

Re-enter the Servant, conducting Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Both the ladies abroad, say you? Is Sir *William* within?

Serv. Yes, sir; if you please to walk in, I'll acquaint him that you expect him here.

Sir Nov. Do so, prithee;—and in the mean time let me consider what I have to say to him.—Hold—in the first place, his daughter is in love with me.—Wou'd I marry her? No; damn it, 'tis mechanical to marry the woman you love; men of quality should always marry those they never saw.—But I hear *Young Worthy* marries her to-morrow; which, if I prevent not, will spoil my design upon her. Let me see——I have it——I'll persuade the old fellow, that I wou'd marry her myself; upon which he immediately rejects *Young Worthy*, and

gives me free access to her—Good—What follows upon that? Opportunity, importunity, resistance, force, entreaty, persisting—doubting, swearing, lying, — blushes, yielding, victory, pleasure—indifference—
O! here he comes *in ordine ad*—

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd.

Sir *Wil.* Sir *Novelty*, your servant: have you any commands for me, sir?

Sir *Nov.* I have some proposals to make, sir, concerning your happiness and my own, which, perhaps, will surprize you. In a word, sir, I am upon the very brink of matrimony.

Sir *Wil.* 'Tis the best thing you can pursue, sir, considering you have a good estate.

Sir *Nov.* But whom do you think I intend to marry?

Sir *Wil.* I can't imagine. Dear sir, be brief, lest your delay transport me into a crime I wou'd avoid, which is impatience. Sir, pray go on.

Sir *Nov.* In fine, sir, 'tis to your very daughter, the fair *Narcissa*.

Sir *Wil.* Humh—Pray, sir, how long have you had this in your head?

Sir *Nov.* Above these two hours, sir.

Sir *Wil.* Very good! then you ha'n't slept upon't?

Sir *Nov.* No, nor shan't sleep for thinking on't. Did not I tell you I wou'd surprize you?

Sir *Wil.* O! you have indeed, sir: I am amaz'd! I am amaz'd!

Sir *Nov.* Well, sir, and what think you of my proposal?

Sir *Wil.* Why truly, sir, I like it not: but if I did, 'tis now too late; my daughter is dispos'd of to a gentleman that she and I like very well: at present, sir, I have a little business: if this be all, your humble servant, I am in haste.

Sir *Nov.* Damme, what an insensible blockhead's this? Hold, sir; d'ye hear?—Is this all the acknowledgment you make for the honour I design'd you?

Sir *Wil.* Why truly, sir, 'tis an honour that I am not

ambitious of: in plain terms, I do not like you for a son-in-law.

Sir *Nov.* Now you speak to the purpose, sir: but prithe, what are thy exceptions to me?

Sir *Wil.* Why, in the first place, sir, you have too great a passion for your own person, to have any for your wife's: in the next place, you take such an extravagant care in the clothing your body, that your understanding goes naked for't: had I a son so dress'd, I should take the liberty to call him an egregious fop.

Sir *Nov.* I'gad, thou art a comical old gentleman, and I'll tell thee a secret: understand then, sir, from me, that all young fellows hate the name of fop, as women do the name of whore; but, i'gad, they both love the pleasure of being so: nay, faith, and 'tis as hard a matter for some men to be fops, as you call them, as 'tis for some women to be whores.

Sir *Wil.* That's pleasant, i'faith. Can't any man be a fop, or any woman be a whore, that has a mind to't?

Sir *Nov.* No, faith, sir; for let me tell you, 'tis not the coldness of my lady *Freelove's* inclination, but her age and wrinkles that won't let her cuckold her husband. And again, 'tis not Sir *John Wou'dlook's* aversion to dress, but his want of a fertile genius, that won't let him look like a gentleman: therefore in vindication of all well-dress'd gentlemen, I intend to write a play, where my chiefest character shall be a downright *English booby*, that affects to be a beau without either genius or foreign education, and to call it, in imitation of another famous comedy, *He Wou'd if he Cou'd*; and now I think you are answered, sir. Have you any exceptions to my birth or family, pray sir?

Sir *Wil.* Yes, sir, I have; you seem to be the offspring of more than one man's labour; for certainly no less than a dancing, singing, and fencing-master, with a taylor, milliner, perfumer, peruke-maker, and a *French valet de chambre*, cou'd be at the begetting of you.

Sir *Nov.* All these have been at the finishing of me since I was made.

Sir *Wil.* That is, heaven made you a man, and they have made a monster of you; and so farewell to ye.

[*Is going.*]

Sir *Nov.* Hark ye, fir: am I to expect no farther satisfaction in the proposals I made you?

Sir *Wil.* Sir—nothing makes a man lose himself like passion; now I presume you are young, and consequently rash upon a disappointment; therefore to prevent any difference that may arise by repeating my refusal of your suit, I do not think it convenient to hold any farther discourse with you.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, faith, thou shalt stay to hear a little more of my mind first.

Sir *Wil.* Since you press me, fir, I will rather bear with, than resist you.

Sir *Nov.* I doubt, old gentleman, you have such a torrent of philosophy running thro' your *pericranium*, that it has wash'd your brains away.

Sir *Wil.* Pray fir, why do you think so?

Sir *Nov.* Because you chuse a beggarly, unaccountable sort of a younger brotherish rake-hell for your son-in-law, before a man of quality, estate, good parts and breeding, damme.

Sir *Wil.* Truly, fir, I know neither of the persons to whom these characters belong; if you please to write their names under 'em, perhaps I may tell you if they be like or no.

Sir *Nov.* Why then, in short, I wou'd have been your son-in-law; and you, it seems, prefer *Young Worthy* before me. Now are your eyes open?

Sir *Wil.* Had I been blind, fir, you might have been my son-in-law; and if you were not blind, you wou'd not think that I design my daughter for *Young Worthy*: his brother, I think, may deserve her.

Sir *Nov.* Then you are not jealous of *Young Worthy*? Humh!

Sir *Wil.* No, really, fir, nor of you neither.

Sir *Nov.* Give me thy hand: thou art very happy, stop my vitals! for thou do'st not see thou art blind—Not jealous of *Young Worthy*? Ha! ha! how now?

Enter Sir Novelty's footman with a porter.

Serv. Sir, here's a porter with a letter for your honour.

Porter. I was order'd to give it into your own hand, sir, and expect an answer.

Sir Nov. reads.] *Excuse, my dear Sir Novelty, the forc'd indifference I have shewn you, and let me recompense your past sufferings with an hour's conversation, after the play, at Rosamond's Pond, where you will find an hearty welcome to the arms of your Narcissa.*—Unexpected happiness! the arms of your *Narcissa*! l'gad, and when I am there, I'll make myself welcome. Faith, I did not think she was so far gone neither—but I don't question there are five hundred more in her condition.—I have a good mind not to go, faith—yet, hang it, I will too, only be reveng'd of this old fellow. Nay, I'll have the pleasure of making it public too; for I will give her the music, and draw all the town to be witness of my triumph.—Where is the lady? [*To the Porter.*

Porter. In a hackney-coach at the corner of the street.

Sir Nov. Enough; tell her I will certainly be there.— [*Exit Porter.*] Well, old gentleman, then you are resolv'd I shall be no kin to you? Your daughter is disposed of! Hümh!

ir Wil. You have your answer, sir; you shall be no kin to me.

Sir Nov. Farewell, old philosophy: and (d'ye hear?) I wou'd advise you to study nothing but the art of patience; you may have an unexpected occasion for it. Hark you; wou'd it not nettle you damnably, to hear my son call you grandfather?

Sir Wil. Sir—notwithstanding this provocation, I am calm; but were I like other men, a slave to passion, I shou'd not forbear calling you impertinent. How I swell with rising vexation!—Leave me, leave me; go, sir, go, get you out of my house. [*Angrily.*

Sir Nov. Oh! have a care of passion, dear *Diogenes*: Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Wil. So! [*Sighing.*] At last I have conquer'd it: Pray, sir, oblige me with your absence, [*taking off his*

bat.] I protest I am tired with you; pray leave my house. [*Submissively.*]

Sir *Nov.* Damn your house, your family, your ancestors, your generation, and your eternal posterity. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Wil.* Ah! a fair riddance. How I bless myself, that it was not in this fool's power to provoke me beyond that serenity of temper which a wise man ought to be master of! How near are men to brutes, when their unruly passions break the bounds of reason! And of all passions, anger is the most violent; which often puts me in mind of that admirable saying,

*He that strives not to stem his anger's tide,
Does a wild horse without a bridle ride.*

The SCENE changes to St. James's Park.

Enter Young Worthy and Loveless, as from the tavern; Snap following.

Y. Wor. What a sweet evening 'tis! ——— Prithee, *Ned*, let's walk a little. ——— Look how lovingly the trees are join'd, since thou wert here, as if nature had design'd this walk for the private shelter of forbidden love. [*Several crossing the stage.*] Look, here are some for making use of the conveniency.

Love. But hark ye, friend, are the women as tame and civil as they were before I left the town? Can they endure the smell of tobacco, or vouchsafe a man a word with a dirty cravat on?

Y. Wor. Ay, that they will; for keeping is almost out of fashion: so that now an honest fellow, with a promising back, need not fear a night's lodging for bare good fellowship.

Love. If whoring be so poorly encourag'd, methinks the women shou'd turn honest in their own defence.

Y. Wor. Faith, I don't find there's a whore the less for it: the pleasure of fornication is still the same; all the difference is, lewdness is not so barefac'd as heretofore. — Virtue is as much debas'd as our money; for maidenheads are as scarce as our mill'd half-crowns; and faith *Dei Gratia* is as hard to be found in a girl of sixteen, as round the brim of an old shilling.

Love. Well, I find, in spite of law and duty, the

flesh will get the better of the spirit. But I see no game yet.—Prithee, *Will*, let's go and take t'other bumper to enliven assurance, that we may come downright to the business.

Y. Wor. No, no; what we have in our bellies already, by the help of a little fresh air, will soon be in our *pericraniums*, and work us to a right pitch to taste the pleasures of the night.

Love. The day thou mean'st; my day always breaks at sun-set. We wise fellows, that know the use of life, know too, that the moon lights men to more pleasures than the sun;—the sun was meant to dull souls of business, and poor rogues that have a mind to save candles.

Y. Wor. Nay, the night was always a friend to pleasure, and that made *Diana* run a whoring by the light of her own horns.

Love. Right: and, prithee, what made *Daphne* run away from *Apollo*, but that he wore so much day-light about his ears?

Y. Wor. Ha! Look out *Ned*, there's the enemy before you!

Love. Why then, as *Cæsar* said, come follow me.

[Exit Loveless.

Y. Wor. I hope 'tis his wife, whom I desir'd to meet me here, that she might take a view of her soldier before she new mounted him. [Et.

Enter Mrs. Flareit and her maid.

Ma. I wonder, madam, Sir *Novelty* don't come yet: I am so afraid he should see *Narcissa*, and find out the trick of your letter.

Fla. No, no: *Narcissa* is out of the way: I am sure he won't be long; for I heard the hautboys, as they pass'd by me, mention his name: I suppose, to make the intrigue more fashionable, he intends to give me the musick.

Ma. Suppose he take you for *Narcissa*, what advantage do you propose by it?

Fla. I shall then have a just occasion to quarrel with him for his perfidiousness, and so force his pocket to make his peace with me: beside, my jealousy will not let me rest till I am reveng'd.

Ma. Jealousy! why, I have often heard you say, you loath'd him.

Fla. 'Tis my pride, not love, that makes me jealous: for tho' I don't love him, yet I am incens'd to think he dares love another.

Ma. See, madam; here he is, and the musick with him.

Fla. Put on your mask, and leave me. [*They mask.*

Enter Sir Novelty with the musick.

Sir Nov. Here, gentlemen, place yourselves on this spot, and pray oblige me with a trumpet *sonata*— This taking a man at his first word, is a very new way of preserving reputation, stop my vitals—nay, and a secure one too; for now may we enjoy and grow weary of one another, before the town can take any notice of us. [*Flareit making towards him.*] Ha! this must be she—I suppose, madam, you are no stranger to the contents of this letter.

Fla. Dear sir, this place is too public for my acknowledgment; if you please to withdraw to a more private conveniency. [*Exeunt.*

[*The music prepares to play, and all sorts of people gather about it.*

Enter at one door Nar. Hil. Am. El. Worthy and Y.

Worthy; at another *Loveless and Snap, who talk to the masks.*

El. Wor. What say you, ladies, shall we walk home-wards? It begins to be dark.

Y. Wor. Prithce don't be so impatient, its light enough to hear the music, I'll warrant ye.

Am. Mr. *Worthy*, you promis'd me a fight I long'd for: Is Mr. *Loveless* among all those?

Y. Wor. That's he, madam, surveying that mask'd lady.

Am. Ha! Is't possible? Methinks I read his vices in his person. Can he be insensible ev'n to the smart of pinching poverty? Pray, sir, your hand;—I find myself disorder'd. It troubles me to think I dare not speak to him after so long a separation.

Y. Wor. Madam, your staying here may be dangerous, therefore let me advise you to go home, and get all things

in order to receive him: about an hour hence will be a convenient time to set my design a going; till then, let me beg you to have a little patience. Give me leave, madam, to see you to your coach.

Am. I'll not trouble you, fir; yonder's my cousin *Wellbred*, I'll beg his protection. [Exit.

[*The musick plays; after which Nar. speaks.*

Nar. I vow 'tis very fine, considering what dull souls our nation are; I find 'tis a harder matter to reform their manners, than their government or religion.

El. Wor. Since the one has been so happily accomplish'd, I know no reason why we shou'd despair of the other; I hope in a little time to see our youth return from travel, big with praises of their own country. But come, ladies, the musick's done, I suppose; shall we walk?

Nar. Time enough; why you have no taste of the true pleasure of the Park: I'll warrant you hate as much to ridicule others, as to hear yourself prais'd: for my part, I think a little harmless railing's half the pleasure of one's life.

El. Wor. I don't love to create myself enemies, by observing the weakness of other people; I have more faults of my own than I know how to mend.

Nar. Protect me! how can you see such a medley of human stuff as are here, without venting your spleen? — Why look there now; is not it comical to see that wretched creature there with her autumnal face, dress'd in all the colours of the spring?

El. Wor. Pray who is she, madam?

Nar. A thing that won't believe herself out of date, tho' she was a known woman at the *Restoration*.

Nar. O! I know her, 'tis Mrs. *Holdout*, one that is proud of being an original of fashionable fornication, and values herself mightily for being one of the first mistresses that ever kept her coach publickly in *England*.

Hil. Pray who's that impudent young fellow there?

El. Wor. Oh! that's an eternal fan-tearer, and a constant persecutor of womankind: he had a great misfortune lately.

Nar. Pray what was it?

El. Wor. Why, impudently presuming to cuckold a Dutch officer, he had his foreteeth kick'd out.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Nar. There's another too; *Mr. Worthy*: do you know him?

Y. Wor. That's beau *Noisy*; one that brags of favours from my lady, tho' refused by her woman; that sups with my lord, and borrows his club of his footmen; and beats the watch, and is kick'd by his companions: that is one day at court, and the next in gaol; that goes to church without religion, is valiant without courage, witty without sense, and drunk without measure.

El. Wor. A very complete gentleman!

Hil. Prithce, cousin, who's that over-shy lady there, that won't seem to understand what that brisk young fellow says to her?

Nar. Why that's my lady *Slylove*: the other ceremonious gentleman is her lover. She is so over modest, that she makes a scruple of shifting herself before her woman, but afterwards makes none of doing it before her gallant.

Y. Wor. Hang her, she is a jest to the whole town: for tho' she has been the mother of two by-blows, she endeavours to appear as ignorant in all company, as if she did not know the distinction of sexes.

Nar. Look, look, *Mr. Worthy*, I vow there's the countess of *Incog.* out of her dishabillee, in a high head, I protest!

Y. Wor. 'Tis as great a wonder to see her out of a hackney-coach as out of debt, or ———

Nar. Or out of countenance.

Y. Wor. That indeed she seldom changes; for she is never out of a mask, and is so well known in't, that when she has a mind to be private, she goes barefac'd.

Nar. But come, cousin, now let's see what monsters the next walk affords.

El. Wor. With all my heart; 'tis in our way home.

Y. Wor. Ladies, I must beg your pardon for a moment; yonder comes one I have a little business with, I'll dispatch it immediately, and follow you.

Hil. No, no; we'll stay for you.

Nar. You may, if you please, cousin; but I suppose he will hardly thank you for't.

Hil. What, then you conclude 'tis a woman's business, by his promising a quick dispatch?

Y. Wor. Madam, in three minutes you shall know the business: if it displeasè you, condemn me to an eternal absence.

El. Wor. Come, madam, let me be his security.

Nar. I dare take your word, sir. ———

[*Exeunt El. Wor. Hil. and Nar.*

Enter Sly, servant to Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. Well, how goes matters? Is she in readiness to receive him?

Sly. To a hair, sir; every servant has his cue, and all are impatient till the comedy begins.

Y. Wor. Stand aside a little, and let us watch our opportunity.

Snap (to a mask) Enquire about half an hour hence for number *Two*, at the *Gridiron*.

Mask. To-morrow with all my heart, but to-night I am engaged to the chaplain of colonel *Thunder's* regiment.

Snap. What, will you leave me for a mutton chop? for that's all he'll give you, I'm sure.

Mask. You are mistaken, faith, he keeps me.

Snap. Not to himself, I'll engage him: yet he may too, if nobody likes you better than I do. Hark you, child, prithee when was your smock wash'd?

Mask. Why, dost thou pretend to fresh linen, that never wore a clean shirt but of thy mother's own washing?

[*Goes from him.*

Love. What, no adventure, no game, *Snap*?

Snap. None, none, sir; I can't prevail with any, from the point head-cloaths to the Horse-guard whore.

Love. What a pox! sure the whores can't smell an empty pocket?

Snap. No, no, that's certain, sir, they must see it in our faces.

Sly (to Loveless) My dear boy, how is't? I'gad, I am glad thou art come to town: my lady expected you above an hour ago, and I am overjoy'd I have found

thee : come, come, come along, she's impatient till she sees you.

Snap. Odsbud, fir, follow him, he takes you for another.

Love. I'gad, it looks with the face of an intrigue— I'll humour him.—Well, what shall we go now ?

Sly. Odsheart, she longs to see thee ; and she is a curious fine creature, ye rogue ! such eyes ! such lips !— and such a tongue between them ! ah, the tip of it will set a man's soul on fire !

Love. The rogue makes me impatient. [Aside.]

Sly. Come, come, the key, the key, the key, you dear rogue !

Snap. O Lord ! the key, the key. [Aside.]

Love. The key ! Why sh— sh— sh— shou'd yo— yo— you have it ?

Sly. Ay, ay, quickly give's it ?

Love. Why—what the devil—sure I ha'n't lost it :— Oh ! no gad, it is not there ; what shall we do ?

Sly. Oons, ne'er stand fumbling ; if you have lost it we must shoot the lock, I think.

Love. I'gad, and so we must, for I ha'n't it.

Sly. Come, come along, follow me.

Love. *Snap*, stand by me, you dog.

Snap. Ay, ay, fir. [Exeunt *Sly*, *Love*, and *Snap*.]

Y. Wor. Ha ! ha ! the rogue manag'd him most dexterously. How greedily he chopt at the bait. What the event will be heaven knows ; but thus far 'tis pleasant ; and since he is safe, I'll venture to divert my company with the story. Poor *Amanda*, thou well deserv'st a better husband : thou wer't never wanting in thy endeavours to reclaim him : and, faith, considering how long a despair has worn thee,

'Twere pity now thy hopes shou'd not succeed,
This new attempt is Love's Last Shift indeed.

A C T IV.

*The SCENE continues.**Enter El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Hillaria, and Narcissa.**Elder WORTHY.*

WELL, ladies, I believe 'tis time for us to be walking.

Hil. No, pray let me engage you to stay a little longer: yonder comes Sir *Novelty* and his mistress, in pursuance of the design I told you of; pray have a little patience, and you will see the effects on't.

El. Wor. With all my heart, madam. [*They stand aside.*]

Enter Sir Novelty; embracing Flareit, mask'd.

Sir Nov. Generous creature! this is an unexampled condescension, to meet my passion with such early kindness. Thus let me pay my soft acknowledgments.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

Hil. You must know he has mistaken her for another.

Fla. For heav'n's sake let me go; if *Hillaria* shou'd be at home before me, I am ruin'd for ever.

Nar. *Hillaria!* what does she mean?

Sir Nov. *Narcissa's* reputation shall be ever safe, while my life and fortune can protect it.

Nar. O gad, let me go; does the impudent creature take my name upon her?—I'll pull off her headcloaths.

Hil. O! fie! cousin, what an ungentle revenge wou'd that be! Have a little patience.

Nar. Oh! I am in a flame.

Fla. But will you never see the common creature *Flareit* more?

Sir Nov. Never, feed on such homely fare, after so rich a banquet.

Fla. Nay, but you must hate her too.

Sir Nov. That I did long ago. 'Tis true, I have been led away; but I detest a strumpet: I am inform'd she keeps a fellow under my nose, and for that reason I would not make the settlement I lately gave her some

Hopes of: but e'en let her please herself, for now I am wholly yours.

Fla. Oh, now you charm me! but will you love me ever?

Sir Nov. Will you be ever kind?

Fla. Be sure you never see *Flareit* more.

Sir Nov. When I do, may this soft hand revenge my perjury.

Fla. So it shall, villain!

[*Strikes him a box on the ear, and unmasks:*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Nov. *Flareit!* the devil!

Fla. What will nothing but a maid go down with you, thou miserable conceited wretch?—Poh, I'm a homely pufs! a strumpet not worth your notice! Devil, I'll be reveng'd.

Sir Nov. Damn your revenge, I'm sure I feel it.

[*Holding his cheek:*

Nar. Really, *Sir Novelty*, I am obliged to you for your kind thoughts of me, and your extraordinary care of my reputation.

Sir Nov. 'Sdeath, she's here! expos'd to half the town!—Well, I must brazen it out however. [*Walks unconcern'd.*

Fla. What, no pretence? no evasion now?

Sir Nov. There's no occasion for any, madam.

Fla. Come, come, swear you knew me all this while?

Sir Nov. No, faith, madam, I did not know you; for if I had, you wou'd not have found me so furious a lover.

Fla. Furies and hell! dares the monster own his guilt? This is beyond all sufferance. Thou wretch! thou thing! thou animal! that I (to the everlasting forfeiture of my sense and understanding) have made a man. For till thou knewest me, 'twas doubted if thou wert of human kind: and dost thou think I'll suffer such a worm as thee to turn against me? No! when I do, may I be curs'd to thy embraces all my life, and never know a joy beyond thee.

Sir Nov. Wh—wh—wh— what will your ladyship's fury do, madam?

[*Smiling.*

Fla. Only change my lodging, fir.

Sir Nov. I shall keep mine, madam, that you may

know where to find me when your fury is over.—You see I am good-natur'd. [Walks by her.]

Fla. This bravery's affected: I know he loves me: and I'll pierce him to the quick: I have yet a surer way to fool him. [Aside.]

Hil. Methinks the knight bears it bravely.

Nar. I protest the lady weeps.

Y. Wor. She knows what she does, I'll warrant you.

El. Wor. Ay, ay, the fox is a better politician than the lion.

Fla. [With tears in her eyes.] Now, woman. [Aside.]
Sir Novelty, pray, sir, let me speak with you.

Sir Nov. Ay, madam.

Fla. Before we part (for I find I have irrecoverably lost your love) let me beg of you, that from this hour you ne'er will see me more, or make any new attempts to deceive my easy temper: for I find my nature's such, I shall believe you, tho' to my utter ruin.

Sir Nov. Pray heav'n she be in earnest. [Aside.]

Fla. One thing more, sir: since our first acquaintancè, you have receiv'd several letters from me; I hope you will be so much a gentleman as to let me have 'em again: those I have of yours shall be return'd to-morrow morning. And now, sir, wishing you as much happiness in her you love, as you once pretended I cou'd give you,—I take of you my everlasting leave.—Farewell, and may your next mistress love you till I hate you. [Is going.]

Sir Nov. So, now must I seem to persuade her. [Aside.]
Nay, prithee, my dear! why do you struggle so? Whither wou'd you go?

Fla. Pray, sir, give me leave to pass, I can't bear to stay. [Crying.]

Sir Nov. What is't that frightens you?

Fla. Your barbarous usage: pray let me go.

Sir Nov. Nay, if you are resolv'd, madam, I won't press you against your will. Your humble servant; [leaves her] and a happy riddance, stop my vitals.

[Flareit looks back.]

Fla. Ha! not move to call me back! so unconcern'd! Oh! I cou'd tear my flesh, stab every feature in this dull decaying face, that wants a charm to hold him.

Damn him, I loath him too: but shall my pride now fall from such an height, and bear the torture unreveng'd? No, my very soul's on fire; and nothing but the villain's blood shall quench it. Devil, have at thee.

[Snatches Y. Worthy's sword, and runs at him.

Y. Wor. Have a care, sir.

Sir Nov. Let her alone, gentlemen, I'll warrant you.

[Draws, and stands upon his guard.

[Y. Worthy takes the sword from her, and holds her.

Fla. Prevented! Oh, I shall choke with boiling gall. Oh! oh! humh! Let me go; I'll have his blood, his blood, his blood.

Sir Nov. Let her come, let her come, gentlemen.

Fla. Death and vengeance! am I become his sport! He's pleas'd, and smiles to see me rage the more; but he shall find no field in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman.—Scorn'd! slighted! dismiss'd without a parting pang! O torturing thought! May all the racks mankind e'er gave our easy sex, neglected love, decaying beauty, and all the dotage of undone desire light on me, if e'er I cease to be the eternal plague of his remaining life, nay, after death;

When his black soul lies howling in despair,

I'll plunge to hell, and be his torment there. [Exit.

El. Wor. Sure, Sir Novelty, you never lov'd this lady, if you are so indifferent at parting.

Sir Nov. Why, faith, Tom, to tell you the truth, her jealousy has been so troublesome and so expensive to me of late, that I have these three months sought an opportunity to leave her: but faith I had always more respect to my life, than to let her know it before.

Hil. Methinks, Sir Novelty, you had very little respect to her life when you drew upon her.

Sir Nov. Why, what wou'd you have had me done, madam, complimented her with my naked bosom? No, no. Look ye, madam, if she had made any advances, I could have disarm'd her in second at the very first pass.—But come, ladies, as we walk, I'll beg your judgments in a particular nice fancy, that I intend to appear in the very first week the court is quite out of mourning.

El. Wor. With all my heart, Sir Novelty.—Come, la-

dies, I think 'twere charity not to keep you up any longer. See the coaches ready at St. James's gate. [*To his servants.*
[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE Amanda's house.

Enter two servants.

1st Serv. Come, come, make haste: is the supper and the music ready?

2d Serv. It is, it is. Well, is he come?

1st Serv. Ay, ay, I came before to tell my lady the news. The rogue *Sly* managed him rarely; he has been this half hour pretending to pick the lock of the garden door. Well, poor lady, I wish her good luck with him, for she's certainly the best mistress living. Hark ye, is the wine strong as she order'd? Be sure you ply him home, for he must have two or three bumpers to qualify him for her design. See, here he comes; away to your post. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveless conducted by Sly, Snap stealing after him.

Love. Where the devil will this fellow lead me?—Nothing but silence and darkness!—Sure the house is haunted, and he has brought me to face the spirit at his wonted hour.

Sly. There, there;—in, in—slip on your night-gown, and refresh yourself. In the mean time I'll acquaint my lady that you are here.

Love. Snap!

Snap. Ay, ay, sir, I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to an anti-chamber; a table, light, a night-gown, and a perruque lying by

They re-enter.

Love. Ha! what sweet lodgings are here! Where can this end?

Snap. I'gad, sir, I long to know.—Pray heav'n we are not deluded hither to be starv'd.—Methinks I wish I had brought the remnants of my dinner with me.

Love. Hark! I hear somebody coming: hide yourself, rascal; I wou'd not have you seen.

Snap. Well, sir, I'll line this trench, in case of your being in danger. [*Gets under the table.*

Love. Ha! this night-gown and perruque don't lie

here for nothing—I'll make myself agreeable—I have baulk'd many a woman in my time for want of a clean shirt. _____

[Puts them on.

Enter servants with a supper; after them a man and woman.

Love. Ha! a supper! Heaven send it be no vision. If the meat be real, I shall believe the lady may prove flesh and blood—Now am I damnably puzzled to know whether this be she or not. Madam—_____ [Bows.

Wom. Sir, my lady begs your pardon for a moment.

Love. Humh, her lady! Good.

Wom. She's unfortunately detain'd by some female visitors, which she will dispatch with all the haste imaginable: in the mean time be pleas'd to refresh yourself with what the house affords.——Pray, sir, sit down.

Love. Not alone; madam, you must bear me company.

Wom. To oblige you, sir, I'll exceed my commission.

Snap. [under the table] Was there ever so unfortunate a dog? What the devil put it in my head to hide myself before supper? Why this is worse than being lock'd into a closet while another man's a-bed with my wife. I suppose my master will take as much care of me too as I should of him, if I were in his place.

Wom. Sir, my humble service to you. [Drinks.

Love. Madam, your humble servant: I'll pledge you.

Snap, when there's any danger I'll call you: in the mean time lie still, d'ye hear. [Aside to Snap.

Snap. I'gad, I'll shift for myself then. [Snatches a flask unseen.] So, now I am arm'd, defiance to all danger.

Love. Madam, your ladyship's health.

Snap. Ay, ay, let it go round, I say. [Drinks.

Wom. Well, really, sir, my lady's very happy that she has got loose from her relations; for they were always teasing her about you: but she defies them all now.—Come, sir, success to both your wishes. [Drinks.

Love. Give me a glass: methinks this health inspires me.—My heart grows lighter for the weight of wine.—Here, madam,—prosperity to the man that ventures most to please her.

Wom. What think you of a song to support this gaiety?

Love. With all my heart.

A song here.

Love. You have oblig'd me, madam. [I'gad, I like this girl: she takes off her glass so feelingly, I am half persuaded she's of a thirsty love: if her lady don't make a little haste, I find I shall present my humble service to her. [*Aside.*

Enter a servant, who whispers Amanda's woman.

Wom. Sir, I ask your pardon: my lady has some commands for me; I will return immediately.

Love. Your servant—Methinks this is a very new method of intriguing.

Snap. Pray heaven it be new! for the old way commonly ended in a good beating: but a pox of danger, I say, and so here's good luck to you, sir.

Love. Take heed, rogue, you don't get drunk, and discover yourself.

Snap. It must be with a fresh flask then; for this is expired, *supernaculum*.

Love. Lie close you dog; I hear somebody coming; I am impatient till I see this creature. This wine has arm'd me against all thoughts of danger. Pray heav'n she be young, for then she can't want beauty. Ha! here she comes. Now, never-failing impudence, assist me.

Enter Amanda loosely dress'd.

Am. Where's my love? O let me fly into his arms, and live for ever there.

Love. My life! my soul! (*Runs and embraces her.*) By heav'n a tempting creature! melting, soft and warm,—as my desire.—Oh that I cou'd hide my face for ever thus, that, undiscovered, I might reap the harvest of a ripe desire, without the lingering pains of growing love.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Am. Look up, my lord, and bless me with a tender look; and let my talking eyes inform thee how I have languished for thy absence.

Love. Let's retire, and chase away our fleeting cares with the raptures of untir'd love.

Am. Bless me! your voice is strangely alter'd—Ha! defend me! Who's this? Help! help! within there?

Love. So! I am discover'd. A pox on my tattling! that I could not hold my tongue till I got to her bed-chamber.

Enter Sly, and other servants.

Sly. Did your ladyship call help, madam? What's the matter?

Am. Villain! slave! who's this? What ruffian have you brought here?—Dog, I'll have you murder'd.

[Sly looks in his face.

Sly. Bless me! O Lord! Dear madam, I beg your pardon: as I hope to be fav'd, madam, 'tis a mistake: I took him for Mr. ———

Am. Be dumb, eternal blockhead!—Here, take this fellow, toss him in a blanket, and let him be turn'd out of my doors immediately.

Sly. O pray; dear madam; for heaven's sake; I am a ruin'd man. ———

Snap. Ah! Snap, what will become of thee? Thou art fall'n into the hand of a tygress that has lost her whelp. I have no hopes but in my master's impudence: heaven strengthen it.

Am. I'll hear no more; away with him. [Exeunt the servants with Sly.] Now, fir, for you: I expected—

Love. A man, madam, did you not?

Am. Not a stranger, fir; but one that has a right and title to that welcome, which by mistake has been given to you.

Love. Not an husband, I presume: he would not have been so privately conducted to your chamber, and in the dark too.

Am. Whoever it was, fir, is not your business to examine: but, if you wou'd have civil usage, pray be gone.

Love. To be used civilly, I must stay, madam: there can be no danger in so fair a creature.

Am. I doubt you are mad, fir.

Love. While my senses have such luscious food before them, no wonder if they are in some confusion, each striving to be foremost at the banquet; and sure my greedy eyes will starve the rest. [Approaching her.

Am. Pray, fir, keep your distance, lest your feeling too be gratify'd.

Snap. O Lord! wou'd I were a hundred leagues off at sea.

Love. Then briefly thus, madam: know, I like and

love you: now, if you have so much generosity as to let me know what title my pretended rival has to your person or your inclinations, perhaps the little hopes I then may have of supplanting him, may make me leave your house: if not, my love shall still pursue you, tho' to the hazard of my life, which I shall not easily resign, while this sword can guard it.

Am. Oh, were this courage shewn but in a better cause, how worthy were the man that own'd it! [*Afide.*] What is it, sir, that you purpose, by this unnecessary trifling? Know then, that I did expect a lover! a man perhaps more brave than you; one that, if present, wou'd have given you a shorter answer to your question.

Love. I am glad to hear he's brave, however: it betrays no weakness in your choice. But if you'll still preserve or raise the joys of love, remove him from your thoughts a moment, and in his room receive a warmer heart; a heart which must admire you more than he, because my passion's of a fresher date.

Am. What d'ye take me for?

Love. A woman, and the most charming of your sex: one whose pointed eyes declar'd you form'd for love. And tho' your words are flinty, your every look and motion all confess there's a secret fire within you, which must sparkle when the steel of love provokes it. Come, now pull away your hand, to make me hold it faster.

Am. Nay, now you are rude, sir.

Love. If love be rudeness, let me be impudent: when we are familiar, rudeness will be love. No woman ever thought her lover rude, after she had once granted him the favour.

Am. Pray, sir, forbear.

Love. How can I, when my desire's so violent? Oh, let me snatch the rosy dew from those distilling lips; and as you see your power to charm, so chide me with your pity. Why do you thus cruelly turn away your face? I own the blessing's worth an age's expectation; but if refused till merited, 'tis esteemed a debt. Wou'd you oblige your lover, let loose your early kindness.

Am. I shall not take your counsel, sir, while I know a woman's early kindness is as little sign of her gene-

rosity, as her generosity is a sign of her discretion: nor would I have you believe I am so ill provided for, that I need listen to any man's first addresses.

Love. Why, madam, would you not drink the first time you had a thirst?

Am. Yes; but not before I had.

Love. If you can't drink, yet you may kiss the cup; and that may give you inclination.

Am. Your pardon, sir; I drink out of nobody's glass but my own; as the man I love confines himself to me, so my inclination keeps me true to him.

Love. That's a cheat imposed upon you by your own vanity: for when your back's turn'd, your very chamber-maid sips of your leavings, and becomes your rival. Constancy in love is all a cheat! Women of your understanding know it. The joys of love are only great when they are new; and to make them lasting, we must often change.

Am. Suppose 'twere a fresh lover I now expected.

Love. Why then, madam, your expectation's answer'd. For I must confess I don't take you for an old acquaintance, tho' somewhere I have seen a face not much unlike you. Come, your arguments are vain; for they are so charmingly deliver'd, they but inspire me the more, as blows in battle raise the brave man's courage. Come, every thing pleads for me; your beauty, wit, time, place, opportunity, and my own excess of burning passion.

Am. Stand off, distant as the globes of heav'n and earth, that like a falling star I may shoot with greater force into your arms, and think it heav'n to lie expiring there.

[Runs into his arms.]

Snap. Ah! ah! ah! rogue, the day's our own.

Love. Thou sweetest, softest creature heaven e'er form'd! Thus let me twine myself about thy beauteous limbs, till struggling with the pangs of painful bliss, motionless and mute we yield to conquering love; both vanquish'd, and both victors.

Am. Can all this heat be real? Oh, why has hateful vice such power to charm, while poor abandon'd virtue lies neglected?

[Aside.]

Love. Come, let us surfeit on our new-born raptures: let's waken sleeping nature with delight, till we may justly say, Now, now, we live!

Am. Come on; let's indulge the transports of our present bliss, and bid defiance to our future change of fate. Who waits there?

Enter Amanda's woman.

Am. Bring me word immediately if my apartment's ready, as I order'd it. O, I am charm'd, I have found the man to please me now; one that can, and dares maintain the noble rapture of a lawless love. I own myself a libertine, a mortal foe to that dull thing call'd virtue, that mere disease of sickly nature. Pleasure's the end of life; and while I'm mistress of myself and fortune, I will enjoy it to the height. Speak freely then (not that I love, like other women, the nauseous pleasure of a little flattery) but answer me like a man that scorns a lie; does my face invite you, sir? May I, from what you see of me, propose a pleasure to myself in pleasing you?

Love. By heaven you may: I have seen all the beauties that the sun shines on, but never saw the sun outshin'd before: I measured half the world in search of pleasure; but not returning home, had ne'er been happy.

Am. Spoken like the man I wish'd might love me.— Pray heaven his words prove true. [*Aside.*] Be sure you never flatter me; and when my person tires you, confess it freely: for change whenever you will, I'll change as soon. But while we chance to meet, still let it be with raging fire; no matter how soon it dies, provided the small time it lasts it burns the fiercer.

Love. Oh! wou'd the blinded world, like us, agree to change, how lasting might the joys of love be! For thus beauty, tho' stale to one, might somewhere else be new; and while this man were bless'd in leaving what he loath'd, another were new bless'd in receiving what he ne'er enjoy'd.

Re-enter Amanda's woman.

Wom. Madam, every thing is according to your order.

Love. Oh! lead me to the scene of unsupportable delight; wrack me with pleasures never known before, till

I lie gasping with convulsive passion: this night let us be lavish to our unbounded wishes.

*Give all our stock at once to raise the fire,
And revel to the height of loose desire.* [Exeunt.

Wom. Ah! what an happy creature's my lady now! 'There's many an unsatisfy'd wife about town wou'd be glad to have her husband as wicked as my master, upon the same terms my lady has him. Few women, I'm afraid, wou'd grudge an husband the laying out his stock of love, that cou'd receive such considerable interest for it. Well—now shan't I take one wink of sleep, for thinking how they'll employ their time to-night.—Faith I must listen, if I were to be hang'd for't.

[Listens at the door.

Snap. So! my master's provided for, therefore it's time for me to take care of myself: I have no mind to be lock'd out of my lodging; I fancy there's room for two in the maid's bed, as well as my lady's.—This same flask was plaguy strong wine:—I find I shall storm, if she don't surrender fairly. By your leave, damsel.

Wom. Bless me! who's this? O Lord! what wou'd you have? who are you?

Snap. One that has a right and title to your body; my master having already taken possession of your lady's.

Wom. Let me go, or I'll cry out.

Snap. Ye lie; ye dare not disturb your lady: but the better to secure you, thus I stop your mouth. [Kisses her.

Wom. Humh!—Lord bless me! is the devil in you, tearing one's things?

Snap. Then shew me your bedchamber.

Wom. The devil shall have you first.

Snap. A' shall have both together then! Here will I fix (takes her about the neck) just in this posture till to-morrow morning. In the mean time, when you find your inclination stirring, prithee give me a call, for at present I am very sleepy. [Seems to sleep.

Wom. Foh! how he stinks. Ah! what a whiff was there! The rogue's as drunk as a sailor with a twelve-month's arrears in his pocket; or a *Jacobite* upon a day of ill news. I'll ha' nothing to say to him.—Let me see,

how shall I get rid of him? O! I have it—I'll soon make him sober I'll warrant him. Soho,—Mr. What-d'ye-call'um, where do you intend to lie to-night?

Snap. Humh—why where you lay last night, unless you change your lodging.

Wom. Well, for once I'll take pity of you: make no noise, but put out the candles, and follow me softly, for fear of disturbing my lady.

Snap. I'll warrant ye, there's no fear of spoiling her music, while we are playing the same.

The SCENE changes to a dark entry, and they re-enter.

Wom. Where are you? Lend me your hand.

Snap. Here, here; make haste, my dear concupiscence.

Wom. Hold; stand there a little, while I open the door gently, without waking the footman.

[She feels about, and opens a trap-door.]

Wom. Come along softly this way.

Snap. Whereabouts are you?

Wom. Here, here, come strait forward.

[He goes forward, and falls into the cellar.]

Snap. O Lord! O Lord! I have broke my neck.

Wom. I am glad to hear him say so however, I should be loth to be hang'd for him. How d'ye, fir?

Snap. D'ye fir! I am a league under ground.

Wom. Whereabouts are you?

Snap. In hell, I think.

Wom. No, no; you're but in the road to it, I dare say. Ah, dear! why will you follow lewd women at this rate, when they lead you to the very gulph of destruction? I knew you wou'd be swallow'd up at last. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Snap. Ah; ye sneering whore!

Wom. Shall I fetch you a pray'r book, fir, to arm you against the temptation of the flesh?

Snap. No! you need but shew your damn'd ugly face to do that. Hark ye, either help me out, or I'll hang myself, and swear you murder'd me.

Wom. Nay, if you are so bloody-minded, good night to ye, fir.

[She offers to shut the door over him, and he catches hold on her.]

Snap. Ah, ah, ah! have I caught you? I'gad we'll pig together now.

Wom. O Lord! pray let me go, and I'll do any thing.

Snap. And so you shall before I part with you.

[Pulls her in to him.

And now, master, my humble service to you.

[He pulls the door over them.

A C T V.

S C E N E, *Sir William Wifewou'd's house.*

Enter E. Wor. Y. Wor. and a lawyer with a writing.

EL. WORTHY.

ARE the ladies ready?

Y. Wor. *Hillaria* is just gone up to hasten her cousin, and *Sir William* will be here immediately.

El. Wor. But hark you, brother; I have consider'd of it, and pray let me oblige you not to pursue your design on his five thousand pounds: for, in short, 'tis no better than a cheat, and what a gentleman shou'd scorn to be guilty of. Is it not sufficient that I consent to your wronging him of his daughter?

Y. Wor. Your pardon, brother, I can't allow that a wrong; for his daughter loves me: her fortune, you know, he has nothing to do with; and it's a hard case a young woman shall not have the disposal of her heart. Love's a fever of the mind, which nothing but our own wishes can assuage; and I don't question but we shall find marriage a very cooling cordial.—And as to the five thousand pounds, 'tis no more than what he has endeavour'd to cheat his niece of.

El. Wor. What d'ye mean? I take him for an honest man.

Y. Wor. Oh! very honest! As honest as an old agent to a new-rai'd regiment.—No, faith, I'll say that for him, he will not do an ill thing, unless he gets by it. In a word, this so very honest *Sir William*, as you take him to be,

has offer'd me the refusal of your mistress: and upon condition I will secure him five thousand pounds upon my day of marriage with her, he will secure me her person and ten thousand pounds, the remaining part of her fortune: there's a guardian for ye? What think ye now, sir?

El. Wor. Why I think he deserves to be serv'd in the same kind. I find age and avarice are inseparable; therefore e'en make what you can of him, and I will stand by you. But hark you, Mr. *Forge*, are you sure it will stand good in law, if Sir *William* signs the bond?

Law. In any court in *England*, sir.

El. Wor. Then there's your fifty pieces; and if it succeeds, here are as many more in the same pocket to answer them. But, mum,—here comes Sir *William* and the ladies.

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd, Hillaria, and Narcissa.

Sir Wil. Good-morrow, gentlemen. Mr. *Worthy*, I give you joy. Odsó! if my heels were as light as my heart, I shou'd ha' much ado to forbear dancing.—Here, here, take her, man, [*Gives him Narcissa's hand.*] she's your's, and so is her thousand pounds a year, and my five thousand pounds shall be yours too.

T. Wor. You must ask me leave first. [*Aside.*]

Sir Wil. Odsó! is the lawyer come?

El. Wor. He is, and all the writings are ready, sir.

Sir Wil. Come, come, let's see, man—What's this? Odd! this law is a plaguy troublesome thing; for now-a-days it won't let a man give away his own, without repeating the particulars five hundred times over; when, in former times, a man might have held his title to twenty thousands pounds a year in the compass of an horn-book.

Law. That is, sir, because there are more knaves now-a-days, and this age is more treacherous and distrustful than heretofore.

Sir Wil. That is, sir, because there are more lawyers than heretofore. But come, what's this, prithee?

Law. These are the old writings of your daughter's fortune.—This is Mr. *Worthy's* settlement upon her;—and this, sir, is your bond for five thousand pounds to

him: there wants nothing but filling up the blanks with the parties names; if you please, sir, I'll do it immediately.

Sir Wil. Do so.

Law. May I crave your daughter's christian name? the rest I know, sir.

Sir Wil. Narcissa: prithee make haste——

Y. Wor. You know your business.—[*Aside to the lawyer.*

Law. I'll warrant you, sir. [*Sits to write.*

Sir Wil. Mr. *Worthy*, methinks your brother does not relish your happiness as he shou'd do; poor man! I'll warrant he wishes himself in his brother's condition.

Y. Wor. Not I, I'll assure you, sir.

Sir Wil. Niece, niece, have you no pity? Prithee look upon him a little. Odd! he's a pretty young fellow—I am sure he loves you, or he wou'd not have frequented my house so often. D'ye think his brother could not tell my daughter his own story without your assistance? Pshaw-waw! I tell you, you were the beauty that made him so assiduous: come, come, give him your hand, and he'll soon creep into your heart, I'll warrant you: come, say the word, and make him happy.

Hil. What, to make myself miserable, sir? marry a man without an estate!

Sir Wil. Hang an estate; true love's beyond all riches. 'Tis all dirt—mere dirt.—Besides, ha'n't you fifteen thousand pounds to your portion.

Hil. I doubt, sir, you wou'd be loth to give him your daughter, tho' her fortune's larger.

Sir Wil. Odd, if he lov'd her but half so well as he loves you, he shou'd have her for a word speaking.

Hil. But, sir, this asks some consideration.

Nar. You see, Mr. *Worthy*, what an extraordinary kindness my father has for you.

Y. Wor. Ay, madam, and for your cousin too: but I hope, with a little of your assistance, we shall be both able, very shortly, to return it.

Nar. Nay, I was always ready to serve *Hillaria*: for heaven knows, I only marry to revenge her quarrel to my father: I cannot forgive his offering to sell her.

Y. Wor. Oh, you need not take such pains, madam, to conceal your passion for me; you may own it without a blush, upon your wedding-day.

Nar. My passion! When did you hear me acknowledge any? If I thought you cou'd believe me guilty of such a weakness, tho' after I had marry'd you, I'd never look you in the face.

Y. Wor. A very pretty humour this, faith! What a world of unnecessary fins. have we two to answer for! For she has told more lies to conceal her love, than I have sworn false oaths to promote it. [*Afide.*] Well, madam, I'll content myself with your giving me leave to love.

Nar. Which if I don't give you'll take, I suppose.

Hil. Well, uncle, I won't promise you, but I'll go to church, and see them marry'd; when we come back, 'tis ten to one but I surprize you where you least think on.

Sir Wil. Why, that's well said—Mr. *Worthy*, now, now's your time: odd! I have so fir'd her; 'tis not in her power to deny you, man.—To her, to her; I warrant her thy own, boy—You'll keep your word; five thousand pounds upon the day of marriage.

Y. Wor. I'll give you my bond on demand, fir.

Sir Wil. O! I dare take your word, fir.—Come, lawyer, have you done? Is all ready?

Law. All, fir. This is your bond, Mr. *Worthy*: will you be pleas'd to sign that first, fir?

Sir Wil. Ay, ay; let's see: *the condition of this obligation (reads)* hum, um—come, lend me the pen.—There—Mr. *Worthy* I deliver this as my act and deed to you, and heaven send you a good bargain.—Niece, will you witness it? (*which she does*)—Come, lawyer, your fist too. [*Lawyer witnesses it.*]

Law. Now, fir, if you please to sign the jointure.

El. Wor. Come on.—Sir *William*, I deliver this to you for the use of your daughter. Madam, will you give yourself the trouble once more? (*Hillaria sets her hand*). Come, Sir. (*The lawyer does the same*) So now let a coach be call'd as soon as you please, fir.

Sir Wil. You may save that charge, I saw your own at the door.

El. Wor. Your pardon, fir; that would make our business too public; for which reason, Sir *William*, I hope you will excuse our not taking you along with us.

[*Ex. servant.*]

Sir Wil. Ay, ay, with all my heart; the more privacy the less expence. But pray what time may I expect you back again? For *Amanda* has sent to me for the writings of her husband's estate: I suppose she intends to redeem the mortgage, and I am afraid she will keep me there till dinner-time.

Y. Wor. Why about that time she has oblig'd me to bring some of her nearest friends to be witnesses to her good or evil fortune with her husband: methinks I long to know of her success; if you please, Sir *William*, we'll meet you there.

Sir Wil. With all my heart.—[*Enter a servant.*]
Well, is the coach come?

Serv. It is at the door, fir.

Sir Wil. Come, gentlemen, no ceremony, your time's short.

El. Wor. Your servant, Sir *William*.

[*Ex. El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Narcissa, and Hillaria.*]

Sir Wil. So, here's five thousand pounds got with a wet finger: this 'tis to read mankind! I knew a young lover wou'd never think he gave too much for his mistress. Well, if I don't suddenly meet with some misfortune, I shall never be able to bear this tranquillity of mind.

[*Exit.*]

The SCENE changes to *Amanda's house.*

Enter Amanda sola.

Am. Thus far my hopes have all been answer'd, and my disguise of vicious love has charm'd him ev'n to a madness of impure desire:—but now I tremble to pull off the mask, lest barefac'd virtue should fright him from my arms for ever. Yet sure there are charms in virtue, nay, stronger and more pleasing far than hateful vice can boast of; else why have holy martyrs perish'd for its sake? While lewdness ever gives severe repentance and unwilling death.—Good heaven inspire my heart, and hang upon my tongue the force of truth and eloquence.

that I may lure this wand'ring falcon back to love and virtue.—He comes, and now my dreadful task begins.

Enter Loveless in new cloaths.

Am. How fare you, sir? D'ye not already think yourself confin'd? Are you not tir'd with my easy love?

Love. O never, never; you have so fill'd my thoughts with pleasures past, that but to reflect on 'em is still new rapture to my soul, and the bliss must last while I have life or memory.

Am. No flattery, sir: I lov'd you for your plain dealing: and to preserve my good opinion, tell me, what think you of the grape's persuading juice? Come, speak freely, would not the next tavern bush put all this out of your head?

Love. Faith, madam, to be free with you, I am apt to think you are in the right on't. For tho' love and wine are two very fine tunes, yet they make no musick, if you play them both together; separately they ravish us: thus the mistress ought to make room for the bottle, the bottle for the mistress, and both to wait the call of inclination.

Am. That's generously spoken—I have observ'd, sir, in all your discourse, you confess something of a man that has thoroughly known the world.—Pray give me leave to ask of you, of what condition you are, and whence you came?

Love. Why, in the first place, madam,—by birth I am a gentleman; by ill friends, good wine, and false dice, almost a beggar: but by your servant's mistaking me, the happiest man that ever love and beauty smil'd on.

Am. One thing more, sir: are you marry'd?—Now my fears. *[Aside.*

Love. I was, but very young.

Am. What was your wife?

Love. A foolish loving thing, that built castles in the air, and thought it impossible for a man to forswear himself when he made love.

Am. Was not she virtuous?

Love. Umph—Yes, faith, I believe she might, I was ne'er jealous of her.

Am. Did you ne'er love her?

Love. Ah, most damnably at first, for she was within two women of my maidenhead.

Am. What's become of her?

Love. Why, after I had been from her beyond sea about seven or eight years, like a very loving fool she dy'd of the pip, and civilly left me the world to range in.

Am. Why did you leave her?

Love. Because she grew stale, and I cou'd not whore in quiet for her: besides, she was always exclaiming against my extravagancies, particularly my gaming, which she so violently oppos'd, that I fancy'd a pleasure in it, which since I never found; for in one month I lost between eight and ten thousand pounds, which I had just before call'd in to pay my debts. This misfortune made my creditors come so thick upon me, that I was forc'd to mortgage the remaining part of my estate to purchase new pleasure; which I knew I cou'd not do on this side of the water, amidst the clamours of insatiate duns, and the more hateful noise of a complaining wife.

Am. Don't you wish you had taken her counsel, tho'?

Love. Not I, faith, madam.

Am. Why so?

Love. Because 'tis to no purpose: I am master of more philosophy, than to be concern'd at what I can't help.—But now, madam,—pray give me leave to inform myself as far in your condition.

Am. In a word, sir, till you know me thoroughly, I must own myself a perfect riddle to you.

Love. Nay, nay, I know you are woman: but in what circumstances, wife or widow?

Am. A wife, sir; a true, a faithful, and a virtuous wife.

Love. Humh! truly, madam, your story begins something like a riddle: A virtuous wife, say you? What, and was you never false to your husband?

Am. I never was, by heaven! for him and only him I still love above the world.

Love. Good again! Pray, madam, don't your memory fail you sometimes? because I fancy you don't remember what you do over-night.

Am. I told you, fir, I should appear a riddle to you: but if my heart will give me leave, I'll now unloose your fetter'd apprehension:—but I must first amaze you more.—Pray, fir, satisfy me with one particular;—'tis this,—What are your undissembled thoughts of virtue? Now, if you can, shake off your loose unthinking part, and summon all your force of manly reason to resolve me.

Love. Faith, madam, methinks this is a very odd question for a woman of your character. I must confess you have amaz'd me.

Am. It ought not to amaze you. Why shou'd you think I make a mock of virtue? But last night you allow'd my understanding greater than is usual in our sex: if so, can you believe I have no farther sense of happiness, than what this empty, dark, and barren world can yield me? No, I have yet a prospect of a sublimer bliss, and hope that carries me to the brighter regions of eternal day.

Love. Humh! I thought her last night's humour was too good to hold. I suppose, by and by she will ask me to go to church with her.—[*Aside.*] Faith, madam, in my mind this discourse is a little out of the way. You told me I should be acquainted with your condition, and at present that's what I had rather be inform'd of.

Am. Sir, you shall: but, first, this question must be answer'd: your thoughts of virtue, fir?—By all my hopes of bliss hereafter, your answering this, pronounces half my good or evil fate for ever: but on my knees I beg you, do not speak till you have weigh'd it well:—answer me with the same truth and sincerity, as you wou'd answer heaven at your latest hour.

Love. Your words confound me, madam: some wondrous secret sure lies ripen'd in your breast; and seems to struggle for its fatal birth. What is it I must answer you?

Am. Give me your real thoughts of virtue, fir: can you believe there ever was a woman truly mistress of it, or is it only notion?

Love. Let me consider, madam. [*Aside.* What can this mean? Why is she so earnest in her demands, and

begs me to be serious, as if her life depended upon my answer?—I will resolve her as I ought, as truth and reason, and the strange occasion seems to press me.]—
 Most of your sex confound the very name of virtue: for they wou'd seem to live without desires; which, cou'd they do, that were not virtue, but the defect of unperforming nature, and no praise to them: for who can boast a victory, when they have no foe to conquer? Now she alone gives the fairest proofs of virtue, whose conscience, and whose force of reason can curb her warm desires, when opportunity would raise 'em: that such a woman may be found, I dare believe.

Am. May I believe, that from your soul you speak this undissembled truth?

Love. Madam, you may. But still you rack me with amazement! Why am I ask'd so strange a question?

Am. I'll give you ease immediately.—Since then you have allow'd a woman may be virtuous,—how will you excuse the man who leaves the bosom of a wife so qualify'd, for the abandon'd pleasures of deceitful prostitutes? ruins her fortune, contemns her counsel, loaths her bed, and leaves her to the lingering miseries of despair and love? While, in return of all these wrongs, she, his poor forsaken wife, meditates no revenge, but what her piercing tears, and secret vows to heaven for his conversion yields her; yet still loves on, is constant and unshaken to the last. Can you believe that such a man can live without the stings of conscience, and yet be master of his senses? Conscience! did you ne'er feel the checks of it? Did it never, never tell you of your broken vows?

Love. That you shou'd ask me this, confounds my reason:—and yet your words are utter'd with such a powerful accent, they have awaken'd my soul, and strike my thoughts with horror and remorse. —

[Stands in a fix'd posture.]

Am. Then let me strike you nearer, deeper yet.—But arm your mind with gentle pity first, or I am lost for ever.

Love. I am all pity, all faith, expectation, and con-

fus'd amazement: be kind, be quick, and ease my wonder.

Am. Look on me well: revive your dead remembrance: and oh! for pity's sake [*Kneels*] hate me not for loving long and faithfully; forgive this innocent attempt of a despairing passion, and I shall die in quiet.

Love. Hah! speak on! [*Amazed.*]

Am. It will not be—The word's too weighty for my faltering tongue, and my soul sinks beneath the fatal burden. Oh! ——— [*Falls to the ground.*]

Love. Ha! she faints! Look up, fair creature! behold a heart that bleeds for your distress, and fain wou'd share the weight of your oppressive sorrows. Oh! thou hast rais'd a thought within me, that shocks my soul.

Am. 'Tis done—[*Rising.*] The conflict's past, and heaven bids me speak undaunted. Know then, ev'n all the boasted raptures of your last night's love, you found in your *Amanda's* arms:—I am your wife.

Love. Hah!

Am. For ever blest'd or miserable, as your next breath shall sentence me!

Love. My wife! impossible! Is she not dead? How shall I believe thee?

Am. How time and my afflictions may have alter'd me, I know not; but here's an indelible confirmation. [*Bares her arms.*] These speaking characters, which in their cheerful bloom our early passions mutually recorded.

Love. Hah! 'tis here;—'tis no illusion, but my real name; which seems to upbraid me as a witness of my perjur'd love:—oh, I am confounded with my guilt, and tremble to behold thee.—Pray give me leave to think. [*Turns from her.*]

Am. I will; [*Kneels*]—but you must look upon me: for only eyes can hear the language of the eyes; and mine have only the tenderest tale of love to tell, that ever misery, at the dawn of rising hope, cou'd utter.

