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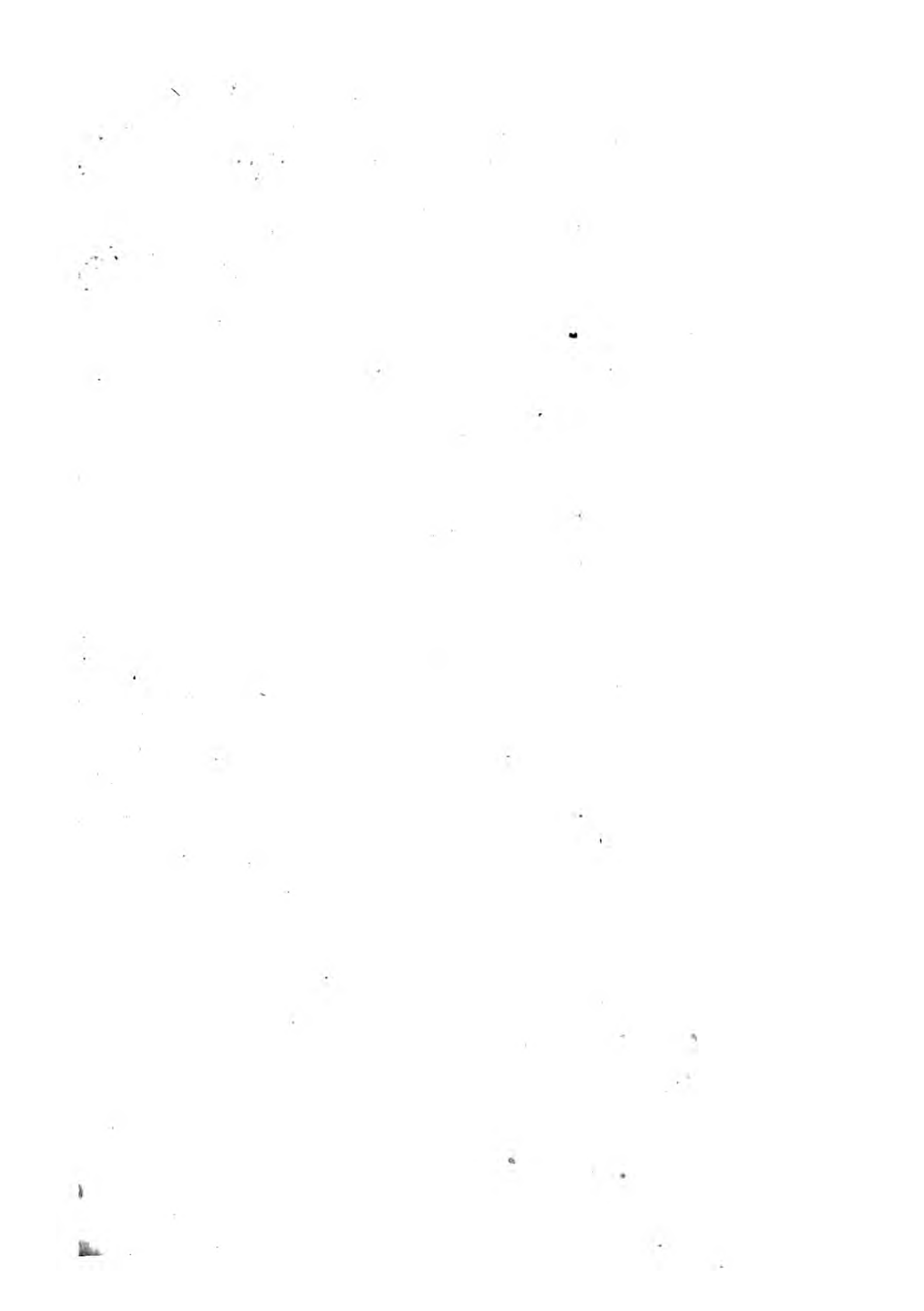


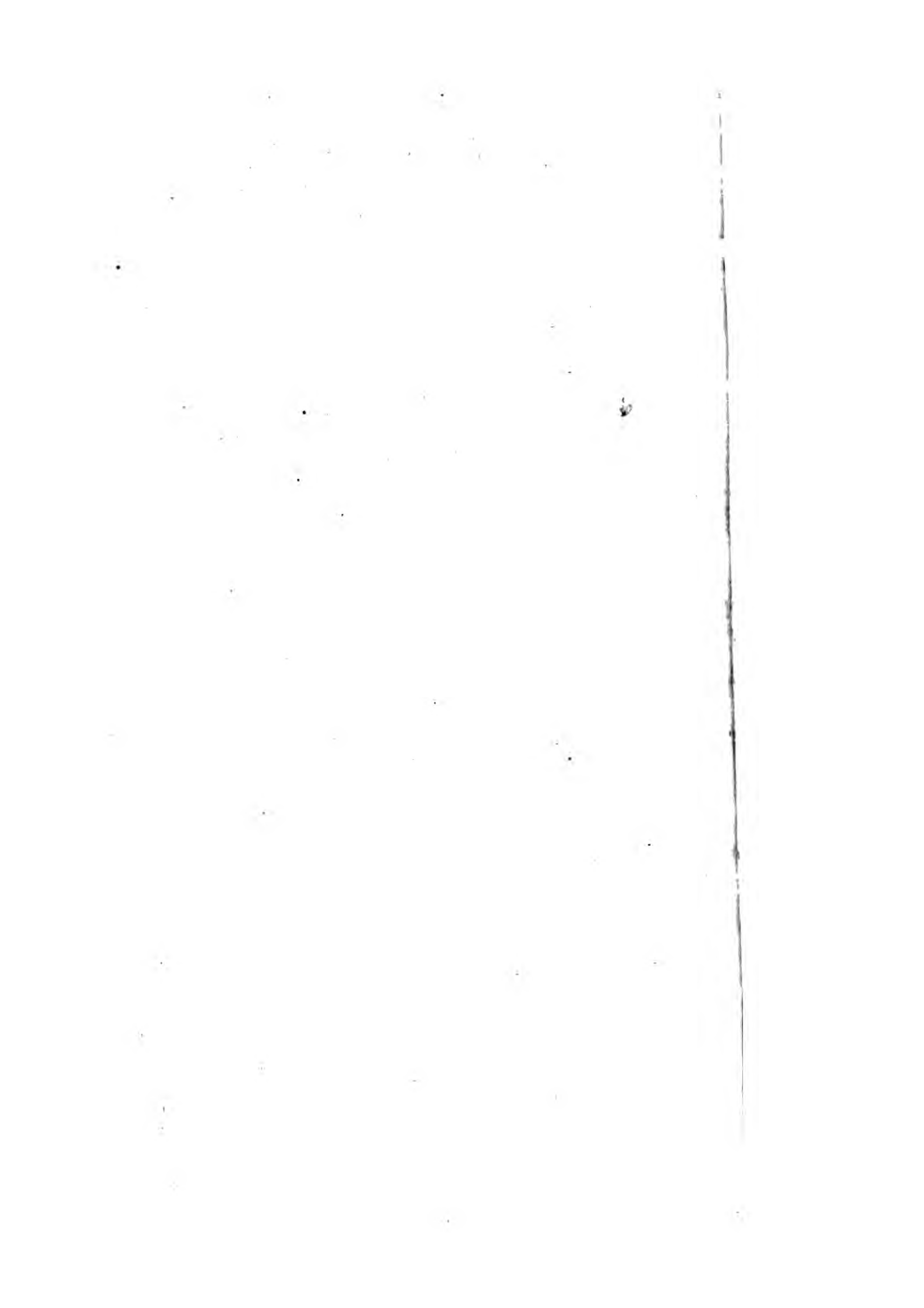
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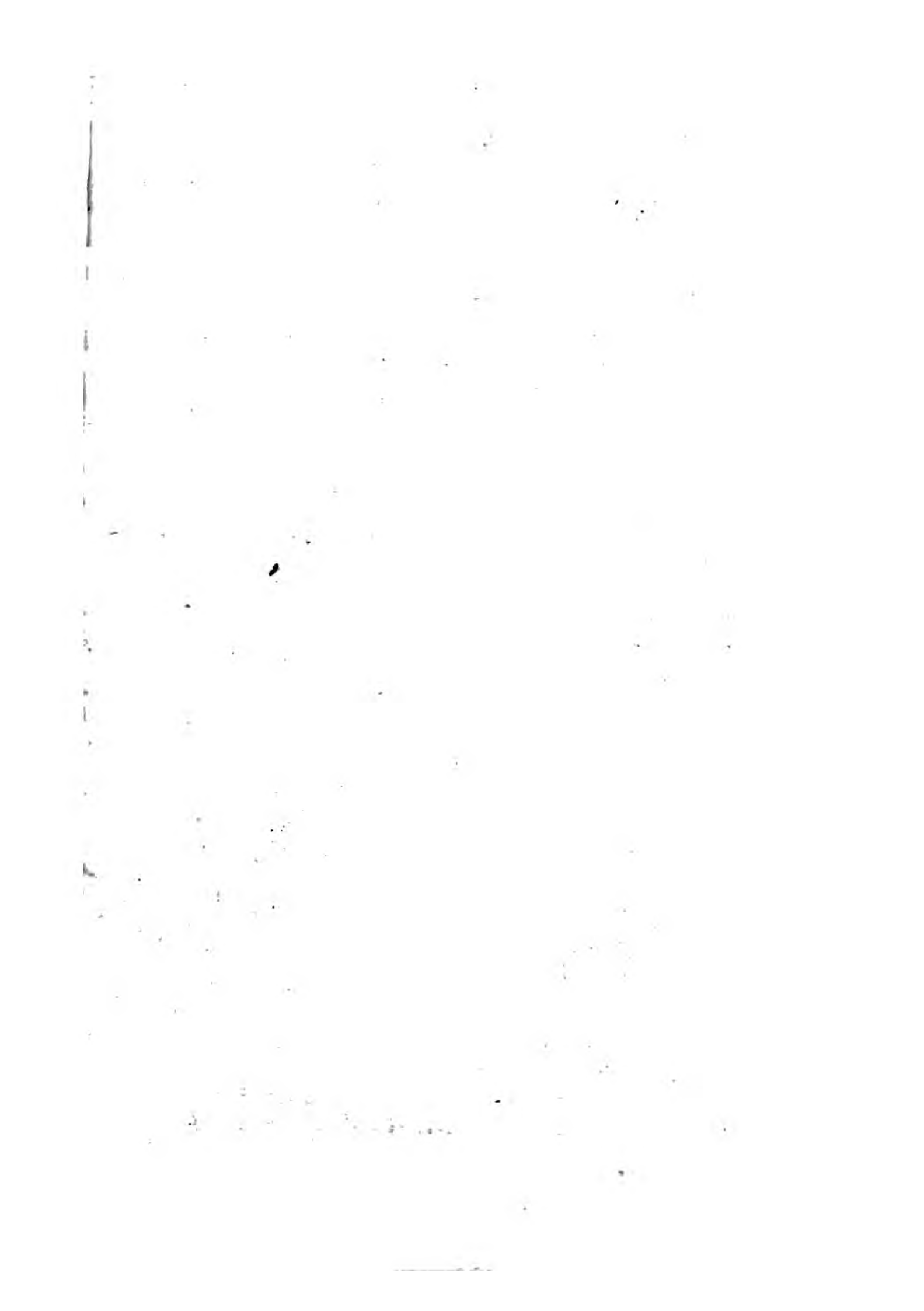
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*G. Vander Gucht inv. Sculp*

*J. B. de Cleve*

*She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.*

*Anno Domini* OR THE 1793

KIND IMPOSTOR.

A

C O M E D Y,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

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Written by Mr. C I B B E R.

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The F I F T H E D I T I O N.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *J. Woodward, J. and R. Tenson,*  
and *J. Watts.*

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M D C C X L V I I I.

*ms. add. 178-7. 13.*







To the Most Illustrious

**J A M E S**

*Duke of ORMOND.*

*May it please Your Grace,*



U R late happy News from *Vigo* had so general an Influence on the Minds of the People, that it's no wonder this Play had a favourable Reception, when the Chearfulness and Good-humour of the Town inclined 'em to encourage every thing that carried the least Pretence to divert 'em. But the best Part of its Fortune is, That its appearing first this Season has given it a sort of a Title to Your Grace's Protection, by being at the same time (among many Wor-

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

thier Acknowledgments) the Instrument of the Stage's general Thanks for the Prosperous Days we promise ourselves from the Consequence of so glorious an Action. An Action, which consider'd with the Native Greatness of Your Mind, will easily persuade us, that the only Reason to suppose the Ancient Heroes greater than the Modern, is, That they had better Poets to record 'em: But, from Your Grace's happy Conduct this Summer, we are convinc'd that their Poetry may now outlive their Greatness; and if *Modesty* would suffer *Truth* to speak, she'd plainly say, What they did falls as short of You, as what You did exceeds what they have greatly said, That they *wrote* as boldly as the English *fight*; and You lead 'em with the same Spirit that the Ancients wrote.

The Nation's publick and solemn Praise to Heaven, and under *that* their Represented Thanks in Parliament to You: The Universal Joy, and the deafning Acclamations that echo'd your Return, were strong Confessions of a Benefit received beyond their Power to repay; and to Oblige beyond that Power, is truly Great and Glorious. But Providence has fix'd You in so Eminent a Degree of Honour, and of Fortune, that nothing but the Glory of the Action can

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

can reward it. The unfeign'd and growing Wishes you have planted in the People's Hearts, are a Sincere Acknowledgment that's never paid, but when Great Actions like Your own, deserve it, which have been so frequent in the dangerous and delightful Service of Your Country, that You at last have warm'd their Gratitude into a Cordial Love; for, 'tis hard to say, that we were more pleas'd with our Victory, than that the Duke of *Ormond* brought it us. But I forget myself; the Pleasure of the Subject had almost made me insensible of the Danger of Offending. If I were speaking to the World only, I have said too little; but while your Grace is my Reader, I know the Severity of Your Virtue won't easily forgive me, unless I let the Subject fall, and immediately conclude myself,

*May it please Your Grace,*

*Your Grace's most Devoted,*

*most Obliged, and*

*most Obedient Servant,*

C. C I B B E R.



## PROLOGUE.

**C**Ritics, tho' Plays without your Smiles subsist,  
Yet this was writ to reach your gen'rous Taste,  
And not in stern Contempt of any other Guest.  
Our humble Author thinks a Play should be,  
Tho' ty'd to Rules, like a good Sermon, free  
From Pride, and stoop to each Capacity.  
Tho' he dares not, like some, depend alone  
Upon a single Character new shown,  
Or only Things well said to draw the Town.  
Such Plays, like looser Beauties, may have Power  
To please, and sport away a wanton Hour;  
But Wit and Humour, with a just Design,  
Charm, as when Beauty, Sense and Virtue join.  
Such was his just Attempt; tho' 'tis confess  
He's only vain enough t' have done his best:  
For Rules are but the Posts that mark the Course,  
Which way the Rider should direct his Horse.  
He that mistakes his Ground is eas'ly beat,  
Tho' he that runs it true may'nt do the Feat,  
For 'tis the straining Genius that must win the Heat:  
O'er Choak-Fade to the Ditch a Fade may lead,  
But the true Proof of Pegasus's Breed [speed.]  
Is when the last Act turns the Lands with Dimple's  
View then in short the Method that he takes;  
His Plot and Persons he from Nature makes,  
Who for no Bribe of Jest he willingly forsakes.  
His Wit, if any, mingles with his Plot,  
Which should on no Temptation be forgot:

His

## P R O L O G U E.

*His Action's in the Time of Acting done,  
No more than from the Curtain, up and down.  
While the first Musick plays he moves his Scene  
A little space, but never shifts again.*

*From his Design no Person can be spar'd,  
Or Speeches lopt, unless the whole be marr'd:  
No Scenes of Talk for talking's sake are shewn,  
Where most abruptly, When their Chat is done,  
Actors go off, because the Poet——can't go on.  
His first Act offers Something to be done,  
And all the rest but lead that Action on;  
Which when pursuing Scenes i' th' end discover,  
The Game's run down, of course the Play is over.*

*Thus much he thought 'twas requisite to say,  
(For All here are not Criticks born) that they  
Who only us'd to like, might learn to taste a Play.*

*But now he flies for Refuge to the Fair,  
Whom he must own the Ablest Judges here,  
Since all the Springs of his Design but move  
From Beauty's Cruelty, subdu'd by Love:  
E'en they whose Hearts are yet untouch'd must know  
In the same Case, sure, what their own wou'd do;  
You best should judge of Love, since Love is born of You.*



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

*Don Manuel*, Father to } *Mr. Cibber.*  
*Rosara*,  
*Don Philip*, slighted by } *Mr. Booth.*  
*Hippolita*,  
*Octavio*, in love with } *Mr. Mills.*  
*Rosara*,  
*Trappanti*, a cast Servant } *Mr. Pinketbman.*  
of *Don Philip's*,  
*Soto*, Servant to *Don Philip*, *Mr. Bullock.*

Host, Alguazile, and Servants.

## W O M E N.

*Hypolita*, secretly in love } *Mrs. Mountfort.*  
with *Don Philip*,  
*Rosara*, in love with *Octavio*, *Mrs. Santlow.*  
*Flora*, Confident to *Hypolita*, *Mrs. Bicknell.*  
*Viletta*, Woman to *Rosara*, *Mrs. Saunders.*

SCENE, MADRID.



*She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.*  
**Or, The Kind IMPOSTOR.**

---

A C T I.

S C E N E, *An Inn in Madrid.*

*Enter Trappanti alone, talking to himself.*



I Ndeed, my Friend *Trappanti*, thou'rt in a very thin Condition; thou hast neither Master, Meat, nor Money: Not but, couldst thou part with that unappeasable Itch of Eating too, thou hast all the ragged Virtues that were requisite, to set up an ancient Philosopher. Contempt and Poverty, Kicks, Thumps and Thinking thou hast endur'd with the best of 'em; but—when Fortune turns thee up to hard Fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright Dunce, with the same Stomach, and no more Philosophy than a Hound upon Horse-Flesh—Fasting's the Devil!—Let me see,—this, I take it, is the most frequented Inn about *Madrid*, and if a keen Guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

*Host.* [*within*] Take care of the Gentlemens Horses there, see 'em well rubb'd and litter'd.

*Trap.*



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*Trap.* Just alighted! If they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me; Hah! a couple of pretty young Sparks, faith!

*Enter Hypolita and Flora, in Man's Habit,  
a Servant with a Portmantue.*

*Tra.* Welcome to *Madrid*, Sir; welcome, Sir.

*Flo.* Sir, your Servant.

*Serv.* Have the Horses pleas'd your Honour?

*Hyp.* Very well, indeed Friend: Prithee set down the Portmantue, and see that the poor Creatures want nothing: they have perform'd well, and deserve our Care.

*Tra.* I'll take care of that, Sir; here Ostler.

*[Exeunt Trap. and Servant.]*

*Flo.* And pray, Madam, what do I deserve, that have lost the Use of Limbs to keep Pace with you? 'dsheart! you whipt and spurr'd like a Fox-hunter. It's a sign you had a Lover in view; I'm sure my Shoulders ake as if I had carried my Horse on'em.

*Hyp.* Poor *Flora!* thou art fatigu'd indeed, but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

*Flo.* Thank me, quotha! Egad I shan't be able to fit this Fortnight: Well, I'm glad our Journey's at an end however; and now, Madam, pray what do you propose will be the End of our Journey?

*Hyp.* Why, now I hope the End of my Wishes — *Don Philip.* I need not tell you how far he is in my Heart.

*Flo.* No, your sweet Usage of him told me that long enough ago; but now, it seems, you think fit to confess it; and what is't you love him for, pray?

*Hyp.* His manner of bearing that Usage.

*Flo.* Ah, dear Pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it you see, for he's coming post to *Madrid* to marry another Woman; nay, one he never saw.

*Hyp.* An unknown Face can't have very far engag'd him.

*Flo.* How came he to be engag'd to her at all?

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* Why, I engag'd him.

*Flo.* To another?

*Hyp.* To my whole Sex, rather than own I lov'd him.

*Flo.* Ah! done like a Woman of Courage.'

*Hyp.* I could not bear the Thoughts of parting with my Power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and press'd me so home to a surrender, I could have tore him piece-meal.

*Flo.* Ay! I warrant you, an insolent—agreeable Puppy. Well, but to leave Impertinence, Madam, pray how came you to squabble with him?

*Hyp.* I'll tell thee, *Flora*: You know Don *Philip* wants no Charms that can commend a Lover, in Birth and Quality I confes him my Superior; and 'tis the thought of that has been a constant Thorn upon my Wishes. I never saw him in the humblest Posture, but still I fancied he secretly presum'd his Rank and Fortune might deserve me: This always stung my Pride, and made me over-act it. Nay, sometimes when his Sufferings have almost drawn the Tears into my Eyes, I've turn'd the Subject with some trivial Talk, or humm'd a spiteful Tune, though I believe his Heart was breaking.

