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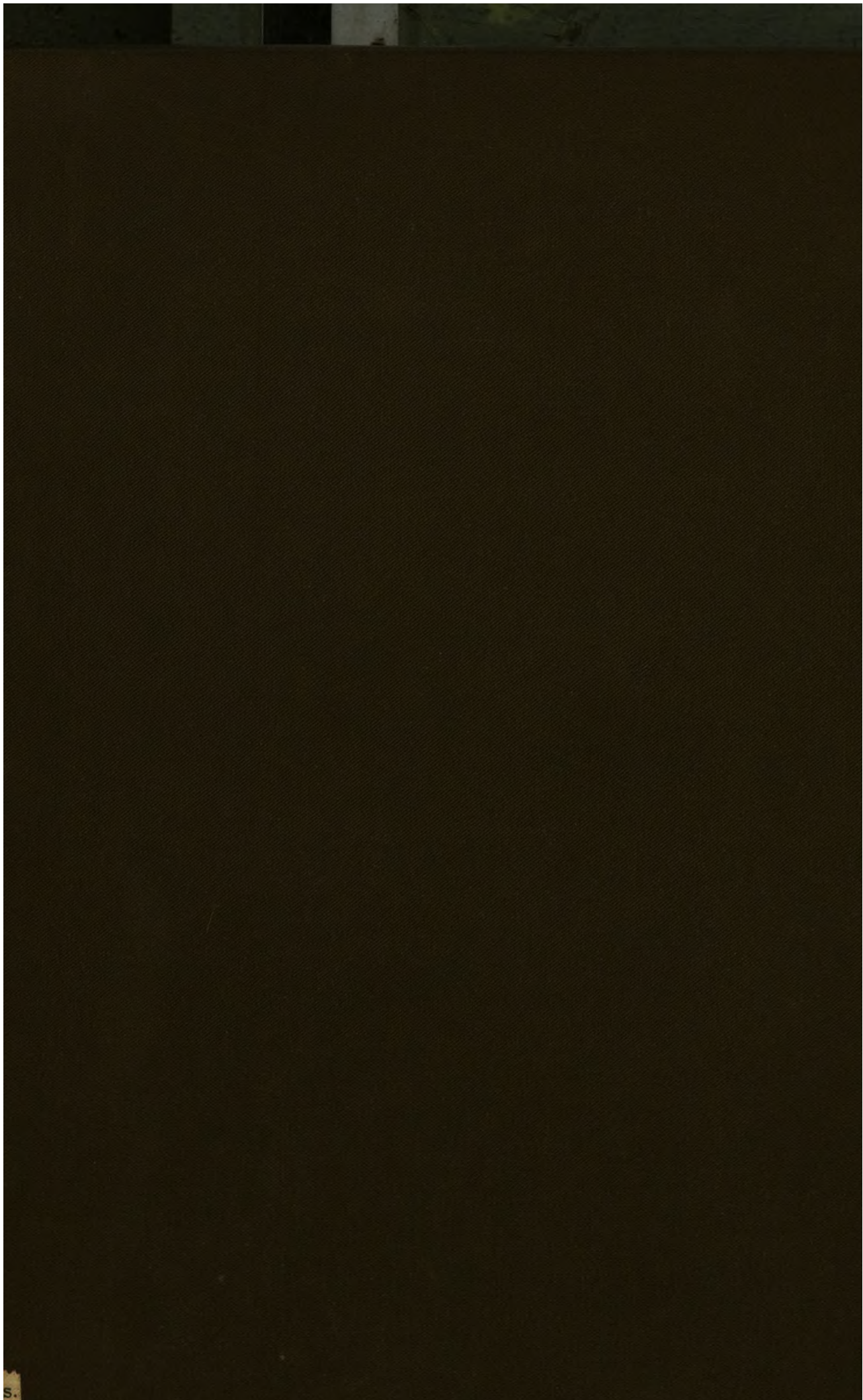
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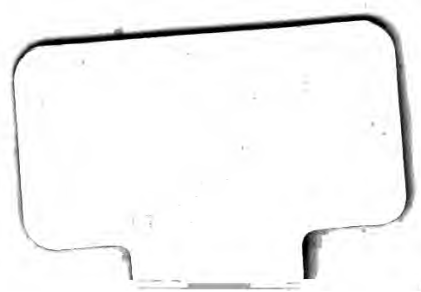
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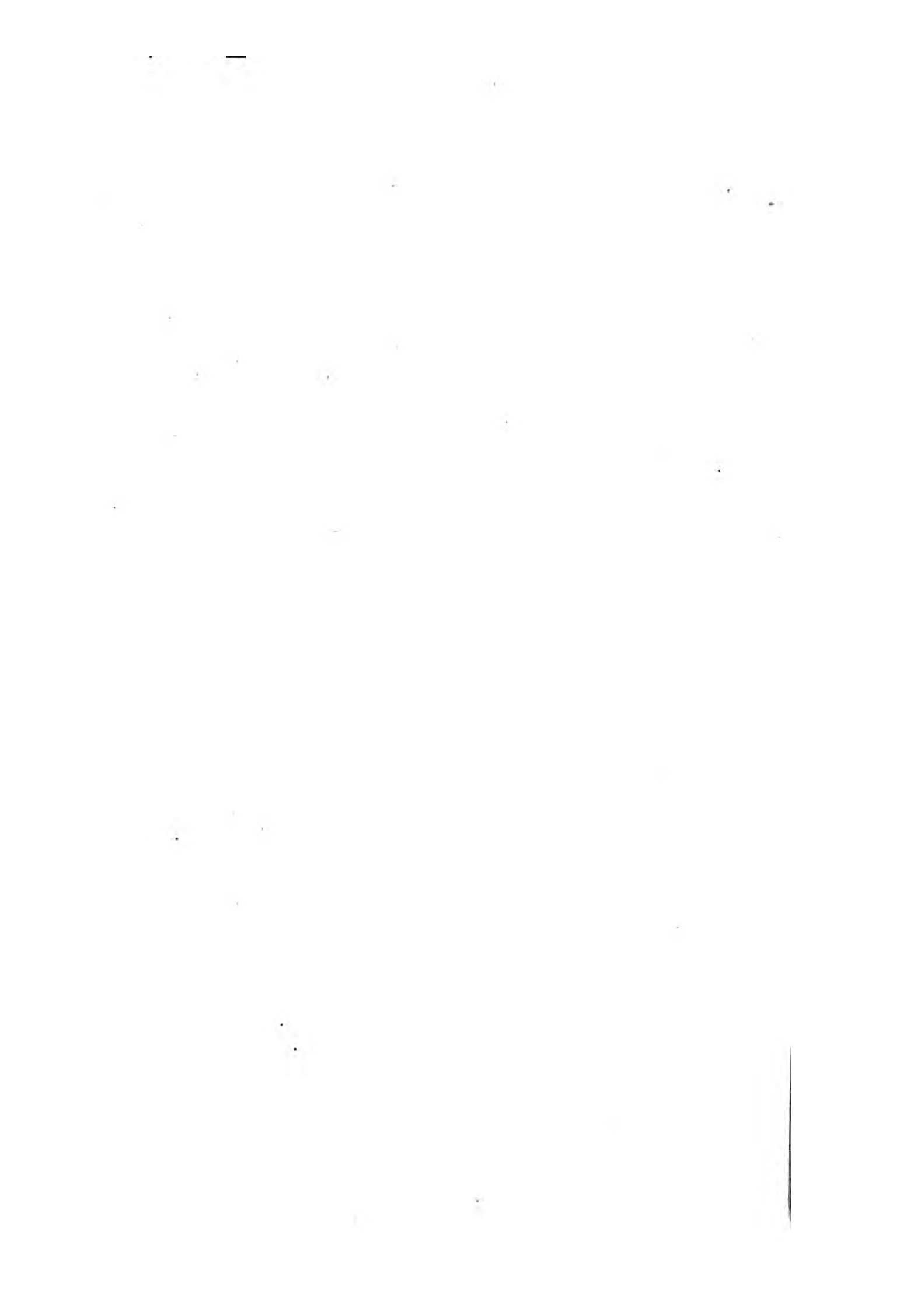


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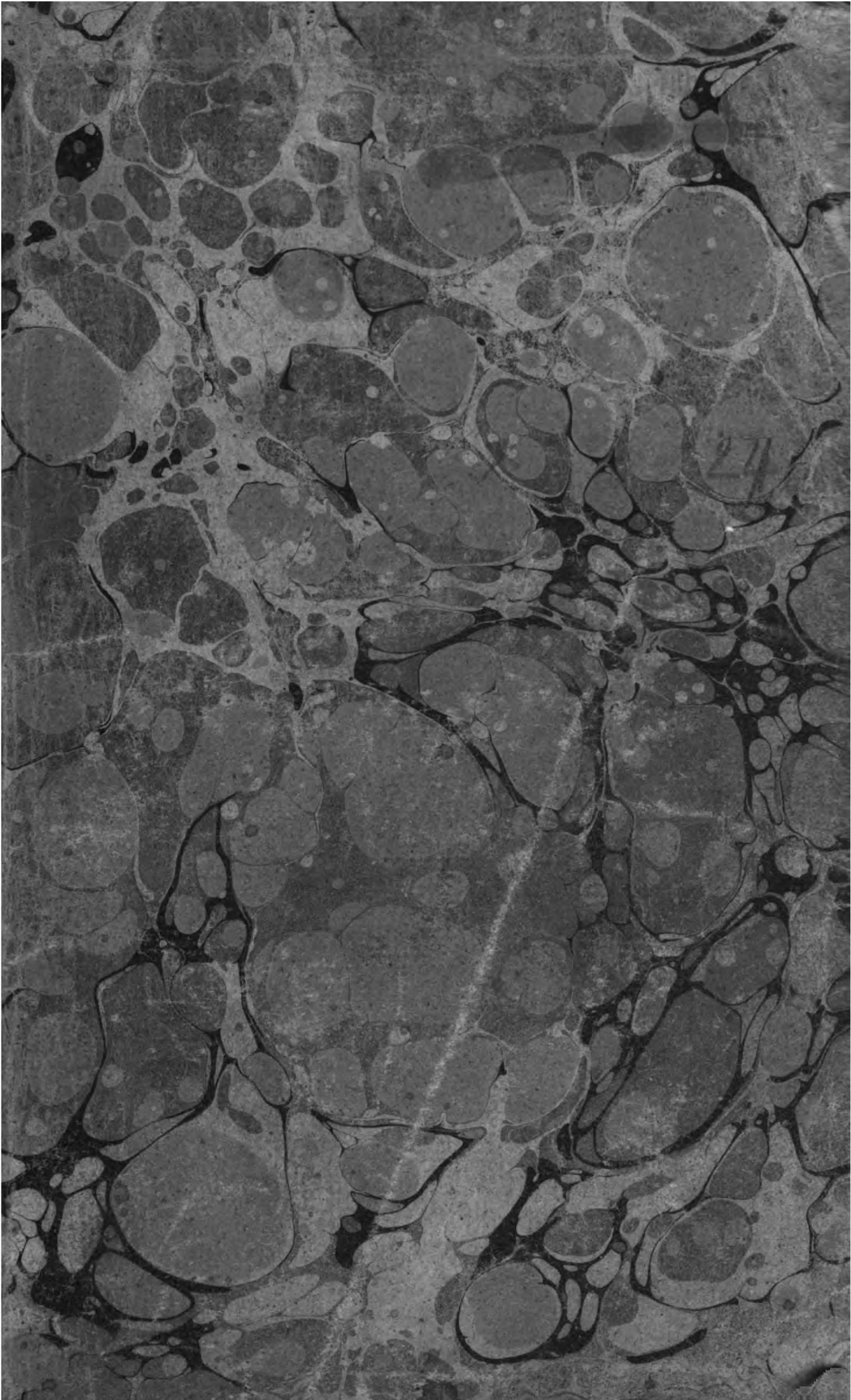
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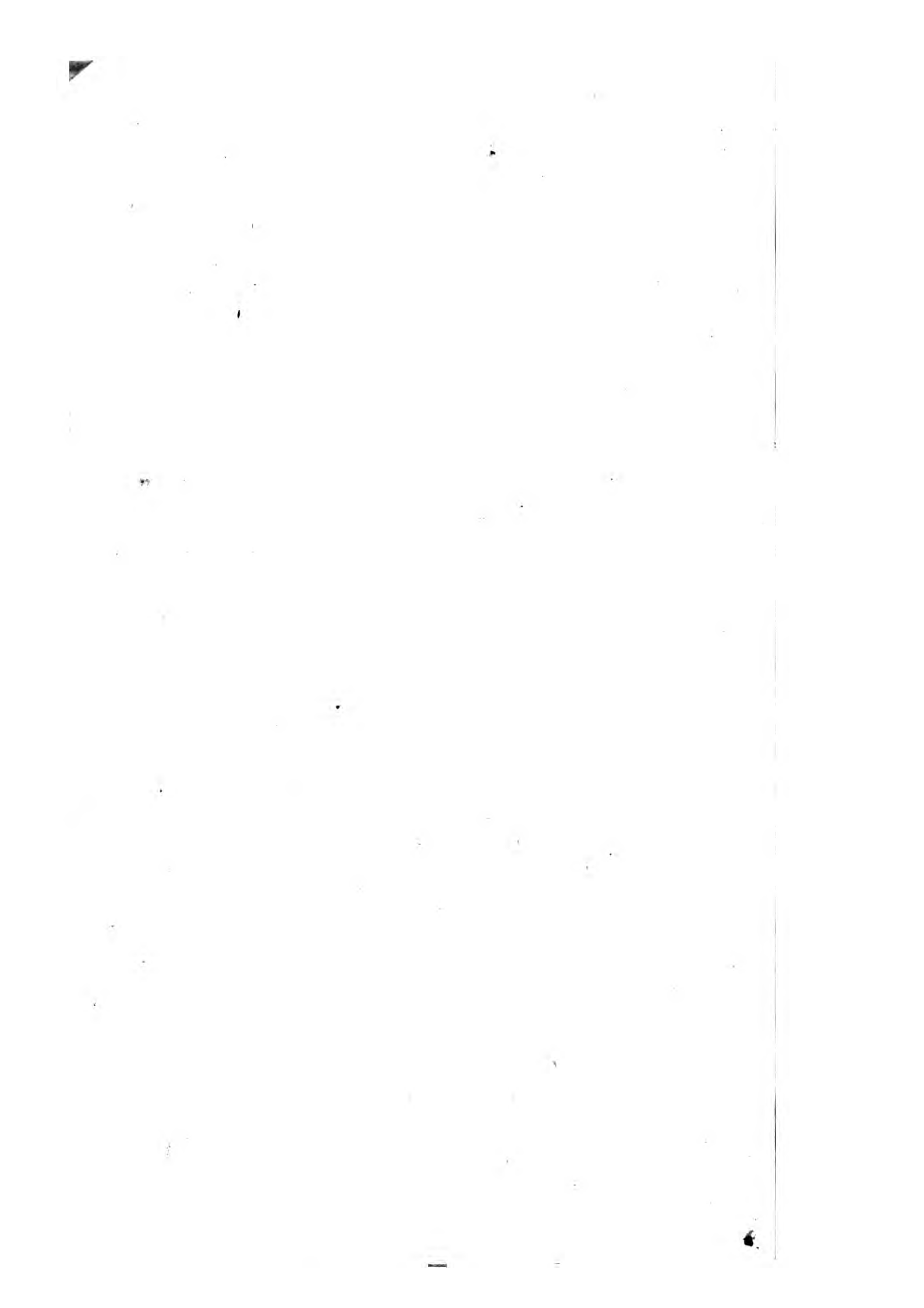
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THE  
FUGITIVES:

A  
COMEDY.

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*By Mr. Roberts, with the Author's Permission.*

THE  
FUGITIVES:

A

COMEDY.

BY

WILLIAM ROBERTS, ESQUIRE,  
BARRISTER AT LAW.

---

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

HOR.

---

*Warrington,*

PRINTED BY W. EYRES,

FOR JOHN STOCKDALE OPPOSITE BURLINGTON  
HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

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MDCXCXI.

*My add<sup>s</sup>*

*108. e. 18.*



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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

*Lord ADAM GORDON,*

Commander in Chief of his *Majesty's Forces* in SCOTLAND.

MY LORD,

IN placing your Lordship's name at the head of the following performance, I am far from flattering myself with a supposition of its being worthy of your notice; it was an amusing employment of some leisure hours, and written without any views of its being extended beyond the narrow limit of domestic entertainment. I have been told that the perusal of it may while away an idle hour or two without reproach to the reader as a squanderer, or to the writer as a plunderer of time; I believed this, because it was told me in a manner that took away my suspicion

cion of its being the observation of friendly partiality. At all events I cannot be greatly deceived. Your Lordship will perceive, and I am myself persuaded that it is not calculated to move in a sphere beyond that for which it was intended: sensible as I am of this, I yet could not resist the motive that urged me to its publication; I pleased myself with the thought, that in proportion to its circulation would be the expansion of the pleasure I have in declaring that time has not faded my grateful remembrance of your having extended to me, since my arrival in this country, the tenderness and attention of a father and a friend.

When I observe that your Lordship's sentiments and manners suggested to me the principal traits in the character of Lord Landmore, it will be admitted that, independent of my own inclinations, there is some degree of propriety in addressing it as I have done.

This is my first, and probably will be my last attempt at this species of writing; as a dramatic production I am not vain enough

DEDICATION.

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enough to suppose it has any claims to theatrical representation, and, as a literary one, I fear its best prospect of escaping the severities, is, by escaping the notice of criticism; if it pass without degrading the name to which it is addressed, my purpose will be answered in having the satisfaction of giving this testimony of the unfeigned respect, gratitude and esteem, with which I have the honour to be,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most faithful obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

MANCHESTER, *August*, 1791.



*Dramatis Personæ.*

MEN.

Lord LANDMORE,  
Lord PIERMONT,  
HENRY VALENS, Son of Lord *Landmore*,  
Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN,  
HARLAND,  
TOBIAS.

WOMEN.

VIRGINIA,  
MIRA,  
Mrs. WINLOVE,  
LUCRECE.

T H E  
  
F U G I T I V E S.

---

A C T. I.