Love. I have wrong'd you (oh, rise!) basely wrong'd you. And can I see your face?

Am. One kind, one pitying look, cancels those wrongs for ever. And oh! forgive my fond presuming passion;

for from my soul I pardon and forgive you all; all, all but this, the greatest, your unkind delay of love.

Love. Oh! seal my pardon with thy trembling lips, while with this tender grasp of fond reviving love I seize my bliss, and stifle all thy wrongs for ever.

[Embraces her.]

Am. No more; I'll wash away their memory in tears of flowing joy.

Love. Oh! thou hast rouz'd me from my deep lethargy of vice: for hitherto my soul has been enslav'd to loose desires, to vain deluding follies, and shadows of substantial blifs; but now I wake with joy, to find my rapture real.—Thus let me kneel and pay my thanks to her, whose conquering virtue has at last subdu'd me. Here will I fix, thus prostrate, sigh my shame, and wash my crimes in never-ceasing tears of penitence.

Am. O rise! this posture heaps new guilt on me: now you overpay me.

Love. Have I not used thee like a villain? For almost ten long years deprived thee of my love, and ruin'd all thy fortune? But I will labour, dig, beg, or starve, to give new proofs of my unfeign'd affection.

Am. Forbear this tenderness, lest I repent of having mov'd your soul so far. You shall not need to beg, heaven has provided for us beyond its common care. 'Tis now near two years since my uncle, Sir *William Wealthy*, sent you the news of my pretended death; knowing the extravagance of your temper, he thought it fit you shou'd believe no other of me: and about a month after he had sent you that advice, poor man, he dy'd, and left me in full possession of two thousand pounds a year, which I now cannot offer as a gift, because my duty, and your lawful right, makes you the undisputed master of it.

Love. How have I labour'd for my own undoing! while in despite of all my follies, kind heav'n resolv'd my happiness.

Enter a servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, Sir *William Wisewou'd* has sent your ladyship the writings you desir'd him, and says he'll wait on you immediately.

Am. Now, sir, if you please to withdraw a while, you may inform yourself how fair a fortune you are master of.

Love. None, none that can outweigh a virtuous mind; while in my arms I thus can circle thee, I grasp more treasure, than in a day the posting sun can travel o'er. Oh! why have I so long been blind to the perfections of thy mind and person? Not knowing thee a wife, I found thee charming beyond the wishes of luxuriant love. Is it then a name, a word, shall rob thee of thy worth? Can fancy be a surer guide to happiness than reason? Oh, I have wander'd like a benighted wretch, and lost myself in life's unpleasing journey!

'Twas heedless fancy first that made me stray,

But reason now breaks forth, and lights me on my way.

[Exeunt.]

The S C E N E changes to an entry.

Enter three or four servants.

1st Serv. Prithce, Tom, make haste below there; my lady has order'd dinner at half an hour after one precisely. Look out some of the red that came in last.

[*Two of the servants hawl Snap and Amanda's woman out of the cellar.*

2d Serv. Come, sir, come out here, and shew your face.

Wom. Oh! I am undone! ruin'd!

2d Serv. Pray, sir, who are you; and what was your business? and how, in the devil's name, came you here?

Snap. Why, truly, sir, the flesh led me to the cellar door; but I believe the devil push'd me in.—That gentlewoman can inform you better.

3d Serv. Pray, Mrs. Anne, how came you two together in the cellar?

Wom. Why he—he—pu—pu—pull'd me in. [*Sobbing.*]

3d Serv. But how the devil came he in?

Wom. He fe—fe—fe—fell in.

2d Serv. How came he into the house?

Wom. I don—do—don't know.

2d Serv. Ah! you are a crocodile; I thought what was the reason I cou'd never get a good word from you. What, in a cellar too? But come, sir, we will take care of you, however. Bring him along; we will first carry him before my lady, and then toss him in a blanket.

Snap. Nay, but gentlemen, dear gentlemen— [*Exeunt.*
Enter Loveless, Amanda, Elder Worthy, Young Worthy,
Narcissa and Hillaria.

El. Wor. This is indeed a joyful day; we must all congratulate your happiness.

Am. Which, while our lives permit us to enjoy, we must still reflect with gratitude on the generous author of it. Sir, we owe you more than words can pay you.

Love. Words are indeed too weak, therefore let my gratitude be dumb till it can speak in actions.

Y. Wor. The success of the design I thought on, sufficiently rewards me.

Hil. When I reflect upon *Amanda's* past afflictions, I cou'd almost weep to think of her unexpected change of fortune.

El. Wor. Methinks her fair example shou'd persuade all constant wives ne'er to repine at unrewarded virtue. Nay, ev'n my brother being the first adviser of it, has aton'd for all the looseness of his character.

Love. I never can return his kindness.

Nar. In a short time, sir, I suppose you'll meet with an opportunity, if you can find a receipt to preserve love, after his honey-moon's over.

Love. The receipt is easily found, madam; love's a tender plant, which can't live out of a warm bed: you must take care, with undissembled kindness, to keep him from the northern blast of jealousy.

Nar. But I have heard your experienc'd lovers make use of coldness, and that's more agreeable to my inclination.

Love. Coldness, madam, before marriage, like throwing a little water upon a clear fire, makes it burn the fiercer; but after marriage, you must still take care to lay on fresh fuel.

Nar. O fie, sir! How many examples have we of mens hating their wives for being too fond of 'em.

Love. No wonder, madam: you may stifle a flame, by heaping on too great a load.

Nar. Nay, sir, if there be no other way of destroying his passion for me, he may love till doomsday.

El. Wor. Humh! don't you smell powder, gentlemen? Sir *Novelty* is not far off.

Love. What, not our fellow-collegian, I hope, that was expell'd the univerfity for beating the proctor?

El. Wor. The fame.

Love. Does that weed grow ftill?

El. Wor. Ay, faith, and as rank as ever, as you fhall fee; for here he comes.

Enter Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Ladies, your humble fervant. Dear *Lovelefs*, let me embrace thee, I am overjoy'd at thy good fortune; ftop my vitals—the whole town rings of it already—My lady *Tattle-tongue* has tir'd a pair of horfes in spreading the news about. Hearing, gentlemen, that you were all met upon an extraordinary good occafion, I cou'd not refift this opportunity of joining my joy with yours: for you muft know I am ———

Nar. Marry'd, fir?

Sir Nov. To my liberty, madam; I have juft parted from my miftrefs.

Nar. And pray, fir, how do you find yourfelf after it?

Sir Nov. The happieft man alive, madam; pleafant, eafy, gay, light, and free as air: ha! [*Capers.*] I beg your ladyfhip's pardon, madam, but upon my foul I cannot confine my rapture.

Nar. Are you fo indifferent, fir?

Sir Nov. O madam! ſhe's engag'd already to a *Temple* beau: I ſaw them in a coach together fo fond, and bore it with as unmov'd a countenance, as *Tom Worthby* does a thund'ring jeft in a comedy, when the whole houfe roars at it.

Y. Wor. Pray, fir, what occafion'd your ſeparation?

Sir Nov. Why this, fir:—You muft know, ſhe being ftill poſſeſs'd with a brace of implacable devils, call'd revenge and jealousy, dogg'd me this morning to the chocolate-houſe, where I was oblig'd to leave a letter for a young fooliſh girl, that—(you'll excuſe me, fir) which I had no ſooner deliver'd to the maid of the houſe, but, whip, ſhe ſnatches it out of her hand, flew at her like a dragon, tore off her headcloaths, flung down three or four ſets of lemonade glaſſes, daſh'd my lord

Whiffle's chocolate in his face, cut him over the nose, and had like to have strangled me in my own steinkirk.

Love. Pray, sir, how did this end?

Sir Nov. Comically, stop my vitals; for in the cloud of powder that she had batter'd out of the beau's perriwig, I stole away: after which, I sent a friend to her with an offer, which she readily accepted (three hundred pounds a year during life) provided she wou'd renounce all claims to me, and resign my person to my own disposal.

El. Wor. Methinks, *Sir Novelty*, you were a little too extravagant in your settlement, considering how the price of women is fallen.

Sir Nov. Therefore I did it—to be the first man shou'd raise their price: for the devil take me, the women of the town now come down so low, that my very footman, while he kept my place t'other day at the play-house, carry'd a mask out of the side-box with him, and, stop my vitals, the rogue is now taking physick for't.

Enter the servants with Snap.

1st Serv. Come, bring him along there.

Love. How now? hah! *Snap* in hold? Pray let's know the business; release him, gentlemen.

1st Serv. Why, an't please you, sir, this fellow was taken in the cellar with my lady's woman: she says he kept her in by force, and was rudé to her: she stands crying here without, and begs her ladyship to do her justice.

Am. Mr. *Loveless*, we are both the occasion of this misfortune; and for the poor girl's reputation sake something shou'd be done.

Love. *Snap*, answer me directly, have you lain with this poor girl?

Snap. Why truly, sir, imagining you were doing little less with my lady, I must confess I did commit familiarity with her, or so, sir.

Love. Then you shall marry her, sir. No reply, unless it be your promise.

Snap. Marry her? O Lord, sir, after I have lain with her? Why, sir, how the devil can you think a

man can have any stomach to his dinner, after he has had three or four slices off the spit?

Love. Well, firrah, to renew your appetite, and because thou hast been my old acquaintance, I'll give thee an hundred pounds with her, and thirty pounds a year during life, to set you up in some honest employment.

Snap. Ah, fir, now I understand you: heaven reward you. Well, fir, I partly find that the genteel scenes of our lives are pretty well over; and I thank heaven, that I have so much grace left, that I can repent, when I have no more opportunities of being wicked.—Come, spouse, [*She enters*] here's my hand, the rest of my body shall be forth coming.—Ah! little did my master and I think last night that we were robbing our own orchards. [*Exeunt.*]

El. Wor. Brother, stand upon your guard; here comes Sir William.

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd.

Sir Wil. Joy, joy to you all. Madam, I congratulate your good fortune. Well, my dear rogue, must not I give thee joy too, ha?

Y. Wor. If you please, fir: but I confess I have more than I deserve already.

Sir Wil. And art thou marry'd?

Y. Wor. Yes, fir, I am marry'd.

Sir Wil. Odsso, I am glad ou't: I dare swear thou dost not grudge me the five thousand pounds.

Y. Wor. Not I, really fir: you have given me all my soul could wish for, but the addition of a father's blessing. [*Kneels with Narcissa.*]

Sir Wil. Humh! what dost thou mean? I am none of thy father.

Y. Wor. This lady is your daughter, fir, I hope.

Sir Wil. Prithee get up, prithee get up, thou art stark mad. True, I believe she may be my daughter. Well, and so, fir——

Y. Wor. If she be not, I'm certain she's my wife, fir.

Sir Wil. Humh! Mr. *Worthy*, pray, fir, do me the favour to help me to understand your brother a little—Do you know any thing of his being marry'd?

El. Wor. Then, without any abuse, Sir William, he:

marry'd your daughter this very morning, not an hour ago, fir.

Sir *Wil.* Pray, fir, whose consent had you? Who advis'd you to it?

Y. Wor. Our mutual love, and your consent, fir; which these writings, entitling her to a thousand pounds a year, and this bond, whereby you have oblig'd yourself to pay me five thousand pounds on our day of marriage, are sufficient proofs of.

Sir *Wil.* He, he! I gave your brother such a bond, fir.

Y. Wor. You did so; but the obligation is to me: look there, fir.

Sir *Wil.* Very good, this is my hand, I must confess, fir: and what then?

Y. Wor. Why then, I expect my five thousand pounds, fir: pray, fir, do you know my name?

Sir *Wil.* I am not drunk, fir; I am sure it was *Worthy*, and *Jack*, or *Tom*, or *Dick*, or something.

Y. Wor. No, fir, I'll shew you—'tis *William*; look you there, fir: you shou'd have taken more care of the lawyer, fir, that fill'd up the blank.

El. Wor. So, now his eyes are open.

Sir *Wil.* And have you marry'd my daughter against my consent, and trick'd me out of five thousand pounds, fir?

Hil. His brother, fir, has marry'd me too with my consent, and I am not trick'd out of five thousand pounds.

Sir *Wil.* Insulting witch! Look ye, fir, I never had a substantial cause to be angry in my life before; but now I have reason on my side, I will indulge my indignation most immoderately. I must confess, I have not patience to wait the slow redress of a tedious lawsuit; therefore am resolv'd to right myself the nearest way; — Draw, draw, fir; you must not enjoy my five thousand pounds, tho' I sling as much more after it in procuring a pardon for killing you. [*They hold him.*] Let me come at him; I'll murder him; I'll cut him; I'll tear him; I'll broil him, and eat him; a rogue! a dog! a cursed dog! a cut-throat, murdering dog!

El. Wor. O fie! Sir *William*, how monstrous is this passion!

Sir Wil. You have difarm'd me, but I shall find a time to poison him.

Love. Think better on't, *Sir William*; your daughter has marry'd a gentleman, and one whose love entitles him to her person.

Sir Wil. Ay, but the five thousand pounds, fir—Why the very report of his having such a fortune, will ruin him. I'll warrant you, within this week, he will have more duns at his chamber in a morning, than a gaming lord after a good night at the Groom-porter's, or a poet upon the fourth day of his new play. I shall never be pleas'd with paying it against my own consent, fir.

Hil. Yet you wou'd have had me done it, *Sir William*: but, however, I heartily wish you wou'd as freely forgive *Mr. Worthy*, as I do you, fir.

Sir Wil. I must confess, this girl's good-nature makes me ashamed of what I have offer'd: but, *Mr. Worthy*, I did not expect such usage from a man of your character; I always took you for a gentleman.

El. Wor. You shall find me no other, fir. Brother, a word with you.

Love. *Sir William*, I have some obligations to this gentleman, and have so great a confidence in your daughter's merit, and his love, that I here promise to return you your five thousand pounds, if, after the expiration of one year, you are then dissatisfy'd in his being your son-in-law.

Y. Wor. But see, brother, he has forestall'd your purpose.

El. Wor. *Mr. Loveless*, you have been beforehand with me, but you must give me leave to offer *Sir William* my joint security for what you promis'd him.

Love. With all my heart, fir: dare you take our bonds, *Sir William*?

Y. Wor. Hold, gentlemen; I shou'd blush to be oblig'd to that degree: therefore, *Sir William*, as the first proof of that respect and duty I owe a father, I here, unask'd, return your bond, and will henceforth expect nothing from you, but as my conduct may deserve it.

Am. This is indeed a generous act; methinks 'twere pity it should go unrewarded.

Sir Wil. Nay, now you vanquish me; after this, I can't suspect your future conduct: there, sir, 'tis yours; I acknowledge the bond, and wish you all the happiness of a bridal bed. Heaven's blessings on you both: now rise, my boy; and let the world know 'twas I set you upon your legs again.

Y. Wor. I'll study to deserve your bounty, sir.

Love. Now, Sir *William*, you have shewn yourself a father. This prudent action has secur'd your daughter from the usual consequence of a stol'n marriage, a parent's curse. Now she must be happy in her love, while you have such a tender care on't.

Am. This is indeed a happy meeting: we all of us have drawn our several prizes in the lottery of human life; therefore I beg our joys may be united: not one of us must part this day. The ladies I'll intreat my guests.

Love. The rest are mine, and I hope will often be so.

Am. 'Tis yet too soon to dine; therefore to divert us in the mean time, what think you of a little musick? the subject perhaps not improper to this occasion.

El. Wor. 'Twill oblige us, madam; we are all lovers of it.

The SCENE draws, and discovers LOVE seated on a throne, attended with a CHORUS.

Fame. **H**A I L! Hail! victorious Love!

To whom all hearts below,
With no less pleasure bow

'Than to the thund'ring Jove,
The happy souls above.

Cho. Hail! &c.

Enter Reason.

Reason. Cease, cease, fond fools, your empty noise,
And follow not such idle joys:
Love gives you but a short-liv'd bliss,
But I bestow immortal happiness.

Love. *Rebellious Reason, talk no more ;
Of all my slaves, I thee abhor :
But thou, alas ! dost strive in vain
To free the lover from a pleasing chain ;
In spite of Reason, Love shall live and reign.* }
Cho. *In spite, &c.*

A martial symphony.

Enter Honour.

Hon. *What wretch would follow Love's alarms,
When Honour's trumpet sounds to arms ?
Hark ! how the warlike notes inspire
In ev'ry breast a glowing fire.*

Love. *Hark ! how it swells with love and soft desire.*

Hon. *Behold, behold the marry'd state,
By thee too soon betray'd,
Repenting now too late.*

Enter Marriage, with his yokes.

Marr. *O ! tell me, cruel god of Love,
Why didst thou my thoughts possess
With an eternal round of happiness ?
And yet, alas ! I lead a wretched life,
Doom'd to this galling yoke,—the emblem of a wife.*

Love. *Ungrateful wretch ! how dar'st thou Love upbraid ?
I gave thee raptures in the bridal bed.*

Marr. *Long since, alas ! the airy vision fled,
And I with wand'ring flames my passion feed.
O ! tell me, pow'rful God,
Where I shall find
My former peace of mind ?*

Love. *Where first I promis'd thee a happy life,
There thou shalt find it, in a virtuous wife.*

Love and Fame.

*Go home, unhappy wretch, and mourn
For all thy guilty passion past ;
There thou shalt find those joys return,
Which shall for ever, ever last.*

End with the first chorus.

Love. 'Twas generously design'd, and all my life to come shall shew how I approve the moral. Oh *Amanda!* once more receive me to thy arms; and while I am there, let all the world confess my happiness. By my example taught, let every man, whose fate has bound him to a marry'd life, beware of letting loose his wild desires: for if experience may be allow'd to judge, I must proclaim the folly of a wandering passion. The greatest happiness we can hope on earth,

*And sure the nearest to the joys above,
Is the chaste rapture of a virtuous love.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miss CROSS, who sung CUPID.

NOW, gallants, for the author. First, to you
Kind city gentlemen o' th' middle row;
He hopes you nothing to his charge can lay,
There's not a cuckold made in all his play.
Nay, you must own, if you believe your eyes,
He draws his pen against your enemies:
For he declares, to-day, he merely strives
To maul the beaux—because they maul your wives.
Nor, sirs, to you whose sole religion's drinking,
Whoring, roaring, without the pain of thinking,
He fears he's made a fault you'll ne'er forgive,
A crime beyond the hopes of a reprieve:
An honest rake forego the joys of life,
His whores, and wine, t' embrace a dull chaste wife!
Such out-of-fashion stuff! But then again,
He's lewd for above four acts, gentlemen.
For faith he knew, when once he'd chang'd his fortune,
And reform'd his vice, 'twas time—to drop the curtain.
Four acts for your coarse palates were design'd,
But then the ladies taste is more refin'd,
They, for Amanda's sake, will sure be kind.
Pray let this figure once your pity move:
Can you resist the pleading God of love?
In vain my pray'rs the other sex pursue,
Unless your conqu'ring smiles their stubborn hearts subdue.



W O M A N ' s W I T :

O R,

The L A D Y in Fashion.

A

C O M E D Y.

— *Careat successibus opto,
Quisquis ab Eventu, Facta notanda putat.*

OVID.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord <i>Lowmore</i> , in love with <i>Leonora</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Hartland</i> .
<i>Longville</i> , in love with <i>Olivia</i> ,		Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
Major <i>Rakish</i> , an old rake-hell,		Mr. <i>Penkethman</i> .
<i>Jack Rakish</i> , his son and companion,	}	Mr. <i>Powel</i> .
Mas <i>Johnny</i> , Lady <i>Manlove</i> 's son, a disobedient school-boy,		Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
Father <i>Benedic</i> , his governor, a priest,	}	Mr. <i>Smeaton</i> .
<i>Laguerre</i> , valet to <i>Longville</i> ,		_____

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Manlove</i> , a designing old lady,		Mrs. <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Leonora</i> , her daughter, a coquet,		Mrs. <i>Knight</i> .
<i>Emilia</i> , <i>Longville</i> 's sister, secretly in love with lord <i>Lowmore</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Olivia</i> , her friend, engag'd to <i>Longville</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Cibber</i> .
<i>Trisse</i> , woman to <i>Leonora</i> ,		_____
<i>Lettice</i> , woman to Lady <i>Manlove</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Kent</i> .

Servants and waiters.

The SCENE *St. James's*, and the time of action five hours.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THIS play not having answered the ends of my writing it, the reader, I presume, may reasonably expect that (according to custom) I should endeavour to demonstrate, that they who dislike it are either fools or poets: now my sole dependence being the judgment of an audience, 'twere madness in me to provoke them. And I may with more safety, and less trouble, persuade them into a good opinion of their sense, than my own. 'Tis dangerous to quarrel with a whole town, as it is difficult to please them; there is no appealing to *Apollo's* court, after an illegal sentence from them; their will is law, and 'tis but reasonable it should be so, since they pay for their power.

I am willing to stand to my prayer in my *Prologue*, and to acknowledge it has had a favourable fate: I intended (but I had some considerable hindrances, which the reader shall know presently) to have made the town some amends in this play for their extraordinary favours to my first; for I am so far from that vanity of thinking myself considerable enough to have received any prejudice from my enemies, that I am ready to acknowledge 'twas want of merit in the play, not understanding in its audience, that made it meet with no kind reception. All I propose is to lay down some excuses why it is not more deserving. But though I am ready to confess its defects, yet I would willingly be thought able to mend them. My first hindrance was my want of time; for rather than lose a winter (the profits of my other being so considerable) I forc'd myself to invent a fable: now my first was spontane-

ous, and consequently more easy: the one was the kindly product of my fancy, this of my judgment (I mean of that little judgment I have); that was a cherry gathered in *July*, this was merely ripen'd by artifice in *April*; 'twill hardly admit of a dispute, which must of consequence have the more natural and pleasing taste.

Another hindrance was my too nice observation of regularity (which, though I pretend not exactly to have follow'd, yet perhaps I am something nearer than most of our late comedies) the scene never breaking in any act but the third, and then not to an unreasonable distance, nor without a necessitous occasion: the time I think is obviously comprehended in five hours. But this confinement is a great hindrance to variety of incidents, which, provided they are natural after they are brought in, I think may very reasonably divert us, without observing that strictness. And though I am ready to grant that a good play is much the better for being regular; yet, on the other side, it must be allow'd a double art and labour to make it both regular and diverting; and of the two, truly I don't see but men of the greatest sense had rather have their fancy pleased, than their judgment; and I can't help wishing, though too late, that I had given a looser rein to the former.

Another inconvenience was, that during the time of my writing the two first acts, I was entertain'd at the New Theatre, and of course prepar'd my characters to the taste of those actors, and they having the two most experienc'd, I might there (without discouraging the people of this house) have expected a more masterly performance. In the middle of my writing the third act, not liking my station there, I return'd again to the Theatre Royal, and was then forc'd, as I could with nature, to confine the business of my persons to the capacity of different people; and not to miss the advantage of Mr. *Dogget's* excellent action, I prepar'd a low character, which (though I dare not recommend it to the reader) I knew from him cou'd not fail of diverting. I have seen him play with more

success I own, but never saw any man wear a truer face of nature; and indeed the two last acts were much better perform'd than I could have propos'd in that other house; the difference is only this, had it been there, I had propos'd some scenes more of a piece with the former acts. But, however, the performance of the whole was better than my expectation from so thin, and, I may add, so uncertain a company: for we are no more sure of the honest endeavours of some that are honestly paid, than they are of bread when they leave us. I was forc'd to write to the mouths of those I knew wou'd speak as well as they could, and not think themselves above instruction. Every one did their best, and I thank them: but however a fort is in a very poor condition, that (in a time of general war) has but an handful of raw young fellows to maintain it.

PROLOGUE.

*M*OST authors, when their barren labours fail,
Still let their secret vanity prevail;
And when they're damn'd by you, turn wits, and rail.
'Tis not, say they, our writing well or ill,
But as the town's i' th' mood of damning still;
Sense, humour, wit, and plot, tho' ne'er so nice,
All take the tincture from their vain caprice:
Their weak digestion, and their sickly taste,
Nauseates this hour, what feasted 'em the last.
Our generous soul now's of another mind,
He thinks you are to mercy well inclin'd;
Show you a beauty, and you'll soon be kind.
Nor do you care from whence the charmer springs,
Let her soft voice but please you while she sings.
By blest experience this our author knows,
Tho' from the stage his humble muse arose.
Your approbation was so kindly shewn,
It swell'd so high,——you swore 'twas not his own.
But tho' it were, you still thought fit to spare
The tree, for what it may hereafter bear;
Nor damn'd the poet for the worthless player.
This thought confirms him, if he fails you now,
He must his fate to want of merit owe,
And thinks the greatest merit is in pleasing you.
You'll pay him well, if you approve the feast,
And you are, sure, best judges of your taste;
If he can please——
You'll hardly starve him by a spiteful fast.
He hopes the best, but does your judgments trust,
Or save, or damn his play, he'll think you just.

W O M A N ' S W I T :

O R,

The L A D Y in Fashion.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *an anti-chamber.*

Enter Longville in his night-gown, his valet waiting.

Lon. **L**AGUERRE!

La. Sir!

Lon. Is my sister stirring?

La. I saw her in the garden above an hour ago, sir; I believe she is now in her closet.

Lon. Leave word with her woman I am alone, and when she comes out, desire to speak with her. [*Exit Laguerre.*] I have observed of late, she has lost her gaiety, is much alone, and last night, when I inform'd her of my Lord Lovemore's constancy to the ungrateful *Leonora*, she express'd a soft concern, that seem'd to flow from somewhat more than common pity. 'Twould trouble me to know she lov'd a man, who every moment begs that pity from another she wants from him; a man whose virtues are his ruin, who never doing ill himself, thinks it the highest crime to doubt the conduct of his mistress. I have often strove to wake him from his lethargy, and am still resolv'd, while there is hopes, never to give him over. About this time I expect to hear from him——Who's there?

Re-enter Laguerre.

La. Sir, my lady will wait on you.

Lon. 'Tis well! Has no one been to speak with me this morning?

La. Only Mr. *Pertwit*, sir, the *author* of the last new play: he has left his *dedication*, and says he will dine with you.

Lon. The devil's in that fellow: I find it's as dangerous to say a civil thing to a *dull poet*, as to an old lady; for they are equally sure to libel your judgment, by telling the world, you like both their face and fancy. When he comes, give him ten guineas, and let me hear no more of him.

Enter a footman.

Foot. Sir, here is a letter for you.

Lon. Who brought it?

Foot. A servant, from Madam *Olivia*.

Lon. Bid him stay.

[Exit footman.

(Reads.)

“ I shall be in town about three o'clock (if my Lady Manlove can spare you) you will know where to find
Kennington, Wednesday “ O L I V I A . ”
morning.

If my Lady Manlove can spare me! so, if she grudges another my company, 'tis a sign that she has a mind to it herself. I'll appoint her a meeting, and laugh at her groundless jealousy: nay, I know she won't spare herself, when she reflects how fair a declaration she has made me. *[Exit..*

Enter Emilia sola.

Emi. Neither devotion, honour, reason, patience, or complaints, can stop the *fever* of my distemper'd thoughts: despair and love, like double poisons, swell my soul, yet with alternate heat and cold refuse to kill, and spitefully support a wretched being!—Was ever maid thus cruelly pursu'd by an unhappy passion! To see the man ador'd, still prostrate at my rival's feet, while her dissembled coyness but inflames me more!—They talk of mens despair! their racks and tortures! those are pleasures, to the torments of a woman's secret love! for they have still the privilege of speech, of soft complaints, and dying murmurs; but we (hard fate!) are even condemn'd by nature's laws to an eternal secrecy. For love can never break the prison of a virgin's breast, while modesty and rigid honour are its

gaolers. O Lovemore! why wert thou born to wrong thyself, and ruin me?

Enter Longville.

Lon. Sister, good morrow! I have a present for you. [*Gives her a writing.*]—*Laguerre*, give this letter to the servant below. [*Exit Laguerre.*]

Emi. What's here? Pray, brother, double the favour, and without giving me the trouble of a tedious perusal, let me know the contents of it.

Lon. 'Tis your portion, sister.

Emi. My portion!

Lon. 'Tis true, my father left you to my care, and by his will gave you ten thousand pounds, provided my consent were not wanting to your marriage. Now, I know there must be an uneasiness, where there is the least confinement; therefore, to free you from all doubt, and that your fear of my consent may no way check your inclinations, I here resign my interest in your fortune; when you can find a man whose merit challenges your esteem, or whose faithful passion claims your pity, be lavish in your gratitude, and crown his wishes with your bed and fortune.

Emi. In every thing, you shew yourself the best and kindest brother still: but yet, I hope, 'twill not displease you, if I return your present: marriage is a dangerous journey; love's a blind guide, and those that follow him, too often lose their way. No! when I love, it shall be with security, your opinion shall first encourage and protect me.

Lon. But love, *Emilia*, is a tyrant absolute, and never waits for saucy counsel: the time may come when you will wish your fortune at your own disposal! Do ye believe it impossible you shou'd ever love?

Emi. Ha! I am betray'd! his words, his looks, have quite disarm'd me! [*Aside.*] Why, brother, do you ask so strange a question, that I shou'd ever love! You know I am a woman, not cruel in my nature, and have a heart, which, when you advise me to dispose of, I shall not rather die than part with it.

Lon. And are you sure you have not? Did you never love, *Emilia*?

Emi. That word has ruin'd me! Oh never let me see the day again! [*Aside.*]

Lon. Ha! she is disorder'd! Then my fears are true: [*Aside.*] Why are you surpriz'd? I charge you with no guilt, *Emilia*.

Emi. O! I beg you ask no more. [*Turns away.*]

Lon. Ha! no more! nay, then I must have all! Dear *Emilia*, think me not a faithless guardian, that wou'd take a base advantage of thy love: look on me as I am, thy careful brother, that thinks his life no longer useful, than in serving thee: nay, ev'n in thy love I'll serve thee, and hope 'tis in my power too. Come, lay aside thy fears, and reason calmly with me.

Emi. Reason with you! Why do you wish me plung'd in deeper misery? For reason ever sets a wild despair before me.

Lon. Do not indulge these melancholy thoughts; name me the man that thus disturbs thee!

Emi. Then, indeed, you will pity me!—I owe my weakness to your nearest friend.

Lon. I think, my Lord *Lovemore* is my nearest!

Emi. Indeed, he best deserves that happiness.

Lon. But such a friend will never make my sister wretched.

Emi. Alas! his love, which sure out-weighs his friendship, aims every hour to make another happy.

Lon. His love, *Emilia*, is grounded on your rival's virtue, and judge yourself, how weak is that foundation.

Emi. I grant she is inconstant, loose, and dangerous, as the sand; yet his eyes, the false optick of his love, presents her as a fixt unshaken rock, whereon he vows to build his happiness.

Lon. But I shall shortly turn the friendly end of the tube, and draw her failings nearer to his view; of which this very day I have engag'd to give him a clear convincing prospect.

Emi. Which way, I beg you let me know; for 'twere a second happiness not to see him wretched.

Lon. Thus it is—In a dispute yesterday with my

lord concerning *Leonora*, I urg'd his weakness home, and laid her falshood clear before him. At length, my friendly arguments brought him to this conclusion. About an hour hence, by his free consent, I am to visit her, and have leave to feign myself her lover, and urge my passion with all the seeming tenderness that friendship can inspire; and if my art can drag from her the least acknowledgment of love for me, or but an ungenerous contempt of his unwearied constancy, he vow'd his deep resentment should for ever tear her from his heart:

Emi. It has a face, indeed; but how will my lord be witness of her falshood?

Lon. I have already brib'd her servant, who is to place him where, unseen, he shall both hear and see it all.

Emi. There's danger in the attempt: be wary, brother, for shou'd her artful eyes ensnare you too, then I were doubly wretched.

Lon. Nourish no such fear, *Emilia*; I have a treble guard upon my heart, the baseness of her soul, my own honour, and a sister's peace.

Enter Laguerre.

La. Sir, my Lord *Lovemore*!

Emi. Farewell! I'll study to deserve your care: I dare not stay; excuse me, lest my guilt betray me.

Enter Lord Lovemore.

Brother, your servant, I'll leave you to your business.

L. Lov. We have none of that consequence, madam, to be preferr'd to your company.

Emi. My lord! I beg you will excuse me. I am in haste, 'tis chapel-time.

L. Lov. 'Twere a sacrilege unpardonable, madam, to hinder your devotion, an universal blessing to the world.

Emi. My lord, your servant. [Exit Emilia.]

L. Lov. Your sister, *Charles*, is a very agreeable woman: why don't you look out a match for her? you are her guardian.

Lon. I have her fortune to dispose of, my lord; but

not her inclination : when she has chosen, I am ready to pay down the money.

L. *Low*. Her money may raise many a false pretended passion, and young women seldom want a little harden'd vanity to stamp it into current love.

Lon. I hope, my lord, in a little time to give you a very fair proof of her judgment.

L. *Low*. Prithee, let me understand you.

Lon. 'Tis yet an infant secret ; in a day or two it may speak plainer : in the mean time, my lord, how stands your resolution towards my design upon *Leonora* ?

L. *Low*. Faith, *Charles*, I have yet some scruples ; but as they rise, my confidence in thy friendship still removes them : what time do you propose to visit her ?

[*Looking at his watch.*]

Lon. Now, this morning.

L. *Low*. You will be too late, 'tis within half an hour of twelve.

Lon. Time enough ! We shall find her at her toilet till two, I'll warrant you.

L. *Low*. That's scarce time enough to set your peruke : for I suppose you design to comb her into compliance. A first rate beau at least ? Do you consider how much time is requir'd in the making such an animal ?

Lon. Half an hour does it as well as half a score, man.

L. *Low*. You wou'd be of another opinion, if you were at my Lord *Tiffle Top's* levee.

Lon. No, no ! 'Tis not that his lordship has occasion to employ half the morning at his glass ; but the soft rogue can't part with his own dear image under six hours admiration ; for a powder'd wig is as soon put on as an uncomb'd one. 'Tis not a fine coat, but affectation that makes a fop ; and that you know is a kind of sur-tout, a man may slip it over his cloaths.

L. *Low*. Then you think a little affectation will certainly recommend you.

Lon. Take the boxes round upon the full third day of a favour'd poet, you'll scarce find three beauties will allow you a gentleman without it. I never knew your

fine set-up woman of quality, that did not spend three parts of her life in studying the art of *Je-ne-sçais-Quoyity*!

L. *Low*. Well, I yet hope you are mistaken in *Leonora*: what you call affectation, to me has always been the height of breeding, a modest freedom, an agreeable gaiety, and an invincible coldness.

Lon. I am sorry, my lord, your disease is so desperate, that nothing but the exposing her can cure you: for I own 'tis much against my nature to triumph o'er a woman's weakness: but if women are weak, who shall trust them? And if I see my friend in danger, shall not I show the snare prepar'd for him?

L. *Low*. 'Twas thus I had excus'd you to myself before: but do you believe her false through weakness or design?

Lon. O she wants not wit, my lord.

L. *Low*. How then do you propose to win her by an affected passion, when my sincerity cannot move her?

Lon. Your sincerity never will, my lord: she is light by nature, hates a man that preaches virtue by example, and shews the bareness of her principles by the firmness of his own; she loves a wretch that joins with her in vanity, your gay unthinking spark, by the comparison of whose nonsense she admires her own wit: besides, I have some reason to believe she likes me.

L. *Low*. What reason?

Lon. By her publickly declaring an aversion to me.

L. *Low*. She will not deny it to your face, I warrant you.

Enter a footman.

Foot. Sir, my Lady *Manlove* is in a chair below, and desires to know if you have any company with you?

Lon. Though I am loth to trust my person with her, I wou'd be civil to the mother of your mistress, my lord: desire her ladyship to walk up, and tell her I am alone: it won't be amiss first to expose the mother's character. [*Aside.*] This is the third visit I have had from her this week, my lord.

L. *Low*. How came you so intimate?

Lon. One day unfortunately commending the fulness

of her eye, or so, she cou'd not rest till she had taken me aside, to ask me, if my designs were honourable? And ever since she is eternally labouring to convince me, that she has no real aversion to matrimony.

L. Lov. You see what 'tis to be complaisant, *Charles*.

Lon. If you step into that closet, my lord, perhaps you may over-hear something that will surprize you: however, your time won't be lost, there lies a *Milton* upon the table.

L. Lov. You'll oblige me.

Lon. Here she comes! away, my lord.

[L. Lov. goes into the closet.]

Enter Lady Manlove.

Lon. Madam! your most humble servant, this is an unexpected favour.

L. Man. Why a favour, sir! do you think I'll ever grant a favour to any man? I'll swear we women of quality had need live lock'd up in a closet, if we wou'd avoid scandal. Can't one pay an harmless visit, but you must immediately conclude one designs you a favour? I vow to gad I came with a design to beg a favour of you.

Lon. 'Tis a favour, madam, that you will make use of me.

L. Man. Use you! Really, sir, I don't understand you! What do you mean?—But come!—To let you see I dare rely upon my own conduct——Come, sir, I will venture to sit down by you.

Lon. Oh! madam, you honour me. [They sit.]

L. Man. Well! Mr. *Longville*, you little think what a secret business I have to communicate to you! I hope we are private! Pray let us be private, and I will lay it open to you.

Lon. — [to *Laguerre*] Wait without!—Now, madam!

L. Man. You must know, sir, that I came to advise with you about—about a—I'll swear, Mr. *Longville*, you look mighty well to-day.

Lon. — That might be said more justly of your ladyship, madam!

L. Man. O Lord! I! Oh! *Jesu*! I am all in a

flame! such a colour! prithee do but feel my pulse a little!—So, if I can but get into discourse with him, I may save my business for another visit to-morrow.

[*Aside.*

Lon. They are very high indeed, madam; but you look the better for it.

L. Man. Is't possible! Well! Mr. *Longville*, I am inclin'd in real charity to encourage all your offers, if it were only to keep you from ill women; for I know there are some so ravenous of you, that they follow you to your chamber in a morning, and have the confidence to force themselves upon you. Now, dear sweet Mr. *Longville*, don't encourage these confident creatures; let me beg it of you for your own sake. —

[*Pressing his hand.*

Lon. So! I find no woman sees an ugly face in her own glass.

[*Aside.*

L. Man. I'll swear I cou'd find in my heart to visit you every morning, merely to prevent those wicked creatures having their ends of you.

Lon. That were too great a trouble! No! madam, I have an admirable way to avoid them: shall I show you how I wou'd use such a woman? I ask your pardon, madam, but supposing you were such a one!

L. Man. Oh! foh! I hate to act an odious part.

[*Holding his hand.*

Lon. Why you can't miss it, madam, you need but sit as you do! — Now, madam, squeeze my hand a little.

L. Man. O! Jesu! I cou'd not do it for the universe.

[*Lets it go suddenly.*

Lon. Then I must suppose you had done it, madam: upon which I flatly tell her, that —

L. Man. Pish [*Rises*] Lord! What care I what you tell her: if you will let me tell you my business, say so!

Lon. [*Walking after her.*] I say, madam, I tell her, that my inclinations lie elsewhere; that she flings away her time; that her fondness is more disagreeable than her person; that I wonder at her impudence, in taking civility for love; that she is ugly, without exception; coy, without coldness; in love, without hope; nice,

without offers ; wanton, without youth ; kind, without courtship ; and craving, without conscience.

L. Man. Well ! well ! have you done yet ? — Pish !

Lon. That her keeping company is design ; that her designs are man ; that her man is every body ; that no body is hers ; that her charms are quite exhausted ; and time writes upon her forehead, — *Pray remember the poor !*

L. Man. Prithee ! What a humour's this ?

Lon. That her modesty is more painted than her face ; and both so much, that no man can see either of them.

L. Man. Mr. *Longville* —

Lon. That her company is worse than sickness ; and that I had as lieve be visited by the small-pox.

L. Man. Pish ! will you never ha' done ?

Lon. That in short she is so detestable, that even the pleasure of revenge cou'd not raise me to give her a clap. The devil's in't if this won't undeceive her !

[*Afide.*

L. Man. I don't understand him ! Sure, he can't mean all this to me ! I find I must tell him my business to put him out of this humour. Prithee, Mr. *Longville*, sit down a little, I want some of your advice, man : Lord ! you have quite tir'd yourself.

Lon. Now, madam, your commands. [*They sit.*

L. Man. I suppose, sir, you are not ignorant of my Lord *Lowemore*'s passion for my daughter : now, sir, he being your particular friend, and I having a particular inclination to serve any one that is your friend, Mr. *Longville*, I have resolv'd to make my daughter marry my lord out of hand ; and have contriv'd a way to make her sole heiress of my husband's estate.

Lon. This is obliging, madam ; but how can it be while you have a son living ?

L. Man. Ah ! don't call him my son, Mr. *Longville* ; education can't polish him ! he is of such a slovenly nature ; he is fit for nothing but a clergyman : now you must know all my family being Catholicks, I have a mind to make a priest of him, and have accordingly provided him a governor to go with him to *St. Omers* :

then, fir, I being his guardian, and having the estate all in my own hands——

Lon. Will take care it shall never come to his. [*Aside.*]
But why a priest, madam?

L. Man. To prevent his marrying, man; and then his estate comes of course to my daughter, and so to my lord, and his heirs.—Besides, one is not sure of his getting safe to *St. Omers!*

Lon. Inhuman devil! A priest! Death! She is going to ship him to *Barbadoes!* [*Aside.*] Well, madam, wherein can I be serviceable to you?

L. Man. You! Why you can—you can——Lord! Can you do one no kindness, d'ye think? Let me see!

Lon. Not the kindness you think on. Death! How she's puzzled for a pretence for her visit? [*Aside.*]

L. Man. Pish!——O gad! I had like to have forgot! you must know my business hither was to get you to—to—a! O! to persuade the boy to go.

Lon. So! Now she has found it. [*Aside.*]

L. Man. Now, dear Mr. *Longville* [*Pressing his hand*] let me beg of you to use all means possible to persuade him; for I know the boy will do any thing at your bidding.

Lon. Well! madam, I'll use my interest to serve you—in your kind. [*Aside.*]

L. Man. Will you give me your word and honour?

Lon. Both, to have my hand again. [*Aside.*]

L. Man. Nay! but you must give me your hand upon't!

Lon. Why you have it; you have it, madam!

L. Man. Pshah! but you don't give it me heartily!

Lon. Um! She will have a squeeze, I find. [*Aside.*]
There, madam, 'tis heartily.

Enter Laguerre.

La. Sir, young Mr. *Rakisb* desires to speak with you immediately.

Lon. At last I am deliver'd. [*Aside.*]——Bid him walk up.

L. Man. O! Jesu! Mr. *Longville!* I wou'd not be seen for the universe.

Lon. O! you need not, madam, here's a back-way,

L. Man. Well! but my dear *Charles*, when shall I see you about this business?

Lon. In a quarter of an hour, madam, at your own house. I have some private business with your daughter: when I have dispatch'd it, I am at your service.

[*Pressing her to go.*

L. Man. Well! I have the prettiest closet to show you, Mr. *Longville*! — I'll swear I have no mind to leave you yet: can't I step in there, till he is gone a little?

[*Offering towards the closet.*

Lon. The devil! [*Aside.*] Madam, upon my honour, I will but dress and wait upon you. Here he comes! away, madam!

L. Man. Well! adieu, my dear, dear, dear creature!

[*Exit L. Man.*

Lon. Come, my lord, now I'll release you.

Enter Lord Lovemore.

Did you hear us?

L. Lov. Yes, and am amaz'd! Prithee, what does she mean by *St. Omers*, and her son, it can't be real?

Lon. Too sure, my lord, I have heard of it before.

L. Lov. I am sorry she shou'd make me her pretence for so base an action! How shall we prevent it?

Lon. That I will undertake. But first I will let you see your mistress has a hand in't. [*Aside.*] *Laguerre*, my cloaths.

Enter Young Rakish.

Lon. How now, *Jack*! What's the matter?

Y. Ra. O! *Charles*, I am undone, if you don't stand by me! my father's just at my heels—my lord, your humble servant.

L. Lov. Poor *Jack*! What hast thou done to him now, man?

Y. Ra. Done, my lord! pox take him, nothing but a piece of justice; for the old rogue had the conscience last night to offer to cheat me of fifty pounds, though he knew 'twas all I had in the world; and, in return, I very fairly nick'd him of five hundred upon the square.

L. Lov. Prithee, how was it?

Y. Ra. Why you must know, my lord, he wou'd

have put the doctor upon me, and communicated his design to *Ned Friendly*, who immediately told me of it; upon which (unknown to him) I flung away the doctor, and clapt into the box a pair of true mathematicks. Fortune was on my side, and in less than two hours I fairly nick'd him of five hundred pounds.

L. Lov. Well! and what wou'd the old gentleman have?

Y. Ra. When the business was over *Ned* laugh'd at him, and told him what I had done; upon which he wh p'd out his sword, and, in a great passion, swore, if I did not refund the money, he wou'd disinherit me before to-morrow morning.

L. Lov. What answer did you make him?

Y. Ra. Why, faith, ev'n took no notice of him, but very fairly slunk away to his goldsmith; to hasten his paying the money, politickly told him, I had just killed a man: egad the inhuman son of a whore took hold of the opportunity, and made me pay fifteen *per cent.* for expedition.

Lon. The rest you secur'd in specie, I suppose!

Y. Ra. Ay! ay! here it is, all in gold, my boy! Prithee, dear *Charles*, secure it for me; as for my life, which I know he will pursue, I'll venture to defend that myself.

Enter a footman to Young Rakish.

Foot. Sir, your father's just coming up! one of the servants ignorantly told him you were in the house, and he immediately drew his sword, and has search'd every room below for you.

Y. Ra. Ounds! the money! the money, *Charles*!

Lon. Ther: ! into that closet! and take the key on the inside, till we have appeas'd him. [*Young Rakish gets into the closet*] *Laguerre*, lock up this. [*Gives him the money.*]

Enter Major Rakish with his drawn sword, he searches the room.

Maj. Where is this rogue! this villain! this sharping dog!

Lon. Why how now, major! What, in a passion, man?

Lon. and *L. Lov.* Ha! ha! ha! What's the matter, major? ha! ha! ha!

Maj. No! no! nothing but murder, nothing but murder shall satisfy me.

L. Lov. What is it you look for, major?

Maj. Only a highwayman, my lord; was not he here with you just now?

L. Lov. A highwayman with us, sir!

Maj. One that is in the road to the highway; do you know *Jack Rakish*, my lord?

L. Lov. I know him for a very honest fellow, sir.

Maj.—Why I got him—That very dog did I get.

L. Lov. I don't question that, sir.

Maj. But you wou'd, sir, if you knew how he has serv'd me.—Nothing vexes me, but that I can't swear a robbery against the dog; for then a man might have had some hopes of the forty pounds upon his conviction.

L. Lov. Fie! major, you shou'd give him a better allowance, that his necessity might not force him to such extremity!

Maj. Allowance! a dog! has not nature given him a strong back? let him live by that; let him turn beau, and live upon tick: let him lie with his laundress, get in with his sempstres, help his taylor to custom, dine with me, bilk his lodging,——and now and then sharp a play in the side-box.

L. Lov. This I know he is very often forc'd to do: but faith, major, it don't answer the character of a gentleman.

Maj. A gentleman! Ounds! don't I see fifty there every day, that have no income but their wits, and yet have very good cloaths upon their backs!

L. Lov. And carry all they have upon their backs! Come, come, you must allow him better, man.

Maj. Allow him! What a pox! don't I allow him to drink, and whore, and fight, and roar where he pleases, provided he keeps me company—the devil a stroke else—I cou'd—I will have my share, while I live, old boy.—No! no! old *Jack* must come in for a bit of wickedness by the bye, or so——must take

care of old *Jack*!—Old *Jack* must be taken care of—Allow him, quotha'! What a pox! must the silly dog needs be a bubble? Can't he take the pleasure of lewdness, without the folly of paying for't? Odsbud, I sometimes break half a dozen commandments in a day, and it ne'er costs me a farthing.

L. Lov. Say you so, major? Faith I wou'd advise you to publish your receipt, it may reform most of our young fellows about town.

Maj. How do you mean reform! ha! old politick of the world?

L. Lov. Why look'ye! if we cou'd once lessen the charge of lewdness, you long-liv'd niggardly fathers wou'd certainly take it up; and vice wou'd look so nauseous in sixty odd, that one-and-twenty wou'd grow ashamed on't?

Maj. But, sir, my son is not ashamed o' his vice, and I'd have you to know that I am a——a very lewd old fellow! But I don't pay for't, I don't pay for't, like a raw inn of court beau, that is just set up for iniquity.

L. Lov. Prithee, major, how do you manage your pleasures, that you say they cost you nothing?

Maj. I'll tell you, my lord; I'll tell you how I spent the day before yesterday; I got up, and din'd with Sir *Bartholomew Bumper*, drank my two bottles and half with him by five o'clock—Then call'd in at play (impudence my ticket) pick'd up a parson's wife, gave her the remains of an old clap, and so pawn'd her at *Philips's* for three pints of spirit of clary:—after this, I call'd in at the *Rose*, found three or four young strong dogs damnably hungry, sent a porter for a slice of Sir *Bartholomew's* brawn, drank my two bottles more, call'd for a bill, brawn paid all *Jack's* club, old *Jack* reels into a coach, bilks him, slips into bed, wakes in five hours with a steady hand, and no aching head, by the Lord *Harry*.

L. Lov. Well said, major!

Maj. There's management for you! Why cou'd not my dog-rogue of a son do this? He wants a thousand pounds, with a pox to him! Odsbud, I lose time, I

must ferret the dog — Hey ! whereabouts are you ?
Soho ! gaol-bird ! [Looks about.]

Y. Ra. [Peeping.] Igad I had as good shew myself,
while I have a friend or two to stand by me.

[He steals behind the major, and walks softly after him.]

Lon. and *L. Lov.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

Maj. Unconscionable rogue, a thousand pounds at
one clap ! [Aside.]

Lon. Why you that spend no money, major, me-
thinks thou'd have no occasion for it : but was it a full
thousand pounds, say you ?

Maj. Um ! not a full thousand pounds. Look ye,
I won't lie neither : but may I never more hear the
dear glugg, glugg of a full flask, if it was not above
eight hundred.

Y. Ra. That's a lie ! [Claps him on the back.]

Maj. O dog ! villain ! rogue ! Sirrah, how dare you
look me in the face ? Draw ! draw ! rascal !

[They hold him.]

Y. Ra. Yes, sir ! [Draws and stands on his guard.]

Maj. What, will you murder me in cool blood ! Will
you, dog !

Y. Ra. Yes, sir, I believe I shall : for I don't find
myself angry yet.

Maj. Why, sirrah ! *Newgate !* Am not I your fa-
ther, ha ?

Y. Ra. Look you, sir ! if you are my father, I draw
in obedience to your commands ; if not, upon my ene-
my — stand off.

Maj. Now have not I one word to say to him —
This impudence melts my very soul — There's a look !
There's a forehead ! There's brass for you ! The rogue
wou'd make an admirable player in the old house.
Odsbud ! I have more mind to kiss him, than to be
angry by half — Well, sirrah ! What have you to
say for yourself ?

Y. Ra. Nay, first, old gentleman, let's hear what
you have to say against me ?

Maj. Have you not bit me, my dear son ?

Y. Ra. Have you not starv'd me, my dear dad ?

Maj. Have not I lov'd you — you young dog ?

Y. Ra. Have not I return'd it, Old Hock?

Maj. Have you return'd it—saucy!

Y. Ra. Yes, sir! By this generous confidence in your love, in taking the freedom to win your five hundred pounds, well knowing that so trivial a sum cou'd not hurt me in your favour.

Maj. Um! here's a rogue! ——— Well! and so! you think I will forgive you!

Y. Ra. Damn me! Sir, who dares say to the contrary?

Maj. Ah! the rogue has me now! That look has quite dissolv'd me; oddsbud, I can no more resist him, than a patentee can a pretty wench, when she demands an unconscionable salary in the playhouse. Well! I must forgive you then! Um!

Y. Ra. I knew you wou'd, or else I had ne'er nick'd you.

Maj. Why, look you, sir, then ev'n set your heart at rest: for, before these gentlemen, I solemnly declare that ——— that ——— I do forgive you, upon condition ———

Y. Ra. What condition?

Maj. Um! That I have my money again.

Y. Ra. The devil!

Lon. Come, gentlemen, you shall leave the conditions to me. My lord and I have just an hour's business together. I'll bring the money with me to *Locket's*, between one and two; where we'll dine, and set all to rights again.

Maj. Say no more, my little *Charles*; I'll go before and bespeak dinner. But hark you, had not you as good let me take the money along with me?

Y. Ra. I bar that, old gentleman! No, no! possession is eleven points in the law.

Maj. A rare look that! ——— it's a good look! ——— the dog has a good look!

Y. Ra. Come, old *Jack*! let's you and I take a whet of racy Canary before they come. ——— My lord, your humble servant; bye *Charles*.

Maj. Hold, hold! my little *Jacky*, not too fast—
Cede Majoribus.

[*Pulls Young Rakish back, and goes out before him.*

L. Lov. A pleasant couple these!

Lon. Ay, and only pleasant when they are coupled.

L. Lov. Right! they are like the two parts of a drunken song, very indifferent music, unless you hear them both together.

Lon. But now and then they may be endured, the better to relish the harmony of a refin'd conversation. Come, my lord, now for *Leonora*.

L. Lov. You remember the conditions: if you fail in your attempt, you are never to speak against her more.

Lon. Agreed: if I succeed, the consequence will reward me.

L. Lov. You see, *Charles*, how fond I am of being still your friend; that I dare hazard all my happiness in *Leonora*, merely to satisfy your jealousy, not my own.

Lon. You wou'd be jealous too, my lord, were you less a lover; and I more favourable, were I less your friend: 'tis my care of you that makes me jealous; and the generosity of your love, that will not let you doubt your *Leonora*.

*When beauty gives the lover warm desire,
Love drives him blind and headlong to the fire;
But jealous friendship does his power despise;
Awakes his reason, and unseals his eyes.* [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE, *Lady Manlove's house.*

Leonora at her toilet, her woman dressing her.

L E O N O R A.

TRIFLE!

Tri. Madam.

Leo. Let's see this morning's letters.

Tri. There are only these half dozen, madam.

Leo. No more! Barbarity! This it is to go to *Hyde-Park* upon a windy day, when a well-dress'd gentleman can't stir abroad. The beaux were forc'd to take shelter in the playhouse, I suppose: I was a fool I did not go thither, I might have made ten times the havoc in the side-boxes.

Tri. Your ladyship's being out of humour with the *Exchange* woman, for shapng your ruffles so odiously, I am afraid made you a little too reserv'd, madam.

Leo. Prithee! was there a fop in the whole ring, that had not a side-glance from me! Nay, even that insensible wretch *Long-willè* watch'd the circulation of my chariot with an unusual assiduity. The humility of his bow has given me some hopes of revenging the affront he put upon me last week.

Tri. O dear, madam! I always took him for a well-bred gentleman. Cou'd he affront your ladyship?

Leo. O in the grossest manner! He sat two whole hours alone with me in my dressing-room, and was as far from making me any offers of love or gallantry, as if I had been his mother.

Tri. Perhaps your ladyship gave him no encouragement, madam.

Leo. Quite contrary! I languish'd in my glass, laid my neck bare, smil'd on him, talk'd of love, made him draw on my gloves, tie on my necklace; nay, take my *dormouse* out of my very bosom; but all in vain, he did it with all the coldness of a brother, no more mov'd, than if he had been my husband. O he tortur'd me so I could not bear him!

Tri. I am afraid, madam, by this uneasiness, your ladyship likes him.

Leo. No, fool! But 'twere an uneasiness not to have him like me.

Tri. You know, madam, he's engag'd to *Olivia*, and I am confident can have no good meaning any where else.

Leo. His meaning cou'd do me no prejudice; le. him

be once my lover, I'll soon lead him into the road of honour.

Tri. I suppose, madam, your ladyship wou'd not have him travel as far as marriage.

Leo. Marriage! No, no! This face is not to be flung away upou a husband yet. I love, as your great generals fight, not for peace, but glory: marriage is a mere cessation of arms. When I can hold out no longer, I am secure of an honourable retreat in my Lord *Lovemore*: the reputation of his sense, and his six years constancy, sufficiently satisfies the world, that I am not at a loss for a husband.

Tri. Your ladyship, madam, has a very working brain. You were born to conquer.

Leo. And bred so too! I began my little wars of love before thirteen, heav'd my breasts at twelve, and entertain'd my train of dangling beaux with all the affected coldness of one-and-twenty: nay, even then had a soul so sensible of glory, I fought my three duels a week, kill'd now-and-then my man; and, as one fell, was still designing on another.

Tri. For heaven's sake, madam, did your ladyship use to fight duels?

Leo. Stupid creature! 'twas *Leonora* fought: her eyes inflam'd the combat; she drew the sword, secure of conquest; for both the victor and the victim were *Leonora's* still.

Tri. Madam, my Lady *Manlove*.

Enter Lady Manlove.

L. Man. Good morrow, child; what, not dress'd yet?

Leo. I am just ready, madam; has your ladyship been abroad?

L. Man. Ay, I have been with father *Benedic* about your brother *Johnny*. He will be here this afternoon: and just as I had left him, whom shou'd I meet coming out of his lodgings but *Mr. Longville*. — He says he has some private business with you, child: he will be here in a moment. Prithee, make what haste you can with him, that I may talk with him further about your brother's journey. — I long to have the dear creature in private again.

[*Aside.*]

Leo. I'll observe you, madam; I will soon dispatch him.

L. Man. Prithee do, child; in the mean time I'll go and prepare your brother. *[Ex. L. Man.]*

Leo. Some private business with me!—Nay then. —*[She prides, and sets herself in her glass.]* Oh, Jesu! this is a frightful head? Here, *Trifle!* fetch me that with the blue knots. *[Takes off her commode.]*—D'ye hear? my crimson gown and petticoat.—O! I can't contain myself! Methinks I see him at my feet! despairing, dying; breathing out his last complaint of love!—Why don't you stir, you senseless creature? Hold! hold! stay a little! lay down the head! go you and wait below, to give me notice of his coming: and d'ye hear, send *Lettice* to dress me in the next room, here he may surprize me.—Go! go! make haste, lump! for my revenge is more impatient than another's love. *[She runs off bare-headed, her gown loose about her, &c. Exit Trifle at the other door: and then —]*

Enter Lettice, who in haste takes up the things, and follows Leonora; after which enter Trifle, with Lord Lovemore and Longville:

Lon. Where's your lady?