*Flo.* A very tender Principle, indeed.

*Hyp.* Well! I don't know, 'twas in my Nature. But to proceed—This, and worse Usage continued a long time; at last, despairing of my Heart, he then resolv'd to do a Violence on his own, by consenting to his Father's Commands, of marrying a Lady of considerable Fortune here in *Madrid*: The Match is concluded, Articles are seal'd, and the Day is fix'd for his Journey. Now, the Night before he set out, he came to take his leave of me, in hopes, I suppose, I would have staid him. I need not tell you my Confusion at the News, and though I would have given my Soul to have deferr'd it, yet finding him, unless I bade him stay, resolv'd upon the Marriage, I (from the pure Spirit of Contradiction) swore to myself I would not bid him do it, so call'd for my Veil, told him I was in haste,  
begg'd

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begg'd his Pardon, your Servant, and so whipt to Prayers.

*Flo.* Well said again, that was a Clincher: Ah! had not you better been at Confession?

*Hyp.* Why really I might have sav'd a long Journey by it. To be short, when I came from Church Don *Philip* had left this Letter at home for me, without requiring an Answer, — Read it —

*Flo.* [Reads] *Your Usage has made me justly despair of you, and now any Change must better my Condition: At least it has reduc'd me to a Necessity of trying the last Remedy, Marriage with another; if it prove ineffectual, I only wish you may, at some Hours, remember how little Cause I have given you to have made me for ever miserable.*

P H I L I P.

Poor Gentleman! very hard, by my Conscience! Indeed, Madam, this was carrying the Jest a little too far.

*Hyp.* Ah! by many a long Mile, *Flora*: But what would you have a Woman do when her hand's in?

*Flo.* Nay the truth on't is, we never know the difference between Enough and a Surfeit; but Love be prais'd, your proud Stomach's come down for't.

*Hyp.* Indeed 'tis not altogether so high as 'twas. In a word, the Letter set me at my Wits end, and when I came to myself, you may remember you thought me bewitch'd, for I immediately call'd for my Boots and Breeches, a-straddle we got and so rode after him.

*Flo.* Why truly, Madam, as to your Wits, I've not much alter'd my Opinion of 'em, for I can't see what you propose by it.

*Hyp.* My whole Design, *Flora*, lies in this Portmantue, and these Breeches.

*Flo.* A notable Design, no doubt; but pray let's hear it.

*Hyp.* Why, I do propose to be twice married between 'em.

*Flo.* How! twice!

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* By the help of the Portmantue I intend to marry myself to Don *Philip's* new Mistres, and then—I'll put off my Breeches and marry him.

*Flo.* Now I begin to take ye: But, pray what's in the Portmantue? and, How came you by it?

*Hyp.* I hired one to steal it from his Servant at the last Inn we lay at in *Toledo*: In it are Jewels of Value, Presents to my Bride, Gold good store, Settlements, and credential Letters to certify that the Bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don *Philip*, only Son and Heir of Don *Fernando de las Torres*, now residing at *Seville*, whence we came.

*Flo.* A very smart Undertaking, by my troth: And pray, Madam, what Part am I to act?

*Hyp.* My Woman still, when I can't lye for myself you are to do it for me, in the Person of a Cousin-German.

*Flo.* And my Name is to be——

*Hyp.* Don *Guzman*, *Diego*, *Mendez*, or what you please; be your own Godfather.

*Flo.* Egad, I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleasant Adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall; for, to be sure Don *Philip* will make the Devil to do with us when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

*Hyp.* O let me alone to give him Satisfaction.

*Flo.* I'm afraid it must be alone, if you do give him Satisfaction; for my part, I can push no more than I can swim.

*Hyp.* But you can Bully upon occasion.

*Flo.* I can scold when my Blood's up.

*Hyp.* That's the same thing. Bullying would be Scolding in Petticoats.

*Flo.* Say ye so? Why then Don look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear Breeches as long as I live, tho' I loie the End of my Sex by it. Well, Madam, now you have open'd the Plot, pray when is the Play to begin?

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* I hope to have it all over in less than four Hours; we'll just refresh ourselves with what the House affords, comb out our Wigs, and wait upon my Father-in-law— How now! what would this Fellow have?—

*Enter Trappanti.*

*Trap.* Servant Gentlemen, I have taken nice care of your Nags; good Cattle they are by my troth, right and sound I warrant 'em; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it if they stay in this House—— I always stand by, Sir, see 'em rubb'd down with my own Eyes—— Catch me trusting an Ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

*Flo.* I have seen this Fellow somewhere.

*Trap.* Hey-day! what, no Cloth laid! was ever such Attendance! hey, House! Tapster! Landlord! hey! [*knocks.*] What was it you bespoke, Gentlemen?

*Hyp.* Really, Sir, I ask your Pardon, I have almost forgot you.

*Trap.* Pshah! dear Sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by—— I have a Lodging—— I can't call it a Lodging neither—— that is I have a—— sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there, and so here and there one makes shift, you know.—— Hey! will these People never come? [*knocks.*]

*Hyp.* You give a very good account of yourself, Sir.

*Trap.* O! nothing at all, Sir: Lord, Sir!—— was it Fish or Flesh, Sir?

*Flo.* Really Sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

*Trap.* Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young Travellers; you don't know this House, Sir; why they'll let you starve if you don't stir, and call, and that like Thunder too—— Hey! [*knocks.*]

*Hyp.* Ha! you eat here sometimes, I presume, Sir.

*Trap.* Umph!—— Ay, Sir, that's as it happens—— I seldom eat at home, indeed—— Things are generally, you know, so out of order there, that—— Did you hear any fresh News upon the Road, Sir?

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* Only, Sir, that the King of *France* lost a great Horse-match upon the *Alps* t'other day.

*Trap.* Hah! a very odd Place for a Horse-race,—— but the King of *France* may do any thing —— Did you come that way, Gentlemen, or — Hey! [*knocks.*]

*Enter Host.*

*Host.* Did you call, Gentlemen?

*Trap.* Yes, and bawl too, Sir: Here, the Gentlemen are almost famish'd, and no body comes near 'em: What have you in the House now that will be ready presently?

*Host.* You may have what you please, Sir.

*Hyp.* Can you get us a Partridge?

*Host.* Sir, we have no Partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a Moment: We have a very good Neck of Mutton, Sir; if you please it shall be clapt down in a Moment.

*Hyp.* Have you no Pigeons or Chickens?

*Host.* Truly Sir, we have no Fowl in the House at present; if you please, you may have any thing else in a Moment.

*Hyp.* Then prithee get us some young Rabbits.

*Host.* Upon my word, Sir, Rabbits are so scarce they are not be had for Money.

*Flo.* Have you any Fish?

*Host.* Fish! Sir, I drest Yesterday the finest Dish that ever came upon a Table; I am sorry we have none left, Sir; but, if you please, you may have any thing else in a Moment.

*Trap.* Pox on thee, hast thou nothing but Any thing-else in the House?

*Host.* Very good Mutton, Sir.

*Hyp.* Prithee get us a Breast then.

*Host.* Breast! Don't you love the Neck, Sir?

*Hyp.* Ha'ye nothing in the House but the Neck?

*Host.* Really, Sir, we don't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left.

*Trap.*

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*Trap.* Faith, Sir, I don't know but a Nothing else may be very good Meat, when an Any-thing else is not to be had.

*Hyp.* Then prithee Friend let's have thy Neck of Mutton before that is gone too.

*Trap.* Sir, he shall lay it down this Minute, I'll see it done: Gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a Minute I must beg your Pardon, and Leave to lay the Cloth myself.

*Hyp.* By no means, Sir.

*Trap.* No Ceremony, dear Sir; indeed I'll do't.

[*Exeunt Host and Trap.*]

*Hyp.* What can this familiar Puppy be?

*Flo.* With much ado I have recollected his Face. Don't you remember, Madam, about two or three Years ago Don *Philip* had a trusty Servant call'd *Trappanti*, that us'd now and then to slip a Note into your Hand as you came from Church?

*Hyp.* Is this he that *Philip* turn'd away for saying I was as proud as a Beauty, and homely enough to be good-humour'd?

*Flo.* The very same, I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has alter'd his Air a little.

*Hyp.* Poor Fellow! I am concern'd for him: What makes him so far from *Seville*?

*Flo.* I'm afraid all Places are alike to him.

*Hyp.* I have a great Mind to take him into my Service, his Assurance may be useful, as my Case stands.

*Flo.* You would not tell him who you are!

*Hyp.* There's no occasion for it—— I'll talk with him.

*Enter Trappanti.*

*Trap.* Your Dinner's upon the Spit, Gentlemen, and the Cloth is laid in the best Room—— Are you not for a Whet, Sir? What Wine? What Wine? Hey!

*Flo.* We give you trouble, Sir.

*Trap.* Not in the least, Sir,——Hey!

[*knocks.*]

*Enter*

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*Enter Host.*

*Host.* D'ye call, Gentlemen?

*Hyp.* Ay; What Wine have ye?

*Host.* What sort you please, Sir.

*Flo.* Sir, will you please to name it? [To *Trap.*

*Trap.* Nay, pray Sir.

*Hyp.* No Ceremony, dear Sir; upon my word you shall.

*Trap.* Upon my Soul you'll make me leave ye, Gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Come, come, no words! prithee, you shall.

*Trap.* Psha! but why this among Friends now? Here! — have ye any right *Galicia!*

*Host.* The best in *Spain* I warrant it.

*Trap.* Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half a dozen Bottles for Dinner.

*Host.* Yes, Sir. [Exit *Host.*

*Flo.* Who says this Fellow's a starving now? On my Conscience the Rogue has more Impudence than a Lover at Midnight.

*Hyp.* Hang him, 'tis inoffensive, I'll humour him. — Pray Sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my Question ill. — )

*Trap.* O dear Sir!

*Hyp.* What Profession may you be of?

*Trap.* Profession, Sir, — I — I — Ods me! here's the Wine, [*Enter Host.*] Come, fill out — hold — let me taste it first — ye Blockhead, wou'd ye have the Gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*drinks.*] — Yes, 'twill do — give me the Bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, Sir, is not that a Glas of right Wine?

*Hyp.* Extremely good indeed. — But Sir, as to my Question.

*Trap.* I'm afraid, Sir, that Mutton won't be enough for us all.

*Hyp.* O, pray Sir, bespeak what you please.

*Trap.*



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*Trap.* Sir, your most humble Servant.— Here, Master! prithee get us a— Ha! ay! get us a Dozen of poach'd Eggs, a Dozen, d'ye hear—just to— pop down a little.

*Host.* Yes, Sir. [going.]

*Trap.* Friend, — let there be a little Slice of Bacon to every one of 'em.

*Host.* Yes, Sir. [going.]

*Hyp.* But, Sir —

*Trap.* Odso! I had like to have forgot— here, a— *Sancho!* *Sancho!* ay, is n't your Name *Sancho?*

*Host.* *Diego,* Sir.

*Trap.* Oh! ay *Diego!* that's true indeed, *Diego!* Umph!

*Hyp.* I must e'en let him alone, there's no putting in a word 'till his Mouth's full.

*Trap.* Come, here's to thee, *Diego*— [drinks and fills again.] That I should forget thy Name tho'.

*Host.* No great harm, Sir.

*Trap.* *Diego,* Ha! a very pretty Name, faith! — I think you are married, are you not, *Diego?*

*Host.* Ay, ay, Sir.

*Trap.* Hah! how many Children?

*Host.* Nine Girls and a Boy, Sir.

*Trap.* Hah! nine Girls — Come, here's to thee again, *Diego* — Nine Girls! a stirring Woman, I dare say; a good Housewife, ha! *Diego.*

*Host.* Pretty well, Sir.

*Trap.* Makes all her Pickles herself, I warrant ye — Does she do Olives well?

*Host.* Will you be pleas'd to taste 'em, Sir?

*Trap.* Taste 'em! humh! prithee let's have a Plate; *Diego.*

*Host.* Yes, Sir.

*Hyp.* And our Dinner as soon as you please, Sir; when it's ready call us.

*Host.* Yes, Sir. [Exit *Host.*]

*Hyp.* But, Sir, I was asking you of your Profession.

*Trap.* Profession! really, Sir, I dont use to profess much,

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much, I am a plain dealing sort of a Man, if I say I'll serve a Gentleman, he may depend upon me.

*Flo.* Have you ever serv'd, Sir?

*Trap.* Not these two last Campaigns.

*Hyp.* How so?

*Trap.* Some Words with my superior Officer; I was a little too free in speaking my Mind to him.

*Hyp.* Don't you think of serving again, Sir?

*Trap.* If a good Post falls in my way.

*Hyp.* I believe I cou'd help you. — Pray, Sir, when you serv'd last, did you take Pay or Wages?

*Trap.* Pay, Sir? — Yes, Sir, I was paid, clear'd Subsistence and Arrears to a Farthing.

*Hyp.* And your late Commander's Name was —

*Trap.* *Don Philip de las Torres.*

*Hyp.* Of *Seville*?

*Trap.* Of *Seville.*

*Hyp.* Sir, your most humble Servant. You need not be curious; for I am sure you don't know me, though I do you, and your Condition, which I dare promise you, I'll mend upon our better acquaintance. And your first Step to deserve it, is to answer me honestly to a few Questions: Keep your Assurance still, it may do me service, I shall like you better for it: Come, here's to encourage you. [gives him Money.]

*Trap.* Sir, my humble Service to you.

*Hyp.* Well said.

*Flo.* Nay, I'll pass my Word he shan't dwindle into Modesty.

*Trap.* I never heard a Gentleman talk better in my Life: I have seen such a sort of a Face before, but where — I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your Glass, Sir.

*Hyp.* Grammercy! here Cousin, [drinks to Flo.] Come now, what made *Don Philip* turn you out of his Service? Why did you leave him?

*Trap.* 'Twas time, I think, his Wits had left him — The Man was mad.

*Hyp.* Mad!

*Trap.*

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*Trap.* Ay, stark mad — in Love.

*Hyp.* In Love! How pray?

*Trap.* Very deep—— Up to the Ears, over-head, drown'd by this time, he would in —— I would have had him stopt when he was up to the Middle.

*Hyp.* What was she he was in Love with?

*Trap.* The Devil!

*Hyp.* So! Now for a very ugly Likeness of my own Face. What sort of a Devil?

*Trap.* The Damning sort —— a Woman.

*Hyp.* Had she no Name?

*Trap.* Her Christian Name was *Donna Hypolita*; but her proper Name was *Shittlecock*.

*Flo.* How d'ye like that? —— [*Aside to Hyp.*

*Hyp.* Pretty well. [*Aside to Flo.*] Was she Handsom?

*Trap.* Umph —— so! so!

*Flo.* How d'ye like that? [*to Hyp.*

*Hyp.* Umph — so! so! [*to Flo.*] Had she Wit?

*Trap.* Sometimes.

*Hyp.* Good-Humour?

*Trap.* Very seldom.

*Hyp.* Proud.

*Trap.* Ever.

*Hyp.* Was she honest?

*Trap.* Very Proud.

*Hyp.* What! had she no good Qualities?

*Trap.* Faith! I don't remember 'em.

*Hyp.* Hah! d'ye think she lov'd him?

*Trap.* If she did, 'twas as the Cobler lov'd his Wife.

*Hyp.* How was that?

*Trap.* Why he beat her thrice a day, and told his Neighbour he lov'd her never the worse, but he was resolv'd the Bitch should never know it.

*Hyp.* Did she use him so very ill?

*Trap.* Like a Jade.

*Flo.* How d'ye do now? [*to Hyp,*

*Hyp.* I don't know —— methinks I —— But sure! What! was she not handsom, say ye?

*Trap.* A devilish Tongue.

*Hyp.*

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Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flo. Ay, say that at your Peril. [Aside.]

Hyp. What was she? How did she look?

Trap. Look! Why, faith, the Woman lookt very well when she had a Blush in her Face.

Hyp. Did she often Blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Hyp. Never saw her! Had she no Charm? What made him love her?

Trap. Really, I can't tell.

Flo. How d'ye like the Picture, Madam? [Aside.]

Hyp. O! O! extremely well, the Rogue has put me into a cold Sweat. I am as humble as an offending Lover.

*Enter Host.*

Host. Gentlemen, Your Dinner's upon the Table.

[Exit Host.]

Hyp. That's well! Come Sir, at Dinner I'll give you farther Instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come, Sir. [to Flo.]

Flo. Nay, dear Sir, no Ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble Servant.

[As they are going, Hyp. stops 'em.]

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care shou'd see me.

Trap. Sir, the Dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it, hot then, we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble Servant again. [Exit Trap.]

Flo. You seem concern'd; who is it?

Hyp. My Brother Octavio, as I live — Come this way. [they retire.]

*Enter Octavio, and a Servant.*

Oct. Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's Woman, tell her I am just come to Town, slip that Note into her Hand, and stay for an Answer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

*Re-enter*

14 *She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.*

*Re-enter Host, conducting Don Philip.*

*Host.* Here, Sir, please to walk this way.

*Flo.* And *Don Philip*, by *Jupiter*.

*D. Ph.* When my Servant comes, send him to me immediately.

*Host.* Yes, Sir.

*Hyp.* Nay, then it's time for us to make ready —  
Alons! [*Exeunt Hyp. and Flo.*]

*Osc. Don Philip!*

*D. Ph.* Dear *Oscavio!*

*Osc.* What lucky Point of the Compass cou'd blow us upon one another so?

*D. Ph.* Faith! a Wind very contrary to my Inclination: But the worst I see blows some good; I am overjoy'd to see you— But what makes you so far from the Army?

*Osc.* Who thought to have found you so far from *Seville?*

*D. Ph.* What do you do at *Madrid?*

*Osc.* O Friend, such an unfortunate Occasion, yet such a lucky Discovery! such a Mixture of Joy and Torment no poor Dog upon Earth was ever plagu'd with.

*D. Ph.* Unriddle, pray.

*Osc.* Don't you remember, about six Months ago I wrote you word of a dear delicious sprightly Creature, that I had bombarded for a whole Summer to no purpose?

*D. Ph.* I remember.

*Osc.* That same silly, stubborn, charming Angel, now capitulates.

*D. Ph.* Then she's taken.

*Osc.* I can't tell that: For you must know, her perfidious Father, contrary to his Treaty with me, and her Inclination. is going to —

*D. Ph.* Marry her to another?

*Osc.* Of a better Estate than mine it seems. She tells me here, he is within a Day's march of her, begs me to  
come

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come upon the Spur to her Relief, and if I don't arrive too late, confesses she loves me well enough to open the Gates, and let me enter the Town before him. There's her Express, read it.—

*Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti appear in the Balcony.*

*Hyp.* Hark! they are talking of a Mistress—— let's observe.

*Flo. Trappanti,* there's your old Master.

*Trap.* Ay, I know him again: But I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good Servant when he had him.

*D. Ph.* [*reads.*] “ My Father has concluded a Match  
“ for me with one I never saw, and intends in two  
“ Days to perfect it; the Gentleman is expected every  
“ Hour: In the mean time, if you know any Friend  
“ that has a better Title to me, advise him forthwith  
“ to put in his Claim: I am almost out of my Senses,  
“ which you'll easily believe when I tell you, if such  
“ a one shou'd make haste, I shan't have time to re-  
“ fuse him any thing.

*Hyp.* How's this?

*D. Ph.* No Name.

*Ox.* She never wou'd trust it in a Letter.

*Flo.* If this shou'd be *Don Philip's* Mistress!

*Trap.* Sir, you may take my Word it is, I know the Lady, and what the Neighbours say of her.

*Hyp.* This was a lucky Discovery —— Bat hush.

*D. Ph.* What will you do in this Case?

*Ox.* That I don't yet know, I am half distracted: I have just sent my Servant to tell her I am come to Town, and beg an Opportunity to speak with her: I long to see her: I warrant the poor Fool will be so soft and humble, now she's in a Fright.

*D. Ph.* What will you propose at your meeting her?

*Ox.* I don't know, may be another Meeting: At least it will come to a kind Look, a Kiss, Good bye, and a Sigh! —— ah! if I can but persuade her to run away with me.

B

*D. Ph.*

16 *She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.*

*D. Pb.* Consider!

*Oa.* Ah! so I do; what a Pleasure 'twou'd be to have her steal out of her Bed in a sweet Moon-shiny Night! to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her Slippers, with nothing but a thin silk Night-gown loose about her, and in this tempting Dress, to have her jump into my Arms breathless with Fear, her panting Bosom close to mine; then to stifle her with Kisses, and curl myself about her smooth, warm Limbs, that breathe an healing Odour from their Pores, enough to make the Senses ake, or Fancy mad.

*D. Pb.* *Otavio*, I envy thee: Thou art the happiest Man in thy Temper.

*Oa.* And thou art the most alter'd I ever knew: Prithee, what makes thee so much upon the Hum drum? Well, are my Sister and you come to a right Understanding yet? When do you marry?