SCENE at the Door of Mrs. WINLOVE'S House.

*Virginia.* **T**HIS blessed retirement into which chance hath thrown me, is now, the utmost boundary of all my sublunary hopes. The rude breath of bleak misfortune hath blasted every rising blossom, that once cheered my infant mind—and, having defoliated all those prospects that gave a face of pleasure to the world, hath left it in a state of comfortless vacuity. Of how little value to its possessor, is an existence, unblest with the sweet endearments of parents, friends, relations! I, alas! am a stranger to those delights, and tread on shores to me unknown, the thorny avenues of woe.

B

*Enter*

*Enter Mrs. WINLOVE.*

*Mrs. Winlove.* Dear Virginia, it grieves my heart to see you thus yield yourself up to sadness—your piety should teach you resignation to human ills—they are but transient, and, perhaps, the kind harbingers of happiness: even time, that soothes the severest sorrow, seems to have lost its blessed influence over yours, and so long as hath been the space during which this mansion has been adorned by your presence, the iron hand of woe hath not lightened its pressure on your afflicted bosom.

*Virg.* My good, my valued, my only friend, for such your long continued benevolence entitles me to call you, ever since you received me a poor stranger, a miserable victim of distress, under your sheltering roof, I have thought myself bound to gild the solitary woes of my heart with, at least, an exterior cheerfulness; but I greatly fear that the glooms of my mind have, notwithstanding, spread themselves through this peaceful habitation—if so, let me again be turned upon the wide world, where such a fostering hand as thine I never more shall meet—and I shall happily sink under the weight of misery.

*Mrs. Winl.* Don't afflict a heart that clings to you, as if you were my own child—Providence hath bounteously bestowed on me a large portion of happiness; how willingly would I resign a share of it to thee!

*Virg.*

*Virg.* Dear Mrs. Winlove, your goodness is an emanation from Heaven—'tis true I have concealed my miseries from you—but feelings like yours, should not be disquieted by the recital of woes, which you cannot alleviate.

*Mrs. Winl.* Believe me it was not idle curiosity that prompted me to solicit your entire confidence; I only hoped that the communication of your distresses to a sympathizing friend, would mitigate their poignancy; but whenever I have ventured to request your relation of them, I saw too visibly the emotions with which you were agitated, to persist: I have therefore acquiesced in your silence with this reflection, that strange must have been the vicissitudes of your life, and ungrateful that world which could banish from its enjoyments, such goodness, such refinement, and such beauty.

*Virg.* This your extreme of tender partiality, renders it impossible for me to withhold what you desire to know.

*Mrs. Winl.* Make me a partner in your afflictions—our common participation of them will unite us the more tenderly.

*Virg.* I want words to thank you—I will endeavour to gratify you—My kind benefactress, you have known before that I owe my birth to America, late a horrid scene of the desolating ravages of war—My father's fortunes were ruined in the general wreck—with a small pittance that he had saved, and me the only remnant of his family, he retreated

into the interior wilds of that country where, in a lone and solitary mansion of humility we thought ourselves secure from the bloody contests of brethren. A year of seclusion there contentedly elapsed, when in one of my pensive rambles to a neighbouring wood, where with childish fondness I visited, and supported a nest of young nightingales; the accustomed silence of the place was in an instant destroyed by a dreadful whoop, which chilled my soul with horror; I precipitately turned my eyes to the quarter from whence the dismal yell issued, and I beheld amidst the bushes a party of painted, wild-looking Indians!—Overwhelmed with terror, I sunk upon my knees, and with folded hands implored their mercy—One of them hastened to me with eagerness, and clasped me in his arms—another ran up, struck him, and was himself rudely seizing me; when the blow was returned—the whole body of them, were instantly in a tumult—many blows, many horribly inarticulate sounds passed between them—at length they seemed to be pacified; their terrifying looks all bent upon me, still on my knees;—when one, who appeared to be their chief, advanced towards me with a grave, and determined solemnity; grasping that dreadful instrument of death, his tomahawk:—I perceived that my death had been concluded on as the only means of restoring peace among them:—the Indian raised his arm, and as I was receiving the fatal stroke—I fainted.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Winl.* What followed—pray proceed.

*Virg.* I awaked again to this world—my senses were restored, and my head was reclined on the arm of an English officer!

*Mrs. Winl.* Astonishment!

*Virg.* He in the most tender manner assured me that I was safe, and intreated me not to be alarmed—On casting my eyes around, I beheld a party of British soldiers, and several of the Indians on the ground, weltering in their blood—they had neglected their own safety while I was the subject of contention, and my deliverer and his soldiers had stolen upon them, and fired, in the moment that the threatening stroke of death deprived me of my senses.

*Mrs. Winl.* Gracious heaven! what a deliverance!

*Virg.* Happy, dear Madam, had it been for me, had I then received my fate!—I was reserved for greater misfortunes!—My deliverer, and his soldiers conducted me to my father's habitation, where I found my good old nurse, who had affectionately followed our fortunes, in the agonies of death with wounds that she had received from the same merciless savages, and with expiring accents faltering on her lips, she told us that they had also massacred my father! (weeps.)

*Mrs. Winl.* Your father?

*Virg.* My father! dear Mrs. Winlove I am at present unequal to the task.

*Mrs. Winl.* I perceive my dear that you are— I will endeavour to suppress my solicitude, until you can fortify your mind with composure enough to proceed in retracing the unhappy paths which have led you into such a wilderness of affliction.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN'S.

*Enter TOBIAS and LUCRECE. TOBIAS with a large Lion Wig, an ancient Liverly, and a Beard.*

*Lucr.* Lord, Tobias, you do whine so much about love and such stuff, that you make a body quite sick.

*Tob.* Aye, truly your stomach is sooner turned than your heart—ah! Lucrece—heigho!

*Lucr.* Sighing again?—well, well, I wonder what nincompoop it was that first thought of winning a girl with sighs—A woman's heart, Tobias, is a weathercock, never turned but by a brisk, laughing gale—never think of bemoaning me into love—come spruce up man, be merry, and you may laugh me into any thing.

*Tob.* Dear Lucrece, I cannot for the life of me be merry in your company—mercy on me, I am full of anticks with all the wenches in the country; but the moment I see you—I know not how it is, but I cannot, no, for the soul of me, I cannot keep the corners of my mouth from turning downwards.

*Lucr.* What the deuce is the man saying about the corners of his mouth.

*Tob.*

*Tob.* Aye indeed there is great expression in the corners of ones mouth; they are a kind of a sort of a weather-glass that will tell you the state of a lover's heart from freezing to roasting—I do really think, dear Lucrece, that there must be a couple of little whipcords that go up from the heart to each side of the mouth, and when the heart rises d'ye see—up they go into a broad grin, just in this manner---

*Lucr.* Ha, ha ha, like a monkey.

*Tob.* Aye like a monkey—but when the heart falls, d'ye see, down they come, just in your true lover's posture so—

*Lucr.* Like the mournful gravity of a poor, old, brick-dust bearing jackass, ha, ha, ha.

*Tob.* Jackass?—indeed I begin to think, I have some of the blood of the Jackasses in my veins for continuing so long with such a tyrant as my master, for your sake.

*Lucr.* Well, to be sure, he is a tyrannical old dog—only think of his stiffening up my sweet young mistress in her great, great grandam's clothes, till she is just for all the world such another figure as the old picture that hangs in the lumber room.

*Tob.* Well, but do look at me—a'nt I a most inhuman sight—I believe in my conscience this livery had been in the old oak chest in the garret for the matter of two hundred years, when his worship loaded me with it.

*Lucr.* Hang the old dog, if this was a particular way of thinking of his, I should not so much



wonder at it—but, when in sudden fits of passion, he swears this, and that, and t'other, and sticks to his oath, the Lord knows what may be the end on't.

*Tob.* End on't? why we shan't have a human creature about the house—see what a bear's face I've got—see what a lion's head I've got—O Lucrece, how I do sweat under this rascally wig.

*Lucr.* Well, Tobias, when Sir Samuel swore you into that wig, it was the best thing he ever did—why don't you remember at our last assizes, that not one in court could say a word but who had a large wig on; and don't you remember too the fat counsellor that cast a leering eye at me in the middle of a fine noisy speech as ever was heard—good lack, I never shall forget him—the court was as hot as an oven——

*Tob.* Aye, and so was his wig, and his head look'd like a great family loaf baking in it, he, he, he.

*Lucr.* Ha, ha, ha, and oh how that wig did set him a stewing, it opened all his upper pores, and the sweat trickled, and the words rolled, till he looked for all the world like a great gun sprinkled with the waves in a sea-fight, ha, ha, ha—

*(Knocking at the door.)*

There's somebody at the door—stick to the wig, Tobias.

*[Exit Lucrece.]*

*Tob.* Sweet little magpie—*Tob. opens the door.*

Enter

*Enter Lord LANDMORE (staring at TOBIAS.)*

*L. Land.* Is Sir Samuel Sudden within—hey who is this, whom have we got here?

*Tob.* It's me—I—me, my Lord.

*L. Land.* What, Tobias?

*Tob.* Yes, my Lord.—

*L. Land.* Surely it cannot be.—

*Tob.* Upon my honour, my Lord, it's me.—

*L. Land.* What the nice, the trim Tobias, with such a nasty brush of a beard, and such a tremendous wig.

*Tob.* Ah, good lack, your Lordship, I see, don't know my misfortune.

*L. Land.* What has been your misfortune, Tobias?

*Tob.* Ah! my Lord, I used to keep such a gloss on these frizzled cheeks that your Lordship might see your face in them.

*L. Land.* I remember well how neat you were.

*Tob.* Aye in truth a tidy lad; but, as the devil would have it, pray pardon me, my Lord, I never speak of the devil but when I talk of my master.

*L. Land.* Ha, ha, ha, well, well, go on your own way.

*Tob.* As the devil would have it, he wanted me one morning, when my face was all of a lather—he called, and I shaved—he began to roar out curses upon me, and please your Lordship, my poor hand began to tremble so, that what with cutting and  
gashing

gashing, there was more blood on my face than soap suds—then did he burst into the room, belaboured my poor bones, and then in a hissing fury—would your Lordship believe it? he swore a most wicked oath that I should never be shaved again while I lived in his service.

*L. Land.* Ha, ha, ha, what! and are you never to have a clean face again?

*Tob.* No, oh no (*wiping his eyes*) 'tis no laughing matter, no, my cheeks will never glisten again while I stay here. You know my master's humour; he is always swearing in his passions, and has such a villanous, rascally conscience, that he would be hanged sooner than break his oath.

*L. Land.* Well, and how came you by this huge wig?

*Tob.* O, aye, and this huge livery—please you, my Lord, I'll tell you—

*L. Land.* Well, Tobias, you may give me the history of these some other time: you are truly the most obedient servant I ever saw. Now tell your master I should be glad to see him. (*exit Tob.*) Sir Samuel Sudden is to be sure a very extraordinary man; and it is much to be wondered at, that amidst so much absurdity and folly, his lovely daughter Mira continues in her manners and sentiments to be a model of female excellence—could I but behold that unrivalled woman, the wife of my son; I could cheerfully resign to them my earthly honours and estate. It would be the happy  
means

means too of rescuing him from his scandalous connection with a kept mistress in London, of the truth of which I can now no longer doubt. The charms of a virtuous woman are the strongest enticements from the wiles of an abandoned one.--- Oh! here is Sir Samuel.

*Enter Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN.*

*Sir Sam.* I am heartily glad to see my Lord Landmore.

*L. Land.* I thank you.—Well, Sir Samuel, my son Henry is at length obedient to my commands; I received a letter from him yesterday, which informed me that he would be here to day.

*Sir Sam.* I'm glad on't—I wish thee much joy—I wonder he has stayed away so long.

*L. Land.* That has been a subject of wonder to me too—he has been abroad many years, and since his return from the discharge of his duty to his king and country, he hath remained in London, having but once paid his duty to me: he then stayed only one day, and excused his departure by a pretence that urgent affairs demanded his attendance in the metropolis.

*Sir Sam.* Urgent affairs, ha, ha, ha: sly rogue, sly rogue.

*L. Land.* Truly Sir Samuel I have had my apprehensions about him, and I some time since commanded him, on pain of my displeasure, to come  
down

down to the country, and relying on the willingness, you have always shown to an alliance between our families, I told him that I had fixed upon an accomplished and beautiful young lady, with whom it was my determination that he should be united.

*Sir Sam.* Thou dost my daughter too much honour.

*L. Land.* Far from it, Sir Samuel—I have had an opportunity of being acquainted with her innumerable virtues, and I have not a more fervent wish than to see him blest with such a woman—as I now expect him every minute—I will, with your permission, speak to your daughter upon the subject.

*Sir Sam.* What is the use of speaking to her about the matter, I tell thee she shall ha' him, and that's enough.

*L. Land.* But, Sir Samuel, remember the delicacy due to an amiable woman.

*Sir Sam.* Delicacy due to the devil, my Lord; I tell thee she shall ha' him—but if your Lordship pleases, I'll tell the girl to be ready to receive thee, and in the mean time we'll take a turn in the garden.

*L. Land.* If you please.

*Sir Sam.* I'll follow your Lordship.

[*Exit Lord Landmore.*]

Delicacy!—(*calling*) Mira,—delicacy!—Mira, Mira—where *is* the girl? Mira—delicacy! a word not known when I was a lad—Mira—Mira—“delicacy due to an amiable woman,” it's enough  
to

to make a man puke—Mira, Mira, what the devil has become o' her. I shall be hoarse o'bawling after the slut. Mira (*running about, stamping with rage and ballooing for her*) Mira—O Lord is'n't this enough to drive the most patient man mad—Mira---Mira---

*Enter MIRA and LUCRECE running. MIRA in an ancient Dress.*

*Mir.* Sir, Sir, I am here Sir.

*Sir Sam.* “Sir, Sir I am here Sir”—art thou deaf, why dost not come slut, instantly, when I call?

*Lucr.* La Sir I was dressing her hair for dinner.

*Sir Sam.* Dressing the devil for dinner—(*to Mira*) would thou hadst not one hair—I'll ha' thee shav'd, the devil take me if I don't—yes—I'll ha' no more hair dressing in my house.—

*Mir.* Dear papa don't be angry—

*Sir Sam.* Angry, huzzy? I tell thee I a'n't angry—go (*to Lucrece*) go goggle eyes—go, go this instant, and tell Tobias to order the barber to come and cut off her hair—what art staring at, go, I say, jump (*exit Lucrece*) I'm not angry, I tell thee, I'm cool, I'm cool, and thou shalt be cool too, for *damme* if I don't ha' thy head shaved this day.

*Mir.* Sir I am ridiculous enough already, and it would be a violation of all decency were I in this circumstance to obey you.

*Sir*

*Sir Sam.* “Were I in this circumstance to obey you.” What dost mean, ha? this comes o’having children: an’ thou wert to disobey me baggage, I’d cut thy throat—arn’t thou my property? arn’t thou an excrescence of my body, as much as my nails, or my warts, or my corns, which I may cut, and hew, and shape as I please? I’ve sworn it, and the Lord be praised, I never broke an oath in my life—hear me, huzzy—our neighbour Lord Landmore is in the garden and wants to speak with thee, I’ll fend him directly—Dressing her hair indeed!—What with plaistering, and powdering, and curling, and craping, and pinching, ’tis no wonder we live in such a damn’d hot-headed age. [*Exit Sir Samuel.*]

*Enter LUCRECE.*

*Mir.* Well Lucrece—

*Lucr.* Well Ma’m I’ve sent Tobias off for Timothy Friz the barber; by joss, your papa’s humours have come to a head at last.

*Mir.* Till now I have conformed myself to all his humours; but to this I cannot submit—

*Lucr.* You know, mistress, you must submit—he has sworn it Ma’m; and it would a’ been all the same if he had sworn to have your head cut off—off it must come—what can you do Ma’m?

*Mir.* Do? fly from home until he is convinced of its insurmountable impropriety, for in avoiding a cruel exertion of parental authority, there is surely less irreverence than in submitting to it.

*Lucr.*

*Lucr.* I should'nt stand about the irreverence — but where can you go ?

*Mir.* Why our good neighbour Mrs. Winlove lives but a small distance from us, her house is extremely retired, and, with a little sollicitation, I have no doubt of prevailing upon her to conceal me.

*Lucr.* But what will all the neighbourhood say of your sudden flight from home ?

*Mir.* That is but a trifling consideration.

*Lucr.* Lord, Lord, what nestsful of surmises will be hatched by folks who never did, nor never will hatch any thing else — there's Susannah Slander will swear you were seen in company with the young recruiting officer that has just left the neighbourhood --- Sarah Snaggletooth will simper at your liquorish mouth --- and Grace Grogblossom will swallow it all, as if it were so much aniseed, and breathe it up, among the sisterhood as the sweetest of all flavours — there's Tabitha Pry ---

*Mir.* Stop girl, pray stop, I am not in a humour to hear your impertinence; I have resolved to leave my home, and I have no doubt of a welcome reception at Mrs. Winlove's — You must remain here, but don't reveal the place of my concealment for your life. Should my father's anger at my flight be very extreme, tell him, you heard me say something about going to my aunt's in London.

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Servt.* Lord Landmore desires to pay his respects to you.

*Mir.*



*Mir.* Shew him in.

*Lucr.* By joss, Ma'm, he has been walking in the garden and talking with your papa about having you shaved.

*Enter Lord LANDMORE.*

*Mir.* I am glad to see your Lordship.

*L. Land.* I hope I do not intrude on you unseasonably, Madam.

*Mir.* It is impossible for that company to be unseasonable which we prefer to all others.

*L. Land.* It is equally impossible, Madam, that any thing can heighten a man so much in his own estimation, as the esteem of a Lady whose delicacy, and understanding are models for the example of her sex.

*Mir.* I have no return to make for such a compliment, your Lordship's good opinion is the strongest inducement to my endeavours to deserve it.

*L. Land.* Most excellent woman!---I have just left Sir Samuel, and he has desired me to hint to you the subject of a conversation which was ornamented with the frequent repetition of your name.

*Lucr.* (*aside to Mira*) Ah, dear, I knew it would come out.

*Mir.* My name, my Lord!