Tri. Hearing you were to be here, sir, she went immediately into the next room to change her dress.

Lon. D'ye hear that, my lord?

L. Lov. Is her decency a fault?

Lon. Her design is.

L. Lov. Prithee no more, I am impatient till thou hast prov'd thyself a madman.—Come! where's my post?

Tri. Here, my lord, in this avenue.—There's a door upon your right hand, that leads you to the back stairs.

Lon. When I pull out my handkerchief, let that be your cue to go round, and come in at this door, as tho' you knew nothing of what had past.

L. Lov. I shall observe you, sir.

Lon. Be sure, whatever you hear, don't let your re-

sentment discover you before your time : for shou'd she find you over-heard her, she will certainly face you down, she knew of your being there, and that she receiv'd me kindly only to revenge your affronting jealousy.

L. *Low.* Um ! [*Smiling.*] You are mighty cautious—I give you my honour to observe your directions.

L*on.* Follow *Trifle*, my lord. [*She places L. Lovemore unseen.*] Here, child, there's another purse for thy good service : let your lady know I am here.—[*Exit. Trifle.*] So ! now for a little scandalous raillery upon your top beauties of quality, to recommend my judgment in her : let me see ! which will be my best way to deliver my passion ? — Pox, I need not study set speeches ; for she has so much of coquet in her, that you can no more fall from the discourse of love in her company, than you can be raised to act it in her mother's : my design has hitherto been so prosperous, I can hardly think success will fail me now.—Besides, the liberty of my friend draws the curtain to my sister's hopes.—But, see ! she is here !

Enter Leonora, new dress.

L*eo.* Lord !—Mr. *Longville* ! what accident has blest us with your good company ? For unless some extraordinary business brings you, you are no more to be seen, than a lawyer in term-time.

L*on.* O, madam ! my life's an eternal term ; love's my cause, and you are my judge.

L*eo.* Poor wretch ! I have him now ! [*Aside.*] I shall be glad to be of counsel for you.

L*on.* To tell you the truth, madam, 'twas a little of your advice I now came for ; for my cause is coming on this very moment : gad take me, it has cost me the Lord knows what to qualify me for the bar of love : I resolv'd now to make my appearance ! Have you perceiv'd no alteration in me, madam, these two days ?

L*eo.* I'll swear, I think I have ! Won't you sit, Mr. *Longville* ?

L*on.* Hey ! who's there ?

Enter a footman to Longville.

Bid the coachman go home, and—let five of my men

wait me at *Chaves's*, you only below, I am in private.
 —Hey! let them all stay, I'd have the world know
 where I pay my devoir. [Bows.]

Leo. Well, I swear, *Mr. Longville*, nothing speaks a gentleman more than his equipage, the whole ring yesterday took notice of your chariot. Ah, *Jesu!* such a lolling easy air! Then the six clean creatures that drew it had their manes and tails so finely curl'd and powder'd, that their very motion gave a new-born sweetness to the evening.

Lon. Do you know, madam, that the great *Dutch* beau, *Mynheer Van Powderback*, offer'd me a hundred guineas for a brace of their tails, to make him a peruke.

Leo. Let me die, but you are a second *Phaeton!* This equipage and chariot were enough to set the whole beau-monde on fire. *Jesu!* 'tis not ten days ago, since you were the strangest rough creature, always in a plain coat; but two horses to your coach, a single footman behind it, and scarce powder enough in your perriwig, to whiten the inside of it.

Lon. Ha! ha! Gad take me, madam, your ladyship has hit me.

Leo. But, *Jesu!* who is this powerful beauty, that has wrought this wonderous alteration?

Lon. Your ladyship is very intimate with her: can't you guess her, madam?

Leo. O! fir, 'twere hard to do that among so many beauties as this town affords.

Lon. Beauties! ha, ha! Pray, madam, do me the favour to name one of those things you call beauties, that a gentleman can bear the thoughts on?

Leo. O! fie! *Mr. Longville!* there's a world of them! What do you think of my *Lady Slattern Pinchit?* She is an heiress, understands the management of a family to a miracle; and, I vow, has really a great deal of wit.

Lon. Ha, ha, ha! my *Lady Slattern Pinchit!* I must confess she has two, two thousand pounds a year to recommend her nauseous housewifery, which is enough to turn one's stomach! Pray, madam, let me give you

an account of a visit I made her, at her lodging at *Bath*, last summer.

Leo. O filthy *Irish* creature, the very apprehension of it gives me the vapours: for heaven's sake no more!

Lon. Nay, gad, madam, it's worth your hearing: you must know I had a mind to surprize her; when I was got up stairs, I bolted into her bed-chamber, where I found my prudent lady and her cousin, bare-headed, at dinner—upon the remains of a cold leg of lamb and cucumbers.

Leo. O! my scull!

Lon. The sight of me drove them immediately into the closet; from whence they curs'd and storm'd at me thro' the key-hole, worse than if I had caught them naked: in the mean time I took a view of her chamber, and found under her chair half a bottle of *Bristol* milk, upon the seat of it lay her garters, and a pair of green worsted stockings, and upon the back of it hung a daub'd diaper napkin, above an inch thick of pomatum.

Leo. Insupportable!

Lon. Upon her toilet lay the overplus of her complexion, in the print of three red fingers upon the corner of a callico night-trail.

Leo. O! I shall die!

Lon. Upon the chest of drawers lay a pair of old slippers, with a dirty suit of night cloaths, a pound of butter, and a raw fillet of veal wrapt in the tail of her bathing smock.

Leo. Ah!

[Squealing out.]

Lon. I'gad, madam, if you are no better at pointing me out a conquest, I shall even be forc'd to attack your ladyship.

Leo. O, Jesu! I'll name all the town first! Not but I believe I may stop at fine Mrs. *Courtly*, she that my Lord *Cou'd-n't-brook* fought about.

Lon. I'll commend her, to see how she will take it. [Aside.] She is very handsome, madam, and all the world allows her a woman of extraordinary breeding.

Leo. Do they so, sir! Nay, I'll swear I can't blame you: really she is very much a gentlewoman! so easy,

so free, so agreeable, and so good-natur'd! I vow to gad my Lady *Censure* and I were ready to fall out about her; she says she is the most affected piece that ever cross'd the drawing-room, one of her sideling curt'sies turns her stomach.

Lon. Why, faith, madam, as my lady says, now-and-then she does screw herself confoundedly.

Leo. O the most intolerable, vain, fantastick creature breathing! the duce take me, Mr. *Longville*, if she had not the confidence to report that Sir *John Loverule* was kill'd upon her account.

Lon. Ridiculous! all the world knows; madam, he fell a victim to your eyes! 'Sdeath, how loth she is to lose the glory of a man's murder! [*Aside.*]

L. Lov. [*Behind.*] What, does he fool with me? Is this the worst of her he can shew me? Women are all censorious; but now it may be complaisance to him, that makes her so. I will have patience; for shou'd I interrupt him, there wou'd be no end of his idle jealousy.

Lon. Still wide, madam; the lady I mean is one whose sense and beauty, even envious wit can find no fault in.

Leo. Jesu! Mr. *Longville*, this is a compliment to the whole sex, to believe there can be such a woman: I'll swear I wou'd give the world to know her.

Lon. Will you hear me, madam, if I name her? Have I your word, it shall not make you leave the room?

Leo. Prithee, why shou'd you think that? You don't intend to conjure with her name, I hope.

Lon. No, madam, I only dread the magic of her eyes.

Leo. Jesu! what makes you so grave?

Lon. 'Twere an insolence unpardonable, madam; to see a malefactor merry at the bar.

Leo. What do ye mean?

Lon. To take my trial, madam, for the crime of love; therefore I claim the promise of your counsel, and beg to know if it were possible for a lover to make

his passion grateful to you, in what manner wou'd you not willingly receive it? Deliver'd with a gay assurance, between jest and earnest, or with a rough downright bluntness; or else with all the passionate submissive vows, that love and truth cou'd teach him.

Leo. Your own reason will resolve you. A real passion can't be jested with, and your rough lover is a brute: no! I own 'tis tenderness, and soft complaint, a dying look, heart-breaking sighs, and tears, alone cou'd move my nature to a relenting pity.

Lon. So! now she has instructed me: I shall go on with a good assurance. [*Aside.*] You cou'd not sure despise a lover so complaining. [*Sighs.*]

Leo. Nature itself abhors so barbarous a thought.

Lon. Then give me leave to kneel before you.

L. Lov. Ha! this is to the purpose. [*Behind.*]

Leo. The fool's undone! ruin'd past redemption! [*Aside.*] Jesu! prithee rise.

Lon. Not till you assure me, that you believe me serious.

Leo. Well!—a—rise! I dare do that, while you are sitting. [*They sit.*]

L. Lov. Confusion! she rejects him not. [*Behind.*]

Leo. I'll vow you surprize me, Mr. *Longville*! I never dream'd of love from you!

Lon. My Lord *Lovemore*, madam, being long my friend before he was my rival, oblig'd me to conceal my passion from the world, and you: nay, so sacred was my friendship, that even opportunity, which, madam, our intimacy has often given me, could not hitherto betray me to a guilty glance.—But, now the violence of my love forces me to confess my soul, to sacrifice that friend, and curse him by the name of rival: therefore in spite of bonds, [*kneeling*] to you I offer up my heart, and shou'd his interposing vows but rob me of a smile of yours, his life's the sacrifice I'll make to your mistaken charity.

Leo. Fie! Mr. *Longville*, this to me! Lord! what do you mean?

Lon. What the devil shall I say now? [*Aside.*]

L. Lov. So tame at the discovery! [*Behind.*]

Lon. In pity, madam, think me real; and if you have already blest him with the rich treasure of your conquer'd heart, be at least so generously cruel to confirm the truth of it to a miserable despairing wretch; and from this moment my passion shall be dumb, and trouble you no more.

L. Lov. Ha! I am tortur'd with my fears. [*Behind.*]

Leo. [*Aside.*] Well, is there any rapture like the glory of a prostrate lover? Now to raise his giddy hopes, while, like his shadow, I still fly before him; seem already near, yet never to be o'ertaken.—Pray rise!

Lon. Never while my rival stands before me in your favour.

Leo. Jesu! sure you are not in earnest?

Lon. Your coldness, madam, tells me, indeed, you wou'd not have me so.—Nay then, my rival has your heart; and you, in generous pity to my love, wou'd fain conceal it.—[*Rises.*]—No, madam, there's now but this to chuse, that since I can't be yours, to be no more——Madam, farewell. [*Unbuttons himself.*] May you be happy in my rival's love.—His life I wou'd not, dare not touch, because 'tis dear to you—But thus I sacrifice my own. [*Offering to draw.*]

Leo. Ah! for heaven's sake, what do you mean?

[*Holds him.*]

Lon. To trouble you no more.

[*Struggling.*]

Leo. Lord! I hope you won't offer any mischief! Hear me but speak.

Lon. You have said too much already: pray let me die in quiet. 'Sdeath, will she hinder me or no? [*Aside.*]

Leo. O dear Mr. Longville, don't talk of dying! Jesu! if he shou'd kill himself here, he wou'd spoil my floor; besides, I shall lose the pleasure of fooling him. [*Aside.*] Pray give me your sword?

Lon. Madam, despair and life are insupportable.

Leo. Hold! O hold!—You have touch'd my soul so tenderly, that with a thousand burning blushes I must entreat you live, if hope can save you. O! never let the fear of any rival shock your hopes, and least my Lord Lovemore; his person and his grave behaviour

were ever my aversion: had not my mother's commands forbid me, I had long ago inform'd him so.

Lon. Surprizing comfort!

L. Lov. Pernicious jilt! [*Behind.*

Lon. 'Twas reported, madam, 'twou'd have suddenly been a match between you.

Leo. What he may report, I know not; but, when I marry him, assure yourself it shall be when I despair of any one else.—A dull constant ass, born to bear the burden of a slighted lover. A lump of lime, only to be fir'd with cold water.—Think no more of him. Had I not vow'd a single life, your merit above the world wou'd charm me into marriage: but since that blessing is deny'd me, let me at least live happy in your friendship.

L. Lov. By heav'n! her very words to me. [*Behind.*

Lon. Now, I have enough! [*Drops his handkerchief.*] Friendship's too cold a clime, our mutual happiness can never flourish there: no! madam, 'tis only love's warm soil that ripens all the blooming joys of life; and makes that life but one eternal harvest.

L. Lov. So close! I want patience.

Lord Lovemore comes forward.

Madam, your humble servant.

Leo. Ah! — [*Shrieking.*] I'll swear, my lord, you frighted me.

Lon. I don't like his coming in that way.

L. Lov. I thought, madam, Mr. *Longville*, of all mankind, had been your aversion; and that nothing but his being my friend could make you endure the sight of him; I hope, you think better of him now, madam.

Leo. What devil brought him to surprize us in the only guilty minute. [*Aside.*] Nay, I must confess, my lord, I did not think him so unpleasing, while he was your advocate.

L. Lov. O! then he was kneeling for me all this while!

Leo. Um! — a — ay, my lord! [*Faultering.*] Jesu! you don't think it was upon his own account! This was a lucky turn. [*Aside.*

Lon. How she fastens herself in the noose. [*Aside.*]

L. Lov. Methinks, madam, he over-did his part! To press his arguments in melting kisses upon your showy hand, those were too warm for friendship.

Leo. O' my soul he's jealous, Mr. Longville! ha, ha!

L. Lov. I ne'er was jealous: I found you false, before you gave me leave to doubt you.

Leo. You are serious, my lord. [*Affecting a surprize.*]

L. Lov. Had you been ever so with me, I had not found myself your fool so late: shou'd I talk with you, I shou'd still appear your fool; for no one sure can part eternally (as I must now) with the hopes of his desired happiness, without a painful thought; and I am loth to expose my weakness: I shall not aggravate your wrongs to me, but leave your conscience to condemn you: — farewell for ever. And since my truth and honour are so ill rewarded, may henceforth none but fools and villains kneel before you. [*Going.*]

Leo. Stay, my lord! — I must not lose him so: for I know the town will never tell his story to my advantage. [*Aside.*]

L. Lov. My love shall never call me back, good manners may. [*Aside.*] — Your commands, madam.

Leo. My lord, you may be in an error, and I hope have more generosity than to condemn me unheard; therefore —

Lon. Hold, madam! I find your drift, and faith 'twere too barbarous, shou'd I betray you to a farther guilt, by suffering you to excuse what you have already shewn. No, madam, my ends are answer'd, and now 'tis time the jest shou'd go no farther.

Leo. What do you mean?

Lon. To throw aside the mask of love, and shew a bare-fac'd friendship; and to tell you, that I ne'er lov'd you, ne'er admir'd you, nay, always had an ill opinion of you: that I was jealous of your affected coldness to my friend, and therefore feign'd myself his rival; that you, with artificial blushes, have approv'd my passion, and seemingly (for I ne'er thought you real yet to any one) plac'd me nearest to your heart, where heaven knows I never wish'd myself: I only search'd it for a

friend, and faith, madam, had I found him there, I had retir'd with joy. I ask your pardon for my intrusion into your favour, madam.

Leo. Confusion! trick'd! betray'd! caught in the very snare that I had laid for him! Now the malicious town will triumph!

Lon. May my lord go, madam?

Leo. My lord, this usage ill becomes your honour, or my quality; as for the insolence of your friend, I cou'd expect no better from a rejected lover.

L. Lov. I saw no great signs of his despair, madam: but to satisfy you better, I have over-heard every word you have said this half hour.

Leo. Then I am betray'd indeed! The devil *Longville* has rescued him from ruin: confound 'em both, I shall never dare shew my face again! [*Walks disorder'd.*]

Lon. Really, madam, I can't blame the judgment of your belle-passion; for gallantry, equipage, and grandeur, are prevailing orators.—Hey! let my men wait all without, I'd have the world know where I pay my devoir.

Leo. Fellow!

[*Scornfully.*]

Lon. Madam!

Leo. Sir, I have nothing to say to you! Pray be gone.

Lon. Why in such a passion, madam!

Leo. Lightning blast thee.

Lon. Take not a woman's anger ill! [*Turns short and sings.*]

Leo. Curse of my treacherous folly, that urg'd me to believe his passion real—O that it were! Ha! Can't it be made to seem so?—A sudden thought revives me!

L. Lov. Well, madam, I ask your pardon for consenting to the extravagance of my friend's attempt: but, if you have a thought that can condemn me for't, now freely give it breath; for, after this, you'll never see me more.

Leo. My lord, you know this apology is needless: I only desire to speak a word with Mr. *Longville* before he goes. [*Smiling.*]

Lon. Me, madam! with all my heart. [*They go together.*]

Leo. [*To herself.*] Now assist me all the subtilty of woman.—If there's a spark of love remaining in that

bofom [*pointing to L. Lovemore*] lend me a fmile to light it into jealousy! What, tho' his flame be out, I have feen a dying taper kindled with its own fmoak! — O! to make him burn again, and work a brave revenge upon this wretch, this poor extinguifher.

Lon. Madam, I have not heard you fay very much all this while!

Leo. Come a little this way. [*She feems familiar with him.*]

Lon. What the devil has fhe got in her head now?

L. Lov. Ha! I don't like that whifpering! 'Sdeath, fhe fmiles on him.

Leo. [*Aloud.*] Never fear that! if he offers to draw, my fervants will part you before there can be any mifchief.

Lon. 'Sdeath, I don't underftand you; hark you, madam!

Leo. I know, my dear, what you mean; I will tell him all myfelf.

Lon. Ounds, my dear!

Leo. Prithee! Ridiculous! — Why fould we conceal it longer? Both he and the world muft know it in a little time.

Lon. 'Sdeath, fhe racks me!

L. Lov. And me!

[*Afide.*]

Leo. Come! I am weary of my odious part; befides, my lord has no reafon to take it ill of you, fince, as you own, he only wanted a pretence to leave me for another.

L. Lov. Unheard-of treachery!

[*Afide.*]

Lon. I find, madam, you are defigning me a kindnefs; and, faith, 'twere pity to baulk this fit of your good-nature. Pray go on, madam; methinks I would fain have my lord fatisfied. — What a jilt you are!

[*Afide.*]

Leo. Nay, I am refolv'd he fhall know all. — In fhort, my lord, what you over-heard there, was his particular request to me, to give you a pretence for leaving me, and at the fame time to conceal his real paffion, by feigning a feigned one to me; and fince I find, my lord, that you have been long engag'd else-

where, I tell you this to let you see I have been beforehand with you.

L. *Low.* Confusion! he has been my secret rival: sure hell ne'er form'd so close an artifice! [*Aside.*

Lon. Ah! dear madam, I am obliged to you: but faith this won't do. Your humble servant—Come, my lord.

L. *Low.* No, sir, don't think it shall: tho' I have been this lady's afs, I will be yours no longer. I don't wonder now you thought her false to me!

Lon. My lord! [*Amazed.*

Leo. Fie, Mr. *Longville*, no more of this! The farce is over now, and I can't bear any thing from you, that looks so like indifference.

Lon. Confound your kindness!

Leo. Nay, I vow I ask your pardon: and since I find you are so unwilling to reveal it, 'tis not gone so far, but we may blind him still: 'tis but your seeming to use me ill again. Now, begin to rail at me.

Lon. Stupendous impudence!

L. *Low.* Insinuating slave! [*Aside.*

Leo. So! so! very well, I'll swear! ha, ha, ha!

Lon. Fury! monster!

Leo. Better yet. O! I shall die!

Lon. Harpy! fiend! devil!

Leo. Admirably well acted, I'll swear—so, now take up a little.

Lon. I shall observe you, madam.

L. *Low.* So soon instructed, sir? [*Aside.*

Lon. I find there is no remedy but patience: the more I strive, the faster I am entangled.—My lord, I must confess, I cannot wonder at your amazement; but as a token of my innocence——

[*Offering his sword to Lord Lovemore.*

Leo. Be sure you keep your countenance.

[*Aloud in his ear.*

L. *Low.* 'Sdeath, am I become your sport?

Lon. Exquisite devil! [*Astonish'd.*

L. *Low.* No, sir, keep your sword! You may have occasion for it—Farewell—[*Exit Lord Lovemore hastily.*

Lon. Confusion! he is undone. I've ruin'd both myself and him! Something must be thought on speedily.

[Leonora looks gravely on Longville, and on a sudden bursts into a loud laughter.

Leo. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lon. Very well; your tune may be chang'd, madam, my wits won't be idle.

Leo. Wit, from thee! I shall as soon dread it from a country parson: go, -sir, to your friend, he'll thank you for the pains you've taken, and certainly admire your wit. Ha, ha, ha!

Lon. Damn her, she has unman'd me, almost work'd me to the thoughts of a revenge. [Muscs.]

Leo. Ha, I see my mother coming! I'll fet her upon him to heighten my triumph.

Enter Lady Manlove.

L. Man. Well, child, have you done with Mr. Longville yet?

Leo. O, madam, the saddest accident! Poor Mr. Longville's distracted! Look how he chafes and frowns! His fit's upon him now! He abuses ev'ry one he speaks to, has almost frighted me out of my wits.

L. Man. I'll swear, I thought his behaviour this morning was a little strange; good lack! can't you guess at the occasion, child?

Leo. I don't know what to think, madam; but my Lord Lovemore tells me you are the occasion: he says, he has never been right since your ladyship protested against a second marriage.—Dear madam, won't you speak to him?

L. Man. Lord, that ever my rashness shou'd be the occasion of such a misfortune! How wild he looks?

Lon. [To himself.] To what a plunge am I reduc'd? I am not only in danger of forfeiting his friendship, but of his losing himself again to her: my life, my friend, my honour, all's in danger: for shou'd he challenge me, my innocence will not let me answer him! If I refuse, the world may think it fear. Shou'd I fight, and fortune put his life into my power, even the

gift of that were not enough to clear my honour; for in his heart he'll think me still a villain.

L. Man. Well! I can hold no longer; the poor man raves. [Weeps.

Leo. It works as I cou'd wish. [Aside.

Lon. 'Sdeath! the very thought on't makes me mad.

L. Man. If you love my life, Mr. Longville, let me know that thought, or I shall run mad too?

[Takes hold on him.

Lon. Confusion! am I fallen into her clutches?

L. Man. Dear Mr. Longville, don't be thus frighted; for I had rather break a thousand vows, than see you in this condition: all the world shan't persuade me; for I am now resolv'd to marry you.

Lon. Hark you, madam, who puts you upon this?

L. Man. Lord! wh——wh——why do you stare so? [Trembling.

Lon. To hear a woman of your years talk thus: pray, madam, how old are you?

L. Man. Why do you talk so wildly?

Lon. I say, madam, how old are you?

L. Man. Nay, dear sir, don't let my age discourage you: for I hope still to be the mother of many a dear child, provided I deserve for them by your reasonable endeavours.

Lon. Let me tell you, madam, you are now big with a false conception, and will certainly miscarry of it.

[Going.

L. Man. O! I can't part with you, while you have a thought that wrongs my honour. [Holds him.

Lon. That's impossible! thy face protects it: age and ugliness lie intrench'd in thy hollow cheeks, and bid defiance to all scandal; yet thou art every day displaying the colours of white and red, to make the world believe that thou art in action still.—Come, come, madam, you had as good give over beating up for volunteers; for the devil a man will you raise to starve in those winter-quarters. [Exit.

Leo. Ha! gone! I am afraid, madam, this madness is affected. I really believe, because I refus'd his ad-

dress'd, he was resolv'd to be reveng'd by affronting your ladyship and me.

L. Man. How! His addreses! Nay, then I'll be reveng'd! *Olivia* shall revenge me; for I will go and tell her of it immediately.

Leo. O! madam, I have such a story of him for your ladyship's ear!

L. Man. Prithee, let's in, and have it at dinner.

[Exit Lady Manlove.

Leo. What a malicious devil is this *Longville*? To rob me in one minute of the pride of all my conquests. Why let him go! I have still the glory of a brave revenge to boast. Perhaps his life may pay for't. If all the devils in our sex can ruin him, it shall! An unform'd mischief lies rolling in my thoughts, and tells me I shall triumph! That men shou'd ever match their wit with ours! What, but a woman, cou'd thus have fool'd his treacherous friend, and a resenting lover? Lovers or not, we still defy their boasted sense. But when they love, what slaves, what wretches do we make them? How easy 'tis to look them into ruin?

*If they wrong us, we seek a brave revenge,
When we are frail, we make the injur'd cringe;
Our eyes prevail, when sullen reason's deaf,
Our tears persuade 'em,——and the fools believe:
While false, we lord-like reign, and only find,
'Tis being true, that ruins womankind.*

[Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE, a dining-room in *Longville's* house.

Enter *Olivia* and *Emilia*.

E M I L I A.

PRITHEE, my dear, think better of him.

Oli. I never shall! he won't give me leave to do it.—If he valued me, or took any pleasure in my commands, he wou'd take less in my *Lady Manlove's* company. He lives there, I think.

Emi. Bless me, can you be jealous of him with a stale widow? he is no younger brother, my dear.

Oli. He is a man, consequently a thing that's vain, and loves to be admir'd.

Emi. There are such out-cast fops indeed, who, rather than not be lik'd at all, will take up with the common favours of an old lady. But I can't think my brother so necessitous a lover, having already merited the good opinion of my dear *Olivia*; nay, I must believe he merits it, or you wou'd not so often have confess'd it.

Oli. I am not ashamed to own myself in an error.

Emi. Your greatest error is your doubting him: come, you shall think better of him, 'twill oblige your friend; I am in pain while you are thus severe to him: have I no power, dear *Olivia*?

Oli. Kind *Emilia*! I cannot think thou would'st use that power, did not thy brother's innocence persuade thee. O! I cou'd devour thee for thy generous faith to him. [*Kisses her.*] And if I love him well, 'tis for his tender care for thee.

Emi. He loves me best, in loving you so faithfully. Indeed he loves you, I am sure he does: for he has taught me hitherto to avoid most women's friendship; but when I mention'd you! O! how he press'd me to my applauded choice, and charm'd me with your virtues.

Oli. This from a friend assures me to be happy: but is he not to blame, my dear?

Emi. Take it on my word, not now. 'Tis a business of concern that keeps him there, I want time to tell you what: have but a little patience, and his return will satisfy you. Prithee be good humour'd, he won't be long, I am sure: here's the harpsichord to divert us in the mean time. Come! I will have a lesson.

Oli. Prithee, I can't play. [*Uneasy.*]

Emi. Nay, I won't court you, but make you! There, there, gentlewoman. [*Pulls her to the harpsichord.*]

Oli. Lord! I am not in humour now.—Prithee, can't you send to my Lady *Manlove*'s?

Emi. Hum! I find she sticks in your stomach still.—Who's there?

Enter a servant.

Step to my Lady Manlove's, in the Pall Mall, and tell my brother here is a lady stays for him—make haste.

[Exit servant.]

[Olivia smiles on Emilia, and begins to play.]

Emi. O! have I put you in tune, madam?

[The tune ended, Emilia says]

Emi. Nay, nay, you shan't give over so! I will have a song too.

Oli. Nay, if I sing ———

Emi. If you don't, I shall be very angry, madam.

[Olivia sings.]

Tell me, Belinda, prithee do,

(The wanton Cælia said)

Since you'll allow no lover true,

(Inform a tender maid)

Are not we women fools then to be so?

Belinda smiling thus her sex betray'd:

Men have their arts, and we have eyes,

We both believe, and both tell lies;

Tho' they a thousand hearts pursue,

We love to wound as many too.

Yet still with virtue! virtue! keep a pother,

We look! we love!

We like! we leave!

We both deceive!

And thus are fools to one another.

Oli. What! is not this fellow come back yet? Well! I am out of patience.

Emi. Prithee what time did you appoint my brother, that you are so uneasy?

Oli. I sent him word to meet me at my father's at three this afternoon, where I find he has neither been, or left any word for me.

Emi. Why what o'clock do you take it to be now?

Oli. Past the hour, I am sure: 'twas after two before I came from Kensington.

Emi. To see how slowly hours move with absent lovers: now my watch wants above ten minutes of two.

Oli. I don't know, I am sure it's past three by my inclination.

Emi. Prithee set it back a little : but see, here is the messenger : now, I suppose, you may let it go as it will.

Re-enter the servant.

Did you see my brother ?

Serv. No, madam, he has not been there this half hour.

Oli. And don't they know whither he went ?

Serv. No, madam ; but my Lady *Manlove* desires to speak with your ladyship, and bid me tell you, that perhaps she can satisfy you ; if your ladyship stays here long she will wait on you.

Oli. No, no ! I'll go to her, she will be an hour a setting herself out : come, my dear, will you go along with me ? Well, I am sure I shall hear no good of him.

Emi. Perhaps not, if my Lady *Manlove* has any thing to say of him : but, however, I will bear you company. How did you come, my dear ?

Oli. O prithee make haste, my coach will carry us.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to Locket's, in the street.

Enter Lord Lovemore in a chair.

L. Lov. [To the chairmen.] Hold—[To his servant.] Step into *Locket's*, and enquire if Mr. *Longville* be there—Don't say I wou'd speak with him.

Exit servant, and returns.

Serv. He is not there, my lord, but they expect him every minute.

L. Lov. Set me down.—There. [Gives them money.]

Chair. God bless your honour. [Exit chairmen.]

Lord Lovemore goes to the door.

L. Lov. If he comes this way I am sure of him.—But I am not sure of my revenge in so public a place.—Let me see, how shall I manage him ? [Muscs.]

Major Rakish appears in the balcony smocking.

Maj. A hey ! dog ! son of a whore ! some more wine here, quick.

One speaks within, ringing a bell.

[*Within.*] Here *Tom!* *Dick!* speak there! —

Coming, sir.

Maj. Who's that, my Lord Lovemore? Ods-heart, we have staid this hour for you! Where's Charles, man! where's Charles?

L. Lov. He won't be long, I wait for him: we'll be with you presently.

Maj. Prithee make haste. Odsbud, the rarest haunch of venison and cauliflowers.—A hey! dinner there.

[Exit Major.]

L. Lov. I have thought on't; there I shall be sure of him. Hey! waiter.

Enter a waiter.

L. Lov. Have you e'er a back-room empty?

Wait. Yes, my lord, you may have the Lion.

L. Lov. When Mr. Longville comes, be sure you show us there.—

[Exit waiter.]

How basely has this man betray'd me? Had he, like a generous friend to me, confess'd himself my rival, I then had only griev'd to have found him so, and thought that *Leonora's* charms were irresistible; but, like a traitor, thus to throw a foul aspersion on my love, secretly to insinuate that I am false to her: O, 'tis the basest, lowest act of groveling treachery! Had he ten thousand lives, I would serve them all to my revenge. Ha! he is here, I'll take him while my resentment's warm.

Longville alights from another chair.

Lon. I am glad to find you here, my lord, I wou'd fain speak with you.

L. Lov. Come, let's walk up; we are staid for.

Within. Welcome, sir; please to walk this way, gentlemen.

The SCENE changes to a back-room in the house.

A waiter shows in Lord Lovemore and Longville; and exit.

Lord Lovemore claps to the door, and locks it.

Lon. Ha! so sudden! Nay, then 'twas well that I prepar'd myself.

L. Lov. You guess my meaning, sir?

Lon. I apprehend your error, and it grieves me.

L. Lov. Dost thou not blush?

Lon. For what? because a woman has outwitted me? If so, my lord, yourself should change your colour.

L. Lov. I find thou art grown an harden'd villain.

Lon. When your amazing jealousy's my judge, the worst of villains. My reason is in health, and construes nothing ill from a distemper'd friend.

L. Lov. Have I not reason to be sick of thee?

Lon. Thus far you have: when, as a friend, I offer'd you a cordial for the infection of *Leonora's* eyes, she, in revenge, persuades you 'tis poison. I cannot blame your fears; but, till you find the poison work, believe me still your friend.

L. Lov. So artful, sir! You wou'd have me respite my revenge, till you have fix'd my *Leonora*, married, and enjoy'd her. Confusion! Didst think I wou'd resign her tamely to thy arms? Monster, no; thou ne'er shalt triumph there, till thou hast made thy way thro' me. —Draw—And, if thou hast any title to her heart, dispute it like a man; for I am resolv'd, but one of us shall live to claim it.

Lon. By heav'n, you are on the brink of ruin; hear me: but—you know it is not fear that holds my arms.

L. Lov. 'Tis worse: thy close designing craft; thy aim is still to cheat me with a pretended friendship. No more; I will not give thee time to form a new evasion: therefore draw; for I have sworn to satisfy my revenge, and injur'd love.

Lon. What if I renounce all claim to *Leonora*, or bind myself by solemn contract never to speak, think of, or see her more?

L. Lov. So tame! No; even this is not enough to save thy life: for though thy despicable baseness now prompts thee to forswear thy love; yet, still thy foul detraction has for ever ruin'd mine. *Leonora* thinks me false, and only in revenge has favour'd thee. I slight thee as a rival; but, as a villain, am resolv'd to end thee—Guard thy life.

Lon. Give me but an hour's time to prove your error: nay, but a moment now! Hear me but speak!

L. Lov. Draw, or I'll nail thee to the ground.

Lon. Nay, then—By heav'n I will be heard.

[Presents a pistol.

L. Lov. Ha! What means the villain!

Lon. Stir not, as you prize your life—And now I'll own myself a villain; I mean for my betraying *Leonora*, had not you been blind to your scorn: for tho' I knew her false, I took too base a way to prove her so: nothing cou'd excuse me but the height of friendship. Were what I have done presented on a stage, all generous souls wou'd hate me for the part I have acted; but since my good intention is so ill rewarded by your ungrateful jealousy, I here retort the villain back; and in defiance of thy rage, thus arm a madman's frenzy. [Offers him another pistol.] I wou'd answer with my sword; but, as you know, being disabled by a late wound in my arm, I thought if you were resolv'd on death, this was the surer way too for one of us to find him: now make your choice, my lord.

[L. Lov. takes one.

L. Lov. Now thou art a worthy rival: no more, but both retire; and then advancing, as our fate directs us, never let us meet again.

[They advance from each end of the room, and fire at one another; Lon. falls.

Lon. Now *Leonora's* yours: fly, my lord, and save yourself.

L. Lov. No, I have kill'd thee bravely, therefore will not fly: thy life was forfeited to thy breach of friendship; and, though the law has no regard to an honourable revenge, yet there's a higher power that controuls its rigour, where I am sure so just an action will have mercy.

Within. Open the door there! Open the door.

L. Lov. Who are you?

Y. Ra. Friends, my lord; your friends.

Within. Hey! A lever there! Let's break it open.

L. Lov. You shall not need. [Unlocks the door.] Now, gentlemen, you may enter.

Enter the Major, Young Rakish, a gentleman, and several people of the house.

Maj. Why, how now, my lord! What the devil, have you more stomach to a brace of bullets, than a good slice of venison? A pox on your forc'd meat, odd-bud I don't like it.—Why, what's the matter, man?

Y. Ra. Ha! *Longville* wounded!

Gent. Pray, my lord, how came this?

L. Lov. That you shall know another time; let it suffice, I own myself the man that kill'd him: I glory in the action, and will answer it to the law.—Pray, gentlemen, keep out the crowd; for I wou'd not give fools a holiday before my time.

Maj. Clear the room there—You dog, run for a surgeon quickly.—Let's see, what is there no hopes? Here, here, *Jacky*, help him a little.—[*They set him in a chair.*—]What a devil, is he quite gone! Plague on't, now must I go to law with his executors for my five hundred pounds: why what an unfortunate son of a whore wert thou to leave it in his hands!

Y. Ra. Any hands but yours, dear daddy. Ha! he stirs.

Maj. Ah, dear *Charles*, the five hundred pounds! What hast thou done with it? Speak, speak, my dear boy, where is't?

Y. Ra. 'Sdeath, sir, is that a question to ask a dying man?

Maj. It is too much money, sir, for a dying man to run away with.

Gent. Here, some fair water there.

Lon. [*Rising.*] I am obliged to you for your care, gentlemen; but, at present, there is no occasion for it.

Maj. What a devil, does he walk before he is dead?

Y. Ra. Why how now, *Charles*! Alive again, and unhurt! How is't?

L. Lov. Ha! what devil has instructed him thus to baffle my revenge?

Lon. And now, my lord, I'll prove myself again your friend: I fear'd your jealousy wou'd break into some extravagance; and to deceive its rage, took care to arm you with an unloaded pistol: I knew the noise

would bring in people to prevent a sudden mischief, and give me time to clear my innocence; which, if I now don't convince you of in an hour, dare me to the field; if I refuse you then, think me a villain still, and post me for a coward.—If you believe I speak this out of fear, my lord, you wrong your conscience: for I have giv'n proof, when your occasions call'd me, that I esteem'd my honour more than life.

L. *Low*. I own it true, and 'tis that thought encourages me to embrace the offer; in the mean time, I will struggle with my reason to believe thee innocent.

Maj. Look you, my lord, though I know nothing at all of this business, yet I know *Charles* is a very honest fellow, and I'll stand by him. If he must have occasion for a second, oddsbud, old *Dick's* his humble servant.

[Claps *Lon.* on the back.

Y. *Ra*. Nay then, fir, little *Jacky's* oblig'd in honour to be my lord's.

Maj. Well said, wickedness: there's an ingenious dog! Now, rather than be out of mischief, will he fight with his own father.

Y. *Ra*. Why faith, old gentleman, you have liv'd out of all conscience; and, unless I make an hole in your lungs, I find I shall never make one in your estate.

Maj. It's a good lad!—Why thou wilt have a thousand pounds a year, my little *Jacky*, if thou art not hang'd before I die.

Enter a waiter.

Wait. Gentlemen, your dinner is upon the table.

Maj. Come, come, walk in my lord, I am resolv'd to see you friends again.

L. *Low*. I shall be glad of an occasion, fir.

Lon. Fear not, my lord, my honour is engag'd to give it you.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to Lady Manlove's house.

Enter *Trifle* and *Lettice*.

Tri. Well, *Lettice*, this is a rare family we live in: for, what between the amours of my Lady *Leonora*, and

the over-fondness of her mother my Lady *Manlove*, we are in a very fair way of making our fortunes.

Let. Nay, for my part, I have no reason to complain; for if I have but a mind to a particular suit of knots, or a gown of my lady's, 'tis but commending her complexion in a quite contrary colour, and the business is done; and if you have but a new intrigue to entertain her with, her soul's your own. O law! did I never tell you how she serv'd an amorous book of Major *Rakish's* t'other day.

Tri. No; prithee how was it?

Let. Why you must know last week she borrow'd a *French* novel of him; and, being told there was one deadly smutty page in it, she very discreetly begg'd him to double it down, that she might be sure to avoid it: but when she gave him the book again, that poor page was more thumb'd and blurr'd, than the beginning of a school-boy's accident.

Tri. Ha, ha! and no doubt but she took more pains to get it by heart. But hark you, *Lettice*, now you talk of a school-boy, how stands your affair with my lady's son, *Mas* *Johnny*?

Let. O in a very fair way, I can assure you. He pretends to comply with his mother's design in going to *St. Omers*; but I know it's only his cunning, to try whether or no I shall be concern'd to part with him: now I am unwilling to lose him by being too forward, and am resolv'd to drive things to an extremity before I consent to marry him.

Tri. How! to marry him; why I thought you only design'd to make a fool of him.

Let. Why that's making an husband of him, I think: O dear, here comes my lady; I'll tell you more anon.

Enter a gentleman, with Olivia, Emilia, and Lady Manlove.

Gent. [To Olivia.] What I have told you, madam, is word for word as I had it from Mr. *Longville's* own mouth. Well, ladies, I have perform'd my duty, and now must beg your pardon: I left him at *Locket's*, and promised him to return immediately.

L. Man. Cousin, your servant.

Oli. Sir, I thank you, I am glad you have eased us of our fears.

Gent. Madam, your humble servant. [*Exit Gent.*]

Emi. Now, my dear, I hope you are satisfied of my brother's truth.

Oli. It seems my lord is not yet satisfied of his friendship.

Emi. But you hear he has engag'd to convince him of it in an hour.

Oli. When he does that, I shall know how to settle my opinion.

Enter to them Leonora.

Leo. Ladies, your servant: I hope you have heard Mr. *Longville* is alive still.

Emi. Yes, madam, and I hope will live to give a proof very shortly both of his love and friendship.

Leo. As for his friendship, that I can't answer for; but, I confess, I have no reason to complain of him as a lover.

Oli. How, madam!

Emi. You have no reason to complain of him as a lover!

L. Man. O dear ladies! is that such news to you? Well, I find of all people, your near relations never trust one another with their love-secrets.

Emi. This insolence is insupportable! [*Aside.*] Pray, madam, what proof has my brother ever given of his love to you?

Leo. Nay, I can't swear that he has given any certain proof; for now-a-days men offer marriage as their interest directs them, not their love.

Oli. I see women are more vain, than men are false. Now, madam, I am concern'd, and I must tell you, you are the last of womankind cou'd make me so far jealous of Mr. *Longville*: I know the race of man wou'd fall, were only he and you alive to raise it.

Leo. I see vanity, madam, is a raging vice among our sex; and, when it meets with a disappointment, it gnaws itself to envy. [*Scornfully.*]

Oli. Yes, and revenge too, madam; which I find

is now your aim for Mr. *Longville's* disappointing you of my Lord *Lovemore*.

Leo. All happiness, madam, is opinion ; believe he loves you, and you are happy still.

Oli. No, madam, let opinion be your security, I will be contented with demonstration : were there no other way to satisfy my Lord *Lovemore's* jealousy, I would marry him this very minute.

Emi. [*To Leo*.] Dear madam, say all the provoking things you can to make her pursue that resolution, if it be but to heighten your own triumph.

Leo. How, madam ! marry him this very minute ? Why sure you wou'd not ravish him ; for I can never believe he will consent to it.

Oli. You are not the first lady, madam, that has mistaken good manners for love.

Leo. Nor he the first man, madam, that has conceal'd his love with good manners. Look you, madam, not that I am fond of publishing my conquest ; but if you will give me leave, I will write to him this very minute, and you shall judge what interest I have in him by his answer.

Oli. You had as good let it alone, madam ; it's ten to one but he disappoints you again.

Leo. However, madam, you will give me leave to try my power. [*Smiling*.] Some pens and paper there.

Oli. What are you going to do, madam ?

Leo. To write to Mr. *Longville*, madam.

Oli. [*Pausing*.] ————— I declare it, she provokes me ! ————— And dare you let me see what you write, madam ?

Leo. Freely, madam, if you'll give yourself the trouble.

Oli. Pshah ! ————— Well, madam ! pray give me leave to write to him too ?

Leo. All the reason in the world, madam.

Oli. I am amaz'd ! Why, madam, will you write to him ?

Leo. With your permission, madam.

Oli. Sure, I don't understand you ! I mean to Mr. *Longville*.

Leo. Ay, ay! to Mr. Charles Longville, this lady's brother: I will write to him to meet me within half an hour at Mrs. Siam's, the *India-house*, in St. James's-street; and, for both our satisfactions, do you appoint him in another place at the very same time.

Enter a servant with pens and paper.

Oli. So positive! This is to convince you, madam.

[Sits to write.]

Emi. [*To Leo.*] I don't know what your meaning may be; but I am sure, madam, my brother will be oblig'd to you for his happiness. You'll gain him more in one minute, as her pretended rival, than half an age of love cou'd purchase him.

Leo. [*Afids.*] Poor easy fool! His happiness! no his ruin, or my wit shall fail me.

[Sits to write.]

Emi. [*To Lady Man.*] Methinks, madam, this is a very odd undertaking, for a couple of ladies to draw two several bills upon a gentleman's heart, and both payable at sight: 'tis well if he don't prove a true banker, and make them wait his leisure for the payment.

L. Man. O madam! the fund of love is never so low; young men have always a little running cash to supply a present occasion.

Emi. Ay, madam, but one had as good be without it. It is commonly upon very hard conditions.

L. Man. I'll swear, madam, there you are in the right; for now-a-days, a woman can no more expect to receive a billet-doux in honourable love, than a bill of exchange in all ready money.

Emi. Ay, madam! You see what ill women and clip-pers have brought us to!

L. Man. Nay, madam, don't lay the fault upon us poor women; for, to my knowledge, 'tis the false men, that offer their base love.

Emi. But the women——take it, madam.

L. Man. Not all of them, madam, as you wou'd say yourself, if you knew what severe repulses I have given young *Rakish*: nay, I can assure you the old gentleman, the major too, has made his attempts. Well,

madam, if I thought you wou'd be secret, I cou'd tell you more too——

Emi. Than I desire to know, I find! [*Aside.*] If you please, madam, another time. Well——have you done, ladies?

Leo. Yes, madam, I have finish'd mine.

Oli. I have but two words more——So!

Leo. Now, madam, if you please we will read 'em.

(*Leonora reads her letter.*)

“ My resolution still holds of meeting you in half an hour (according to your first appointment) at Mrs. Siam's; dear Mr. Longville, be careful of my Lord Lovemore, whom you will find it hard to over-reach a second time: while he is deluded, nothing can disturb the happiness of your

“ L E O N O R A . ”

Emi. Phoo! She'll never send this letter.—Come, my dear, now let's hear yours.

(*Olivia reads.*)

“ The town is in a very scandalous story, concerning your quarrel with my Lord Lovemore. Pray let me see you at my father's in half an hour; for I am impatient, till I know the real truth: fail not a minute, as you prize the quiet of your

“ O L I V I A . ”

Emi. The quiet of your Olivia! Nothing but death I am sure will hinder him from obeying so kind a summons.

Leo. Very well! If you'll give me leave, madam, I will seal it for you.

Oli. O! I won't trouble you, madam.

Leo. No trouble, madam: pray oblige me. [*Oli. gives Leo. the letter.*] Have you your seal about you, madam? [*To L. Man.*]

L. Man. I must know your design. [*Aside.*] Ay, child!

[*L. Man. pretends to be some time feeling for her seal.*]

Leo. [*Softly to L. Man.*] Now, madam, do you keep them in discourse a little, while I alter one word in her letter.

L. Man. Ha! What word?

Leo. Instead of her father's, I will put in Mrs. *Siam's*, the very same place Mr. *Longville* is to meet me at.

L. Man. Admirable! But what will you do with your own letter?

Leo. That I will take care, by a pretended mistake, shall come to my Lord *Lovemore's* hands. Ask no more questions, madam; give me the seal quickly.

L. Man. O! now I have found it!—There, child. [*Aloud.*] [*L. Man. gives Leo. the seal, and goes to the ladies; while they seem to talk, Leo. alters the letter, and seals it.*]

Leo. There's your letter, madam. [To *Oli.*

Oli. Who's there's?

Enter a servant to Olivia.

Here! step to *Locket's*, and give this letter to Mr. *Longville*! If you don't find me here, bring me an answer to my father's.

Leonora offering to seal her own letter.

Oli. Hold, madam! once more to my satisfaction, let me see if this be the same letter you show'd me?

Leo. The consequence wou'd have convinc'd you, madam; but I can't blame you for believing your eyes.

Oli. 'Tis the same. [*She returns it to Leo. who seals it.* Pray let me see you send it, however.

Leo. Within there!

Enter a servant to Leonora.

Run with this to Mr. *Longville*, at *Locket's*. [*He is going.*] D'ye hear! ——— Stay below till farther order. [*Softly.*] It requires no answer, make haste again.

[*Aloud.*

Oli. Emilia! are you not amaz'd? You see she has sent the letter! He will not meet her, sure!

Emi. I know not what to think!

Oli. Wou'd I had never sent him mine: I begin to fear her now.

Emi. Don't let her see you do. I am as impatient of the event as thou art.

Oli. Dear *Emilia*, go with me to my father's, I am in a thousand fears, and dare not trust myself alone.

Emi. Ladies, your servant.

Leo. Your servant, madam.

L. Man. Dear ladies, your most essential humble servant. [*Exeunt.*]

Leo. *Trifle!*

Enter Trifle.

Tri. Madam.

Leo. Look me out a hood, and scarf, and mask, and bid *Sam* come to me.

Tri. Yes, madam.

L. Man. [*Aside.*] I am resolv'd to encourage her in this design, because it forwards my revenge upon Mr. *Longville*, for slighting the advances I made him.— Well, my dear, while you are pursuing this affair, I'll take care to dispatch your brother *Johnny*; when he is once dispos'd of, let me alone to manage the estate; the sturdy oaks shall bow their heads, I'll make them know their mistrefs. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter the servant to Leonora.

Leo. Have you my letter?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Leo. Go to *Locket's*, and send it up to my Lord *Lovemore* by a waiter; if my lord questions you about it, face him down you bid the fellow give it to Mr. *Longville*. [*Exit Serv.*] I think my project cannot fail; for by my lord's resentment, or *Olivia's* jealousy, any way my ends are answered. It has all the various motions of a clock, and points me to the day, the hour, nay, the very minute of revenge. [*Exit.*]

The SCENE changes to Locket's.

Lord Lovemore, Longville, the Major, his son, and a gentleman, are drinking at a table.

Maj. Odsbud, my lord, you are not merry: I am sure *Charles* is a very honest fellow; but you don't look as if you were heartily reconcil'd to him: pox o' these handsome young jades, they are good for nothing but to put people out of humour!

L. Lov. You mistake me, sir, I am very merry; and to satisfy you that I am not out of humour, pray, sir, lend me the flask. Come, sir, [*to Long.*] to a right understanding between us.

Lon. I thank you, my lord: I don't like this ceremony.

Enter a waiter with Olivia's servant at the door.

Wait. Is Mr. Longville here, gentlemen?

Lon. Ay! who wou'd speak with me?

Wait. A footman waits at the door, sir.

Foot. Sir, I have a letter for you.

Lon. Ha! from Olivia! [*Reads.*] Um!—um!—Let me see you at Mrs. Siam's in half an hour—Humph! How comes she to fancy that place—Um!—Um!—Fail not as you prize the quiet of your—Olivia.—So kind! This is fortunate! if I can persuade her in this humour to make me some acknowledgments before my lord; sure, that must convince him of my innocence. [*He whispers the footman, who goes out.*] Gentlemen, I must ask your pardon; I have a little urgent business fallen out.—And now, my lord, I propose in less than an hour, to give you the satisfaction I promis'd you.

L. Lov. Where shall I find you?

Lon. If you please, my lord, at my own house.

L. Lov. I'll not fail.

[*Walks apart.*]

Lon. Come, gentlemen, I'll make the venison mine. There.

[*Throws down two guineas.*]

Y. Ra. O fie, Charles! Your club is not half this, by no means.

Maj. Let's see! let's see! [*Snatching 'em out of Y. Ra. hand*] What is't? Two guineas! Odsheart, this is too much of all conscience! Why, what dost thou mean?

Lon. Gentlemen, I brought you hither.

Maj. [*Pausing.*] Well!—a— I'll pay your club, Charles: don't forget to ask me for the overplus.

[*Puts them into his pocket.*]

Y. Ra. Humph! If he does, sir, you will put him in mind on't I suppose.

Maj. Why what's that to you, fauce! What have you to say to it?

Y. Ra. Nay, sir, nothing at all, not I: the guineas are good guineas, and, in my opinion, they are in very good hands too.

Maj. What you have a mind to finger 'em, have you? Brats! Humh!

Y. Ra. No, fir, I seldom meddle under five hundred.

Maj. Odso! that's true, my little *Jacky!* *Charles!* the five hundred pounds, you forgot that, my dear boy.

Lon. I ask your pardon, major: but I have left it below. [*To a waiter.*] Bid your master send me up that money I gave him. [*Exit waiter.*]

Y. Ra. Pshaw! you need not give yourself that trouble, *Charles*; I have no great occasion for it now.

Maj. Humh! that's true again, my little *Jacky!* But you know a body wou'd be sure 'tis safe! Humh!

The waiter returns, and gives the money to Longville.

Lon. [*To the gent.*] Dear *Ned*, I must engage you to be trustee: if the major won't come to composition, keep it till I see you again: my lord, your humble servant; gentlemen, I am yours.

Maj. O, that's well! But prithee *Ned*, let's see if it be right, my dear boy.

Offering to take it from the gent. *Y. Ra.* pulls him by the sleeve.

Y. Ra. Hark you, fir! I am considering what will be my best way to dispose of this money.

Maj. Humh! Dispose of it, didst thou say, *Newgate!* Humh!

Y. Ra. Ay, fir, for you know these are very good times to improve ready-money in.

Maj. Ay, and impudence too, my little *Jacky*: for now-a-days if a man have but a good brazen face, it does not signify whether he has any money in his pocket, or no.

Y. Ra. Why, therefore, fir, I consider'd, 'twas no great matter how little you carried about you.

Maj. It's a good lad! Hark you, *Jacky!*—Was you never out of countenance?

Y. Ra. Humh! Yes, fir, for you sometimes; as last night, when you cheated me of my fifty guineas.

Maj. That face will get the dog an estate in time. — Well! then thou hast a mind to improve this money, *Jacky?*

Y. Ra. Ay, fir, if you wou'd but put me into a way.

Maj. Why so I will, my little *Jacky*; I'll tell thee what thou shalt do with it presently. Let's see! What, is it all in gold?

[Offering towards it, Y. Ra. steps before him.]

Y. Ra. O! you need not trouble yourself to look upon it, fir, it's all gold to my knowledge.

Gent. Come! Faith, major, to make an end of the business, you shall ev'n divide it; that is, give your son one half in hand, and (as a careful father ought) lay up the other, till his occasions call for it.

Maj. Ay!——That is, give him all, and take the rest to myself! Why really, if it were not for a little scandal, a sharper is a very good trade, I see.

Y. Ra. What's that to you, fir? Damme! A sharper! I suppose you have a mind to tilt for it?

Maj. I shou'd make a very poor dog of thee, *Jacky*, if it were to be decided that way: that's a good look however.

[Aside.]

Y. Ra. If you think so, fir, I wou'd have you try.

Maj. Say'tt thou so, my little *Jacky*? with all my heart——Odsbud, I have a trick to over-reach the dog. [Aside.] Lock ye, *Ned*! lay the money fairly upon the table——Now draw, *Jacky*, scabbard and all, my dear boy; for I wou'd not willingly thrust a sword into my own bowels. I'll only shew thee what old *Jack* cou'd do upon occasion; judgment, my lord.

L. Lov. How now, major; what, fencing upon a full stomach?

Y. Ra. Only exchanging a thrust or two, my lord, for a little money.

Maj. Ay, ay! for every thrust I receive, thou shalt have a hundred pounds, *Jacky*; but if I disfarm thee, not one farthing.

Y. Ra. Done! fir.

Maj. Done! my little *Jacky*.

Gent. Well! gentlemen, are you agreed? Shall it be decided this way?

Y. Ra. Ay, ay, fir, we are agreed: come, old gentleman!

Maj. Look you, my lord, here's my guard! here I stand! and there's my hat. [*Throws it by.*] Are you ready, *Jacky*?

Y. Ra. Ay, fir; come on!

Maj. And there's my wig, you dog.

[*Flings it in his face, and disarms him.*]

Y. Ra. 'Sdeath and hell! Sir, you don't think I'll take this?

[*The major draws his sword, and seizes the money.*]

Maj. Tum! tum! dum! &c. [*Sings carelessly.*]

Y. Ra. Damme! fir, I expect fair play for the money.

Maj. Tum! tum! dum!

[*Keeping him off with his sword.*]

Y. Ra. Judgment! Gentlemen, is this fair?

L. Lov. Faith, *Jack*, all that I can say to the business is—that the old gentleman has been too hard for thee.

Gent. Nay, you were disarm'd, that's certain.

Maj. [*Looking his son in the face.*] Tum! tum! dum!
&c. [*Pockets the money.*]

Y. Ra. Here! Waiter, what's to pay? [*Out of humour.*]

Maj. A bill here for the gentleman! Sir, my humble service to you.

Y. Ra. Sir; I don't care for drinking.

Enter a waiter, with a bill and a letter.

Wait. Here's a letter for your lordship.

L. Lov. Who brought it?

Wait. A footman below, my lord.

L. Lov. Bid him stay.— [*Exit L. Lov.*]

Maj. Here, you, stay and take your reckoning; whose money's this?

Gent. It's my Lord *Lovemore's*, fir, and there's mine.

Maj. Why how now, *Jacky*? What, melancholy! I find thou art a true *Englishman*, always dull at the payment of a reckoning.—Well! Hang-dog, in consideration of some late misfortunes, I don't much care if I treat thee to-day.—There.— [*Exit waiter.*]

Tum! tum! dum! [*Going away singing.*]

Y. Ra. So! I find he is resolv'd to carry off the mo-

ney! 'Sdeath, I'll try if I can bully him into composition.—Hark you, fir, if you are not in extraordinary haste, may I beg the favour to know whither you are going?

Maj. Why do'st thou ask, my dear smock-face?

Y. Ra. Because, fir, I have some reason to believe it may be to my Lady *Manlove's*; and let me tell you, fir, it won't be convenient; for I am going thither.

[*Surlily.*]

Maj. [*Pausing.*] Hast thou nothing else to say to me, Brags? Humh!

Y. Ra. If you do go, fir, perhaps you may repent it: for in plain terms—I shall not care to see you there.

Maj. Very good!

Y. Ra. You will disturb us, fir.—

Maj. Disturb you! Humh!

Y. Ra. Then I shall grow angry, fir.—

Maj. Shalt thou?

Y. Ra. I hear, fir, you make pretences there.—

Maj. Do'st thou?

Y. Ra. And I advise you, as a friend, to give them over.

Maj. [*Pausing.*] Say no more, my little *Jacky*. [*Going.*]

Y. Ra. Sir, I have a great deal more to say. [*Stays him.*]

Maj. Say it.

Y. Ra. Why then, fir, I won't bear a rival in my love.

Maj. Is this all? is this all? you dear blushing rogue you? [*Pinching his cheek.*]

Y. Ra. In short, fir, I find your good-nature and my fortune are so very low, that I am resolv'd to marry her.

Maj. To marry her! very good!—Now, but upon condition, I will give thee back this five hundred pounds, if thou wilt renounce all claim to her; is not it so, my little *Jacky*? Come! speak, you dear rogue.

Y. Ra. Why, look you, fir, in consideration that you are my father, — and a gentleman that I have a kindness for, make it a thousand pounds, and I'll have no more to say to her.