*Hyp.* So, now I shall have my Picture by another Hand.

*D. Pb.* My Condition, *Otavio*, is very much like your Mistress's: She is going to marry the Man she never saw, and I the Woman.

*Oa.* 'Dsdeath! you make me tremble, I hope 'tis not my Mistress.

*D. Pb.* Thy Mistress! That were an idle Fear, *Madrid's* a wide Place. — Or if it were (she loving you) my Friendship and my Honour would oblige me to desist.

*Oa.* That's generous, indeed: But still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my Sister? I hope she has given you no Reason to forget her.

*Hyp.* Now I tremble.

*D. Pb.* The most severe that ever Beauty printed in the Heart of Man, a Coldness unaccountable to Sense.

*Oa.* Pshaw! dissembl'd.

*Hyp.* Hah!

*D. Pb.* I can't think it, Lovers are soon flatter'd into Hope, but she appear'd to me indifferent to so nice

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a Point, that she has ruin'd me without the Trouble of resolving it.

*Flo.* Well! Men are Fools.

*OÆ.* And by this time she's in Fits for your leaving her; 'tis her Nature, I know her from her Bib and Baby; I remember at five Years old the Vixen has fasted three days together in pure spite to her Governess.

*Hyp.* So!

*OÆ.* Nothing could ever in appearance make her pleased, or angry; always too proud to be oblig'd, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing so low, as to seem fond of Revenge; She had a Stomach that cou'd digest every thing but Humility.

*Hyp.* Goodlack, Mr. Wit.

*OÆ.* Yet with all this I've sometimes seen her good-natur'd, generous, and tender.

*Hyp.* There the Rogue was civil again.

*D. Pb.* I have thought so too.

[*Sighing.*

*Hyp.* How can he speak of me with so much Generosity?

*OÆ.* For all her Usage of you, I'll be rack'd if she did not love you.

*D. Pb.* I rather think she hated me: However, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

*Hyp.* Now I begin to hate myself.

*OÆ.* Then you are determin'd to marry this other Lady?

*D. Pb.* That's my Business to *Madrid.*

*Trap.* Which shall be done to your Hand.

*D. Pb.* Besides, I am now oblig'd by Contract.

*OÆ.* Then, (though she be my Sister) may some jealous, old, ill-natur'd Dog revenge your Quarrel to her.

*Hyp.* Thank you, Sir.

*D. Pb.* Come, forget it.

*OÆ.* With all my Heart, let's go in and drink your new Mistress's Health. When do you visit her?



18 *She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.*

*D. Pb.* I intended it immediately: But an unlucky Accident has hinder'd me; one of my Servants fell sick upon the Road, so that I am forc'd to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, sottish Rogue in Nature, has left the Portmantue, where all my Writings and Letters of concern are, behind him at the last Town we lay, so that I can't properly visit the Lady or her Father till I am able to assure them who I am.

*Oct.* Why don't you go back yourself to see for 'em?

*D. Pb.* I have sent my Servant, for I am really tir'd: I was loth to appear too much concern'd for 'em, lest the Rascal should think it worth his while to run away with 'em.

*Enter Servant to Octavio.*

*Oct.* How now?

*Serv.* Here's an Answer, Sir. [*Gives a Letter.*]

*Hyp.* Come, we have seen enough of the Enemy's Motions to know it's time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt Hyp. Flo. and Trap. from above.*]

*Oct.* [to *D. Pb.*] My dear Friend, I beg a thousand Pardons, I must leave you this Minute, the kind Creature has sent for me; I am a Soldier, you know, and Orders must be obey'd, when I come off o' Duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

*D. Pb.* You'll find me here, or hear of me: Adieu.

[*Exit Octav.*]

Here, House!

[*Enter Host.*]

Prithce see if my Servant be come yet.

*Host.* I believe he is, Sir; is he not in Blue?

*D. Pb.* Ay, where is the Sot?

*Host.* Just refreshing himself with a Glas at the Gate.

*D. Pb.* Pray tell the Gentleman, I'd speak with him——

[*Exit Host.*]

In all the necessaries of Life there is not a greater Plague than Servants. Hey, Soto!

*Enter Soto drunk.*

*Sot.* —— Did you please to—— such! —— call, Sir?

*D. Pb.*

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*D. Ph.* What's the reason, Blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

*Sot.* Sir, I did not know any thing of it, I — I — came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

*D. Ph.* And why not without sending, Sir? Did you think I expected no Answer to the Business I sent you about?

*Sot.* Yes, Sir, ——— I did think you wou'd be willing—— that is —— to have an Account —— so I staid to take a Glafs at the Door, because I wou'd not be out of the way — — huh!

*D. Ph.* You are drunk, Rascal —— Where's the Portmantue?

*Sot.* Sir I am here — if you please, I'll give you the whole Account how the Matter is, huh!

*D. Ph.* My Mind misgives me — speak Villain. ——

[*Strikes him.*

*Sot.* I will, Sir, as soon as I can put my Words into an intelligible Order, I an't running away, Sir.

*D. Ph.* To the Point, Sirrah!

*Sot.* Not of your Sword, dear Sir.

*D. Ph.* Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: Where's the Portmantue?

*Sot.* Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the World, and drank at every House upon the Road, going and coming, and ask'd about it; and so at last, as I was coming within a Mile of the Town here, I found then——

*D. Ph.* What!

*Sot.* That it must certainly be lost.

*D. Ph.* Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me?

[*Beats him.*

*Sot.* Lord, Sir, you won't hear Reason. —— Are you sure you han't it about you? —— if I know any thing of it, I wish I may be burnt.

*D. Ph.* Villain! your Life can't make me Satisfaction.

*Sot.* No, Sir, that's hard —— a Man's Life can't — for my part —— I —— I ——

20 *She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.*

*D. Pb.* Why do I vent my Rage against a Sot, a Clod of Earth? I should accuse myself for trusting him.

*Sot.* Sir ——— I had rather ——— bought a Portmantue out of my own Pocket, than have had such a life about it.

*D. Pb.* Be dumb!

*Sot.* Ahuh! Yes.

*D. Pb.* If this Rascal had stole it, sure he would not have ventur'd to come back again ——— I am confounded! Neither *Don Manuel*, nor his Daughter know me, nor any of his Family. If I shou'd not visit him till I can receive fresh Letters from my Father, he'll in the mean time think himself affronted by my Neglect ——— What shall I do? Suppose I go and tell him my Misfortune, and beg his Patience till we can hear again from *Seville*. I must think! Hey, Sot!

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti.*

*Trap.* Hold, Sir, let me touch up your Fore-top a little.

*Hyp.* So! my Gloves ——— Well, *Trappanti*, you know your Business, and if I marry the Lady, you know my Promise too.

*Trap.* Sir, I shall remember 'em both: ——— Odsso! I had like to have forgot ——— here, House! a Bason and Washball, — I've a Razor about me, hey! [*Knocks.*] Let me take off your Wig, Sir.

*Hyp.* What's the Matter?

*Trap.* Sir, you are not shav'd.

*Hyp.* Shav'd!

*Trap.* Ever while you live, Sir, go with a smooth Chin to your Mistrefs. Hey! [*Knocks.*

*Hyp.* This Puppy does so plague me with his Impertinence, I shall laugh out and discover myself.

*Trap.* Why *Diego*. [*Knocks.*

*Hyp.* Pshaw! prithee dont stand fooling, we're in haste.

*Fle.* Ay, ay, shave another time.

*Trap.*

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*Trap.* Nay, what you please, Sir, your Beard is not much, you may wear it to day.

[*Taking her by the Chin.*

*Flo.* Ay, and to morrow too : Pray, Sir, will you see the Coach ready, and put in the things ?

*Trap.* Sir, I'll see the Coach ready, and put in the things. [Exit *Trap.*

*Flo.* Come, Madam, Courage ! Now let's do something for the Honour of our Sex, give a Proof of our Parts, and tell Mankind we can contrive, fatigue, baffle, and bring about as well as the best of 'em.

*Hyp.* Well said, *Flora* : For the Honour of our Sex be it then, and let the grave Dons think themselves as wise as they please ; but Nature knows there goes more Wit to the Management of some Amours, than the hardest Point in Politicks.

*Therefore to Men th' Affair of State's confin'd,  
Wisely to Us the State of Love's assign'd,  
As Love's the weightier Business of Mankind.* }

[*Exeunt* :



A C T II.

S C E N E, *Don Manuel's House.*

*Enter Rosara, and Viletta.*

*Vil.* **H**ear Reason.

*Ros.* Talk of *Osavio* then.

*Vil.* How do you know but the Gentleman your Father designs you for, may prove as pretty a Fellow as he ? Have a little Patience ; if you shou'd happen to like him as well, would not that do your Business as well ?

*Ros.* Do you expect *Osavio* shou'd thank you for this ?

22 *She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.*

*Vil.* The Gentleman is no Fool.

*Ros.* He'll hate any one that is not a Friend to his Love.

*Vil.* Hang 'em, say I: But can't one quench the Thirst without jumping into the River? Is there no Difference between Cooling and Drowning? *Octavio's* now in a very good Post ——— keep him there ——— I know the Man: He understands the Business he is in to a Hair: But faith you'll spoil him; he's too pretty a Fellow, and too poor a one for an Husband.

*Ros.* Poor! he has enough.

*Vil.* That's the most he has.

*Ros.* 'Twill do our Business.

*Vil.* But when you have no Portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll soon have enough of you, and how will your Business be done then, pray?

*Ros.* Pshah! you talk like a Fool!

*Vil.* Come, come, if *Octavio* must be the Man, I say, let *Don Philip* be the Husband.

*Ros.* I tell you, Fool, I'll have no Man but an Husband, and no Husband but *Octavio*: When you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

*Vil.* In vain, I see, ——— I ha' done, Madam, ——— one must have Time to be Wise: But in the mean while what do ye resolve? Positively not to marry *Don Philip*.

*Ros.* I don't know what I shall do, 'till I see *Octavio*: When did he say he wou'd be here?

*Vil.* Oh! I dare not tell you, Madam.

*Ros.* Why?

*Vil.* I am brib'd to the contrary.

*Ros.* By whom?

*Vil.* *Octavio*, he just now sent me this lovely Piece of Gold, not to tell you what time he wou'd be here.

*Ros.* Nay, then *Viletta*, here are two Pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I shall see him.

*Vil.* Umph! these are lovely Pieces indeed.

[Smiling.]

*Ros.* When, *Viletta*?

*Vil.*

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*Vil.* Have you no more of 'em, Madam?

*Rof.* Pshah! there, take Purse and all; will that content thee?

*Vil.* O! Dear Madam, I shou'd be unconscionable to desire more; but really I was willing to have 'em all first. [*Courtesying.*]

*Rof.* When will he come?

*Vil.* Why the poor Gentleman has been hankering about the House this quarter of an Hour; but I did not observe, Madam, you were willing to see him, 'till you had convinced me by so plain a Proof.

*Rof.* Where's my Father?

*Vil.* Fast asleep in the Great-Chair.

*Rof.* Fetch him in then before he wakes.

*Vil.* Let him wake, his Habit will protect him.

*Rof.* His Habit!

*Vil.* Ay, Madam, he's turn'd Frier to come at you; if your Father surprises us, I have a Lye ready to back him — Hift, *Octavio*, you may enter.

*Enter Octavio in a Frier's Habit.*

*Oct.* After a thousand Frights and Fears, do I live to see my dear *Rosara* once again, and kind.

*Rof.* What shall we do, *Octavio*?

[*Looking kindly on him.*]

*Oct.* Kind Creature! Do! why as Lovers shou'd do; what no-body can undo; let's run away this Minute, tie ourselves fast in the Church-knot, and defy Fathers and Mothers.

*Rof.* And Fortunes too?

*Oct.* Pshah! We shall have it one Day: They must leave their Money behind 'em.

*Rof.* Suppose you first try my Father's Good-nature? You know he once encourag'd your Addresses.

*Oct.* First let's be fast marry'd; perhaps he may be good-natur'd when he can't help it: If we shou'd try him now, 'twill but set him more upon his Guard against us: Since we are list'd under Love, don't let us serve in a separate Garrison. Come, come, stand to your

B. 5.

Arms.

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Arms, whip a Suit of Night-Clothes into your Pocket, and let's march off in a Body together.

*Rof.* Ah! my Father.

*Oſ.* Dead!

*Vil.* To your Function.

*Enter Don Manuel.*

*D. Ma. Viletta.*

*Vil.* Sir.

*D. Ma.* Where's my Daughter?

*Vil.* Hiſt, don't diſturb her.

*D. Ma.* Diſturb her! why what's the Matter?

*Vil.* She's at Confefſion, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Confefſion! I don't like that; a young Woman ought to have no Sins at all.

*Vil.* Ah! dear Sir, there's no living without 'em.

*D. Ma.* She's now at Years of Diſcretion.

*Vil.* There's the Danger, Sir, ſhe's juſt of the taſting Age: One has really no Reliſh of a Sin till Fifteen.

*D. Ma.* Ah! then the Jades have ſwinging Stomachs; I find her Averſion to the Marriage I have propos'd her, has put her upon diſobedient Thoughts: There can be no Confefſion without Guilt.

*Vil.* Nor no Pardon, Sir, without Confefſion.

*D. Ma.* Fiddle faddle, I won't have her ſeem wicked: *Huſſy*, you ſhall confeſs for her, I'll have her ſend her Sins by you, you know 'em I'm ſure; but I'll know what the Frier has got out of her. ——— Save you, Father.

*Oſ.* Bleſs you, Son.

*D. Ma.* How now, what's become of Father *Benedic*? Why is not he here?

*Vil.* Sir, he is not well, and ſo deſir'd this Gentleman, his Brother here, to officiate for him.

*D. Ma.* He ſeems very young for a Confefſor.

*Vil.* Ay, Sir! He has not been long at it.

*Oſ.* Nor don't deſire to be long in it; I wiſh I underſtand it well enough to make a Fool of my old *Don* here.

[*Aſide.*  
*D. Ma.*

*She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not:* 25

*D. Ma.* Well, Sir! how do you find the Pulse of Iniquity beat there? What sort of Sin has she most Stomach to?

*Oa.* Why truly, Sir, we have all Frailties, and your Daughter has had most powerful Temptations.

*D. Ma.* Nay, the Devil has been very busy with her these two Days.

*Oa.* She has told me a most lamentable Story.

*D. Ma.* Ten to one but this lamentable Story proves a most damnable Lye.

*Oa.* Indeed, Son, I find by her Confession, that you are much to blame for your tyrannical Government of her.

*D. Ma.* Hey day! What, has the Jade been inventing Sins for me, and confessing 'em instead of her own? Let me come ——— she shall be lock'd up 'till she repents 'em too.

*Oa.* Son, forbear: This is now a Corroboration of your Guilt: This is inhuman.

*D. Ma.* Sir, I have done: But pray, if you please, let's come to the point: What are these terrible Cruelties, that this tender Lady accuses me of?

*Oa.* Nay, Sir, mistake her not: She did not, with any malicious Design, expose your Faults, but as her own depended on 'em: Her Frailties were the Consequence of your Cruelty.

*D. Ma.* Let's have 'em both Antecedent, and Consequent.

*Oa.* Why, she confess her first maiden, innocent Affection, had long been settled upon a young Gentleman, whose Love to her you once encourag'd; and after their most solemn Vows of mutual Faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her Hopes, and to the utter Ruin of her Peace, contracted her to a Man she never saw.

*D. Ma.* Very good; I see no harm in all this.

*Oa.* Methinks the Welfare of a Daughter, Sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

*D. Ma.* Serious! so I am, Sir, what a Devil, must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good Husband?



26 *She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.*

*Oa.* Her Melancholy may tell you, Sir, she can't think him a good one.

*D. Ma.* Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my Word.

*Oa.* What have you to object against the Man she likes?

*D. Ma.* The Man I like!

*Oa.* Suppose the unhappy Youth she loves shou'd throw himself distracted at your Feet, and try to melt you into Pity?

*D. Ma.* Ay! That if he can.

*Oa.* You wou'd not, Sir, refuse to hear him.

*D. Ma.* Sir, I shall not refuse him any thing, that I am sure will signify nothing.

*Oa.* Were you one Moment to reflect upon the Pangs which separated Lovers feel, were Nature dead in you, that Thought might wake her.

*D. Ma.* Sir, when I am ask'd to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my Nature sleeps like a Top.

*Oa.* Then I must tell you, Sir, this Obstinacy obliges me, as a Church-man, to put you in mind of your Duty; and to let you know too, you ought to pay more Reverence to our Order.

*D. Ma.* Sir, I am not afraid of the Sin of marrying my Daughter to the best Advantage: And so if you please, Father, you may walk home again—— when any thing lies upon my Conscience, I'll send for you.

*Oa.* Nay, then, 'tis time to claim a Lover's Right, and to tell you, Sir, the Man that dares to ask *Rosara* from me, is a Villain. *[Throws off his Disguise.*

*Vil.* So! here will be fine Work! *[Aside.*

*D. Ma.* *Otavio!* the Devil!

*Oa.* You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy Justice: Since not the Bonds of Honour, Nature, nor submissive Reason can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be Just. I leave you, Sir, to think on't. *[Walks about angrily.*

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* Ah! Here's a Confessor! Ah! that Jade of mine——and that other Jade of my Jade's——here has been rare Doings!—Well! it shan't hold long, Madam shall be noos'd to Morrow Morning—Hah! Sir's in a great Passion here, but it won't do——those long Strides, *Don*, will never bring you the sooner to your Mistress——*Rosara!* step into that Closet, and fetch my Spectacles off o' the Table there. Tum! tum!

*Vil.* I don't like the old Gentleman's Looks. [*Sings. Aside.*]

*Ros.* This Obstinacy of yours, my dear Father, you shall find runs in the Family.

[*Exit Rosara, and D. Ma. locks her in.*]

*D. Ma.* Tum! dum! dum! [*Sings.*]

*Oct.* Sir, I wou'd advise you, as your nearest Friend, to defer this Marriage for three Days.

*D. Ma.* Tum! tum! tum!

*Vil.* Sir, you have lock'd my Mistress in. [*Partly.*]

*D. Ma.* Tum! dum! dum!

*Vil.* If you please to lend me the Key, Sir, I'll let her out.

*D. Ma.* Tum! dum! dum!

*Oct.* You might afford me at least, as I am a Gentleman, a civil Answer, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Why then, in one Word, Sir, you shall not marry my Daughter; and as you are a Gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good Manners to stay in my House, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

*Oct.* You are the Father of my Mistress, and something, Sir, too old to answer, as you ought, this Wrong; therefore I'll look for Reparation where I can with Honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your House, I'll watch it carefully, I'll know who dares enter it. This, Sir, be sure of, the Man that offers at *Rosara's* Love shall have one Virtue, Courage at least, I'll be his Proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her. [*Exit Octavio.*]

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* Ah! poor Fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he wou'd be at:—But however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him——Who waits there?

*Enter a Servant.*

Run you for an *Alguazile*, and bid your Fellows arm themselves, I expect Mischief at my Door immediately: If *Octavio* offers any Disturbance, knock him down and bring him before me. [*Exit Ser.*]

*Vil.* Hift! don't I hear my Mistress's Voice?

*Rof.* [*within*] *Viletta!*

*Vil.* Here! here, Madam——Bless me, what's this?

[*Viletta listens at the Closet-door, and Rosara thrusts a Billet to her thro' the Key-hole.*

Ha! a Billet——to *Octavio*——a——Hem.

[*Puts it into her Bosom.*

*D. Ma.* How now, Huffy; What are you fumbling about that Door for?

*Vil.* Nothing, Sir; I was only peeping to see if my Mistress had done Prayers yet.

*D. Ma.* Oh! she had as good let 'em alone, for she shall never come out 'till she has Stomach enough to fall too upon the Man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able Comforter for my Babe of Grace there?

*Vil.* Yes, Sir, I let him in. [*Pertly.*]

*D. Ma.* Did you so!——Ha! Then if you please, Madam——I'll let you out——go——go——get a Sheet of brown Paper, pack up your Things, and let me never see that damn'd ugly Face of thine as long as I live.

*Vil.* Bless me, Sir, you are in a strange Humour, that you won't know when a Servant does as she shou'd do.

*D. Ma.* Thou art strangely impudent.

*Vil.* Only the farthest from it in the World, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Then I am strangely mistaken, didst not thou own just now thou let'st him?——

*Vil.*

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*Vil.* Yes,——but 'twas in disguise——for I did not design you shou'd see him, because I knew you did not care my Mistrefs shou'd see him.

*D. Ma.* Hah!

*Vil.* And I knew at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

*D. Ma.* Hah!

*Vil.* And you know, Sir, that the Sin of loving him had lain upon her Conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she shou'd come to a thorough Confession.

*D. Ma.* Hah!

*Vil.* So upon this, Sir, as you see—I—I—I let him in, that's all.

*D. Ma.* Nay, if it be so as thou say'ft, he was a proper Confessor indeed.