*L. Land.* Your name, Madam, and I assure you I feel very sensibly the indelicacy of speaking to you on the subject; but I shall rely on your goodness for pardon, if I pass that line of propriety which your own ideas may have prescribed.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Line of propriety, Sir! now I judge the subject of your conversation.

*L. Land.* Not disagreeable to you I hope.

*Mir.* Does your Lordship, and my father concur in sentiment?

*L. Land.* Why Madam---he seems almost too resolute; but I hope you will be induced by filial duty to conform to his will.

*Mir.* Never.

*L. Land.* Never?

*Mir.* Never while I breathe: in every thing but this, my Lord, I have proved myself an obedient daughter; and I little suspected that your Lordship would encourage any violent caprice of my father's---but be assured my determination is unalterable.

*L. Land.* Unalterable!---(*aside*) then her affections must be fixed on another---my boy has lost a paragon of excellence.

*Enter TOBIAS.*

*Tob.* (*to Lucrece*) The fellow is come to clip your mistress.

*Lucr.* O lud, Ma'm, he's come.

*L. Land.* He is come, is he? I suppose this is the favoured lover (*aside*)---may I presume, Madam, to ask who he is, and whether I have any knowledge of the happy man?

*Lucr.* Yes, please your Lordship, 'tis Timothy Friz the barber.

*L. Land.* What?

C

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Send him away instantly—*(exit Lucrece)*  
 see, my Lord, the absurdities I am exposed to by  
 the follies of my father; and I cannot but be sur-  
 prized that *you* should approve of my submission  
 to them.

*L. Land.* Truly, Madam, I never was more  
 astonished in my life—I do not at all comprehend  
 this; I come to solicit your attention to what  
 nearly interests me---the happiness of my only son—

*Mir.* Your son! my Lord---what a strange  
 misunderstanding is this! My father, Sir, took  
 offence at my dressing my hair, and in one of his  
 passionate fits swore it should be cut off, and the  
 barber had just come for the purpose—

*L. Land.* Ha, ha, ha, a strange whim indeed,  
 and a most ludicrous mistake. Well, Miss Sudden,  
 your own discretion will be your safest guide---per-  
 mit me now to perform my errand.

*Mir.* I will attend.

*L. Land.* I have a son, Madam, of whose  
 principles and person I can venture to speak well---  
 'tis true he is unknown to you; the absence of you  
 both from home almost from your infancy hath  
 prevented you from seeing each other---he will be  
 here to day; and the indelicacy I before alluded to,  
 was the addressing you in his behalf before you had  
 seen him; I cannot, however, help entreating, that  
 if your affections are not already engaged, you will  
 leave the avenues to your heart as open as possible,

to

to receive those impressions which he will be eager to make.

*Mir.* Your Lordship is all candour and generosity; an endeavour to imitate you in these virtues, will suggest my answer:---be satisfied, then, my Lord that these eyes have never beheld the man on whom my heart could fix---to the tumults of love I am a stranger, and should my affections continue in the same tranquil state, I shall not be a prize worthy your son's ambition; but should he think otherwise, my duty to my father, who desires it, my regard for you, and all in whose happiness you are interested, will be incentives sufficient to create in my breast an inclination for the accomplishment of what you do me so much honour in wishing.

*L. Land.* Best of women! I want words to thank you, dear Miss Sudden I want words to thank you—you have animated the drooping indolence of age; you have made me happy—I must go or I shall sink under the weight of pleasure—good day to you, Madam. [*Exit Lord Landmore.*]

*Mir.* This good, and respectable nobleman deserves the veneration that I feel for him.

*Enter Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN.*

*Sir Sam.* What, thou would'st not part with that mop, ha?

*Mir.* Why, Sir, would you make your daughter the subject of sport over the whole country?

*Sir Sam.* Why now Mira, my dear thou see'st I a'n't angry now, but thou would'st not ha' me to break my oath, would'st thou? I swore it child, and thou would'st not ha' thy poor old dad to be damn'd, would'st thou?—come now be a good girl and ha' thy hair cut off.

*Mir.* Indeed, Sir, I think heaven must be less offended at the violation of a rash vow, than at the observance of it.

*Sir Sam.* O Mira, Mira, I am affrighted at thee—I ha' never broke an oath in my life; I ha' stuck to a thousand worse than this, and I tell thee again, after keeping a clear conscience so long, I will *not* in my old days be damn'd for thee.

[*Exit Sir Samuel.*]

*Mir.* Nor I in my young days be shaved for thee—This instant will I fly to Mrs. Winlove.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE at Lord LANDMORE'S.

*Enter Lord PIERMONT and HENRY VALENS, as from a Journey, and a Servant.*

*Hen.* So my father is not within.

*Servt.* No, Sir, but he is expected every minute.

[*Exit servant.*]

*Hen.* Well, my dear Piermont, you are most welcome to this ancient and hospitable mansion---will it be possible to reconcile yourself to the country for a few weeks?

*Pier.*

*Pier.* As for me, Henry, my love of variety will render any thing agreeable that is new---but for you, upon my word, I don't think these dull shades are at all fuitable---you are too gloomy already——

*Hen.* I have long since yielded myself up to the dominion of melancholy, I enjoy the solemn tranquillity, that surrounds me, every grove, every vale, nay every tree seem to me a new set of friends, and most congenial to the state of my mind.

*Pier.* Pshaw---what a nonsensical parade of womanish words, and all this for a girl too.

*Hen.* O my friend she was the very essence of my soul, the light, the sun of my life, without her I am but half a being, and---I have lost her for ever——

*Pier.* Well, are there not millions of women in the world? and what did you find in one that you cannot find in another?

*Enter Lord LANDMORE.*

*L. Land.* Where is he? where is my dear boy --my Henry, my son do I again fold you in my arms——

*Hen.* Permit me Sir to introduce to you my friend Lord Piermont.

*L. Land.* The friend of my son is the friend of my heart——

*Hen.* He intends to honour us with his company for a few weeks——

*L. Land.* We shall be much indebted to you my Lord---the battered charms of the metropolis will be foils to the freshness of our rural beauties and I hope will entice your Lordship to prolong your stay---As for you, Henry, you have been quite a truant to us——

*Hen.* I come now Sir to devote my life in obedience to your commands, nor do I wish ever to relinquish again your company or these solitudes.

*L. Land.* You are greatly altered Henry---(to *Lord Piermont*) the pleasures of the gay world my Lord have become tasteless to him, and I suppose he'll now be pleased with the participation of domestic happiness in the society of an innocent country wife; hey Henry, is'n't it so?

*Hen.* My pleasures, my Lord, will take a very different turn.

*L. Land.* I hope not---that truly valuable woman, whom I have often mentioned in my letters, lives in this neighbourhood, and to her you are already united by proxy——

*Hen.* In this instance---I trust you will permit my own inclinations to govern me, in every other you will find me obedient to your will.

*L. Land.* Well, if your own inclinations do not lead you into an admiration of this excellent young woman, my opinion of your discernment and understanding will be much diminished——

*Pier.* I never heard before of a man's being led into love by the lights of his discernment and understanding

standing---I should think, my Lord, 'tis only when these lights are put out, that a man is in danger of stumbling into Cupid's pit-falls——

*L. Land.* No, no, no I would not have my son blinded by passion, if he love, let him love with his eyes open.

*Pier.* (*Afide*) "love with his eyes open!!!"

*L. Land.* The young Lady I mean, Henry, is the daughter of Sir Samuel Sudden——

*Hen.* I have lost all remembrance of her---but were she perfection itself it is impossible for me ever to view her in the light you wish.

*L. Land.* Then you are resolved not to relinquish your vile attachment to an unworthy woman; I have heard of this base connection.

*Hen.* "Base connection!" heavens! hath the accursed tongue of calumny, thus dared to represent me to you, hath the poison'd breath of slander thus attempted to stain the celestial purity of that divine woman!

*L. Land.* What is this I hear! then the place in your affections, which I wished Miss Sudden only to fill, is occupied by another——

*Hen.* My breast is occupied only by grief——

*Pier.* Yes, yes, he has been swoll'n with grief this many a day, and it is time in all conscience for him to be delivered---for my part, my groanings for the finest woman in the world never lasted five minutes.

*L. Land.* I know not what to make of all this---



*Hen.* Your suspense, Sir, seems to give you pain, but to relieve you from that suspense, would greatly add to it.

*L. Land.* It could not---on the contrary it would be a consolation to me, to believe that no circumstances respecting my son were concealed from me: if the casualties of his life were not so pleasing as I could wish, yet the comfort of knowing the worst, would reconcile me to them. Your discretion places you above paternal censure, and I desire no other influence over you but that which the tenderness of a friend can give me.

*Hen.* You have taken from me the merit of obedience, by an unvarying goodness that has put it out of my power to be disobedient: I will relate to you, Sir, what you desire to know---

*Pier.* Ay, ay, do, and while you are moaning over a melancholy tale with which I have been often pestered; I'll take a gun, and stretch my legs with a walk---the chaise has cramp'd me terribly.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

## ACT. II.

SCENE at Mrs. WINLOVE'S.

*Enter VIRGINIA and MIRA in a rural Dress.*

*Mir.* **W**ELL, my dear Virginia, you are now acquainted with the strange cause of my coming here with such precipitation, and I assure you I bless the circumstance, since it has bestowed upon me so inestimable an acquaintance.

*Virg.* I am delighted to hear you say so, for believe me, my mind never before so suddenly and so entirely yielded to the gentle influence of friendship.

*Mir.* There is certainly a secret, and invisible chain that links congenial souls together. I feel it, my dear Virginia, binding me indissolubly to you.

*Virg.* And yet, Mira, you must be too good, too much my superior to admit of that sweet assimilation of minds which it is the privilege of equality alone to know. I, alas! am a miserable out-cast, and your tenderness towards me can be but the fading lineament of a sympathetic imagination.

*Mir.* You wrong me much---my soul is interested in every thing that concerns you. The good Mrs. Winlove hath related to me the unhappy circumstances that deprived you of a father, and separated you from your native land; my heart yielded

yielded to the soft influence with which the sorrows of others affect it, but that was light compared to the affection which your presence has excited in my breast----Oh, here is Mrs. Winlove---she must have at length come to a resolution——

*Enter Mrs. WINLOVE.*

Well, good Madam, I hope the result of your deliberations are in my favour.

*Mrs. Winl.* I assure you, my dear Miss Sudden, I have had much difficulty in reconciling myself to become in the smallest degree an encourager of filial disobedience---but the strange whim of Sir Samuel your father has something in it so unparental, that my conscience absolves me, and it will be my study to render your stay here as happy as possible.

*Mrs.* Your goodness demands my perpetual gratitude, but the obligation is immeasurably enhanced by the opportunity it gives me of cultivating a friendship with Virginia---*(to Virginia)* And you have lived in this retirement for some time---how much have I lost by not having sooner discovered such a kindred mind!

*Mrs. Winl.* I have related to Miss Sudden those circumstances of your life, which you have unfolded to me---I hope you will forgive the liberty I have taken.

*Virg.* I cannot disapprove of what you do.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Winl.* And now, dearest Virginia, permit me to solicit the completion of that confidence which you have in part bestowed upon me.

*Mir.* Do my friend repose in us a share of your afflictions.

*Virg.* You are too good thus to interest yourselves in the fortunes of a most unhappy creature; but it would be ingratitude to refuse.

*Mir.* This is indeed kind.

*Virg.* You were before informed of the fate which my aged father received from the cruel hands of the Indians---the horror with which it struck me found a temporary suspension in the deprivation of my reason; and during my continuance in a state of dejected madness, the tenderness of this officer, the unknown preserver of my existence, made an impression on my mind, which my returning senses (absorbed as they were in grief) confirmed. His persevering goodness, his interesting gentleness, and attention penetrated my soul---I was grateful---my gratitude was imperceptibly followed by love!---and some time after,---my heart being entirely interwoven with his, I confess I was overcome with the most affecting of all perturbations, when respectfully pressing my hand and bathing it with tears, he told me that he was about to embark for England, and that it was only *there*, that he could extend to me that fraternal guardianship which my orphan, and friendless state required---Bereav'd as I was of every other resource,

source, and so strongly inclined by my affections to accept of his most benevolent offer; I threw myself on my knees, and with the most unbounded confidence gave myself up to his protection---We braved the storms and tempests of the ocean---we arrived at London---where I liv'd by his supporting hand---where his generous, and noble tenderness continued unabated.---Sometime elapsed when; alas! I perceived that some secret uneasiness disquieted his soul---fruitless for a long time were my efforts to discover the cause---at length he yielded to my importunities, and with the most afflicting agitations told me that his father, who resided in the country, had inexorably resolved to unite him to another woman, and then for the first time did he assure me that his existence had no value but what I could give it---I saw the distressing embarrassment to which he was reduced, and I resolved that---as he was once *my* deliverer, I would in return be *his*---I triumphed over my own heart, and in an agonizing conflict of distress, gratitude, and love, I forced myself secretly from the habitation of innocence, and from the protection of unexampled generosity, which that virtuous, and exalted man afforded me---

*Mir.* Noble exertion!

*Virg.* I engaged in needle-work for a subsistence at a Milliner's, where you, Madam, first saw me---where heaven impressed you with that sudden, and extraordinary partiality, which induced you to take  
me

me under your care, and to bring me to a mansion containing all the virtues that adorn human nature.

*Mir.* My tongue falters when it would speak comfort to you——

*Mrs. Winl.* Your cup of sorrows is full---look upon me as your parent; I will share every thing with you.

*Mir.* Let me from henceforth call you by the endearing appellations of sister and friend---your woes have twisted you to my heart, which never can be happy while you remain unblest'd.

*Mrs. Winl.* We are too much affected, dear Ladies we will for the present retire; and while we meditate on the misfortunes of Virginia, let us not forget that innocence in distress is the favoured ward of heaven.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN'S.

*Enter Sir SAMUEL lugging in LUCRECE by the Ear.*

*Sir Sam.* Ods wounds, and life, 'tis'n't possible— not found yet! where is she, I say? thou viper, tell me where thy mistress is, or I'll cut thy throat——

*Lucr.* O dear, I can't speak, Sir, indeed I can't speak, I'm so frightened.

*Sir Sam.* Zounds I'll make thee speak rattle-snake (*shakes her*).

*Lucr.* Murder, murder---you'll shake my life out of me---I will speak, I'll tell you all, indeed I will.

*Sir*

*Sir Sam.* O thou'lt speak at last---there is no getting any thing out o' a woman without shaking, there now (*lets her go*) where is she, I say?

*Lucr.* I can't speak yet, Sir---my breath is all gone——

*Sir Sam.* Speak, I tell thee, or thou shalt never open thy lips again.

*Lucr.* O lud, lud, if he swears that I am ruined for ever (*aside*).

*Sir Sam.* Thou wont'ft speak, hey, *damme* you dog——

*Lucr.* I will, I will, I will pray dear Sir, do don't swear, I will speak---my mistress---um, a, a---your dear, dear worship, um, a, um---it might be about an hour ago---and a, a---a---I ha'n't a bit of breath in me——

*Sir Sam.* Will you go on?

*Lucr.* Yes Sir, and it I a, a, about an hour ago---indeed, indeed, indeed she did, and I don't tell your worship one word of a lie about it, she did indeed.

*Sir Sam.* Well what the devil did she?

*Lucr.* O lud I forgot that---why Sir, she went to her chamber Sir, and I a'n't laid eyes upon her since---that's all I know Sir, must I say any more, Sir?

*Sir Sam.* What, nobody know where she is gone!---Tobias, Tobias (*calls louder and louder in great passion*) Tobias, where is that man monster, Tobias---O thou vixen 'tis all a plot o' thine

o'thine---Tobias, Tobias---what, not answer me,  
I'm treated like a dog in mine own house---  
Tobias——

*Tob.* (*without*) Coming Sir, coming——

*Sir Sam.* Come along, thou hound, wilt thou  
keep me bawling a twelvemonth.

*Enter TOBIAS.*

What art about that did'nt come before, rascal?

*Tob.* Please your worship Dolly the cook threw  
a ladle full of gravy upon me, and I was putting  
on a clean pair of breeches.

*Sir Sam.* Did any one ever hear the like---  
putting on your breeches when I want ye, thou  
villain, dog, thou frizzled face, *damme*, if ever thou  
shalt come in my fight with a pair o'breeches on  
thee again---no, never---where is thy mistress,  
Sirrah, where is Mira ha? art thou concerned with  
these women?——

*Tob.* Indeed Sir I'm innocent, I have no con-  
cerns with 'em——

*Sir Sam.* Get out o' my fight, I've sworn it,  
dog---while thou stayest in my service, let me  
never see thee in a pair of breeches, dog——

*Tob.* O dear, O dear, O dear, [*Exit Tobias.*

*Lucr.* Oh, Sir, now I think o'nt, I can tell  
your worship——

*Sir Sam.* Well let's hear.

*Lucr.* Why when your worship first made her  
put on her great great grandmama's clothes, she  
talked



talked about her aunt in London, and I dare say she is gone there.

*Sir Sam.* Aye there it is now, the vile huzzy, she has forsaken her good, indulgent father to go to that ugly old hag my sister—I'll pay her for it—the undutiful slut—my indulgence has totally ruin'd the girl—I'll send express after her—putting on his breeches, hey—pretty story——

[*Exit Sir Samuel.*]

*Lucr.* Indulgence truly!—what a blind old savage it is—well he has gulp'd the lie, and the worst is over——O, here comes poor Tobias—  
(*Enter Tobias*) Lord, lord, Tobias what a nice bear this beard would make for the door in dirty weather——

*Tob.* Ah, Lucrece, dear Lucrece, if it wasn't for you, I'd not stay one moment longer in the house; no, if I would—why then—damme, and now, as the old bull dog says, I've sworn it.

*Lucr.* Come, Tobias, don't be cast down, times will alter——

*Tob.* Aye, aye they will alter——I am to be transmogrified into a woman—he has sent Thomas off to Mrs. what d'ye call 'em the mantua-maker to order petticoats for me, and till they are done he has ordered Dolly to lend me one of her greasy tatters—Dear Lucrece, give your consent to marry me, and let's leave this dev'lish house this night.