Maj. A thousand pounds, my little *Jacky*!—Wilt thou bate me nothing?

Y. Ra. I am always at a word, sir.

Maj. At a word, my little *Jacky*! Nay, then, for a quiet life, d'ye see, I will give thee—I will give thee—let me see, what shall I give thee?—I'll give thee; I will give thee—[*Pauses.*] The devil a groat, my little *Jacky*. [Exit *Maj. and Gent.*]

Y. Ra. So! Now may I go hang myself—'Sdeath, is there no way to be reveng'd of this old fellow?—Ha!—'Egad, my Lady *Manlove* has given me encouragement: her jointure's worth two thousand pounds a year, besides the guardianship of her son. Let me see; here's revenge, a good estate, marriage, and an old woman all together in one dish. Now to consult my stomach a little; revenge is a pretty hollow bit, that's the truth on't; and two thousand pounds a year is well enough for a young fellow to piddle upon: but then again, marriage is hell, and an old woman the devil.—Humh! 'Egad, and so is any woman after a month's possession. Pox on't, I'll ev'n humour my good fortune, and pursue her; and so, dear daddy, look to your hits. Old! why so much the better; wou'd she were four-score: for, 'egad, upon second thoughts, when a man is to be noos'd, who the devil wou'd complain to be ty'd up in a rotten halter? [Exit.]

Re-enter Lord Loremore, with the letter open.

L. Lov. Confusion! is this the proof he gives me of his innocence? But I'll not leave a thought unsatisfied. Here, waiter!

Enter a waiter.

Where's the fellow that brought this letter?

Wait. Here he is, my lord.

Enter Leonora's servant.

L. Lov. Come hither, friend; to whom had you orders to give this letter?

Serv. What letter, my lord?

L. Lov. Why this letter from your lady.

Serv. O dear, I brought a letter to Mr. *Longville*; I hope your lordship has not open'd it.

L. Lov. This fellow told me 'twas for me.

Serv. O Lord, I am undone! As I hope to be fav'd, my lord, I only ask'd if your lordship was here; because my lady charg'd me not to give it Mr. Longville before your lordship. Why, did not I bid you give the letter to Mr. Longville? [To the waiter.

Wait. I beg your pardon, my lord; I understood him your lordship.

Serv. O dear! I shall be turn'd away. Pray, my lord, let me have the letter again, I'll try to seal it. O! I am ruin'd; what shall I do?

L. Lov. Fear not, I will take care of thee; it requires no answer. [*Exeunt.*] Ha! There's yet another proof behind; she tells him here she will meet him at Mrs. Siam's, according to his first appointment. There will I wait for him. If he keeps his word——If! why do I doubt it? Does not every circumstance convince me that he will? O there is no security in man! Here might the world expect that I shou'd curse my stars, and raging, vow revenge: but I (so soft is my relenting nature) cou'd weep to see how men can damn themselves. But what is impossible to women's eyes? Had he not lov'd, he might have still been honest; for he has given me proof, in danger and distress, both of his courage and fidelity: but now, with one infectious glance of a resifless woman, his tainted soul breaks out in an ungrateful villain, and a coward.

*Men may a thousand ways their virtue prove,
Yet still be counterfeit, when touch'd with love.* [Exit.

A C T IV.

The SCENE, Lady Manlove's house.

Enter Lady Manlove and Father Benedic.

Father B E N E D I C.

MADAME, vat you tellà me about your son, is one ver' glorieuse action: you fall 'avè your reward in the toder varle; for, vidout doubt, de best

vay to dispose of your shile, is to put 'im in de vay to heav'n.

L. *Man.* Why truly, father, I always had an inclination to the church: but you must know, fir, I found my son *Johnny* had naturally a quick wit, therefore I knew a good education wou'd spoil my design. Now, fir, that nothing might be wanting on my side, I have taken care to breed him at a private country school; and notwithstanding the natural dullness of his master, I gave him a particular charge to keep him in ignorance: for I all along design'd him for a churchman.

F. *Ben.* O! dat is vel, madame! Ma foy! some time d' ignorance in de priestè is ver' necessarie to support de cause of de shursh; vor, ven de paisant see dat de pristè doe himselof b'lieve all de mysterie of de religion, den de paisant vil b'lievè too: botè ven de priestè be vise man, neider de priestè nor de paisant believè nothing at all.

L. *Man.* Indeed, father, 'tis a great misfortune to the church, that the wicked laity can't be confin'd from believing according to their erroneus reason.

F. *Ben.* O! you say ver' vel, madame! May foy, it vu'd be moch great deal better for de shursh, if dey hade no raison at all! Vell! Madame, vere is your sone?

L. *Man.* He is making himself ready for his journey. Pray, fir, let me beg of you to use your utmost authority; for you'll find him a stubborn creature, and very hard to be kept under.

F. *Ben.* Me warr', madame! lette me alone, lette me alone.

L. *Man.* Really, fir, I am almost asham'd to give you all this trouble! Pray accept of these fifty pieces, as an earnest of my acknowledgments.

F. *Ben.* Ah! Fi! Madame, de shursh no take de money.

L. *Man.* Nay, dear fir, I won't be refus'd.

F. *Ben.* Umh! Vell! Madame, if you please mee vill byy your sonne some booka. [*Takes the purse.*] Vere is he, madame, vere is he?

L. *Man.* Putting on his boots below, fir; the young

rogue is so fond of being on horseback, that nothing will serve him but riding post to *Harwich*.

F. Ben. Dat is vell, madame, me vill go putte on my boota too.

L. Man. Dear sir, I am afraid, that riding so hard will discompose you.

F. Ben. O! madame! note at all! Ven de prieste doe undertake to promote de cause of de shursh, he always goe vip and spur, vip and spur, like de diable.

——Adieu, madame. [*Exeunt severally.*]
Enter Mass Johnny, ready dressed for his journey, and Lettice following him in tears.

M. Jo. What doest thou dangle after me for?

Lett. Well, 'squire, I knew the time when you wou'd ha' been glad that I wou'd ha' follow'd you: but I find now you never lov'd me. [*Cries.*]

M. Jo. It's a lie! — I did love you, so I did! — and so I do still.

Lett. And can you have the heart to leave me then?

M. Jo. Remember the back closet up two pair of stairs, young gentlewoman. — Yaah! you cou'd squall louder then, when I did but offer to see whether you garter'd above knee, or no.

Lett. Why, I don't garter above knee; you may feel here then? [*Sobbing.*]

M. Jo. What do I care! I won't feel there, I'll feel which way I please, or I won't stay.

Lett. No, 'squire, you are mistaken in me, I am not such a one neither; I'll die before I'll be your whore.

M. Jo. And I will be hang'd, before I will be your fool. — Why, *Dick!* why dost not get the horses ready?

Lett. You shall not leave me then. — [*She hangs upon his arm.*] If you will stay, I will be kinder to you: Do but try me till to-morrow; I won't cry out no more, indeed now. You shall tie my garter where you please, if you won't go.

M. Jo. Will you let's bufs you then? [*Surlily.*]

Lett. Yes! in a civil way. [*Kisses her.*]

M. Jo. Well! but will you promise to love me now? and be free with a body?

Lett. I'll love you as long as I live, if you won't leave me. [*Cries.*]

M. Jo. Well, well! what do you whawle for?

Lett. I am sure, 'twou'd break my heart to part with you! Pray, dear 'squire, don't go.

M. Jo. What d'ye keep such a baaling for? I tell you, I won't go:—Let's bufs you again.

Lady Manlove seeing them, stops at the door.

L. Man. What's here? my young rogue, and that impudent quean in close conference?—I'll observe them.

M. Jo. But will you promise to marry me to-day, if I won't go?

L. Man. So!

[*Aside.*]

Lett. Marry you! ay! poor fool! You may be sure on't. [*Aside.*] But won't you forsake me then, and use me ill?

M. Jo. I tell you, I won't use you ill, you fool you.

L. Man. O! I han't patience, the rogue's just ruining my design!—Why, how now, firrah! What are you doing there?—and you, *Mrs. Flirt*, I'll teach you to debauch my son! I will, you flinking jade you.

M. Jo. What d'ye strike her for, mother? What d'ye strike her for? You shan't strike her no more?

[*Interposing.*]

L. Man. How! firrah! shall not strike her! you saucy rogue! I will fell you to the ground.

M. Jo. Wu'll yee?—I'll try that—[*He holds her bands.*]—Now strike me to the ground? can't you? Let's see you strike me now? [*They struggle.*]

Lett. [*Aside.* What an unfortunate discovery was this? to be caught just as we had agreed upon articles: but, however, I don't fear him, for I know he will marry me now, if it be only to contradict his mother.—Dear 'squire, don't anger my lady so! Pray, sir, let go.

M. Jo. Why, if she will be quiet, with all my heart, I don't meddle with her. [*Lets go his hold.*]

L. Man. O! O! the rogue has sprain'd my arms, I shall not be able to stir them this twelvemonth.

Lett. I am glad to hear that; then I shall have a cessation of double-fists this twelvemonth. [*Aside.*]

M. Jo. Look you, mother, I am sorry for't, I did not design you no harm, not I: but why shou'd you offer to strike the poor girl so?

L. Man. Sirrah, what's that to you? How dare you justify her?

M. Jo. Why, may be, I have a kindness for her, what then! and look ye, mother, to tell you the truth, indeed, I do think you ought to be acquainted with the business: you must know, I—I design to marry her.

L. Man. And dare you tell me this to my face, sirrah?

M. Jo. Why, how shou'd I tell it you behind your back?

L. Man. Sirrah! how dare you think of such a thing? You jackanapes!

M. Jo. Don't 'ee caal me names, mother, don't 'ee caal me names: but if I do think on't, how can I help it? And pray, why shou'd not I think on't as well as you? I suppose you thought of a husband, and why shou'd not I think of a wife? You have had your swinge already! 'Icod my vather was noa flincher: was not I born of your body, pray? and why shou'd not I get somebody, upon somebody else's body?

L. Man. Was ever heard such impudence! Sirrah! I shall turn over a new leaf with you: your governor shall know what a wicked rogue you are! I'll make him flea your backside for you!

M. Jo. I don't believe you will! 'Icod, an' he meddles with me, I may chance to lay him upon his back: he fleys my backside! He! kifs——won't he?

L. Man. So, sir! this is very fine language.

M. Jo. Lettice, do you slip away into my chamber, and I will come to you presently—— [Exit Lettice.]

Enter Father Benedic booted, &c.

L. Man. O father! I am glad you are come; your pupil here, my son *Johnny*, has been making love to one of my impudent maids, tells me to my face, he will marry her, he won't go his journey, not he!

F. Ben. Letta me alone, letta me alone. Come, come, madame, 'tis better to give him de good vard:——

how you do, young gentleman; 'ow you do? Me fall be ver' glade to 'ave de care of you.

M. Jo. Ay, and you had best have a care of me.

F. Ben. You no feara dat; dat is ver' vell: now you be one good shile. *[Pats him on the head.]*

M. Jo. What d'ye tap me o' th' head for? *[Surlily.]*

F. Ben. O! me lose you, Maitre Jeanny, me lose you. *[Chucks his chin.]*

M. Jo. Let my chin alone, wu'll ye?

[Strikes away his hand.]

F. Ben. Vat you mean? strikea me! Vat you mean? Me fall 'ave de vip for you.

M. Jo. Who's that you will have the whip for, you loggerhead you? Who will you have the whip for, ha?

[Doubling his fist.]

F. Ben. Loggerhate!-Jernie bleu! Vat is dat loggerhate?

M. Jo. You may go look; it's such a fool as you are.

F. Ben. De fool! a ha! me onderstanda dat ver' vell! You calla me de fool! humph!

M. Jo. Why, don't you hear I do, dunderpate?

F. Ben. Dunderpate! Je vous prie, madame, vat is dat dunderpate?

L. Man. O! a very scurrilous name, won't you break his head for't?

F. Ben. O! letta me alone, madame: ecoutes, Maitre Jeanny, vat vil you say, if vor de loggerhate, vor de fool, and for de dunderpate, me fall give you one, two, tree slaps of d'shops, Maitre Jeanny, humh!

M. Jo. Why, I say if you give me such another word, I may chance to wipe you crass the jaws.

F. Ben. Ver' vell! Vere is de reverence you 'ave vor my personne?

M. Jo. O Lord, sir! I do sir-reverence your person.

F. Ben. Alloons, dono aska me de pardonne, aska me de pardonne.

M. Jo. Ask your pardon, for what? for what? Can you tell, you owl you? Ask your pardon—Here, give the poor boy his hat!—There! now I ask your pardon.—

[He strikes off his hat and peruke, and discovers the circle upon the priest's head.]

M. Jo. [Staring upon him.] A hey! What a dickens have we got here?

F. Ben. Ah! que grande malheure! Vat fall me doe? Il a decouper in a couronne.

L. Man. Undone! ruin! I shall never get the rogue to go now.

M. Jo. [To F. Ben.] Pray, fir, what trade are you?

L. Man. He is no trade, firrah; but a civil sober gentleman, that I have prevail'd with to be your governor.

M. Jo. He my governor! What, to make a Papish of me? Look you, mother, as for religion d'ye see, truly——I can't well say what I am of: but 'Icod, this I know, that I won't be a Papish; it's a hard case, if a man must go to the devil, he shan't take out his sins in what sort of wickedness he pleases. For my part, I'll e'en go the way of the flesh; I am resolv'd the spirit shall not carry me; 'Icod I won't be priest-ridden thither: not but I believe this same gentleman knows the road as well as a *Dover* post-horse. But I am not so hot upon that journey, and so I will pull of my boots, d'ye see——Tall, lall, lall!

[He sits down to pull off his boots, and sings.]

L. Man. You impudent young rascal! How dare you offer to pull off your cloaths? Sirrah! I'll have your bones broken, I'll make you change your tune.

M. Jo. No, you shan't! Tall, lall, lall!

L. Man. You saucy rogue! Do you laugh in my face? I'll whip your eyes out.

[She offers to take F. Benedic's whip.]

F. Ben. No trouble yourself, madame! letta me alone.——[To M. Jo.] Alloons! pote on your boote, Maitre Jeanny.

M. Jo. [Looking in his face.] Tall, lall, lall!

F. Ben. Vat is dat ta, la, la, la! Me say, pote on your boote! [Smacks his whip.]

M. Jo. Ay, it's no matter for that, I won't change my tune! Tall, lall, lall!

L. Man. Hold, father, don't be so severe: I find

there is no dealing with him ; we must e'en try what fair words will do.

F. *Ben.* May foy ! Madame——me believe dat is the best way.

L. *Man.* *Johnny*, my dear *Johnny*, don't be so wilful ! Prithee mind what I say to thee.

M. *Jo.* Why ay, mother, now your note's alter'd, d'ye see, I don't care if I do change my tune.

L. *Man.* Now thou art a dear child ! Come, that's my good boy, prithee put on thy boots again. See, here's money for thee : thou shalt have every thing thou canst ask for.

M. *Jo.* [*Afide.*] Say you so ; 'Icod then I'll serve you a rare trick : that money will buy *Lettice* a pure topping to her wedding cloaths. Why look you, mother ! because you give me good words now, if you'll give me that purse, d'ye see, and make vather baald-pate walk down stairs, I will put them on again.

L. *Man.* But will you promise me to go your journey too ?

M. *Jo.* Pooh ! I will, I tell you——Why don't he go ?

[*He sits upon the floor to put on his boots.*]

L. *Man.* Dear father, don't let us cross him in this good humour : pray be gone.

F. *Ben.* Vid all mine 'art, madame ; Maitre *Jeanny*, me be your ver' humble servant.

[*Exit.*]

L. *Man.* Why dost thou sit upon the floor, *Johnny* ?

M. *Jo.* Pooh ! what does it signify ?——Where's the purse, mother ?

L. *Man.* That's a good child : put on t'other boot, and thou shalt have it.

M. *Jo.* Pshah !——Why there 'tis !——You see what 'tis to be civil to a body.——So ! now give's the money.

[*While she talks to him, he steals a gimblet out of his pocket and fastens her gown to the floor.*]

L. *Man.* Well, but will you promise to get on horseback as soon as you have it ?

M. *Jo.* What d'ye think I wou'd tell you a lie, mother, and look you in the face o' this manner ?

L. Man. That's my dear boy, there 'tis to do what thou wilt with.

M. Jo. [*Rises, and pulls off his boots again.*] Tall, lall, lall!

L. Man. How now! What does the fool mean?

M. Jo. No fool, no fool, mother.

L. Man. You wicked villain, I'll —— [*Offering towards him, she is held by her gown.*] Ha! what's here! Hark you, firrah! rogue! What's the meaning of this?

M. Jo. Why that's because you should not follow me! Look you, mother, always tie a mad bull to a stake; tall, lall! and there's my tune again for you now. Tall, lall, lall! [*Exit singing.*]

L. Man. Was ever woman plagu'd with such a stubborn rascal? What shall I do?—[*Endeavouring to free herself.*] O! how the rogue has ramm'd it in!—— Who's within there? If I live I'll be reveng'd! I'll marry the lewdest fellow about town; nay, the most notorious rogue of a lawyer, but I'll keep his estate from him.

Enter a servant.

Serv. Major *Rakish*, madam, and his son, desire to speak with you.

L. Man. They cou'd not take me in a better time, neither of them shall want encouragement: here, pri-thee undo this.

Serv. O dear, madam, this is master *Johnny's* gimblet, I am sure; it is the very same that he tack'd Mrs. *Trifle* and parson *Waggish* together with.

L. Man. Where is the rogue? Did you see him?

Serv. Yes, madam, he just now put Mrs. *Lettice* into a hackney-coach.

L. Man. And did he go with her?

Serv. No, madam, he is somewhere about the house.

L. Man. If he offers to go out, be sure you dog him, and bring word immediately.——Go, bid the gentlemen walk up.

Serv. They are here, madam.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Enter the Major and Young Rakish.

Maj. Madam, your most humble servant: oddsbud! it is a month since I kiss'd your ladyship's hands.

[Offering towards her, Y. Ra. steps before him.

Y. Ra. It's an age, madam, since I did; therefore, as a long absent lover, ought to do it first.

[Catches her hand.

L. Man. O dear sir, I'll swear you hurt me.

Y. Ra. Can there be harm in such a tender grasp of love? Madam, your raging charms bound like a rolling deluge o'er my soul, and choak me with excess of passion! Ah! the very pangs of death are on me, I beat and struggle like a drowning wretch for life, and these my last convulsions.

Maj. Humh!

[Aside.

L. Man. *[Aside.]* Well, really, I believe I might have satisfaction enough in such an husband, without considering the pleasure of revenge.

Y. Ra. *[To Maj.]* Will you make it a thousand pounds, sir?

Maj. 'Oons, you dog, I'll lay your head upon both your shoulders.

[Apart to Y. Rakish.

Y. Ra. *[Turning quick to L. Man.]* O! take me to that healing bosom; wrap me in the warm folds of love; feed me with the balmy sweets that flourish there; give me new life, and nurse me to an infant dotage.

L. Man. *[Aside.]* O! I shall faint, I am not able to contain myself!

Maj. *[Softly to Y. Ra.]* Jacky, thou shalt have an hundred guineas; prithee let her alone, my dear boy.

Y. Ra. *[Starting back, he jostles the Maj.]* Where am I? Sure 'tis elysium! for mortal flesh cou'd never feed so high; I surfeit with delight; my soul's all over blifs; my ravish'd senses ach with pleasure, and I grow faint with gazing.

[Throws himself on her bosom.

L. Man. O, I die! I die!

[Aside.

Maj. Jacky, my dear Jacky, thou shalt have five hundred pounds.

Y. Ra. Thus let us ever live; thus blest with one

perpetual round of circling pleasure; still fainting with excess of love, and waking still to new reviving joys.

Maj. 'Ounds, how the rogue has dissolv'd her!

Y. Ra. You see, sir, what posture my affairs are in: nothing but a thousand pounds can forbid the banns.

Maj. Say'st thou so, my little *Jacky*? [*Steps between them, and draws.*] Then there lies your way; down stairs, dog: go, get you gone, firrah.

L. Man. Ah, for heaven's sake, what do you mean?

[*Holds the Major.*

Y. Ra. O, don't be frighten'd, madam, I'll tell you the business — You must know, madam, there is a young lady here in the *Pall-Mall* of a prodigious fortune, whom it seems my father here positively designs I shall marry, or he will disinheret me; and so let him, madam, if he pleases: for my part, I confess my soul and blood, madam, are entirely devoted to your ladyship; and, if I were to die upon the spot, madam, I solemnly declare, madam, I wou'd not renounce one tittle of that eternal passion I have avow'd for your ladyship's most indelible perfections.

[*Bows and ogles her.*

Maj. Umh!

[*Astonish'd.*

L. Man. O fie! Sir, this is most inhuman, to force your only son to marry one he can't love: come, sir, for my sake, spare him: pray put up your sword.

Maj. Well, madam, for your sake, d'ye see, I — I will sheath my indignation: but by the pleasure of drinking, all this is a more notorious lie than ever came out of the mouth of an *Irish* evidence: — but now, madam, to the business I came for: look you, madam, if you and I make a match, d'ye see; you must expect every ten months, for the first seven years, twins, madam, — I always get twins — That whelp's a twin, madam, and the product of my juvenile recreations.

[*Young Rakish all this while makes love in dumb shews behind the Major's back.*

L. Man. Let me die! but this is irresistibly persuasive.

Maj. I am very proud, madam, your ladyship likes what I say to you.

L. Man. Well, I swear, fir, you have such a way — and such a son.

Maj. Madam, I have a thousand pounds a year clear estate; no children in the world but this boy here; I shall drink him dead in a fortnight, and then, madam, after my death, the thousand pounds a year's your own for ever: how say you, madam, how do you like of it?

L. Man. Ay, fir, but now let me hear your son's proposals.

Maj. Pshah! a beggar! a poor dog, madam.

Y. Ra. Madam, 'tis true I have not one groat in the world, have no hopes of any thing; for the very moment that I marry you, I am sure to be disinherited: madam, as a friend, I beg you to believe this true, for I cou'd sooner die, than cheat you with a pretended fortune. [*Kneels.*] But if the raging violence of an humble passion has any merit in the eyes of virtue, then strew your pity here, and raise me with a kind reviving hope.

Maj. What a tongue the dog has! [*Aside.*]

L. Man. O dear, fir, pray rise.

Maj. Pshah, madam, words; words; mere air; oddsbud, I have an argument in my pocket, that uses to convince a woman sooner than all the poetical raptures in *Christendom*. Look you, madam, the only certain proof of a lover's passion is, when he parts with his money: [*Takes out a purse.*] Therefore, as an earnest of my affection, give me leave to lay this five hundred pounds at your feet.

Y. Ra. Which when you marry, fir, you know, will be your own again.

Maj. Hold your peace, firrah: there, madam, dispose of it as you please. [*Gives it into her hand.*]

L. Man. O dear, Major, this is an extravagant piece of gallantry! — Jesu! how heavy it is — Pray, fir, do me the favour to hold it for me. [*Gives it Y. Ra.*]

Y. Ra. [*Leering upon the Major.*] — Tum, tum, dum! [*Sings and walks about.*]

Maj. I must murder the dog! I must murder him!
[*Aside.*] Oons! Madam, I could have held it for you.

Y. Ra. [*Aside.*] But not so fast as I shall—Tum, tum, dum!

Maj. I was in hopes, madam, you wou'd have made a better use of the money.

L. Man. O dear, sir, can I express my concern for you a better way, than by being kind to your children?

Maj. Ay, madam, but to my rival.

Y. Ra. Ha! 'Igad, a good thought comes into my head: look you, sir, if you'll give me leave to speak a word or two in private with this lady, I will immediately convince you, that in her disposing of this money, she has had no other consideration than your interest.

L. Man. What can he mean? [*Aside.*]

Maj. Why this might be done, Jacky, if I cou'd but persuade myself to trust thee.

Y. Ra. Why, sir, you shall not trust me out of your sight.

Maj. Humh! say'st thou so, my little Jacky? Nay, then I do give thee leave.

Y. Ra. Madam, if you please——

[*Takes her to one side of the stage.*]

Enter Masi Johnny behind.

M. Jo. So! Lettice is safe enough now, and 'Icod let 'um lock me up an' they can.—Hey day! who have we here?—I find my mother has a colt's tooth left yet; I warrant these are a couple of suitors now!—'Icod, I will put in with 'um.—Sir, your servant: [*To the Major.*] What don't 'ee know me?

Maj. Know thee! Prithee who art thou?

M. Jo. Who be I—why I bee—I bee—'Icod I don't know what to tell him, not I—why I be mother's zon, don't 'ee zee what I bee.

Maj. Ay, my dear lad, I see very plainly what thou art, but want to know who thou art. Who is thy father, child?

M. Jo. Who?—I have ne'er a vather at all—but I

believe I shall have shortly ; for I see my mother there is providing for herself.

Maj. How ! thy mother ? What ! is thy name *Johnny* ?

M. Jo. May be it is——What then ?

Maj. Why then very shortly thou wilt be my son-in-law.

M. Jo. May be not——That's as I shall like you, may be.

Maj. Odsbud, you young rogue, I'll bufs you into good humcur.

[The Major offers to kiss him, and he struggles.]

M. Jo. Let me alone ; be quiet, wu'll yee ? You sha'nt bufs me. *[Kisses him.]* Ptah——*[Spits.]*——What a plague do you flaver one so for ? You my vather-in-law ? Yes, so you shall ; 'lcod I'll do your bufness!

L. Man. *[To Y. R.]* Why really, fir, if this be true, I must needs own, he is a very barbarous man to use his only son at this rate : if you think I can serve you by furthering this innocent revenge, fir, you may command me.

M. Jo. Hark you, mother.

L. Man. O you wicked rogue, are you there ?

M. Jo. Lord, don't 'ee be angry, mother, I come to talk with you about bufness.

Y. Ra. O pray, madam, give the young gentleman leave to speak, however.

M. Jo. A good sort of a civil gentleman : I may chance to do him a kindness for this ; I'll assure you, fir, I will, if I can. I am good-natur'd enough, when people are civil to me.

L. Man. Well, what have you to say, firrah ?

M. Jo. Say——why I understand that this old soldier here is a suitor to you, and to tell you the truth, I don't like him : he is a strange hurly-burly sort of a man, he has bufs'd and flaver'd me here, whether I wou'd or no, and has prickled my face till my eyes are all of a water.

L. Man. You saucy rogue, is this your bufness ? Know then, firrah, that this gentleman shall be your

father-in-law, if he pleases: come, sir, if you dare trust yourself alone with me, I have something to propose to you from your son, that very nearly concerns the happiness of us both.

Majr. Odsbud, madam, you over-joy me! But has that dear dog put in a word for me at last then? has he? *Jacky!* thou dear son of an happy dog of a father, bufs me, you whelp; you dear bastard, bufs me—Od! I will remember thee for this, my little *Jacky*: odsbud I will! [Exit with L. Man.]

Y. Ra. I shall give you cause, I believe.

M. Jo. Lord! Sir, how can you let him flaver you so? Don't it make your nose tingle? Odsfish, he is gone away with my mother too!—Shall I fetch her back again, sir? 'Icod, an' you say the word, I'll do't.

Y. Ra. No, no, 'squire, let me alone, he will be little the better for't.—A good sort of an impudent face this young dog has, he may be useful, I'll strike in with him. [Aside.]

M. Jo. Pray, sir, ben't you a suitor to my mother?

Y. Ra. Ay, 'squire! What do you think of me for a father-in-law?

M. Jo. 'Icod, I like you very well! Better by half than that old soldier: what a duce do you let him take her aside so for?

Y. Ra. O! it's a design I have in my head, 'squire.

M. Jo. Ay, sir; but do you know what design she may have in her head? Look you, sir, I mean you well, I wou'd not have you trust her too far neither. 'Icod you don't know her, sir, you don't know her.

Y. Ra. Well! 'Squire, I am oblig'd to you for your good meaning, and, in return, will acquaint you with my design upon that old soldier.

M. Jo. Aye!

Y. Ra. You must know then——

M. Jo. But hark you, sir; pray, by the way, who is that old soldier?

Y. Ra. Only my father, sir.

M. Jo. Hoh, hoh! 'Icod, then I find you care no

more for your father, than I do for my mother: well, fir, but pray go on.

Y. Ra. About an hour hence, 'squire, I shall privately marry your mother, who in the mean time, by my allowance, is to flatter the old gentleman with the same hopes, and (to revenge a severe quarrel I have to him) is to appoint him a meeting (just when our marriage is over) at a friend's house of mine, where I shall have a public opportunity to laugh at his disappointment, and invite him to my wedding-supper.

M. Jo. 'Icod, that's well enough! O dear, fir, shall not I beg the favour of you to get the parson to do me a small job too? Od! I have a tight young girl here hard by, that I have a main mind to be married to.—Sir—won't you speak a word to him to tack us together a little?

Y. Ra. How, 'squire! to tack you together! Whom have you advis'd with in this business? Who is it you have a mind to marry? Are you sure she is fit for a wife?

M. Jo. I don't know, fir, but I am sure she is fit for an husband.

Y. Ra. Ha! Igad, there can be no harm in tying the young rogue of a slip-knot! This was a lucky discovery, something may be made on't. [*Aside.*] Well! 'squire, I'll do all I can to serve you.

M. Jo. O dear, fir! I am mainly oblig'd to you.

Y. Ra. Nay, I won't only lend you my parson, but my money too; nay, my very cloaths; Igad, I will make a gentleman of you.

M. Jo. Wu'll you, fir! O law! [*Overjoy'd.*] 'Icod, then my mother shall make a fool of me no longer—Sir, as I hope to be married, I had rather call you vather, than any man in *Cursendome*.

Y. Ra. Pshah! Pox! I'll be a brother to thee, man: [*Hugs him.*] Prithce call me honest *Jack*; we'll smoak, and whore, and roar, and take a bottle together.

M. Jo. Is you name *Jabn*? Why my name's *Jabn* too! Odszooks, that's brave, honest *Jabn*! How is't, boy? Damme.

Y. Ra. Why that's well said, boy! 'Egad, thou

fwear't like a gentleman already.—Come, my little rake! Now let's take one cheering flask before the parson does his business; then get drunk, break windows, maul the watch, and bed our new-married wives in the round-house.

M. Jo. Ho! Boys! God a marcy brother-father-in-law.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Olivia, Emilia, and Leonora; Trifle putting on her hood and scarf.

Oli. There you mistake me, madam, 'tis my amazement; not my jealousy, that brought me hither. I own I do wonder why Mr. Longville shou'd disappoint me; but never can suspect his honour. Speak to her, Emilia, for I want temper to conceal my fears.

[*Aside to Emilia.*]

Leo. Call a chair there.

[*To a servant.*]

Emi. Then you will go, madam?

Leo. I am preparing for it, madam.

Emi. One serious question more, and I have done, madam: do you really expect to meet my brother at Mrs. Siam's?

Leo. Jesu! Madam, I can't imagine why you shou'd question that, after this lady has confess'd he has already disappointed her. But to satisfy you, he expects me this very moment, he is now at Mrs. Siam's,—or my servant lies that dogg'd him. [*Aside.*] Look you, madam, I don't desire you to believe one word I say; but if this lady and you will give yourselves the trouble to go thither, I fancy you will find him there.

Emi. Insupportable! [*Aside.*] Really, madam, you have an admirable talent.

Leo. I hope, madam, I have not been guilty of any ill breeding.

Emi. O fie! Madam, all that you do is with a very court-like air: you are resolv'd to stand it out, I see.

Leo. What is't you mean, madam?

Emi. I mean the groundless jealousies your malice now wou'd raise between my brother and this lady.—He love you! You will as soon persuade me you deserve it, madam: I know, that in his soul he scorns you.

Leo. Not so much as I scorn revenge ; I dare say, had I been fond of a triumph, madam, I might have had it in a publick wedding. Mr. *Longville* offer'd it ; but out of friendship to this lady and yourself, I have been content to marry him in private. I'll out-face this obstinate devil, tho' I forfeit my revenge for't. [*Aside.*

Emi. How, madam, my brother married to you ! to you !

Leo. To me this morning, madam ; sister, I may say. [*Mildly.*

Emi. Sister ! [*Angrily.*

Enter a servant.

Serv. Here's a chair, madam.

Leo. Ladies, your servant, I shall expect you at Mrs. *Siam's*. [*Exit.*

Oli. Why have I lived to see this day ? Oh, I am despicable now ! I shall be pointed at ; the publick merriment of malicious tongues. Thou wer't my friend, *Emilia* : why did'st thou not tell me of my weakness, that I was credulous, conceited, vainly fond, to think my easy love cou'd fix the faithless temper of a man ? But thou, alas ! wer't soft believing woman, like me unskill'd in injuries ; therefore in fear of none, easily deceiv'd by every shew of guil'd virtue. Married ! perfidious man !

Emi. Believe it not, *Olivia* ! Come, we'll follow *Leonora* : let his own words, not her's, condemn him.

Oli. You wou'd not have me see him, sure !

Emi. I wou'd not have you punish him unheard ; for, oh ! I know his innocence, though now o'ercast, will shortly break these sullen clouds, and gild you with a smiling joy. Alas ! my dear, jealousy's the disease of love, a pain ———

Which first, or last, all lovers must endure ;

But none can speak the joys that wait the cure.

[*Ex.*

A C T V.

The SCENE, an Indian house.

Longville is discovered looking on his watch.

Lon. **I** Wonder why *Olivia* comes not; the time's expired, and I am unwilling to fail in my promise to my Lord *Lovemore*, who I know will be upon the rack till I have perform'd it: but I'll have patience; for I am sure her generosity, though late, will furnish me with an occasion.—Come, Mrs. *Siam*, what new *Indian* toys have you? [*He goes to the counter.*]

Enter Leonora, mask'd, at a distance.

Leo. *Longville* here first! 'tis as I cou'd wish.—Hark! I hear somebody stealing up stairs! [*She looks out.*] Ha! muffled in a cloak! O! for a glimpse of him!—My Lord *Lovemore* as I live! His disguise tells me what he comes for, and I hope mine will help me to answer his expectation. My first care must be, by some seeming accident, to let him know me: my next, to tell this wretch (who must not know me) some formal story, that may oblige him to make such answers as may reasonably incline my lord to think himself the subject of our discourse.

[*She goes to Longville, and talks with him in her mask.*]

Enter Lord Lovemore in a cloak.

L. Lov. So punctual! Ha! that must be *Leonora*, 'tis her stature!

[*Leonora turns back, pretending to wipe her face, and gives Lord Lovemore a sight of it.*]

By heaven 'tis she!—I saw her face!—Wou'd I had never seen it!—Or, cou'd but dream again the promis'd raptures of her virtue: for there was pleasure in the vision, infinitely surpassing what we taste in any waking joy. O! there is no happiness, but in eternal sleep! Ha! [*Observing Lon. and Leo.*] Do I not sleep? Rather let me think, that this is all a dream! 'Tis liker far, amazing! incoherent and unnatural!—I find I am but a stranger to the world; another man, perhaps, wou'd

wonder at my amazement! Suppose I shou'd surprize him now i' th' very act of falshood? Will he not sink into the earth with shame? Must not his conscience burn him up with blushes? I shou'd resent this usage, and I will; but, as a brave man ought, despise him for his treachery, and forgive him all! Nay, more! I'll do a friend's last duty, and wound him with the tenderness of my resentment. But stay!—lay hold on all advantages! something may be gather'd from their discourse—I'll observe them. [Lon. comes forward with Leo.]

Lon. [*Aside.*] Who the devil can this be, that is so fond of acquainting me with her circumstances?

Leo. Then you advise me, as a friend, never to see him more?

L. Lov. Ha! it must be me they talk of. [*Aside.*]

Lon. I suppose, madam, you can't expect to be extraordinary well us'd, if you do.

Leo. Why I am sure he loves me still.

L. Lov. I hope not, madam. [*Aside.*]

Leo. Hang it, I believe my best way to silence his resentment, will be to write him a civil letter, to acknowledge the severity of my revenge; and beg him, for his own sake, never to see me more.

L. Lov. For my own sake! that I never will. [*Aside.*]

Lon. Psha! Damn her revenge, what is't to me?

Leo. What think you of it?

Lon. O, the best thing in the world, madam: I'd advise you to step into the next room, and do it immediately. [*Pressing her to go.*]

Leo. Well, will you peruse it for me?

Lon. Ay, ay! any thing to serve you.

Leo. [*Aside.*] With your throat. I hope, sir, you have endanger'd it to serve me; I'll step aside, and let the mischief work; I see it low'ring yonder in that brow. [Leonora retires.]

L. Lov. I'll surprize him now, while *Leonora* is withdrawn; not knowing that I have seen her face, possibly he will swear it was not she he talk'd with.—Are you at leisure, sir?

Lon. My Lord Lovemore!

L. Lov. What is't you start at?

Lon. To see you here in this disguise! You frown, my lord!

L. Lov. Fie! that were to confess my anger: dost thou think thyself beneath it? I smile upon thee.

Lon. I understand you not.

L. Lov. When saw you *Leonora*?

Lon. This morning, I am not ashamed to mention it; but why should that disturb you now? I thought an hour's time was given me to clear myself; it is not yet expired, my lord.

L. Lov. I can't think you'll keep your word with me.

Lon. I don't use to forfeit it; nor do I think I shall, if no misfortune crosses me.

L. Lov. Has *Leonora* told you so?

Lon. Explain yourself.

L. Lov. If you were that enemy you have professed yourself to *Leonora*, I cannot think, at such a time as this, you would meet her here.

Lon. Who dares affirm it?

L. Lov. I saw her here, this moment saw her here with you.

Lon. Then she was here with me, when I saw her not—Next time, my lord, have better proof ere you condemn so near a friend as I am; you saw, perhaps, a woman talk with me in a mask, who, I believe, might know me, for she seem'd fond of making me her confidant. I listen'd to her, till her impertinence had quite tir'd my curiosity: and this woman, I suppose, your jealousy has taken for *Leonora*.

L. Lov. Whom did you take her for?

Lon. A stranger! I know her not, nor ever care to see her more.

L. Lov. Ha! take heed! for if I prove thee in a lie, it will be then dishonourable to talk with thee.

Lon. Speak lower, while we are unheard; my friendship teaches me to bear, but my impatient honour will be justified.

L. Lov. Honour! Dost thou not blush to name it?

Lon. My lord, it is not well to bear thus far upon my friendship; if you wou'd have me think your meaning honest, I do demand a reason for this usage.

L. *Low.* [*Amaz'd.*] But that I cannot give my eyes the lie, I shou'd myself believe thee wrong'd: but to confound thee, in one word, give me a living reason why I see thee here?

Lon. I came to meet *Olivia* here, by her own appointment.

L. *Low.* 'Sdeath and hell; you will not tell me 'twas *Olivia* you now talk'd with!

Lon. I mean it not; *Olivia* has not yet been here.

L. *Low.* Why then are you here so early?

Lon. Because *Olivia* charg'd me, as I priz'd her quiet, not to fail a minute; besides, the time has been expir'd almost this half hour.

L. *Low.* Confusion! Why is not she here then?

Lon. Have a moment's patience, and I'll send to her to know the reason; in the-mean time, my lord——

L. *Low.* Away! now thou condemn'st thyself; thy dull invention's tir'd, and thou want'st time to give it breath.

Lon. This from another man wou'd urge me to a fatal answer: by heaven, now I wou'd not have you credit me! No! go on! be obstinate, believe the grossest things of me your malice can suggest; I will not offer more to clear myself till demonstration shakes her head, and makes you blush for these unfriendly wrongs.

L. *Low.* [*Pausing.*] I know not why I shou'd: but a resistless curiosity tempts me to see how far thou wilt drive this. Prithce be sincere; by heaven, if there's yet a way in nature left to clear thy innocence, I here engage my honour, as far as mortal patience can, to wait the issue.

Lon. Had you said this sooner, some words, my lord, might have been spar'd between us. But I have done; *Olivia* now shall speak for me; her presence shall convince you where I have given my heart: that *Leonora* ever had my scorn, as now, I hope she has yours.

L. *Low.* Thou talk'st with such a calm indifference, I dare not yet resolve where I shall fix my thoughts.

Lon. No matter where, my lord, let them rove; a moment's patience will re-call them.

L. *Low.* I am satisfied.

[*They part.*]

Re-enter Leonora behind.

Leo. O! I cou'd run mad; that subtle devil has talk'd him into reason. What can it be that stays *Olivia* thus? — Were she here, her resentment wou'd confirm his jealousy, and bring the mischief to perfection. Ha! fortune sends her to my wish! Now to prepare her.

Enter Olivia and Emilia; Leonora stops them at the door.

L. Lov. Ha! *Olivia* here too? What can this mean?

Leo. [*To Oliv.*] There he is, madam.

Oli. O! *Emilia*, help me.

Leo. Now, ladies, I hope you are satisfied what interest I have in Mr. *Longville*.

Emi. 'Tis impossible! I'll not believe it, scarce shou'd he himself confess it; this is some trick! he is impos'd on! wrong'd! basely wrong'd! I am sure 'twill prove so.

Oli. Excuse him not, *Emilia*! I'll shut myself from all the world, and never see the face of friend again.

[*Going.*

Emi. Be not too rash, dear *Olivia*, hear him speak first: if he is not able then to clear himself, may all the punishments his perjury deserves be mine, if I not join with thee to hate and scorn him.

Leo. Ay, madam! pray stay to examine him, however; not that it will be to any purpose, for to my knowledge he will deny our appointment, or that he has so much as seen me here.

Emi. Nay, then I must believe he has not, madam; I'll have the truth from him.

[*Emi. goes to Lon. and Oli. turns away in tears.*

Leo. [*Aside.*] Poor harmless thing, how it frets; I have rais'd her to my ends. Now let her go on, while I stand by and laugh to see her forward my revenge.

L. Lov. [*Aside.*] When will my distraction end! *Emilia* thinks her brother wrong'd! *Olivia* weeps to see him perjur'd! I prov'd him guilty! and yet he starts to hear himself accus'd, while *Leonora* leaves him unconcern'd: I dare not leave him till these contradictions are unravell'd.

Lon. What riddle's this, *Emilia*?

Emi. How, brother, a riddle! Indeed I griev'd at

first to find you here ; but now cou'd weep to see you justify your crime.

Lon. Away—This mirth's unpleasing now: where's *Olivia*? [*He leaves her.*]

Leo. [*To Emi. aside.*] Is not your ladyship well? Madam, will you please to make use of my spirits?

Emi. Fury!

Leo. Your ladyship's humble servant, madam.

Lon. [*To Oli.*] If either may, madam, I have most reason to complain; for I have expected you here this half hour.

Oli. Me! Did you expect me here?

Lon. Not with such displeasure in your eyes, I must confess, madam; but I have, with great impatience, waited here for your commands.

Oli. You dare not justify it.

Lon. You cannot doubt it, madam.

Oli. This audacious insolence is beyond resentment; from you, it strikes my thoughts with horror!

Lon. This anger, madam, is a double rack, while you conceal the crime that has deserv'd it.

Oli. Is then the repetition of your guilt so pleasing? Base man! why did you send so fair an answer to my letter; when, at the same time, you had resolv'd to meet another woman here? Was it not enough to wrong me by an abhorr'd abjuration of your vows; but you must barbarously expose me to the triumph of an insulting rival!

Lon. Madam, you confound me; what rival?

Oli. Away! I have heard and seen too much already; reputation bids me fly you now; farewell, ungrateful wretch! and may the shameful memory of my wrongs lie rooted in your heart for ever.

Lon. Yet stay and hear me.

Oli. Never.

L. Lov. Hold, madam! before you go, give me leave to ingraft my wrongs with yours.

Leo. [*Aside.*] It ripens now.

Emi. Ha! my Lord *Lovemore* here! This must be combination; but I am resolv'd to find the truth before we

part: tho' even my brother's guilt, or what's yet worse, her hateful triumph, shou'd confound me. [*Aside.*]

[*Emilia locks the door, unseen, and takes out the key.*]

Lon. I read resentment in your eyes, my lord; out with it! For, while amazement makes me tame, I can bear it all.

L. Lov. Madam, [*To Oli.*] to justify that resentment, or to clear the sacred honour of a friend, I beg you faithfully wou'd resolve me one question: was it by your desire or commands, that Mr. *Longville* came to meet you here?

Oli. So far from that, my lord, that 'tis the only place on earth I wish'd he might avoid.

L. Lov. Now, sir, if my jealousy has wrong'd you, let it appear before this lady; if not, from this moment let eternal enmity divide us.

Leo. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha! Poor soul, he is dumb! Now my revenge is perfect; and so poor, easy, cheated, jealous fool, farewell! [*She offers to steal out, and finds the door fast.*] Ha! the door lock'd! Confusion! I am betray'd! Some devil has counterplotted me; shou'd *Longville* know me, my revenge is lost: no matter, I am above his anger, and am still secure in this. I'll bravely face them to the last. [*Aside.*]

Lon. One word more, my lord, and I submit: but since my future peace depends upon your answer, I beg you wou'd directly give it me, without the least enquiry on what assurance I demand it.

L. Lov. I'll answer you.

Lon. Then give me instantly an honest proof, that you have seen me here with *Leonora*?

L. Lov. Hell and furies! Is this your question?

Lon. Nay, my lord, your promise.

L. Lov. 'Tis true, and there's my answer.

[*Pointing to Leo.*]

Lon. There! how! where, my lord?

L. Lov. Why there! there! *Leonora's* there! That's she.

[*Leonora unmask.*]

Lon. [*Amaz'd.*] Ha!—Nay, then! there's the devil has bewitch'd us all.

L. Lov. What can this amazement mean?

Emi. Why you are surpriz'd, brother? Did not you know that was *Leonora*?

Lon. Not I, by all my hopes of happiness! I took her for a stranger, and as such have ignorantly convers'd with her.—

Emi. Now, *Olivia*!

L. Lov. Ha!

Oli. I am amaz'd! What can this mean?

Lon. That this lady, I presume, can best inform us. Madam, I confess I ought not to expect a favour from you; but yet there's something might be done for both our honours.

Leo. Sir, I have nothing to say to you.

Lon. Madam, I scorn the low revenge of a publick triumph; but, for your own sake, hear me. I freely own, for all you have done to me, I have given you a severe occasion; but yet, I hope the world and you will pardon me. I knew my friend lov'd you, and griev'd that nothing but my exposing you ever cou'd wean him from your eyes: now, since every circumstance convinces me, that those aspersions I now lie under are but the continuance of your just revenge, if you'll but clear my honour by a generous acknowledgment of what you have done to ruin me, you bind us all to an eternal secrecy, and me in any honourable command to serve you with my life.

Emi. Dear madam, cannot this goodness move you to an act so just; nay, and so glorious too for you? For no one sure can hear your story told, but must confess your wit inimitable, and your revenge uncommon? No tongue can speak its praise like yours, whose art first rais'd it to such a wondrous height.

Leo. Madam, I read your secret triumph in your eyes; but I am above your little spleen.

Emi. Madam, you wrong my thoughts; what I ask'd of you, I was ready to receive as a real obligation.

Leo. Then, madam, expect none from me.

Lon. Nay then, madam, we must talk on equal terms: now, my lord, hear me.

Emi. Hold, brother, first let me speak: you are the suspected criminal, and thus I charge you.—About

two o'clock this afternoon *Olivia* and I visited my Lady *Manlove*, where we had a full account from a gentleman, of your late quarrel with my Lord *Love-more*: *Leonora* smil'd at our intelligence, and, to our amazement, would persuade us, that you were really my lord's rival in her love; adding withal, that you had lately offer'd marriage to her: nay, and to give us a more convincing proof of it, she desir'd that we wou'd see her write to you; which she did, and shew'd us the letter, wherein she appointed you a meeting in half an hour, here, at Mrs. *Siam*'s.—*Olivia*, more out of a sportive curiosity, than to satisfy any jealous thought, begg'd the same liberty, and she likewise appointed you to meet her in the same half hour at her father's.

Lon: Ha!

Emi. The letters both were sent; but our amazement yet continues: *Olivia* is disappointed, and we have found you here with *Leonora*. Now you are free to answer.

Lon. Then truth's in labour of my innocence, and thus she is deliver'd; there's my answer.

[He produces *Olivia*'s letter.

Oli. Ha! what's here, my lord? *Emilia*! see here's the witchcraft that has wrong'd us all! My hand counterfeited by *Leonora* in my own letter! See, she has blotted out my father's, and interlin'd Mrs. *Siam*'s, the very same place that she had appointed him herself.

L. Lov. What have I done! My shame confounds me! How shall I dare to meet him!

[*Aside*.

Oli. But hold! there's one thing yet unanswer'd; if there were no intimacy between you and *Leonora*, what encouragement cou'd she have to write to you? What answer did you send to her appointment?

Lon. By all that's sacred, I had no other letter from *Leonora*, or any appointment whatsoever.

L. Lov. No, madam, here I am bound to speak; he never had that letter; by a pretended mistake, I find, it came to me, merely to keep my frantic jealousy awake; that brought me hither.

[*Shews the letter*.

Oli. *Emilia*! now I am happy.

Emi. O, let me embrace my brother! At this discovery, nothing but tears, or madness, can express my joy.

Lon. My dear *Emilia*!

Leo. [*Afide.*]—Lightning part them.

Oli. But pray, my lord, how cou'd you expect to find Mr. *Longville* here, when you knew he had not received the letter wherein *Leonora* had appointed him?

L. Lov. 'Twas written with such malicious art, it left no room for doubt: for here, she says, she will meet him at Mrs. *Siam*'s, according to his first appointment: I thought a second needless to a secret lover, which now with shame I own, I then believ'd him.

Lon. Nay, then your jealousy was just, my lord: by heaven, I cannot blame you now; but, since your temper is recover'd, I beg you wou'd confess your fears, and give me every jealous thought that wrongs my honour. [*Emilia unlocks the door.*]

L. Lov. By heaven, by this dear embrace, I have lost them all. O *Charles*! if thou hast yet one glowing spark of friendship in thy heart, pity me for those unwilling injuries I have done thee. Can'st thou forgive me?

Lon. Not while you ask forgiveness; that's a fault I can never pardon.

L. Lov. Wilt thou forget them?

Lon. Why do you remind me of them?

Emi. [*To Leo.*] The door is open, madam!

Leo. Destruction seize them! Now my last hopes of him are lost: I have nothing left to hide my swelling heart, but to affect indifference.

L. Lov. Methinks I have not aton'd thy injur'd friendship, till I have confess'd before the faithless *Leonora*, that I am her's no more.—Now, madam—

Leo. Now, my lord, are you going to tell me you have lately discover'd a secret, that all the town has known these six years, which is, that I never car'd one farthing for you.

L. Lov. This obligation, madam, was unnecessary, I needed not this wit to work me to indifference.

Leo. Nor I your indifference to make me angry, your whole sex is an eternal subject for my spleen. How

many wretched fops have I daily at my feet, who think themselves much nearer to my heart than you? Nay, had you not view'd me with another's eyes, you still had been my slave, your love had liv'd on air, and languish'd in an endless hope:

*But, I confess, you bravely this may boast;
Of all the fools, that knew me to their cost,
You are the first that e'er my eyes have lost.* [Ex. Leo.]

L. Lov. How easily are men deceiv'd in love? There's not a vice now reigning in this woman, but what appear'd to me the happy conduct of unerring virtue: but now the false lethargic dream is o'er, at last I have thrown the reins on reason's neck, and have out-stripp'd the lagging mischief far behind me: but here's the careful guide that led me to the goal! O, *Charles!* how have I wrong'd thy friendship, even to the hazard of thy life and honour? The crime still hangs upon my faultering tongue, and silence speaks my shame.

Lon. This is too much, my lord; but, if you needs will over-pay the trifling debt, let me direct your friendship here. [Turning to Oli.] I have a starving heart, that long has been this lady's prisoner, here you may exert your charity; for I perceive I owe her more than faithful love can pay.

L. Lov. [To Oli.] When lovers are so poor in merit, madam, beauty shou'd pass an act of grace, and take the moiety that nature lends us.

Oli. My lord, I see no want of merit in Mr. Longville. There needs no more to recommend his cause; and since he has so severely prov'd himself your friend, I'll make it not his interest to deceive me.—Mr. Longville, if in those few years you have talk'd to me of love, I have been too slow in my returns, impute it not to an insensible neglect; for I have long studied, tho' unable, to repay it: and I perceive your merit's swoll'n so high, that I am bound in prudence now to check the debt, and let it run no farther. Your conduct has deserv'd my heart; nor dare I withhold it longer, lest I shou'd repent hereafter, that it was given so late.

Lon. This goodness is above the reach of mortal virtue, it speaks divinity; and like the blessings we re-

ceive from heaven, shou'd only be return'd in silent adoration.

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*]

Oli. Rise, fir, from this moment I am yours.

Emi. Now, dear *Olivia*, you are mine too, the name of sister binds us ever.

L. Lov. This is as it shou'd be ; and, while my friend is so, I must be happy.

Lon. [*Afide to Emi.*] And now, *Emilia*, there is a blooming hope for thee, which time can only ripen : mean while intrust thy heart with me, and be assur'd, thou ne'er shalt blush, when I think fit to part with it.

Emi. This is beyond a brother's love : words are but empty thanks ; my future conduct best will speak my gratitude.

Lon. Thy past has well deserv'd my friendship :— but no more ! Here's company.

Enter Young Rakish.

Y. Ra. Hah ! dear *Charles*, I am glad I have found you ; my lord, your humble servant. I have brought a rare piece of diversion along with me.

Lon. It never cou'd be more welcome ; for all you see here are friends.

Y. Ra. I am glad to hear it ; but, if you were not, I wou'd engage to make you laugh.

Lon. What's the business ?

Y. Ra. Only my father and I, that's all.

L. Lov. Why truly that's enough to make one laugh at any time.

Oli. O dear, is this the gentleman that is so free with his father ?

Y. Ra. No, madam ; but I am the son of a father that is very free with me ; the soul of me, my pleasures I mean ; of all the vices this town affords (and thank heaven it's pretty well stock'd) I can't keep one to myself for him ; he out-does me at my own weapon, he out-drinks me, out-whores me, out-swears me, out-lies me, out-wits me, and (which I'll never forgive him) he— out-lives me too.

Oli. Why shou'd you wish for his death ? Does not he allow you ———

Y. Ra. Yes, madam, all manner of wickedness; but the devil a farthing to purchase it.

Oli. How can you live without money?

Y. Ra. Faith, I begin to be weary of it, and have this very hour laid a design to bring the old gentleman to a reasonable composition. I have rivall'd him in my Lady *Manlove*, elbow'd him out of her favour, and have at last squeez'd him out of five hundred pounds, provided I renounce all title to her inclinations.

Lon. And have you done it?

Y. Ra. For aught he knows I have, and for aught she knows I have not; in short, I neither design to quit the lady, nor to keep her any longer than she serves my turn.

L. Lov. How so, man?

Y. Ra. She is now below with my father, chusing her wedding-gown: have a little patience, and the farce will begin.

Lon. But hark you, *Jack!* Have you taken care of her son, as I desir'd you? I hope he is not gone to *St. Omers*?

Y. Ra. No, no, I have spoil'd him for that journey; I have married him.

Lon. How!

Y. Ra. No harm, I'll warrant you: see, here comes my father; pray observe us.—You'll all stand by me upon occasion?

Omnes. All, all!

Y. Ra. A word with you, *Charles*. [*They whisper.*
Enter the Major with Lady Manlove.

Maj. Wish me joy, *Charles!* wish me joy—Ha! my little *Lovemore* too! Give me thy hand, my dear boy! Wish me joy, my lad!

L. Lov. Joy! Of what, major?

Maj. Of a rare fleshy feather-bed, you wag, and two thousand pounds a year to wallow in.—Odsbud, she's a fouser.

Lon. Leave it to me.

[*To Y. Ra.*

L. Man. Ladies, your servant. I protest I little thought to find so much good company upon such a fortunate occasion.

Emi. Mayn't we know the occasion, madam ?

L. Man. I'll swear, madam, 'tis such a critical point, I don't know whether my modesty will be able to go through with the discovery.

Y. Ra. If you please to give me leave, madam, I will help you out a little.

L. Man. Ay, ay ! tell them, my little *Jacky*.

Y. Ra. Well, ladies, now we are all together, the short of the business is this : this noble lady here, generously considering my sufferings under the tyranny of an unnatural father ; and, being sensible, that by reason of my indefatigable love to her, I was in a perpetual danger of being disinherited, has, out of her abundant goodness, piously consented to revenge me of the said unnatural father, by this publick disappointment of his hopes, having (to his utter confusion) already taken to her loving husband, the individual person of me, his lawfully begotten son,——*John Rakish*.

Maj. Humh ! What is all this, do you know, madam ? What the devil is it ?

L. Man. All truth, sir, to my knowledge, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ; so take me, *John Rakish*.
[*Gives him her hand.*]

Maj. Oons and hell ! I'll chine that dog to the navel.

[*Draws.*]

Lon. O, by no means, major ; prithee put up your sword, you'll frighten the ladies.

Maj. Prithee, dear *Charles*, let me come at him : O, he is a bitter dog ! I can't bear him.

[*Trembling with passion.*]

Lon. Psha ! psha ! prithee be pacified ; if he must be run thro' the guts, he will deserve it an hour hence, as well as now ; besides, I wou'd have you hear what he can say for himself : you know he does not use to be tongue-tied upon these occasions.

Maj. Odsbud ! and that's true, my little *Charles* ! I will hear the dog, I will hear him——And, if I am trick'd, I am satisfied I shall have the pleasure of half a dozen rare impudent faces from the unrighteous bastard to back his roguery however.——Come hither, *Jacky*.

Y. Ra. Well, fir.

Maj. Ay, that's the look! Hark you, iron-face! Art not thou a perjurd rogue? Do'st thou not expect to be split and broild upon the devil's gridiron?

Y. Ra. I don't apprehend you, fir.

Maj. Did'st not thou promise, dog, to renounce all claim to that lady, provided I would quit my title to the five hundred pounds?

Y. Ra. Ay, fir! But I remember what pains you took at *Locket's* to-day to cheat me of it: chaw upon that, and then tell me whether you can blame me for what I have done?

Maj. O! not in the least, my dear hell-face! Thou hast oblig'd me to the last degree by marrying this lady here; the least I can do is now to settle my estate upon thee, which thou shalt have with a vengeance; that is to say, I will instantly make love to her daughter, offer her my whole estate for a jointure, cut off the entail, get a whole litter of children, and disinherit you, you dog!