*Vil.* Ay, Sir, for you know this was not a spiritual Father's Bufiness.

*D. Ma.* No, no, this Matter was utterly Carnal.

*Vil.* Well, Sir, and judge you now, if my Mistrefs is not beholden to me.

*D. Ma.* Oh! extremely: but you'll go to Hell, my Dear, for all this; tho' perhaps you'll choose that Place: I think you never much car'd for your Husband's Company; and, if I don't mistake, you sent him to Heaven in the old Road. Hark! what Noise is that?

[*Noise without.*

*Vil.* So, *Octavio's* pushing his Fortune, he'll have a Wife or a Halter, that's positive——I'll go see which.

[*Exit Viletta.*

*Enter a Servant hastily.*

*D. Ma.* How now!

*Serv.* O Sir, *Octavio* has set upon a Couple of Gentlemen just as they were lighting out of a Coach at the Door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young Mistrefs, I heard 'em name her Name; I'm afraid there will be Mischief, Sir, there they are all at it, helter skelter.

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* Run into the Hall, take down my Back, Breast and Head-piece, call an Officer, raise the Neighbours, give me my great Gun, I'll shoot him out of the Garret Window. [Exit Don Manuel.

*Enter Hypolita and Flora, putting up their Swords; Octavio in the Alguazile's Hands, and Trappanti.*

*Hyp.* Bring him along——This is such an Insolence! Damn it, at this rate, no Gentleman can walk the Streets.

*Flo.* I suppose, Sir, your Business was more with our Pockets than our Persons: Are our things safe?

*Trap.* Ay, Sir, I secur'd them as soon as ever I saw his Sword out; I guess his Design, and scower'd off with the Pormantue.

*Hyp.* I'll know now, who set you on, Sir.

*Oct.* Prithee, young Man, don't be troublesome, but thank the Rascal that knockt me down for your Escape.

*Hyp.* Sir, I'd have you know, if you had not been knockt down, I shou'd have ow'd my Escape to the same Arm you wou'd have ow'd the Reward for your Insolence: Pray, Sir, what are you? Who knows you?

*Oct.* I'm glad, at least to find 'tis not Don Philip that's my Rival. [Aside.

*Serv.* Sir, my Master knows the Gentleman very well; he belongs to the Army.

*Hyp.* Then, Sir, if you'd have me use you like a Gentleman, I desire your Meaning of those familiar Questions you ask'd me at the Coach-side.

*Oct.* Faith, young Gentleman, I'll be very short; I love the Lady you are to marry; and if you don't quit your Pretences in two Hours, it will entail perpetual Danger upon you and your Family.

*Hyp.* Sir, if you please, the Danger's equal—for, rot me, if I'm not as fond of cutting your Throat as you can be of mine.

*Oct.* If I were out of these Gentlemens Hands, on my Word, Sir, you shou'dn't want an Opportunity.

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* O! Sir, these Gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my Friend and I'll be your Bail from them.

*Flo.* Ay, Sir, we'll bail you; and if you please, Sir, bring your Friend, I'm his: Damn me! what, d'ye think you have Boys to deal with?

*Oct.* Sir, I ask your Pardon, and shall desire to kiss your Hands about an Hour hence at——

[*Whispers.*

*Flo.* Very well, Sir, we'll meet you.

*Hyp.* Release the Gentleman.

*Serv.* Sir, we dare not, without my Master's Order: Here he is, Sir.

*Enter Don Manuel.*

*D. Ma.* How now, Bully Confessor? What! in Limbo?

*Hyp.* Sir, Don *Fernando de las Torres*, whom I am proud to call my Father, commanded me to deliver this into the Hands of his most dear and worthy Friend Don *Manuel Grimaldi*, and at the same time gave me Assurance of a kind Reception.

*D. Ma.* Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace ye: I'm overjoy'd to see you:—— Your Friend, Sir?

*Hyp.* Don *Pedro Velada*, my near Relation, who has done me the Honour of his Company from *Seville*, Sir, to assist at the Solemnity of his Friend's Happiness.

*D. Ma.* Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud to know you.

*Flo.* You do me Honour, Sir.

*Enter Viletta, who slips a Note into Octavio's Hand unseen, and Exit.*

*Vil.* Send your Answer to me.

*D. Ma.* I hope you are not hurt, Gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Not at all, Sir; thanks to a little Skill in the Sword.

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our Business for a Moment, 'till I have done you Justice on the Person that offer'd you this Insolence at my Gate.

*Hyp.* Your Pardon, Sir; I understand he is a Gentleman, and beg you would not let my Honour suffer, by receiving a lame Reparation from the Law.

*D. Ma.* A pretty mettled Fellow, faith——'must not let him fight tho' [*Aside.*] But, Sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this Man is your Enemy?

*Hyp.* Sir, I know more of his Spleen and Folly than you imagine; which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

*D. Ma.* Discharge him! pray consider, Sir——

[*They seem to talk.*]

*Oct.* [*Aside.*] Now for a Beam of Hope in a Tempest.  
[*Reads*]

*I charge you don't hazard my Ruin and your own, by the Madness of a Quarrel: The Closet Window where I am is but a Step to the Ground. Be at the Back-door of the Garden exactly in the close of the Evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a Rival.*

Dear kind Creature! Now, if my little Don's Fit of Honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest Dog in the Universe.

*D. Ma.* Well, Sir, since I find your Honour is dipt so deep in the Matter,——Here——release the Gentleman.

*Flo.* So, Sir; you have your Freedom, you may depend upon us.

*Hyp.* You will find us punctual——Sir, your Servant.

*Oct.* So, now I have a very handsom Occasion to put off the Tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your Pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the Rashness I committed; and, I confess, your manner of treating me has been so very much like Men of Honour, that I think my self oblig'd

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oblig'd from the same Principle to assure ye, that tho' I love *Rosara* equal to my Life, yet no Consideration shall persuade me to be a rude Enemy, even to my Rival: I thank you for my Freedom, and am your humble Servant. [Exit Oct.]

*Hyp.* Your Servant, Sir; — I think we releas'd my Brother very handsomly; but I han't done with him.

[Aside to Flora:]

*D. Ma.* What can this sudden turn of Civility mean? I am afraid 'tis but a Cloke to some new Roguery he has in his Head.

*Hyp.* I don't know how old it may be, but my Servant here has discover'd a Piece of Villany of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

*D. Ma.* Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

*Hyp.* Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Pray be plain, Sir; What is it?

*Hyp.* This Fellow can inform you—— For, to say Truth, he's much better at a Lye. [Aside.]

*D. Ma.* Come hither, Friend: Pray what is this Business?

*Hyp.* Ay; what was that you overheard between *Octavio* and another Gentleman, at the Inn where we alighted?

*Trap.* Why, Sir, as I was unbuckling my Portmantue in the Yard there, I observ'd *Octavio* and another Spark very familiar with your Honour's Name; upon which, Sir, I prick'd up the Ears of my Curiosity, and took in all their Discourse.

*D. Ma.* Pray who was that other Spark, Friend?

*Trap.* A Brother-Rake, Sir; a damn'd fly-look'd Fellow.

*D. Ma.* So!

*Flo.* How familiarly the Rogue treats his old Master!

[Aside.]

*Hyp.* Poor Don *Philip*!

[Aside.]

*Trap.* Says one of 'em, says he, No, damn him, the Old Rogue (meahing you, Sir) will never let you have her by fair



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fair means; however, says *Octavio*, I'll try soft Words: But if those won't do, Bully him, says t'other.

*D. Ma.* Ah, poor Dog! but that would not do neither: Sir, he has try'd 'em both to day to no Purpose.

*Trap.* Say you so, Sir! then you'll find what I say is all of a piece. Well! and if neither of these will do, says he, you must e'en tilt the young Prig your Rival, (meaning you then, Sir.) [To Hyp.

*D. Ma.* Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my Spark did not greatly care for.

*Trap.* No, Sir; that, he found, was catching a Tartar. 'Sbud, my Master fought like a Lion, Sir.

*Hyp.* Truly, I did not spare him.

*Flo.* No, Faith,—after he was knock'd down.

[*Aside.*

*Trap.* But now, Sir, comes the Cream of the Roguery.

*Hyp.* Pray observe, Sir.

*Trap.* Well, says *Sly-looks*, and if all these fail, I have a rare Trick in my Head, that will certainly defer the Marriage for three or four Days at least, and in that time the Devil's in't if you don't find an Opportunity to run away with her.

*D. Ma.* Wou'd you so, Mr. Dog, but he'll be hang'd.

*Hyp.* O, Sir! You'll find we were mighty fortunate in this Discovery.

*D. Ma.* Pray, Sir, let's hear: What was this Trick to be, Friend?

*Trap.* Why, Sir, to alarm you, that my Master was an Impostor, and that *Sly-looks* was the true Don *Philip*, sent by his Father from *Seville* to marry your Daughter; upon which (says he) the Old Putt (meaning you again, Sir) will be so bamboozl'd, that——

*D. Ma.* But pray, Sir, how did young Mr. *Coxcomb* conclude, that the Old Putt was to believe all this? Had they no sham Proofs, that they propos'd to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

*Trap.* You shall hear, Sir, (the Plot was pretty well laid too): I'll pretend, says he, that the Rascal your Rival (meaning you then, Sir) has robb'd me of my Portmantue, where

where I had put up all my Jewels, Money, and Letters of Recommendation from my Father: We are neither of us known in *Madrid*, says he, so that a little Impudence, and a grave Face, will certainly set those two Dogs a snarling, while you run away with the Bone. That's all, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Impudent Rogue!

*Hyp.* What think ye, Sir? was not this Business pretty handsomly laid?

*Flo.* Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous Consequence.

*D. Ma.* Why truly, if we had not been fore-arm'd by this Discovery, for ought I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the Bone indeed: But if you please, Sir, since these ingenious Gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let 'em see that you and I have Wit enough to do our Business, and e'en clap up the Wedding-to-morrow morning.

*Hyp.* Sir, you are too obliging — But will your Daughter, think ye, be prevail'd with?

*D. Ma.* Sir, I'll prepare her this minute, — it's pity, methinks, we releas'd that Bully, tho' —

*Hyp.* Not at all, Sir; I don't suppose he can have the Impudence to pursue this Design: Or, if he shou'd, Sir, — now we know him beforehand.

*D. Ma.* Nay, that's true as you say — but therefore, methinks, I'd have him come: I love mightily to laugh in my Sleeve at an impudent Rogue, when I'm sure he can do me no harm: Udsflesh! if he comes, the Dog shan't know whether I believe him or not — I'll try if the Old Putt can bamboozle him or no.

*Hyp.* Egad, Sir, you're in the right on't, knock him down with his own Weapon.

*Trap.* And when he is down, I have a Trick to keep him so.

*Flo.* The Devil's in't if we don't maul this Rascal among us.

*D. Ma.* A Son of a Whore — I am sorry we let him go so soon, Faith.

*Flo.*

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*Flo.* We might as well have held him a little.

*Hyp.* Really, Sir, upon second Thoughts, I wish we had—His excusing his Challenge so abruptly, makes me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his Point some other way.—Did not you observe your Daughter's Woman whisper him?

*D. Ma.* Humh!

*Flo.* They seem'd very busy, that's certain.

*Hyp.* I can't say about what—but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

*D. Ma.* I am alarm'd!

*Hyp.* Where is your Daughter at this time?

*D. Ma.* I think she's pretty safe——but I'll go make her sure.

*Flo.* 'Twill be no harm to look about ye, Sir. Where's her Woman?

*D. Ma.* I'll be upon her presently—she shall be search'd for Intelligence——You'll excuse me, Gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Sir, the Occasion presses you.

*D. Ma.* If I find all safe, I'll return immediately, and then, if you please, we'll run over some old Stories of my good Friend *Fernando*——Your Servant.

[*Exit D. Ma.*

*Hyp.* Sir, Your most humble Servant——*Trap-panti*, thou'rt a rare Fellow, thou hast an admirable Face, and when thou dy'ft, I'll have thy whole Statue cast all in the same Metal.

*Flo.* 'Twere pity the Rogue was not bred to the Law.

*Trap.* So 'tis indeed, Sir,——A Man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the Gown, I dare venture to say, I become a Lye as well as any Man that wears it.

*Hyp.* Nay, now thou art modest——But Sirrah, we have more Work for ye: You must get in with the Servants, attack the Lady's Woman: There, there's Ammunition, Rogue! [*Gives him Money*]. Now try if you can make a Breach into the Secrets of the Family.

*Trap.*

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*Trap.* Ah! Sir, I warrant you — I cou'd never yet meet with a Woman that was this sort of Pistol-proof, — I have known a handful of these do more than a Barrel of Gunpowder; the *French* charge all their Cannon with 'em; the only Weapon in the World, Sir. I remember my old Master's Father us'd to say, the best Thing in the Greek Grammar was ——— *Arguriois lonchasy Machou, kai Panta Crateseis.* [Exit *Trap.*

*Hyp.* Well, dear *Flora*, let me kiss thee. Thou hast done thy part to a Miracle.

*Flo.* 'Egad I think so; Didn't I bear up briskly? Now if Don *Philip* should come while my Blood's up, let him look to himself.

*Hyp.* We shall find him a little tough I believe; for, poor Gentleman! he is like to meet with a very odd Reception from his Father-in-law.

*Flo.* Nay, we've done his Business there, I believe.

*Hyp.* How glibly the old Gentleman swallow'd *Trap-panti's* Lye!

*Flo.* And how rarely the Rogue told it!

*Hyp.* And how soon it work'd with him! For, if you please (says he) we'll let him see that we have Wit enough to do our Business, and clap up the Wedding to-morrow morning.

*Flo.* Ah! we have it all the way ——— Well, what must we do next?

*Hyp.* Why, now for the Lady ——— I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then ———

*Flo.* Victoria!

[*Exeunt.*



A C T



A C T III.

*The SCENE continues.*

*Enter Viletta hastily; Don Manuel and Trappanti behind, observing her.*

*Vil.* SO! with much ado I have given the old Don the slip; he has dangled with me thro' every Room in the House, high and low, up Stairs and down, as close to my Tail as a great Boy hankering after one of his Mother's Maids. Well——now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says. [*Takes a Letter from her Bosom.*

*Trap.* Hift! there she is, and alone: When the Devil has any thing to do with a Woman, Sir, that's his time to take her: Stand close.

*D. Ma.* Ah! he's at work already——There's a Letter.

*Trap.* Leave her to me, Sir, I'll read it.

*Vil.* Hah! two Pistoles! —— Well, I'll say that for him, the Man knows his Business, his Letters always come Post-paid.

[*While she is reading, Trappanti steals behind, and looks over her Shoulder*].

*Dear Viletta, convey the inclos'd immediately to your Mistress, and as you prize my Life, use all possible means to keep the Old Gentleman from the Closet, till you are sure she is safe out of the Window.*

*Your real Friend.*

*Trap.* Octavio!

[*Reading.*

*Vil.* Ah!

[*Shrieking.*

*Trap.* Madam, Your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

*Vil.* You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other People's Letters.

*Trap.*

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*Trap.* Why——I never read a Letter in my Life without looking it over.

*Vil.* I don't know any Business you had to look upon this.

*Trap.* There's the thing —— Your not knowing that, has put you into this Passion.

*Vil.* You may chance to have your Bones broke, Mr. Coxcomb.

*Trap.* Sweet Honey-comb, don't be so waspish ; or if I keep your Counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my Bones mayn't keep their places ; but if I peach, whose Bones will pay for it then ?

*Vil.* Ha ! the Fool says true, I had better wheedle him. [*Aside.*

*Trap.* My dear Queen, don't be frighted —— I come as a Friend ; now be serious.

*Vil.* Well ! what wou'd you have ?

*Trap.* Don't you love Money above any thing in the World —— except one.

*Vil.* I except nothing.

*Trap.* Very good —— And pray, how many Letters do you expect to be paid for, when *Octavio* has marry'd your Mistress, and has no Occasion to write to her ? Look you Child, tho' you are of Council for him, use him like a true Lawyer, make Difficulties where there are none, that he may see you where he needs not. Dispatch is out of practice, Delay makes long Bills ; stick to it, once get him his Cause, there's no more Advice to be paid for.

*Vil.* What do you mean ?

*Trap.* Why, that for the same Reason, I have no mind to put an end to my own Fees, by marrying my Matter ; While they are Lovers, they will always have Occasion for a Confident, and a Pimp ; but when they marry —— Serviteur —— good night Vails, our Harvest is over : What d'ye think of me now ?

*Vil.* Why, —— I like what you say very well : But I don't know, my Friend, to me —— that same Face of yours looks like the Title-page to a whole

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Volume of Roguery. ——— What is't you drive at?

*Trap.* Money, Money, Money. Don't you let your Mistress marry *Octavio*. I'll do my best to hinder my Master: Let you and I lay our Heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a Penny of 'em all three.

*Vil.* Look you, Seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confess to you, I had made a rough draught of this Project my self: But, say I shou'd agree with you to go on upon't, what Security can you give me for performance of Articles?

*Trap.* More than Bond or Judgment——my Person in Custody.

*Vil.* Ah! that won't do.

*Trap.* No, my Love, why, there's many a sweet Bit in't——Taste it. [Offering to kiss her, she

*Vil.* No! puts him away.

*Trap.* Faith you must give me one.

*Vil.* Indeed, my Friend, you are too ugly for me; tho' I am not handsome my self, I love to play with those that are.

*Trap.* And yet, methinks, an honest Fellow of my Size and Complexion, in a careless Posture, playing the fool thus with his Money.

[Tosses a Purse, she catches it, and he kisses her.

*Vil.* Pshah! Well, if I must, come then.—— To see how a Woman may be deceived at first Sight of a Man.

*Trap.* Nay then, take a second Thought of me, Child.

*D. Ma.* Hah! — This is laying their Heads together, indeed. [Again. Behind.]

*Vil.* Well, now get you gone; I have a Letter to give to my Mistress, slip into the Garden——I'll come t'ye presently.

*Trap.* Is't from *Octavio*?

*Vil.* Pshah! be gone, I say. [Snatches the Letter.]

*Trap.* Hiss! [Trappanti beckons Don Manuel, who goes softly behind.]

*Vil.* Madam! Madam! Ah!

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* Now, Strumpet, give me the other Letter, or I'll murder you. [Draws.]

*Vil.* Ah! lud! O lud! there! there! [Squeaking.]

*D. Ma.* Now we shall see what my Gentleman wou'd be at. [Reads.] *My dear Angel,*  
Hah! Soft and Impudent.

*Depend upon me at the Garden-door by seven this Evening: Pity my Impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the Arms of your* Octavio.

*D. Ma.* Ah! Now wou'd this rampant Rogue make no more of debauching my Gentlewoman, than the Gentlewoman wou'd of him, if he were to debauch her——hold——let's see, what does he say here——um! um! [Reads to himself.]

*Vil.* What a Sow was I to believe this old Fool durst do me any harm! but a Fright's the Devil——wou'd I had my Letters again——tho' 'tis no great Matter! for as my Friend *Trappanti* says, delaying *Octavio's* Business, is doing my own.

*D. Ma.* [Reading]——Um um! *sure she is safe out of the Window.* O! there the Mine is to be sprung then——the Gentleman makes a warm Siege on't in troth! and one wou'd think was in a fair way of carrying the Place, while he has such an admirable Spy in the middle of the Town——now were I to act like a true *Spaniard*, I ought to rip up this Jade for more Intelligence: But I'll be wise, a Bribe and a Lye will do my Business a great deal better. Now, Gentlewoman, what d'ye think in your Conscience I ought to do to ye?

*Vil.* What I think in my Conscience you'll not do to me, make a Friend of me——You see, Sir, I dare be an Enemy.

*D. Ma.* Nay, thou dost not want Courage, I'll say that for thee: But is it possible any thing can make thee honest?



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*Vil.* What do you suppose would make me other-wife?

*D. Ma.* Money.

*Vil.* You have nickt it.

*D. Ma.* And wou'd the same Sum make thee surely one as t'other?

*Vil.* That I can't say neither : One must be heavier than t'other, or else the Scale can't turn.

*D. Ma.* Say it be so : Wou'd that turn thee into my Int'rest?

*Vil.* The very minute you turn into mine, Sir : Judge yourself—— here stands *Octavio* with a Letter, and two Pieces to give it to my Mistress—— There stand you with a Hem ! and four Pieces—— where wou'd the Letter go d'ye think ?

*D. Ma.* There needs no more—— I'm convinc'd, and will trust thee—— there's to encourage thee beforehand, and when thou bring'st me a Letter of *Octavio's*, I'll double the Sum.

*Vil.* Sir, I'll do't—— and will take care he shall write presently. [Aside.]

*D. Ma.* Now, as you expect I shou'd believe you, be gone, and take no notice of what I have discover'd.

*Vil.* I am dumb, Sir—— [Exit Viletta.]

*D. Ma.* So ! this was done like a wife General : And now I have taken the Counterscarp, there may be some Hopes of making the Town capitulate—— *Rofara.*  
[Unlocks the Closet.]