*Lucr.* I cannot leave the house yet, that's flat—why what need you to trouble yourself about  
your

your drefs---if you are clothed in an afs's skin t'would be but your master's livery, you know---

*Tob.* Alack-a-day I could bear any thing but the plaguy petticoats---you'll laugh and jibe at one fo---

*Lucr.* Oh never fear, I shan't like you the worse in petticoats---if ever you get me I shall certainly wear the breeches---and besides, Tobias, when all comes to all, if we are short of money, we can go up to London, and shew you at a shilling a piece for a great female monster just arrived from abroad, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit Lucrece.*]

*Tob.* Good lack, she uses me like a dog; she laughs at me, plagues me, smuts my face, twitches my nose, puts treacle on my beard, and yesterday trip'd me up as I was going in the dining room with a great saddle of mutton, for which I got such a drubbing that my bones ake yet---And, after all, ---pretty creature!---I do love her---there is no beating love into a body, but if it once goes in, the devil himself can't beat it out.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a Grove near Mrs. WINLOVE'S.

*Enter MIRA.*

*Mir.* Virginia's misfortunes have wrung my soul with sorrow---my trifling troubles, which I thought severe, compared with hers, are but the passing clouds of a summer's day---Fatherless, friendless, and exposed to the rude shocks of a

D

merciless

merciless world!---but this bosom is open to her, she already fills a vacancy here, which, unoccupied, would have left my heart sunk in listless ignorance of the pleasures of imparted affections---Yes, I shall now participate those delights which sentiments of such exalted purity as hers must inspire---What a refined expansion of thought was it, that led her to the sacrifice of her soul's strongest affections, lest the generous, the truly worthy object of them should incur the guilt of filial disobedience! How charming these groves---what heavenly tranquillity reigns around me! Methinks I should not desire greater enjoyment than this retirement, and the society of my dear Virginia.

*Enter Lord PIERMONT at a Distance.*

Bless me, there's a gentleman!---A woman never can picture to herself a scene of happiness, but these men will be thrusting themselves in the foreground of the prospect. (*Mira attempting to run off, Lord Piermont pursues and stops her*).

*Pier.* Heavens, what an angel!

*Mir.* Sir, Sir, I beg-----

*Pier.* Lovely maid, I beseech you bestow on me one more glance from those enchanting eyes----

*Mir.* I request, Sir, you will desist---I must go-----

*Pier.* I must not, cannot let you go thus: charming creature forgive my rudeness-----

*Mir.*

*Mir.* 'Tis cruel to treat me in this manner--- your appearance, Sir, bespeaks you a gentleman----

*Pier.* (*letting her go*) There, there thou sweet sylvan deity, beauteous nymph of these charming groves, there, take your liberty---I give up my power; but here prostrate at your feet I kneel, and fervently entreat you not to desert me yet---I am, as you think me, a gentlemen, neither word, look, nor gesture, shall you receive from me unworthy of that character.

*Mir.* Now, Sir, I thank you, and what such generosity demands in return, I am willing to bestow.

*Pier.* Then tell me who you are, and where you live, for, by all the sacred powers of love, my soul, till this instant, was never so penetrated by beauty.

*Mir.* Your flattery, Sir, intimidates me; it destroys the air of truth, which I thought I saw about you.

*Pier.* Madam, I'm done—in simplest terms I ask who you are, and where you live?

*Mir.* I am an humble assistant in a neighbouring cottage.

*Pier.* Assistant! have you no friend, no fortune?

*Mir.* O yes Sir, industry and content.

*Pier.* Enchanting innocence! will you permit me to visit you.

*Mir.* Were you to approach the threshold on my account, I should be turn'd out of doors, and left to misery and want.

*Pier.* Misery and want! sweet maid, how ignorant are you of the inexhaustible sources of friends and fortune, which you have in that divine person!

*Mir.* Not inexhaustible—I must be gone Sir.

*Pier.* (*holding her*) Oh, no, no, I should be most miserable, were you to leave me without the hope of meeting you again; heavenly woman, as you have forbidden me to approach the house where you reside, O let me intreat you to return to this grove in the afternoon—I am lost in admiration, and my tongue cannot now utter what my heart feels.

*Mir.* This is a request, Sir, with which, were I to comply, I might be injured even in your estimation who make it---therefore I bid you farewell.

*Pier.* On my knee I beseech your presence once more---such a generous and unsuspecting confidence in me, a stranger, would, were it possible, heighten you in my opinion---This afternoon, fair angel, pray consent to meet me here.

*Mir.* Well well, perhaps I may --- farewell—

*Pier.* But give me your promise, for doubt would be death to me—

*Mir.* Well, I promise.

*Pier.* At five in the afternoon?

*Mir.* Yes.

*Pier.* A thousand, thousand thanks—

*Mir.* Bless me (*aside as she is going*) what a tumult has he raised here—Sir (*looking confusedly at him*).

*Pier.*

*Pier.* Madam—my angel—my—— [*Exit Mira.*

*Pier.* Am I in a trance!—am I awake—it is not possible that a woman could agitate me in this manner—zounds! a country girl too; a very milk-maid—I wish I had look'd at her hand—a stout crimson fist would have cool'd me a little—I'll see it this afternoon—whew—I never felt so strangely in all my life——

I've fought, and triumph'd o'er whole hosts of eyes,  
But ambush'd here, I'm conquer'd by surprize. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN'S.

*Enter Sir SAMUEL.*

*Sir Sam.* What the devil; ha' I got thirty thousand pounds and can't ha' my own way—must I be thwarted and vexed and crossed in this manner—what a plague, can't a man do as he pleases with his own; if I choose to burn my own house, what's that to any body—and mine own girl to serve me in this manner—ods wounds! had I known this I would ne'er ha' begot her—there's pretty little Lucrece now!—S'life and death I'm a young man yet—I'll get a boy and disinherit that vile disobedient baggage, I will—I ha' had mine eye on Lucrece a long while, and I believe in my conscience I ha' only lugg'd her by the ears so much for the pleasure o' handling her—ha hah, there comes the young jade.

*Enter LUCRECE.*

Where art thou going, Lucrece, in such haste?

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*Lucr.*

*Lucr.* Sir.

*Sir Sam.* Come hither, child.

*Lucr.* Did your worship please to want me?

*Sir Sam.* Yes, child, I want thee—gi' me thy hand, child, he, he, pretty little soft hand.

*Lucr.* Yes, Sir, pretty well for that——

*Sir Sam.* He, he, he, 'tis a sweet hand (*kissing it*)---he, he, I ha' been a little rugged towards thee sometimes, Lucrece, ha'n't I?

*Lucr.* Indeed your worship has, as my fore ears can witness.

*Sir Sam.* Ah, poor girl, it was against my will--- I cou'd not ha' found it in my heart to ha' serv'd thee so, an I had my own way---

*Lucr.* If I may be so bold; will your worship please to tell me, in whose way it was that you have made so many fore places about me?

*Sir Sam.* I'll tell thee, child; thy mistress has a very suspicious temper, and I had such a regard for thine honesty and virtue, that I ha' been always kicking thee, and thumping thee, and lugging thee by the ears, that thy mistress might be sure I did nothing else to thee;---how kind that was of me, child!

*Lucr.* O vastly kind, indeed---

*Sir Sam.* Very kind, and shewed the great regard I had for thy virtue, and I hope thou wilt ha' as great a regard for mine; for I tell thee, thou pretty little minx, thou hast it in thy power to make me as virtuous as any man in conscience need to be.

*Lucr.*

*Lucr.* Sir, la Sir——

*Sir Sam.* Don't blush, thou pretty modest little one—here—here's some money for thee——

*Lucr.* (*takes it*)--- Oh but---your worship---my virtue——

*Sir Sam.* Thy virtue (*in a passion*) damn thy virtue, 'tis none o' thy virtue, don't I pay thy wages?—What the devil! a maid servant talk o' her virtue, was ever such a thing heard of---I tell thee what, Lucrece, damme if——

*Lucr.* Ha, ha, ha, your worship's angry—(*aside*) by jingo he is going to swear something—la, Sir, I was only joking——

*Sir Sam.* Well, well, an it be so thou'rt a good girl—Come my pretty little—(*bugging and kissing and struggling with her*)——

*Lucr.* O dear Sir, Sir, the servants are all below—Some other time——

*Sir Sam.* Well, what other time——

*Lucr.* (*aside*) What shall I say!—You know, Sir, my room——

*Sir Sam.* Ay——

*Lucr.* When all the servants are in bed, you may come there to night.

*Sir Sam.* The merriest wag—well, what time?

*Lucr.* Why, Sir, about twelve o'clock—but I shall see you again before then.

*Sir Sam.* Give me a kiss—there bye darling bye, we must'nt be seen together: I have a very great regard for thy virtue, han't I?



*Lucr.* Yes, indeed, very great——

*Sir Sam.* One more kifs—twelve o'clock, bye dear, Odfö——

[*Exit Sir Samuel.*]

*Lucr.* There's a noble conquest now that I have made of that old Bombketch that has been so long bombarding us with his oaths, and his vows, and his fits of passion—What a furnace must burn in these goggle-eyes, as he calls 'em, to melt such a piece of old iron as it is——O mercy, yonder comes Tobias in his petticoats—he does so pine for me that I begin to pity him; but I must play him one more prank before he gets me——a thought strikes me—'twill do, 'twill do—yes—by jofs, I'll contrive to get Tobias in my chamber at twelve o'clock to night instead of myself, ha, ha, ha, ha, poor Sir Samuel, ha, ha, ha,—what a pitiful figure he does cut—Lord how he does grumble (*goes back and stands laughing*).

*Enter TOBIAS——in Petticoats.*

*Tob.* O dear, dear me, what a pickle am I in—bepetticoated—bewigged—bebearded—and be-laughed at by the whole house——I shall die with the sweating sickness—in four and twenty hours I shall be dry as a squeezed sponge—And all this do I endure for the sake of that dear hard-hearted creature—she'll break my heart (*wiping his eyes*)—if I could drive her out of my thoughts, this moment would I quit this unnatural house—Oh, hoh (*blubbing*).

*Lucr.*

*Lucr.* What ails you, dear Tobias?

*Tob.* "Dear Tobias"—you want to break my heart—see what a plight I am in, for your sake——

*Lucr.* Why you never looked better in all your life——

*Tob.* No?

*Lucr.* No, never—I like you now of all things  
(*kisses him*)——

*Tob.* Hee, he, he, hee——

*Lucr.* You look so innocent; (*kissing him*) I hate your great men looking things.

*Tob.* Hee, he, he,—if I had known this I'd ha' put on petticoats long ago—Well, dear Lucrece, he, he, will you marry me?

*Lucr.* There's my hand.

*Tob.* Joy, joy, huzza, and we'll leave this dev'lifh house this night——

*Lucr.* No, no, I can't leave the house yet; my mistress charged me to stay—but, dear Tobias, since I've gone so far, I think I may safely trust you a little farther.

*Tob.* O yes, yes.

*Lucr.* You know, dear Tobias, that you and I never can have an hour's talk together, but some one or other will be popping in upon us: now as I am to be your, a' a', your wife——

*Tob.* He, he, he, wife! how comical it makes a body feel. (*aside*)

*Lucr.*

*Lucr.* We should settle how we shall manage together by and by.

*Tob.* Yes (*aside*) what a sweet voice she has.

*Lucr.* Now at twelve o'clock to night, when every one else is fast asleep you shall come to my room.

*Tob.* He, he, he, you, you joking creature you.

*Lucr.* No joke, indeed—and Tobias mind you, for fear any of the servants might happen to see you come; you must put on a night-cap and bed-gown of mine, which I will give you by and by—so then you'll pass for me.

*Tob.* Ecod, that's a rare thought——what time shall I come?

*Lucr.* Exactly when the clock strikes twelve.

*Tob.* Twelve.

*Lucr.* Not before mind; there now go, go along. (*pushes him*)

*Tob.* It puts a body in mind of the play.

*Lucr.* Go along, I tell you. (*pushing him*)

*Tob.* Well, I'm going—Remember twelve.

[*Exit Tobias.*]

*Lucr.* Ha, ha, ha; there will be fine sport to night---now instead of setting my two rivals to blustering and blowing one another's brains out, as a fine lady would do, I shall first bring them very lovingly into each other's arms, and then I shall choose which I will take into my own---a maxim worthy of being remembered by all handsome young belles like myself.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to LORD LANDMORE'S

*Enter Lord LANDMORE and HENRY.*

*L. Land.* The circumstances which you have unfolded to me, Henry, are truly affecting---I believed the lady to be a kept mistress, by whom you were enchained in London---but I have injured you by crediting the report, and I have wronged that fair wanderer too, whom heaven seemed to have placed under your guardianship as a test of your integrity. I wonder what could have been her motive for flying from you so abruptly?

*Hen.* I have questioned myself with the most rigid severity; I have retraced with scrutinizing exactness my conduct towards her, my manners, my language, nay, my very thoughts; but my own breast acquits me of the least deviation from rectitude, nor can I form a conjecture but the one you have before heard, that I once mentioned to her your determination of uniting me to another woman---her extreme refinement of sentiment rendered that a sufficient motive for leaving me; no other reason can my imagination assign, for her presence inspired a veneration that impurity itself must have felt.

*L. Land.* And had you no confidence in the affection of a father? Was I so low in your estimation, that you believed I would have adhered to my wishes, even though they might stab the repose of my son?

*Hen.*

*Hen.* No, Sir—I knew I owed my existence to a more generous parent—but other sensations withheld me from throwing myself at your feet, revealing the whole, and supplicating your approbation of my love—I remembered, Sir, that I had rescued her from murderous hands, that she had long been under my protection, and that she even then shared with me the allowance I received from my sovereign as his soldier, and from my father as his son; I was therefore fearful of taking too great an advantage of her gratitude, by making a request, when her answer might not be the dictate of uninfluenced love—I trusted to time, to my assiduous and to the sincerity of my heart gradually to unfold an affection which I hoped had taken root in her bosom.

*L. Land.* Where now can that poor girl be wandering!

*Hen.* I have caused the most diligent, and extensive inquiries to be made—Alas! they have been fruitless: my breaking heart tells me, my Virginia Harland hath sunk under her afflictions.

*L. Land.* Harland! said you, was her name Harland?

*Hen.* Harland, Sir——

*L. Land.* How many ancient ideas does that well remembered name revive!—Harland was the name of an old school-fellow of mine, and one who, among the fading traces of my juvenile friendships, still retains in my memory the liveliest impression:

he

he resided in the same habitation, which the good Mrs. Winlove now inhabits; he was my rival Henry, for your mother's love, but being foiled; he thirsted not for my blood, but shook me by the hand, the tears gushing from his eyes, wished me well, and crossed the Atlantic, while youth yet bloomed upon his cheek, in quest of ease—You tell me, he received his fate from the Indians.

*Hen.* He did, Sir.

*L. Land.* It cannot be my old friend—the mazes of human vicissitudes would be wonderful beyond credibility if, after an absence of thirty years, and at the distance of three thousand miles his offspring, and mine should thus involve each other in affliction—hah, here is Lord Piermont——

*Enter Lord PIERMONT.*

Well, my Lord, what sport have you had?

*Pier.* Sport for a god—Jupiter in all his terrestrial rambles never started such game——

*Hen.* A girl.

*Pier.* A girl!—a nymph, a goddess, Venus herself, on some errand to this world, some errand to me I'll warrant—nothing less than a goddess could have given my brain such a whirl—After dinner, my little angel is to meet me again, *lol de rol*, ay, and in a close shady bower too that would be profaned by any sounds but the soft murmurings of mutual love.

*Enter*

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Servt.* Dinner is on the table.

*L. Land.* Very well; come walk in——

[*Exit servant.*]

*Hen.* We will have some talk about this rustic beauty at dinner: the sacrifice of an innocent country girl, would be no triumph to your gallantry, my friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE at LORD LANDMORE'S.

*Enter Lord LANDMORE and HENRY.*

*L. Land.* SO, Lord Piermont is gone in pursuit of this country beauty?

*Hen.* He is, Sir.

*L. Land.* Methinks, Henry, your friend has a very inflammable constitution to be so suddenly kindled---

*Hen.* Truly, Sir, till now I never believed him to be susceptible of a serious attachment; his whole life has been a burlesque upon the passion of love.

*L. Land.* Young soldiers in love as well as in war, hector it most bravely, until the smart of a wound removes their ignorance of the dangers that surround them---

*Hen.* I know his soul to be susceptible of the noblest impressions; but by some strange contradiction, apparent in his nature, I never spoke of love, but with triumphant laughter and ridicule he threw on me the epithet of a whiner.

*L. Land.* Why truly his passion does not seem to be of the whining sort—Did you not perceive while at dinner, the extravagant starts and incoherencies of his gestures, looks, and language---one while eating so ravenously, as if he had been deprived of  
food;



food; then involved in seeming forgetfulness of what he was about: in one moment his soul was blazing in raptures through his eyes, and in the next smothered in a profound reverie, like the alternate flame and gloom of a half extinguished conflagration.

*Hen.* I marked his agitations; and my heart, in pity to the poor girl, in whose charms his fancy is so enwrapped, deprecated the storm which threatens her innocence.---love and wine, cried he, as he was going and quaffing a brimmer of Burgundy---love and wine is the soul and body of pleasure; and then, with a countenance proclaiming an enthusiasm of imagination, he squeezed my hand, and was in an instant borne from me on the pinions of love.

*Enter SERVANT with a Letter.*

*Servt.* A letter, my Lord. *[Exit servant.*

*L. Land.* With your permission Henry (*opening it*)—Harland! signed Harland!

*Hen.* Sir——

*L. Land.* From Harland! this letter comes from Harland; I know the hand-writing though thirty years have elapsed——

*Hen.* Impossible!

*L. Land.* Read it to me, Henry, haste, read it out—(*gives it to him*).

*Hen.* It is indeed signed Harland! Astonishment!

*(Henry*

(*Henry reads.*)

MY LORD,

Time must have blotted from your memory the name of Harland; but fate ordains that it must be revived—I found *that* tranquillity beyond the seas which love and you denied me here: heaven in a distant land bestowed upon me a woman, whose virtues bore resemblance to those of which you deprived me—she, alas! too soon left me the solitary parent of an infant cherub, the pride, the joy, the comfort of my life—In the midst of those warring tumults, which spread desolation o'er a land of happiness, I thought myself, with my dear girl secure in a lowly, distant, and secluded mansion, to which for shelter we retreated—But there the wild, the savage Indians broke in upon us, separated me from all that I held most dear, and dragged me, bound, into their interior wildernesses——

*Hen.* I am stunned with amazement! still alive! not massacred——

*L. Land.* Finish it without more interruption, I pray.