Y. Ra. Look you, fir, there I forbid the banns, that lady is now my daughter, and I will not have my family disgrac'd, by admitting such a notorious rake-hell for my son-in-law; in short, your pretences are utterly against my consent, and I positively declare you never shall have my blessing.

Maj. What a cross old fellow this is now! 'Oons! I'd give five thousand pounds to make the whelp my father-in-law.

Y. Ra. Come, come, fir! for a great deal less money you shall still make this lady my mother-in-law.

Maj. Ha! say'st thou, my little *Jacky*? Why, art thou not married, thou dear dog, art thou not married, ha? speak!

Y. Ra. So far from it, fir, that, upon condition you will immediately sign this paper, which will intitle me to four hundred pounds a year during life, and at your decease the rest of your estate, I am willing this very moment to resign the lady to you.

L. Man. Base man! you won't offer to sell me?

Y. Ra. Don't you trouble yourself, madam, I'll war-

arrant you. [*Aside.*] And to satisfy you that my meaning's honest, the writing is so drawn, that unless you actually do marry the lady, you are not oblig'd to give me a groat.

Maj. Say'st thou so, my little *Jacky*?

[*He peruses the paper.*]

L. Man. Audacious villain! have you serv'd me thus? I will be reveng'd.—Here, major! [*Gives him her hand.*] Upon condition you never do give that villain a groat, I will marry you this very moment, *gratis*; nay, do but engage to disinherit him before to-morrow morning, and I here immediately promise you six thousand pounds in ready gold and jewels, to satisfy any extravagance you shall think fit.

Y. Ra. So!

Maj. Disinherit, madam! Odsbud, your ladyship's too merciful! An audacious rogue! to think I cou'd be such a villain to wrong a lady, madam, of your unspotted virtue! Oons! I never heard such an impudent proposal since I was born!—Madam! if he were now at the gallows, with the knot under his left ear; nay, if the word were given for the cart to drive away, blood, and brimstone! I wou'd not part with eighteenpence to reprieve him.

L. Man. On that condition, I am entirely yours.

Maj. Oons! Madam, I'll ruin him within this half hour, I'll drive your revenge quite through his soul; nay, I'll send for the two mischief makers of the nation, the parson and the lawyer, and make them clinch it on the other side.

Lon. What the devil shall we do now, *Jack*? Was ever such a disappointment!

Y. Ra. Faith, *Charles*, she has out-trump'd me, that's the truth on't; but I can't lose all, man, I have *pam* in hand still.

Lon. What do you mean?

Y. Ra. Her son! her son, boy; the rogue has chosen me for his guardian; he will be here presently; I'll manage him to fetch her about, I warrant you.

Lon. 'Egad that's lucky, I am glad you are sure of a trick to save yourself at last; in the mean time, *Jack*,

try what a court-card will do, play your impudence upon them.

Y. Ra. Mum!

L. Man. Now, devil, I am reveng'd of you.

Y. Ra. I fancy not, madam.—I suppose your ladyship does not know these are the writings of your son *Johnny's* estate, by him the said *Johnny*, this very day stol'n out of your cabinet; which, because I am his guardian, I will thus re-put into my pocket.

L. Man. Monster! you his guardian?

Y. Ra. At your service, madam.

L. Man. You dare not tell me so?

Y. Ra. O! I have a great deal more to tell you, madam, I must have a thousand pounds out of your hands to-morrow morning, to put him and his wife into an handsome equipage.

L. Man. His wife!

Y. Ra. His wife, madam—she has had as good an education as your ladyship's service cou'd afford,—*Lettice*, I think her name is.

L. Man. Undone! undone!

Maj. Ha, madam! What's the matter now?

L. Man. O! my dear child's ruin'd for ever!

Y. Ra. That's as you please, madam.

L. Man. What says the monster?

Y. Ra. That your son, madam, shall not be ruin'd; provided you will promise me not to marry that old fellow there, unless he signs my settlement. In short, madam, upon that condition, I will not only resign your son, and his fortune into your hands again, but will likewise engage to find a lawful expedient to disannul his marriage too; which, if you don't immediately comply with me, shall be an eternal secret: so even let him squander away his estate as he pleases, I'll make a shift to glean a handsome livelihood out on't, I warrant you.

Emi. Nay, madam, this is a very generous proposal: now if your son's ruin'd, you are the occasion of it.

Oli. We all entreat for him.

L. Man. Madam, I beseech you don't name it: I'll

not believe a word he says; I dare swear this is all sham, a poor pretence only to get his ends of me.

Maj. Oons, madam! you have nick'd it: but if it were true, let me alone to manage him, I know him by experience: why the dog had the impudence t'other day to ask me to lend him fifty pounds, and in less than a quarter of an hour I brought him down to three and six-pence.

L. Man. No, no, devil! I will hear nothing but revenge. [*Aside to Y. Ra.*

Y. Ra. Nay, then, madam, it's time for me to provide for myself; here comes one, I am sure, will stand by me.

Enter Mass Johnny with Lettice, and a gentleman in a parson's habit.

M. Jo. Tall, lall, lall! [*Singing.*] A hey! Where's my brother-father-in-law?

Y. Ra. Hah! my little sprig of lewdness, how do'st thou?

M. Jo. How do I? Why I am marry'd, boy! How shou'd I do?

Y. Ra. Give you joy, madam. [*Saluting Lettice.*

L. Man. What do I see? Undone! ruin'd!

Maj. Humh! the parson there too! Nay then, mischief is not far off.

M. Jo. Well! but hark you, *Jahn!* How do my mother and you agree; what, ben't you marry'd yet?

Y. Ra. O Lord, 'squire, no! nor am not like to be; she is just going to be marry'd to my father.

M. Jo. 'Icod, I thought as much! Did not I tell you, you did not know her? Did not I tell you so? Look you, *Jahn,* there are two things she never kept in all her life; that is—a fast-day and a promise; to my certain knowledge, her word is but wind, and 'Icod, she no more values to break one than t'other.

Y. Ra. Well, 'squire! it shall never trouble me, as long as I suffer upon your account: for, to tell you the truth, the real occasion for her discarding me, was my friendly promotion of your marriage: but there's a very easy way to reward my service; which is, that upon

condition my father will sign this writing, you will generously condescend to chuse him for your guardian.

M. Jo. I'll do't an't were ten times more to serve you: let's see the writings, I'll do't, 'Icod.

Y. Ra. There, sir! [*Gives him the writings.*]

M. Jo. [*To the Maj.*] Look you, sir! You, Mr.—Mr. *Jahn's* vather here; I don't know what your name is, not I; but if you think fit, d'ye see, to sign this paper, I'll make you my guardian—That's all I have to say to you,—so take and look it over.

Maj. Let's see it, my dear lad.

Y. Ra. Madam, I am sensible a word from you wou'd finish the business; if you will stand my friend, I am still ready to disannual your son's marriage.

[*Aside to Lady Manlove.*]

L. Man. Alas! Heaven knows I wou'd do it, were there but a possibility of your making your words true.

Y. Ra. Madam! this gentleman's word and honour shall be your security.

Lon. Madam, I will engage for him.

L. Lov. And I.

Emi. and Oli. And all of us.

L. Man. Well! I find it's in vain to contend with him; therefore, dear major, sign it immediately, and from this moment, all I have is yours.

Maj. O, madam! a word from you wou'd make me do ten times more; for the six thousand pounds in ready gold and jewels runs in my head confoundedly, I long to be at it: and as for *Jacky*, I reckon within four or five days I shall nick off this annuity again at the Groom Porter's; and so have at him. [*He signs the writing.*]—So! there *Charles*, [*Gives it to Longville.*] you are engag'd to see him perform articles; if he keeps his word, much good may do him.

Y. Ra. Come, 'squire, are you contented this gentleman shall marry your mother, and be your guardian?

M. Jo. Yes, I be!—and so let him take my writings, and pray don't you cheat me now! It's for *Jahn's* sake, I tell you that.

Y. Ra. Well, madam, now to dissipate your fears, in

one word, I must acquaint you, that your son *Johnny*, and my brother elect, is not married.

L. *Man*. How, not marry'd! you over-joy me, sir; make it appear, and you shall never want a friend in me.

M. *Jo*. What a devil makes you raise such a lie now?

Y. *Ra*. Prithee, my dear 'squire, don't interrupt us.

M. *Jo*. I will 'terrupt you then, what do you shove me for? I am marry'd, so I be! Yes I be! I be!

[*Raising his voice.*]

Y. *Ra*. Silence! Come, Mrs. *Lettice*, pray satisfy my lady, and this good company, concerning your suspected marriage with this young gentleman.

M. *Jo*. Ay, ay, do, let her speak, with all my heart. 'Tcod! see, who will prove the liar, Mr. *Jahn*.

Lett. Well, 'squire! since I must speak then, I declare before my lady, and this good company, that I neither am your wife, nor ever will be.

Y. *Ra*. Now, sir, what say you?

M. *Jo*. I say she lies!—she is my wife, and you know it well enough, and the parson knows it too: what a rope did I give him two crown pieces for!

Maj. 'Oons! I don't know what to make of this business; one says ay, and t'other says no; prithee, dear *Domine*, put us out of our pain. Come, answer to the question, are they marry'd, or not?

Gent. I must confess, sir, at your son's request, I did mumble over a parcel of words that satisfied the young 'squire, as well as if they had been canonical; but to convince you, that it was not in my power to injure him that way, I am no parson, but his humble servant and kinsman, *Ned Friendly*. [*Throws off his gown.*]

L. *Man*. Mr. *Friendly*! dear sir, this was kindly done of you.

Lett. Madam, upon my knees, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I must confess I had like to have marry'd my young master, had not Mr. *Rakish's* care prevented it: but he soon convinc'd me, what an uneasy life I must have expected from your ladyship, and the rest of his relations. But to satisfy you, madam, that I never intend to have any thoughts of him as long as I live, Mr. *Rakish* has been pleas'd to give me his bond to pay

me forty pounds a year during life, provided I immediately leave the town, and go and live with my friends in the country, which I faithfully promise your ladyship to perform to-morrow morning; and so, dear 'squire, farewell! Pray wish me a good journey, as I do you a better wife, and many happy days.

M. Jo. [*Half crying.*] What will you leave me now? Are these your tricks? Pray give me my purse again, since you won't marry me, young gentlewoman; you shall have no fine cloaths, I'll tell you that! Give me my purse, wu'll ye?

L. Man. Sirrah, let her alone; that purse you purloin'd from me, and she shall keep it: nay, to reward her honesty, I'll present her with this ring, as an earnest of my future kindness.

Lett. I humbly thank your ladyship.

M. Jo. What! and so I am to be cheated out of my money too! This is all long of you—Mr. *Jahn!* [*Cries.*

Y. Ra. Come, come! 'squire, don't be troubled, when you want money, come to me; in the mean time, hark you, in your ear; I have as pretty a young wench in my eye for you—She will be in town in two or three days—Mum!

M. Jo. Psha! What do I care for a wench, if I can't have her when I have a mind to it! Here I thought to have had such a night on't now! and now the parson has said grace, you tell me I shall go to dinner a month hence.

Y. Ra. Why then, to stay your stomach, go with me to the last act of the play, and I'll shew you one that ne'er deny'd a man twice in her life.

M. Jo. Ay, so you say! But I warrant she will pluck me by the hair, if I offer to meddle with her.

Y. Ra. Come, come! I will stand your friend, observe what I say to your mother.—Madam, your son is sensible of his error, and desires your ladyship will take him into favour again; and, from this time, he has promis'd never to disobey you.

M. Jo. No! no more I won't, indeed mother, if you will but let me go with Mr. *Jahn* to see the play to-night.

L. *Man.* Well, be obedient for the future, and no reasonable freedom shall be deny'd you.

M. *Jo.* O Lord! thank you, dear mother. 'Icod, I am glad we are friends again! Lord! I am so glad!— Won't ye bufs me, mother? [*Kisses.*]

Y. *Ra.* So! now I hope we are all friends.

Lon. Well, major! are you satisfied that your son has perform'd his articles? Shall I deliver him the writings?

L. *Lov.* O! by all means! Upon my word, major, he has deserv'd it.

Maj. Why the dog has done something for't, that's the truth on't; tho' I will lay fifty pounds I have seven to four upon it, before to-morrow morning.

Y. *Ra.* Well, sir! [*To the Maj.*] Now I wish you joy; and thank you for my settlement, tho' it's an hundred to one but the world will think that you have given it me, because you cou'd not help it.

Maj. Ay! and I warrant, *Jacky*, they will be apt to say too, that thou art as well satisfy'd, as if I had given it thee with a good will.

Y. *Ra.* Ay, sir! People will out with their bold truths now-and-then; but come, gentlemen, how shall we dispose of ourselves this afternoon? What think you of the play?

Lon. With all my heart! And after that, I beg my house may entertain us; where we'll reflect at leisure upon the happy changes in our fortune: but yours and mine, my lord, are owing both to the successful wit of one inveterate woman; from whence we may observe that virtue ever is the secret care of Providence: Had *Leonora* been less my enemy, I never cou'd have prov'd myself so near a friend. Her plotted injuries to me are now my glory, and her own dishonour:

*And may the blest event this truth record,
That good and evil actions are their own reward.*



LOVE makes a MAN :

OR, THE

FOP'S FORTUNE.

A

C O M E D Y.



THE

LOVE-MAKERS

BY

JOHN R. WATSON

C O M B D Y

NEW YORK

P R O L O G U E.

*S*INCE plays are but a kind of publick feasts,
 Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
 Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare
 Your tastes in Prologue, with your bill of fare.
 When you foreknow each course, tho' this may teaze you,
 'Tis five to one, but one o' th' five may please you.
 First, for the criticks, we've your darling chear,
 Faults without number, more than sense can bear. }
 You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
 From your displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe;
 You never frown, but where your neighbours laugh.
 Now, you that never know what spleen or hate is, }
 Who for an act or two are welcome gratis;
 That tip the wink, and so sneak out with nunquam satis; }
 For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a sop,
 We hope the newest that's of late come up;
 The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mixt be carries,
 He seems a ragou, piping hot from Paris.
 But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
 We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for, love.
 An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears, }
 And nearest happy, when it most despairs.
 For masks, we've scandal, and for beaus, French airs. }
 To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
 For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Penkethman.
 Now, sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;
 But pray, in charity, the founder spare, }
 Left you destroy at once the poet and the player.

Dramatis Personæ:

M E N.

<i>Antonio</i> and <i>Charino</i>	} old gentlemen,	} <i>Mr. Bullock.</i> <i>Mr. Cross.</i>
<i>Don Lewis</i> , uncle and dear friend to <i>Carlos</i> ,		
<i>Carlos</i> , a student,	} Sons to	} <i>Mr. Wilks.</i> <i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Clodio</i> , a pert coxcomb,		
<i>Sancho</i> , servant to <i>Carlos</i> ,	} <i>Governor of Lisbon</i> ,	} <i>Mr. Simpson.</i> <i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Monsieur</i> , valet to <i>Clodio</i> ,		
<i>Don Manuel</i> , a sea officer, in love with <i>Louisa</i> ,		

W O M E N.

<i>Angelina</i> , daughter to <i>Charino</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Temple.</i>
<i>Louisa</i> , a lady of quality and pleasure,	<i>Mrs. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Elvira</i> , sister to <i>Don Duart</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Knight.</i>
<i>Honoria</i> , cousin to <i>Louisa</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Moor.</i>

Priest, Officers, and Servants.

LOVE makes a MAN:

O. R., T H E.

F O P ' s F O R T U N E.

A C T I. S C E N E, *an ball.*

Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant. **W**ITHOUT compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honour'd in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to support 'em; and, I think, the sooner we set 'em to work, the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same line of honour; and, I hope, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the bye, for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cha. Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My daughter *Angelina*!

Ant. *Angelina*.

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said *Angelina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband which of 'em she pleases?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promise, that the person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be

your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession of at least three parts of your estate. You know the conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

Cba. Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cba. Is't a match?

Ant. A match.

Cba. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cba. And done!——that's enough.——*Carlos*, the elder, you say is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study.

Ant. Nothing more, sir.

Cba. But *Clodio*, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the court of *France*; a sprightly fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the back, sir.

Cba. Well! how far either of 'em may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleas'd where I am—I have given her some documents already. Hark! what noise without?

Ant. Odo! 'tis they—they're come——I have expected 'em these two hours. Well, firrah, who's without?

Enter a servant.

Serv. 'Tis *Sancho*, sir, with a waggon-load of my master's books.

Cba. What, does he always travel with his whole study?

Ant. Never without them, sir, 'tis his humour.

Enter Sancho, laden with books.

San. *Pedro*, unload part of the library; bid the porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen of carts; I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Ha! *Sancho*! where's my *Carlos*! speak, boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

San. Jogging on, sir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employ'd, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, sir.

Ant. What have we here, *potbooks* and *andirons*?

San. *Potbooks!* O! dear fir!—I beg your pardon—No, fir, this is *Arabick*, 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the translation, fir, of human bodies—a new way of getting out of the world. There's a terrible wise man * has written a very smart book of it.

Cha. Pray, friend, what will that same book teach a man?

San. Teach you, fir! why to play a trump upon death, and shew yourself a match for the devil.

Cha. Strange!

San. Here, fir, this is your letter. [To *Ant.*

Cha. Pray, fir, what sort of life may your master lead?

San. Life, fir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, sups with *Seneca*; then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and after six hours conference with the stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So, *Carlos* will be here presently——Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, fir,——and pray see your master's chamber ready. [Knocking again.

Well, fir, who's at the gate?

Enter a servant.

Serv. Monsieur, fir, from my young master *Clodio*.

Enter Monsieur.

Ant. Well, Monsieur, what says your master? When will he be here?

Monf. Sire, he will be here in de less time dan von quarter of de hour; he is not quite tirty mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Monf. Sire, me come to provide de pulvile, and de essence for his peruque, dat he may approche to your vorshipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

Ant. What! is he unprovided then?

Monf. Sire, he vas enrage, and did break his bottel d'orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for *Monseigneur le Dauphin*.

Ant. Well, fir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll help you to some oil for his perriwig.

* Mr. *Asgil*.

Monf. Sire, me tank you.

[*Exit Monf.*

Cha. A very notable spark this *Clodio*. Ha! what trampling of horses is that without?

Enter a servant.

Serv. Sir, my young masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! now, fir, now! now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My father! Sir, your blessing.

Ant. Thou hast it, *Carlos*; and now pray know this gentleman; *Charino*, fir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his love, fir.

Cha. Sir, as for that matter, you need not study at all.

[*They salute.*

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *La Valiere*! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and out-fript the wind.

Cha. Ay, marry fir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

Clo. Where's my father?

Ant. Ha, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome! let me kiss thee.

Clo. Sir,—you kiss pleasingly—I love to kiss a man; in *Paris* we kiss nothing else. Sir, being my father's friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble servant.

[*To Cha.*

Cha. Sir—I—I—I like you.

[*Eagerly.*

Clo. Thy hand—kiss—I'm your friend.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pretty humour'd fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray, fir, who's that?

Ant. Your brother, *Clody*.

Clo. Odsó! I beg his pardon with all my heart—Ha, ha, ha! did ever mortal see such a book-worm?—Brother, how is't?

[*Carelessly.*

Car. I'm glad you are well, brother.

[*Reads.*

Clo. What, does he draw his book upon me? then I will draw my wit upon him—Gad, I'll puzzle him—Hark you, brother, pray what's—*Latin* for a sword-knot?

Car. The *Romans* wore none, brother.

Clo. No ornament upon their swords, fir?

Car. O yes, several, conquest, peace, and honour—
an old unfashionable wear.

Clo. Sir, no man in *France* (I may as well say breathing, for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifteen louis-d'ors in *Paris*—There, fir,—feel him,—try him, fir.

Car. I have no skill, fir.

Clo. No skill, fir! why this sword would make a coward fight—aha! fa! fa! ha! rip—ha! there I had him. [Fencing.]

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my cloaths, brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha, ha,—no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the *grammar-rules* exactly: psha, prithee man leave off this college-air.

Car. No, brother, I think it wholesome, the foil and situation pleasant.

Clo. A put, by *Jupiter*! he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country:—Sir, I mean the air of your cloaths; I would have you change your taylor, and dress a little more *en cavalier*: lay by your book, and take out your snuff-box; cock, and look smart, hah!

Cha. Faith, a pretty fellow!

Car. I read no use in this, brother; and for my cloaths, the half of what I wear already, seems to me superfluous: what need I outward ornaments, when I can deck myself with understanding? Why should we care for any thing, but knowledge? or look upon the follies of mankind, but to condemn or pity those that seek 'em?

[Reads again.]

Clo. Stark mad! split me.

Cha. Psha, this fellow will never do—he's as no foul in him.

Clo. Hark you, brother, what do you think of a pretty plump wench now?

Car. I seldom think that way; women are books I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad, I could set you a sweet lesson, brother.

Car. I am as well here, fir.

[Reads.]

Cba. Good for no earthly thing; a stock; ah, that
Clody!

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Sire, here be de several sorte of de jassimine
l'orangerie vidout, if you please to make your shoice.

Clo. Mum, sir! I must beg pardon for a moment; a
most important business calls me aside, which I will dis-
patch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the re-
petition of my desire to continue, sir, your most oblig'd
and faithful humble servant. [*Exit Clody bowing.*]

Cba. Faith, he's a pretty fellow.

Ant. Now, sir, if you please, since we have got the
other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

Cba. 'Tis to little purpose, I am afraid: but use your
pleasure, sir.

Car. *Plato* differs from *Socrates* in this. [*To himself.*]

Ant. Come, come, prithee *Carlos* lay 'em by, let 'em
agree at leisure. What, no hour of interruption?

Car. Man's life, sir, being so short, and then the way
that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and
tedious, each minute should be precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this world, *Carlos*, you must
part a little with this bookish contemplation, and pre-
pare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to
know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what
for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advan-
tage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown
with labour. This now wou'd turn to some account.

Car. This, sir, may be done from what I've read: for
what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it than
Virgil in his *Georgics*? And, for the cure of herds, his
Bucolics are a matter-piece; but when his art describes
the commonwealth of bees, their industry, their more
than human knowledge of the herbs from which they
gather honey, their laws, their government among them-
selves, their order in going forth, and coming laden home,
their strict obedience to their king, his just rewards to such
as labour, his punishment inflicted only on the slothful
drone; I'm ravish'd with it, then reap indeed my har-
vest, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find
wax and honey.

Ant. Hey day! *Georges!* and *Blue-sticks,* and *Bees-wax!* What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, fir, the knowledge of this guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shap'd, healthy bride? answer me that, ha, fir!

Car. 'Tis frequent, fir, in story; there I read of all kind of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient *Spartan* dames, the *Roman* ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and tasted of their lawful envy'd love: but when I meet a *Messalina*, tir'd and unfated in her foul desires; a *Clytemnestra*, bath'd in her husband's blood; an impious *Tullia* whirling her chariot o'er her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties; comparing then the numerous guilty, with the easy count of those that die in innocence, I detest and loath 'em as ignorance, or atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve then not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

Car. What debt, good fir?

Ant. Why the debt I paid my father when I got you, fir, and made him a grandfire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

Car. Nor would I; my labour'd studies, fir, may prove in time a living issue.

Ant. Very well, fir; and so I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* 'till this time, to be my grand-child!

Car. I'll take my best care, fir, that what I leave may not shame the family.

Cha. A sad fellow this! This is a very sad fellow.

[*Aside.*]

Ant. Nor you won't take care of my estate?

Car. But in my wishes, fir: for know the wings on which my soul is mounted, have long since borne her pride too high to stoop to any prey that soars not up-

wards; fordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth, fix in that gross element their happiness; but great and pure spirits, shaking the clog of human frailty off, become refin'd, and free as the æthereal air.

Ant. So in short you wou'd not marry an empress!

Car. Give me leave to enjoy myself; the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; my venerable companions there, the old sages and philosophers, sometimes the greatest kings and heroes, whose counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their victories, if unjustly got, unto a strict account, and in my fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir, 'be it your care to swell your heap of wealth, marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather wou'd inform it with a soul.—I tire you, sir—your pardon, and your leave.—Lights there for my study. [Exit Carlos.

Ant. Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness? A stupid wise rogue, I cou'd beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young *Clody*, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

Cha. Ay, ay, he's the match for my money, and my girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, sir, shall we tell 'em a piece of our mind, and turn 'em together instantly?

Ant. This minute, sir; and here comes my young rogue in the very nick of his fortune.

Enter Clodio.

Ant. *Clody*, a word!

Clo. To the wife is enough: your pleasure, sir?

Ant. In the mean time, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit. [Exit *Cha.*

Cha. I'll do't—hark you, friend. [*Whispers a servant.*

Enter Sancho behind.

San. I doubt my master has found but rough welcome! He's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason—It may be some body has borrow'd one of his books, or so—I must find it out.

[*Stands aside.*

Clo. Sir, you could not have started any thing more

agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's, fir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a fight of her, you shall see me whip into hers in the cutting of a caper.

Cha. Well! pursue and conquer; tho' let me tell you, fir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart way, fir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, fir, having always found, that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions as a beau and a snuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-stopper.

Cha. Faith thou art a pleasant rogue; I'gad she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the ladies, fir—In *Paris* I had constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

Cha. Ah, silly envious rogues! Prithee, what do you do to their ladies?

San. Positively, nothing. [Aside.

Clo. Why the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor dogs the *princes* cou'd not endure me.

Cha. Why, hast thou really convers'd with the *royal family*?

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, ay, ay!—you must know some of 'em came with me half a day's journey, to see me a little on my way hither: but I'gad I sent young *Louis* back again to *Marli* as drunk as a tinker, by *Jove*! Ha, ha, ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next morning.

Cha. Gad-a-mercy, boy! well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their ladies too!

San. Just alike, I dare answer for him. [Aside.

Clo. Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge—Let me see! there was I and *Monseigneur*—no, no, no; *Monseigneur* did not sup with us.—There was I and *Prince Grandmont*, *Duke de Bongrace*, *Duke de Bellegrade*—(*Bellegrade*—yes—yes, *Jack* was there!) *Count de l'Esprit*, *Mareschal Bombard*, and that pleasant dog the

Prince *de Hautenbas*. We six now were all at supper, all in good humour, *Champaign* was the word, and wit flew about the room like a pack of losing cards. — Now, sir, in Madam's adjacent lodgings there happen'd to be the self-same number of ladies, after the fatigue of a ballat, diverting themselves with *Ratifa*, and the spleen; so dull, they were not able to talk, tho' it were scandalously even of their best friends: so, sir, after a profound silence at last one of 'em gap'd — O gad! says she, would that pleasant dog *Clody* were here to *badiner* a little. — Hey, says a second, and stretch'd. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* says a third — and wak'd. — Cou'd not one find him, says a fourth? — and leer'd. — O! burn him, says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the blood again — in a pet. — Did you so, says a sixth — *Pardie!* we'll spoil that gang presently — in a passion. Whereupon, sir, in two minutes, I receiv'd a billet in four words — *Chien nous vous demandons*: subscrib'd, *Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, l'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas*.

Cha. Why, these are the very names of the princes you supp'd with.

Clo. Every soul of 'em the individual wife or sister of every man in the company! split me! *Ha, ha!*

Cha. and *Ant.* *Ha, ha, ha!*

San. Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily? [*Aside.*

Ant. Well! and did'st thou make a night on't, boy?

Clo. Yes, I'gad, and morning too, sir; for about eight o'clock the next day, slap they all fous'd upon their knees, kiss'd round, burnt their commodoes, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy, *Clody!* nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue.

Cha. I like him the better for't — he's a pleasant one, I'm sure.

Ant. Well, the rogue gives a rare account of his travels.

Clo. I'gad, sir, I have a cure for the spleen; a ha! I know how to riggle myself into a lady's favour — give me leave when you please, sir.

Cha. Sir, you shall have it this moment—faith, I like him—you remember the conditions, sir; three parts of your estate to him and his heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part 'em: you see *Carlos* has given over the world; I'll undertake to buy his birth-right for a shelf of new books.

Cha. Ay, ay! get you the writings ready with your other son's hand to 'em; for unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

Ant. I know it, sir,—they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

Cha. Why then come along, my lad, and now I'll shew thee to my daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, sir,—*Allons!* Hey, *Suivons l'Amour.* [Sings.] [Exeunt.]

San. How! my poor master to be disinherited for *Monsieur!* Sa! sa! there; and I a looker-on too! If we have study'd our *majors* and our *minors*, *antecedents*, and *consequents*, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand on't; I am glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old *Don Lewis*, shall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old rough testy blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a rubbers with 'em first.—— Here he comes, *perfecto.*

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lew. *Sancho!* Where's my boy *Carlos*? What, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—*Sancho!* a little peep now——one peep at him thro' the key-hole—I must have a peep.

San. Have a care, sir, he's upon a magical point.

D. Lew. What, has he lost any thing?

San. Yes, sir, he has lost with a vengeance.

D. Lew. But what, what, what, what, firrah! What is't?

San. Why his birth-right, sir; he is di—di—dis—disinherited. [Sobbing.]

D. Lew. Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what dost thou mean?

San. His brother, sir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great

heirefs, to enjoy three parts of his father's estate; and my master is to have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

D. Lew. This must be a lie, firrah; I will have it a lie.

San. With all my heart, fir; but here comes my old master, and the pick-pocket the lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter Antonio and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, fir, this paper has your full instructions; pray be speedy, fir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his hand, fir, I defy the law to give him his title again. [Exit.

San. What think you now, fir?

D. Lew. Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd—this is right—I'm pleas'd—must cut that lawyer's throat tho'—must bone him—ay! I'll have him bon'd—and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. Lew. O mighty well—mighty well—let's feel your pulse—feverish.

[Looks earnestly in Antonio's face, and after some pause, whistles a piece of a tune.

Ant. You are merry, brother.

D. Lew. It's a lie.

Ant. How, brother?

D. Lew. A damn'd lie—I am not merry. [Smiling.

Ant. What are you then?

D. Lew. Very angry. [Laughing.

Ant. Hi, hi, hi! at what, brother? [Mimicking him.

D. Lew. Why, at a very wise settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What settlement, good brother?—I find he has heard of it. [Aside.

D. Lew. What do you think I have done?—I have—this deep head of mine has—disinherited my elder son, because his understanding's an honour to my family; and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy! a puppy!

Ant. Come, I guess at your meaning, brother.

D. Lew. Do you so, fir? Why then I must tell you flat and plain, my boy *Carlos* must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say, no, unless *Carlos* had a soul to value his fortune: what! he should manage eight thousand crowns a year out of the *metaphysicks*! *Astronomy* should look to my vineyards! *Horace* should buy off my wines! *Tragedy* should kill my mutton! *History* should cut down my hay! *Homer* should get in my corn! *Tityre tu Patulæ* look to my sheep! and *Geometry* bring my harvest home! Hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

D. Lew. What if I don't, fir, I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough.—Tho' I can speak no *Greek*, I love and honour the sound of it, and *Carlos* speaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, fir; and let me tell you, fir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of *Hesiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*, or any of the *Greek* poets, odsheart! it would have made your hair stand an end; fir, he has read such things in my hearing——

Ant. But did you understand 'em, brother?

D. Lew. I tell you, no. What does that signify? the very sound's a sufficient comfort to an honest man.

Ant. Fie, fie! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

D. Lew. Should, fir! Yes, and do, fir: fir, I'd have you to know, I have study'd, I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

Ant. Yes, like a cat over a harpsichord, rare musick—You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

D. Lew. A sad dog——I'll buy a prettier fellow in a pennyworth of gingerbread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, fir, say you your pleasure——Here comes one I must talk with——Well, brother, what news?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! to our wishes, fir; *Clody*'s a right bait for a girl, fir; a budding sprightly fellow: she's a little shy at first; but I gave him his cue, and the rogue does so whisk, and frisk, and sing, and dance her about: odsbud! he plays like a greyhound. Noble Don *Lewis*, I am

your humble servant: come, what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some part of your estate upon young *Clody*?

D. Lew. *Clody!*

Cha. Ay, your nephew, *Clody*.

D. Lew. Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

D. Lew. Why look you, I han't much land to spare; but I have an admirable horse-pond—I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

Ant. Come, let him have his way, sir, he's old and hasty; my estate's sufficient. How does your daughter, sir?

Cha. Ripe, and ready, sir, like a blushing rose, she only waits for the pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to-morrow be the day.

Cha. With all my heart; get you the writings ready, my girl shall be here in the morning.

D. Lew. Hark you, sir, do you suppose my *Carlos* shall——

Cha. Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, sir, and so good-morrow to your patience, brother. [*Exeunt.*

D. Lew. *Sancho!*

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Fetch me some gun-powder—quick—quick.

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Some gun-powder, I say,——a barrel——quickly——and, d'ye hear, three penny-worth of ratf-bane!——Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

San. Come, sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, sir) e'en let me try if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, sir.

D. Lew. Psha! impossible, he never spoke six words to any woman in his life, but his bed-maker.

San. So much the better, sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the road—Hark, he rings——I must wait upon him. [*Exit.*

D. Lew. These damn'd old rogues!—I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, *Carlos*, let 'em go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet— That old fool thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between 'em! Nay, to plague 'em, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury. [Exit.

A C T II.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. SIR, he shall have what's fit for him.

San. No inheritance, sir?

Ant. Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for; you talk like a fool, a coxcomb; trouble him with land—

San. Must master *Clodio* have all, sir?

Ant. All, all; he knows how to use it; he's a man bred in this world; t'other in the skies, his business is altogether above stairs; [*Bell rings*] go, see what he wants.

San. A father, I am sure.

[Exit *San.*

Ant. What, will none of my rogues come near me now? O! here they are.

Enter several servants.

Well, sir, in the first place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young master is to be marry'd this morning; will that spur you, sir?

Cook. Young master, sir! I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do—Hey! *Pedro!*

Gusman! Come, stir, ho! [Exit *Cook.*

Ant. Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if

any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down!
Is the music come?

But. They are within, at breakfast, sir.

Ant. That's well: here, let this room be clean'd.

—You, huffy, see the bride-bed made; take care no young jade cut the cords asunder; and look the sheets be fine, and well scented—and, d'ye hear,—lay on three pillows!—away! [*Exeunt.*]

[*A noise of chopping behind. Carlos alone in his study.*]

Car. What a perpetual noise these people make! my head is broken with several noises; and in every corner; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; all my faculties turn into study: what a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind! How unprofitable a pleasure is eating!—*Sancho!*

Enter Sancho.

San. Did you call, sir? [*Chopping again.*]

Car. Prithee, what noise is this?

San. The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

Car. And is it thus at every dinner?

San. No, sir; but we have high doings to-day.

Car. Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone—Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, *Sancho*?

San. No, sir; but he spits *French* like a magpye, and that's more in fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue. [*Chopping again.*]—Again that noise! prithee tell me, *Sancho*, are there any princes to dine here?

San. Some there are as happy as princes, sir,—your brother's marry'd to-day.

Car. What of that! might not six dishes serve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but sparingly.

San. Sir, all the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the house, but comes too: all open, sir.

Car. Prithee, who is it my brother marries?

San. Old *Cbarino's* daughter, sir, the great heiress;

a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry—and, they say, modest too.

Car. That's strange; prithee how does these modest women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my own mother; to me they ever were but shadows, seen and unregarded.

Lan. Ah! wou'd you saw this lady, fir; she'd draw you farther than your *Archimedes*; she has a better secret than any's in *Aristotle*, if you study'd for't: I'gad you'd find her the prettiest natural philosopher to play with!

Car. Is she so fine a creature?

San. Such eyes! such looks! such a pair of pretty plump, pouting lips! such softness in her voice! such musick too! and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks! such a clear skin! white neck, and a little lower, such a pair of round, hard, heaving, what-d'ye-call-ums——ah!

Car. Why thou art in love, *Sancho*.

San. Ay! so would you be, if you saw her, fir.

Car. I don't think so. What settlement does my father make 'em?

San. Only all his dirty land, fir, and makes your brother his sole heir.

Car. Must I have nothing?

San. Books in abundance; leave to study your eyes out, fir.

Car. I am the elder born, and have a title too.

San. No matter for that, fir, he'll have possession——of the lady too.

Car. I wish him happy——he'll not inherit my little understanding too!

San. O, fir, he's more a gentleman than to do that——Ods me! fir, fir, here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

Enter Charino and Angelina.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, fir:

Car. I ne'er saw any yet so fair! such sweetness in her look! such modesty! if we may think the eye the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasur'd virtues there:

San. So! the book's gone.

[*Afide.*

Cha. Come, prithee put on a brisker look; odsheart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

Ang. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought perhaps had made it easier to me: to change for ever, is no trifle, sir.

Car. A wonder!

Cha. Look you, his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exception to. What, in the name of *Venus*, would the girl have?

Ang. I never said, of all the world, I made him, sir, my choice: nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him, than disobedience.

Cha. O! if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

Ang. I have done with my objections, sir.

Car. Such understanding, in so soft a form!——
Happy——Happy brother!—may he be happy, while I sit down in patience, and alone!—I have gaz'd too much——Reach me an *Ovid*. [*Exeunt Car. and San.*]

Cha. I say, put on your best looks, hussy—for here he comes, faith.

Enter Clodio.

Ah! my dear *Clody*.

Clo. My dear, dear dad. [*Embracing.*] Ha; *Ma Princesse! etes vous là donc!* A ha! *Non, non. Je ne me connois guerre, &c.* [*Sings.*] Look, look,—o'fly-boots; what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will, child.—I'gad, I shall count the clock extremely to-night: let me see—what time shall I rise to-morrow?—Not till after nine,—ten,—eleven, for a pistole. Ah——*C'est à dire votre coeur insensible est en fin vaincu. Non, non, &c.* [*Sings a second verse.*]

Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said, *Clody*; my noble brother, welcome: my fair daughter, I give you joy.

Clo. And so will I too, sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chansons! Dançons! Hey! L'autre jour, &c.*

[*Sings and dances, &c.*]

Ant. Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome. What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor nobody's welcome, and you are all a parcel of——

Cha. What, fir?

D. Lew. ——Miserable wretches——sad dogs.

Ant. Come, pray, fir, bear with him, he's old and hasty; but he'll dine and be good company for all this.

D. Lew. A strange lie, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! poor Testy, ha, ha!

D. Lew. Don't laugh, my dear rogue, prithee don't laugh now; faith I shall break thy head, if thou dost.

Clo. Gad so! why then I find you are angry at me, dear uncle?

D. Lew. Angry at thee, hey puppy! Why, what! —what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet-face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my sight, or——

Ant. Nay, brother, this is too far——

D. Lew. Angry at him! a son of a——son's son of a whore!

Cha. Ha, ha! poor peevish——

D. Lew. I'd fain have somebody poison him. [*To himself.*] Ah, that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be crop'd to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen ware? I must speak to her——Puppy, stand out of my way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D. Lew. [*To Angelina.*] Ah!——ah!——ah! Madam——I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome man yok'd to you, one of understanding too:——I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's scull's extremely thick——he can never get any thing upon that fair body, but muffs and snuff-boxes; or, say, he should have a thing shap'd like a child, you can make nothing of it but a taylor.

Clo. Ods me! why you are testy, my dear uncle.

D. Lew. Will nobody take that troublesome dog out

of my fight—I can't stay where he is—I'll go see my poor boy *Carlos*—I've disturb'd you, madam; your humble servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

D. Lew. That lady's health I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at table too.

Clo. Ha, ha! bye nuncle.

D. Lew. Puppy, good bye—— [Exit *D. Lew.*

Ang. An odd-humour'd gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, child; I suppose in pure spite, he'll make my son *Carlos* his heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says this *Carlos* is; sure there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, brother? the priest stays for us; when *Carlos* has sign'd the conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

Cha. With all my heart, sir.

Clo. Allons! ma chere princeffe. [Exeunt.

Enter Carlos, Don Lewis, and Sancho.

D. Lew. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then—I must study, sir, to bear my fortune.

D. Lew. Have you no greater feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my books too?

D. Lew. No, no, he has a book, a fine one too, call'd *The Gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters*: such a creature! a beauty in folio! would thou hadst her in thy study, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new-clasp her.

San. He has seen her, sir.

D. Lew. Well——and——

San. He flung away his book, sir.

D. Lew. Did he faith! wou'd he had flung away his humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my brother then have all?

D. Lew. All, all.

San. All that your father has, fir.

Car. And that fair creature too?

San. Ay, fir.

D. Lew. Hey!

Car. He has enough, then.

[Sighing.

D. Lew. He have her, *Carlos!* why wou'd, wou'd, that is——hey!

Car. May I not see her sometimes, and call her sifter? I'll do her no wrong.

D. Lew. I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for madnefs! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

Car. I cannot, fir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her joy.——O were I born to give it too!

D. Lew. Why thou shalt wish her joy, boy; faith she is a good-humour'd creature, she'll take it kindly.

Car. Do you think so, uncle?

D. Lew. I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, fir.——Stay, uncle——will she not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

D. Lew. 'Fend a fiddle-stick——let me alone——I'll——I'll.

Car. Nay, but fir! dear uncle!

D. Lew. A hum! a hum! [Exit D. Lewis.

Enter Antonio and the Lawyer with a writing.

Ant. Where's my son?

San. There, fir, casting a figure, what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall. *Carlos*, how dost thou do? Come hither, boy.

Car. Your pleasure, fir?

Ant. Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment; I think you write a reasonable good hand, *Carlos*.

Car. Pray, fir, to what use may it be?

Ant. Only to pass your title in the land I have to your brother *Clodio*.

Car. Is it no more, sir?

Law. That's all, sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else; look you, you shall be provided for; you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you shall always have a servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you; but, if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below; it being, sir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have it done before the lady too; there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune.

Ant. With all my heart, child; it's the same thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt; thou shalt do any thing thou hast a mind to. [*Exit Antonio, Carlos, and lawyer.*]

San. Now has he undone himself for ever; odsheart, I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger.

[*Exit.*]

The SCENE changes to a dining-room.

Enter Charino with Angelina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Ladies, Priest, and a Lawyer.

Law. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done: are you ready, sir?

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately! for in truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I'gad, I warrant you, the priest and I cou'd both fall to without saying grace—Ha! you little rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no fault, sir; better things were well done, than done too hastily—Sir, you look melancholy. [*To D. Lewis.*]

D. Lew. Sweet swelling blossom! ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow—Ah! thou hast mis'd a man (but that he is so bewitch'd to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-head puppy—

Ang. Can he talk, fir?

D. Lew. Like an angel—to himself—the devil a word to a woman: his language is all upon the high business; to heaven, and heavenly wonders, to nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. Does he speak so well there, fir?

D. Lew. To admiration! such curiosities! but he can't look a woman in the face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little conversation, methinks—

D. Lew. Why so I think too; but the boy's bewitch'd, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his sister, fir.

Clo. Look, look, old testy will fall in love by and by; he's hard at it, split me.

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my father comes! now, priest! hey! my brother too! that's a wonder! broke like a spirit from his cell.

Enter Antonio and Carlos.

D. Lew. Odso! here he is! that's he! a little inclining to the lean, or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, *Carlos*, 'twere your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before 'em all, and give your brother joy.

Cha. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the lady, fir?

Ant. Ay, that's your sister, *Carlos*.

Car. Forbid it, love! [*Aside.*] Do you not think she'll grace our family?

Ant. No doubt on't, fir.

Car. Shou'd I not thank her for so unmerited a grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, *Carlos*.

D. Lew. Now, my boy, give her a gentle twist by the fingers! lay your lips softly, softly, close and plum to her.

[*Apart to Car.*

Car. Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady—[*Salutes*

Angelina] Dissolving softness! O the drowning joy!—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in fateless draughts of ever springing beauty.—But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

Ang. How near his thoughts agree with mine! This the mere scholar I was told of! [*Aside.*]——I find, sir, you have experienc'd love, you seem acquainted with the passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw th' enlivening light before.

Ang. Hey! before! [*Aside.*]

Ant. Well, these are very fine compliments, *Carlos*; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

Car. O yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty (if possible) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clod. Ha!—what do you say, brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

Clod. Nor I.

D. Lew. Stand clear, I do——and that sweet creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear. [*Aside.*]

Ant. Come, come, to the writing, *Carlos*; prithee leave thy studying, man.

Car. I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, *what man was*, was but my *argument*;——I am now on the *proof*! I find I feel myself a man——nay, I fear it too.

D. Lew. He has it! he has it! my boy's in for't.

Clod. Come, come, will you——

D. Lew. Stand out of the way, puppy.

[*Interposing with his back to Clody.*]

Car. Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance: why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown, as would a frightened child the dreadful lightning? Yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, O! I

should turn and tear him like an offended lion——Is this, can it, must it be in a sister's power?

Clo. Come, come, will you sign, brother?

D. Lew. Time enough, puppy.

Car. O! if you knew with what precipitated haste you hurry on a deed that makes you bless'd, or miserable for ever, even yet, near as you are to happiness, you'd find no danger in a moment's pause.

Clo. I say, will you sign, brother?

Car. Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother.

D. Lew. Why did not I bid thee stand out of the way now?

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, *Carlos!* come, come, your hand, man.

Car. Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal it; had you only shew'd me land, I had resign'd it free, and proud to have bestow'd it to your pleasure: 'tis care, 'tis dirt, and trouble: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, such unimagined mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper's stubborn now, even to a churlish avarice of love——Heaven direct my fortune!

Ant. And so you won't part with your title, sir?

Car. Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly, and only make the number of things up, than yield one foot of land——if she be ty'd to't.

Cba. I don't like this; he talks oddly, methinks.

Ang. Yet with a bravery of soul might warm the coldest heart. [*Aside.*

Clo. Pshaw, pox, prithee, brother, you had better think of those things in your study, man.

Car. Go you and study, for 'tis time, young brother: turn o'er the tedious volumes I have read; think, and digest them well! the wholesomest food for green consumptive wounds; wear out whole fasted days, and by the pale weak lamp, pore away the freezing nights; rather make dim thy sight, than leave thy mind in doubt and darkness: confine thy useless travels to thy closet; traverse the wise and civil lives of good and great men dead; compare 'em with the living: tell me why *Cæsar* perish'd by the hand that lov'd him most? and why his

enemies deplor'd him? Distil the sweetness from the poet's spring, and learn to soften thy desires; nor dare to dream of marriage-vows, 'till thou hast taught thy soul, like mine, to love——Is it for thee to wear a jewel of this inestimable worth?

D. Lew. Ah, *Carlos!* [*Kisses him.*] What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

Ang. A wonder!——Is this gentleman your brother, sir? [*To Clody.*

Clo. Hey! no, my——Madam, not quite——that is, he is a little a-kin by the——Pox on him, wou'd he were bury'd——I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

Ant. Positively you will not seal then, ha?

Car. Neither——I should not blindly say I will not seal——Let me intreat a moment's pause——for even yet, perhaps, I may. [*Sighing.*

Ang. Forbid it, fortune!

Ant. O, may you so, sir!

Clo. Ay, sir, hey! What you are come to yourself I find, 'sheart!

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together; but I conjure you, think my life were hateful after so base; so barbarous an act as parting 'em: what, to lay waste at once, for ever, all the gay blossoms of your forward fortune, the promis'd wishes of your young desire, your fruitful beauty, and your springing joy; your thriving softness, and your cluster'd kisses, growing on the lips of love, devour'd with an unthirsty infant's appetite! O forbid it, love! forbid it, nature and humanity! I have no land, no fortune, life, or being, while your necessity of peace requires 'em: say, or give me need to think your smallest hope depends on my objected ruin; my ruin is my safety there; my fortune, or my life resign'd with joy, so your account of happy hours were thence but rais'd to any added number.

Cha. Why ay! there's some civility in this.

Clo. The fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if, in bare compliance to a father's will, you now but suffer marriage, or, what's worse, give it as an extorted bond, impos'd on the simplicity of your youth, and dare confess you wish some honest friend would save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon your happier fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha! pert enough, that, I'gad; I long to see what this will come to.

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is married presently, the dinner will be spoil'd, and then—nobody will be able to eat it.

Ant. Brother, I say, let's remove the lady.

Cba. Force her from him!

Car. 'Tis too late! I have a figure here! sooner shall bodies leave their shade; as well you might attempt to shut old Time into a den, and from his downy wings wash the swift hours away, or steal eternity to stop his glass; so fix'd, so rooted here, is every growing thought of her.

Clo. Gads me; what, now it's troublesome again, is it?

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate: you cannot have it sure, to ask if honour be the parent of my love: if you can love or live, and think your heart rewarded there, like two young vines we'll curl together, circling our souls in never-ending joy; we'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit; one joy shall make us smile, one sorrow mourn; one age go with us, one hour of death shall close our eyes, and one cold grave shall hold us happy—Say but you hate me not! O speak! give but the softest breath to that transporting thought.

Ang. Need I then speak; to say I am far from hating you—I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Cba. I'll bear it no longer——

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How shall my soul requite this goodness?

Cba. Beyond patience! This is downright insolence! roguery! rape!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clo. Ay, ay, part 'em, part 'em.

D. Lew. Doll, dum, dum!——

[Sings and draws in their defence.]

Cha. Call an officer, I'll have 'em forc'd afunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduc'd to take protection here.

[Goes to Carlos.]

Car. O ecstasy of heart! transporting joy!

D. Lew. Lorra, dorrol, loll! [Sings and dances.]

Cha. A plot! a plot against my honour! murder! treason! gun-powder! I'll be reveng'd! [Exit.]

Ant. Sir, you shall have satisfaction.

Cha. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

Car. Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

Clo. You won't? Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this business? *Allons!* the lady, sir!

D. Lew. Lorra, dorrol, loll!

[Presenting his point to Clodio.]

Cha. I'll have his blood!

Car. Hold, uncle! Come, brother, sheath your anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would intreat a blessing here.

Ant. Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine.

[Exit Ant.]

Car. I am sorry I have lost a father, sir——For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birth-right.

Clo. No halves! no halves, sir! the whole lady.

Car. Why then the whole, if you can like the terms.

Clo. What terms? what terms? Come, quick, quick.

Car. The first is this——[Snatches Don Lewis's sword.] Win her, and wear her; for on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

D. Lew. Gramercy, Carlos! to him, boy! I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

Car. This is the first good sword I ever pois'd in anger yet; 'tis sharp, I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence!——I feel the

fire of ten strong spirits in me: wer't thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

Clo. Look you, brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business.

Car. Away, trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a coward too.

Clo. Coward! why then, really, fir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a whore
—*Allons!* [*They fight, and Clodio is disarm'd:*

Cha. His blood! I say his blood! I'll have it, by all the scars and wounds of honour in my family. [*Exit.*

Car. There, fir, take your life—and mend it—be gone without reply.

Ang. Are you wounded, fir?

Car. Only in my fears for you: how shall we bestow us, uncle?

D. Lew. Positively we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good angels guard us! [*Exeunt with Ang.*

Clo. Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my life—never in my life, split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Sire, here be de trompette, de haute-boy, de musique, de maitre danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to 'ave de masque begin.

Clo. Hey! what does this puppy say now?

Monf. Sire, de musique.

Clo. Why ay—that's true—but—tell 'em—plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

Monf. Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why, then, tell 'em that my brother's wife again, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and so I shan't be marry'd till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has disarm'd me; and so he won't release the land, nor give me my mistress again; and I—I am undone, that's all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charino, Antonio, officers, and servants.

Cha. Officer, do your duty: I say, seize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this minute before a——How now! what, all fled?

Cha. Ha! my girl! my child! my heirefs! I am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am ravish'd! murder'd; and flung in a ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? Which way went they, villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at that door not six minutes ago.

Cha. I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, fir; they shall find I understand ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, fir; run you to the port, firrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

Enter Sancho drunk.

San. Ban, ban, cac-caliban! [Sings.

Ant. Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

San. Son, fir!

Cha. Where's my daughter, firrah?

San. Daughter, fir!

Cha. Ay, my daughter, rascal!

San. Why, fir, they told me, just now, fir——that she's——she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your master?

San. My master! why they say he is——

Ant. Where, firrah?

San. Why he is—he is—gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you dog discover him, or——

San. Sir, I will——I will.

Ant. Where is he, villain?

San. Where, fir? Why to be sure he is——he is——upon my soul, I don't know, fir.

Ant. No more trifling, rascal.

San. If I do, fir, I wish this may be my poison. [Drinks.

Ant. Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll——So, fir, have you found him?

Re-enter the servant hastily, and Clodio.

Cl. Ay, fir, have you found 'em?

Serv. Yes, fir, I had fight of 'em; but they were just got on board a small vessel, before I could overtake 'em.

Cba. Death and furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, firrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not discover that; but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

Ant. What shall we do, brother?

Clo. Be as smart as they, fir; follow 'em; follow 'em.

Cba. Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue 'em thro' all the elements.

Clo. I'll follow you, by the northern star.

Ant. Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and tell 'em they must hoist sail immediately.

Clo. And, you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my snuff-box—Cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither.

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, boy?

Clo. Nothing, fir, but snuff and opportunity—we're in haste. *Allons! he; je vole.* [Exit.

ACT III. The SCENE Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, Don Duart, and Governor.

Elv. **D**EAR brother, let me intreat you, stay; why will you provoke your danger?

D. Du. Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, niece, what is it has incens'd him?

Elv. Nothing but a needless quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him—To whom is all this fury, nephew?

D. Du. To you, fir, or any man that dares oppose me.

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, fir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunn'd by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless

brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

D. Du. Yes, so I might be general——Sir, no man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every hour follow'd with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punish'd with as much severity, as his that is a stranger to my blood.

D. Du. Punish me! you nor your office dare not do't.

Gov. Away! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal temper must be cast off: when you can master that, you shall gladly command my fortune; but if you still persist, expect my prayers and vows for your conversion only; but never means, or favour.

D. Du. Fire, and furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere school-boy! women shall judge of injuries in honour!——For you, sir——I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [Exit.

Gov. I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my brother.

Enter Don Manuel, with Angelina.

D. Man. Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

Gov. Ha! some prize brought in.

Sail. Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her.

Gov. Noble *Don Manuel*, welcome on shore! I see you are fortunate; for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

D. Man. She is indeed——These ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended, with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't possible?

D. Man. Nay, and their contempt of death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their freedom.

Gov. Pray tell us, fir.

D. Man. When they were brought aboard us, both disarm'd, and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the bread of bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their swords (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leapt into the sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful, indeed.

D. Man. It wrought so much upon me, had not our own safety hinder'd (at that time a great ship pursuing us) I wou'd in charity have taken 'em up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're lost! (Heart-wounding thought! for ever lost!—I now am friendless, miserable, and a slave.

D. Man. Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet again may see 'em: they were not quite a league from shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they cou'd not fail of life and safety.

Ang. In that last hope, I brook a wretched being: but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Elv. Alas! poor lady! Come, fir, misery but weeps the more, when she is gaz'd on—we trouble her.

[*Exeunt Elv. and Gov.*]

D. Man. Now, my fair captive, tho' I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me, fir, to hear.

D. Man. These three years have I honourably lov'd a noble lady, her name *Louisa*, the beauteous niece of great *Ferrara's* duke: her person and fortune uncontroll'd, sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languish'd in an hopeless constancy. Now I perceive, in all your language and your looks, a soft'ning power, nor can a suit by you promoted be deny'd; therefore I wou'd awhile intreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour: and (as I am sure

you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shewn your modesty, and in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour me, or my unweary'd love, 'twould be a generous act, would fix me ever grateful to its memory.

Ang. Such poor assistance, sir, as one distress'd, like me, can give, shall willingly be paid: if I can steal but any thoughts from my own misfortunes, rest assur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.

D. Man. I'll study to deserve this goodness; for the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait on you to the lady, 'till when I am your guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your service——

[*Exeunt D. Man. and Ang.*

The SCENE changes to a church, the vespers supposed to be just ended, several walking out. Carlos and Don Lewis rising near Louisa and Honoria. Louisa observing Carlos.

Hon. Come, madam, shall we walk out? The croud's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy softness in his look!

[*To herself.*

Hon. Cousin! *Donna Louisa!*

Lou. Even in his devotions too, such graceful adoration——so sweet a——

Hon. Cousin, will you go?

Lou. Pshaw, time enough——Prithee let's walk a little this way.

Hon. What's the matter with her?

[*They walk from D. Lewis and Carlos.*

Car. To what are we reserv'd?

D. Lew. For no good, I am afraid——My ill luck don't use to give over, when her hand's in; she's always in haste——One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another——Drowning we have escap'd miraculously; wou'd the fear of hanging were over too; our being so strangely sav'd from one, smells damnably rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Carlos*, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set foot upon my estate again: faith,

I was just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackrel—but it's pretty well as it is; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning—all in good time—we are poor enough in conscience, and I don't know but two days more fasting might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are strangers then, and seem in some necessity. [*Aside.*

Car. These are light wants to me, I feel 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina's* loss; when I reflect on her distress, the hardships and the cries of helpless bondage; the insolent, the deaf desires of men in power; O! I cou'd wish the fate that sav'd us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had bury'd us in one wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! this were indeed a lover! [*Aside.*

D. Lew. A most unhappy loss indeed! but come, don't despair, boy; the ship that took us was a *Portuguese*, of *Lisbon* too, I believe; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet? Come, don't be melancholy.

Car. In that poor hope I live——O thou dread power! stupendous Author of universal being, and of thy wond'rous works, that virgin wife, the master-piece, look down upon her; let the bright virtues of her untainted mind sue for, and protect her: O let her youth, her spotless innocence, to which all passages in heaven stand open, appear before thy throne distress'd, and meet some miracle to save her!

Lou. Who would not die, to be so pray'd for? [*Aside.*

D. Lew. Faith, *Carlos*, thou hast pray'd heartily, I'll say that for thee; so that if any good fortune will pay us a visit, we are ready to receive her now, as soon as she pleases. Come, don't be melancholy.

Car. Have I not cause? Were not my force of faith superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the insults of my fortune; but I have rais'd myself, by elevated faith, as far above despair, as reason lifts me from the brute.

D. Lew. Why now, would not this make any one

weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is almost famish'd?

Lou. What are you saying, cousin?

Hon. I wou'd have said, madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

Lou. Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddest thought: let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. [*Aside.*] *Faques!* [*Whispers.*] What was't you ask'd me, cousin?

Hon. The reason of your aversion to Don Manuel? you know he loves you.

Lou. I hate his love.