*Enter Rofara.*

*Rof.* Did you call me, Sir ?

*D. Ma.* Ay, Child : come, be chearful ; what I have to say to you, I'm sure ought to make you so.

*Rof.* He has certainly made some Discovery : *Viletta* did not cry out for nothing—— What shall I do—— dissemble. [Aside.]

*D. Ma.* In one word, set your Heart at rest, for you shall marry *Don Philip* this very Evening.

*Rof.*

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*Ros.* That's but short Warning for the Gentleman, as well as myself; for I don't know that we ever saw one another: How are you sure he will like me?

*D. Ma.* O! as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his Interest to like you— But if you are still positively resolv'd upon *Octavio*, I'll make but few Words——pull off your Clothes, and go to him.

*Ros.* My Clothes, Sir!

*D. Ma.* Ay, for the Gentleman shan't have a—Rag with you.

*Ros.* I am not in haste to be starv'd, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Then let me see you put on your best Airs, and receive Don *Philip* as you shou'd do.

*Ros.* When do you expect him, Sir?

*D. Ma.* Expect him, Sir! he has been here this Hour, Sir——I only staid to get you out of the Sullens—— He's none of your Hum drums, all Life and Mettle! Odzooks, he has the Courage of a Cock, a Duel's but a Dance to him: He has been at Sa! Sa!——Sa for you already.

*Ros.* Well, Sir, I shan't be afraid of his Courage, since I see you are resolv'd he shall be the Man—— He shall find me a Woman, Sir, let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

*D. Ma.* Ah! now thou art my own Girl; hold but in this Humour one quarter of an Hour, and I'll toss thee t'other Bushel of Doblons into thy Portion——Here bid-a— Come, I'll fetch him myself—— she's in a rare Cue, faith: ah! if he does but knick her now.

[*Exit Don Manuel.*]

*Ros.* Now I have but one Card to play——if that don't hit, my Hopes are crush'd indeed: If this young Spark ben't a downright Coxcomb, I may have a Trick to turn all yet—— dear Fortune, give him but common Sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me——Here they come—— [*Walks carelessly, and sings.*]

*I'll rove and I'll range——*

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*Enter Don Manuel and Hypolita.*

*Hyp.* *I'll love and I'll change*—— [*Sings with her.*

*D. Ma.* Ah, he has her! he has her!

*Hyp.* Madam, I kiss your Ladyship's Hands, I find by your Gaiety you are no Stranger to my Business; perhaps you expected I shou'd have come in with a grave Bow, and a long Speech; but my Affairs in a little more haste, therefore, if you please, Madam, we'll cut the Work short; be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's Humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this Twelve-month,

*D. Ma.* Ah!

*Ros.* Troth, Sir, I think you are very much in the right: The sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

*Hyp.* Pshah! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable Husband; I shan't expect my Wife to be over fond of me.

*Ros.* But I love to be in the Fashion too, Sir, in taking the Man I have a mind to.

*Hyp.* Say you so? why then take me as soon as you please.

*Ros.* I only stay for my Mind, Sir; as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word, I am ready to wait upon you.

*Hyp.* Well, Madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares—— Sir, if you'll find an Occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right Understanding presently.

*D. Ma.* I'll do't, Sir: Well, Child, speak in thy Conscience, is not he a pretty Fellow?

*Ros.* The Gentleman's very well, Sir; but methinks he's a little too young for a Husband.

*D. Ma.* Young! a fiddle: you'll find him Old enough for a Wife, I warrant ye? Sir, I must beg your Pardon for a moment: But, if you please, in the mean time,  
I'll

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I'll leave you my Daughter, and so pray make your best of her. *[Exit Don Manuel.]*

*Hyp.* I thank ye, Sir.

*[Hyp. stands sometimes mute, looks carelessly at Rosara, and she smiles as in Contempt of him.]*

Why now, methinks, Madam, you had as good put on a real Smile, for I am-doom'd to be the happy Man, you see.

*Ros.* So my Father says, Sir.

*Hyp.* I'll take his Word.

*Ros.* A bold Man—but he'll break it.

*Hyp.* He won't.

*Ros.* He must.

*Hyp.* Whether he will or no?

*Ros.* He can't help it now.

*Hyp.* How so, pray?

*Ros.* Because he has promis'd you, you shall marry me; and he has always promis'd me I should marry the Man I could love.

*Hyp.* Ay,—that is, he would oblige you to love the Man you should marry.

*Ros.* The Man that I marry will be sure of my Love; but for the Man that marries me,——— Mercy on him.

*Hyp.* No matter for that, I'll marry you.

*Ros.* Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natur'd.

*Hyp.* Why, dost thou not like me, Child?

*Ros.* Um—No.

*Hyp.* What's the matter?

*Ros.* The old Fault,

*Hyp.* What?

*Ros.* I don't like you.

*Hyp.* Is that all?

*Ros.* No.

*Hyp.* That's hard,——— the rest.

*Ros.* That you won't like.

*Hyp.* I'll stand it———try me.

*Ros.* Why then, in short, I like another: Another Man, Sir, has got into my Head, and has made such

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work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live———What d'ye think of me now, Sir? Won't this serve for a Reason why you shou'd not marry me?

*Hyp.* Um——the Reason is a pretty smart sort of a Reason truly, but it won't do——to be short with ye, Madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.

*Ros.* And what have you reason to believe you shall be, if you do marry me?

*Hyp.* In the *Spanish* Fashion, I suppose, jealous to a degree.

*Ros.* You may be in the *English* Fashion, and something else to a degree.

*Hyp.* Oh! if I have not Courage enough to prevent that, Madam, let the World think me in the *English* City-fashion content to a degree. Now here in *Spain*, Child, we have such Things as Back-rooms, barr'd Windows, hard fare, Poison, Daggers, Bolts, Chains, and so forth.

*Ros.* Ay, Sir, and there are such Things as Bribes, Plots, Shams, Letters, Lyes, Walls, Ladders, Keys, Confidants, and so forth.

*Hyp.* Hey! a very compleat Regiment indeed! what a World of Service might these do in a quarter of an hour, with a Woman's Courage at the head of 'em! Really, Madam, your Dress and Humour have the prettiest loose *French* Air, something so Quality, that let me die, Madam, I believe in a Month I should be apt to poison ye.

*Ros.* So! it takes. [*Aside.*] And let me die, Sir, I believe I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

*Hyp.* I shall certainly do't.

*Ros.* It must be in my Breakfast then———for I should certainly run away before the Wedding-Dinner came up.

*Hyp.* That's over-acted, but I'll startle her. [*Aside.* Then I must tell you, Madam, a *Spanish* Husband may be provok'd as well as a Wife.

*Ros.*

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*Ros.* My Life on't, his Revenge is not half so sweet : and if she's provok'd, 'tis a thousand to one but she licks her Lips before she's nail'd in her Coffin.

*Hyp.* You are very gay, Madam.

*Ros.* I see nothing to fright me, Sir? for I cannot believe you'll marry me now — I have told ye my Humour, if you like it, you have a good Stomach.

*Hyp.* Why truly you may probably lie a little heavy upon't, but I can better digest you than Poverty ; as for your Inclination, I'll keep your Body honest however ; that shall be lockt up, and if you don't love me, then — I'll stab ye. [Carelessly]

*Ros.* With what? your Words? it must be those you say after the Priest then ——— You'll be able to do very little else that will reach my Heart, I assure ye.

*Hyp.* Well, well, Madam, you need not give yourself half this trouble, I am heartily convinc'd you will make the damnest Wife that ever poor Dog of a Husband wish'd at the Devil: But really, Madam, you are very unfortunate; for notwithstanding all the mighty pains you have taken, you have met with a positive Coxcomb, that's still just Fool and Stout enough to marry you.

*Ros.* 'Twill be a Proof of your Courage indeed.

*Hyp.* Madam, you rally very well, 'tis confess: But now if you please, we'll be a little serious.

*Ros.* I think I am — What does he mean? [Aside]

*Hyp.* Come, come, this Humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bear the Qualities you say you have, than I know you are guilty of 'em: Your pretty Arts in striving to avoid, have charm'd me. Had you been precisely Coy, or Over-modest, your Virtue then might have been suspected. Your shewing me what a Man of Sense should hate, convinces me you know too what he ought to love ; and she that's once so well acquainted with the Charms of Virtue, never can forsake it. I both admire and love you now: You've made what only was my Interest my Happiness. At my first View I woo'd ye only to secure a fordid Fortune, which now I overjoy'd, could part with ; nay, with Life, with any thing, to purchase your unrival'd Heart.

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*Ros.* Now I am plung'd indeed. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I own you have discover'd me; and since you have oblig'd me to be serious, I now, from my Sincerity, protest my Heart's already given, from whence no Power nor Interest shall recall it.

*Hyp.* I hate my Interest, and would owe no Power or Title but to Love.

*Ros.* If, as you say, you think I find a Charm in Virtue, you'll know too there's a Charm in Constancy: You ought to scorn me, should I flatter you with Hope, since now you are assur'd I must be false before I can be yours: If what I've said seems cold, or too neglectful of your Merit, call it not Ingratitude or Scorn, but faith unmov'd, and Justice to the Man I love.

*Hyp.* Death! I have fool'd away my Hopes, she must consent, and soon, or yet I'm lost—— [*Aside.*]

*Ros.* He seems a little thoughtful, if he has Honour, there may yet be Hopes.

*Hyp.* It must —— it can be only so, that way I make her sure, and serve my Brother too. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, to let you see I'm a Friend to Love, tho' Love's an Enemy to me, give me but a seeming Proof that *Octavio* is the undisputed Master of your Heart, and I'll forego the Power your Father's Obligations give me, and throw my Hopes into his Arms with you.

*Ros.* Sir, you confound me with this Goodness. A Proof! is't possible! will that content ye? Command me to what Proof you please; or if you'll trust to my Sincerity, let these Tears of Joy convince you: Here, on my Knees, by all my Hopes of Peace I swear——

*Hyp.* Hold, —— Swear never to make a Husband but *Octavio*.

*Ros.* I swear, and Heaven befriend me as I keep this Vow inviolate.

*Hyp.* Rise, Madam, and now receive a Secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, since as well your Quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common Prudence between us, in all probability, before Night, may make us happy in our separate Wishes.

*Ros.*

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*Ros.* What mean you, Sir? Sure you are some Angel sent to my Deliverance.

*Hyp.* Truly, Madam, I have been often told so: But like most Angels of my kind, there is a mortal Man in the World, who I have a great Mind should know that I am——but a Woman.

*Ros.* A Woman! Are not you Don *Philip*?

*Hyp.* His Shadow, Madam, no more: I just run before him——nay, and after him too.

*Ros.* I am confounded.——A Woman!

*Hyp.* As arrant a Woman from Top to Toe, as ever Man run Mad for.

*Ros.* Nay, then you are an Angel.

*Hyp.* Perhaps you'll think me a little a-kin to one at least: *Octavio*, Madam, your Lover is my Brother; my Name *Hypolita*; my Story you shall know at Leisure.

*Ros.* *Hypolita*! Nay, then, from what you've said, and what I have heard *Octavio* say of ye, I guess your Story: But this was so extravagant a Thought!

*Hyp.* That's true, Madam, it—it—it was a little round about indeed, I might have found a nearer way to Don *Philip*: But these Men are such tetchy things, they can never stay one's time, always in haste, just as they please now; we are to look kind, then grave; now soft, then sincere——Fiddlestick! when, may be, a Woman has a new Suit of Knots on her Head——So if we happen not to be in their Humour, forsooth, then we are Coquet, and Proud, and Vain; and then they are to turn Fools, and tell us so; then one pouts, and t'other huffs, and so at last, you see, there is such a Plague, that——I don't know——one does not care to be rid of 'em neither.

*Ros.* A very generous Confession!

*Hyp.* Well, Madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you'll think me as fit for a Husband as another Woman.

*Ros.* Then I must marry ye?

*Hyp.* Ay, and speedily too; for I expect Don *Philip* every Moment; and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the Banes.

*Ros.*



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*Rof.* If he comes, what shall we do ?

*Hyp.* I am provided for him. — Here comes your Father, — he's secure. Come, put on a dumb consenting Air, and leave the rest to me.

*Rof.* Well ! this getting the better of my wife Papa, won't be the least part of my Satisfaction.

*Enter Don Manuel.*

*D. Ma.* So, Son ! how does the Battle go now ? Ha've cannonaded stoutly ? Does she cry, *Quarter ?*

*Hyp.* My dear Father, let me embrace your Knees ; my Life's too poor to make you a Return, — You have given me an Empire, Sir, I would not change to be Grand Seignior.

*D. Ma.* Ah Rogue ! he has done it ; he has done it ! he has her ! ha ! is't not so, my little Champion ?

*Hyp.* Victoria, Sir, the Town's my own. Look here ! and here, Sir ! Thus have I been plundering this Half-hour, and thus, and thus, and thus, 'till my Lips ache again. [*Kisses her.*

*D. Ma.* Ah ! give me the Great Chair — I can't bear my Joy, — You rampant Rogue, could not ye give the poor Girl a quarter of an hour's warning ?

*Hyp.* My Charmer ! [*Embracing Rosara.*

*D. Ma.* Ah ! my Cares are over.

*Hyp.* O ! I told ye, Sir, — Hearts and Towns are never too strong for a Surprise.

*D. Ma.* Prithee be quiet, I hate the Sight of ye, — *Rosara !* Come hither you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

*Rof.* I am glad to see you so well pleas'd, Sir.

*D. Ma.* O ! I cannot live — I can't live ! it pours upon me like a Torrent, I am as full as a Bumper, — it runs over at my Eyes, I shall choke. — Answer me two Questions, and kill me outright.

*Rof.* Any thing that will make you more pleas'd, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Are you positively resolved to marry this Gentleman ?

*Rof.*

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*Rof.* Sir, I'm convinc'd 'tis the first Match that can make me happy.

*D. Ma.* I am the miserabl'st Dog alive ——— and I warrant you are willing to marry him to morrow Morning, if I shou'd ask you.

*Rof.* Sooner, Sir, if you think it necessary.

*D. Ma.* Oh! this malicious Jade has a mind to destroy me all at once ——— Ye curst Toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [To Hyp.

*Rof.* Come, Sir, take Heart, your Joy won't be always so troublesome.

*D. Ma.* You lye, Huffy, I shall be plagu'd with it as long as I live.

*Hyp.* You must not live above two Hours then.

[*Aside.*

*D. Ma.* I warrant this raking Rogue will get her with Child too—— I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my Lap, that will so Grand-papa me! —— Well! what want you, Gloomy face?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a Gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from *Sevil*.

*D. Ma.* From *Sevil*! ha! prithee let him go thither again. —— Tell him I am a little busy about being overjoy'd.

*Hyp.* My Life on't, Sir, this must be the Fellow that my Servant told you of, employ'd by *Octavio*.

*D. Ma.* Very likely.

*Enter Trappanti.*

*Trap.* Sir, Sir, —— News, News!

*D. Ma.* Ay, this Fellow has a good merry Face now —— I like him. Well! what dost thou say, Lad? —— But hold, Sirrah! Has any Body told thee how it is with me?

*Trap.* Sir!

*D. Ma.* Do you know, Puppy, that I am ready to cry?

*Trap.*

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*Trap.* Cry, Sir! for what?

*D. Ma.* Joy! Joy! you Whelp; my Cares are over, Madam's to marry your Master, Sirrah, and I am as wet with Joy, as if I had been thrown into a Sea full of good Luck—Why don't you cry, Dog?

*Trap.* Uh! Well, Sir, I do—— But now if you please, let me tell you my Business.

*D. Ma.* Well, what's the matter, Sirrah?

*Trap.* Nay, no great Matter, Sir, only—— *Slylooks* is come, that's all.

*D. Ma.* *Slylooks!* what, the Bamboozler! ha! ha!

*Trap.* He, Sir, he.

*D. Ma.* I'm glad of it, faith—— now I shall have a little Diversion to moderate my Joy—— I'll wait on the Gentleman myself—— don't you be out of the Way, Son, I'll be with ye presently.—— O my Jaws! this Fit will carry me off. Ye dear Toad, good-by. [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Ha! ha! ha! the old Gentleman's as merry as a Fiddle; how he'll start when a String snaps in the middle of his Tune!

*Rof.* At least we shall make him change it, I believe.

*Hyp.* That we shall, and here comes one that's to play upon him.

*Enter Flora hastily.*

*Flo.* Don *Philip!* where are ye? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your Ladyship's Pardon, Madam. [*whispers Hyp.*] Stand to your Arms, the Enemy's at the Gate, faith. But I've just thought of a sure Card to win the Lady into our Party.

*Rof.* Who can this Youth be she is so familiar with? He must certainly know her Business here, and she is reduc'd to trust him. What odd things we Women are! never know our own Minds: How very humble now has her Pride made her!

*Hyp.* [*To Flo.*] I like your Advice so well, that to tell ye the Truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

*Flo.*

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*Flo.* Is't possible!

*Hyp.* Come, I'll introduce ye.

*Flo.* Then the Business is done.

*Hyp.* Madam, if your Ladyship pleases. [To *Rof.*

*Rof.* Is this Gentleman your Friend, Sir?

*Hyp.* This Friend, Madam, is my Gentlewoman, at your Service.

*Rof.* Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into Breeches then?

*Flo.* That us'd to be my Post, Madam, when I wore a Needle; but now I have got a Sword by my Side, I shall be proud to be your Ladyship's humble Servant.

*Rof.* Troth I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your Swords: I never saw a prettier Couple of *Adroit Cavaliers* in my Life.

*Flo.* Egad, I don't know how it is, Madam, but methinks these Breeches give me such a mett'd Air I can't help fancying but that I left my Sex at Home in my Petticoats.

*Hyp.* Why faith, for ought I know, hadst thou been born to Breesche, instead of a *Fille de Chambre*, Fortune might have made thee a *Beau Garçon* at the Head of a Regiment. — But hush! there's Don *Philip* and the old Gentleman: We must not be seen yet; if you please to retire, Madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with 'em.

*Rof.* With all my Heart. — Come, Ladies —  
Gentlemen, I beg your Pardon. [Exit.



ACT



## A C T IV.

*The SCENE continues.*

*Enter Don Manuel and Don Philip.*

*D. Ma.* **W**ELL, Sir! and so you were robb'd of your Portmantue, you say, at *Toledo*, in which were all your Letters and Writings relating to your Marriage with my Daughter, and that's the Reason you are come without 'em.

*D. Ph.* I thought, Sir, you might reasonably take it ill, shou'd I have lain a Week or two in Town without paying you my Duty: I was not robb'd of the Regard I owe my Father's Friend: That, Sir, I have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill Manners not to have paid it at my first Arrival.

*D. Ma.* Ah! how smooth the Spark is! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you: But I hope you'll excuse me, if, in a Matter of this Consequence, I seem a little Cautious.

*D. Ph.* Sir, I shan't propose any immediate Progress in my Affair, 'till you receive fresh Advice from my Father: in the mean time, I shall think myself oblig'd by the bare Freedom of your House, and such Entertainment as you'd, at least, afford a common Stranger.

*D. Ma.* Impudent Rogue! The Freedom of my House! Yes, that he may be always at Hand to secure the main Chance for my Friend *Osavio*: — But now I'll have a Touch of the Bamboozle with him. — Look ye, Sir, while I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see? You shall find me a Gentleman.

*D. Ph.* So my Father told me, Sir.

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* But then, on the other Hand, d'ye see? a Man's Honesty is not always written in his Face; and (begging your Pardon) if you shou'd prove a damn'd Rogue now, d'ye see?

*D. Pb.* Sir, I can't, in Reason, take any thing ill, that proceeds only from your Caution.

*D. Ma.* Civil Rascal. [*Aside.*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill neither: For how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your Pardon again, Sir) may be all a Lye?

*D. Pb.* Another Man indeed, might say the same to you: But I shall take it kindly, Sir, if you suppose me a Villain no oftener than you have Occasion to suspect me.

*D. Ma.* Sir, you speak like a Man of Honour, 'tis confest, but (begging your Pardon again, Sir) so may a Rascal, too, sometimes.

*D. Pb.* But a Man of Honour, Sir, can never speak like a Rascal.

*D. Ma.* Why then with your Honour's leave, Sir, is there no body here in *Madrid* that knows you?

*D. Pb.* Sir, I never saw *Madrid*, 'till within these two Hours: Tho' there is a Gentleman in Town that knew me intimately at *Sevil*, I met him by accident at the Inn where I alighted; he's known here, if it will give you any present Satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

*D. Ma.* At the Inn, say ye, did you meet this Gentleman: What's his Name, Pray?

*D. Pb.* *Ostasio Cruzado.*

*D. Ma.* Ha! My Bully Confessor: This agrees Word for Word with honest *Trappanti's* Intelligence!— [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, and pray, what does he give you for this Job?

*D. Pb.* Job, Sir!