(*Henry reads*) Some time I passed in unutterable woe, when, by the blessed interposition of providence, I made my escape---but the hardships I endured from those untamed barbarians were light, compared to the anguish of my heart on finding that my daughter, that last prop of my existence, had sailed for England with a young officer—Roused from a state of stupefaction, I recrossed the seas and

E

once

once more visited my native clime—In London, I had exhausted every resource of feeble old age, when my distresses reached their completion, I learned that a young lady from America had been living in a state of un sanctified love, with Henry Valens——*he*, alas!—the son of Lord Landmore! —*she*, Virginia, the daughter of the wretched

HARLAND.

*Hen.* Accursed rumours of malevolence!

*L. Land.* Henry, listen to me, I am your father; by all the reverence due to that character, by your regard to sacred truth, once more I charge you, tell me—hath the daughter of Harland been dishonoured by you.

*Hen.* O, Sir, the very doubt which your question implies, distracts me—it were impossible that the imagination of a human being, however low it might be sunk in the hellish abysses of wickedness, could in her presence be warmed with a single spark of impurity; her fair expanse of beauty was illuminated with a constellation of virtues which would have awed a brute into devotion, and exalted as she was by genuine nobility of soul, this I will say to satisfy you my father; that she could not have been more above an unhallowed sentiment, than I was to suggest it to her.

*L. Land.* This is an infusion of comfort to my soul—these conflicts of pain and pleasure convulse my mind—I must away, and in silence indulge every

every rising thought, or the tumult will be greater than I can bear. *[Exit Lord Landmore.]*

*Hen.* The parent of my lost Virginia, wandering in quest of a daughter, will find naught but woe—how shall I convince that unhappy man of the foul falsehood of this detestable report—Eternal Father! O that it had to thine infinite wisdom seemed good, to have ordained some visible testimony of innocence, some indelible stamp of guilt! for too oft doth villany range the world, under fair honour's countenance, unsuspected, while meek unvindicated virtue bleeds under the stab of calumny. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to the GROVE.

*Enter MIRA.*

*Mir.* He is not here—I blush at my own impatience—bless me, how my heart beats—I thought it would have been quiet when I got here; but it thumps more violently than ever—Who can this charming fellow be—it must be Lord Landmore's son, who is just arrived from London—there is not such another in this neighbourhood, I am sure—and if it be he—this palpitating heart pronounces most emphatically that I shall throw no obstructions in the way of his Lordship's wishes—but I forget myself—I am too punctual—'twill never do to be caught here before him—I hear a rustling (*runs and conceals herself*).

E 2

*Enter*

*Enter Lord PIERMONT.*

*L. Pier.* Upon my life, this is delightful—the very air I breathe, the ground I tread on, every object around me seems to be sacred—the fragrance of this grove is an incense worthy of heaven—Where now can the divine inhabitant of this earthly paradise be!—I suppose she must be invoked—O! Goddess, queen of love! or whatever other name you bear, who sometimes deign’st to shed ambrosial odours around these charming groves; hear the voice of thine humble suppliant, and illumine his darkened soul with thy celestial presence!—there’s an invocation now! the devil himself must be in the Goddess that could resist that—Not to be seen yet!——

*MIRA appears.*

By the river Styx, there she is (*running up to her*) the promise of my Goddess is as sacred as her sweet self——

*Mir.* And her Goddessship is not disgraced by the devotion of her votary.

*L. Pier.* What, my love, you over-heard me, did you?

*Mir.* Yes, and through compassion you see I have descended to bless my humble suppliant with ambrosial odours, and to illumine his darkened soul with my celestial presence (*imitating him*)—ha, ha, ha, there, Sir, look at me; could you be faint enough to die a martyr for me?

*L. Pier.*

*L. Pier.* For you---I could die *with* you, my dear---

*Mir.* No, no, no, we divine creatures never die—

*L. Pier.* Gads my life, what a change is here since the morning—(*aside*)—Well, now but, prithee, sweet, be serious——

*Mir.* Would you have my mouth screwed up like an Indian's idol? (*twisting her mouth*).

*L. Pier.* Heavens, what lips! (*striving to kiss her, she pushes him off*)

*Mir.* What, after having this instant deified me; have you already the boldness to treat me as a mortal? Now indeed I must be serious---Sir, did you not give me your word to attempt nothing unbecoming a gentleman?

*L. Pier.* Lovely creature, you had converted me into a faint, and I was only going to perform an act of adoration---

*Mir.* Which, as a gentleman, you would not have thought of---'tis sad to see the faint and the gentleman so often at discord---Pray resume the gentleman, Sir---

*L. Pier.* I will, Madam.

*Mir.* Now as such what have you to say to me?

*L. Pier.* That I am enraptured with you, and that I am astonished to find in this rustic scene so much beauty, ornamenting so much good sense---My angel, are you not weary of a life so lonely? Does not something in that heavenly bosom tell you that you were formed to move in a more exalted sphere? Those angelic features! these fasci-

nating eyes! that enchanting air! this majestic shape! all, all proclaim your title to distinction, and by mine honour 'tis treason against nature to bury them in obscurity.—Oh let me be happily instrumental in exhibiting to the world, charms of which it is yet ignorant, and at the sight of which it would burst into a blaze of admiration.—This humble garb, too, how unworthy is it of those lovely limbs—fortune was at variance with nature when thou wert formed, and strove to veil, under the mask of indigence, beauties which eclipse whatever I have beheld called beautiful—Your native charms, sweet maid, enfolded in these lowly garments, are like stars that twinkle through the evening mists, but if arrayed in elegance would, like the glorious luminary of the day, dazzle us with their splendour—O! my adorable charmer! raise your thoughts above the servile drudgery of your situation, fly this rustic abode, bless these arms that long to clasp you, and receive love and wealth unbounded in return.

*Mir. (aside)* Such is the language that, alas! too often leaves deluded woman to deplore her departed happiness!

*L. Pier.* Celestial pow'rs, she deliberates! she's mine——(*aside*)

*Mir.* So, Sir, this is language that you address as a *gentleman*, to me—an un aspiring, artless maid, who am only blessed with content and conscious innocence—from these my native shades you would  
allure

allure me, and exalted by your imagination even into a being celestial, you would most unkindly hurl me from the heights of an heavenly angel, into the black and dismal depths of a fallen one—When the seductive powers of eloquence are thus ignobly employed, be *man* enough, Sir, to acknowledge it, not the language of a *gentleman*—Sir, I bid you farewell——

*L. Pier.* Fair innocence yet stay——(*detaining her*)

*Mir.* I cannot——

*L. Pier.* I own I merit your just reproof—it hath penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul—I humbly ask forgiveness——(*kneeling*)

*Mir.* Dress not the vicious passions of your soul in the blessed raiment of humility and virtue—Rise, Sir—do not thus debase the name of manhood——

*L. Pier.* By all the powers of purest love your fair image hath taken full possession of the sacred sanctuary of my heart; it hath banished every inordinate desire, and my love is as spotless as the object that inspires it—O listen to me, for every overflowing effusion of my admiration springs from the unfulled fountain of honour—bless me with returning love, and the most holy solemnities shall devote my life to you, and sanctify our union——

*Mir.* Then am I happy! (*aside*)—Rise, Sir (*he rises*)—such language, and such sentiments



disdain the aid of posture—Permit me to leave you for the present——

*L. Pier.* Leave me, Madam?

*Mir.* If you please—to-morrow morning I will here meet you again.

*L. Pier.* The interval will be most painful: let it be early—my designs are most honourable, my love unlimited——

*Mir.* Be it then early to-morrow morning—till then farewell—(*aside*) I am happy, too happy.

[*Exit Mira.*]

*L. Pier.* Lost, lost, irretrievably lost, by all that's too lovely to lose—my very soul doats upon her—O! the devil, my brain is turned—wife! wife!—the very sound startles me—O! the bitter taunts that I shall endure—not a tea-table but will be triumphantly clattering forth the downfall of him who lived in defiance of the charms of the whole female race, not a newspaper but will devote a column to the history of the fortunate country girl who exchanged the title of milk-maid for that of a countess—milk-maid!—I forgot something—Godzooks, I forgot to look at her hand—Oh, Madam, stop Madam (*running out, calling after, and bringing her back*) pray, Madam, pray pardon my excessive rudeness——

*Mir.* What would you have, Sir? you alarm me——

*L. Pier.* One word more——

*Mir.* You surprize me; what would you say?

*L. Pier.*

*L. Pier.* Ma'm I, I, (*aside*) what the deuce shall I say!—I, when I, that is when you left me, my best beloved; you, a, a, I mean I was in a state of distraction—I could—that is I could not have existed without some small remnant, some sweet emanation of that divine person—Permit me to warm this heart that will be chilled when those eyes are turned from me, with a glove from that fair hand——

*Mir.* Is that the trifling occasion of your calling me back with such eagerness?——

*L. Pier.* It shall be an inhabitant of this bosom, until I am again blest'd with your presence—

*Mir.* Well, Sir, you shall not be disappointed; you shall have a remnant of my divine person—here is my pocket handkerchief—

*L. Pier.* O, no, no, a glove, I have set my heart upon a glove---

*Mir.* I must refuse you---these gloves I had from a friend whom I value most highly.

*L. Pier.* But shall we not meet again?—I will guard it with a sacred care, and it shall be the sweet pledge of your punctuality——

*Mir.* To be sure this is the oddest whim—well there e'en take it—(*reaches out her arm*) you promise faithfully to return it.

*L. Pier.* Most faithfully (*kneeling, drawing off her glove, looking eagerly at her hand and kissing it*)—thank you, thank you, my adored——

*Mir.*

*Mir.* (*aside*) Graceful, winning impudence.

[*Exit Mira.*]

*L. Pier.* Gods, what a hand! Ivory and sapphires by all that's lovely!—this charming wood nymph hath monopolized every earthly beauty—Oh poor Piermont, thy fate is fixed—Yes—I swing and hang in chains at last! [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to Mrs. WINLOVE'S.

*Enter Mrs. WINLOVE and VIRGINIA.*

*Virg.* Indeed good Madam, you are too much affected with my sorrows—pray let them be forgotten—My griefs have insensibly sunk into a pensive melancholy, which will attend me to that much wished for moment when I shall bid a final adieu to every sublunary care—permit them no more to intrude upon your happiness—Well, what do you think of Mira's adventure in the grove? it wears almost an air of romance.

*Mrs. Winl.* It has given her an extraordinary sprightliness—Oh, here she comes again, and, by the gayety of her countenance, from another interview.

*Enter MIRA.*

*Virg.* Well, my dear Mira, you bring with you the smiles of the spring——

*Mir.* Matured in the sunshine of succeeding love---I have seen him again, and he is ten thousand times more charming and delightful than ever.

*Virg.*

*Virg.* Oh, 'tis all over then---your heart is lost.

*Mir.* Lost, my dear---no---'tis bartered, 'tis exchanged---lost! what a gambling phrase!

*Virg.* And may not that be properly styled gambling, where the dearest interests, peace, liberty, and life are staked, and where both parties may eventually be the losers?

*Mir.* My dear you look on the dismal side of every thing---you turn Cupid into a tiger, and man into a monster---Men are not monsters, believe me, and if they were, nature has provided our sex with filken chains to lead them by the noses, and make them dance to the music of these twinkling spheres, like Russian bears to a bagpipe---If I had a savage for a husband---Id, O, Id ——

*Virg.* You'd be vastly violent, I suppose ——

*Mir.* Ay---I'd, I'd---no, I would not be violent ---I'd use gentle means.

*Virg.* Gentle means?

*Mir.* Yes---I'd, I'd starve him ——

*Virg.* Very gentle indeed.

*Mir.* Yes, starve him---'tis the best, and only way of taming wild beasts---I'd situate him like Tantalus; with dainties dangling at his lips, not to be tasted---I'd wheedle him, coax him, tease him, please him, cross him, smile on him, dispose all my charms to the best advantage, until the growler would be ready to gulp me down with delight---but at a *distance* should he gaze with vexation and wonder at the perpetual smiles that  
should

should glitter in mere spite through all the mists of his ill humours—In a little time he would find it no less his interest than his duty to be generous, in return for my generosity, grateful for the trust I had reposed in him, and, in the end, I should convert him into the most renowned of knight errants, by instructing him to subdue an unkind husband—a monster, more dreadful than the giants and dragons of chivalry——

*Virg.* I profess I cannot follow you in your vivacity—but pray let us know what has passed.

*Mir.* You must know, my dear, that my knight of the grove has the ill manners not to take me for some sequestered princess or enchanted maid—but really and truly believes me to be the daughter of some poor rustic—I can hardly forgive him—I have no doubt, Madam (*to Mrs. Winlove*) but this is Lord Landmore's son Henry.

*Mrs. Winl.* 'Tis very probable.——

*Virg.* (*aside*) Henry! The name rends my heart——

*Mir.* Lord Landmore told me himself that he expected his arrival this day—he has been a long time abroad——

*Virg.* Long time abroad! (*aside*)

*Mir.* Well, to be sure, he is the most loving fellow I ever saw; he fell in love with the air, and the ground, and the trees—ay, and was smitten with such an adoration of one of your gloves, that I believe

I believe in my conscience the man would have lost his senses, had I not given it to him.

*Virg.* One of my gloves? you amaze me!

*Mir.* Yes, one of your gloves, which in my haste I snatched from the table, instead of my own——

*Virg.* I am sorry you parted with it—you know those gloves were the last dear present from him, whose memory my heart will for ever cherish.

*Mir.* O, I shall get it again to-morrow—Yes, he would, poor fellow; he would have some sweet emanation of my divine person.

*Virg.* Why did he fix on a glove?

*Mir.* On my life, my dear, I believe it was only to get a kiss of this fair hand.

*Virg.* My heart is agitated with the strangest bodings (*aside*)—I have a great desire, my friend, to see this new admirer of yours.

*Mir.* You seem affected, my dear—what is the matter? has my levity offended you?

*Virg.* Forgive me, Mira, pray forgive me, for entreating your permission to see him; my dearest friend, do not deny me——

*Mir.* Well, you shall see him, and a more enchanting fellow you never saw——

*Virg.* To-morrow, hey? I can accompany you——

*Mir.* No, my dear, not to-morrow; that is to be a most serious interview, I assure you—I tremble already with the thought of the stammering match there will be between us—to-morrow

our

our quavering duet is to be performed, and a third voice would spoil the whole—not to-morrow, I must put myself to the pain of refusing——(*going*)

*Virg.* Stay, my dearest Mira, stay—Let me, by the friendship you have professed for me, entreat you to gratify my curiosity; it never was so great on any occasion before—Besides, it will not interfere with the pleasure you promise yourself of a mutual interchange of affection---I can go on a little before you to the grove, and the moment I behold him, I will retire.

*Mir.* On my word, Virginia; you are so handsome that I am afraid of trusting you---but my friendship for you renders it impossible to refuse you any thing---you shall go-----we will go together in the morning.

*Virg.* Thanks to you, my obliging friend.

The joys of love to those are only due,  
Whose breasts can feel the force of friendship too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN'S. *Night.*

*Enter Sir SAMUEL—looking at his Watch.*

*Sir Sam.* This has been the longest day I ha' ever lived---the shrivelled old dog time limps along as if he envied me my pretty little Lucrece ---but at last 'tis almost twelve ——

*Enter LUCRECE, with a Bundle.*

Hey day, Lucrece, I thought thou hadst long ago been in thy bed——

*Lucr.*

*Lucr.* O dear, Sir---the servants are not all gone to bed yet, and I was afraid your worship would be seen going into my chamber——

*Sir Sam.* If a legion of devils were to see me; I would not be disappointed: I tell thee what, Lucrece, I can bear crosses in the day-time---but——

*Lucr.* Indeed, Sir, you shan't be crossed——

*Sir Sam.* Shan't I? he, he, pleasant rogue!---

*Lucr.* See here, Sir, in this bundle is a bed-gown and night-cap of mine; and you see, Sir, you must put them on before you go into my room, and if any of the servants should happen to see your worship——

*Sir Sam.* Aye——

*Lucr.* They'll take your worship for me——

*Sir Sam.* Ha, ha, ha, so they will, so they will---pretty creature, how chaste and modest and cunning it is!

*Lucr.* There, dear Sir, do go now, here, take the gown and cap, and be sure to put them on——

*Sir Sam.* O ne'er heed me——

*Lucr.* I'll come to you exactly when the clock strikes twelve; run, make haste, 'tis just twelve now——

*Sir Sam.* I'm gone, I'm gone---one kiss——  
(kisses her) [Exit Sir Samuel with the bundle.

*Lucr.* (spitting and wiping her mouth) Nasty old fellow---Now will I lock myself in my mistress's chamber, and leave his worship and my poor Tobias;  
sweet



sweet couple, to make their midnight meeting as happy as they can. [Exit.

SCENE changes to TOBIAS'S Apartment.

*Enter TOBIAS with a Bundle.*

*Tob.* Aye, aye, let us trust in Providence, and we shall always do well---Ah! deary me---how many months have I been a poor forlorn lover---how many times have I, on my bare knees, pray'd for my dear Lucrece! Aye, aye, constancy will be rewarded---Yes, I begin now to think the fair sex are not such stone-hearted creatures, as they try to make a body believe---they can't stand it---no, no---sweet little bundle! (*kissing it*) he, he, he---Lucrece's night clothes! (*opening it*)---who would have thought, I should ever have come to this---the bed-gown! (*puts it on*)---he, he, he, Lucrece's night-cap---Come, come off you old stewpan (*dashing down his wig and putting on the night-cap*)---well, to be sure, I believe I don't look dev'lish handsome---but variety, they say, is so much in demand among the London bucks, that I don't doubt if I was a lady, I might have my day among them (*clock strikes twelve*)---twelve o'clock, and now for my dear Lucrece. *Exit.*

SCENE changes to LUCRECE'S Apartment.