Hon. But why, pray? you know 'tis honourable, and so is his family; nor is his fortune less: I should think the more desirable, because his courage and his conduct on the seas have rais'd it; nay, with all this, he's extremely modest too.

Lou. Therefore I might hate him.

Hon. For his modesty?

Lou. Is any thing so sleepy, so flat, and insupportable, as a modest lover?

Hon. Wou'd you bear impudence in a lover?

Lou. I don't know; it's more tolerable in a man, than the woman; and there must be impudence on the one side, before they can both come to a right understanding.

Hon. Why, what will you have him do?

Lou. That's a very home question, cousin; but, if I lik'd him, I cou'd tell you.

Hon. Suppose you did like him?

Lou. Then I would not tell you.

Hon. Why?

Lou. Because I should have more discretion.

Hon. Bless me! sure you would not do any thing you would be asham'd to tell?

Lou. That's true; but if one shou'd, you know, 'twou'd be silly to tell. No woman would be fond of shame, sure.

Hon. But there's no avoiding it in a shameful action.

Lou. Don't be positive.

Hon. All your friends would shun you, point at you.

Lou. And yet you see there's a world of friendship and good-breeding among all the women of quality.

Hon. Suppose there be?

Lou. Why then; I suppose, that a great many of them are mightily hurry'd in the care of their reputation.

Hon. So you conclude, that a woman doing an ill thing, does herself no harm, while her reputation's safe.

Lou. It does not do her so much harm; and, of two evils, I'm always for chusing the least.

Hon. What need you chuse either?

Lou. Because I have a vast fortune in my own hands, and love dearly to do what I have a mind to.

Hon. Why won't you marry then?

Lou. Because then I must only do as my husband has a mind to; and I hate to be govern'd: on my soul, I would not marry, to be an *English* wife; not but the dear jolting of a hackney-coach, and an easy husband, are strange temptations; but from the cold comfort of a fine coach with springs, and a dull husband with none, good Lord deliver me: but then, the insolence of ours is insupportable, because the nasty law gives 'em a power over us, which nature never design'd 'em. For my part, I had rather be in love all days of my life, than marry.

Hon. That is, you had rather bear the disease, than have the cure.

Lou. Marriage is indeed a cure for love; but love's a disease I wou'd never be cur'd of; therefore no more physick, dear cousin; no more husbands—I hate your bitter draughts—not but I'm afraid I am a little feverish—you'll think me mad.

Hon. What's the matter?

Lou. Did you observe those strangers that have walk'd by us.

Hon. Not much; but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of 'em, the younger, seem'd concern'd for a lost mistress.

Lou. Ay, but so near, so tenderly concern'd, his looks, as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion: I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. ——— Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity; and since they seem not born to beg relief, to offer it unask'd would add some merit to the charity.

Hon. Consider.

Lou. I hate it——fir——fir——

D. Lew. Wou'd you speak with me, madam?

Lou. If you please, with your friend——not to interrupt you, fir.

Car. Your pleasure, lady?

Lou. You seem a stranger, fir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in want: pardon my freedom——if I have err'd, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance.

D. Lew. Take it, boy.

Car. A bounty so unmerited, and from an hand unknown, fills me with surprize and wonder: but give me leave, in honesty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedless purchase; for if you mean it as the bribe to any evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. How affably he talks! how chaste! how innocent his thought! he must be won!——[*Aside.*]——You are too scrupulous; I have no hard designs upon your honesty——only this——be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observ'd, farewell. *Jaques!*——Will you walk, cousin?——[*Whispers Jaques.*]——and bring me word immediately——I am going home. [Exeunt *Lou. and Hon.*]

D. Lew. Let's see, odsheart! follow her, man——why 'tis all gold!

Car. Dispose it as you please.

D. Lew. I'll first have a better title to't.——No, 'tis all thine, boy——I hold an hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you——I say, follow her——since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has disposess'd her of my per-

son; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtilè arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

D. Lew. Prithee follow her now! methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with somebody before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, fir, with mine, in search of *Angelina's* fortune.

D. Lew. Well, dear *Carlos*, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE the street. Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant. You heard what the sailor said, brother, such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it; therefore my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government to search and take 'em up wherever we can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be chous'd of my daughter; I shall expect her, fir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law. [Walks about.]

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and—how now, where's *Clody*?—oh, here he comes——

Enter Clodio, searching his pockets.

How now! what's the matter, boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, split me.

Ant. What's the matter?

[Louder.]

Clo. The best joint in *Christendom*.

Ant. *Clody*!

Clo. Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

Ant. Pshaw, a trifle; get thee another, man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had—besides, I dare not shew my face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

Clo. I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in *Paris*——I'll go to *Paris*, split me. [Aside.]

Cha. To *Paris*! why you don't suppose my daughter's there, fir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, fir: but I am sure they make the best joints in *Europe* there.

Cha. Joints!——my son-in-law that shou'd have been, seems strangely alter'd for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

Clo. I'll have it cry'd, faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky thought; I'll offer thirty pistoles to the finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in pure compliment to the favours of *Madame la Duchesse de*——*Mum.* I'll do't, faith.

Ant. Come along, *Clody.* [Exeunt *Ant.* and *Cha.*]

Clo. Sir, I must look a little, I'll follow you presently; my poor pretty box! ah, plague o' my sea-voyage.

Enter a servant hastily with a flambeau.

Serv. By your leave, fir, my master's coming; pray, fir, clear the way.

Clo. Ha! why thou art pert, my love; prithee, who is thy master, child?

Serv. The valiant *Don Duart*, fir, nephew to the governor of *Lisbon.*

Clo. Well, child, and what? does he eat every man he meets?

Serv. No, fir, but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

Clo. Ha! a pretty harmless humour that. Is this he, child?——you may look as terrible as you please, I must banter you, split me. [Aside.]

Enter Don Duart, stalking up to Clodio.

D. Du. Do you know me, fir?

Clo. Hey! ho! [Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.]

D. Du. Do you know me, fir?

Clo. You did not see my snuff-box, fir, did you?

D. Du. Sir, in *Lisbon* no man asks me a question cover'd. [Strikes off *Clodio's hat.*] Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, fir.—Hi! hi! I like you mightily——you are not a bully, fir?

D. Du. You are faucy, friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted.—
Thou art really the most extraordinary—umph—that
ever I met with! now, fir, do you know me, split me?

D. Du. Know thee! take that, peasant!

[Strikes him, and both draw.

Clo. I can't, upon my soul, fir; allons! now we shall
come to a right understanding. [They fight.

Serv. Help! murder! help!

Clo. Allons! to our better acquaintance, fir; ahah!
[D. Du. falls] he has it! never push'd better in my
life, never in my life, split me.

Serv. O, my master's kill'd! help ho! murder! help!

Clo. Hey! why faith, child, that's very true as thou
say'st, and so the devil take the hindmost. [Exit Clo.

Enter officers.

1st Offi. How now! who's that cries murder?

Serv. O, my master's murder'd; some of you follow
me, this way he took; let's after him——help! mur-
der! help! [Exit.

2d Offi. 'Tis Don Duart.

1st Offi. So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't
now; you have met with your match, faith, fir. Come,
let's carry the body to the good lady his sister, Donna
Elvira; you pursue the murderer, I'll warrant him some
civil gentleman; ye need not make too much haste, for
if he does 'scape, 'tis no great matter——Come along.

[Exeunt with the body.

Enter Carlos and Don Lewis.

D. Lew. Come along, Carlos, I'm sure 'tis she by
their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain,
has plaid her no foul play, she shan't want ransom, if
all my estate can purchase it.

Car. Now fortune guide us.

Enter Jaques and bravoes, with a chair.

Jaques. That's he, the tallest——be sure you spare
his person——only force him into this chair, and carry
him as directed.

1st Bra. What must be done with the old fellow?

Jaques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the

other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how.—Follow softly, we shall snap 'em as they turn the corner.

A noise of follow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the other side.

Clo. Ah! pox of their noses! the dogs have smelt me out! what shall I do? if they take me, I shall be hang'd, split me!—Ha! a door open! faith I'll in as a venture. [Exit.

Re-enter bravoes with Carlos in a chair, some haling in Don Lewis.

D. Lew. O my poor boy Carlos!—Carlos!—help! murder!

1st Bra. Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. Lew. Sir, I will not hold my peace; dogs! rogues! villains! help! murder!

1st Bra. Nay, then by your leave, old gentleman.—So, bring him along.

D. Lew. Aw, aw, aw! [They gag him, and carry him head and heels. Exeunt.

S C E N E *a chamber, Elvira and her servant with lights.*

Elv. Is not my brother come home yet?

Serv. I have not seen him, madam.

Elv. Go and seek him; every where—I'll not rest till you return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read 'em without a taper. [Exeunt servants.

Enter Clodio stealing in.

Clo. Ah, poor Clody! what will become of thee? thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—follow'd behind, stopt before, and beset on both sides! ah, pox o' my wit! I must be bantering, must I? but let me see; where am I? An odd sort of an house this—all the doors open, and no body in't! no noise! no whisper! no dog stirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a woman's voice.

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano!*

Julia!

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house; she can't see

my unfortunate face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners; to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither wou'd you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, faith. [*Aside.*]

Elv. Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

Clo. An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, tho' justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other?

Clo. Being provok'd, madam, by the insolence of my enemy; in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me—Gad, I have a rare tongue, I have a rare tongue, faith! [*Aside.*]

Elv. Poor wretch, I pity him.

Clo. Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

Elv. Are you a *Castilian*?

Clo. No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what-d'ye-call'um—in—

Elv. Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, the nation we *Portuguese* most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, madam? am I safe?

Elv. Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you: enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such

reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites 'em.

Clo. D'ye think, madam, you can persuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you. [Exit]

Elv. Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of. How he trembles! I hear his breath come short, hither. Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

Enter servant and officers, with Don Duart's body.

Serv. Here, bring in the body—O! madam, my master's kill'd.

Elv. What say'st thou?

Serv. Your brother, madam; my master, young Don Duart's dead; he just now quarrell'd with a gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the street.

Elv. Ah me!

1st Off. We are inform'd, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh!

Serv. Help, ho! my lady faints. [Enter two maids.]

1st Off. Give her air, she'll recover. [Clodio peeps in.]

Clo. Hey!—why what the devil! am I safer than I would be now?—Exactly—I have nick'd the house to an hair—Just so I did at *Paris* too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's that had three writs against me—This damn'd closet too has ne'er a chimney to creep out at—Ah, poor *Clody*! wou'd thou wert fairly in a storm at sea again, for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. [Retires.]

Elv. Stand off, my sorrows will have way; O my unhappy brother! such an end as this thy haughty mind did long since prophesy! and to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd. Revenge and justice both stand knocking at my heart, but hospitable faith has barr'd their entrance: if I shou'd give 'em way, I am forsworn; if not, am impious to a brother's.

memory. Is there no means? no middle path of safety left? must I protect my brother's murderer? or break a solemn vow, on which another's life depends?

Enter governor.

Gov. Where's this unhappy fight?—Alas! he's gone past all recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the two, and keep the solemn vow to which just heaven was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cur'd, but justice may again overtake the murderer, when no rash vows protect him.

Gov. Take comfort, niece.

Elv. O forbear; search for the murderer, and remove the body at your discretion, sir, to be interr'd, while I shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my sorrow; therefore I beg my nearest friends, and you, my lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

Gov. I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our leaves; farewell—Bring forth the body.

[Exeunt governor and servants with the body.]

Clo. Hey! what are they gone away without me? and by her contrivance too—Gadso!

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not love, the devil's in't. *[Aside.]*

Elv. Fly with thy utmost speed, where I may never see thee more.

Clo. Ay, that's her modesty. *[Aside.]*

Elv. And let that charitable faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

Clo. Poor soul! I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

Elv. You are at the door now, farewell for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what wou'd I give to see you again?—All in good time, child—

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

Enter Don Duart in his night-gown, surgeon, and servants.

D. Du. **M**AY I venture yet abroad, sir?
Surg. With safety, sir, your wound was never dangerous; tho' from your great loss of blood, you seem'd awhile without signs of life.

D. Du. Sir, do you know if the gentleman that wounded me be in custody?

Surg. He was never taken, sir, nor known, that I could hear of.

D. Du. I am sorry for't; for could I find him, which now shall be my earnest care, I would, with real services, acknowledge him my best of friends, in having proved so fortunate an enemy; he has bestowed on me a second life, which, from a clearer insight of myself, will teach me how to use it better too. Hoes does my sister seem to bear my fortune?

Surg. I never knew the loss of any friend lamented with more sorrow; she suffers none to visit her, nor is she acquainted with your recovery.

D. Du. I would not have her yet, nor any of my friends; no moisture sooner dries than women's tears; and tho' I am apt to think my sister honest in her sorrow, yet knowing her a woman, still I am resolv'd to make a further trial of her virtue.

Surg. Sir, you may command my secrecy.

D. Du. I thank you, sir, 'twill oblige me—boy!

Serv. Sir.

D. Du. Do you think you know again the gentleman that fought me?

Serv. I believe I may, sir.

D. Du. I'd have you suddenly inquire him out; he seem'd, by his report, of *France* or *England*; if so, you'll probably find him in some lewd houte or other.

Serv. Rather at church, sir; for no body will suspect him there.

D. Du. Seek him every where; come, sir, I wait for you.

[*Exeunt*]

The SCENE changes to Louisa's house.

Enter Don Manuel and Angelina.

D. Man. Now, madam, let my hard fortune teach you a little to endure your own. You see with what severe neglect she still receives my humble love; nothing I say, or do, has any weight or motion in her thoughts for me.

Ang. You are too diffident of your fortune; I would not have an honest mind despair; she seem'd, indeed, a little careless of you—you gave her no offence, I'm confident. See, here she comes; take heed how you displease her by an impatient stay—Pray go, in the mean time I'll think of you—indeed I will.

D. Man. I am yours for ever— [Exeunt severally.]

Enter Louisa and Jaques, servants waiting.

Lou. Were they both seiz'd?

Jaq. Both, madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my orders; when they are enter'd, bar all the doors, and on your lives let every one be mute, as I directed—I must retire awhile. [Exeunt.]

Enter bravoos, who let Carlos out of the chair, while others throw down Don Lewis gag'd and bound.

Car. So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you—but now pray let me know my crime? Why have you brought me hither? where am I? if in prison, look in my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another.

[Jaques holds up his lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.]

You seem to know me, sir—All dumb, and vanish'd; my fortune's humourous, she sports with me.

D. Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. What's here! a fellow prisoner! who are you?

D. Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. Do you speak no other language?

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw!

[Louder.]

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. Lew. Oh!

[Sighing.]

Car. Poor wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he cou'd.

[*Re-enter Jaques and servants with lights, who release Don Lewis.*]

Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

D. Lew. Sir, your most humble servant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again?

What a pox, are you all dumb? — [Exeunt mutes.]

Well, fir, and pray what are — *Carlos!* ah, my dear boy! [Kisses him.]

Car. My uncle! nay, then my fortune has not quite forsaken me; how came you hither, fir?

D. Lew. Faith, like a corpse into church, boy, with my heels foremost; but prithee how didst thou come?

Car. You saw the men that seiz'd us; they forc'd me into a chair, and brought me.

D. Lew. Well, but a pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

Car. That we must wait their pleasure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my reason, not my conscience; that's still at rest, fearless of any danger.

D. Lew. The sons of whores won't speak neither. Hey day! what's to be done now?

Enter Jaques and servants, with a banquet, wine, and lights.

Car. More riddles yet! I dream sure.

[*Jaques compliments D. Lewis to take his chair.*]

D. Lew. For me? Sir, your most humble servant; [*Sits.*] *Carlos!* sit down, boy.

Ha, ha, ha! a parcel of silly dumb dogs! is this all the business? puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't?

Car. Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. Lew. Never trouble thy head, prithee; pox of questions; fall to, man — delicate food truly — Here — dumb! prithee give's a glass of wine, to wet the way a little: come, *Carlos*, here's, here's — honest dumb's health to thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honest fellow, faith. [*A flourish.*] [*Claps Jaques on the head.*]

Car. What harmony's this?

D. Lew. Rare musick indeed! let's eat and hear it.
 [Musick heard.]
 Mighty fine, truly—I have not made an heartier meal
 a great while.

[Here Jaques offers a night-gown and cap to Don Lewis.]
 Well, and what's to do now, lad? for me, boy? Ods! we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging:) nay, I always said honest dumb knew how to make his friends welcome—Well, but it's time enough yet, shan't we crack a bottle first? Carlos is melancholy. [Jaques shakes his head.] What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carry'd—Sir, your humble servant: [Puts on the gown.] Well, Carlos, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer; I'd give a pistole tho', to know what this will come to!—Dumb, come along.

Car. I'm bury'd in amazement—Why am I busy'd thus in trifles, having so many nearer thoughts that wound my peace? [Musick plays again.] Ha! more musick? I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[A song here; which ended, D. Lewis appears above.]

D. Lew. So! at last I have grop'd out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out murder to the watch—But mum! the door opens.

Enter Louisa.

Hey! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before!—Dumb's a sly dog; 'tis she, faith—tum, dum, dum—here will be fine work presently, toll, dum, di, dum—Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum!

Lou. You seem amaz'd, sir.

Car. Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy; for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, sir.

Car. Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you cou'd

not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I cou'd not trust you to my fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you—besides, methought you spok' less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor thanks were offer'd in too plain a dress, (as I confess, I'm little practis'd in the rules of grac'd behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. Fie! you are too modest——how cou'd you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude——at least to our sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon; seasons, when even modesty were ignorance——Pray be seated, sir——nay, I'll have it so——say, sometimes too much respect (pray be nearer, sir) were most offensive: suppose a woman were reduc'd to offer love, her pains of shame are insupportable; and shou'd she call that lover rude, who, kindly conscious of her wishes, bravely resolves to take, and saves her modesty the guilt of giving? Suppose yourself the man so lov'd, where cou'd you find, at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

Car. If I cou'd love again, my eyes wou'd tell her; if not, I shou'd not easily believe; at least, in manners, wou'd not seem to understand her.

Lou. Alas! you have too poor a sense of woman's love. Think you we have no invention? You wou'd not understand her! how wou'd you avoid it? when even her slightest look would speak too plain for that excuse; if not, she'll still proceed——Thus gently steal your hand, and sigh, and press it to her heart, and then look wishing in your eyes, till love himself shot forth, and wak'd you to compassion.

Car. Amazing! can she be the creature she describes?

Lou. O! they have such subtle ways to steal into a lover's heart; nay, if she's resolv'd, not all your strength of modesty can guard you; she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune shou'd be

yours: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles; thus, like the lazy minutes, would she steal 'em on, which once but past, are quite forgotten.

[Gives him jewels.

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

Lou. Fie! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd not sure be thought so slow of apprehension?

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there cou'd be such a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain—I cannot speak it—yet you must know—But tell me, must I needs blush to own a passion that's so tender of you? I am this creature so reduc'd for you, and all you've seen supposed was natural, all but the soft result of growing love—Why are you still thus fix'd, and silent? what is't you fear?

Car. Monstrous!

[Aside, and rising.

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your beauty; tho' I confess you fair to a perfection, complete in all that may engage the eye: but when that beauty fades (as time leaves none unvisited) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches? No—an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for though distressed, a stranger, and in want, I thus return 'em thankless: be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you, all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name rever'd to ages; but while you thus enslave your generous reason to so intemperate a folly, your very nature seems inverted: cou'd you but one moment calmly lay it by, you'd find such a vile indignity to your sex, as modesty could never pardon.

Lou. If I appear too free a lover, and talk beyond the usual courage of my sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, softening wretch, that you would have me: my wishes shall be dumb, unless my eyes may speak 'em; or if I dare to touch your hand, it shall be geatly trembling, and unperceiv'd as air; nay, fix'd and silent, as your shade, I'll watch whole winter nights content, and listening to your slumbers: is this

intemperance? for pity speak, for I confess your hard reproofs have struck upon my heart. O! say you will be mine, and make your own conditions. If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tye, and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! consider yet, even this humility be not the offspring of your first unruly passion: but since at least it carries something of a better claim to my concern, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

Lou. Impossible! O! why?

Car. Because my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with thee.

Car. You must! I cannot with my reason.—Pray let me pass! why do you thus hang upon my arm, and strain your eyes, as if they had power to hold me?

Lou. Ungrateful! will you go? take heed! for you have prov'd I am not mistress of my temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. [Exit Carlos.]

Lou. O torture! left! refus'd! despis'd! Have I thrown off my pride for this? O! insupportable!—If I am not reveng'd, may all the——well.

[Walks disorder'd.]

D. Lew. What a pox, are all these fine things come to nothing then?—Poor soul! she's in great heat truly—Ah! silly rogue!—now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again—I have a great mind, faith—Odd! she's a hummer!—A strange mind, I han't had such a mind a great while—Hey!—ay! I'll do't, faith—if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! *[As he was getting from the balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.]*

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

Lou. Are all the doors fast?

Jaq. All barr'd, madam.

Lou. Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him. *[Exit Jaques.*

Ah!

[Don Lewis drops down.

D. Lew. Odsó! my back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. Lew. Not above fifty, madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your business?

D. Lew. Finishing.

Lou. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D. Lew. Dumb, honest dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, sir? I have no time to fool away.

D. Lew. Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, sir, who? what is't you take me for?

D. Lew. A delicate piece of work truly, but not finish'd; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, sir.

D. Lew. I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, d'ye see, when even modesty is ignorance, (pray be seated, madam——nay, I'll have it so) ah!

[Sits down and mimicks her behaviour to Carlos.

Lou. Confusion! have I expos'd myself to this wretch too?——had witnesses to my folly!——nay, I deserve it. *[Stands mute.*

D. Lew. So, so! I shall bring her to terms presently——you have a world of pretty jewels here, madam——ay, these now——these are a couple of fine large stones truly; but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. *[Mimicks again.*

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter servants and bravoos.

D. Lew. Hey!

[Rising.

Serv. Did your ladyship call, madam?

D. Lew. I don't like her looks, faith.

[Aside.

Lou. Here, take this fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd neck and heels, and lock'd in a garret; away with him.

D. *Lew.* Dumb! dumb! help, dumb! dumb! stand by me, dumb! a pox of my finishing, aw, aw!

[*They gag him, and carry him off.*]

Low. The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find ways to measure my revenge. [Exit *Louisa.*]

Re-enter Carlos in the dark.

Car. What can this evil woman mean me? the doors all barr'd! the lights put out! the servants mute, and she with fury in her eyes now shot regardless by me: I wou'd the worst wou'd shew itself. Ha! yonder's a light, I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [Exit.]

The SCENE changes to another room.

Angelina, with a light.

Ang. I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were 'larm'd with the cries of one that call'd for help: I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that placed me here appear'd of honest thoughts—What can this mean? no matter what, since nothing, but the loss of him I love, can worse befall me!—Hark, what noise! is the door fast? ah!

[*Going to shut it.*]

Re-enter Carlos, and Jaques listening.

Car. Ha! another lady, and alone!

Ang. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her surprize, she is not of the other's counsel—Pardon this intrusion, lady, I am a stranger, and distress'd, be not dismay'd: I have no ill designs, unless to beg your charitable assistance be offensive.

Ang. Ha! that voice!

[*Amaz'd.*]

Car. Save me, ye powers! and give me strength to bear this insupportable surprize of rushing joy.

Ang. My *Carlos*—oh!

Car. 'Tis she! my long-lost love, my living *Angelina.*

[*Embraces her.*]

Jaq. Say you so, sir! this shall to my lady.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Ang. O! let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us.

Car. 'Twas death indeed to part, but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restor'd; it draws

whole years to hours, and we grow old with joy in moments.

Ang. O! I were happy, bless'd above my sex, cou'd but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

Car. Is't possible! thou miracle of goodness, that thou canst thus forget the misery, the want, the ruin my unhappy love has brought thee to? Trust me, that stormy thought has clouded even the very joy I had to see thee.

Enter Jaques and Louisa at a distance.

Jaq. They are there; from hence your ladyship may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me. *[Exit Jaques, and Lou. listens.]*

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake don't despond; for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. O, thou engaging softness! thy courage has reviv'd me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has sav'd us, may now, with less expence of providence, protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! so near acquainted—— *[Behind.]*

Car. And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The officer that made me captive, prov'd a worthy man, and plac'd me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what end?

Ang. He said, to be the advocate of his successless love; for he confess'd he woo'd her honourably.

Car. Is't possible? Is there a wretch so curs'd among mankind, to be her honourable lover?

Lou. So! *[In anger.]*

Car. Take heed, my love, avoid her as a disease to modesty.

Lou. Very well.

Car. O! I have a shameful tale to tell thee of her intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy loathing.

Lou. Insolent!——well!

Ang. You amaze me; pray what is't?

Car. This is no time to tell; I had forgot my dan-

ger: let it suffice, the doors are barr'd against me; now this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you: but can't you say when I may hope again to see you?

Car. About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure—Now I dare thank thee, fortune.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me; till when, may heaven support thy innocence.

Ang. Follow me—

[*Exeunt hastily.*]

Lou. Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there? [*Enter Jaques.*] Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden; fly. [*Exit Jaques.*] Love and revenge, like vipers, gnaw upon my quiet, and I must change their food, or leave my being; though I cou'd bear even the low contempt he has thrown on me, cou'd it but woo him to the least return of love; but I would bear again ten thousand racks, rather than confess this dotage. No, if I forego a second time that dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch, that destin'd fool he doats on. [*Enter Angelina, and exit on the other side.*] Ha! she is return'd! yonder she passes; with what assur'd contentment in her looks!—how pleas'd the thing is—strangely impudent—sure! the ugly creature thinks I won't strangle her. [*Enter Jaques.*] Now have you brought him?

Jaq. Madam, we made what haste we cou'd, but the gentleman reach'd the mount before us, and escap'd over the garden wall.

Lou. Escap'd, villain! durst thou tell me so?

Jaq. If your ladyship had call'd me a little sooner, we had taken him.—Who the devil is this stranger?

[*Aside.*]

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own servants,—well, 'tis no matter; bid the bravoës stay, I have directions for 'em: go. [Exit Jaques.

He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he has promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his word (as I've an odious cause to fear he will) he yet, at least in my revenge, shall prove me woman. [Exit Lou.

S C E N E *the street.*

Enter D. Duart disguis'd, with a servant.

D. Du. Where did you find him?

Serv. Hard by, sir, at an house of civil recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter Clodio.

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I would not willingly mistake——I'll observe him.

Clo. So, now if I can but pick up an honest fellow, to crack one healing bottle, I think I shall finish the day as smartly as the *Grand Signior*——hold, let me see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me here?——umb——umb——umb [*Counts his money*] seven pistoles, by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy income this jade must have in a week, if she's thus paid by the hour!

D. Du. 'Tis the same; leave me. [Exit servant.
Your servant, sir.

Clo. . . . Sir——your humble servant.

D. Du. Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when you know my business——

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to it.

Clo. Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand; we'll have a bottle here, sir.——Hey, *Madona!* [Calls at the door.

D. Du. A very frank humour'd gentleman; I'll know him farther——I presume, sir, you are not of *Portugal*?

Clo. No, sir——I am a kind of a——what-d'ye-call'um——a sort of a here——and——therian; I am a stranger no where.

D. Du. Have you travell'd far, sir?

Clo. My tour of *Europe*, or so, fir;—dangled about a little; I came this summer from the jubilee.

D. Du. Did you make any stay there, fir?

Clo. No, fir, I only call'd in there at the salvation-office, just bought an annuity of indulgences for life; got an assurance for my soul; lay with a nun, flux'd; and so came home again.

Enter servant with wine.

So, so! here's the wine! come, fir, to our better acquaintance—Faith, I like you mightily—*Allons! baisés donc!*

[*Kisses, drinks.*

Morbleu! ce ne'st pas mauvais! allons encore bey! Vive l'amour! quand iris, &c.

[*Sings.*

D. Du. I find, fir, you have taken a taste of all the countries you have travell'd through; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies: you far'd well in *France*, I hope.

Clo. Yes, faith, as far as my pocket wou'd go; the devil a stroke without it: no money, no mademoiselle; no ducat, no dutchefs; no pistole, no princesses.—By the way let me tell you, fir, your *Lisbonites* are held up at a pretty smart rate too—I was forc'd to come down to the tune of seven pistoles here—a man may keep a pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride post, split me.—But, a pox on 'em, it's no wonder the jades are so saucy in a country where there are so many swarms of unmarried friars, monks, and brawny jesuits; the game may well be scarce, faith, where there are so many canonical poachers. Now, fir, in little *England*, where your gowns and cassocks are honestly marry'd, your right women are as cheap as mackrel—Gad, fir, I have taken you a fasting velvet scarf out of the side-box there, and the jade has jump'd at a beef-stake and a bottle; nay, sometimes at coach-hire, and a single glass of cinnamon—Seven pistoles! unconscionable! Odsheart, in *London*, now for half the sum a man might have pick'd up the first rows of the middle gallery.

D. Du. I find, fir, you know *England* then.

Clo. Ay, fir, and every woman there that's worth knowing, from honest *Betty Sands*, to the countess of

Ogletown. Yes, fir, I do know *London* pretty well, and the side-box, fir, and behind the scenes; ay, and the green-room, and all the girls and women-actresses there, fir—fir, I was a whole winter there the particular favourite of the giggling party—Come, fir, if you please, here's *Miss Riggle's* health to you.

D. Du. Pray, fir, how came you so well acquainted there?

Clo. Why, fir, I first introduc'd myself with a single pinch of *Bergamot*; the next night I presented 'em a box full; next day came to rehearsal: in a week I desir'd 'em to use my name whenever they pleas'd, for what the chocolate house afforded—upon this, I was chosen *Valentine*, if I don't mistake, to about eleven of 'em; and in three days more, I think, it cost me fifty guineas in gloves, knots, heads, fans, muffs, coffee, tea, snuff-boxes, orangerie, and chocolate.

D. Du. But pray, fir, were you as intimate at both play-houses?

Clo. No, stretch 'em! at the new house they are so us'd to be queens and princeesses, and are so often in their airs-royal, forsooth, that I'gad, there's no reaching one of their copper-tails there without a long pole, or a settlement, split me.

D. Du. But I wonder, fir, that in a country so fam'd for handsome women, the men are so generally blam'd for their scandalous usage of 'em.

Clo. O damn'd scandalous, fir—they use their mistresses as bad as their wives, faith: I tell you what, fir, I knew a citizen's daughter there, that ran away with a lord, who, in the first six months of her preferment, never stirr'd out, but she made the ladies cry at her equipage; and about eight months after, I think, one morning reeling pretty early into a certain house in the *Savoy*, I found the self-same, cast-off, solitary lady, in a room with bare walls, dressing her dear, pretty head there, in the corner bit of a looking-glass, prudently supported by a quartern brandy-pot, upon the head of an oyster-barrel.

D. Du. I find few mistresses make their fortunes there; but pray, fir, among all your adventures, has no parti-

cular lady's merit encourag'd you to advance your own marriage?

Clo. Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet, split me.

D. Du. How so, sir?

Clo. Why the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dress'd, faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes in with a damn'd long stride, and a sharp stomach—says a short grace, and—whipp'd her up like an oyster.

D. Du. You had ill fortune, sir.

Clo. Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you must know, sir, tho' I lost my wife, I have escap'd hanging since here in *Lisbon*.

D. Du. That I know you have; be not amaz'd, sir.

Clo. Hey! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer that has a warrant against me——Pray, sir, if it be no offence——may I beg the favour to know who you are?

D. Du. Let it suffice, I own myself your friend—I am your debtor, sir; you fought a gentleman they call *Don Duart*——I knew him well; he was a proud insulting fellow, and my mortal foe; but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

Clo. Pray, sir—is there no joke in all this?

D. Du. There, sir, the little all I'm master of, may serve at present to convince you of my sincerity: *I am sincere*: I ask for no return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther service. [*Gives him a purse.*]

Clo. Sir, your health——I'll give you information presently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, sir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? that is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

D. Du. I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unfully'd: but pray, sir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, sir——twelve thousand pistoles, you say.

D. Du. I speak the least, sir.

Clo. Why this very lady, after I had kill'd her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers that brought in the dead body came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turn'd, poor soul, hurry'd me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, faith! Now, sir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

D. Du. Confusion!

Clo. Look you, sir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

D. Du. Let me consider, sir—Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then? A prostitute even to the man suppos'd my murderer! If it be true, the consequence is soon resolv'd—but this requires my farther search—May I depend on this for truth, sir?

Clo. Why, sir, you don't suppose I'd banter a lady of her quality?

D. Du. Damnation! Well, sir, I'll take your letter! but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please, we'll step into the house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

D. Du. With all my heart.

Clo. *Allons! Entrez.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE *Elvira's house.*

Elvira is discover'd alone in mourning, a lamp by her.

Don Duart enters behind disguis'd.

D. Du. **T**HUS far I am pass'd unknown to any of the servants—now for the proof of what I fear—Ha! yonder she is—This close retirement,

those fable colours, the solemn silence that attends her, no friends admitted, nor even the day to visit her; these seem to speak a real sorrow; if not, the counterfeit is deep indeed—I'll fathom it—Madam.

Elv. Who's there? another murderer! where are my servants? will nothing but my sorrows wait upon me?

D. Du. Your pardon, lady, I have no evil meaning; this letter will inform you of my business, and excuse this rude intrusion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, sir?

D. Du. The contents, madam, will explain to you—She seems amaz'd! looks almost thro' the letter—I should suspect the stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me such convincing circumstances——Ha! she pauses! 'Sdeath! a smile too—I fear her now.

Elv. My prayers are heard; justice at length has overtaken the murderer: his vow'd protection having been strictly paid, I now unperjur'd may revenge my brother's blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair occasion; but 'twere not safe to shew my thought; therefore to be just, I must dissemble. [*Afide.*] I ask your pardon for my rudeness, sir: upon your friend's account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better welcome.

D. Du. So! then she's damn'd, I find; but I'll have more, and bring 'em face to face. [*Afide.*] My friend, madam, thought his visits should be unseasonable, before the sad solemnity of your brother's funeral.

Elv. A needless fear! my brother, sir! Alas, I owe your friend my thanks, for having eas'd our family of so scandalous a burthen! A riotous, unmanner'd fellow; I blush to speak of him.

D. Du. O patience! patience! [*Afide:*

Elv. Pray let him know, his absence was the real cause of this mistaken mourning: 'tis true, indeed, I give it out 'tis for my brother's death; but womens hearts and tongues, you know, must not always hold alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D. Du. How shall I forbear her? [*Afide.*

Elv. I grow impatient till he's wholly mine——to-morrow! 'tis an age! I'll make him mine to-night—

I'll write to him this minute.—Can you have patience, sir, till I prepare a letter for you?

D. Du. You may command me, madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately——will you walk this way, sir?

D. Du. Madam, I wait on you——Revenge and daggers!

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE *Louisa's house.*

Louisa and Jaques.

Lou. Is the lady seiz'd?

Jaq. Yes, madam, and half dead with the fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed: when the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice; 'tis near his time; away. [*Exit Jaques.*] Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have borne this usage, sat me down alone content, and found a secret pleasure in complaining; but to be slighted for a girl, a sickly, poor, unthinking wretch, incapable of love! that stabs home! 'Tis poison to my thoughts, and swells 'em to revenge! My rival! no! he shall never triumph! Hark! what noise! they have him sure! How now!

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, the gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in——Revenge, I thank thee now.

Enter bravoes with Carlos disarm'd.

So, sir! you are return'd, it seems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier mistress here; 'twould be uncharitable to disappoint your love—I'll help your search: if she be here, be sure she's safe!——Open that door there.

SCENE *draws and discovers Angelina with bravoes ready to strangle her.*

Now, sir, is this the lady?

Car. My *Angelina!* Oh!

Aug. O miserable meeting!

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms! now scorn my love, my person, and my fortune! now let your squeamish virtue fly me as a disease to modesty! and tell her now your shameful tale of my intemperance!

Car. O! cruelty of fate, that could betray such innocence!

Lou. What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aversion! thou wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin — End her. [To the braves.]

Car. O, hold! for pity hold; and hear me.

Lou. I've learn'd from you to use my pity — 'Sdeath! I could laugh to see thy strange stupidity of love — On one condition yet she lives an hour, but if refus'd —

Car. Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, any thing that life can do to save her.

Lou. Nay, if you are so over-willing.

Car. Speak, and I obey you.

Lou. Now then, this moment kneel and curse her.

Car. Preserve her, heaven, and snatch her from the jaws of gaping danger. [*Kneeling.*] O! may the watchful eye of Providence, that never sleeps o'er innocence distress'd, look nearly to her; or if some miracle alone can save her, the ever-waking sun, in his eternal progress, never saw so fair an object to employ it on.

Lou. Presuming fool! were I inclin'd to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my rashness, I was to blame indeed; but passion has transported both of us; love made me as heedless of her safety, as wild revenge has you, even of your neglected soul.

Lou. What, dost thou think to preach me from my purpose?

Car. That were too vain an hope; tho' I've a piteous cause that might bespeak, without a tongue, the mercy of a human heart: but if revenge alone can save your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment; but spare the innocent, the gentle maid; she ne'er intended yet a thought against your peace; I have deserv'd your anger, nay, and justly too; for I confess I ought to have given you a milder treatment; but to atone the crime, rip up my breast, and in my heart you'll read the unhappy cause of my neglect and rudeness.

Lou. How he difarms my anger! but must my rival triumph then?

Aug. Charge me not with abhorr'd ingratitude: be witness, heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver.

Car. For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause: do not debase your generous revenge with cruelty; that every common wretch can take; the savage brutes can suck their fellow-creatures blood, and tear their bodies down; but greater human souls have more pride to curb, and bow the stubborn mind of what they hate; and such revenge, the nobler far, I offer now to you; see at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy.

Lou. He buries my revenge in blushes.

Aug. O! generous proof of the most faithful love!

Car. Think what a glorious triumph it would be, that when your sworn resentment, wild revenge, and indignation, all stood ready, waiting for the word, you call'd your forceful reason to your aid, resolv'd, and took that tyrant passion captive to your gentle pity; O! 'twere such a god-like instance of your virtue, as might atone, if possible, even crimes to come: revenge, like this, can never give you that continu'd peace of mind which mercy may: compassion has a thousand secret charms: think you 'twere no delight of thought, to heal the wounds of bleeding lovers, to make two poor afflicted wretches happy, whose highest crime is loving well and faithfully? Were it no soothing joy, no secret pride, to raise 'em from the last despair to hope? to life and love restor'd? Now, on my heart, I read a struggling pity in your eye! O cherish it, and spare our innocence! Perhaps the story of our chaste affections, once complete, may live a fair example to succeeding times, for which posterity shall stand indebted to your virtue.

Lou. Release the lady — go. [Exeunt bravoes.

And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love; for I confess the fair example of your mutual faith, your tenderness, humility, and tears, have quite subdu'd

my soul ; at once have conquer'd and reform'd me : O ! you have given me such an image of the contentful peace, th' unshaken quiet of an honest mind, that now I taste more solid joy, being but the instrument of your united virtuous love, than all my late false hopes propos'd even in the last indulgence of my blind desires : now love long and happily ; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. *[Joins their hands.]*

Car. O ! providential care of innocence distress'd !

Ang. O ! miracle of rewarded love !

Car. What shall I say ? I scarce have yet the power of thought amidst this hurry of transporting joy ! My *Angelina* ! do I then live to hold thee thus ? O ! I have a thousand things to say, to ask, to weep, and hear of thee — But first let's kneel and pay our thanks to heaven, and this our kind preserver ; to whose most happy change we owe even all our lives to come, which cheerful gratitude can pay.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a confusion. *[Raises 'em.]* But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely to supply your present wants, or any future means propos'd to give you lasting happiness.

Car. Eternal rounds of never-ending peace reward your wond'rous bounty ; and when you know the story of our fortune, as we shall soon find due occasion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deserve your pity and assistance. But I have been too busy in my joy, I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the antient gentleman that first came hither with me ; how have you dispos'd of him ?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe — who waits there ? *[Enter Jaques.]* Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him. *[Exit Jaques.]* You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shewn him ; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incens'd me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free ; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques bowing to him.

D. Lew. Prithée, honest dumb, don't be so ceremo-

nious! A pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my jaws ake a little;) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter—My dear *Carlos*! I must buss thee, faith!—Madam, your humble servant—I beg your pardon, d'ye see—you understand me.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Lou. I hope we are all friends, sir.

D. Lew. I hope we are, madam—I am an honest old fellow, faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

Car. Here's a stranger, uncle!

D. Lew. What, my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! faith, I must smell thee. [*Salutes Angelina.*] Od, she's a delicate nosegay! I must have her touz'd a little——*Carlos*! you must gather to-night; I can stay no longer——Well, faith! I am heartily joy'd to see thee, child.

Ang. I thank you, sir, and wish I may deserve your love. Our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about——

D. Lew. Does not signify three-pence; when fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came——I tell you, I am glad to see you.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

Lon. At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, madam, this unseasonable visit.

Lou. Your lordship does me honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my business will excuse it: some strangers here below, upon their offer'd oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himself the father; but the respect I owe your ladyship made me refuse their search, till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they—Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost,

Lou. Be not concern'd: wou'd you avoid 'em?

Car. No, we must be found; let 'em have entrance: we have an honest cause, and would provoke its trial.

Lou. Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit Jaques.* My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist 'em.

Gov. You may command me, madam; tho' there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they cou'd urge against 'em, I found in their complaints more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, and Clodio.

Cha. I'll have justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand justice.

D. Man. That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ah, that's she, my lord, I am witness.

Car. My father! Sir, your pardon, and your blessing.

Ant. Why truly, *Carlos*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the matter; I wish you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction: but, however, heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

Cha. This is all contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I say, deliver my daughter—she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her, is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all hang'd; therefore no more delays, sir; for I tell you beforehand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

Cha. I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I am quite of another opinion: and so once more, my lord, I demand justice against that ravisher.

Gov. Does your daughter, sir, complain of any violence?

Cha. Your lordship knows young girls never complain when the violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. [*To Charino, kneeling.*] Sir, you are my father, bred me, cherish'd me, gave me my affections, taught

me to keep 'em hitherto within the bounds of honour, and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she prefer'd, to her mistaken parents choice, her being yours without a dower, not to bestow my person where those affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought; but here my heart's subdu'd, even to the last compliance with my fortune; he, sir, has nobly woo'd and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, sir, be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

Cha. My lord, I don't want advice; I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My lord, here's a stranger without enquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself *Clodio*.

Clo. Hey! *Ab, mon cher Ami!*

Enter Don Duart disguis'd.

Well, what news, my dear, has she answer'd my letter?

D. Du. There, sir—This to your lordship.

[*Gives him a letter, and whispers.*]

Gov. Marry'd to night, and to this gentleman, say'st thou? I am amaz'd.

D. Du. He is her choice, my lord.

Clo. [*Reading the letter.*]—Um—um—Charms—irresistible—excuse so soon—Passion—Blushes—Consent—Provision—Children—Settlement—Marriage—If this is not plain, the devil's in't.—Hold, here's more, faith—[*Reads to himself.*]

D. Man. How shall I requite this goodness? [*To Lou.*]

Lou. I owe you more than I have leisure now to pay: press me not too far, lest I should offer more than you are willing to receive. Favours, when long withheld, sometimes grow tasteless; over-fasting often palls the appetite.

D. Man. The appetite of love, like mine, can never

die; it would be ever tasting and unfated.

[*They seem to talk apart.*]

Gov. 'Tis very fudden—but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! Poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and, faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'en patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad that shou'd ha' been—this business is all at an end—for, look you, I find your daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you the truth, so am I faith! If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me—And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the Lady *Elvira's* wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D. Lew. Thy house! ha, ha! well said, puppy!

Clo. Ha! old *Testy!*

Cba. What dost thou mean, man? [To *Clo.*]

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surpriz'd at it.

Ang. Blets'd news! This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

Cba. If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turn'd tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with *Carlos's* name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

Cba. Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

Clo. Come, ladies, if you please, my friend will shew you.

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cba. This wedding's an odd thing!

D. Lew. Ha, ha! if it should be a lie now. [Exeunt.]

The SCENE changes to Elvira's apartment.

Elvira alone, with Clodio's letter in her hand.

Elv. At how severe a price do women purchase an unspotted fame! when even the justest title can't assure possession: when we reflect upon the insolent and daily

Wrongs which men and scandal throw upon our actions, 'twere enough to make a modest mind despair: if we are fair and chaste, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forsaken: nothing we do or think on, be the motive e'er so just, or generous, but still the malice or the guilt of men interprets to our shame: why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger, whose forfeit life I rashly sav'd, presume from that mistaken charity to tempt me with his love. [*Enter a servant.*] Hark! what musick's that?

[*Flourish.*]

Serv. Madam, the gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well; are the officers ready?

Serv. Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's orders.

Elv. Conduct the company. Now justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death reveng'd.

[*Music plays.*]

Enter Clodio, D. Duart, Governor, D. Manuel, Louisa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, and D. Lewis.

Clo. Well, madam, you see I'm punctual—you've nick'd your man, faith; I'm always critical—to a minute; you'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen; I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here—My lord—

Gov. Give you joy, madam.

Clo. Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own too—This Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

Ant. The young rogue has made a pretty choice, faith.

Clo. This Don Charino, who was very near having the honour of calling me son. This my elder brother—and this my noble uncle, Don Choleric—*Snapsortio de Testy.*

D. Lew. Puppy.

Clo. Peevish.

D. Lew. Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart; but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman, because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking; those that know him, generally give him the title of Don *Dismallo Thicksullo de Halswitto.*

Clo. Well said, nuncle, ha, ha!

D. Du. Are you provided of a priest, sir?

Clo. Ay, ay, pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

D. Du. So wou'd I, I want the cue to act this justice on my honour; yet I cannot read the folly in her looks.

[*Aside.*

Gov. You have surpriz'd us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprize you more, my lord.

D. Du. Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Ay, poor fool! she's modest——but I have a cure for that——Well, my princess, why that demure look now?

Elv. I was thinking, sir.

Clo. I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste——You han't the right use of some of your senses——In short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nick'd it?

Elv. I am sorry, sir, you know so little of yourself, or me.

Enter a servant.

Serv. Madam, the priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no occasion yet——Within there——seize him. [*Several officers rush in, who seize*

D. Du. Ha!

Clodio, and bind him.

Gov. What can this mean?

Clo. Gad me! what, is my dear in her frolicks already?

Elv. And now, my lord, your justice on that murderer.

Gov. How, madam!

Clo. That bitch, my fortune!

D. Leov. Madam, upon my knees, I beg you don't carry the jest too far, but if there be any real hopes of his having an halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing, but a reprieve, can save him. [*Apart to Elvira.*

Ant. Pray, madam, who accuses him?

Elv. His own confession, sir.

Car. Of murder, say you, madam?

Elw. The murder of my brother.

Gov. Where was that confession made?

Elw. After the fact was done, my lord, this man, pursu'd by justice, took shelter here, and, trembling, begg'd of me for my protection; he seem'd indeed a stranger, and his complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of my brother's death, promis'd, by a rash and solemn vow, I wou'd conceal him; which vow heaven can witness with what distraction in my thoughts I strictly kept, and paid; but he, alas! mistaking this my hospitable charity for the effects of a most vile preposterous love, proceeds upon his error, and in his letter here address'es me for marriage; which, I once having paid my vow, answer'd in such prevailing terms, upon his folly, as now have, unprotected, drawn him into the hands of justice.

D. Du. She is innocent, and well has disappointed my revenge. *[Aside.*

D. Lew. So, now I am a little easy—The puppy will be hang'd.

Gov. Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some farther questions.

Clo. Ay—I shall be hang'd, I believe.

Cha. Nay then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter; for I am now convinc'd, that my friend *Clody* is dispos'd of—and so, without compliment, do ye see, children—heaven bless you together. *[Joins Car. and Ang. hands.*

Car. This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we ought.

Ant. Well, brother, I thank you however; *Carlos* is an honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor *Clody's* ill fortune I cou'd never have suspected.

D. Lew. Why you wou'd be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you *Dismal* wou'd be hang'd; I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me—*Clody!* how dost thou do? Ha! why you are ty'd!

Clo. I hate this old fellow, split me.

D. Lew. Thou hast really made a damn'd blunder here, child, to invite so many people to a marriage-knot, and instead of that, it's like to be one under the left ear.

Clo. I'd fain have him die.

D. Lew. Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see! you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin: look you, take you no care about the surgeons, you shall not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the body off with a wet finger—tho' methinks I'd fain see the inside of the puppy too.

Clo. O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. Lew. Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engag'd, I don't know but I may come to the tree, and sing a stave or two with thee—Nay, I'll rise on purpose,—tho' you will hardly suffer before twelve o'clock neither—ay, just about twelve—about twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Clo. O! curse consume him!

Gov. I am convinc'd, madam, the fact appears too plain.

D. Lew. Yes, yes, he'll suffer. [*Aside.*]

Gov. What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir?

Clo. Will it do me any good, my lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

Clo. Why then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me.

Elw. Now, my lord, your justice.

D. Du. Hold, madam, that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of such a sister's virtue. [*Discovers himself.*]

Elw. My brother! O! let my wonder speak my joy!

Clo. Hey! [*Clodio and his friends seem surpriz'd.*]

Gov. Don Duart! living and well! how came this strange recovery?

D. Du. My body's health the surgeon has restor'd; but here's the true physician of my mind: the hot temper'd blood, which lately render'd me offensive to mankind, his just resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past, and, by reflection, to reform.

Elw. This is indeed a happy change!

Gov. Release the gentleman.

Clo. Here, *Testy*, prithee do so much as untie this a little.

D. Lew. Why so I will, firrah; I find thou hast done a mettled thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shock'd at thee any longer.

Elw. I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, fir, and blush to think how much I owe you for a brother thus restor'd.

Clo. Madam, your very humble servant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. Du. We are indeed his debtors both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful: for my sake, give him such returns of love as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

Clo. Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

D. Du. This modesty commends you, fir.

Ant. Sir, you have propos'd like a man of honour, and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us that will make up a fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my birth-right, I'm ready still to put my words into performance.

D. Lew. Nay then, since I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to *Carlos*, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

D. Du. Sister!

Elw. This is no trifle, brother; allow me a convenient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain I am his enemy.

D. Lew. So! now it will be a wedding again, faith.

D. Man. And if this kind example could prevail on you——

Lou. If it could not, your merit has sufficient power: from this moment, I am yours for ever.

D. Man. Which way shall I be grateful?

Clo. Nay then, strike up again, boys—and, with the

lady's leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a dance
à la mode d' Angleterre. [They dance.

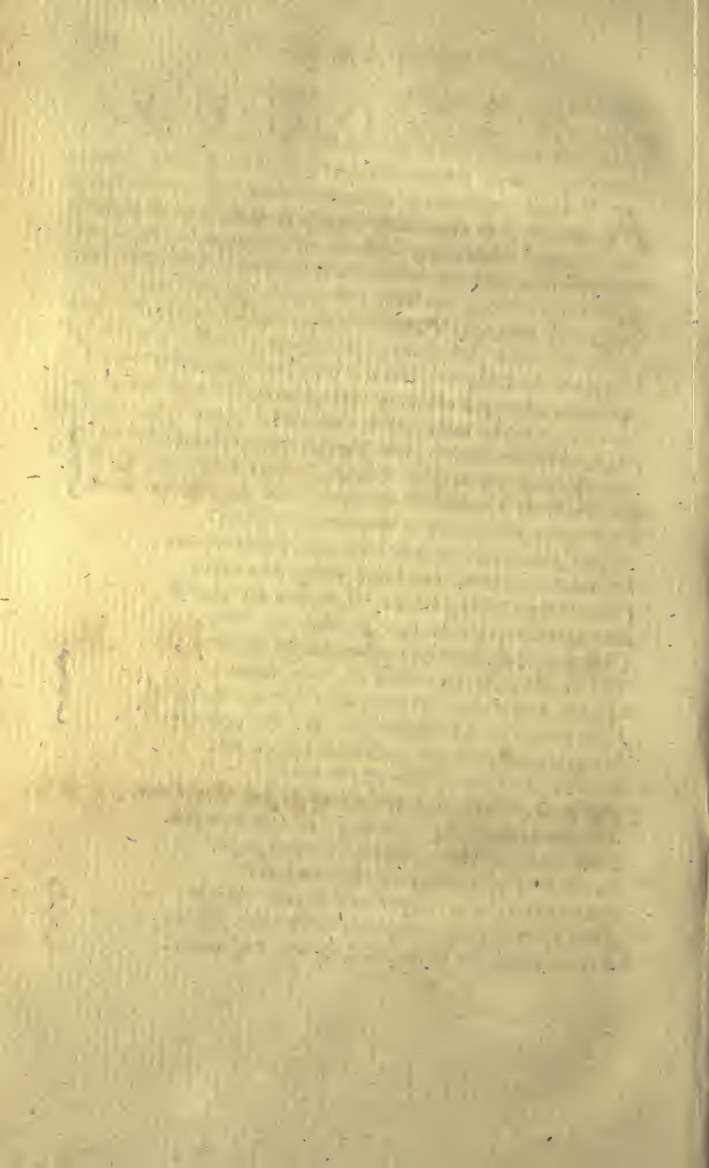
D. Lew. So, so! bravely done of all sides ; and now,
Carlos, we'll e'en toast our noses over a chirping bottle,
 and laugh at our past fortune.

Car. Come, my *Angelina* !
 Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,
 And the distressful voyage of our loves
 Ends not alone in safety, but reward.
 Now we unlade our freight of happiness,
 Of which, from thee alone, my share's deriv'd :
 For all my former search in deep philosophy,
 Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life :
 But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
 Than all the volumes of the learn'd cou'd teach ;
 Gave me the proof when nature's birth began,
 To what great end th' ETERNAL form'd a MAN.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue's a tax on authors laid,
And full as much unwillingly is paid.
Good lines, I grant, are little worth, but yet,
Coin has been always easier rais'd than wit.
(I fear we'd made but very poor campaigns,
Had funds been levy'd from the grumbling brains.)
Beside, to what poor purpose should we plead,
When you have once resolv'd a play shall bleed?
But then again, a wretch, in any case,
Has leave to say why sentence should not pass.
First, let your censure from pure judgment flow,
And mix with that some grains of mercy too;
On some your praise like wanton lovers you bestow.
Thus have you known a woman plainly fair,
At first scarce worth your two days pains or care;
Without a charm, but being young and new,
(You thought five guineas far beyond her due.)
But when pursu'd by some gay leading lover,
Then every day her eyes new charms discover;
'Till at the last, by crowds of beaux admir'd,
Sh' has rais'd her price to what her heart desir'd,
New gowns and petticoats, which her airs requir'd.
So miss, and poet too, when once cry'd up,
Believe their reputation at the top;
And now, that while the liking fit has seiz'd you,
She cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.
How can you bear a sense of love so gross,
To let me fashion on your taste impose?
Your taste refin'd, might add to your delight;
Poets from you are taught to raise their flight;
For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Manuel, father to <i>Rosara</i> ,	Mr. Cibber.
Don Philip, slighted by <i>Hypolita</i> ,	Mr. Booth.
Don Louis, nephew to Don Manuel, and friend to Don Philip,	} Mr. Mills.
<i>Octavio</i> , in love with <i>Rosara</i> ,	
<i>Trappanti</i> , a cast servant of Don Philip's,	} Mr. Penkethman.
<i>Soto</i> , servant to Don Philip,	
	Mr. Bullock.

Host, Alguazile, and Servants.

W O M E N.

<i>Hypolita</i> , secretly in love with Don Philip,	} Mrs. Mountfort.
<i>Rosara</i> , in love with <i>Octavio</i> ,	
<i>Flara</i> , confidant to <i>Hypolita</i> ,	Mrs. Santlow.
<i>Viletta</i> , woman to <i>Rosara</i> ,	Mrs. Bicknell.
	Mrs. Saunders.

SCENE, MADRID.

To the Most Illustrious

JAMES DUKE OF ORMOND.

May it please your Grace,

OUR late happy news from *Vigo* had so general an influence on the minds of the people, that it's no wonder this play had a favourable reception, when the cheerfulness and good-humour of the town inclin'd them to encourage every thing that carried the least pretence to divert them. But the best part of its fortune is, that its appearing first this season has given it a sort of a title to your Grace's protection, by being at the same time (among many worthier acknowledgments) the instrument of the stage's general thanks for the prosperous days we promise ourselves from the consequence of so glorious an action. An action which, consider'd with the native greatness of your mind, will easily persuade us, that the only reason to suppose the ancient heroes greater than the modern is, that they had better poets to record them: but, from your Grace's happy conduct this summer, we are convinc'd that their poetry may now outlive their greatness; and if *modesty* would suffer *truth* to speak, she'd plainly say, What they did fall as short of you, as what you did exceeds what they have greatly said, that they *wrote* as boldly as the English *fight*; and you lead them with the same spirit that the ancients wrote.

The nation's public and solemn praise to heaven, and *that* under their represented thanks in parliament to you: the universal joy, and the deafening acclamations that echo'd your return, were strong confessions of a benefit received beyond their power to repay; and to oblige beyond that power, is truly great and glorious. But Providence has fix'd you in so eminent a degree of honour, and of fortune, that nothing but the glory of the action can reward it. The unfeign'd and growing wishes you have planted in the people's hearts, are a fin-

cere acknowledgment that's never paid, but when great actions like your own deserve it, which have been so frequent in the dangerous and delightful service of your country, that you at last have warm'd their gratitude into a cordial love; for 'tis hard to say, that we were more pleas'd with our victory, than that the Duke of *Ormond* brought it us. But I forget myself; the pleasure of the subject had almost made me insensible of the danger of offending. If I were speaking to the world only, I have said too little; but while your Grace is my Reader, I know the severity of your virtue won't easily forgive me, unless I let the subject fall, and immediately conclude myself,

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most devoted,

Most obliged, and

Most obedient servant,

C. CIBBER.

PROLOGUE.