*D. Ma.* Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of Good-fellowship? or are you to have a sort of Fellow-feeling in the matter?

*D. Pb.*

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*D. Ph.* Sir, if you believe me to be the Son of Don *Fernando*, I must tell ye, your Manner of receiving me, is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for; if you think me an Impostor, I'll ease you of the Trouble of suspecting me, and leave your House 'till I can bring better Proofs who I am.

*D. Ma.* Do so, Friend; and in the mean time, d'ye see? Pray give my humble Service to the Politician, and tell him, that to your certain Knowledge, the old Fellow, the old Rogue, and the old Put, d'ye see? knows how to Bamboozle as well as himself.

*D. Ph.* Politician! and Bamboozle! Pray, Sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

*D. Ma.* Come, come, don't be discourag'd, Friend, — sometimes you know, the strongest Wits must fail; you have an admirable Head, 'tis confess'd, with as able a Face to it as ever stuck upon two Shoulders: But who the Devil can help ill Luck? For it happens at this time, d'ye see? that it won't do?

*D. Ph.* Won't do, Sir!

*D. Ma.* Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an honest Fellow now, that will speak you point-blank to the Matter.

*Enter Trappanti.*

Come hither, Friend: Dost thou know this Gentleman?

*Trap.* Bless me, Sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old Master I liv'd with at *Sevil*.

*D. Ph.* I remember thee, thy Name's *Trappanti*, thou wert my Servant when I first went to travel.

*Trap.* Ay, Sir, and above twenty Months after you came home too.

*D. Ph.* You see, Sir, this Fellow knows me.

*D. Ma.* O! I never question'd it in the least, Sir: Prithee what's this worthy Gentleman's Name, Friend?

*Trap.*

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*Trap.* Sir, your Honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his Name, Sir, his Name's *Guzman*; his Father, Sir, old *Don Guzman*, is the most eminent Lawyer in *Sevil*; was the very Person that drew up the Settlement and Articles of my Master's Marriage with your Honour's Daughter: This Gentleman knows all the Particulars as well as if he had drawn 'em up himself. But, Sir, I hope there's no Mistake in 'em, that may defer the Marriage.

*D. Ph.* Confusion!

*D. Ma.* Now, Sir, what sort of Answer d'ye think fit to make me?

*D. Ph.* Now, Sir, that I'm oblig'd in Honour not to leave your House, 'till I, at least, have seen the Villain that calls himself *Don Philip*, that has robb'd me of my Portmantue, and wou'd you, Sir, of your Honour, and your Daughter ——— as for this Rascal ———

*Trap.* Sir, I demand Protection. [*Runs behind D. Ma.*]

*D. Ma.* Hold, Sir, since you are so brisk, and in my own House too, call your Master, Friend: You'll find we have Swords within can match you.

*Trap.* Ay, Sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your Courage. [*Exit Trappanti.*]

*D. Ph.* I ask your Pardon, Sir, I must confess, the Villany I saw design'd against my Father's Friend had transported me beyond good Manners: But be assur'd, Sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it, tho' I lose my Life. Nothing shall affront me now, 'till I have prov'd myself your Friend indeed, and *Don Fernando's* Son.

*D. Ma.* Nay, look ye, Sir, I will be very civil too ——— I won't say a Word ——— You shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves: Not but at the same time thou art to me the merriest Fellow that ever I saw in my Life.

*Enter*



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*Enter Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti.*

*Hyp.* Who's this that dares usurp my Name, and call himself *Don Philip de las Torres*.

*D. Pb.* Ha! this is a young Competitor indeed.

[*Aside.*

*Flo.* Is this the Gentleman, Sir?

*D. Ma.* Yes, yes, that's he: Ha! ha!

*D. Pb.* Yes, Sir, I'm the Man, who but this Morning lost that Name upon the Road: I'm inform'd an impudent young Rascal has pick'd it out of some Writings in the Portmantue he robb'd me of, and has brought it hither before me: D'ye know any such, Sir?

*Flo.* The Fellow really does it very well, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Oh! To a Miracle?

[*Aside.*

*Hyp.* Prithee, Friend, how long dost thou expect thy Impudence will keep thee out of a Goal? Cou'd not the Coxcomb that put thee upon this, inform thee too, that this Gentleman was a Magistrate?

*D. Ma.* Well said, my little Champion.

*D. Pb.* Now, in my Opinion, Child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own Condition: For, suppose thy Wit and Impudence shou'd so far succeed, as to let thee ruin this Gentleman's Family, by really marrying his Daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few Days must unavoidably discover thee; in the mean time, if thou wilt spare me the Trouble of exposing thee, and generously confests thy Roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his Credulity to a Marriage with the Lady, don't flatter thyself, that all her Fortune shall buy off my Evidence; for I'm bound in Honour, as well as Law, to hang thee for the Robbery.

*Hyp.* Sir, you are extremely kind.

*Flo.* Very civil, egad!

*Hyp.* But mayn't I presume, my dear Friend, this Wheedle was offer'd as a Trial of this Gentleman's Credulity? Ha! ha! ha!

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* Indeed, my Friend, 'tis a very shallow one: Canst thou think I'm such a Sot as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy Power to hang him, he wou'd not have run away at the first sight of thee?

*Trap.* Ay, Sir, he must be a dull Rogue indeed, that wou'd not run away from a Halter! Ha! ha! ha!

[*All laugh.*]

*D. Ph.* Sir, I ask your Pardon: I begin now to be a little sensible of my Folly ——— I perceive this Gentleman has done his Business with you effectually: However, Sir, the Duty I owe my Father, obliges me not to leave your Cause, tho' I'll leave your House immediately; when you see me next, you'll know Don *Philip* from a Rascal.

*D. Ph.* Ah! 'Twill be the same thing, if I know a Rascal from Don *Philip*: But if you please, Sir, never give yourself any farther Trouble in this Business; for what you have done, d'ye see? is so far from interrupting my Daughter's Marriage, that, with this Gentleman's Leave, I'm resolv'd to finish it this very hour; so that when you see your Friend the Politician, you must tell him you had cursed Luck, that's all. Ha! ha! ha!

*D. Ph.* Very well, Sir, I may have better when I see you next.

*Hyp.* Look ye, Sir, since your Undertaking (tho' you design'd it otherwise) has promoted my Happiness, thus far I pass it by, tho' I question if a Man, that stoops to do such base Injuries, dares defend 'em with his Sword: However, now at least you're warn'd; but be assur'd, your next Attempt——

*D. Ph.* Will startle you, my Spark: I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are hand-cufft; tho' you won't take my Word against him, Sir, perhaps another Magistrate may my Oath, which, because I see his Marriage is in haste, I am oblig'd to make immediately: If he can out-face the Law too, I shall be content to be the Coxcomb then you think me. [*Exit D. Philip.*]

*D. Ma*

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*D. Ma.* Ah! poor Fellow, he's resolv'd to carry it off with a good Face however: Ha! ha!

*Trap.* Ay, Sir, that's all he has for't indeed.

*Hyp.* *Trappanti*, follow him, and do as I directed.

[*Afide to Trap.*

*Trap.* I warrant ye, Sir.

[*Exit Trap.*

*D. Ma.* Ha! my little Champion, let me kiss thee, thou hast carried the Day like a Hero! Man nor Woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee Monarch of my Daughter immediately.

*Hyp.* That's the *Indies*, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Well said, my Lad——Ah! my Heart's going to dance again: Prithee let's in, before it gets the better of me, and give the Bride an Account of thy Victory.

*Hyp.* Sir, If you please to prepare the way, I'll march after you in Form, and lay my Laurels at her Feet, like a Conqueror.

*D. Ma.* Say'st thou so, my little Soldier? why then I'll send for the Priest, and thou shalt be married in Triumph.

*Hyp.* Now *Flora*!

*Flo.* Ay, now Madam, who says we are not Politicians? I'd fain see any turn of State manag'd with half this Dexterity. But, pray what is *Trappanti* detach'd for?

*Hyp.* Only to interrupt the Motions of the Enemy, Girl, 'till we are safe in our Trenches: For shou'd Don *Philip* chance to rally upon us with an Alguazile and a Warrant, before I am fast tied to the Lady, we may be routed for all this.

*Flo.* *Trappanti* knows his Business, I hope.

*Hyp.* You'll see presently——But hush! here comes my Brother: Poor Gentleman! he's upon Thorns too; I've made *Rosara* write him a most provoking Letter.

*Flo.* Nay, you have an admirable Genius to Mischief: But what has poor *Octavio* done to you, that he must be plagu'd too?

*Hyp.*

*She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.* 61

*Hyp.* Well, dear *Flora*, don't chide; indeed this shall be the last Day of my Reign. Come, now let's in, keep up the old Don's Humour, and laugh at him.

*Flo.* Ay, there with all my Heart. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Octavio with a Letter, and Viletta.*

*Oct.* *Rosara* false! Distraction!

*Vil.* Nay, don't be in such a Passion.

*Oct.* Confess it too! so changed within an Hour!

*Vil.* Ah, dear Sir, if you had but seen how the young Gentleman laid about him, you'd ha' wonder'd how she held out so long.

*Oct.* Death! 'tis impossible.

*Vil.* Common, Sir, common: I have known a prouder Lady as nimble as she,——What will you lay that before the Moon changes, she is not false to your Rival?

*Oct.* Don't torture me, *Viletta*.

*Vil.* Come, Sir, take heart; my Life on't, you'll be the happy Man at last.

*Oct.* Thou'rt mad: Does she not tell me, here in her Letter, she has herself consented to marry another? Nay, does not she insult me too with a—Yet loves me better than the Person she's to marry.

*Vil.* Insult! is that the best you can make on't? Ah! You Men have such Heads!

*Oct.* What dost thou mean?

*Vil.* Sir, to be free with you; my Mistress is grown wife at last; my Advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your Business is done.

*Oct.* What was thy Advice?

*Vil.* Why, to give the Post of Husband to your Rival, and put you in for a Deputy. You know the Business of the Place, Sir, if you mind it; by the Help of a few good Stars, and a little Moonshine, there's many a fair Perquisite may fall in your way.

*Oct.* Thou ravest, *Viletta*; 'tis impossible she can fall so low.

*Vil.*

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*Vil.* Ah, Sir! you can't think how Love will humble a body.

*Os.* I'll believe nothing ill of her, 'till her own Mouth confesses it; she can never own this Letter. She can't but know I shou'd stab her with Reproaches: Therefore, dear *Viletta*, ease me of my Torments; go this Minute, and tell her I'm upon the Rack 'till I speak with her.

*Vil.* Sir, I dare not for the World; the old Gentleman's with her, he'll knock my Brains out.

*Os.* I'll protect thee with my Life.

*Vil.* Sir, I wou'd not venture to do it for——for—— for——Yes, I wou'd for a Pistole.

*Os.* Confound her —— There, there 'tis: Dear *Viletta*, be my Friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

*Vil.* Now, Sir, you deserve a Friend. [*Exit Vil.*]

*Os.* Sure this Letter must be but Artifice, a Humour, to try how far my Love can bear, —— and yet methinks she can't but know the Impudence of my young Rival, and her Father's Importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away; and if she were really false, she cou'd not take a Pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think, the Sex is all a Riddle, and we are the Fools that crack our Brains to expound 'em.

*Re-enter Viletta.*

Now, dear *Viletta*.

*Vil.* Sir, she begs your Pardon, they have just sent for the Priest, but they will be glad to see you about an Hour hence, as soon as the Wedding's over.

*Os.* *Viletta.*

*Vil.* Sir, she says in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, for she is just going to be marry'd.

*Os.* Death! Daggers! Blood! Confusion! and ten thousand Furies!

*Vil.* Hey-day! What's all this for?

*Os.*

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*OÆ.* My Brains are turn'd, *Viletta.*

*Vil.* Ay, by my Troth, so one wou'd think, if one cou'd but believe you had any at all; if you have three Grains, I'm sure you can't but know her Compliance with this Match, must give her a little Liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an Hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

*OÆ.* Use of it! death! When the Wedding's over?

*Vil.* Dear Sir, but the Bedding won't be over, and I presume that's the Ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

*OÆ.* Don't flatter me, *Viletta.*

*Vil.* Faith, Sir, I'll be very plain, you are to me the dullest Person I ever saw in my Life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her ye won't come.

*OÆ.* No, don't say so, *Viletta.*

*Vil.* Then pray, Sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own Sport: You'll have the old Gentleman come thundring down upon ye by and by, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand Furies again —— 't! here's Company, good-by t'ye.

[*Exit Viletta.*]

*Enter Don Philip, his Sword drawn, and Trappanti.*

*OÆ.* How now! what's the meaning of this?

*D. Ph.* Come, Sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

*Trap.* Sir, I will, and a great deal more: But pray, Sir, give me leave to recover my Courage —— I protest, the keen Looks of that Instrument, have quite frighted it away. Pray put it up, Sir.

*D. Ph.* Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy Friend than Enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest: Discharge thy Conscience like a Man, and I'll engage to make thee five, ten Pieces.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Trap.* Sir, your Business will be done effectually.

D

*D. Ph.*

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*D. Pb.* Here, Friend! will ye tell your Master I desire to speak with him?

*Oa.* Don Philip!

*D. Pb.* O *Osavio*! This is fortunate indeed, — the only Place in the World I wou'd have wish'd to have found you in.

*Oa.* What's the matter?

*D. Pb.* You'll see presently—but prithee how stands your Affair with your Mistrefs?

*Oa.* The Devil take me if I can tell ye—I don't know what to make of her; about an Hour ago she was for scaling Walls to come at me, and this Minute—whip, she's going to marry the Stranger I told you of; nay, confesses too, it is with her own Consent; and yet begs by all means to see me as soon as her Wedding's over.—Isn't it very pretty?

*Re-enter a Servant.*

*D. Pb.* Something gay indeed.

*Serv.* Sir, my Master will wait on you presently.

*Oa.* But the Plague on't is, my Love cannot bear this Jestings.—Well, now how stands your Affair? Have you seen your Mistrefs yet?

*D. Pb.* No; I can't get Admittance to her.

*Oa.* How so?

*D. Pb.* When I came to pay my Duty here to the old Gentleman—

*Oa.* Here!

*D. Pb.* Ay, I found an impudent young Rascal here before me, that had taken my Name upon him, robb'd me of my Portmanteau, and by Virtue of some Papers there, knew all my Concerns to a Tittle; he has told a-plausible Tale to her Father, fac'd him down that I'm an Impostor, and, if I don't this Minute prevent him, is going to marry the Lady.

*Oa.* Death! and Hell!  
What sort of Fellow was this Rascal?

[*Aside.*

*D. Pb.*

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*D. Ph.* A little pert Coxcomb; by his Impudence and Dress, I guess him to be some *French Page*.

*Os.* A white Whig, red Coat——

*D. Ph.* Right, the very Picture of the little *Englishman* we knew at *Paris*.

*Os.* Confusion! my Friend, at last, my Rival too——Yet hold! my Rival is my Friend, he owns he has not seen her yet—— [Aside.

*D. Ph.* You seem concern'd.

*Os.* Undone for ever, unless dear *Philip's* still my Friend!

*D. Ph.* What's the matter?

*Os.* Be generous and tell me: Have I ever yet deserv'd your Friendship?

*D. Ph.* I hope my Actions have confess'd it.

*Os.* Forgive my Fears, and since 'tis impossible you can feel the Pain of loving her you are engag'd to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever seen her, let me conjure ye, by all the Ties of Honour, Friendship and Pity, never to attempt her more.

*D. Ph.* You amaze me!

*Os.* 'Tis the same dear Creature I so passionately doat on.

*D. Ph.* Is't possible? Nay, then be easy in thy Thoughts, *Osario*; and now I dare confess the Folly of my own: I'm not sorry thou'rt my Rival here. In spite of all my weak Philosophy, I must own the secret Wishes of my Soul are still *Hypolita's*.——I know not why, but yet methinks the unaccountable Repulses I have met with here, look like an Omen of some new, tho' far distant, Hope of her.——I can't help thinking that my Fortune still resolves, 'spight of her Cruelty, to make me one Day happy.

*Os.* Quit but *Rosara*, I'll engage she shall be yours.

*D. Ph.* Not only that, but will assist you with my Life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my Father, for not marrying the Mistress of my dearest Friend.



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*Ost.* Dear *Philip*, let me embrace ye:—But how shall we manage the Rascal of an Impostor? Suppose you run immediately, and swear the Robbery against him?

*D. Ph.* I was just going about it, but my accidental meeting with this Fellow has luckily prevented me; who, you must know, has been chief Engineer in the Contrivance against me; but between Threats, Bribes, and Promises, has confess'd the whole Roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: So, because I understand the Spark is very near his Marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest Way to detect him.

*Ost.* That's right! the least Delay might have lost all; besides, I am here to strengthen his Evidence, for I can swear that you are the true *Don Philip*.

*D. Ph.* Right!

*Trap.* Sir, with humble Submission, that will be quite wrong.

*Ost.* Why so?

*Trap.* Because, Sir, the old Gentleman is substantially convinc'd that 'tis you who have put *Don Philip* upon laying this pretended Claim to his Daughter, purely to defer the Marriage, that in the mean time you might get an Opportunity to run away with her; for which Reason, Sir, you'll find your Evidence will but fly in your Face, and hasten the Match with your Rival.

*D. Ph.* Ha! there's Reason in that.—All your Endeavours will but confirm his Jealousy of me.

*Ost.* What would you have me do?

*Trap.* Don't appear at the Trial, Sir.

*D. Ph.* By no means; rather wait a little in the Street: Be within call, and leave the Management to me.

*Ost.* Be careful, dear *Philip*.

*D. Ph.* I always used to be more fortunate in serving my Friend than myself.

*Ost.* But hark ye! Here lives an Alguazile at the next House, suppose I should send him to you, to secure the Spark in the mean time?

*D. Ph.*

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*D. Pb.* Do so : We must not lose a Moment.

*Ost.* I won't stir from the Door.

*D. Pb.* You'll soon hear of me ; away. [*Exit Ost.*

*Trap.* So, now I have divided the Enemy, there can be no great Danger if it should come to a Battle.—

*Basta !* here comes our Party.

*D. Pb.* Stand aside till I call for you. [*Trap. retires.*

*Enter Don Manuel.*

*D. Ma.* Well, Sir ! What Service have you to command me now, pray ?

*D. Pb.* Now, Sir, I hope my Credit will stand a little fairer with you ; all I beg is but your patient Hearing.

*D. Ma.* Well, Sir, you shall have it — But then I must beg one Favour of you too, which is, to make the Business as short as you can ; for, to tell ye the truth, I am not very willing to have any farther Trouble about it.

*D. Pb.* Sir, if I don't now convince you of your Error, believe and use me like a Villain : In the mean time, Sir, I hope you'll think of a proper Punishment for the merry Gentleman that hath impos'd upon you.

*D. Ma.* With all my heart, I'll leave him to thy Mercy : Here he comes, bring him to a Trial as soon as you please.

*Enter Flora and Hypolita.*

*Flo.* So ! *Trappanti* has succeeded, he's come without the Officers. [*To Hyp.*

*Hyp.* Hearing, Sir, you were below, I didn't care to disturb the Family, by putting the Officers to the trouble of a needless Search ; let me see your Warrant, I'm ready to obey it.

*D. Ma.* Ay, where's your Officer ?

*Flo.* I thought to have seen him march in State, with an Alguazile before him.

*D. Pb.* I was afraid, Sir, upon second Thoughts,  
D 3 you

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your Business would not stay for a Warrant, tho' 'tis possible I may provide you, for I think this Gentleman's a Magistrate: in the mean time——O! here, I have prevailed with an Alguazile to wait upon ye.

*Enter Alguazile.*

*Alg.* Did you fend for me, Sir?

*D. Ph.* Ay, secure that Gentleman.

*D. Ma.* Hold! hold, Sir! all things in order: this Gentleman is yet my Guest, let me be first acquainted with his Crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be treated: And, that we may have no hard Words upon one another, if you please, Sir, let me first talk with you in private. [*They whisper.*]

*Hyp.* Undone! that Fool *Trappanti*, or that Villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betray'd me! Ruin'd, past Redemption!

*Flo.* Our Affairs, methinks, begin to look with a very indifferent Face——Ha! the old Don seems surprized! I don't like that——What shall we do?

*Hyp.* I am at my Wits End. [*Aside.*]

*Flo.* Then we must either confess, or to Goal, that's positive.

*Hyp.* I'll rather starve there than be discovered: Should he at last marry with *Rosara*, the very Shame of this Attempt would kill me.

*Flo.* Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging Look were enough to confirm a Suspicion; bear up, for Shame.

*Hyp.* Impossible! I am dash'd, confounded; if thou hast any Courage left, shew it quickly; go, speak before my Fears betray me. [*Aside.*]

*D. Ma.* If you can make this appear by any Witness, Sir, I confess 'twill surprize me indeed.

*Flo.* Ay, Sir; if you have any Witnesses, we desire you'd produce 'em.