*Sir SAMUEL in LUCRECE'S Bed-Gown and Night-Cap.*

The clock has struck twelve; she can't be long---hark---what a curfed noise there is---hark

I hear her foot—I know her foot—ha, ha, ha, well done old Samuel, thou art the same man yet—I could always tell a pretty girl's pit pat—hark—Aye, there she comes—hush—sh—sh—sh——

*Enter TOBIAS, they softly approach, groping for each other—they come into each other's arms and embrace——*

*Sir Sam.* Mercy on me Lucrece, my dear Lucrece what rough thing ha' I got hold on?

*Tob.* O lord, O lord——

*Sir Sam.* O the devil, the devil, who is this?

*Tob.* 'Tis me, please your worship, 'tis me——

*Sir Sam.* O thou infernal dog, thou bitch, what dost here?

*Tob.* I came, O lord, I came, a, a, Sir——

*Sir Sam.* Came to the devil—a, a—Sir——

*Tob.* Yes, Sir, O lord, Yes, Sir——

*Sir Sam.* And thou shalt see him, Sir—Rascal (*struggling with him and beating him*) villain, rascal.

*Tob.* Murder, murder, O lord, murder (*after scuffling and tumbling about the stage, Tobias disengages himself and runs off*).

*Sir Sam.* Scoundrel, dog, bitch—(*running about in a passion*)—O mercy on me, here are lights coming—what a situation am I in——

*Enter SERVANTS with Lights.*

*Servants, all.* What's the matter, what's the matter.

F

*Sir*

*(Sir Samuel holds down his head, they take him for Lucrece.)*

*First Servant.* Why, Lucrece, I heard a man's voice for fartin.

*Second Servant.* You sly gipsy, you have had a man in your chamber.

*Third Servant.* Lord how tumbled she looks—

*Fourth Servant.* Aham'd to shew your face, hey? I see how it is——

*First Servant.* Not a word to say for yourself, that bell-clapper stops at last—here, Tummas, hold the candle, I'll make her speak—she always bel-low'd at a bus like a young heifer *(struggles with Sir Samuel and kisses him)*.

*Second Servant.* Tongue tied yet—I'll gi' the young jade a smack too—*(struggles with Sir Samuel and kisses him)*—he, he, he, sweet lips!——

*Third Servant.* Well, I'll have a bout with her too *(kisses him)*.

*Fourth Servant.* I'cod, seeing as how she takes it so kindly, suppose an we lock the door——

*Servants, all.* Ay, lock the door, lock the door.

*Sir Sam.* Mercy on me, I am half suffocated; what will become o'me. *(aside)*

*Servants go to lock the door, Sir Samuel stamps with his foot, makes a hideous face, and struts up towards them.*

*Servants, all.* Lord 'a' mercy—what is it.

*First Servant.* T'ant Lucrece—the devil, the devil himself for sure——

*Servants*

*Servants, all.* Oh lord, oh lord.

[*Exeunt running, and hallooing.*

*Sir Sam.* A pretty pickle I'm in—bust'd half to death by mine own men servants—damn the coachman, what a gripe he gave me, my face is all in a flame—O that little she devil, what a trick has she played me—the little viper! I shall go frantic with rage—but I must steal off to my own chamber—Good lord what ha' I come to——

[*Exit.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

## ACT. IV.

SCENE at Lord LANDMORE'S—in L. PIERMONT'S  
Apartment.

*Enter HENRY and a Servant, meeting.*

*Hen.* **W**HERE is Lord Piermont?

*Servt.* He is gone out, Sir.

*Hen.* So early this morning!—Leave me, I'll  
wait his return. *[Exit servant.]*

The lively company of my friend Piermont had become really essential to my existence, and I much lament this piece of pastoral gallantry, which seems so seriously to affect him.—'Till now, every symptom of that passion to whose omnipotent sway the animated world submits, drew from him a sneer of contemptuous apathy, which might have betrayed an honest lover into a blush for feelings that ennoble human nature; and, strange to be told, last night did I behold this long triumphant scorner sink into the solemnity of a sentimental lover—he would talk, yes, and with wondrous gravity too, of the sacred union formed by love between different souls, and for the first time he would with tenderness and sympathy discourse of my beloved, my lost Virginia—Yes, of thee, O Virginia! to whose memory, whether thou art now a seraph of heaven,  
or

or still continuest on earth a perfect example of the exalted heights to which feminine virtue can ascend, I sacrifice every alleviation of human wretchedness — I am dead to the world; dead to every sense of pleasure, but that which arises from being supremely miserable on thy account —

*Enter Lord PIERMONT.*

My friend I have been waiting your return.

*L. Pier.* You would deserve pity, if, instead of me you had been waiting for some favourite damsel.

*Hen.* Your ideas have strangely varied of late.

*L. Pier.* They have indeed—Never, until I saw this sequestered beauty, knew I, how agitating is the interval between the parting from and meeting again the woman we love.

*Hen.* Then the rural nymph is still a tenant of your fancy. —

*L. Pier.* She is the tenant of my heart; and there will she live while the habitation endures.

*Hen.* And can you deliberately resolve to destroy the peace of an innocent girl?

*L. Pier.* No, Henry, my life shall be devoted to the preservation of it.—I love her—and humble as is the situation in which fortune hath placed her, I love her with honour.

*Hen.* You surprize me —

*L. Pier.* Two short interviews have indissolubly united my soul hers.

*Hen.* How am I penetrated with this noble, this honest confession! —

*(Lord Piermont, in taking his handkerchief from his pocket, drops the glove he received from Mira; Henry takes it up.)*

You have dropped something.

*L. Pier.* Oh, 'tis the pledge I received from my fair enchantress, of her meeting me this morning.

*Hen.* Good heavens! what is this I see! — it cannot be — and yet by all the sacred powers it is —

*L. Pier.* What is the matter, Henry?

*Hen.* The very net-work — the colour — the curiously ornamented exterior. — O let me see still farther, I may be deceived *(turning the inside out)* — Gracious God, the initials of her blessed name!

*L. Pier.* I am astonished.

*Hen.* I am distracted with millions of starting suggestions. —

*L. Pier.* What discomposes you, my friend?

*Hen.* *(violently)* Whence came this glove, Sir?

*L. Pier.* That authoritative tone ill becomes you to use, or me to hear — but I'll answer you with a different tone. —

*Hen.* Do then, O do, and calm these violent gusts of apprehension. —

*L. Pier.* That glove I received from the beautiful woman, whom I have been so happy as to meet in the grove — I drew it from her fair arm when last we parted.

*Hen.*

*Hen.* Fair arm, say you? Was it not whiter and softer than the snowy down that falls from heaven?

*L. Pier.* Yes, my friend, far, far — why are you so disturbed?

*Hen.* Was there not a sweet confusion of beauty, grace and love mingled in every motion?

*L. Pier.* There was —

*Hen.* Did not a blaze of divinity issue from her eyes?

*L. Pier.* Yes —

*Hen.* Was not angel written in every feature?

*L. Pier.* Even so; but wherefore these unusual transports of passion?

*Hen.* Oh! did not your soul quake within you when you approached her. —

*L. Pier.* Yes, with tumults of rapture and delight.

*Hen.* 'Tis she; the very same! O Virginia, Virginia! — My Lord, fortify yourself against daggers, against poisons; yes, against hell flames — this glove contains them all. —

*L. Pier.* I am in amazement!

*Hen.* This little glove is about to unfold a scene of horror!

*L. Pier.* Speak and relieve me.

*Hen.* The pair of gloves, of which this is one, I gave to my long lost Virginia but the day before she forsook me — I remember it well — their curious and singular appearance caught my eye as I



passed the shop; I carried them home to her, and in a blessed hour, while I sat fondly gazing on her charms, she, with her needle, wrought and inwreathed the initials of her name as you see them here.

*L. Pier.* Most strange!—but it cannot be, no, 'tis impossible it can be she from whom I received it!

*Hen.* O, Virginia! have you thus disdained my love! thus sacrificed me to another! Yes, 'tis too plain, 'twas from her you received it——

*L. Pier.* My life and soul I stake that it was not; a thousand accidents might have brought that glove into another's hands——

*Hen.* It might so, it might, thank you, my friend, so it might—a gleam from heaven:—but how parted she from it?

*L. Pier.* Reluctantly, and said she had them of a friend whom she valued most highly.

*Hen.* O! did she say she valued me---O no, no, she fled from me, threw herself into poverty and distress to avoid me.——

*L. Pier.* Why will you convulse yourself with groundless surmises? 'Tis not your Virginia---do not raise such tempests in your brain---My salvation on it, 'tis not your Virginia---nay your own eyes shall convince you.

*Hen.* My own eyes! where, how, when?

*L. Pier.* This minute am I going to the retired spot, where the object of my soul's affections promised

mised to meet me, early this morning---you shall accompany me——

*Hen.* Shall I, and shall I again behold my Virginia! and yet, O yet, for worlds I would not see her there---O this breast, this breast, 'tis wrenched on the rack of dreadful suspense.

*L. Pier.* Your imagination runs wild, my friend ---you will soon be convinced of your error.--- Come 'tis time to go even now.

*Hen.* Now? O, I am sick, sick with apprehensions, but I will attend you.——

*L. Pier.* Compose these violent emotions---we shall be there instantly.

*[Exeunt, Henry leaning on Piermont's arm.]*

SCENE changes to Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN'S.

*Enter LUCRECE.*

*Lucr.* Well, to be sure, I made sad work in the house last night---I can hear of nothing this morning among the servants but ghosts, devils and hobgoblins---I wou'dn't for all the world be caught in the old bear's clutches again---I can be obedient to my mistress no longer---I must quit the house, and there's an end on't. Poor Tobias has gone off, in a terrible pet, I suppose, at his entertainment last night. Poor fellow, I almost expect to hear he hath acted a tender lover's part---hanged himself---gads my life, I should like of all things to catch him in the fact of taking a swing,  
and

and I to come just in the nick of time to cut him down---what a charming test it would be of a man's sincerity!---for such a man, all my life long, my arms should be his halter---Well, I must away to my mistress, or his worship will certainly have another lug at my ears. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Grove.

*Enter VIRGINIA and MIRA.*

*Mir.* On my life I could scarcely believe that my sensible, my grave Virginia, could have been so much under the influence of that feminine folly, curiosity.

*Virg.* Female gravity, my dear Mira, hath frequently the reputation of virtues it does not possess, while the daughters of laughter have the imputation of vices, at which they would shudder.

*Mir.* No reflections upon yourself—I shall certainly resent an injury to my dearest friend.---Curiosity is but sometimes a folly, 'tis oftener a symptom of a mind active after intelligence.

*Virg.* Ah, my dear, of what sort of intelligence am I now in pursuit?

*Mir.* Why truly; a man being in the case, I cannot compliment it with the title of wisdom.---

*Virg.* 'Tis a woman's, a very woman's curiosity-----

*Mir.* And therefore irresistible. --- Well, it will very shortly be gratified---'tis near the time for my Adonis to make his appearance---

*Virg.*

*Virg.* Is it? (*faltering*)

*Mir.* "Is it," (*imitating her*) you quaver, my dear——

*Virg.* Quaver truly, if this be the effect of curiosity I never before had an idea of it---my heart beats, my soul is agitated, a strange tremor is pervading my whole frame, and I feel, I know not what, of dread within me, which would draw me hence, and yet some resistless spirit urges me on.

*Mir.* Pshaw—these are the fumes of a romantic imagination—You could not be more affected, if you were going to meet your own instead of the lover of your friend.—Come, muster up your courage—I'll leave you here, and when you have seen him, you will find me in the honeysuckle arbour.

*Virg.* No, dear Mira, you must not leave me yet—I'll go to the arbour with you; and there raise my timid spirits to as much resolution as possible—then I'll return here.

*Mir.* It shall be as you please---come.——

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord PIERMONT and HENRY.*

*Hen.* And did you not say, she listened to you?

*L. Pier.* Indeed I hope she did——

*Hen.* And conversed with you?

*L. Pier.* Yes.

*Hen.* Well, well, what then——

*L. Pier.*

*L. Pier.* Touched, for the first time, by the magic of virtue, I declared to her the purity of my attachment.

*Hen.* And gave she an answer?

*L. Pier.* The most favourable a lover could receive, or a maiden give—an expression of yielding sensibility in her eyes.—

*Hen.* O, my Virginia, is it thus you have forsaken the tenderest and most affectionate lover that ever breathed the sigh of passion?

*L. Pier.* I repeat it again; this is not, cannot be your Virginia—her accents had the gay sincerity of happy innocence in them, which art could not have assumed—compose, then, those turbulent whirlwinds of your fancy—you will soon discover your mistake.

*Hen.* Heaven grant that I may, for the loss of my angel herself, though it hath devoted me to all the tortures which the human mind can bear, would be light, compared to the misery of seeing her affections transferred to another.—

*L. Pier.* Banish your apprehensions—here, take this glove, the trifling author of them.—Shew it to her, tell her from whom you had it, and she will clear up this affair to you.—My presence may be a restraint to you both—I will therefore wait your return at the path that leads into the grove: and I will then lay myself, my fortune, and my title at the feet of that angelic creature—(*going, Henry stops him*)

*Hen.* You must stay with me.

*L. Pier.*

*L. Pier.* Henry, I cannot—that glove may unveil to you some melancholy circumstances relating to your Virginia, to which I am already too much depressed to be a witness.—

*Hen.* It may, it may—She must, ere this, have mingled with congenial spirits in the realms of rest, or this glove never could have been in another's possession.

*L. Pier.* And I should be but ill prepared for the reception of pleasure, after having been a spectator of my friend's affliction—you must therefore be content to remain here alone, to relieve your mind from its swell of uncertainty.—This is the place where she promised to meet me—you will soon behold her—I feel much for you—Heaven befriend you. [Exit Lord Piermont.]

*Hen.* ——— I am petrified——Virginia, forget me!—No, no, no, 'tis all a hideous phantom of this disordered brain—Did not a heavenly benignity seem to swell in her bosom, and glisten from her eyes whenever I approached her? Did not the affecting and refined restraints which her interesting beauties inspired, seem to tinge her elegant complacencies with something more than ordinary partiality for me? And whenever I was detained longer than usual from her presence, by my fears of intruding too often upon her tranquil moments of meditation, did she not again receive me with a touching, and an upbraiding languor that proclaimed the tenderest emotions of the heart?

Yet,

Yet, alas! I might be deceived—she perhaps beheld me only as her deliverer, her brother, her friend. Yes, O yes, it was gratitude all—I thought it had been love—wretch that I am. (*reclines against a tree*)

*Enter VIRGINIA—not perceived by him.*

*Virg.* I can scarce support myself;—would it were over—Good heavens! there he is!—his person, too, a resemblance of Henry's. Strengthen, O ye ministering angels! strengthen me, or I sink. O that I could behold his countenance---One look would terminate these dreadful doubts.

*Hen.* This glove! this glove!--my brain is in a convulsion---the stings of scorpions would be sweet, to this bitter, this excruciating suspense---would she were come.——

*(He turns round, they start, are shocked and view each other with distracted looks---she recovers herself, shrieks and runs out with precipitation; he falls on his knee.)*

'Tis she---'tis my Virginia---O earth swallow me in your lowest depths---'tis my Virginia! and she flies from me!--Heavens burst your lightning upon me---O death! death! how, where, shall I find destruction---how calm distraction---this hand---this hand---thou blessed harbinger of relief! kind messenger of comfort to the comfortless! thou, yes, thou shalt open to my distracted soul a passage to eternity---for the misery of hell compared

to

to mine is bliss (*he rises*)---O Virginia, how I loved thee! (*weeps*)---my heart grew to thine---thou wert all goodness, tenderness and love---these were the bands which bound in sweetest fellowship my happiness and my life---they are burst for ever, and the world to me is a dreary waste of sorrow and despair---a little ease to these tortures---death, dissolution, speedy dissolution, my soul pants for it; I'll enjoy it---yes, 'tis comfort---yet why---why should this hand be damn'd with the horrid deed?---Piermont!---'tis fixed---yes, Piermont hath deprived me of heaven's best gift, and his own hand shall spill my heart's blood as a peace-offering to his acquisition. [*Exit.*

## SCENE changes to Mrs. WINLOVES

VIRGINIA *on a sofa, in a State of Insensibility.* MIRA *and*  
Mrs. WINLOVE *beside her.*

*Mrs Winl.* My dear Mira, I am distressed beyond utterance---under what new affliction can this child of misfortune now be sunk.

*Mir.* Madam, I am ignorant—you know she expressed a desire to see the gentleman whom I have met in the grove—we set off together (*see, her convulsions have not yet subsided*) and while she went to satisfy an unaccountable curiosity I waited her return—scarce was I seated, when a piercing shriek re-echoed through the grove; and while I was shuddering with amazement, she ran by,  
not



not looking for me, with disordered wildness in her looks, and screaming in a manner that chilled me with horror. — I pursued, calling in vain for her to stop; nor could I overtake her until she dropped senseless at the door.

*Mrs. Winl.* Strange!

*Mir.* But see she revives——

*Mrs. Winl.* She does—dear Virginia, be not alarmed—you are with your friends——

*Virg.* O my foster parent!—gentlest cherisher of a plant blasted with sorrow—how much pain and anxiety have I cost you!— (*looks wildly at Mira*) O my brain, heaven preserve my brain.

*Mrs. Winl.* What can have disturb'd you so?

*Mir.* Pray my dear Virginia do not terrify me in this manner; forget not our friendship, nothing can tear you from my heart.

*Virg.* O Henry, Henry (*weeping and rising from the sofa*)

*Mir.* What can this mean?

*Virg.* Hath your love for me thus expired?—Are all those suppressed raptures which once beam'd from your countenance, which I thought sanctified by heaven, and which must have withered in my absence, now budding forth in the sunshine of newer beauties?—One short view of him who once brought pleasure to my soul, hath set every internal wheel of torture in motion. O, Henry, I might have borne your loss when obedience to your father's will taught me to sustain it---but thus to be abandoned!

abandoned! Oh!---for such a shock my soul was unprepared. ----- (*weeps*)

*Mir.* What Henry? I am bewildered in dreadful amazement.

*Mrs. Winl.* I beseech you end this painful suspense.