*C*ritics, tho' Plays without your smiles subsist,
Yet this was writ to reach your gen'rous taste,
And not in stern contempt of any other guest.
Our humble author thinks a Play should be,
Tho' ty'd to rules, like a good sermon, free
From pride, and stoop to each capacity.
Tho' he dares not, like some, depend alone
Upon a single character new shewn,
Or only things well said to draw the town.
Such Plays, like looser beauties, may have power
To please, and sport away a wanton hour;
But wit and humour, with a just design,
Charm, as when beauty, sense and virtue join.
Such was his just attempt; tho' 'tis confess'd
He's only vain enough t'have done his best:
For rules are but the posts that mark the course,
Which way the rider should direct his horse.
He that mistakes his ground is eas'ly beat,
Tho' he that runs it true mayn't do the feat,
For 'tis the straining genius that must win the heat:
O'er choak-jade to the ditch a jade may lead,
But the true proof of Pegasus's breech [Speed.]
Is when the last act turns the lands with Dimple's
View then in short the method that he takes;
His plot and persons he from nature makes.
Who for no bribe of jest he willingly forsakes,
His wit, if any, mingles with his plot,
Which should on no temptation be forgot:
His action's in the time of acting done,
No more than from the curtain, up and down.
While the first music plays, he moves his scene
A little space, but never shifts again.

From his design no person can be spar'd,
Or speeches lopt, unless the whole be marr'd:
No scene of talk for talking's sake are shewn,
Where most abruptly, when their chat is done,
Actors go off, because the poet——can't go on.

P R O L O G U E.

*His first-act offers something to be done,
And all the rest but lead that action on ;
Which when pursuing scenes i' th' end discover,
The game's run down, of course the play is over.*

*Thus much he thought 'twas requisite to say,
(For all here are not critics born) that they
Who only us'd to like, might learn to taste a play.*

*But now he flies for refuge to the fair,
Whom he must own the ablest judges here,
Since all the springs of his design but move
From beauty's cruelty, subdu'd by love :
E'en they whose hearts are yet untouch'd must know
In the same case, juve, what their own wou'd do :
You best should judge of love, since love is born of you.*

She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not;

O R,

The K I N D I M P O S T O R .

A C T I.

S C E N E, *an inn in Madrid.*

Enter Trappanti alone, talking to himself.

INDEED, my friend *Trappanti*, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money: not but, could'st thou part with that unappeasable itch of eating too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher. Contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endur'd with the best of 'em; but——when fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach, and no more philosophy than a hound upon horse-flesh——Fasting's a devil!——Let me see——this I take it is the most frequented inn about *Madrid*, and if a keen guest or two should drop in now——Hark!

Host. [*Within.*] Take care of the gentlemen's horses there, see 'em well rubb'd and litter'd.

Trap. Just alighted! If they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me; hah! a couple of pretty young sparks, faith!

Enter Hypolita and Flora in men's habits, a servant with a portmanteau.

Trap. Welcome to *Madrid*, sir; welcome, sir.

Flo. Sir, your servant.

Serv. Have the horses pleas'd your honour?

Hyp. Very well, indeed, friend: prithee set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing; they have perform'd well, and deserve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that, sir; here, ostler!

[*Exeunt Trap. and servant.*]

Flo. And pray, madam, what do I deserve, that have lost the use of limbs to keep pace with you? 'Dsheart! you whipt and spurr'd like a fox-hunter. It's a sign you had a lover in view; I'm sure my shoulders ake as if I had carried my horse on 'em.

Hyp. Poor *Flora!* thou art fatigu'd indeed, but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

Flo. Thank me, quotha! Egad I shan't be able to sit this fortnight: well, I'm glad our journey's at an end, however; and now, madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. Why, now I hope the end of my wishes——
Don Philip. I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

Flo. No, your sweet usage of him told me that long enough ago; but now, it seems, you think fit to confess it; and what is't you love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that usage.

Flo. Ah, dear pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it you see, for he's coming post to *Madrid* to marry another woman; nay, one he never saw.

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far engag'd him.

Flo. How came he to be engag'd to her at all?

Hyp. Why I engag'd him.

Flo. To another?

Hyp. To my whole sex, rather than own I lov'd him.

Flo. Ah! done like a woman of courage.

Hyp. I could not bear the thoughts of parting with my power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and press'd me so home to a surrender, I could have tore him piece-meal.

Flo. Ay! I warrant you, an insolent——agreeable

puppy. Well, but to leave impertinence, madam, pray how came you to squabble with him?

Hyp. I'll tell thee, *Flora*: you know Don *Philip* wants no charms that can commend a lover; in birth and quality I confess him my superior; and 'tis the thought of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes. I never saw him in the humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presum'd his rank and fortune might deserve me: this always stung my pride, and made me over-act it. Nay, sometimes when his sufferings have almost drawn the tears into my eyes, I've turn'd the subject with some trivial talk, or humm'd a spiteful tune, tho' I believe his heart was breaking.

Flo. A very tender principle, indeed.

Hyp. Well, I don't know, 'twas in my nature. But to proceed—This, and worse usage, continued a long time; at last, despairing of my heart, he then resolv'd to do a violence on his own, by consenting to his father's commands, of marrying a lady of considerable fortune here in *Madrid*: the match is concluded, articles are seal'd, and the day is fix'd for his journey. Now, the night before he set out, he came to take his leave of me, in hopes, I suppose, I would have staid him. I need not tell you my confusion at the news; and though I would have given my soul to have deferr'd it, yet finding him, unless I bade him stay, resolv'd upon the marriage, I (from the pure spirit of contradiction) swore to myself I would not bid him do it, so call'd for my veil, told him I was in haste, begg'd his pardon, your servant, and so whipt to prayers.

Flo. Well said again, that was a clincher: ah! had not you been better at confession?

Hyp. Why really I might have sav'd a long journey by it. To be short, when I came from church Don *Philip* had left this letter at home for me, without requiring an answer—Read it—

Flo. [Reads.] *Your usage has made me justly despair of you, and now any change must better my condition: at least it has reduc'd me to a necessity of trying the*

last remedy, marriage with another; if it prove ineffectual, I only wish you may, at some hours, remember how little cause I have given you to have made me for ever miserable.

P H I L I P.

Poor gentleman! very hard, by my conscience! Indeed, madam, this was carrying the jest a little too far.

Hyp. Ah! by many a long mile, *Flora*: but what would you have a woman do when her hand's in?

Flo. Nay, the truth on't is, we never know the difference between enough and a surfeit; but, love be prais'd, your stomach's come down for't.

Hyp. Indeed 'tis not altogether so high as 'twas. In a word, the letter set me at my wits end, and when I came to myself, you may remember you thought me bewitch'd, for I immediately call'd for my boots and breeches, a straddle we got, and so rode after him.

Flo. Why truly, madam, as to your wits, I've not much alter'd my opinion of 'em, for I cannot see what you propose by it.

Hyp. My whole design, *Flora*, lies in this portmanteau, and these breeches.

Flo. A notable design, no doubt; but pray let's hear it.

Hyp. Why, I do propose to be twice married between 'em.

Flo. How! twice!

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau I intend to marry myself to Don *Philip's* new mistress, and then—I'll put off my breeches and marry him.

Flo. Now I begin to take ye: but pray what's in the portmanteau? and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to steal it from his servant at the last inn we lay at in *Toledo*; in it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, gold good store, settlements, and credential letters to certify, that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don *Philip*, only son and heir of Don *Fernando de las Torres*, now residing at *Seville*, whence we came.

Flo. A very smart undertaking, by my troth: and pray, madam, what part am I to act?

Hyp. My woman still; when I can't lie for myself you are to do it for me, in the person of a cousin-german.

Flo. And my name is to be——

Hyp. Don *Guzman, Diego, Mendez*, or what you please; be your own godfather.

Flo. Egad, I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall; for, to be sure, Don *Philip* will make the devil to do with us, when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

Hyp. O let me alone to give him satisfaction.

Flo. I'm afraid it must be alone, if you do give him satisfaction; for my part, I can push no more than I can swim.

Hyp. But you can bully upon occasion.

Flo. I can scold when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing. Bullying would be scolding in petticoats.

Flo. Say ye so? Why then Don, look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live, tho' I lose the end of my sex by it. Well, madam, now you have open'd the plot, pray when does the play begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in less than four hours; we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords, comb out our wigs, and wait upon my father-in-law—How now! what would this fellow have?

Enter Trappanti.

Trap. Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are by my troth, right and found I warrant 'em; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it if they stay in this house—I always stand by, sir, see 'em rubb'd down with my own eyes—Catch me trusting an ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

Flo. I have seen this fellow somewhere.

Trap. Hey day! what no cloth laid! was ever such

attendance! Hey, house! tapster! landlord! hey!
 [*Knocks*] What was it you bespoke, gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost forgot you.

Trap. Pshah! dear sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging neither—that is, I have a—sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there, and so here and there one makes shifts, you know.—Hey! will these people never come? [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourself, sir.

Trap. O! nothing at all, sir: Lord, sir!—was it fish or flesh, sir?

Flo. Really, sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers; you don't know this house, sir; why they'll let you starve if you don't stir, and call, and that like thunder too.—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. Ha! you eat here sometimes, I presume, sir?

Trap. Umph!—Ay, sir, that's as it happens—I seldom eat at home, indeed—Things are generally, you know, so out of order there, that—Did you hear any fresh news upon the road, sir?

Hyp. Only, sir, that the King of *France* lost a great horse-match upon the *Alps* t'other day.

Trap. Hah! a very odd place for a horse-race,—but the King of *France* may do any thing—Did you come that way, gentlemen? or—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Enter Host.

Host. Did you call, gentlemen?

Trap. Yes, and bawl too, sir: here, the gentlemen are almost famish'd, and nobody comes near 'em: what have you in the house now that will be ready presently?

Host. You may have what you please, sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment: we have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please it shall be clapt down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, fir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hyp. Then prithee get us some young rabbits.

Host. Upon my word, fir, rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flo. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish! Sir, I-drest yesterday the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left, fir; but, if you please, you may have any thing else in a moment.

Trap. Pox on thee, hast thou nothing but any-thing-else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton, fir.

Hyp. Prithee get us a breast then.

Host. Breast! Don't you love the neck, fir?

Hyp. Ha' ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Really, fir, we don't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left.

Trap. Faith, fir, I don't know but a nothing-else may be very good meat, when any-thing-else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then prithee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute, I'll see it done: gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means, fir.

Trap. No ceremony, dear fir; indeed I'll do't.

[*Exeunt Host and Trap.*]

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flo. With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, madam, about two or three years ago Don *Philip* had a trusty servant call'd *Trappanti*, that us'd now and then to slip a note into your hand as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that *Philip* turn'd away for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good-humour'd?

Flo. The very same, I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has alter'd his air a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concern'd for him: what makes him so far from *Seville*?

Flo. I'm afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service, his assurance may be useful, as my case stands.

Flo. You would not tell him who you are?

Hyp. There's no occasion for it——I'll talk with him.

Enter Trappanti.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the spit, gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room——Are you not for a whet, sir? What wine? What wine? Hey!

Flo. We give you trouble, sir.

Trap. Not in the least, sir——Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Enter Host.

Host. D'ye call, gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Host. What fort you please, sir.

Flo. Sir, will you please to name it? [*To Trap.*]

Trap. Nay, pray sir.

Hyp. No ceremony, dear sir; upon my word you shall.

Trap. Upon my soul you'll make me leave ye, gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words! prithee, you shall.

Trap. Psha! but why this among friends now? Here!——have ye any right *Galicia*?

Host. The best in *Spain* I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half a dozen bottles for dinner.

Host. Yes, sir. [*Exit Host.*]

Flo. Who says this fellow's a starving now? On my conscience, the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight.

Hyp. Hang him, 'tis inoffensive, I'll humour him.——Pray, sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my question ill.——)

Trap. O dear sir!

Hyp. What profession may you be of?

Trap. Profession, fir?—I—I—Ods me! here's the wine. [*Enter Host.*] Come, fill out—hold—let me taste it first—ye blockhead, wou'd you have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks.*]—Yes, 'twill do—give me the bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, fir, is not that a glass of right wine?

Hyp. Extremely good indeed.—But fir, as to my question.

Trap. I'm afraid, fir, that mutton won't be enough for us all.

Hyp. O pray, fir, bespeak what you please.

Trap. Sir, your most humble servant.—Here, master! prithee get us a—Ha! ay! get us a dozen of poach'd eggs; a dozen, d'ye hear—just to—pop down a little.

Host. Yes, fir. [*Going.*]

Trap. Friend,—let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of 'em.

Host. Yes, fir. [*Going.*]

Hyp. But, fir—

Trap. Odso! I had like to have forgot—here, a—*Sancho!* *Sancho!* ay, is not your name *Sancho?*

Host. *Diego,* fir.

Trap. Oh! ay, *Diego!* that's true indeed, *Diego!* Umph!

Hyp. I must e'en let him alone, there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full.

Trap. Come, here's to thee, *Diego*—[*Drinks and fills again.*] That I should forget thy name tho'.

Host. No great harm, fir.

Trap. *Diego,* hah! a very pretty name, faith!—I think you are married, are you not, *Diego?*

Host. Ay, ay, fir.

Trap. Hah! how many children?

Host. Nine girls and a boy, fir.

Trap. Hah! nine girls—Come, here's to thee again, *Diego*—Nine girls! a stirring woman, I dare say; a good housewife, ha! *Diego.*

Host. Pretty well, fir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herself, I warrant ye—
Does she do olives well?

Hof. Will you be pleas'd to taste 'em, fir?

Trap. Taste 'em! humh! prithee let's have a plate,
Diego.

Hof. Yes, fir.

Hyp. And our dinner as soon as you please, fir; when
it's ready call us.

Hof. Yes, fir.

[*Exit Hof.*]

Hyp. But, fir, I was asking you of your profession.

Trap. Profession! really, fir, I don't use to profess
much, I am a plain dealing sort of a man; if I say I'll
serve a gentleman he may depend upon me.

Flo. Have you ever serv'd, fir?

Trap. Not these two last campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Trap. Some words with my superior officer; I was a
little too free in speaking my mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of serving again, fir?

Trap. If a good post falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I could help you—Pray, fir, when
you serv'd last, did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay, fir:—Yes, fir, I was paid, clear'd
subsistence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And your late commander's name was——

Trap. *Don Philip de las Torres.*

Hyp. Of *Seville*?

Trap. Of *Seville.*

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. You need not
be curious; for I am sure you don't know me, though
I do you, and your condition, which I dare promise you
I'll mend, upon our better acquaintance; and your first
step to deserve it, is to answer me honestly to a few
questions: keep your assurance still, it may do me ser-
vice, I shall like you the better for it: come, here's to
encourage you. [*Gives him money.*]

Trap. Sir, my humble service to you.

Hyp. Well said.

Flo. Nay, I'll pass my word he shan't dwindle into
modesty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my

life: I have seen such a sort of a face before, but where—I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass, sir.

Hyp. Grammercy! here, cousin. [*Drinks to Flo.*] Come now, what made Don *Philip* turn you out of his service? Why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time, I think, his wits left him——
The man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, stark mad——in love.

Hyp. In love! How, pray?

Trap. Very deep——Up to the ears, over-head, drown'd by this time, he would in——I would have had him stop when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in love with?

Trap. The devil!

Hyp. So! Now for a very ugly likeness of my own face. What sort of a devil?

Trap. The damning sort——a woman.

Hyp. Had she no name?

Trap. Her Christian name was *Donna Hypolita*; but her proper name was *Shittlecock*.

Flo. How d'ye like that?—— [*Aside to Hyp.*

Hyp. Pretty well. [*Aside to Flo.*] Was she handsome?

Trap. Umph——so! so!

Flo. How d'ye like that? [*To Hyp.*

Hyp. Umph——so! so! [*To Flo.*] Had she wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good-humour?

Trap. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was she honest?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What! had she no good qualities?

Trap. Faith! I don't remember 'em.

Hyp. Hah! d'ye think she lov'd him?

Trap. If she did, 'twas as the cobbler lov'd his wife.

Hyp. How was that?

Trap. Why he beat her thrice a day, and told his

neighbours he lov'd her never the worse, but he was resolv'd the bitch should never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flo. How d'ye now?

[*To Hyp.*

Hyp. I don't know——methinks I——But sure!

What! was she not handsome, say ye?

Trap. A devilish tongue.

Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flo. Ay, say that at your peril.

[*Aside.*

Hyp. What was she? How did she look?

Trap. Look! Why, faith, the woman look'd very well when she had a blush in her face.

Hyp. Did she often blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Hyp. Never saw her! Had she no charm? What made him love her?

Trap. Really I can't tell.

Flo. How d'ye like the picture, madam?

[*Aside.*

Hyp. O! O! extremely well; the rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

Enter Host.

Host. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table.

[*Exit Host.*

Hyp. That's well! Come, sir, at dinner I'll give you farther instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come, sir.

[*To Flo.*

Flo. Nay, dear sir, no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your humble servant.

[*As they are going, Hyp. stops 'em.*

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care shou'd see me.

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it hot then, we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble servant again. [*Exit Trap.*

Flo. You seem concern'd; who is it?

Hyp. My brother *Octavio*, as I live——Come this way.

[*They retire.*

Enter Octavio, and a servant.

Os. Jasper, run immediately to *Rosara's* woman, tell her I am just come to town, slip that note into her hand, and stay for an answer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

Re-enter Host, conducting Don Philip.

Host. Here, sir, please to walk this way.

Flo. And *Don Philip*, by *Jupiter*.

D. Ph. When my servant comes, send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. Nay, 'then tis time for us to make ready——

Allons!

[*Exeunt Hyp. and Flo.*

Os. *Don Philip!*

D. Ph. Dear *Octavio!*

Os. What lucky point of the compass cou'd blow us upon one another so?

D. Ph. Faith! a wind very contrary to my inclination: but the worst I see blows some good; I am overjoy'd to see you——But what makes you so far from the army?

Os. Who thought to have found you so far from *Seville?*

D. Ph. What do you do at *Madrid?*

Os. O, friend, such an unfortunate occasion, yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment no poor dog upon earth was ever plagu'd with.

D. Ph. Unriddle, pray.

Os. Don't you remember, about six months ago I wrote you word of a dear delicious sprightly creature that I had bombarded for a whole summer to no purpose?

D. Ph. I remember.

Os. That same silly, stubborn, charming angel, now capitulates.

D. Ph. Then she's taken.

Os. I can't tell that: for you must know, her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to——

D. Ph. Marry her to another?

Os. Of a better estate than mine it seems. She tells

me here, he is within a few days march of her, begs me to come upon the spur to her relief, and if I don't arrive too late, confesses she loves me well enough to open the gates, and let me enter the town before him. There's her express, read it.——

Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti, appear in the balcony.

Hyp. Hark! they are talking of a mistress——let's observe.

Flo. Trappanti, there's your old master.

Trap. Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good servant when he had him.

D. Pb. [*Reads.*] “ My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends in two days to perfect it; the gentleman is expected every hour: in the mean time, if you know any friend that has a better title to me, advise him forthwith to put in his claim: I am almost out of my senses, which you'll easily believe when I tell you, if such a one shou'd make haste, I shan't have time to refuse him any thing.”

Hyp. How's this?

D. Pb. No name?

OÆ. She never wou'd trust it in a letter.

Flo. If this shou'd be *Don Philip's* mistress!

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is, I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her.

Hyp. This was a lucky discovery——But hush.

D. Pb. What will you do in this case?

OÆ. That I don't yet know, I am half distracted: I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her: I long to see her: I warrant the poor fool will be so soft and humble now she's in a fright.

D. Pb. What will you propose at your meeting her?

OÆ. I don't know, may be another meeting; at least it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good-bye, and a sigh——ah! if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

D. Pb. Consider!

OÆ. Ah! so I do; what a pleasure 'twould be to

have her steal out of her bed in a sweet moon-shiny night! to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers, with nothing but a thin silk night-gown loose about her, and in this tempting dress, to have her jump into my arms breathless with fear, her panting bosom close to mine; then to stifle her with kisses, and curl myself about her smooth, warm limbs, that breathe an healing odour from their pores, enough to make the senses ake, or fancy mad.

D. Ph. O'Flavio, I envy thee: thou art the happiest man in thy temper. ———

O'Fl. And thou art the most alter'd I ever knew: prithee, what makes thee so much upon the hum-drum? Well, are my sister and you come to a right understanding yet? When do you marry?

Hyp. So, now I shall have my picture by another hand.

D. Ph. My condition, *O'Flavio*, is very much like your mistress's; she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

O'Fl. Odsdeath! you make me tremble; I hope 'tis not my mistress.

D. Ph. Thy mistress! that were an idle fear, *Madrid's* a wide place. ——— Or if it were (she loving you) my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

O'Fl. That's generous, indeed: but still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her?

Hyp. Now I tremble.

D. Ph. The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man, a coldness unaccountable to sense.

O'Fl. Pshah! dissembled.

Hyp. Hah!

D. Ph. I can't think it, lovers are soon flatter'd into hope, but she appear'd to me indifferent to so nice a point, that she has ruin'd me without the trouble of resolving it.

Flo. Well! men are fools.

O'Fl. And by this time she's in fits for your leaving her; 'tis her nature, I knew her from her bib and baby;

I remember at five years old the vixen has fasted three days together, in pure spite to her governess.

Hyp. So!

Oa. Nothing could ever in appearance make her pleas'd or angry; always too proud to be oblig'd, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing so low, as to seem fond of revenge; she had a stomach that cou'd digest every thing but humility.

Hyp. Goodlack, Mr. Wit.

Oa. Yet with all this I've sometimes seen her good-natur'd, generous, and tender.

Hyp. There the rogue was civil again.

D. Pb. I have thought so too. [Sighing.]

Hyp. How can he speak of me with so much generosity!

Oa. For all her usage of you, I'll be rack'd if she did not love you.

D. Pb. I rather think she hated me: however, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

Hyp. Now I begin to hate myself.

Oa. Then you are determin'd to marry this other lady?

D. Pb. That's my business at *Madrid*.

Trap. Which shall be done to your hand.

D. Pb. Besides, I am now oblig'd by contract.

Oa. Then (tho' she be my sister) may some jealous, old, ill-natur'd dog, revenge your quarrel to her.

Hyp. Thank you, sir.

D. Pb. Come, forget it.

Oa. With all my heart, let's go in and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

D. Pb. I intended it immediately, but an unlucky accident has hinder'd me; one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forc'd to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, sottish rogue in nature, has left the portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the last town we lay, so that I can't properly visit the lady or her father till I am able to assure them who I am.

Oa. Why don't you go back yourself to see for 'em?

D. Pb. I have sent my servant, for I am really tir'd:

I was loth to appear too much concern'd for 'em, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with 'em.

Enter servant to Octavio.

Oct. How now?

Serv. Here's an answer, sir. [*Gives a letter.*]

Hyp. Come, we have seen enough of the enemy's motions to know it's time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt Hyp. Flo. and Trap. from above.*]

Oct. [*To D. Ph.*] My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons, I must leave you this minute, the kind creature has sent for me; I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obey'd; when I come off of duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. Ph. You'll find me here, or hear of me: adieu.

[*Exit Oct.*]

Here house!

[*Enter Host.*]

Prithee see if my servant be come yet.

Host. I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

D. Ph. Ay; where is the sot?

Host. Just refreshing himself with a glass at the gate.

D. Ph. Pray tell the gentleman I'd speak with him——

[*Exit Host.*]

In all the necessaries of life, there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey, Soto!

Enter Soto drunk.

Sot. ——Did you please to——such!——call, sir?

D. Ph. What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

Sot. Sir, I did not know any thing of it, I——I——came as soon as you se——se——se——sent for me.

D. Ph. And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

Sot. Yes, sir,——I did think you wou'd be willing——that is——to have an account——so I staid to take a glass at the door, because I wou'd not be out of the way——huh!

D. Ph. You are drunk, rascal——Where's the port-manteau?

Sot. Sir, I am here—if you please, I'll give you the whole account how the matter is, huh!

D. Pb. My mind misgives me——speak, villain!——
[*Strikes him.*]

Sot. I will, fir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order; I an't running away, fir.

D. Pb. To the point, firrah!

Sot. Not of your sword, dear fir.

D. Pb. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you! Where's the portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road, going and coming, and ask'd about it; and so at last, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then——

D. Pb. What!

Sot. That it must certainly be lost.

D. Pb. Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me?

[*Beats him.*]

Sot. Lord, fir, you won't hear reason——Are you sure you han't it about you?——If I know any thing of it, I wish I may be burnt.

D. Pb. Villain! your life can't make me satisfaction.

Sot. No, fir? that's hard——a man's life can't——for my part——I——I——

D. Pb. Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth? I should accuse myself for trusting him.

Sot. Sir——I had rather——bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket, than have had such a life about it.

D. Pb. Be dumb!

Sot. Ahuh! Yes.

D. Pb. If this rascal had stole it, sure he would not have ventur'd to come back again——I am confounded! Neither *Don Manuel* nor his daughter know me, nor any one of the family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll in the mean time think himself affronted by my neglect——What shall I do? Suppose I go and tell him my misfor-

tune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from *Seville*.—I must think! *Hey, Soto!* [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti.

Trap. Hold, sir, let me touch up your fore-top a little.

Hyp. So! my gloves——Well, *Trappanti*, you know your business, and if I marry the lady, you know my promise too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember 'em both:——Odsso! I had like to have forgot——here, house! a basin and washball,—I've a razor about me, hey! [*Knocks.*] Let me take off your wig, sir.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shav'd.

Hyp. Shav'd!

Trap. Ever while you live, sir, go with a smooth chin to your mistress. Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence, I shall laugh out and discover myself.

Trap. Why, *Diego!* [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. Pshah! prithee don't stand fooling, we're in haste.

Flo. Ay, ay, shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please, sir; your beard is not much, you may wear it to-day. [*Taking her by the chin.*]

Flo. Ay, and to-morrow too: pray, sir, will you see the coach ready, and put in the things?

Trap. Sir, I'll see the coach ready, and put in the things. [*Exit Trap.*]

Flo. Come, madam, courage! Now let's do something for the honour of our sex, give a proof of our parts, and tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring about as well as the best of 'em.

Hyp. Well said, *Flora*: for the honour of our sex be it then, and let the grave Dons think themselves as wise as they please; but nature knows there goes more wit to the management of some amours, than the hardest point in politicks.

*Therefore to men th' affair of state's confin'd,
Wisely to us the state of love's assign'd,
As love's the weightier business of mankind.* }

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E, *Don Manuel's house.**Enter Rosara and Viletta.**Vil.* H E A R reason.*Ros.* Talk of *Octavio* then.*Vil.* How do you know but the gentleman your father designs you for, may prove as pretty a fellow as he? Have a little patience; if you should happen to like him as well, would not that do your business as well?*Ros.* Do you expect *Octavio* should thank you for this?*Vil.* The gentleman is no fool.*Ros.* He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.*Vil.* Hang 'em, say I: but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? *Octavio's* now in a very good post—keep him there—I know the man: he understands the business he is in to a hair; but faith you'll spoil him: he's too pretty a fellow, and too poor a one for an husband.*Ros.* Poor! he has enough.*Vil.* That's the most he has.*Ros.* 'Twill do our business.*Vil.* But when you have no portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll soon have enough of you; and how will your business be done then, pray?*Ros.* Pshah! you talk like a fool!*Vil.* Come, come, if *Octavio* must be the man, I say, let *Don Philip* be the husband.*Ros.* I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an husband, and no husband but *Octavio*: when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.*Vil.* In vain, I see,—I have done, madam,—one must have time to be wise: but in the mean while what do ye resolve? Positively not to marry *Don Philip*?

Ros. I don't know what I shall do, till I see *Ostasio*: when did he say he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

Ros. Why?

Vil. I am brib'd to the contrary.

Ros. By whom?

Vil. *Ostasio*; he just now sent me this lovely piece of gold, not to tell you what time he would be here.

Ros. Nay then, *Violetta*, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I shall see him.

Vil. Umph! these are lovely pieces indeed.

[Smiling.

Ros. When, *Violetta*?

Vil. Have you no more of 'em, madam?

Ros. Pfhah! there, take purse-and all; will that content thee?

Vil. O! dear madam, I shou'd be unconscionable to desire more; but really I was willing to have 'em all first.

[Curt'sying.

Ros. When will he come?

Vil. Why the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him, till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

Ros. Where's my father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great chair.

Ros. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Ros. His habit!

Vil. Ay, madam, he's turn'd friar to come at you: if your father surprizes us, I have a lie ready to back him——Hist, *Ostasio*, you may enter.

Enter Ostasio in a friar's habit.

Ost. After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear *Rosara* once again, and kind?

Ros. What shall we do, *Ostasio*?

[Looking kindly on him.

Ost. Kind creature! Do! why as lovers shou'd do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Ros. And fortunes too?

Os. Pshah! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind 'em.

Ros. Suppose you first try my father's good-nature? You know he once encourag'd your addresses.

Os. First let's be fast marry'd; perhaps he may be good-natur'd when he can't help it: if we should try him now, 'twill but set him more upon his guard against us: since we are list'd under love, don't let us serve in a separate garrison. Come, come, stand to your arms, whip a suit of night-clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

Ros. Ah! my father!

Os. Dead!

Vil. To your function.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Viletta.

Vil. Sir:

D. Ma. Where's my daughter?

Vil. Hist, don't disturb her.

D. Ma. Disturb her! why what's the matter?

Vil. She's at confession, sir.

D. Ma. Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear sir, there's no living without 'em.

D. Ma. She's now at years of discretion.

Vil. There's the danger, sir, she's just of the tasting age: one has really no relish of a sin till fifteen.

D. Ma. Ah! then the jades have swinging stomachs; I find her aversion to the marriage I have propos'd her, has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, sir, without confession.

D. Ma. Fiddle faddle, I won't have her seem wicked: *buffy*, you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you, you know 'em I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her——Save you, father.

Os. Bless you, son.

D. Man. How now, what's become of father *Benedic*? Why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well, and so desired this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

D. Ma. He seems very young for a confessor.

Vil. Ay, sir! he has not been long at it.

Os. Nor don't desire to be long in it; I wish I understood it well enough to make a fool of my old Don here. [*Aside.*

D. Ma. Well, sir! how do you find the pulse of iniquity beat there? What sort of sin has she most stomach to?

Os. Why truly, sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

D. Ma. Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

Os. She has told a most lamentable story.

D. Ma. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable lie.

Os. Indeed, son, I find by her confession, that you are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

D. Ma. Hey day! What, has she been inventing sins for me, and confessing 'em instead of her own? Let me come——she shall be lock'd up till she repents 'em too.

Os. Son, forbear: this is now a corroboration of your guilt; this is inhuman.

D. Ma. Sir, I have done: but pray, if you please, let's come to the point: what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

Os. Nay, sir, mistake her not: she did not, with any malicious design, expose your faults, but as her own depended on 'em; her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty.

D. Ma. Let's have 'em both antecedent, and consequent.

Os. Why she confess her first maiden, innocent affection had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encourag'd; and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes, and to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

D. Ma. Very good; I see no harm in all this.

Oa. Methinks the welfare of a daughter, fir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

D. *a.* Serious! so I am, fir; what a devil, must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good husband?

Oa. Her melancholy may tell you, fir, she can't think him a good one.

D. Ma. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

Oa. What have you to object against the man she likes?

D. Ma. The man I like!

Oa. Suppose the unhappy youth she loves shou'd throw himself distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity.

D. Ma. Ay! that if he can.

Oa. You wou'd not, fir, refuse to hear him.

D. Ma. Sir, I shall not refuse him any thing, that I am sure will signify nothing.

Oa. Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel, were nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

D. Ma. Sir, when I am ask'd to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature sleeps like a top.

Oa. Then I must tell you, fir, this obstinacy obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty, and to let you know too, you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

D. Ma. Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage: and so if you please, father, you may walk home again——when any thing lies upon my conscience, I'll send for you.

Oa. Nay, then, 'tis time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, fir, the man that dares to ask *Rosara* from me, is a villain. *[Brows off his disguise.*

Vil. So! here will be fine work!

[Aside.

D. Ma. Octavio! the devil!

Oa. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor submissive reason can oblige you, I am reduced to take a

firer, shorter way, and force you to be just. I leave you, fir, to think on't. [*Walks about angrily.*]

D. Ma. Ah! here's a confessor! Ah! that jade of mine——and that other jade of my jade's——here has been rare doings!——Well! it shan't hold long, madam shall be noos'd to-morrow morning——Hah! fir's in a great passion here, but it won't do——those long strides, Don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress——*Rosara!* step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off o' the table there. Tum, tum!

Vil. I don't like the old gentleman's looks. [*Sings. Aside.*]

Ros. This obtinacy of yours, my dear father, you shall find runs in the family.

[*Exit Rosara, and D. Man. locks her in.*]

D. Ma. Tum, dum, dum! [*Sings.*]

Oæ. Sir, I would advise you, as my nearest friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

D. Ma. Tum, dum, dum!

Oæ. Sir, you have lock'd my mistress in! [*Pertly.*]

D. Ma. Tum, dum, dum!

Oæ. If you please to lend me the key, fir, I'll let her out.

D. Ma. Tum, dum, dum!

Oæ. You might afford me at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer, fir.

D. Ma. Why then, in one word, fir, you shall not marry my daughter; and as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Oæ. You are the father of my mistress, and something, fir, too old to answer, as you ought, this wrong; therefore I'll look for reparation where I can with honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your house, I'll watch it carefully, I'll know who dares enter it. This, fir, be sure of, the man that offers at *Rosara's* love shall have one virtue, courage at least, I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her. [*Exit Oæ.*]

D. Ma. Ah, poor fellow! he's mad now, and does

not know what he wou'd be at:—but, however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him——Who waits there?

Enter a servant.

Run you for an *Alguazile*, and bid your fellows arms themselves, I expect mischief at my door immediately: if *Octavio* offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me. [*Exit serv.*]

Vil. Hift! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

Rof. [*Within.*] *Viletta!*

Vil. Here, here, madam——Bless me, what's this?

[*Viletta listens at the closet-door, and Rofara thrusts a billet to her thro' the key-hole.*

Ha! a billet——to *Octavio*——a——hem.

[*Puts it into her bosom.*

D. Ma. How now, huffy; what are you fumbling about that door for?

Vil. Nothing, fir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

D. Ma. Oh! she had as good let 'em alone, for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

Vil. Yes, fir, I let him in. [*Pertly.*]

D. Ma. Did you so!——Ha! then if you please, madam——I'll let you out——go——go——get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never see that damn'd ugly face of thine as long as I live.

Vil. Bless me, fir, you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do.

D. Ma. Thou art strangely impudent.

Vil. Only the farthest from it in the world, fir.

D. Ma. Then I am strangely mistaken; didst thou not own just now thou let'st him in?——

Vil. Yes,——but 'twas in disguise——for I did not design you shou'd see him, because I know you did not care my mistress shou'd see him.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. And you know, sir, that the sin of loving him had laid upon her conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. So upon this, sir, as you see—I—I—I let him in, that's all.

D. Ma. Nay, if it be so as thou say'st, he was a proper confessor indeed.

Vil. Ay, sir, for you know this was not a spiritual father's business.

D. Ma. No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

Vil. Well, sir, and judge you now, if my mistress is not beholden to me.

D. Ma. Oh! extremely: but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this; tho' perhaps you'll choose that place: I think you never much car'd for your husband's company; and, if I don't mistake, you sent him to heaven in the old road. Hark! what noise is that?

[*Noise without.*

Vil. So, *Octavio's* pushing his fortune, he'll have a wife or a halter, that's positive—I'll go see which.

[*Exit Viletta.*

Enter a servant hastily.

D. Ma. How now!

Serv. O, sir, *Octavio* has set upon a couple of gentlemen just as they were lighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress, I heard 'em name her name; I'm afraid there will be mischief, sir, there they are all at it, helter-skelter.

D. Ma. Run into the hall, take down my back, breast and head-piece, call an officer, raise the neighbours, give me my great gun, I'll shoot him out of the garret window.

[*Exit Don Manuel.*

Enter Hypolita and Flora, putting up their swords; Octavio in the Alguazile's hands, and Trappanti.

Hyp. Bring him along——This is such an insolence! Damn it, at this rate, no gentleman can walk the streets.

Flo. I suppose, sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons: are our things safe?

Trap. Ay, sir, I secur'd them as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guess'd his design, and scower'd off with the portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now who set you on, sir.

Oct. Prithee, young man, don't be troublesome, but thank the rascal that knockt me down for your escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you know; if you had not been knockt down, I shou'd have ow'd my escape to the same arm you wou'd have ow'd the reward for your insolence: pray, sir, what are you? Who knows you?

Oct. I'm glad at least to find 'tis not Don *Philip* that's my rival. [*Aside.*]

Serv. Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar questions you ask'd me at the coach-side.

Oct. Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very short; I love the lady you are to marry; and if you don't quit your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please, the danger's equal—for, rot me, if I'm not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Oct. If I were out of these gentlemens hands, on my word, sir, you shou'dn't want an opportunity.

Hyp. O! sir, these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

Flo. Ay, sir, we'll bail you; and, if you please, sir, bring your friend, I'm his: damn me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

Oct. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands about an hour hence at——

[*Whispers.*]

Flo. Very well, fir, we'll meet you.

Hyp. Release the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not without my master's order : here he is, fir.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. How now, bully confessor? What! in limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don *Fernando de las Torres*, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his most dear and worthy friend Don *Manuel Grimaldi*, and at the same time gave me assurance of a kind reception.

D. Ma. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace you: I'm overjoy'd to see you——Your friend, fir?

Hyp. Don *Pedro Velada*, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from *Seville*, fir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness.

D. Ma. Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud to know you.

Flo. You do me honour, fir.

Enter Viletta, who slips a note into Octavio's hand unseen, and exit.

Vil. Send your answer to me.

D. Ma. I hope you are not hurt, gentlemen.

Hyp. Not at all, fir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

D. Ma. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offer'd you this insolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon, fir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

D. Ma. A pretty mettled fellow, faith——must not let him fight tho'. [*Aside.*] But, fir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy?

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine; which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

D. Ma. Discharge him! pray consider, fir——

[*They seem to talk.*]

Oct. [*Aside.*] Now for a beam of hope in a tempest.
[*Reads.*]

I charge you don't hazard my ruin and your own, by the madness of a quarrel: the closet window where I am is but a step to the ground. Be at the back-door of the garden exactly in the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival.

Dear kind creature! Now, if my little Don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest dog in the universe.

D. Ma. Well, fir, since I find your honour is dipt so deep in the matter——Here——release the gentleman.

Flo. So, fir; you have your freedom, you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual——Sir, your servant.

Oct. So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed: and, I confess, your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour, that I think myself oblig'd from the same principle to assure ye, that tho' I love *Rosara* equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy, even to my rival: I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant.

[*Exit Oct.*]

Hyp. Your servant, fir;——I think we releas'd my brother very handsomely; but I han't done with him.

[*Aside to Flora.*]

D. Ma. What can this sudden turn of civility mean? I am afraid 'tis but a cloke to some new roguery he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my servant here has discover'd a piece of villainy of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

D. Ma. Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

Hyp. Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, fir.

D. Ma. Pray be plain, fir; what is it?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you——For, to say truth, he's much better at a lie. [*Aside.*]

D. Ma. Come hither, friend: pray what is this business?

Hyp. Ay; what was that you over-heard between *Ottavio* and another gentleman, at the inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why, fir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau in the yard there, I observ'd *Ottavio* and another spark very familiar with your honour's name; upon which, fir, I prick'd up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

D. Ma. Pray who was that other spark, friend?

Trap. A brother rake, fir; a damn'd sly-look'd fellow.

D. Ma. So!

Flo. How familiarly the rogue treats his old master!

Hyp. Poor Don *Philip*!

[*Aside.*
Aside.]

Trap. Says one of 'em, says he, No, damn him, the old rogue (meaning you, fir) will never let you have her by fair means; however, says *Ottavio*, I'll try soft words: but if those won't do, bully him, says t'other.

D. Ma. Ah, poor dog! but that would not do neither; fir, he has try'd 'em both to-day to no purpose.

Trap. Say you so, fir! then you'll find what I say is all of a piece. Well! and if neither of these will do, says he, you must e'en tilt the young prig your rival (meaning you then, fir.) [*To Hyp.*]

D. Ma. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not greatly care for.

Trap. No, fir; that, he found, was catching a tartar-'sbud, my master fought like a lion, fir.

Hyp. Truly, I did not spare him.

Flo. No, faith,——after he was knock'd down.

[*Aside.*]

Trap. But now, fir, comes the cream of the roguery.

Hyp. Pray observe, fir.

Trap. Well, says *Sly-looks*, and if all these fail, I have

a rare trick in my head, that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least, and in that time the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. Ma. Wou'd you so, Mr. Dog, but he'll be hang'd.

Hyp. O, sir! you'll find we were mighty fortunate in this discovery.

D. Ma. Pray, sir, let's hear: what was this trick to be, friend?

Trap. Why, sir, to alarm you that my master was an impostor, and that *Sly-looks* was the true *Don Philip*, sent by his father from *Seville* to marry your daughter; upon which (says he) the Old Putt (meaning you again, sir) will be so bamboozled, that——

D. Ma. But pray, sir, how did young Mr. *Coxcomb* conclude, that the Old Putt was to believe all this? Had they no sham proofs, that they propos'd to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

Trap. You shall hear, sir (the plot was pretty well laid too): I'll pretend, says he, that the rascal your rival (meaning you then, sir) has robb'd me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father: we are neither of us known in *Madrid*, says he, so that a little impudence, and a grave face, will certainly set those two dogs a snarling, while you run away with the bone. That's all, sir.

D. Ma. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye, sir? was not this business pretty handsomely laid?

Flo. Faith it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

D. Ma. Why truly, if we had not been fore-arm'd by this discovery, for ought I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone indeed: but, if you please, sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let 'em see that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and even clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging——But will your daughter, think ye, be prevail'd with?

D. Ma. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute—it's pity, methinks, we releas'd that bully, tho'——

Hyp. Not at all, fir; I don't suppose he can have the impudence to pursue his design; or if he should, fir, ——now we know him beforehand.

D. Ma. Nay, that's true as you say——but therefore, methinks, I'd have him come: I love mightily to laugh in my sleeve at an impudent rogue, when I'm sure he can do me no harm: udsflesh! if he comes, the dog shan't know whether I believe him or not——I'll try if the Old Putt can bamboozle him or no.

Hyp. Egad, fir, you're in the right on't; knock him down with his own weapon.

Trap. And when he is down, I have a trick to keep him so.

Flo. The devil's in't if we don't maul this rascal among us.

D. Ma. A son of a whore——I am sorry we let him go so soon, faith.

Flo. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, fir, upon second thoughts, I wish we had. His excusing his challenge so abruptly, makes me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his point some other way.——Did you not observe your daughter's woman whisper him?

D. Ma. Humh!

Flo. They seem'd very busy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what——but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

D. Ma. I am alarm'd!

Hyp. Where is your daughter at this time?

D. Ma. I think she's pretty safe——but I'll go make her sure.

Flo. 'Twill be no harm to look about ye, fir. Where's her woman?

D. Ma. I'll be upon her presently——she shall be search'd for intelligence——You'll excuse me, gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occasion presses you.

D. Ma. If I find all safe, I'll return immediately,

and then, if you please, we'll run over some old stories of my good friend *Fernando*—Your servant.

[*Exit D. Man.*

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant—*Trappanti*, thou'rt a rare fellow, thou hast an admirable face, and when thou dy'st, I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal.

Flo. 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the law.

Trap. So 'tis indeed, sir—A man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to say, I become a lie as well as any man that wears it.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest—But, sirrah, we have more work for ye: you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman: there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him money.*] Now try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

Trap. Ah! sir, I warrant you—I cou'd never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof.—I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gun-powder; the *French* charge all their cannon with 'em; the only weapon in the world, sir. I remember my old master's father us'd to say, the best thing in the *Greek* grammar was—*Arguriois lonchasy Mochou, kai Panta Cratefeis.* [*Exit Trap.*

Hyp. Well, dear *Flora*, let me kiss thee. Thou hast done thy part to a miracle.

Flo. Egad I think so; didn't I bear up briskly? Now if Don *Philip* should come while my blood's up, let him look to himself.

Hyp. We shall find him a little tough I believe; for, poor gentleman, he is like to meet with a very odd reception from his father-in-law.

Flo. Nay, we've done his business there, I believe.

Hyp. How glibly the old gentleman swallow'd *Trappanti's* lie!

Flo. And how rarely the rogue told it!

Hyp. And how soon it work'd with him! For, if you please (says he) we'll let him see that we have wit enough to do our business, and clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Flo. Ah! we have it all the way—Well, what must we do next?

Hyp. Why, now for the lady—I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then——

Flo. Victoria!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Viletta hastily; Don Manuel and Trappanti behind, observing her.

Vil. SO! with much ado I have given the old Don the slip; he has dangled with me thro' every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well——now we will see what Monsieur *Ostavio* says. [Takes a letter from her bosom.]

Trap. Hift! there she is, and alone: when the devil has any thing to do with a woman, fir, that's his time to take her: stand close.

D. Ma. Ah! he's at work already——There's a letter!

Trap. Leave her to me, fir, I'll read it.

Vil. Hah! two pistoles!——Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business, his letters always come post-paid.

[*While she is reading, Trappanti steals behind, and looks over her shoulder.*]

Dear Viletta, convey the inclos'd immediately to your mistress; and, as you prize my life, use all possible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet, till you are sure she is safe out of the window.

Your real friend.

Trap. Ostavio!

[*Reading.*]

Vil. Ah!

[*Shrieking.*]

Trap. Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant.

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

Trap. Why——I never read a letter in my life without looking over it.

Vil. I don't know any business you had to look upon this.

Trap. There's the thing——Your not knowing that, has put you into this passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broke, Mr. *Coxcomb*.

Trap. Sweet honey-comb, don't be so waspish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ha! the fool says true, I had better wheedle him. [*Aside.*

Trap. My dear queen, don't be frighted——I come as a friend; now be serious.

Vil. Well! what wou'd you have?

Trap. Don't you love money above any thing in the world——except one?

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good——And pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for, when *Octavio* has marry'd your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? Look you, child, tho' you are of council for him, use him like a true lawyer, make difficulties where there are none, that he may see you where he needs not: dispatch is out of practice, delay makes long bills; stick to it, once get him his cause, there's no more advice to be paid for.

Vil. What do you mean?

Trap. Why, that for the same reason, I have no mind to put an end to my own fees, by marrying my master: while they are lovers, they will always have occasion for a confident, and a pimp; but when they marry——*Serviteur*——good night vails, our harvest is over: what d'ye think of me now?

Vil. Why——I like what you say very well: but I don't know, my friend, to me——that same face of

yours looks like the title page to a whole volume of roguery.—What is't you drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money! Don't you let your mistress marry *Ottavio*; I'll do my best to hinder my master: let you and I lay our heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a penny of 'em all three.

Vil. Look you, seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confes to you, I had made a rough draught of this project myself: but, say I shou'd agree with you to go on upon't, what security can you give me for performance of articles?

Trap. More than bond or judgment—my person in custody.

Vil. Ah! that won't do.

Trap. No, my love! why there's many a sweet bit in't—Taste it. [Offering to kiss her, she

Vil. No! puts him away.

Trap. Faith you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; though I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money.

[Tosses a purse, she catches it, and he kisses her.

Vil. Pshah! Well, if I must, come then—To see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

Trap. Nay then, take a second thought of me, child.

[Again.

D. Ma. Hah!—This is laying their heads together, indeed.

[Behind.

Vil. Well, now get you gone, I have a letter to give to my mistress; slip into the garden—I'll come to ye presently.

Trap. Is't from *Ottavio*?

Vil. Pshah! be gone, I say. [Snatches the letter.

Trap. Hilt! [Trappanti beckons Don Manuel, who goes softly behind.

Vil. Madam! madam! Ah!

D. Ma. Now, strumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. [Draws.

Vil. Ah! lud! O lud! there! there! [*Squeaking.*]

D. Ma. Now we shall see what my gentleman wou'd be at. [*Reads.*] *My dear angel.*

Hah! soft and impudent:

Depend upon me at the garden-door by seven this evening: pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the arms of your

Octavio.

D. Ma. Ah! now wou'd this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentlewoman wou'd of him, if he were to debauch her—hold——let's see, what does he say here——um, um!

[*Reads to himself.*]

Vil. What a sot was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil——wou'd I had my letters again——tho' 'tis no great matter! for, as my friend *Trappanti* says, delaying *Octavio's* business is doing my own.

D. Ma. [*Reading.*]——Um, um! *Sure she is safe out of the window.* O! there the mine is to be sprung then——The gentleman makes a warm siege on't in truth! and one would think was in a fair way of carrying the place, while he has such an admirable spy in the middle of the town——Now were I to act like a true *Spaniard*, I ought to rip up this jade for more intelligence; but I'll be wise, a bribe and a lie will do my business a great deal better. Now, gentlewoman, what d'ye think in your conscience I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conscience you'll not do to me, make a friend of me——You see, sir, I dare be an enemy.

D. Ma. Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible any thing can make thee honest?

Vil. What do you suppose would make me other-wise?

D. Ma. Money.

Vil. You have nick'd it.

D. Ma. And wou'd the same sum make thee surely one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't say neither: one must be heavier than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

D. Ma. Say it be so; wou'd that turn thee into my interest?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine, fir: judge yourself——here stands *Octavio* with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress——There stand you with a hem, and four pieces——where wou'd the letter go d'ye think?

D. Ma. There needs no more——I'm convinc'd, and will trust thee——there's to encourage thee beforehand; and when thou bring'st me a letter of *Octavio's*, I'll double the sum.

Vil. Sir, I'll do't——and will take care he shall write presently. [*Aside.*]

D. Ma. Now, as you expect I shou'd believe you, be gone, and take no notice of what I have discover'd.

Vil. I am dumb, fir—— [*Exit Viletta.*]

D. Ma. So! this was done like a wise general: and now I have taken the counterscarp, there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate——*Rosara!*

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter Rosara.

Ros. Did you call me, fir?

D. Ma. Ay, child: come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you, I'm sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some discovery: *Viletta* did not cry out for nothing——What shall I do——
dissemble. [*Aside.*]

D. Ma. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don *Philip* this evening.

Ros. That's but short warning for the gentleman, as well as myself; for I don't know that we ever saw one another: how are you sure he will like me?

D. Ma. O! as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you.——But if you are still positively resolv'd upon *Octavio*, I'll make but few words——pull off your clothes, and go to him.

Ros. My clothes, fir!

D. Ma. Ay, for the gentleman shan't have a—rag with you.

Ros. I am not in haste to be starv'd, fir.

D. Ma. Then let me see you put on your best airs, and receive *Don Philip* as you shou'd do.

Ros. When do you expect him, fir?

D. Ma. Expect him, fir! he has been here this hour, fir——I only staid to get you out of the fullens——He's none of your hum-drums, all life and mettle! Odzooks, he has the courage of a cock, a duel's but a dance to him: he has been at fa! fa!——Sa for you already.

Ros. Well, fir, I shan't be afraid of his courage; since I see you are resolv'd he shall be the man——He shall find me a woman, fir, let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

D. Ma. Ah! now thou art my own girl; hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toss thee t'other bushel of doubloons into thy portion——Here bid a——Come, I'll fetch him myself——she's in a rare cue, faith: ah! if he does but nick her now.

[*Exit Don Manuel.*]

Ros. Now I have but one card to play——if that don't hit, my hopes are crush'd indeed: if this young spark ben't a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet——Dear fortune, give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me——Here they come.—— [Walks carelessly and sings.

I'll rove and I'll range——

Enter Don Manuel and Hypolita.

Hyp. I'll love and I'll change—— [Sings with her.

D. Ma. Ah, he has her! he has her!

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your ladyship's hands; I find by your gaiety you are no stranger to my business; perhaps you expected I shou'd have come in with a grave bow, and a long speech; but my affair's in a little more haste; therefore, if you please, madam, we'll cut the work short; be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

D. Ma. Ah!

Ros. Troth, fir, I think you are very much in the right: the sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Pshah! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable husband; I shan't expect my wife to be over-fond of me.

Ros. But I love to be in the fashion too, fir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you so? why then take me as soon as you please.

Ros. I only stay for my mind, fir; as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word, I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares—Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

D. Ma. I'll do't, fir: well, child, speak in thy conscience, is he not a pretty fellow?

Ros. The gentleman's very well, fir; but methinks he's a little too young for an husband.

D. Ma. Young! a fiddle: you'll find him old enough for a wife, I warrant ye: fir, I must beg your pardon for a moment; but, if you please, in the mean time, I'll leave you my daughter, and so pray make your best of her.

[Exit Don Manuel.

Hyp. I thank ye, fir.

[Hyp. stands some time mute, looks carelessly at Rosara, and she smiles as in contempt of him.

Why now methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doom'd to be the happy man, you see.

Ros. So my father says.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Ros. A bold man—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Ros. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or not?

Ros. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so, pray?

Ref. Because he has promis'd you, you shall marry me; and he has always promis'd me I should marry the man I could love.

Hyp. Ay,—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

Ref. The man that I marry will be sure of my love; but for the man that marries me,—mercy on him!

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Ref. Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natur'd.

Hyp. Why, dost thou not like me, child?

Ref. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Ref. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Ref. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Ref. No.

Hyp. That's hard—the rest?

Ref. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it—try me.

Ref. Why then, in short, I like another: another man, sir, has got into my head, and has made such work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live—What d'ye think of me now, sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?

Hyp. Um—the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason truly, but it won't do—to be short with ye, madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.

Ref. And what have you reason to believe you shall be, if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the *Spanish* fashion, I suppose, jealous to a degree.

Ref. You may be in the *English* fashion, and something else to a degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me in the *English* city-fashion, content to a degree. Now here in *Spain*, child, we have such things as back-rooms, barr'd win-

dows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.

Ros. Ay, fir, and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Hey! a very complete regiment indeed! what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of 'em! Really, madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest loose *French* air, something so quality, that let me die, madam, I believe in a month I should be apt to poison ye.

Ros. So! it takes. [*Aside.*] And let me die, fir, I believe I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

Hyp. I shall certainly do't.

Ros. It must be in my breakfast then—for I should certainly run away before the wedding-dinner came up.

Hyp. That's over-acted, but I'll startle her. [*Aside.*] Then I must tell you, madam, a *Spanish* husband may be provok'd as well as a wife.

Ros. My life on't, his revenge is not half so sweet; and if she's provok'd, 'tis a thousand to one but she licks her lips before she's nail'd in her coffin.

Hyp. You are very gay, madam.

Ros. I see nothing to fright me, fir; for I cannot believe you'll marry me now—I have told ye my humour; if you like it, you have a good stomach.

Hyp. Why truly you may probably lie a little heavy upon't, but I can better digest you than poverty; as for your inclination, I'll keep your body honest however; that shall be lockt up, and if you don't love me, then—I'll stab ye. [*Carelessly.*]

Ros. With what? your words? it must be those you say after the priest then——You'll be able to do very little else that will reach my heart, I assure ye.

Hyp. Well, well, madam, you need not give yourself half this trouble; I am heartily convinc'd you will make the damnedst wife that ever poor dog of a husband wish'd at the devil: but really, madam, you are very unfortunate; for notwithstanding all the mighty pains

you have taken, you have met with a positive coxcomb, that's still just fool and stout enough to marry you.

Ros. 'Twill be a proof of your courage indeed.

Hyp. Madam, you rally very well, 'tis confess: but now, if you please, we'll be a little serious.

Ros. I think I am—What does he mean? [*Aside.*]

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bear the qualities you say you have, than I know you're guilty of 'em: your pretty arts in striving to avoid, have charm'd me. Had you been precisely coy, or over-modest, your virtue then might have been suspected. Your shewing me what a man of sense should hate, convinces me you know too what he ought to love; and she that's once so well acquainted with the charms of virtue, never can forsake it. I both admire and love you now: you've made what only was my interest, my happiness. At my first view I woo'd ye only to secure a fordid fortune, which now I, overjoy'd, could part with; nay, with life, with any thing, to purchase your unrivall'd heart.

Ros. Now I am plung'd indeed. [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I own you have discover'd me; and since you have oblig'd me to be serious, I now, from my sincerity, protest my heart's already given, from whence no power or interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Ros. If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know too there's a charm in constancy: you ought to scorn me, should I flatter you with hope, since you are now assur'd I must be false before I can be yours: if what I've said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmov'd, and justice to the man I love.

Hyp. Death! I have fool'd away my hopes; she must consent, and soon, or yet I'm lost—— [*Aside.*]

Ros. He seems a little thoughtful, if he has honour, there may yet be hopes.

Hyp. It must—— it can be only so, that way I make her sure, and serve my brother too. [*Aside.*] Well, madam, to let you see I'm a friend to love, tho' love's an

enemy to me, give me but a seeming proof that *Octavio* is the undisputed master of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Ros. Sir, you confound me with this goodness. A proof! is't possible! will that content ye? Command me to what proof you please; or, if you'll trust to my sincerity, let these tears of joy convince you: here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace I swear——

Hyp. Hold——swear never to make a husband but *Octavio*.

Ros. I swear, and heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Rise, madam, and now receive a secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, since as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our separate wishes.

Ros. What mean you, sir? Sure you are some angel sent to my deliverance!

Hyp. Truly, madam, I have been often told so; but like most angels of my kind, there's a mortal man in the world, who I have a great mind should know that I am——but a woman.

Ros. A woman! Are not you *Don Philip*?

Hyp. His shadow, madam, no more: I just run before——nay, and after him too.

Ros. I am confounded——A woman!

Hyp. As arrant a woman from top to toe, as ever man run mad for.

Ros. Nay, then you're an angel.

Hyp. Perhaps you'll think me a little a-kin to one at least: *Octavio*, madam, your lover, is my brother; my name *Hypolita*; my story you shall know at leisure.

Ros. *Hypolita*! Nay, then, from what you've said, and what I have heard *Octavio* say of ye, I guess your story: but this was so extravagant a thought!

Hyp. That's true, madam, it—it—it was a little round-about indeed, I might have found a nearer way to *Don Philip*: but these men are such techy things, they can never stay one's time, always in haste, just as

they please: now we are to look kind, then grave; now soft, then sincere——Fiddle-stick! when, may be, a woman has a new suit of knots on her head—— So if we happen not to be in their humour, forsooth, then we are coquet, and proud, and vain; and then they are to turn fools, and tell us so; then one pouts, and t'other huffs, and so at last, you see, there is such a plague, that——I don't know——one does not care to be rid of 'em neither.

Ros. A very generous confession!

Hyp. Well, madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you will think me as fit for a husband as another woman.

Ros. Then I must marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too; for I expect Don *Philip* every moment; and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the banns.