*D. Ph.* Sir, I have a Witness at your Service, and a substantial one. Hey! *Trappanti!*

*Enter*

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*Enter Trappanti.*

Now, Sir, what think ye ?

*Hyp.* Ha ! the Rogue winks——Then there's Life again. [*Aside.*] Is this your Witness, Sir ?

*D. Ph.* Yes, Sir, this poor Fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a Rogue, and your Accomplice.

*Hyp.* Ha ! ha !

*D. Ph.* Ha ! ha ! You are very merry, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Nay, there's a Jest between ye, that's certain—— But come, Friend, what say you to the Business ? Have ye any Proof to offer upon Oath, that this Gentleman is the true *Don Philip*, and consequently this other an Impostor ?

*D. Ph.* Speak boldly.

*Trap.* Ay, Sir, but shall I come to no Harm if I do speak ?

*D. Ma.* Let it be the Truth, and I'll protect thee.

*Trap.* Are you sure I shall be safe, Sir ?

*D. Ma.* I'll give thee my Word of Honour ; speak boldly to the Question.

*Trap.* Well, Sir, since I must speak, then, in the first place, I desire your Honour would be pleased to command the Officer to secure that Gentleman.

*D. Ma.* How, Friend !

*D. Ph.* Secure me, Rascal !

*Trap.* Sir, if I can't be protected, I shall never be able to speak.

*D. Ma.* I warrant thee—— What is it you say Friend ?

*Trap.* Sir, as I was just now crossing the Street, this Gentleman, with a Sneer in his Face, takes me by the Hands, claps five Pistoles in my Palm (here they are) shuts my Fist close upon 'em, *My dear Friend*, says he, *you must do me a Piece of Service* : Upon which, Sir, I bows me him to the Ground, and desir'd him to open his Case.

D 4

*D. Ph.*

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*D. Ph.* What means the Rascal ?

*D. Ma.* Sir, I am as much amaz'd as you ; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his Meaning.

*Trap.* So, Sir, upon this he runs me over a long Story of a Sham and a Flam he had just contriv'd, he said, to defer my Master's Marriage only for two Days.

*D. Ph.* Confusion !

*Flo.* Nay, pray, Sir, let's hear the Evidence.

*Trap.* Upon the close of the matter, Sir, I found at last by his Eloquence, that the whole Business depended upon my bearing a little False-witness against my Master.

*Hyp.* O ho !

*Trap.* Upon this, Sir, I began to demur : Sir, says I, this Business will never hold Water ; don't let me undertake it, I must beg your Pardon ; gave him the Negative Shrug, and was for sneaking off with the Fees in my Pocket.

*D. Ma.* Very well !

*D. Ph.* Villain !

*Flo. and Hip.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Trap.* Upon this, Sir, he catches me fast hold by the Collar, whips out his Poker, claps it within half an Inch of my Guts : Now, Dog ! says he, you shall do it, or within two Hours stink upon the Dunghill you came from.

*D. Ph.* Sir, if there be any Faith in mortal Man !

*D. Ma.* Nay, nay, nay, one at a time, you shall be heard presently : Go on, Friend.

*Trap.* Having me at this Advantage, Sir, I began to think my Wit would do me more Service than my Courage ; so prudently pretended out of Fear to comply with his Threats, and swallow the Perjury : But now, Sir, being under Protection, and at Liberty of Conscience, I have Honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole Truth of the Matter.

*D. Ma.* Ay ! this is Evidence indeed !

*Omn.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*D. Ph.*

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*D. Pb.* Dog! Villain! Did not you confes to me, that this Gentleman pick'd you up not three Hours ago, at the same Inn where I alighted? That he had own'd his stealing my Portmanteau at *Toledo*? That if he succeeded to marry the Lady, you were to have a considerable Sum for your Pains, and these two were to share the rest of her Fortune between 'em?

*Trap.* O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my Bed, these are the very Words; he threaten'd to stab me if I wou'dn't swear against my Master—I told him at first, Sir, I was not fit for his Business, I was never good at a Lye in my Life.

*Alg.* Nay, Sir, I saw this Gentleman's Sword at his Breast out of my Window.

*Trap.* Look ye there, Sir!

*D. Pb.* Damnation!

*Omn.* Ha! ha! ha!

*D. Ma.* Really, my Friend, thou'rt almost turn'd Fool in this Business: If thou hadst prevail'd upon this Wretch to perjure himself, could'st thou think I should not have detected him? But, poor Man! you were a little hard put to't indeed; any Shift was better than none, it seems: You knew 'twould not be long to the Wedding. You may go, Friend. [*Exit Alguazile.*]

*Flo.* Ha! ha!

*D. Pb.* Sir, by my eternal Hopes of Peace and Happiness, you're impos'd on: If you proceed thus rashly, your Daughter is inevitably ruin'd. If what I've said ben't true in Fact, as Hell or he is false, may Heaven brand me with the severest Marks of Perjury. Defer the Marriage but an Hour.

*D. Ma.* Ay, and in half that time, I suppose, you are in Hopes to defer it for altogether.

*D. Pb.* Perdition seize me, if I have any Hope or Thought, but that of serving you.

*D. Ma.* Nay, now thou art a down-right distracted Man—Dost thou expect I should take thy bare Word, when here were two honest Fellows that have just prov'd thee in a Lye to thy Face?

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*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, the Priest is come.

*D. Ma.* Is he so? Then, Sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no farther Service, I believe it may be time for you to go.—Come, Son, now let's wait upon the Bride, and put an End to this Gentleman's Trouble for altogether. *[Exit Don Man.*

*Hyp.* Sir, I'll wait on ye.

*D. Pb.* Confusion! I've undone my Friend.

*Flo.* *[Aside.]* *Trappanti!* Rogue, this was a Master-piece. *[Walks about.*

*Trap.* *[Aside.]* Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste. *[Exit Flo. and Trap.*

*Hyp.* Sir.

*D. Pb.* Ha! alone! if we're not prevented now, — Well, Sir.

*Hyp.* I suppose you don't think the Favours you have design'd me are to be put up without Satisfaction; therefore I shall expect to see you early To-morrow near the *Prado*. with your Sword in your Hand: In the mean time, Sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the Lady's humble Servant than yours. *[Going.*

*D. Pb.* Hold, Sir! — you and I can't part upon such easy Terms!

*Hyp.* Sir!

*D. Pb.* You're not so near the Lady, Sir, perhaps as you imagine. *[D. Ph. locks the Door.*

*Hyp.* What d'ye mean?

*D. Pb.* Speak softly.

*Hyp.* Ha!

*D. Pb.* Come, Sir, — draw.

*Hyp.* My Ruin now has caught me; my Plots are yet unripe for Execution, I must not, dare not let him know me, till I'm sure at least he cannot be another's— This was the very Spite of Fortune. *[Aside.*

*D. Pb.* Come, Sir, my Time's but short.

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but Love; besides this is no proper Place.

*D. Ph.* O! we'll make shift with it.

*Hyp.* To-morrow, Sir, I shall find a better.

*D. Ph.* No, now Sir, if you please— Draw, Villain, or expect such Usage as I'm sure Don *Philip* would not bear.

*Hyp.* A Lover, Sir, may bear any thing to make sure of his Mistress ——— You know it is not Fear that ———

*D. Ph.* No Evasions, Sir; either this Moment confess your Villany, your Name, and Fortune, or expect no Mercy.

*Hyp.* Nay, then ——— within there!

*D. Ph.* Move but a Step, or dare to raise thy Voice beyond a Whisper, this Minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his Sword to her Breast.*

*Hyp.* Sir!

[*Trembling.*

*D. Ph.* Villain! be quick, confess, or ———

*Hyp.* Hold, Sir ——— I own I dare not fight with you.

*D. Ph.* No, I see thou art too poor a Villain ——— therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy Life.

*Hyp.* Give me but a Moment's Respite, Sir.

*D. Ph.* Dog! do ye trifle?

*Hyp.* Nay then, Sir, ——— Mercy, Mercy!

[*Throws herself at his Feet.*

And, since I must confess, have pity on my Youth, have pity on my Love!

*D. Ph.* Thy Love! What art thou? Speak.

*Hyp.* Unless your generous Compassion spares me, sure the most wretched Youth that ever felt the Pangs and Torments of a successful Passion.

*D. Ph.* Art thou indeed a Lover then? ——— tell me thy Condition.

*Hyp.* Sir, I confess my Fortune's much inferior to my Pretences in this Lady, tho' indeed I'm born a Gentleman, and, bating this Attempt against you, which  
even



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even the last Extremities of a ruin'd Love have forc'd me to, ne'er yet was guilty of a Deed or Thought that could debase my Birth: But if you knew the Torments I have born from her disdainful Pride; the anxious Days, the long-watch'd Winter Nights I have endur'd, to gain of her perhaps at last a cold relentless Look, indeed you'd pity me: My Heart was so entirely subdued, the more she slighted me, the more I lov'd; and as my Pains increas'd, grew farther from Cure: Her Beauty struck me with that submissive Awe, that when I dar'd to speak, my Words and Looks were softer than an Infant's Blushes; yet all these Pangs of my persisting Passion still were vain; nor Showers of Tears, nor Storms of Sighs, could melt or move the frozen Hardness of her dead Compassion.

*D. Pb.* How very near my Condition! [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* But yet, so subtle is the Flame of Love, spight of her Cruelty, I nourished still a secret living Hope; till hearing, Sir, at last she was design'd your Bride, Despair compell'd me to this bold Attempt of personating you: Her Father knew not me, or my unhappy Love; I knew too you ne'er had seen her Face, and therefore hop'd, when I should offer to repair with twice the Worth the Value, Sir, I robb'd you of, begging thus low for your Forgiveness; I say, I hop'd at least your generous Heart, if ever it was touch'd like mine, would pity my Distress, and pardon the necessitated Wrong.

*D. Pb.* Is't possible? hast thou then lov'd to this unfortunate Degree?

*Hyp.* Unfortunate indeed, if you are still my Rival, Sir: But were you not, I'm sure you'd pity me.

*D. Pb.* Nay, then I must forgive thee. [*Raising her.*] For I have known too well the Misery not to pity—any thing in Love.

*Hyp.* Have you, Sir, been unhappy there?

*D. Pb.* Oh! thou hast prob'd a Wound that Time or Art can never heal.

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* O joyful Sound!—[*Afide.*] Cherish that generous Thought, and hope from my Success, your Mistress, or your Fate, may make you blest like me.

*D. Ph.* Yet hold—nor flatter thy fond Hopes too far: For tho' I pity and forgive thee, yet I am bound in Honour to assist thy Love no farther than the Justice of thy Cause permits.

*Hyp.* What mean you, Sir?

*D. Ph.* You must defer your Marriage with this Lady.

*Hyp.* Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love!

*D. Ph.* I have a nearest Friend, that is belov'd, and loves her with an equal Flame to yours; to him my Friendship will oblige me to be just, and yet in pity of thy Fortune, thus far I'll be a Friend to thee; give up thy Title to the Lady's Breath, and if her Choice pronounces thee the Man, I here assure thee on my Honour to resign my Claim, and, not more partial to my Friend than thee, promote thy Happiness.

*Hyp.* Alas, Sir! this is no Relief, but certain Ruin: I am too well assur'd she loves your Friend.

*D. Ph.* Then you confess his Claim the fairer: Her loving him, is a Proof that he deserves her; if so, you are bound in Honour to resign her.

*Hyp.* Alas, Sir! Women have fantastick Tastes, that love they know not what, and hate they know not why; else, Sir, why are you unfortunate?

*D. Ph.* I am unfortunate, but would rather die so, than owe my Happiness to any Help but an enduring Love.

*Hyp.* But, Sir, I have endured you see, in vain.—

*D. Ph.* If thou'dst not have me think thy Story false, thy soft Pretence of Love a Cheat to melt me into Pity, and evade my Justice, yield; submit thy Passion to its Merit, and own I have propos'd thee like a Friend.

*Hyp.* Sir, on my Knees.—

*D. Ph:*

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*D. Ph.* Expect no more from me; either comply this Moment, or my Sword shall force thee.

*Hyp.* Consider, Sir.

*D. Ph.* Nay, then discover quick! Tell me thy Name and Family.

*Hyp.* Hold, Sir——

*D. Ph.* Speak, or thou diest. [*A Noise at the Door.*

*Hyp.* Sir, I will——Ha! they are entering——O! for a Moment's Courage! Come on, Sir.

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till Don Manuel, Flora, Trappanti, with Servants, rush in, and part 'em.*

*D. Ma.* Knock him down!

*Flo.* Part 'em!

*Hyp.* Away Rascal! [*To Trap. who holds her.*

*Trap.* Hold, Sir, Dear Sir, hold! you have given him enough.

*Hyp.* Dog! let me go, or I'll cut away thy Hold.

*D. Ma.* Nay, dear Son, hold; we'll find a better way to punish him.

*Hyp.* Pray, Sir, give me way——a Villain, to assault me in the very Moment of my Happiness! [*Struggling.*

*D. Ph.* By Heaven, Sir, he this Moment has confess'd his Villany, and begg'd my Pardon upon his Knees.

*Hyp.* D'ye hear him, Sir? I beg you let me go, this is beyond bearing.

*D. Ph.* Thou liest, Villain; 'tis thy Fear that holds thee.

*Hyp.* Ah! Let me go, I say.

*Trap.* Help, ho! I'm not able to hold him.

*D. Ma.* Force him out of the Room there; call an Officer; in the mean time secure him in the Cellar.

*D. Ph.* Hear me but one Word, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Stop his Mouth——out with him.

[*They hurry him off.*

——Come, Dear Son, be pacify'd.

*Hyp.* A Villain!

[*Walking in a Heat.*

*Flo.*

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*Flo.* Why shou'd he be concern'd, now he's secure? Such a Rascal would but contaminate the Sword of a Man of Honour.

*D. Ma.* Ay, Son, leave him to me, and the Law.

*Hyp.* I am sorry, Sir, such a Fellow should have it in his Power to disturb me——But ——

*Enter Rosara.*

*D. Ma.* Look! Here's my Daughter in a Fright to see for you.

*Hyp.* Then I'm compos'd again—— [*Runs to Rosara.*]

*Ros.* I heard fighting here! I hope you are not wounded, Sir?

*Hyp.* I have no Wound but what the Priest can heal.

*D. Ma.* Ah! Well said, my little Champion!

*Hyp.* Oh, Madam! I have such a terrible Escape to tell you!

*Ros.* Truly, I began to be afraid I should lose my little Husband.

*Hyp.* Husband, quoth-a. Get me but once safe out of these Breeches, if ever I wear 'em again——

*D. Ma.* Come, come, Children; the Priest stays for us.

*Hyp.* Sir, we wait on you. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT



A C T V.

*The SCENE continues.*

*Enter Trappanti, alone.*

*Trap.* **W**HAT, in the Name of Roguery, can this new Master of mine be? He's either a Fool, or bewitch'd, that's positive——First, he gives me fifty Pieces for helping him to marry the Lady; and, as soon as the Wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other Hand, to help him to get rid of her.——Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict Charge to observe his Directions in being Evidence against him, as an Impostor, to refund all the Lies I have told in his Service, to sweep him clear out of my Conscience, and now to swear the Robbery against him! What the Bottom of this can be, I must confess, does a little puzzle my Wit.——There's but one way in the World I can solve it——He must certainly have some secret Reason to hang himself, that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolv'd first to be marry'd, that his Friends might not wonder at the Occasion. But here he comes with his Noose in his Hand.

*Enter Hypolita and Rosara.*

*Hyp.* *Trappanti*, go to Don *Pedro*, he has Business with you.

*Trap.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Trap.*

*Ros.* Who's Don *Pedro*, pray?

*Hyp.* *Flora*, Madam; he knows her yet by no other Name.

*Ros.* Well! if Don *Philip* does not think you deserve him, I am afraid he won't find another Woman that will

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will have him in haste ——— But this last Escape of yours was such a Master-piece !

*Hyp.* Nay, I confess, between Fear and Shame, I would have given my Life for a Ducat.

*Ros.* Tho' I wonder when you perceiv'd him so sensibly touch'd with his old Passion, how you had Patience to conceal yourself any longer.

*Hyp.* Indeed I could not easily ha' resisted it, but that I knew, if I had been discover'd before my Marriage with you, your Father be sure wou'd have insisted then upon his Contract with him, which I did not know how far *Don Philip* might be carry'd in point of Honour to keep: I knew too, his refusing it would but the more incense the old Gentleman against my Brother's Happiness with you; and I found myself oblig'd in Gratitude, not to build my own upon the Ruin of yours.

*Ros.* This is an Obligation I never cou'd deserve.

*Hyp.* Your Assistance, Madam, in my Affair, has over-paid it.

*Ros.* What's become of *Don Philip*? I hope you have not kept him Prisoner all this while?

*Hyp.* Oh! he'll be releas'd presently, *Flora* has her Orders ——— Where's your Father, Madam?

*Ros.* I saw him go towards his Closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you Part of my Fortune ——— he seem'd in mighty good Humour.

*Hyp.* We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunn'd when he falls.

*Ros.* With all my Heart; methinks I am possess'd with the very Spirit of Disobedience ——— Now cou'd I, in the Humour I am in, consent to any Mischief that would but heartily plague my old Gentleman, for daring to be better than his Word to *Octavio*.

*Hyp.* And if we don't plague him ——— But here he comes.

*Enter Don Manuel.*

*D. Ma.* Ah, my little Conqueror! let me embrace thee ——— That ever I should live to see this Day!  
this

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this most triumphant Day, this Day of all Days in my Life!

*Hyp.* Ay, and of my Life too, Sir. [*Embracing him.*]

*D. Ma.* Ay, my Cares are over ——— Now I've nothing to do but to think of the other World; for I've done all my Business in this: got as many Children as I cou'd, and now I'm grown old, have set a young Couple to work, that will do it better.

*Hyp.* I warrant ye, Sir, you'll soon see whether your Daughter has marry'd a Man or no.

*D. Ma.* Ah! well said; and, that you may never be out of Humour with your Business, look you here, Children, I have brought you some Baubles that will make you merry as long as you live; Twelve thousand Pistoles are the least Value of 'em; and the rest of your Fortune shall be paid in the best *Barbary* Gold To-morrow Morning.

*Hyp.* Ay, Sir, this is speaking like a Father! this is Encouragement indeed!

*D. Ma.* Much good may do thy Heart and Soul with 'em ——— and Heaven bless you together ——— I've had a great deal of Care and Trouble to bring it about, Children, but thank my Stars, 'tis over, ——— 'tis over now ——— Now I may sleep with my Doors open, and never have my Slumbers broken with the Fear of Rogues and Rivals.

*Ros.* Don't interrupt him, and see how far his Humour will carry him. [*To Hyp.*]

*D. Ma.* But there is no Joy lasting in this World, we must all die when we have done our best, sooner, or later, Old or Young, Prince or Peasant, High or Low, Kings, Lords, and ——— Common-Whores, must die! Nothing certain; we are forc'd to buy one Comfort with the Loss of another. Now I've marry'd my Child, I've lost my Companion ——— I've parted with my Girl—Her Heart's gone another way now— She'll forget her old Father! — I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful Lark, with her pretty Songs in

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a Morning — I shall have no body to chat at Dinner with me now, or take up a Godly Book, and read me to Sleep in an Afternoon. Ah! these Comforts are all gone now. [Weeps.]

*Hyp.* How very near the Extreme of one Passion is to another! Now he is tir'd with Joy, till he is downright melancholy.

*Ros.* What's the matter, Sir?

*D. Ma.* Ah! my Child! Now it comes to the Test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

*Ros.* O Sir, we shall be better Friends than ever.

*D. Ma.* Uh! uh! shall we? Wilt thou come and see the old Man now and then? Well! Heaven blefs thee, give me a Kifs — I must kifs thee at parting; be a good Girl, use thy Husband well, make an obedient Wife, and I shall die contented.

*Hyp.* Die, Sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live — Hang these melancholy Thoughts, they are the worst Company in the World at a Wedding. —

Consider, Sir, we are young; if you wou'd oblige us, let us have a little Life and Mirth, a Jubilee to Day, at least; stir your Servants, call in your Neighbours, let me see your whole Family mad for Joy, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Hah! shall we! shall we be merry then?

*Hyp.* Merry, Sir! Ah! as Beggars at a Feast: What! shall a dull *Spanish* Custom tell me, when I am the happiest Man in the Kingdom, I shan't be as mad as I have a Mind to? Let me see the Face of nothing to-day but Revels, Friends, Feasts, and Musick, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Ah! thou shalt have thy Humour — Thou shalt have thy Humour! Hey, within there! Rogues! Dogs! Slaves! Where are my Rascals? Ah! my Joy flows again — I can't bear it.

*Enter several Servants.*

*Serv.* Did you call, Sir?

*D. Ma.* Call, Sir! Ay, Sir: What's the Reason you are



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are not all out of your Wits, Sir? Don't you know that your young Mistress is marry'd, Scoundrels?