*Mir.* What Henry? I conjure you speak-----

*Virg.* He who soothed even banishment from my native soil, who endeared that to which I was a stranger—he who alleviated my pangs on a parent's death---he in whose breast was centered all human worth---he who alone could have filled my now bursting heart, with an affection that eternity could not terminate—Henry Valens——

*Mir.* Henry Valens! Gracious heavens, what a scene opens before me——

*Mrs. Winl.* Lord Landmore's son!

*Mir.* Eternal powers! Is it possible!

*Virg.* But O Mira! my dear friend, your happiness shall never be obstructed by Virginia—No, it shall not——(*kneels*) I here prostrate myself at the feet of the sacred possessor of all that heaven could make valuable to me in this world; Henry's, I once alas! believed, *my* Henry's love.

*Mir.* You distress me beyond my nature's strength, rise, I pray (*raises her*).

*Virg.* He is worthy thee, thou of him—no blemish could ever tinge his noble soul, but that which a woman, sinking under the influence of all subduing love, would call unfaithfulness—Your

beauties may have washed away the stain, and I fall a willing sacrifice to your mutual happiness——

*Mir.* I am thunderstruck!---he whom you saw in the grove---is he the man who rescued you from barbarian hands, extended to you his most generous protection, and cherished you, fatherless and friendless, with a noble and an honourable tenderness?

*Virg.* The same indeed——

*Mir.* And is he not the man too, who hath with insidious gentleness, with the artful treachery of seeming respect and diffidence, secretly undermined your tranquillity, by turning your gratitude as the deadliest weapon against your heart, over which, it now appears his pride and not his love prompted him to triumph?

*Virg.* Do not traduce such a soul as his——

*Mir.* Is he not the man whose conduct, whose expressions, whose every action drew you into a belief that his very existence was united to yours by the firmest bands of love?—and is it not the same man too who hath melted into the most passionate exclamations of affection at *my* feet?—Heavens! how can ye suffer perfidy thus to assume the air, the garb, the undistinguishable semblance of truth! how pour forth the accents of virtuous sincerity as he has done?—Know, my Virginia, know that Mira herself, yes that I, who feel at this instant my heart united to thine by the tenderest ties of friendship, am the very woman whom Lord Landmore the father of Henry Valens, had fixed on as the wife of his son!

*Virg.*

*Virg.* Strange and most wonderful involution of events!

*Mir.* But though this son hath involved my soul in the most fervent affection for him, though in tearing his image from this tortured breast, I sink under the conflict.—I abjure him for ever, yes witness heaven, for ever.

*Virg.* Mira, most worthy the name of friend, this resolution must be recalled, or it will again throw me into the tumultuous storms of disquiet,—I can now reconcile an almost exhausted heart to the stroke, since heaven hath evidenced its will that a parent's commands should be obeyed, by having adapted to them the affections of the son—I entreat you, by our friendship I implore you, permit me now to rest in the unagitating languor of settled dejection—Next to the mercy of heaven, this best of women (*Mrs. Winlove*) one of its blessed agents upon earth hath contributed to soothe the excess of my sorrows, and in this peaceful vale my passions had begun to slumber in the cradle of repose—O then do not again awake them to agony—Be united to the only man that can be deserving of you; and when the virtues of you both have bestowed on you all earthly happiness, forget not to drop one tear to the memory of her, who from this moment weds herself to futurity. —

*Mir.* Were I Virginia only to seek my own happiness, regardless of thine, yet would I adhere to my resolution, for he whose affections veer with

every varying face, can make no woman permanently happy—But shall it be said that women, called angels of the creation, if unhappily their love centers in the same object, can become fiends to each other? Detested be the object, the ignominious spirit that is so basely actuated.

*Virg.* Then must I, dear Mrs. Winlove, fly from your maternal protection and throw myself once more upon that wide waste, the world——

*Mrs. Winl.* Dear good ladies, do not thus afflict each other—defer this friendly contest for a while, that we may meditate on this extraordinary event, and there is no doubt but the hand of providence will direct us to what will eventually be the best—come, let us retire—lean on my arm, my Virginia——

*Mir.* I'll follow.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Winlove and Virginia.*]

No deliberation for me, it chills the first warm impulses of an honest heart.---I'll fly to Lord Landmore this instant, and picture to him this cruel and unfaithful son of his---he is truly a nobleman, he has the feelings of a man (*knocking at the door*) who can this be? (*opens the door*)

*Enter* LUCRECE.

Bless me, Lucrece, is this you? have you just dropped from heaven?

*Lucr.* Good lord, no, I believe I have just come from t'other place where I left your honoured papa.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* I will not suffer you to speak so disrespectfully---tell me what brought you here---you know I charged you to remain at home until my father was reconciled to me.

*Lucr.* That's very true, Ma'm—but Sir Samuel is going on at such a rate—why there won't be a soul in the house but himself—would you believe it, Ma'm; since you come away he has sworn poor Tobias into petticoats; and I don't know what I might have by and by sworn to him, if I had stayed there any longer.

*Mir.* What do you mean?

*Lucr.* But I've matched him, I warrant—why Ma'm he found out a new way of being a virtuous man, and said I must make him so—and he looked so loving, and was so near swearing, that it was more than my life was worth to say no—but ——

*Mir.* You are the strangest creature!

*Lucr.* But to come to the point—I do think I have got the wicked old devil—I beg pardon---your papa under my thumb ——

*Mir.* What now?

*Lucr.* You must know, that since you left us, he has been battering upon me so violently, that I could fight no longer, and last night at twelve o'clock, these maiden charms were to be surrendered to him---but, ha, ha, ha, at the time and place appointed, I contrived to convey Tobias, loosely arrayed in my virgin attire plump into the old gentleman's arms, ha, ha, ha.

*Mir.* What impudence!

*Lucr.* And I do think that the ridiculous ill success of an old man's amours, would shame him into the purchase of their secrecy at any price---so you see I shall have him under my thumb ---

*Mir.* Well, I know not which surprizes me most, your effrontery or your ingenuity; however, I am glad you have come, I want to send you to Lord Landmore's; I'll write a letter to his Lordship instead of going myself---a letter to him I am sure will be effectual, for his whole life has been an example to prove that the best shield which the oppressed can find from the strokes of misfortune, are the efforts of a truly good man.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

## ACT. V.

SCENE at Lord LANDMORE'S.

*Enter Lord PIERMONT.*

*L. Pier.* **M**ERCIFUL heaven! to what extremes of torture hath my first submission to the dominion of love devoted me.---O woman! woman! till now I had escaped the power of those charms, which, like treacherous whirlpools, draw the unwary into the unbottomed abysses of distraction. Till now, my passions sweetly glided on the varied surface of pleasure, spread their sails to receive the gales of convivial delights, caught at the genial breath of friendship, and played with fleeting zephyrs fanned by the laughing loves: but what a tempest hath beauty in one day hurled into my breast! In what a scene of distress too is my friend Valens involved!---Is it not wonderful, that the woman, who alone could have given comfort to his soul, or value to his existence, should, by a cruel decree of fate, be the very woman who, of all the world, could have taught this heart to love! Unhappy concurrence of events! dreadful coincidence of affection! better it were that these eyes, through which the poison of her charms hath penetrated to my soul, had been for ever closed in darkness—Valens, Valens! what must have been the



emotions that could urge you with such vehemence to seek my life!--three times hath he grasped his sword, and thrown upon me such foul opprobrious language, as would have lifted meekness itself to resentment——Here he comes again, wildness in every feature ——

*Enter HENRY.*

Well, Sir, still prowling for your prey?

*Hen.* Distraction and fury seize upon you ——

*L. Pier.* Pshaw, these are the ungovernable starts of passion.

*Hen.* Passion---damnation---have you not robbed me, plundered me of the very essence of my life, of my life itself, of my very soul ——

*L. Pier.* Moderate your rage---your senses are disordered---how could you be robbed, how plundered of that to which you had no title but what your vain imagination imparted? Did she ever give you dominion over her affections? What despotism is this; you would hold over that which rises above all restraint?

*Hen. (aside)* He will reason me from my purpose. ——

*L. Pier.* Hath she ever pledged her soul to thine? no: well thou know'st she hath not; and till that is expressly and unequivocally done, what does the presumption of that man deserve, who dares to violate the laws of God, and man, in asserting an unfounded claim to those affections, which a woman hath a right from nature to dispose

pose of as she pleases? --- Hath she encouraged you? hath she ever flattered your hopes? hath she not deserted you? Your own tale gives me an answer. Had she even in those moments, when love was yet a stranger to her bosom, when her gratitude might have been mistaken for it; had she even then conferred upon you the title of an expecting lover; I would even now that my love for her is fermenting in my imagination, and my brain boiling with giddy torment; I would even for this but seeming unfaithfulness, cast upon her the reproach of an unworthy woman —

*Hen.* Unworthy woman! — O my Virginia! in thy divine person an angel's softness mingled with the virgin's sweetness, truth dwelt upon thy lips, and in thine heavenly bosom there existed a noble emulation between all the female virtues, which should shine with superior lustre — but — oh! — these were phantoms all — they were mists which concealed the woman; the veil is fallen, and all the woman glares upon me. —

*L. Pier.* By heavens she is an angel!

*Hen.* She was, she was until you basely tampered with her — (*aside*) Rouse my soul and seize this last awful resource — My lord, 'tis your own vile corruption that hath tainted the spotless whiteness of her soul, and I tell you — that — you are a villain. (*laying his hand on his sword*)

*L. Pier.* Villain, Henry! I a villain!

*Hen.*

*Hen. (aside)* My heart revolts at the expression—Yes, villain—draw, Sir—*(aside)* By heavens I'll force him to it—Defend yourself—*(draws)*

*L. Pier. (drawing)* I am prepared, Sir,—soon shall you know how little you deserved the name of my friend—

*Hen.* Thank heaven, he is provoked at last, and I die a willing martyr to my love *(aside)*—Now, Sir, eternity opens its doors to one of us—

*(Henry assails with seeming violence, makes feint passes at Lord Piermont; then leaves his breast unguarded to receive his thrust—Lord Piermont only defends himself.)*

*Hen.* The contest is unequal—thou art a coward, a very coward—have at your heart.

*(Henry pretends violence as before; strives to die by Lord Piermont's hand; at length becoming impatient, extends his arms, and in an agony cries out—)*

thrust, O! why will you not thrust? behold my undefended breast!

*L. Pier.* Sooner should this arm be withered.

*(They pause, look at each other with tender amazement, drop their swords, and rush into each other's arms.—)*

*Enter Lord LANDMORE.*

*L. Land.* In each other's arms!—Heaven be praised! the fatal event which I so much dreaded hath ended in reconciliation, and my heart is at rest---may such be the event of every inhuman

inhuman contest! O, my lord, my son, I have been seeking for you; I feared that this woman had driven you both to madness, and I thought I saw some dreadful impending catastrophe in your countenances—but I have witnessed a scene that fills me with joy.

*Hen.* For which you are indebted to the noble nature of my Lord Piermont, which rises above human frailties. —

*L. Land.* This woman, I hope, hath now lost that influence which female rectitude gives to female charms; and whatever your hopes of happiness may be, my Lord, with such a woman, I hope her ungrateful inconstancy to you, Henry, will now leave your heart open to another impression—with what transports of joy should I behold an union between you and that most deserving girl, Miss Sudden!—

*Hen.* If I can submit to the endurance of life itself under my present calamities, it will be the utmost bound to which my exertions can reach—'Tis true, alas! too true that Virginia is lost to me for ever, but her blessed image, such as it once was, shall live in this breast, the ideal consort of my soul, never to be widowed, never to be susceptible of another love. —

*Enter a SERVANT, with a Letter.*

*Servt.* A letter, my Lord —

*L. Land.* (*opening it*) Who brought it?

*Servt.* Miss Sudden's maid — [*Exit servant.*

*L. Land.*

*L. Land.* (*opens it*) No name subscribed to it — it can contain nothing but what you may both hear ——— (*Reads*)

MY LORD,

Your honour as a nobleman, your politeness as a gentleman, your feelings as a man, and your charity as a christian, are all at stake—Haste, ere it be too late, to the house of Mrs. Winlove, and behold the most deplorable situation of the most amiable of women—Let your Lordship's son attend you, and if his nature is human he will be subdued into tenderness by the undeserved miseries he has heaped upon his unfortunate Virginia.—The writer of this, from a knowledge of your Lordship's goodness, rests assured of your instant attention to it.

*Hen.* A ray from heaven darts through my breast.

*L. Land.* This surprizes me ———

*L. Pier.* It is indeed mysterious ———

*Hen.* “Unfortunate Virginia!” “undeserved miseries!” “most amiable of women!” O that this could be true! but from what blessed fountain can I draw one drop of hope to my parched breast--- Hath she not fled from me, extirpated the little regard she might have had for me, and still more tormenting hath she not spread her lures to ensnare the affections of another?---Let us however visit Mrs. Winlove.

*L. Pier.* I shrink from the thought---our destinies

stinies hang on every glance from her.—Henry, I know not what may be the event.

*Hen.* O let me behold her once more ! though her heavenly face were to dart eternal tortures into my soul, yet could I not forbear to gaze.

*L. Land.* We must go---be persuaded, my Lord.

*L. Pier.* I have but twice been a spectator of the assemblage of charms comprised in that lovely woman, and my imagination will, while my existence lasts, be enwrapped in the remembrance of them. But a sudden blaze of love shall not dazzle me into a blind violation of a long established friendship: no, Henry, my happiness shall never rise upon the ruins of yours ; and since heaven hath thought fit to render our mutual bliss incompatible, I renounce the advantage which accident hath given me, and freely choose to be with you mutually miserable (*embracing*) ; then urge me no farther, I may not be proof against another sight of her---you must indeed spare my presence.

*L. Land.* Throw aside these weak apprehensions—the united presence of us all will be an useful admonition to this fickle young woman, and perhaps those very features that wore the mask of unfullied sweetness, may now be marked with traits of internal deformity, which may give you both an happy triumph over an unhappy attachment.

*Hen.* You must go, my friend. —

*L. Pier.* It must be as you please ; but I dread it.

*L. Land.*

*L. Land.* Come, then, I'm glad you are persuaded to go; by facing, we rise superior to the storms of fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Sir SAMUEL SUDDEN'S.

*Enter Sir SAMUEL.*

*Sir. Sam.* Mercy on me, how have I been bamboozled by that little she wolf!—what a stupid, numskulled, clodpated, blind, beetleheaded, thick-skulled, loggerheaded old fool am I to be so outwitted by that cockatrice—there's no bearing on't—I sweat to think on't—there'll be no end on't--- I shall be the country butt, a mark for every clown to pop his crackers at; O lord, O lord---it will be spread round the whole country, and the village ballad-barkers will sing-song the loves of Sir Samuel Sudden and his man Toby---I must stop the mouth of that baggage---Lucrece, Lucrece, I must gag her with good words and guineas, or it will be all out---Lucrece, Lucrece ——

*Enter SERVANT.*

Who called thee thou long faced rascal—send Lucrece here.

*Servt.* Lucrece is gone, Sir.

*Sir Sam.* Gone?

*Servt.* Yes, Sir, gone.

*Sir Sam.* O lord, 'twill be all out, what ha' I come to (*aside*)—Go, go this instant and send Tobias to me.

*Servt.* Tobias is gone too, Sir.

*Sir Sam.*

*Sir Sam.* Tobias gone?

*Servt.* Yes, Sir, and Tummas is gone, and Dolly is gone, and the coachman is gone, and every body is gone but I and your worship.

*Sir Sam.* Why what the devil has got into ye all?

*Servt.* Ay, what the devil indeed! didn't your worship see him—I saw him as I hope to be faved—

*Sir Sam.* Saw who?

*Servt.* The devil, Sir,—he came laft night in the shape of a woman—I would'n't sleep another night in this house——I wish your worship joy of a vifit from your old acquaintance.

*Sir Sam.* Rascal, dog, villain, (*Exit fervant, running, Sir Samuel purfuing*)——infulted by my own fervants, deserted by all the world, left in a great houfe by myfelf—this comes o' fwearing; *dam'me* if I'll ever fwear again—(*knocking at the door*)—I muft open the door myfelf.——(*opens the door*)

*Enter SERVANT with a Letter.*

Who art thou?

*Servt.* (*very prim*) Mifs Pry's fervant—a letter from my miftrefs: no answer. [*Exit fervant.*]

*Sir Sam.* (*mimicking him*) There's an old maid's flick.——(*reads*)

SIR,

I have juft discovered where your daughter is—fhe has been feen near Mrs. Winlove's, with a man, and I dare fay you'll there hear of her.

Yours, TABITHA PRY.

Thank



Thank thee, Tabitha Pry—O the slut, not gone to her aunt's; here under my very nose, with a man—the vile huffy—I'll after her this instant.

[*Exit Sir Samuel.*]

SCENE changes to a Path.

*Enter* LUCRECE.

*Lucr.* Dear me, if Sir Samuel had caught me going with my mistress's letter to Lord Landmore's, what would have become of me——

*Enter* TOBIAS, *shaved and foppishly dressed.*

Who the duce is that?—i'cod 'tis Tobias, and not a bit of an old woman about him no more than I have—(*Tobias sees and passes by her angrily*) what now you're so smart I suppose you won't speak to a body (*Tobias strives to hasten from her*)—Tobias, come here (*he stops, looks at her and sets off again*) do, Toby, come here will you. (*he stops*)

*Tob.* From bed-gowns, petticoats and night-caps, good Lord deliver me! (*he hastens off*)

*Lucr.* Tobias, dear Tobias—what, you won't speak to me——

*Tob.* “Dear Tobias” (*aside*) (*he stops and seems irresolute*).

*Lucr.* (*aside*) I must wheedle him a little or I shall lose him—Ah! you have forsaken your poor Lucrece (*whining*)—Ah! you inconstant man, I thought how it would be—never will I have any thing to do with such a vile, ungrateful creature as you

you are---your fighings, and your kneelings, and your swearingings, and your every things, not worth one farthing---Oh you barbarous man (*jobbing*) you'll break my heart---oh!---

*Tob.* (*wiping his eyes*) I can't bear it---must speak---

*Lucr.* I wish I had never, never seen y' y' you, you bar, bar, barbarous creature: oh (*crying aloud, Tobias joins chorus, and goes and takes her by the hand*) Oh! let me alone you cruel, barbarous man; I'll go and leave you for ever, so I will—Oh——

*Tob.* No, no, we'll never part again—O!---Dear Lucrece, forgive me---oh, hoh——

*Lucr.* (*aside*) E'cod I have got him again Oh, oh.—— [*Exeunt blubbering together.*

SCENE changes to the Neighbourhood of Mrs. WINLOVE'S, with a View of her House.