Ros. If he comes, what shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him——Here comes your father,——he's secure. Come, put a dumb consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

Ros. Well! this getting the better of my wife pa won't be the least part of my satisfaction.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. So, son! how does the battle go now? Ha'ye cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry, *quarter?*

Hyp. My dear father, let me embrace your knees; my life's too poor to make you a return——You have given me an empire, sir, I would not change to be Grand Seignior.

D. Ma. Ah, rogue! he has done it! he has done it! he has her! Ha! is't not so, my little champion?

Hyp. Victoria, sir, the town's my own. Look here! and here, sir! Thus have I been plundering this half-hour, and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ake again. [*Kisses her.*

D. Ma. Ah! give me the great chair——I can't bear my joy——You rampant rogue, could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer!

[*Embracing Ros.*

D. Ma. Ah! my cares are over.

Hyp. O! I told ye, fir,—hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprize.

D. Ma. Prithee be quiet, I hate the sight of ye—*Rofara!* come hither you wicked thing, come hither, I fay.

Rof. I am glad to see you so well pleas'd, fir.

D. Ma. O! I can't live! I can't live! it pours upon me like a torrent, I am as full as a bumper—it runs over at my eyes, I shall choak.—Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

Rof. Any thing that will make you more pleas'd, fir.

D. Ma. Are you positively resolv'd to marry this gentleman?

Rof. Sir, I'm convinc'd 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

D. Ma. I am the miserablest dog alive—and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning, if I shou'd ask you.

Rof. Sooner, fir, if you think it necessary.

D. Ma. Oh! this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me all at once—Ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [To *Hyp.*

Rof. Come, fir, take heart, your joy won't be always so troublesome.

D. Ma. You lie, huffy! I shall be plagu'd with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two hours then.

[*Aside.*

D. Ma. I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too—I shall have a young squab *Spaniard* upon my lap, that will so grand-papa me!—Well! what want you, Gloomy-face?

Enter a servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from *Seville*.

D. Ma. From *Seville!* ha! prithee let him go thither again.—Tell him I am a little busy about being overjoy'd.

Hyp. My life on't, fir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employ'd by *Octavio*.

D. Ma. Very likely.

Enter Trappanti.

Trap. Sir, fir—news, news!

D. Ma. Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now—I like him. Well! what dost thou say, lad?—But hold, firrah! Has any body told thee how it is with me?

Trap. Sir!

D. Ma. Do you know, puppy, that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry, fir! for what?

D. Ma. Joy, joy! you whelp; my cares are over, madam's to marry your master, firrah, and I am as wet with joy, as if I had been thrown into a sea full of good luck—Why don't you cry, dog?

Trap. Uh! Well, fir, I do—But now, if you please, let me tell you my business.

D. Ma. Well, what's the matter, firrah?

Trap. Nay, no great matter, fir, only—*Sly-looks* is come, that's all.

D. Ma. *Sly-looks!* what the bamboozler! ha, ha!

Trap. He, fir, -he!

D. Ma. I'm glad of it, faith—Now I shall have a little diversion to moderate my joy—I'll wait on the gentleman myself—Don't you be out of the way, son, I'll be with ye presently.—O my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad, good-bye. [Exit.

Hyp. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune!

Ros. At least we shall make him change it, I believe.

Hyp. That we shall; and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter Flora hastily.

Flo. Don *Philip!* where are ye? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your ladyship's pardon, madam, [*whispers Hyp.*] stand to your arms, the enemy's at the gate, faith. But I've just thought of a sure card to win the lady into our party.

Ros. Who can this youth be she is so familiar with?

He must certainly know her business here, and she is reduc'd to trust him. What odd things we women are! never know our own minds: how very humble now has her pride made her!

Hyp. [To Flo.] I like your advice so well, that to tell ye the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

Flo. Is't possible!

Hyp. Come, I'll introduce ye.

Flo. Then the business is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your ladyship pleases. [To Ros.]

Ros. Is this gentleman your friend, sir?

Hyp. This friend, madam, is my gentlewoman, at your service.

Ros. Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches then?

Flo. That us'd to be my post, madam, when I wore a needle; but now I have got a sword by my side, I shall be proud to be your ladyship's humble servant.

Ros. Troth, I find it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of *adroit cavaliers* in my life.

Flo. Egad, I don't know how it is, madam, but methinks these breeches give me such a mettled air, I can't help fancying but that I left my sex at home in my petticoats.

Hyp. Why faith, for ought I know, hadst thou been born to breeches, instead of a *fille de chambre*, fortune might have made thee a *beau garçon* at the head of a regiment.—But hush! there's Don *Philip* and the old gentleman: we must not be seen yet; if you please to retire, madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with 'em.

Ros. With all my heart.—Come, ladies——
Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [Exit.]

A C T IV.

*The SCENE continues.**Enter Don Manuel and Don Philip.*

D. Ma. **W**ELL, sir! and so you were robb'd of your portmanteau, you say, at *Toledo*, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without 'em.

D. Ph. I thought, sir, you might reasonably take it ill, shou'd I have lain a week or two in town without paying you my duty: I was not robb'd of the regard I owe my father's friend; that, sir, I have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

D. Ma. Ah! how smooth the spark is! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you; but I hope you'll excuse me, if, in a matter of this consequence, I seem a little cautious.

D. Ph. Sir, I shan't propose any immediate progress in my affair, till you receive fresh advice from my father; in the mean time, I shall think myself oblig'd by the bare freedom of your house, and such entertainment as you'd, at least, afford a common stranger.

D. Ma. Impudent rogue! the freedom of my house! Yes, that he may be always at hand to secure the main chance for my friend *Octavio*—But now I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him.—Look ye, sir, while I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a gentleman.

D. Ph. So my father told me, sir.

D. Ma. But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a man's honesty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon) if you shou'd prove a damn'd rogue, d'ye see?

D. Ph. Sir, I can't, in reason, take any thing ill, that proceeds only from your caution.

D. *Ma.* Civil rascal. [*Afide.*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill neither: for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, sir) may be all a lie?

D. *Pb.* Another man, indeed, might say the same to you: but I shall take it kindly, sir, if you suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

D. *Ma.* Sir, you speak like a man of honour, 'tis confess'd, but (begging your pardon again, sir) so may a rascal too sometimes.

D. *Pb.* But a man of honour, sir, can never speak like a rascal.

D. *Ma.* Why then with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here in *Madrid* that knows you?

D. *Pb.* Sir, I never saw *Madrid* till within these two hours; tho' there is a gentleman in town that knew me intimately at *Seville*, I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted; he's known here, if he will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

D. *Ma.* At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name, pray?

D. *Pb.* *Octavio Cruzado.*

D. *Ma.* Ha! my bully confessor: this agrees word for word with honest *Trappanti's* intelligence.—[*Afide.*] Well, sir, and pray what does he give you for this job?

D. *Pb.* Job, sir!

D. *Ma.* Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship; or that you have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

D. *Pb.* Sir, if you believe me to be the son of *Don Fernando*, I must tell ye, your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for; if you think me an impostor, I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house till I can bring better proofs who I am.

D. *Ma.* Do so, friend; and in the mean time, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him, that to your certain knowledge, the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

D. *Pb.* Politician! and bamboozle! Pray, sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

D. *Ma.* Come, come, don't be discourag'd, friend, —sometimes you know the strongest wits must fail; you have an admirable head, 'tis confess'd, with as able a face to it as ever stuck upon two shoulders: but who the devil can help ill luck? For it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

D. *Pb.* Won't do, sir!

D. *Ma.* Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an honest fellow now, that will speak you point-blank to the matter.

Enter Trappanti.

Come hither, friend: dost thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bless me, sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old master I liv'd with at *Seville*.

D. *Pb.* I remember thee, thy name's *Trappanti*, thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

Trap. Ay, sir, and above twenty months after you came home too.

D. *Pb.* You see, sir, this fellow knows me.

D. *Ma.* O! I never question'd it in the least, sir: prithee what's this worthy gentleman's name, friend?

Trap. Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, sir, his name's *Guzman*; his father, sir, old Don *Guzman*, is the most eminent lawyer in *Seville*; was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as well as if he had drawn 'em up himself. But, sir, I hope there's no mistake in 'em, that may defer the marriage.

D. *Pb.* Confusion!

D. Ma. Now, fir, what fort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

D. Pb. Now, fir, that I'm oblig'd in honour not to leave your house till I, at least, have seen the villain that calls himself *Don Philip*, that has robb'd me of my portmanteau, and wou'd you, fir, of your honour, and your daughter——As for this rascal——

Trap. Sir, I demand protection. [*Runs behind D. Ma.*]

D. Ma. Hold, fir, since you are so brisk, and in my own house too, call your master, friend: you'll find we have swords within can match you.

Trap. Ay, fir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit Trap.*]

D. Pb. I ask your pardon, fir; I must confess, the villainy I saw design'd against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners: but be assur'd, fir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it, tho' I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now, till I have prov'd myself your friend indeed, and *Don Fernando's* son.

D. Ma. Nay, look ye, fir, I will be very civil too——I won't say a word——You shall e'en squabble it our by yourselves; not but at the same time thou art to me the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

Enter Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti.

Hyp. Who's this that dares usurp my name, and calls himself *Don Philip de las Torres*?

D. Pb. Ha! this is a young competitor indeed.

[*Aside.*]

Flo. Is this the gentleman, fir?

D. Ma. Yes, yes, that's he: ha, ha!

D. Pb. Yes, fir, I'm the man, who but this morning lost that name upon the road: I'm inform'd an impudent young rascal has pick'd it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robb'd me of, and has brought it hither before me: d'ye know any such, fir?

Flo. The fellow really does it very well, fir.

D. Ma. Oh! to a miracle! [*Afide.*]

Hyp. Prithee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of goal? Cou'd not the cockcomb that put thee upon this inform thee too, that this gentleman was a magistrate?

D. Ma. Well said, my little champion.

D. Ph. Now, in my opinion, child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition: for, suppose thy wit and impudence thou'd so far succeed, as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter, thou can't not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee: in the mean time, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself, that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence; for I'm bound in honour, as well as law, to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flo. Very civil, egad.

Hyp. But mayn't I presume, my dear friend, this wheedle was offer'd as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ma. Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one: canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he wou'd not have run away at the first sight of thee?

Trap. Ay, sir, he must be a dull rogue indeed, that wou'd not run away from a halter! Ha, ha, ha!

[*All laugh.*]

D. Ph. Sir, I ask your pardon: I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly—I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually. However, sir, the duty I owe my father, obliges me not to leave your cause, though I'll leave your house immediately; when you see me next, you'll know Don *Philip* from a rascal.

D. Ma. Ah! 'twill be the same thing, if I know a rascal from Don *Philip*: but, if you please, sir, never

give yourself any farther trouble in this business; for what you have done, d'ye see, is so far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that, with the gentleman's leave, I'm resolv'd to finish it this very hour; so what when you see your friend the politician, you must tell him you had curst luck, that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Pb. Very well, sir; I may have better when I see you next.

Hyp. Look ye, sir, since your undertaking (tho' you design'd it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by, tho' I question if a man, that stoops to do such base injuries, dares defend 'em with his sword; however, now at least you're warn'd; but be assur'd, your next attempt——

D. Pb. Will startle you, my spark: I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are hand-cufft; tho' you won't take my word against him, sir, perhaps another magistrate may my oath, which, because I see his marriage is in haste, I am oblig'd to make immediately: if he can out-face the law too, I shall be content to be the coxcomb then you think me. [Exit *D. Phil.*

D. Ma. Ah! poor fellow, he's resolv'd to carry it off with a good face however: ha, ha!

Trap. Ay, sir, that's all he has for't indeed.

Hyp. Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed.

[*Aside to Trap.*

Trap. I warrant ye, sir.

[*Exit Trap.*

D. Ma. Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee, thou hast carried the day like a hero! Man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

Hyp. That's the *Indies*, sir.

D. Ma. Well said, my lad——Ah! my heart's going to dance again: prithee let's in, before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory.

Hyp. Sir, if you please to prepare the way, I'll march after you in form, and lay my laurels at her feet, like a conqueror.

D. Ma. Say'st thou so, my little soldier? why then I'll send for the priest, and thou shalt be married in triumph.

[*Exit D. Man.*]

Hyp. Now, *Flora!*

Flo. Ay, now madam, who says we are not politicians? I'd fain see any turn of state manag'd with half this dexterity. But, pray, what is *Trappanti* detach'd for?

Hyp. Only to interrupt the motions of the enemy, girl, till we are safe in our trenches: for shou'd *Don Philip* chance to rally upon us with an algalize and a warrant before I am fast tied to the lady, we may be routed for all this.

Flo. *Trappanti* knows his business, I hope.

Hyp. You'll see presently—Hush! here comes my brother: poor gentleman! he's upon thorns too: I've made *Rosara* write him a most provoking letter.

Flo. Nay, you have an admirable genius to mischief: but what has poor *Ostavio* done you, that he must be plagu'd too?

Hyp. Well, dear *Flora*, don't chide; indeed this shall be the last day of my reign. Come, now let's in, keep up the old *Don's* humour, and laugh at him.

Flo. Ay, there with all my heart. [Exeunt.]

Enter Ostavio with a letter, and Viletta.

Os. *Rosara* false! distraction!

Vil. Nay, don't be in such a passion.

Os. Confess it too! so chang'd within an hour!

Vil. Ah, dear sir, if you had but seen how the young gentleman laid about him, you'd ha' wonder'd how she held out so long.

Os. Death! 'tis impossible!

Vil. Common, sir, common: I have known a prouder lady as nimble as she—What will you lay that before the moon changes, she is not false to your rival?

Os. Don't torture me, *Viletta*.

Vil. Come, sir, take heart; my life on't, you'll be the happy man at last.

Os. Thou'rt mad: does she not tell me here in her letter, she has herself consented to marry another? Nay,

does she not insult me too with a—Yet loves me better than the person she's to marry.

Vil. Insult! is that the best you can make on't? Ah! you men have such heads!

OÆ. What dost thou mean?

Vil. Sir, to be free with you, my mistress is grown wife at last; my advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your business is done.

OÆ. What was thy advice?

Vil. Why, to give the post of husband to your rival, and put you in for a deputy. You know the business of the place, sir, if you mind it; by the help of a few good stars, and a little moonshine, there's many a fair perquisite may fall in our way.

OÆ. Thou ravest, *Viletta*; 'tis impossible she can fall so low.

Vil. Ah, sir! you can't think how love will humble a body.

OÆ. I'll believe nothing ill of her, till her own mouth confesses it; she can never own this letter. She can't but know I shou'd stab her with reproaches: therefore, dear *Viletta*, ease me of my torments; go this minute, and tell her I'm on the rack till I speak with her.

Vil. Sir, I dare not for the world; the old gentleman's with her, he'll knock my brains out.

OÆ. I'll protect thee with my life.

Vil. Sir, I wou'd not venture to do it for——for——for——Yes, I wou'd for a pistole.

OÆ. Confound her——There, there 'tis: dear *Viletta*, be my friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

Vil. Now, sir, you deserve a friend. [Exit *Vil.*

OÆ. Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour, to try how far my love can bear;——and yet methinks she can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away; and if she were really false, she cou'd not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think, the sex is all a rid-

dle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound 'em.

Re-enter Viletta.

Now, dear *Viletta*.

Vil. Sir, she begs your pardon, they have just sent for the priest, but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over.

Os. Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she says, in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, she is just going to be marry'd.

Os. Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

Vil. Hey day! what's all this for?

Os. My brains are turn'd, *Viletta*.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, so one wou'd think, if one cou'd but believe you had any at all; if you have three grains, I'm sure you can't but know her compliance with this match, must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

Os. Use of it! Death! when the wedding's over?

Vil. Dear sir, the bedding won't be over, and I presume that's the ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

Os. Don't flatter me, *Viletta*.

Vil. Faith, sir, I'll be very plain, you are to me the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her ye won't come.

Os. No, don't say so, *Viletta*.

Vil. Then pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport: you'll have the old gentleman come thund'ring down upon ye by and by, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again——'t! here's company; good-by t'ye.

[*Exit Viletta.*

Enter Don Philip, his sword drawn, and Trappanti.

Os. How now! what's the meaning of this?

D. Pb. Come, sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more: but pray, sir, give me leave to recover my courage—I protest,

the keen looks of that instrument have quite frighted it away. Pray put it up, sir.

D. Ph. Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest: discharge thy conscience like a man, and I'll engage to make these five, ten pieces.

Enter a servant.

Trap. Sir, your business will be done effectually.

D. Ph. Here, friend! will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him?

Os. Don Philip!

D. Ph. *Orazio!* This is fortunate indeed—the only place in the world I wou'd have wish'd to have found you in.

Os. What's the matter?

D. Ph. You'll see presently—but prithee how stands your affair with your mistress?

Os. The devil take me if I can tell ye—I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me, and this minute—whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses too, it is with her own consent; and yet begs by all means to see me as soon as her wedding's over.—Isn't it very pretty?

Re-enter a servant.

D. Ph. Something gay indeed.

Serv. Sir, my master will wait on you presently.

Os. But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jesting.—Well, now how stands your affair? Have you seen your mistress yet?

D. Ph. No; I can't get admittance to her.

Os. How so?

D. Ph. When I came to pay my duty here to the old gentleman——

Os. Here!

D. Ph. Ay, I found an impudent young rascal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robb'd me of my portmanteau, and by virtue of some papers there, knew all my concerns to a tittle; he has told a plausible tale to her father, fac'd him down that I'm

an impostor, and, if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady.

Oa. Death, and hell! [*Aside.*]

What sort of fellow was this rascal?

D. Pb. A little pert coxcomb; by his impudence and drefs, I guess him to be some *French* page.

Oa. A white wig, red coat——

D. Pb. Right, the very picture of the little *Englishman* we knew at *Paris*.

Oa. Confusion! my friend, at last my rival too——
Yet hold! my rival is my friend, he owns he has not seen her yet—— [*Aside.*]

D. Pb. You seem concern'd.

Oa. Undone for ever, unless dear *Philip's* still my friend.

D. Pb. What's the matter?

Oa. Be generous and tell me: have I ever yet deserv'd your friendship?

D. Pb. I hope my actions have confess'd it.

Oa. Forgive my fears; and since 'tis impossible you can feel the pain of loving her you are engag'd to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever seen her, let me conjure ye, by all the ties of honour, friendship, and pity, never to attempt her more.

D. Pb. You amaze me!

Oa. 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately doat on.

D. Pb. Is't possible? Nay, then be easy in thy thoughts, *Othavio*; and now I dare confess the folly of my own: I'm not sorry thou'rt my rival here. In spite of all my weak philosophy, I must own the secret wishes of my soul are still *Hypolita's*——I know not why, but yet methinks the unaccountable repulses I have met with here, look like an omen of some new, tho' far distant, hope of her.——I can't help thinking that my fortune still resolves, 'spight of her cruelty, to make me one day happy.

Oa. Quit but *Rosara*, I'll engage she shall be yours.

D. Pb. Not only that, but will assist you with my life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my

father, for not marrying the mistress of my dearest friend.

Oa. Dear *Philip*, let me embrace ye:—But how shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose you run immediately, and swear the robbery against him.

D. Pb. I was just going about it, but my accidental meeting with this fellow has luckily prevented me; who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me; but between threats, bribes, and promises, has confess'd the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so, because I understand the spark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

Oa. That's right! the least delay might have lost all; besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear you are the true *Don Philip*.

D. Pb. Right!

Trap. Sir, with humble submission, that will be quite wrong.

Oa. Why so?

Trap. Because, sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinc'd, that 'tis you who have put *Don Philip* upon laying this pretended claim to his daughter purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

D. Pb. Ha! there's reason in that.—All your endeavours will but confirm his jealousy of me.

Oa. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial, sir.

D. Pb. By no means; rather wait a little in the street; be within call, and leave the management to me.

Oa. Be careful, dear *Philip*.

D. Pb. I always used to be more fortunate in serving my friend than myself.

Oa. But hark ye! here lives an alguazile at the next house, suppose I should send him to you, to secure the spark in the mean time?

D. Pb. Do so; we must not lose a moment.

Oa. I won't stir from the door.

D. Pb. You'll soon hear of me; away. [*Exit Oct. Trap.* So, now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle—
Basta! here comes our party.

D. Pb. Stand aside till I call you. [*Trap. retires.*
Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Well, sir! What service have you to command me now, pray?

D. Pb. Now, sir, I hope my credit will stand a little fairer with you; all I beg is but your patient hearing.

D. Ma. Well, sir, you shall have it—But then I must beg one favour of you too, which is, to make the business as short as you can; for, to tell ye the truth, I am not very willing to have any farther trouble about it.

D. Pb. Sir, if I don't now convince you of your error, believe and use me like a villain: in the mean time, sir, I hope you'll think of a proper punishment for the merry gentleman that hath impos'd upon you.

D. Ma. With all my heart, I'll leave him to thy mercy: here he comes, bring him to a trial as soon as you please.

Enter Flora and Hypolita.

Flo. So! *Trappanti* has succeeded, he's come without the officers. [*To Hyp.*

Hyp. Hearing, sir, you were below, I didn't care to disturb the family, by putting the officers to the trouble of a needless search; let me see your warrant, I'm ready to obey it.

D. Ma. Ay, where's your officer?

Flo. I thought to have seen him march in state, with an alguazile before him.

D. Pb. I was afraid, sir, upon second thoughts, your business would not stay for a warrant, though 'tis possible I may provide you, for I think this gentleman's a magistrate: in the mean time—O! here I have prevailed upon an alguazile to wait upon ye.

Enter Alguazile

Alg. Did you send for me, sir?

D. Pb. Ay; secure that gentleman.

D. Ma. Hold, hold, fir! all things in order: this gentleman is yet my guest, let me be first acquainted with his crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be treated: and, that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, fir, let me first talk with you in private. [*They whisper.*]

Hyp. Undone! that fool *Trappanti*, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betray'd me! ruin'd past redemption!

Flo. Our affairs, methinks, begin to look with a very indifferent face——Ha! the old Don seems surpriz'd! I don't like that——What shall we do?

Hyp. I am at my wits end. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Then we must either confess, or to goal, that's positive.

Hyp. I'll rather starve there than be discover'd: should he at last marry with *Rosara*, the very shame of this attempt would kill me.

Flo. Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a suspicion; bear up, for shame.

Hyp. Impossible! I am dash'd, confounded; if thou hast any courage left, shew it quickly; go, speak before my fears betray me. [*Aside.*]

D. Ma. If you can make this appear by any witness, fir, I confess 'twill surprize me indeed.

Flo. Ay, fir; if you have any witnesses, we desire you'd produce 'em.

D. Pb. Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one. Hey, *Trappanti!*

Enter Trappanti.

Now, fir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks——Then there's life again. [*Aside.*] Is this your witness, fir?

D. Pb. Yes, fir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

D. Pb. Ha, ha! You are very merry, fir.

D. Ma. Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain——But come, friend, what say ye to the business? Have ye any proof to offer upon oath, that this gen-

tleman is the true Don *Philip*, and consequently this other an impostor?

D. Pb. Speak boldly.

Trap. Ay, fir, but shall I come to no harm if I do speak?

D. Ma. Let it be the truth, and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are you sure I shall be safe, fir?

D. Ma. I'll give thee my word of honour; speak boldly to the question.

Trap. Well, fir, since I must speak, then, in the first place, I desire your honour would be pleased to command the officer to secure that gentleman.

D. Ma. How, friend!

D. Pb. Secure me, rascal!

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected, I shall never be able to speak.

D. Ma. I warrant thee——What is it you say, friend?

Trap. Sir, as I was just now crossing the street, this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hands, claps five pistoles in my palm (here they are) shuts my fist close upon 'em, *my dear friend*, says he, *you must do me a piece of service*: upon which, fir, I bows me to the ground, and desir'd him to open his case.

D. Pb. What means the rascal?

D. Ma. Sir, I am as much amaz'd as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, fir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam he had just arriv'd, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

D. Pb. Confusion!

Flo. Nay, pray, fir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter, fir, I found at last by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false-witness against my master.

Hyp. O ho!

Trap. Upon this, fir, I began to demur: fir, says I, this business will never hold water; don't let me undertake it, I must beg your pardon; gave him the ne-

gative shrug, and was for sneeking off with the fees in my pocket.

D. Ma. Very well!

D. Pb. Villain!

Flo. and Hyp. Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Upon this, fir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts; now, dog! says he, you shall do it, or within two hours stink upon the dunghill you came from.

D. Pb. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man!

D. Ma. Nay, nay, nay, one at a time, you shall be heard presently: go on, friend.

Trap. Having me at this advantage, fir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage; so prudently pretended out of fear to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury: but now, fir, being under protection, and at liberty of conscience, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

D. Ma. Ay! this is evidence indeed!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Pb. Dog! villain! Did not you confess to me, that this gentleman pick'd you up not three hours ago at the same inn where I alighted? That he had own'd his stealing my portmanteau at *Toledo*? That if he succeeded to marry the lady, you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between 'em.

Trap. O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my bed, these are the very words; he threaten'd to stab me if I wou'dn't swear against my master—I told him at first, fir, I was not fit for his business, I was never good at a lie in my life.

Alg. Nay, fir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast out of my window.

Trap. Look ye there, fir!

D. Pb. Damnation!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ma. Really, my friend, thou'rt almost turn'd fool in this business: if thou hadst prevail'd upon this

wretch to perjure himself, could'st thou think I should not have detected him? But, poor man! you were a little hard put to't indeed; any shift was better than none, it seems: you knew 'twould not be long to the wedding. You may go, friend. [*Exit Alguazile.*]

Flo. Ha, ha!

D. Pb. Sir, by my eternal hopes of peace and happiness, you're impos'd on: if you proceed thus rashly, your daughter is inevitably ruin'd. If what I've said ben't true in fact, as hell or he is false, may heaven brand me with the severest marks of perjury. Defer the marriage but an hour.

D. Ma. Ay, and in half that time, I suppose, you are in hopes to defer it for altogether.

D. Pb. Perdition seize me, if I have any hope or thought, but that of serving you.

D. Ma. Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man—Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just prov'd thee in a lie to thy face?

Enter a servant.

Serv. Sir, the priest is come.

D. Ma. Is he so? Then, sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no farther service, I believe it may be time for you to go.—Come, son, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble for altogether. [*Exit D. Man.*]

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

D. Pb. Confusion! I've undone my friend.

[*Walks about.*]

Flo. [*Aside.*] *Trappanti!* Rogue, this was a masterpiece.

Trap. [*Aside.*] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste. [*Exeunt Flo. and Trap.*]

Hyp. Sir!

D. Pb. Ha! alone! if we're not prevented now—Well, sir.

Hyp. I suppose you don't think the favours you have design'd me are to be put up without satisfaction; therefore I shall expect to see you early to-morrow near the *Prado* with your sword in your hand: in the mean time,

fir; I am a little more in haste to be the lady's humble servant than yours. [Going.

D. Pb. Hold, fir!—you and I can't part upon such easy terms!

Hyp. Sir!

D. Pb. You're not so near the lady, fir, perhaps, as you imagine. [*D. Ph.* locks the door.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

D. Pb. Speak softly.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Pb. Come, fir—draw.

Hyp. My ruin has now caught me; my plots are yet unripe for execution; I must not, dare not, let him know me, till I'm sure at least he cannot be another's—This was the very spite of fortune. [*Aside.*

D. Pb. Come, fir, my time's but short.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but love; besides, this is no proper place.

D. Pb. O! we'll make shift with it.

Hyp. To-morrow, fir, I shall find a better.

D. Pb. No, now fir, if you please—Draw, villain! or expect such usage as I'm sure *Don Philip* would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, fir, may bear any thing to make sure of his mistress—You know it is not fear that—

D. Pb. No evasions, fir; either this moment confess your villainy, your name and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay, then—within there?

D. Pb. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, this minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his sword to her breast.*

Hyp. Sir!

[*Trembling.*

D. Pb. Villain! be quick, confess, or—

Hyp. Hold, fir—I own I dare not fight with you.

D. Pb. No, I see thou art too poor a villain— therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy life.

Hyp. Give me but a moment's respite, fir.

D. Pb. Dog! do ye trifle?

Hyp. Nay then, fir—Mercy! mercy!

[*Throws herself at his feet.*

And, since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

D. Ph. Thy love! What art thou, spark?

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me, sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successless passion.

D. Ph. Art thou indeed a lover then?—Tell me thy condition.

Hyp. Sir, I confess my fortune's much inferior to my pretences in this lady, tho' indeed I'm born a gentleman, and, bating this attempt against you, which even the last extremities of a ruin'd love have forc'd me to, never yet was guilty of a deed or thought that could debase my birth: but if you knew the torments I have borne from her disdainful pride; the anxious days, the long-watch'd winter nights I have endur'd, to gain of her perhaps at last a cold relentless look, indeed you'd pity me: my heart was so entirely subdued, the more she slighted me, the more I lov'd; and as my pains increas'd, grew farther from cure: her beauty struck me with that submissive awe, that when I dar'd to speak, my words and looks were softer than an infant's blushes; yet all these pangs of my persisting passion still were vain; nor showers of tears, nor storms of sighs, could melt or move the frozen hardness of her dead compassion.

D. Ph. How very near my condition! [*Aside.*]

Hyp. But yet so subtle is the flame of love, spight of her cruelty, I nourished still a secret living hope; till hearing, sir, at last she was design'd your bride, despair compell'd me to this bold attempt of personating you: her father knew not me, or my unhappy love; I knew too you never had seen her face, and therefore hop'd, when I should offer to repair with twice the worth of the value, sir, I robb'd you of, begging thus low for your forgiveness; I say, I hop'd at least your generous heart, if ever it was touch'd like mine, would pity my distress, and pardon the necessitated wrong.

D. Ph. Is't possible? Hast thou then lov'd to this unfortunate degree?

Hyp. Unfortunate indeed, if you are still my rival, fir: but were you not, I'm sure you'd pity me.

D. Pb. Nay, then I must forgive thee. [*Raising her.*] For I have known too well the misery not to pity—any thing in love.

Hyp. Have you, fir, been unhappy there?

D. Pb. Oh! thou hast prob'd a wound that time or art can never heal.

Hyp. O joyful sound!—[*Aside.*] Cherish that generous thought, and hope from my success, your mistress, or your fate, may make you blest like me.

D. Pb. Yet hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too far: for tho' I pity and forgive thee, yet I am bound in honour to assist thy love no farther than the justice of thy cause permits.

Hyp. What mean you, fir?

D. Pb. You must defer your marriage with this lady.

Hyp. Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love!

D. Pb. I have a nearest friend that is belov'd, and loves her with an equal flame to yours; to him my friendship will oblige me to be just, and yet in pity of thy fortune, thus far I'll be a friend to thee: give up thy title to the lady's breath, and if her choice pronounces thee the man, I here assure thee on my honour to resign the claim, and, not more partial to my friend than thee, promote thy happiness.

Hyp. Alas, fir! this is no relief, but certain ruin: I am too well assur'd she loves your friend.

D. Pb. Then you confess his claim the fairer: her loving him is a proof that he deserves her; if so, you are bound in honour to resign her.

Hyp. Alas, fir! women have fantastic tastes, that love they know not what, and hate they know not why; else, fir, why are you unfortunate?

D. Pb. I am unfortunate, but would rather die so, than owe my happiness to any help but an enduring love.

Hyp. But, fir, I have endured you see in vain—

D. Pb. If thou'dst not have me think thy story false, thy soft pretence of love a cheat to melt me into pity, and invade my justice, yield; submit thy

passion to its merit, and own I have propos'd thee like a friend.

Hyp. Sir, on my knees——

D. Ph. Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider, sir.

D. Ph. Nay, then discover quick! Tell me thy name and family.

Hyp. Hold, sir——

D. Ph. Speak, or thou diest. [*A noise at the door.*]

Hyp. Sir, I will——Ha! they are entering——O! for a moment's courage! Come on, sir.

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till Don Manuel, Flora, Trappanti, with servants, rush in, and part 'em.*]

D. Ma. Knock him down!

Flo. Part 'em!

Hyp. Away, rascal! [*To Trap. who holds her.*]

Trap. Hold, sir! dear sir, hold! you have given him enough.

Hyp. Dog! let me go, or I'll cut away thy hold.

D. Ma. Nay! dear son, hold; we'll find a better way to punish him.

Hyp. Pray, sir, give me way——a villain, to assault me in the very moment of my happiness! [*Struggling.*]

D. Ph. By heaven, sir, he this moment has confess'd his villainy, and begg'd my pardon upon his knees.

Hyp. D'ye hear him, sir? I beg you let me go, this is beyond bearing.

D. Ph. Thou liest, villain; 'tis thy fear that holds thee.

Hyp. Ah! Let me go, I say.

Trap. Help, ho! I'm not able to hold him.

D. Ma. Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the mean time secure him in the cellar.

D. Ph. Hear me but one word, sir.

D. Ma. Stop his mouth——out with him.

[*They hurry him off.*]

——Come, dear son, be pacify'd.

Hyp. A villain!

[*Walking in a heat.*]

Flo. Why shou'd ye be concern'd, now he's secure? Such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

D. Ma. Ay, son, leave him to me and the law.

Hyp. I am sorry, sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me——But——

Enter Rosara.

D. Ma. Look! here's my daughter in a fright to see for you.

Hyp. Then I'm compos'd again——[*Runs to Rosara.*

Ros. I heard fighting here! I hope you are not wounded, sir?

Hyp. I have no wound but what the priest can heal.

D. Ma. Ah! well said, my little champion.

Hyp. Oh, madam! I have such a terrible escape to tell you!

Ros. Truly, I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband.

Hyp. Husband, quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear 'em again——

D. Ma. Come, come, children; the priest stays for us.

Hyp. Sir, we wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

The S C E N E continues.

Enter Trappanti alone.

Trap. **W**HAT, in the name of roguery, can this new master of mine be? He's either a fool, or bewitch'd, that's positive——First he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady; and, as soon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand, to help him to get rid of her.——Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions in being evidence against him, as an impostor, to refund all the lies I

have told in his service, to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him! What the bottom of this can be, I must confess does a little puzzle my wit. — There's but one way in the world I can solve it — He must certainly have some secret reason to hang himself, that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolv'd first to be marry'd; that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes with his noose in his hand.

Enter Hypolita and Rosara.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to *Don Pedro*, he has business with you.

Trap. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Trap.*]

Ros. Who's *Don Pedro*, pray?

Hyp. *Flora*, madam; he knows her yet by no other name.

Ros. Well! if *Don Philip* does not think you deserve him, I am afraid he won't find another woman that will have him in haste. — But this last escape of yours was such a master-piece!

Hyp. Nay, I confess, between fear and shame, I would have given my life for a ducat.

Ros. Tho' I wonder, when you perceiv'd him so sensibly touch'd with his old passion, how you had patience to conceal yourself any longer.

Hyp. Indeed I could not easily ha' resisted it, but that I knew, if I had been discover'd before my marriage with you, your father, be sure, wou'd have insisted then upon his contract with him, which I did not know how far *Don Philip* might be carry'd in point of honour to keep: I knew too, his refusing it would but the more incense the old gentleman against my brother's happiness with you; and I found myself oblig'd in gratitude, not to build my own upon the ruin of yours.

Ros. This is an obligation I never could deserve.

Hyp. Your assistance, madam, in my affair, has overpaid it.

Ros. What's become of *Don Philip*? I hope you have not kept him prisoner all this while?

Hyp. Oh! he'll be releas'd presently, *Flora* has her orders — Where's your father, madam?

Ros. I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune—he seem'd in mighty good humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunn'd when he falls.

Ros. With all my heart: methinks I am possess'd with the very spirit of disobedience—Now cou'd I, in the humour I am in, consent to any mischief that would but heartily plague my old gentleman, for daring to be better than his word to *Ostavio*.

Hyp. And if we don't plague him—But here he comes.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Ah, my little conqueror! let me embrace thee——That ever I should live to see this day! this most triumphant day, this day of all days in my life!

Hyp. Ay, and of my life too, sir. [*Embracing him.*]

D. Ma. Ay, my cares are over—Now I've nothing to do but to think of the other world; for I've done all my business in this: got as many children as I cou'd, and now I'm grown old, have set a young couple to work that will do it better.

Hyp. I warrant ye, sir, you'll soon see whether you daughter has marry'd a man or no.

D. Ma. Ah! well said; and, that you may never be out of humour with your business, look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will make you merry as long as you live: twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of 'em; and the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best *Barbary* gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

D. Ma. Much good may do thy heart and soul with 'em—and heaven bless you together—I've had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children, thank my stars 'tis over—'tis but over, now——Now I may sleep with my doors open, and never

have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Ros. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him. [To *Hyp.*

D. Ma. But there's no joy lasting in this world, we must all die when we have done our best, sooner or later, old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and——common whores, must die! nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I've marry'd my child, I've lost my companion——I've parted with my girl——Her heart's gone another way now——She'll forget her old father!——I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning——I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book, and read me to sleep in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now.

[Weeps.

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one passion is to another! Now he is tir'd with joy, till he is downright melancholy.

Ros. What's the matter, sir?

D. Ma. Ah! my child! Now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Ros. O, sir, we shall be better friends than ever.

D. Ma. Uh! uh! shall we? Wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well! heaven bless thee; give me a kiss——I must kiss thee at parting; be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die, sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live——Hang these melancholy thoughts, they are the worst company in the world at a wedding.——Consider, sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us hear a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day, at least; stir your servants, call in your neighbours, let me see your whole family mad for joy, sir.

D. Ma. Hah! shall we? shall we be merry then?

Hyp. Merry, sir! ah, as beggars at a feast: what! shall a dull *Spanish* custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I shan't be as mad as I have

a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feasts, and musick, fir.

D. Ma. Ah! thou shalt have thy humour——Thou shalt have thy humour! Hey, within there! Rogues! dogs! slaves! Where are my rascals? Ah! my joy flows again——I can't bear it.

Enter several servants.

Serv. Did you call, fir?

D. Ma. Call, fir! Ay, fir: what's the reason you are not all out of your wits, fir? Don't you know that your young mistress is marry'd, scoundrels?

1st Serv. Yes, fir, and we are all ready to be mad, as soon as your honour will please to give any distracted orders.

Hyp. You see, fir, they only want a little encouragement.

D. Ma. Ah! there shall be nothing wanting this day, if I were sure to beg for it all my life after.——Here, firrah, cook! Look into the *Roman* history, see what *Mark Anthony* had for supper, when *Cleopatra* first treated him *cher entiere*: rogue, let me have a repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking——Go.

2d Serv. It shall be done, fir.

D. Ma. And, d'ye hear? One of ye step to Monsieur *Vandevin*, the king's butler, for the same wine that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for't.

1st Serv. How much will you please to have, fir?

D. Ma. Too much, fir! I'll have every thing upon the outside of enough to-day. Go you, firrah, run to the *Theatre*, and detach me a regiment of fiddlers, and singers, and dancers; and you, fir, to my nephew *Don Louis*, give my service, and bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay, fir! this is as it should be! Now it begins to look like a wedding.

D. Ma. Ah! we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy.

Hyp. Here comes *Flora*—Now, madam, observe your cue.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Your servant, gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—You have it, I see—Don *Philip*, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Pshaw! prithee don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

Flo. My business won't be deferr'd, sir:

Hyp. Sir!

Flo. I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flo. Your ear, sir.

[*They whisper.*]

D. Ma. What's the matter now 'tro?

Ref. The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

D. Ma. Troth, I don't like it.

Ref. Don't disturb 'em, sir—we shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don *Philip*?

Flo. I drew the servants out of the way while he made his escape; I saw him very busy in the street with *Octavio* and another gentleman; *Trappanti* dogg'd 'em, and brings me word they just now went into the corridore's in the next street—therefore what we do, we must do quickly: come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with them presently. [*Aside.*]

Hyp. [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offer'd you very fair; if you don't think so, I have marry'd the lady, and take your course.

Flo. Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

D. Ma. Hey!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleas'd to call it your right, you shall not have it.

Flo. Not, sir?

Hyp. No, sir—Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me—Gad, I shall use you very scurvily.

Flo. Use me!—You little son of a whore, draw.

Hyp. Oh! Sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and D. Man. interposes.*]

Ros. Ah! help! murder! [Runs out.]

D. Ma. Within there! Help! murder! Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? Pray put up.

Hyp. A rascal!

Enter servants, who part 'em.

D. Ma. Friends, and quarrel! for shame.

Flo. Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

Hyp. Let me go.

D. Ma. Better words, fir. [To Flora.]

Flo. Why, fir, d'ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

D. Ma. What d'ye mean, fir?

Flo. That he has cheated me as well as you——But I'll have my revenge immediately. [Exit Flora.]

[*Hyp. walks about, and D. Ma. stares.*]

D. Ma. Hey! what's all this? What is it?——My heart misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here, you! [To a servant.] Bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

Serv. Yes, fir.

[Exit Serv.]

D. Ma. A coach!

Enter Viletta.

Vil. Sir, fir!——bles me! What's the matter, Sir! are not you well?

D. Ma. Yes, yes——I am——that is——ha!

Vil. I have brought you a letter, fir.

D. Ma. What business can he have for a coach?

Vil. I have brought you a letter, fir, from *Osavio*.

D. Ma. To me?

Vil. No, fir, to my mistress——he charg'd me to deliver it immediately; for he said it concern'd her life and fortune.

D. Ma. How! Let's see it——There's what I promis'd thee——be gone. What can this be now? [Reads.]

The person whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will imme-

diately appear with the corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, tho' from one you hate, would be well receiv'd, if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.

OCTAVIO.

O, my heart! This letter was not design'd to fall into my hands——I am affrighted——I dare not think on't.

Re-enter the servant.

Serv. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careless rascal! to be out of the way when my life's at stake——Prithee do thou go and see if thou canst get me any post-horses.

D. Ma. Post-horses!

Enter Rosara.

Ros. O dear sir, what was the matter?

D. Ma. —— Hey!

Ros. What made 'em quarrel, sir?

D. Ma. Child!

Ros. What was it about, sir? You look concern'd.

D. Ma. Concern'd!

Ros. I hope you are not hurt, sir. [*To Hyp. who minds her not.*]——What's the matter with him, sir? he won't speak to me. [*To D. Man.*]

D. Ma. ——A——speak!——a——go to him again——try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Ros. Dear sir, what's the matter? [*To Hyp.*]

D. Ma. Ay, sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vex'd at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal.

D. Ma. But what occasion have you for post-horses, sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little cross, sir.

D. Ma. Pray what is't?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time, sir.

D. Ma. Another time, sir!——pray satisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord, sir, when you see a man's out of humour.

D. Ma. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour

as you ; and I must tell ye, I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolv'd to be satisfy'd.

Hyp. Sir, what is't you'd have ? [*Peevishly.*]

D. Ma. Look ye, fir—in short—I—I have receiv'd a letter.

Hyp. Well, fir.

D. Ma. I wish it may be well, fir.

Hyp. Bless me, fir! what's the matter with you ?

D. Ma. Matter, fir—in troth I'm almost afraid and asham'd to tell ye ;—but, if you must needs know,—there's the matter, fir. [*Gives the letter.*]

Enter Don Louis.

D. Lou. Uncle, I am your humble servant.

D. Ma. I am glad to see you, nephew.

D. Lou. I receiv'd your invitation, and am come to pay my duty ; but here I met with the most surpris'g news.

D. Ma. What was it pray ?

D. Lou. Why first your servant told me, my young cousin was to be marry'd to-day to *Don Philip de las Torres* ; and just as I was entering your doors, who should I meet but *Don Philip*, with the corrigidore, and several witness'es, to prove, it seems, that the person whom you were just going to marry my cousin to, has usurp'd his name, betray'd you, robb'd him, and is in short a rank impostor.

Hyp. So! now it's come home to him.

D. Ma. Dear nephew, don't torture me : are ye sure you know *Don Philip* when you see him ?

D. Lou. Know him, fir! Were we not school-fellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers ?

D. Ma. But are you sure you mayn't have forgot him neither ?

D. Lou. You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you, fir.

D. Ma. But one question more, and I am dumb for ever——Is that he ?

D. Lou. That, fir! No, nor in the least like him——But pray why this concern ? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the marriage!

D. Ma. Oh! oh! O! O! my poor child!

Rof. Oh!

[*Seems to faint.*]

Enter Viletta.

Vil. What's the matter, sir?

D. Ma. Ah! look to my child.

D. Lou. Is this the villain then that has impos'd upon you?

Hyp. Sir, I am this lady's husband; and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

D. Ma. Oh!

D. Lou. Nay then, within there!—Such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter corrigidore and officers, with Don Philip, Octavio, Flora, and Trappanti.

O gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's marry'd to the impostor.

D. Ph. How!

Oa. Confusion!

D. Ma. O! O!

D. Ph. That's the person, sir, and I demand your justice.

Oa. And I.

Flo. And all of us.

D. Ma. Will my cares never be over?

Corr. Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately.—First, sir, you say, these gentlemen all know you to be the true *Don Philip*?

D. Lou. That, sir, I presume, my oath will prove.

Oa. Or mine.

Flo. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine too, sir.

D. Ma. Where shall I hide this shameful head?

Flo. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him: he confes'd to me at *Toledo*, he stole this gentleman's portmanteau there, to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my assistance; which he refusing to pay as soon as

the marriage was over, I thought myself oblig'd in honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not marry'd to the lady, or ha'n't the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst: I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

D. Ma. Ingenuity! abandon'd villain!—But, fir, before you send him to gaol, I desire he may return the jewels I gave him, as part of my daughter's portion.

Corr. That can't be, fir—since he has marry'd the lady, her fortune's lawfully his: all we can do, is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

D. Ma. O that ever I was born!

Hyp. Return the jewels, fir! If you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning, you may chance to go to gaol before me.

D. Ma. O that I were bury'd! Will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near it, fir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

Corr. Come, fir, if you please; I must desire to take your affidavit in writing.

[*Goes to the table with Flora.*]

D. Pb. Now, fir! you see what your own rashness has brought ye to: how shall I be star'd at when I give an account of this to my father, or your friends in *Seville*! You'll be the publick jest; your understanding, or your folly, will be the mirth of every table.

D. Ma. Pray forbear, fir:

Hyp. Keep it up, madam. [Aside to *Ros.*]

Ros. Oh, fir! how wretched have you made me! is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands? this my reward for filial duty?

D. Ma. Ah! my poor child!

Ros. But I deserve it all, for ever listening to your barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have told me, my vows and person in justice and honour were the wrong'd *Othavio's*.

D. Ma. Oh! oh!

Os. Can she repent her falshood then at last? Is't possible? then I'm wounded too! O my poor undone *Rosara!* [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful! cruel! perjur'd man! how can'st thou bear to see the light after this heap of ruin thou hast rais'd, by tearing thus asunder the most solemn vows of plighted love?

D. Ma. Oh! don't insult me, I deserve the worst you can say.—I'm a miserable wretch, and I repent me.

Os. Repent! Can'st thou believe whole years of sorrow will atone thy crime? No; groan on, sigh and weep away thy life to come, and when the stings and horrors of thy conscience have laid thy tortur'd body in the grave——then, then——as thou dost me,——when 'tis too late, I'll pity thee.

Vil. So! here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the old gentleman out of his senses, most of the company distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hang'd——The merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life.

Corr. Well, fir, have you any thing to say before I make your warrant? [*To Hyp.*

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye, fir——Gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am like to undergo in being this lady's husband; therefore, as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the officers may withdraw) to offer something to the general quiet.

Os. What can this mean?

D. Pb. Pshaw! some new contrivance——Let's be gone.

D. Lou. Stay a moment, it can be no harm to hear him——Sir, will you oblige us?

Corr. Wait without—— [*Exeunt officers.*

Vil. What's to be done now, 'trow?

Trap. Some smart thing, I warrant ye: the little gentleman hath a notable head, faith.

Flo. Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still

in his power to make you all amends; and, in my opinion, 'tis high time he should propose it.

D. Ma. Ay, 'tis time he were hang'd indeed; for I know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, I owe you no reparation; the injuries which you complain of, your forbid avarice, and breach of promise here, have justly brought upon you: had you, as you were oblig'd in conscience and in nature, first given your daughter with your heart, she had now been honourably happy, and, if any, I the only miserable person here.

D. Lou. He talks reason.

D. Pb. I don't think him in the wrong there indeed.

Hyp. Therefore, sir, if you are injur'd, you may thank yourself for it.

D. Ma. Nay, dear sir—I do confess my blindness, and cou'd heartily wish your eyes or mine had dropp'd out of our heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well, sir, (however little you deserv'd it) yet for your daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself, by signing this paper, to keep your first promise, and give her, with her full fortune, to this gentleman, I'm still content, on that condition, to disannul my own pretences, and resign her.

Os. Ha! what says he?

D. Lou. This is strange!

D. Ma. Sir, I don't know how to answer you; for I can never believe you'll have good-nature enough to hang yourself out of the way to make room for him.

Hyp. Then, sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning, but an immediate power too, to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune: these jewels, which I received from you, I give him free possession of; and now, sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him with her person.

Os. I am all amazement!

D. Lou. What can this end in?

D. Pb. I am surpriz'd indeed!

D. Ma. This is unaccountable, I must confess—
But still, sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll

persuade that gentleman, to whom I'm oblig'd in contract, to part with his——

D. Pb. That, sir, shall be no lett; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title, to entertain a thought can disturb it.

Hyp. Then my fears are over. [*Aside.*] Now, sir, it only stops at you.

D. Ma. Well, sir, I see the paper is only conditional; and since the general welfare is concern'd, I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it: but if you should not make your words good, sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you.

D. Pb. And, sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissembled penitence has deceiv'd me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore take heed, expect no second mercy; for be assur'd of this, I never can forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am prov'd one, spare me not——I ask but this——Use me as you find me.

D. Pb. That you may depend on.

D. Ma. There, sir.

[*Gives Hypolita the Writing sign'd.*

Ros. Now I tremble for her.

[*Aside.*

Hyp. And now, *Don Philip*, I confess you are the only injur'd person here.

D. Pb. I know not that——do my friend right, and I shall easily forgive thee.

Hyp. His pardon with his thanks, I am sure I shall deserve: but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets you have known from love?

D. Pb. Let me understand thee.

Hyp. Examine well your heart, and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguish'd quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark in pity of my woman's weakness.

D. Ma. How! a woman!

D. Pb. Whither would'st thou carry me?

Hyp. Not but I know you generous as the heart of

love, yet, let me doubt, if even this low submission can deserve your pardon——Don't look on me, I cannot bear that you should know me yet——The extravagant attempt I have this day run through to meet you thus, justly may subject me to your contempt and scorn, unless the same forgiving goodness that us'd to over-look the failings of *Hypolita*, prove still my friend, and soften all with the excuse of love.

Oa. My sister! O, *Rosara!* *Philip!*

[*All seem amaz'd.*]

D. Ph. Oh! stop this vast effusion of my transported thoughts, ere my offended wishes break their prison through my eyes, and surfeit on forbidden hopes again: or if my tears are false, if your relenting heart is touch'd at last in pity of my enduring love, be kind at once, speak on, and awake me to the joy while I have sense to hear you.

Hyp. Nay, then I am subdu'd indeed! Is't possible, spite of my follies, still your generous heart can love? 'Tis so! Your eyes confess it, and my tears are dead——When then should I blush to let at once the honest fullness of my heart gush forth——O *Philip*——*Hypolita* is——yours for ever. [*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's arms.*]

D. Ph. O ecstasy! distracting joy——Do I then live to call you mine?——Is there an end at last of my repeated pangs, my sighs, my torments, and my rejected vows? Is it possible? is it she?——O let me view thee thus with aching eyes, and feed my eager sense upon the transport of thy love confess'd! What, kind!——And yet *Hypolita!* And yet 'tis she! I know her by the busy pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and she alone can give.

[*Eagerly embracing her.*]

Hyp. Now, *Philip!* you may insult our sex's pride, for I confess you have subdu'd it all in me; I plead no merit, but my knowing yours: I own the weakness of my boasted power, and now am only proud of my humility.

D. Ph. O never! never shall thy empire cease! 'Tis not in thy power to give thy power away: this last sur-

prize of generous love has bound me to thy heart a poor indebted wretch for ever.

Hyp. No more, the rest the priest should say.—But now our joys grow rude.—Here are our friends, that must be happy too.

D. Pb. *Louis!* *Octavio!* my brother now! O! forgive the hurry of a transported heart!

D. Ma. A woman! and *Octavio's* sister!

Oct. That heart that does not feel, as 'twere its own, a joy like this, ne'er yet confess'd the power of friendship or love. [*Embracing her.*]

D. Ma. Have I then been pleas'd, and plagu'd, and frighted out of my wits, by a woman, all this while? Odsbud, she is a notable contriver! Stand clear ho! For if I have not a fair brush at her lips; nay, if she does not give me the hearty smack too, ods-winds and thunder, she is not the good-humour'd girl I take her for.

Hyp. Come, sir, I won't balk your good-humour. [*He kisses her.*] And now I have a favour to beg of you; you remember your promise: only your blessing here, sir. [*Octavio and Rosara kneel.*]

D. Ma. Ah! I can deny thee nothing; and since I find thou art not fit for my girl's business thyself, odzooks, it shall never be done out of the family—And so, children, heaven bless ye together—Come, I'll give thee her hand myself, you know the way to her heart, and as soon as the priest has said grace, he shall toss you the rest of her body into the bargain—And now my cares are over again.

Oct. We'll study to deserve your love, sir.—O *Rosara!*

Ros. Now, *Octavio*, d'ye believe I lov'd you better than the person I was to marry?

Oct. Kind creature! you were in her secret, then!

Ros. I was, and she in mine.

Oct. What words can thank you?

Hyp. Any that tell me of *Octavio's* happiness.

D. Pb. My friend successful too! then my joys are double.—But how this generous attempt was started.

first, how it has been pursu'd, and carry'd with this kind surprize at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

Hyp. Here's one that at more leisure shall inform you all: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

D. Pb. How! She!

Flo. Trusty *Flora*, sir, at your service: I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account; but I always told her we would do her business at last.

D. Ma. Another metamorphosis! Brave girls, faith! Odzooks, we shall have 'em make campaigns shortly.

D. Pb. Take this as an earnest of my thanks; in *Seville* I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, there's another accomplice too, confederate I can't say; for honest *Trappanti* did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himself.

Trap. It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed, madam.—But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to your ladyship—And if you had not parted with your money——

Hyp. Thou had'st not parted with thy honesty.

Trap. Right, madam; but how shou'd a poor naked fellow resist, when he had so many pistoles held against him? [Shows money.]

D. Ma. Ay, ay; well said, lad.

Vil. Ea! a tempting bait indeed! Let him offer to marry me again, if he dares. [Aside.]

D. Pb. Well, *Trappanti*, thou hast been serviceable, however, and I'll think of thee.

Os. Nay, I am his debtor too.

Trap. Ah! there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

Os. As how, pray?

Trap. Why, sir, I find by my constitution, that it is as natural to be in love as an hungry, and that I han't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters: and tho' I have often thought a wife but dining every day

upon the same dish; yet, methinks, it's better than no dinner at all; and, for my part, I had rather have no stomach to my meat, than no meat to my stomach: upon which considerations, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with *Madona* here—to let me dine at her ordinary.

D. Ma. A pleasant rogue, faith! Odzooks, the jade shall have him. Come, hussy, he's an ingenious person.

Vil. Sir, I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain, I know what to say to him.

Trap. Why then, in plain terms, let me a lease of your tenement—Marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you say something—I was afraid, by what you said in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child, I have no mind to be turn'd out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand.—And now meet me as soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the premises.

D. Ma. Odzooks, and well thought of, I'll send for one presently. Here, you, firrah, run to *Father Benedict* again, tell him his work don't hold here, his last marriage is drop'd to pieces, but now we have got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh couple together as fast as he can.

Enter servant.

Serv. Sir, the musick's come.

D. Ma. Ah! they cou'd never take us in a better time—let 'em enter—Ladies and—sons and daughters, for I think you are all akin to me now, will you be pleas'd to sit?

[*After the entertainment.*]

D. Ma. Come, gentlemen, now our collation waits us.

Enter servant.

Serv. Sir, the priest's come.

D. Ma. That's well, we'll dispatch him presently.

D. Pb. Now, my *Hypolita*!

Let our example teach mankind to love,
 From thine the fair their favours may improve;
 To the quick pains you give, our joys we owe,
 Till those we feel, these we can never know;
 But warn'd with honest hope from my success,
 Ev'n in the height of all its miseries,
 O! never let a virtuous mind despair,
 For constant hearts are love's peculiar care.

EPILOGUE.

'MONGST all the rules the ancients had in vogue,
 We find no mention of an Epilogue;
 Which plainly shews they're innovations, brought
 Since rules, design, and nature, were forgot.
 The custom, therefore, our next Play shall break,
 But now a joyful motive bids us speak.
 For, while our arms return with conquest home,
 While children prattle Vigo, and the boom,
 Is't fit the mouth of all mankind, the stage, be dumb?
 While the proud Spaniards read old annals o'er,
 And on the leaves in lazy safety pore,
 Essex and Raleigh thunder on their shore.
 Again their donships start, and mend their speed,
 With the same fear of their forefathers, dead.
 While Adamis de Gaul laments in vain,
 And wishes his young Quixote out of Spain.
 While foreign forts are but beheld and seiz'd,
 While English hearts tumultuously are pleas'd;
 Shall we, whose sole subsistence purely flows
 From minds in joy, or undisturb'd repose:
 Shall we behold each face with pleasure glow,
 Unthankful to the arms that made 'em so?
 Shall we not say —————

*Old English honour now revives again
 Mem'rably fatal to the pride of Spain,
 But hold——*

*While Anne repeats the vengeance of Eliza's reign.
 For, to the glorious conduct sure that drew
 A Senate's grateful vote, our adoration's due.
 From that alone all other thanks are poor,
 The old triumphing Romans ask'd no more,
 And Rome indeed gave all within its power.
 But your superior stars, that know too well
 You English heroes should old Rome's excel;
 To crown your arms beyond the bribes of spoil,
 Rais'd English beauty to reward your toil:
 Tho' seiz'd of all the rifled world had lost,
 So fair a * circle Rome could never boast.
 Proceed, auspicious chiefs, inflame the war,
 Pursue your conquest, and possess the fair:
 That ages may record of them and you,
 They only could inspire what you alone cou'd do.*

* To the boxes.

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