*Enter HARLAND.*

*Harl.* What are the wildest, most tumultuous storms of the tossing ocean I have traversed, compared to the tempests a child can raise in a fond parent's breast!—Is it not strange that a voluntary shock to a father's peace doth not burst the ties of affection? Nature hath moulded us wonderfully—paternal love, like the mercy of heaven, anticipates atonement, even to the last it cherishes a hope to reclaim—Through distress, fatigue and misery of heart, I have wandered after Virginia, my child, the last and only comfort which heaven had left me

H

—and

—and yet I dread, yes, from my soul I dread to find her—Oh! that those aged locks should descend with sorrow and dishonour to the grave! Can I deserve it!—did I not anxiously instil into her tender breast a sacred reverence for piety, virtue and every filial duty!—doth it not seem as if the qualities which constitute the perfection of a female mind, open it soonest to those emotions which unguard its innocence!—At length I am near the end of my journey!—alas! with what a strange species of pleasing wretchedness do I again behold this dear remembered spot.—As I wander through these rural avenues, my sorrow-worn heart, still susceptible of the sensations which a long absent scene excites, swells within me, and reclaims its ancient friendship with every well known object—every tree, every stile recalls some past idea, and receives from me the tribute of a sigh—with how much regret do I contemplate even that decayed trunk! many of my pensive moments have glided on, under its spreading branches, and I scarcely thought myself in solitude—Alas! it hath fallen before me under the ruins of age!—There, too, stands the mansion (*Mrs. Winlove's*) which once was mine, and where the morning of my days passed without a cloud—O! hours of pleasure, ye have fled never to return!—I cannot, must not indulge these strange perturbations—Here comes some one from whom I can inquire who are now its inhabitants, and if its doors, as they once did, fly open to the distressed, I will  
there

there rest my wearied bones, ere I proceed to Lord Landmore's.

*Enter TOBIAS and LUCRECE.*

*Tob.* Well truly, dear Lucrece, you have cleared up the whole story—I hope you'll play me no more tricks.

*Lucr.* No more, Toby dear—till we're married.

*Tob.* Hey, hey, what, what.

*Harl.* Good Madam will you favour me with a word.

*Lucr.* If you please, Sir.

*Harl.* Are you acquainted with Lord Landmore's residence?

*Lucr.* I have just come from it.

*Harl.* Know you his family?

*Lucr.* Family, Sir? he has but one son.

*Harl.* Is that son at home?

*Lucr.* He is, Sir.

*Harl.* And is that all, all you say?—is there no lady in the house?

*Lucr.* None, Sir.

*Harl.* (*aside*) Gracious heaven! what can have become of my poor girl—I thank you—'tis there, I am going, but I am too much wearied to proceed—Is that house friendly to the unhappy traveller? (*Mrs. Winlove's*)

*Lucr.* It contains every thing that is good. We are going there, and will accompany you, Sir.

*Harl.* Thank you, good Madam.

*Tob.* Ah! poor man, he looks so sorrowful, he must surely be in love. (*aside*) [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Door of Mrs. WINLOVE'S House.

*Enter Mrs. WINLOVE.*

*Mrs. Winl.* I wonder what can detain Lucrece so long—this suspense is most distressing—some awful fate, I fear, awaits poor Virginia—the overflow of her tears alone keeps her swollen heart from bursting—Oh, here at length she comes —

*Enter HARLAND, LUCRECE and TOBIAS.*

Well, Lucrece, have you delivered the letter?

*Lucr.* Yes, Ma'm, and I—Tobias do you go into the kitchen, there go, (*pushes him out*) I delivered the letter, Ma'm, and I have brought back two of the finest things in the world, one for you, Ma'm, and one for myself.

*Mrs. Winl.* What, pray?

*Lucr.* Mine, Ma'm, is a smart young fellow, that's to be my husband; you must know that by my sending him into the kitchen; well, and yours, Ma'm, is an old man, in a world of distress.

*Harl.* Being a stranger, Madam, much fatigued with a long journey, alas! all the way on foot, I know not what has sustained me; I met this good girl.

*Mrs. Winl.* Lucrece, go and acquaint your mistress with your return. — [Exit Lucrece.

*Harl.*

*Harl.* She informed me of the benevolence which inhabits this house, and I have presumed to intrude for a little refreshment and repose, ere I proceed farther.

*Mrs. Winl.* When assistance is requested, under such a recommendation as is printed in your countenance, I should be ashamed to think your title to what heaven has entrusted to me, less than my own—Pray, Sir, walk in, consider this house your own—unfortunately it is at present the house of mourning, and cheerfulness alone it will not be in our power to bestow. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Inside of the House, and discovers VIRGINIA and MIRA on a Sofa—VIRGINIA with her Face hid in her Handkerchief—MIRA rises.

*Mir.* Could a man, a human being, after the abandonment of a woman, whose affections he had obtained, picture to his imagination such a scene of desolated sensibility as that, would he not sink into sorrow and remorse—he shall see her—Yes, he shall contemplate these melancholy ruins, and I will myself arraign his unmanly perfidy.

*Enter Mrs. WINLOVE and HARLAND.*

*Mrs. Winl.* I have taken the liberty of introducing a distressed stranger—he has sorrows of his own, and ours may be indulged without violating hospitality.

H 3

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Mrs. Winlove's heart, Sir, is always open to the unhappy.

*Harl.* Benignity such as hers is a healing balm, sent by heaven to alleviate human wretchedness—*(looks earnestly at Virginia, her face still reclined on, and covered with her handkerchief)* there indeed seems to be a child of sorrow.

*Mrs. Winl.* Most truly so,

*Harl.* Such a sight takes from me the memory of my own griefs—I could weep too,—b, b but, alas! my tears are all exhausted.

*Mrs. Winl.* I am sorry, Sir, to see the griefs of others thus added to your own *(goes to Virginia)* my dear, pray strive to compose yourself.

*Virg.* I will; yes, good Madam, I will endeavour to *(raises her head, turns towards Harland—A pause of astonishment)*.

*Harl.* Ye everlasting powers! do these dim old eyes deceive me!

*Virg.* My father, my father! *(faints)*

*Mrs. Winl.* and *Mir.* Her father!

*Harl.* My child! good God, good God!—down, down ye risings of paternal love—dishonour, foul dishonour stares me in the face—What *(to Mrs. Winlove)* tell me what is the situation of that lost woman? speak, I conjure you, speak—I am, by long experience of woe, prepared for the worst—that is my daughter, she hath broken her father's heart—she can do no more.

*Mrs. Winl.*

*Mrs. Winl.* Astonishment almost deprives me of utterance, but, if you are indeed her father comfort yourself—I should be proud of such a daughter.

*Harl.* Yes, of her beauty, of the hellish harlotry of her person—S'death, is not Valens in the neighbourhood? is not she here? the base convenience of his accursed lusts, and is not this mansion the hateful receptacle of guilt and shame?

*Mrs. Winl.* The nature of your suspicions, Sir——

*Virg.* (*throwing herself at Harland's feet*) O! my father, my father, my father!——

*Harl.* Upon her knees, and in tears—eternal heavens!—while there remains one blessed spark of contrition in the bosom of an helpless victim of seduction, never, O never let it be extinguished by a relentless parent's cruelty—Come, my Virginia; my dear unfortunate child, come to your father's arms—(*embracing*) you shall yet be the comfort, the solace of my age—We will return to your native shores, where, with minds softened by sorrow, we will devote ourselves to that God who will not forget us in our afflictions (*embracing*).

*Mrs. Winl.* O, Sir, you are under a dreadful deception, you wrong——

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Servt.* Madam, Lord Landmore and two gentlemen are at the door.

H 4

*Mir,*



*Mir.* Now heav'n be praised, I shall confront him at last.

*Mrs. Winl.* Two gentlemen! who can the other be? Lord Landmore must be admitted first, his generous nature will the better prepare us to receive his son—I'll show him in.

[*Exit Mrs. Winlove.*]

*Virg.* I cannot undergo this, I am faint—permit me to support myself on the sofa.

*Harl.* (*Leads her to the sofa, and sits beside her*) Remember, my dear girl, that I am with you.

*Enter Lord LANDMORE and Mrs. WINLOVE.*

*Mrs. Winl.* You are come, my Lord, on a most ferious occasion.

*L. Land.* In consequence Madam of an anonymous letter.

*Mir.* Written by me, my Lord.

*L. Land.* Miss Sudden! amazement! you here?

*Mir.* See, my Lord, look there, behold the much injured woman whom your son must shudder to approach.

*L. Land.* Is that she? is that Virginia?—I shudder as I behold her—the misery she hath distributed strikes me with horror.

*Harl.* (*rising in haste*) I am the unhappy father of Virginia.—I have feelings, Sir—don't add your reproaches to the wrongs which your worthless son hath heaped upon her—I have borne with resignation,

nation, one stab from you already; heaven hath not given me fortitude to bear another.

*L. Land.* Is it possible, is this Harland?—Yes, yes it is, I see the visible traces of my ancient friend—and is it thus we meet again? O, Harland, if the recollection of our youthful rivalry still rankles in your breast—you will now have your fill of revenge—your daughter hath destroyed the peace of my son, and with it my repose.

*Harl.* O most unworthy resource!—weak, feeble, old and friendless as I am ——

*Mrs. Winl.* Pray, Sir——pray preserve your composure (*leads Harland to the sofa*)

*Mir.* Your Lordship is under some fatal deception.

*L. Land.* My dear Miss Sudden, you distress me—in what perplexity am I involved; call Henry in—let these mists be cleared, I can't bear them.

*Mrs. Winl.* I'll conduct him in.

[*Exit. Mrs. Winlove.*]

*Virg.* Oh, my father, my dear father, conceal me; never, O never let me behold him again. (*biding her face on his breast.*)

*Mir.* He is coming---blefs me, my Lord, a strange gentleman is with him!

*L. Land.* He is no stranger to that Lady (*pointing to Virginia.*)

*Mir.* Now, the dignity of my sex support me.

*Enter*

*Enter Mrs. WINLOVE, Lord PIERMONT and HENRY—*  
*HENRY perceiving VIRGINIA on the sofa, gazes upon her*  
*with distracted emotions—MIRA and Lord PIERMONT fix*  
*their eyes on each other.*

*Mir. (to Lord Pier.)* Ungrateful, perfidious man! How could you—I cannot speak—*(bursts into tears)*

*L. Pier.* These heavenly beauties throw me into irresolution.

*Hen. (throwing himself at Virginia's feet, she faints)* O, my Virginia, behold me once more prostrate at your feet—

*Harl.* What! is this Valens? Away, I scorn the abject fervility of vice—O my child—

*Hen.* Your child! Virginia's father—Oh, Sir, *(continues on his knee)*

*Harl.* Off, off thou despicable pillager of defenceless innocence,—here, my child, here is your asylum.—*(embracing her)*

*Mir.* What can this mean! I am bewildered—

*L. Land.* And I more and more entangled in mystery—my dear Miss Sudden—

*L. Pier.* Miss Sudden!—is'n't this Virginia? speak, heaven or hell depends upon a word.

*L. Land.* Yonder lies Virginia on the sofa, my Lord—

*Mir.* “My Lord,” did he say? *(aside)*

*L. Pier.* Gracious heaven, what means this!

*Mir.* Wondrous confusion! is'n't *this* Henry Valens: are you not Lord Landmore's son?

*L. Pier.*

*L. Pier.* No, my adored——he is at the feet of his Virginia.

*Mir.* The doors of heaven are opened to us (*goes in haste to Virginia*) O, my Virginia, my friend, your Valens is faithful, we have been blinded by some strange delusion.

*Virg.* What is this I hear? O drag me not from the composure of despair——(*rises from the sofa*)

*Mrs. Winl.* Joy and happiness have broke in upon us—permit me (*to Harland*) Sir, pray permit me to remove your ill founded apprehensions (*leads him to the back of the stage, and converses with him*)

*Virg.* And yet this sudden impulse on my languid spirits lifts me even to bravery—I'll speak to him—behold once more the unhappy Virginia! (*Henry looks up at her with an agitated tenderness*) Now, Sir, behold a happier woman (*shewing him Mira*)

*Hen.* What, O what of that Lady, till this instant never did I see her. (*rising*)

*Virg.* Good heavens, this ye only can unfold.

*Hen.* Look here, my Piermont, look, bind up my bleeding heart, look at that angel, and——

*L. Pier.* Not at *that*, but at this angel could I gaze for ever---O, my friend, your Virginia and this heavenly woman have both been blasphemed by some unfortunate error, and I implore her pardon for the share I have had in it. (*he kneels, Mira raises him.*)

*Hen.*

*Hen.* Can it be true? ye presiding powers! can it be true that my Virginia is again restored to me! O Virginia, life of my soul, let my past miseries be an atonement for all that has passed, and by all the calamities which we have both endured, by the regard you have for the life of him who now (*kneeling*) at your feet pays the homage of a long existing love, permit me from henceforth to devote my life to the blessed employment of atoning for those precious tears--- (*Virginia gives him her hand weeping, he rises*)

*L. Land.* I can contain myself no longer---My friend (*to Harland*) I see there has been some strange mistake which at more leisure we will unravel---I hope you will forget the transient reproach which accident hath cast upon your daughter---My son never wrong'd her.

*Harl.* This good, this most generous Lady (*Mrs. Winlove*) hath dispersed my apprehensions---I implore your and his forgiveness for those fears which had their origin in the basest calumny---but let me to you, Sir (*to Henry*) pour forth the effusions of a parent's gratitude, for having preserved the existence of my child;---still more for your most noble and honourable protection of her when friendless, when you believed her to be an orphan.

*Hen.* I am overpaid.

*L. Land.* Dear Harland! though I would cheerfully have sacrificed every human enjoyment to have seen that most excellent woman (*Mira*)  
the

the wife of my son, yet heaven superabundantly repairs the loss, when our ancient friendship is thus revived (*embracing*) and the happy revival seal'd by an union between Virginia and Henry——It must be so---I see it in all your countenances---let us unite them.

*Harl.* How am I raised from the lowest depths of affliction! (*he gives Virginia's hand to Lord Landmore, who unites it with Henry's*)

*L. Land.* There, my blessing on you both, be happy, and live an example to the world, that the paths only of virtue, though sometimes darkened by sorrow, lead to happiness.

*Enter LUCRECE running, TOBIAS following.*

*Lucr.* O lord Madam, Mistress, Madam, as sure as I live, Sir Samuel has just come to the door, a fuming and flustering and sweating——well, gad here's enough of us to give him a hard battle---let him come---who's afraid.

*Tob.* Sir Samuel! “who's afraid:” oh lord, oh lord, I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels.

*Sir. Sam. (without)* I will go in, I will, I won't be stopped—an the puss be in this house, I'll uncover her, though she be under the devil himself.

*Mir.* I am terrified,

*Sir. Sam.* I will see, ye scoundrels.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir SAMUEL, knocking three or four Servants before him.*

What a pack is here! hah, devil (*to Lucrece*) art thou there?

*Lucr.* The devil is always sure to be in your worship's company.

*L. Land.* Sir Samuel, I am glad to see you —

*Sir. Sam.* Is my vile—thank your Lordship—is my vile daughter among ye?—there she is—O! thou—(*going up to her in anger, is stopped by Lord Landmore*)

*L. Land.* Pray, Sir Samuel, govern yourself.

*Sir. Sam.* I won't govern myself—no ——

*L. Land.* We are all upon the eve of happiness.

*Sir. Sam.* (*to Mira*) Thou wicked, disobedient—

*L. Land.* Pray, Sir Samuel ——

*Lucr.* Ay, pray, Sir Samuel, don't interrupt other folk's pleasures, you have had *your* share—(*aside to Sir Samuel*) have you forgot poor Tobias already—I'll certainly blow you before all this company.

*Sir. Sam.* (*frightened*) Good lord, don't tell—well, my Lord, I'll not disturb your happiness (*aside to Lucrece*) Don't tell, there's a good girl, don't tell.

*L. Pier.* Then, my divine Miss Sudden, after the example Virginia has given, may I presume to hope.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* I cannot deny the sentiments of my heart. You would have exalted me from the humblest sphere of life, which you believed to be my lot, and would have given to indigence an honourable title to a share of your honours and your fortune—the truest touchstone of an honest love!—but, Sir, I have a father, whom in my life I but once have disobeyed—O, my father, dare I ask your forgiveness—*(kneels to Sir Samuel)*

*Sir. Sam.* What, what, hey what the devil——

*Lucr.* *(aside to Sir Samuel)* Forgive her this instant, or the whole story comes out.

*Sir Sam.* Well, well, I forgi' thee child——  
*(frightened)*

*E. Pier.* Your daughter, Sir, has it in her power to make me the happiest of men—your consent only is wanting.

*Lucr.* *(aside to Sir Samuel, who continues in fear of her)* Give your consent—give it, I say, give it directly.

*Sir. Sam.* I will, I will, don't tell—good lord—Well, well, be tied together in God's name *(he unites their bands)*—and if ever I swear again may—may Lord Landmore never shake hands with me *(they shake hands)*.

*L. Land.* Ha, ha, ha, an excellent resolution, Sir Samuel---if you can keep it.

*Sir. Sam.* Keep it---why I have sworn it, my Lord---ha, ha,---I've sworn it---No, no, no, my  
conscience



conscience shall never bully me with the breach of an oath.

*L. Land.* Then there is not a cloud to overcast our happiness.---Now, Harland, I congratulate you on your return to your native land---Under this roof, where the morning of your days had passed, you have found a daughter and a friend to bless their evening---we never more shall part---from this day shall commence a jubilee that shall last to the end of our lives.

*Hen.* And with hearts swelled with gratitude to the wise disposer of all things, we will enjoy his best gifts, the PLEASURES OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

T H E E N D.