*First Serv.* Yes, Sir, and we are all ready to be mad, as soon as your Honour will please to give any distracted Orders.

*Hyp.* You see, Sir, they only want a little Encouragement.

*D. Ma.* Ah! there shall be nothing wanting this Day! if I were sure to beg for it all my Life after — Here, Sirrah, Cook! Look into the *Roman History*, see what *Mark Anthony* had for Supper, when *Cleopatra* first treated him *Cber entire*: Rogue, let me have a Repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking — Go.

*Second Serv.* It shall be done, Sir.

*D. Ma.* And, d'ye hear? One of ye step to Monsieur *Vendevin*, the King's Butler, for the same Wine that His Majesty reserves for his own Drinking; tell him he shall have his Price for't.

*First Serv.* How much will you please to have, Sir?

*D. Ma.* Too much, Sir! I'll have every thing upon the Out-side of Enough to-day. Go you, Sirrah, run to the *Theatre*, and detach me a Regiment of Fiddlers, and Singers, and Dancers; and you, Sir, to my Nephew *Don Luis*, give my Service, and bring all his Family along with him.

*Hyp.* Ay, Sir! this is as it should be! now it begins to look like a Wedding.

*D. Ma.* Ah! We'll make all the Hair in the World stand an end at our Joy.

*Hyp.* Here comes *Flora* — Now, Madam, observe your Cue.

*Enter Flora.*

*Flo.* Your Servant, Gentlemen — I need not wish you Joy — You have it I see — *Don Philip*, I must needs speak with you.

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* Pfhah! Prithee don't plague me with Business at such a Time as this.

*Flo.* My Business won't be deferr'd, Sir.

*Hyp.* Sir!

*Flo.* I suppose you guess it, Sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

*Hyp.* What d'ye mean?

*Flo.* Your Ear, Sir.

[*They whisper.*]

*D. Ma.* What's the matter now 'tro?

*Rof.* The Gentleman seems very free, methinks.

*D. Ma.* Troth, I don't like it.

*Rof.* Don't disturb 'em, Sir — We shall know all presently.

*Hyp.* But what have you done with *Don Philip*?

*Flo.* I drew the Servants out of the way, while he made his Escape; I saw him very busy in the Street with *Osavio* and another Gentleman; *Trappanti* dog'd 'em, and brings me Word they just now went into the *Corrigidore's* in the next Street — Therefore, what we do, we must do quickly: Come, come, put on your fighting Face, and I'll be with 'em presently. [*Aside.*]

*Hyp.* [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offer'd you very fair; if you don't think so, I have marry'd the Lady, and take your Course.

*Flo.* Sir, our Contract was a full Third; a third Part's my Right, and I'll have it, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Hay!

*Hyp.* Then I must tell you, Sir, since you are pleas'd to call it your Right, you shall not have it.

*Flo.* Not, Sir?

*Hyp.* No, Sir — Look ye, don't put on your pert Airs to me — Gad, I shall use you very scurvily.

*Flo.* Use me! — You little Son of a Whore, draw.

*Hyp.* Oh! Sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and D. Ma. interposes.*]

*Rof.* Ah! Help! Murder!

[*Runs out.*]

*D. Ma.* Within there! Help! Murder! Why, Gentlemen, are ye mad? Pray put up.

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* A Rascal!

*Enter Servants, who part 'em.*

*D. Ma.* Friends, and quarrel! for Shame.

*Flo.* Friends! I scorn his Friendship; and since he does not know how to use a Gentleman, I'll do a publick Piece of Justice, and use him like a Villain.

*Hyp.* Let me go.

*D. Ma.* Better Words, Sir. [To Flora.]

*Flo.* Why, Sir, d'ye take this Fellow for Don Philip?

*D. Ma.* What d'ye mean, Sir?

*Flo.* That he has cheated me as well as you — But I'll have my Revenge immediately. [Exit Flora.]

[Hyp. walks about, and D. Ma. stares.]

*D. Ma.* Hay! what's all this? What is it — My Heart misgives me.

*Hyp.* Hay! who waits there? Here, you! [To a Servant] Bid my Servant run, and hire me a Coach and four Horses immediately. *Serv.* Yes, Sir. [Exit Ser.]

*D. Ma.* A Coach!

*Enter Viletta.*

*Vil.* Sir, Sir! — blefs me! What's the matter, Sir! Are not you well?

*D. Ma.* Yes, yes, — I am — that is — ha!

*Vil.* I have brought you a Letter, Sir.

*D. Ma.* What Business can he have for a Coach?

*Vil.* I have brought you a Letter, Sir, from *Octavia*.

*D. Ma.* To me?

*Vil.* No, Sir, to my Mistress — he charg'd me to deliver it immediately; for he said it concern'd her Life and Fortune.

*D. Ma.* How! Let's see it — There's what I promis'd thee — be gone. What can this be now? [Reads.]

*The Person whom your Father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known Cheat, and an Impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate Friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidore, and fresh Evidence*

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*dence against him. I thought this Advice, tho' from one you hate, would be well receiv'd if it came time enough to prevent your Ruin.* OCTAVIO.

O, my Heart! This Letter was not design'd to fall into my Hands—I am frighted—I dare not think on't.

*Re-enter the Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, your Man is not within.

*Hyp.* Careless Rascal! to be out of the way when my Life's at Stake—Prithee do thou go and see if thou canst get me any Post-Horses.

*D. Ma.* Post-Horses.

*Enter Rosara.*

*Ros.* O dear Sir, what was the Matter?

*D. Ma.* —— Hay!

*Ros.* What made 'em quarrel, Sir?

*D. Ma.* Child!

*Ros.* What was it about, Sir? You look concern'd.

*D. Ma.* Concern'd!

*Ros.* I hope you are not hurt, Sir, [*To Hyp. who minds her not.*] —— What's the matter with him, Sir? he won't speak to me. [*To D. Ma.*]

*D. Ma.* — a — speak! — a — go to him again—— try what fair Words will do, and see if you can pick out the Meaning of all this.

*Ros.* Dear Sir, what's the matter? [*To Hyp.*]

*D. Ma.* Ay, Sir, pray what's the matter?

*Hyp.* I'm a little vex'd at my Servant's being out of the way, and the Insolence of this other Rascal.

*D. Ma.* But what Occasion have you for Post-Horses, Sir?

*Hyp.* Something happens a little cross, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Pray what is't?

*Hyp.* I'll tell you another time, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Another time, Sir, —— pray satisfy me now.

*Hyp.* Lord, Sir, when you see a Man's out of Humour.

*D. Ma.* Sir, it may be I'm as much out of Humour

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as you; and I must tell ye, I don't like your Behaviour, and I'm resolv'd to be satisfy'd.

*Hyp.* Sir, what is't you'd have? [*pee-vishly.*]

*D. Ma.* Look ye, Sir — in short — I — I have receiv'd a Letter.

*Hyp.* Well, Sir.

*D. Ma.* I wish it may be well, Sir.

*Hyp.* Bless me, Sir! What's the Matter with you?

*D. Ma.* Matter, Sir! — in troth I'm almost afraid and asham'd to tell ye; — but, if you must needs know, — there's the Matter, Sir. [*Gives the Letter.*]

*Enter Don Luis.*

*D. Lu.* Uncle, I am your humble Servant.

*D. Ma.* I am glad to see you, Nephew.

*D. Lu.* I receiv'd your Invitation, and am come to pay my Duty: But here I met with the most surprising News?

*D. Ma.* Pray what is it?

*D. Lu.* Why, first your Servant told me, my young Cousin was to be marry'd to Day to Don *Philip de las Torres*, and just as I was entering your Doors, who should I meet but Don *Philip*, with the Corrigidore, and several Witnesses, to prove, it seems, That the Person whom you were just going to marry my Cousin to, has usurp'd his Name, betray'd you, robb'd him, and is in short a rank Impostor.

*Hyp.* So! now it's come home to him.

*D. Ma.* Dear Nephew, don't torture me: Are ye sure you know Don *Philip* when you see him?

*D. Lu.* Know him, Sir! Were not we School-Fellows, Fellow-Collegians, and Fellow-Travellers?

*D. Ma.* But are you sure you may'nt have forgot him neither?

*D. Lu.* You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you, Sir.

*D. Ma.* But one Question more, and I am dumb for ever — Is that he?

*D. Lu.*

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*D. Lu.* That, Sir! No, nor in the least like him.—  
But pray why this Concern? I hope we are not come  
too late to prevent the Marriage?

*D. Ma.* Oh! Oh! O! O! my poor Child!

*Ros.* Oh! [Seems to faint.

*Enter Viletta.*

*Vil.* What's the matter, Sir?

*D. Ma.* Ah! Look to my Child.

*D. Lu.* Is this the Villain then that has impos'd on you?

*Hyp.* Sir, I'm this Lady's Husband, and while I'm sure  
that Name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented  
with laughing at any other you or your Party dare give me.

*D. Ma.* Oh!

*D. Lu.* Nay then, within there! — such a Villain  
ought to be made an Example.

*Enter Corrigidore and Officers, with Don Philip,  
Octavio, Flora, and Trappanti.*

O Gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my  
poor Cousin's marry'd to the Impostor.

*D. Ph.* How!

*Off.* Confusion!

*D. Ma.* O! O!

*D. Ph.* That's the Person, Sir, and I demand your Justice.

*Off.* And I.

*Flo.* And all of us.

*D. Ma.* Will my Cares never be over?

*Corr.* Well, Gentlemen, let me rightly understand  
what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him  
immediately. — First, Sir, you say, these Gentlemen  
all know you to be the true Don Philip?

*D. Lu.* That, Sir, I presume, my Oath will prove.

*Off.* Or mine.

*Flo.* And mine.

*Trap.* Ay, and mine too, Sir.

*D. Ma.* Where shall I hide this shameful Head?

*Flo.* And for the Robbery, that I can prove upon him:

E

He

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He confess'd to me at *Toledo*, he stole this Gentleman's Portmanteau there, to carry on his Design upon this Lady, and agreed to give me a Third part of her Fortune for my Assistance; which he refusing to pay as soon as the Marriage was over, I thought myself oblig'd in Honour to discover him.

*Hyp.* Well, Gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not marry'd to the Lady, or hav'n't the best part of her Fortune in my Pocket; so do your worst: I own my Ingenuity; and am proud on't.

*D. Ma.* Ingenuity, abandon'd Villain! — But, Sir, before you send him to Goal, I desire he may return the Jewels I gave him as part of my Daughter's Portion.

*Corr.* That can't be, Sir — since he has marry'd the Lady, her Fortune's lawfully his: All we can do, is to prosecute him for robbing this Gentleman.

*D. Ma.* O that ever I was born!

*Hyp.* Return the Jewels, Sir! If you don't pay me the rest of her Fortune To-morrow Morning, you may chance to go to Goal before me.

*D. Ma.* O that I were bury'd! Will my Cares never be over?

*Hyp.* They are pretty near it, Sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

*Corr.* Come, Sir, if you please; I must desire to take your Affidavit in Writing.

[*Goes to the Table with Flora.*]

*D. Ph.* Now, Sir! you see what your own Rashness has brought ye to: How shall I be star'd at when I give an Account of this to my Father, or your Friends in *Seville*! You'll be the publick Jest; your Understanding, or your Folly, will be the Mirth of every Table.

*D. Ma.* Pray forbear, Sir.

*Hyp.* Keep it up, Madam.

[*Aside to Ros.*]

*Ros.* Oh Sir! how wretched have you made me! is this the Care you have taken of me for my blind Obedience to your Commands? this my Reward for filial Duty?

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* Ah! my poor Child!

*Rof.* But I deserve it all, for ever listening to your barbarous Proposal, when my Conscience might have told me, my Vows and Person in Justice and Honour were the wrong'd *Ostasio's*.

*D. Ma.* Oh! Oh!

*Ost.* Can she repent her Falshood then at last? Is't possible? then I'm wounded too! O my poor undone *Rosara!* [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful! Cruel! Perjur'd Man! How can't thou bear to see the Light after this Heap of Ruin thou hast rais'd, by tearing thus asunder the most solemn Vows of plighted Love?

*D. Ma.* Oh! don't insult me? I deserve the worst you can say. — I'm a miserable Wretch, and I repent me.

*Ost.* Repent! Can't thou believe whole Years of Sorrow will atone thy Crime? No; groan on, sigh and weep away thy Life to come, and when the Stings and Horrors of thy Conscience have laid thy tortur'd Body in the Grave — then, then — as thou dost me, — when 'tis too — late, I'll pity thee.

*Vil.* So! here's the Lady in Tears, the Lover in Rage, the old Gentleman out of his Senses, most of the Company distracted, and the Bridegroom in a fair way to be hang'd. — The merriest Wedding that ever I saw in my Life. [*To Hyp.*

*Corr.* Well, Sir, have you any thing to say before I make your Warrant?

*Hyp.* A Word or two, and I obey ye, Sir, — Gentlemen, I have reflected on the Folly of my Action, and foresee the Disquiets I am like to undergo in being this Lady's Husband: therefore, as I own myself the Author of all this seeming Ruin and Confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the Officers may withdraw) to offer something to the general Quiet.

*Ost.* What can this mean?

*D. Ph.* Pshaw! some new Contrivance — Let's be gone.



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*D. Lu.* Stay a Moment, it can be no Harm to hear him — Sir, will you oblige us?

*Corr.* Wait without — [Exeunt Officers.]

*Vil.* What's to be done now, 'trow?

*Trap.* Some smart thing, I warrant ye: The little Gentleman hath a notable Head, faith.

*Flo.* Nay, Gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still in his Power to make you all Amends; and, in my Opinion, 'tis high time he should propose it.

*D. Ma.* Ay, 'tis time he were hang'd indeed: For I know no other Amends he can make us.

*Hyp.* Then I must tell you, Sir, I owe you no Reparation; the Injuries which you complain of, your sordid Avarice, and Breach of Promise here have justly brought upon you: Had you, as you were oblig'd in Conscience and in Nature, first given your Daughter with your Heart, she had now been honourably happy, and, if any, I the only miserable Person here.

*D. Lu.* He talks Reason.

*D. Pb.* I don't think him in the Wrong there indeed.

*Hyp.* Therefore, Sir, if you are injur'd, you may thank yourself for it.

*D. Ma.* Nay, dear Sir — I do confess my Blindness, and cou'd heartily wish your Eyes or mine had drop'd out of our Heads before ever we saw one another.

*Hyp.* Well, Sir, (however little you have deserv'd it) yet for your Daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself, by signing this Paper, to keep your first Promise, and give her, with her full Fortune, to this Gentleman, I'm still content, on that Condition, to disannul my own Pretences, and resign her.

*Os.* Ha! What says he?

*D. Lu.* This is strange!

*D. Ma.* Sir, I don't know how to answer you: For I can never believe you'll have Good-nature enough to hang yourself out of the way to make Room for him.

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* Then, Sir, to let you see I have not only an honest Meaning, but an immediate Power too, to make good my Word, I first renounce all Title to her Fortune: These Jewels, which I receiv'd from you, I give him free Possession of; and now, Sir, the rest of her Fortune you owe him with her Person.

*Of.* I am all Amazement!

*D. Lu.* What can this end in?

*D. Ph.* I am surpriz'd indeed!

*D. Ma.* This is unaccountable, I must confess—  
But still, Sir, if you disannul your Pretences, how you'll persuade that Gentleman, to whom I am oblig'd in Contract, to part with his—

*D. Ph.* That, Sir, shall be no Lett: I am too well acquainted with the Virtue of my Friend's Title, to entertain a Thought that can disturb it.

*Hyp.* Then my Fears are over. [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, it only stops at you.

*D. Ma.* Well, Sir, I see the Paper is only conditional, and since the general Welfare is concern'd, I won't refuse to lend you my helping Hand to it: But if you should not make your Words good, Sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a Man should poison you.

*D. Ph.* And, Sir, let me too warn you how you execute this Promise; your Flattery and dissembled Penitence has deceiv'd me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my Belief; therefore take heed, expect no second Mercy; for be assur'd of this, I never can forgive a Villain.

*Hyp.* If I am prov'd one, spare me not—I ask but this—Use me as you find me.

*D. Ph.* That you may depend on.

*D. Ma.* There, Sir.

[*Gives Hypolita the Writing sign'd.*

*Ros.* Now I tremble for her.

[*Aside.*

*Hyp.* And now Don Philip, I confess, you are the only injur'd Person here.

*D. Ph.* I know not that—do my Friend right, and I shall easily forgive thee.

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*Hyp.* His Pardon, with his Thanks, I am sure I shall deserve: But how shall I forgive myself? Is there in Nature left a Means that can repair the shameful Sights, the Insults, and the long Disquiets you have known from Love?

*D. Pb.* Let me understand thee.

*Hyp.* Examine well your Heart, and if the fierce Resentment of its Wrongs has not extinguish'd quite the usual soft Compassion there, revive at least one Spark in Pity of my Woman's Weakness.

*D. Ma.* How! a Woman!

*D. Pb.* Whither would'st thou carry me?

*Hyp.* Not but I know you generous, as the Heart of Love, yet, let me doubt, if even this low Submission can deserve your Pardon—don't look on me, I cannot bear that you should know me yet—The extravagant Attempt I have this Day run through to meet you thus, justly may subject me to your Contempt and Scorn, unless the same forgiving Goodness that us'd to overlook the Failings of *Hypolita*, prove still my Friend, and soften all with the Excuse of Love.

*Off.* My Sister! O, *Rosara!* *Philip!*

[*All seem amaz'd.*]

*D. Pb.* Oh! stop this vast Effusion of my transported Thoughts, ere my offending Wishes break their Prison through my Eyes, and surfeit on forbidden Hopes again: Or if my Fears are false, if your relenting Heart is touch'd at last in Pity of my enduring Love, be kind at once, speak on, and awake me to the Joy while I have Sense to hear you.

*Hyp.* Nay, then I am subdu'd indeed! Is't possible? Spight of my Follies, still your generous Heart can love? 'Tis so! Your Eyes confess it, and my Fears are dead—Why then should I blush to let at once the honest Fullness of my Heart gush forth—O *Philip*—*Hypolita* is—yours for ever. [*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's Arms.*]

*D. Pb.* O Extasy! Distracting Joy—Do I then live

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to call you mine?—Is there an End at last of my repeated Pangs, my Sighs, my Torments, and my rejected Vows? Is it possible? is it She?—O let me view thee thus with aching Eyes, and feed my eager Sense upon the Transport of thy Love confess'd! What, kind!—And yet *Hypolita*! And yet 'tis She! I know her by the busy Pulses at my Heart, which only Love like mine can feel, and she alone can give.

[*Eagerly embracing her.*]

*Hyp.* Now, *Philip*! You may insult our Sex's Pride, for I confess you have subdu'd it all in me; I plead no Merit, but my knowing yours: I own the Weakness of my boasted Power, and now am only proud of my Humility.

*D. Ph.* O never! never shall thy Empire cease! 'Tis not in thy Power to give thy Power away: This last Surprise of generous Love has bound me to thy Heart a poor indebted Wretch for ever.

*Hyp.* No more, the rest the Priest shou'd say.—But now our Joy grows rude.—Here are our Friends, that must be happy too.

*D. Ph, Luis! Octavio!* my Brother now! O! forgive the Hurry of a transported Heart.

*D. Ma.* A Woman! and *Octavio's* Sister!

*Oct.* That Heart that does not feel, as 'twere its own, a Joy like this, ne'er yet confess'd the Power of Friendship or Love.

[*Embracing him.*]

*D. Ma.* Have I then been pleas'd, and plagu'd, and frighted out of my Wits, by a Woman all this while? Odsbud, she is a notable Contriver! Stand clear ho! For if I have not a fair Brush at her Lips; nay, if she does not give me the hearty Smack too, Ods-Winds and Thunder, she is not the good-humour'd Girl I take her for.

*Hyp.* Come, Sir, I won't balk your Good-humour. [*He kisses her.*] And now I have a Favour to beg of you; you remember your Promise: Only your Blessing here, Sir.

[*Octavio and Rosara kneel.*]

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* Ah! I can deny thee nothing; and, since I find thou art not fit for my Girl's Business thyself, Odzooks, it shall never be done out of the Family—And so, Children, Heaven bless ye together—Come, I'll give thee her Hand myself, you know the way to her Heart, and as soon as the Priest has said Grace, he shall toss you the rest of her Body into the Bargain—And now my Cares are over again.

*Os.* We'll study to deserve your Love, Sir.—O *Rosara!*

*Ros.* Now, *Osavio*, d'ye believe I lov'd you better than the Person I was to marry?

*Os.* Kind Creature! you were in her Secret, then!

*Ros.* I was, and she in mine.

*Os.* Sister! What Words can thank you?

*Hyp.* Any that tell me of *Osavio's* Happiness.

*D. Pb.* My Friend successful too! Then my Joys are double.—But how this generous Attempt was started first, how it has been pursu'd, and carry'd with this kind Surprise at last, gives me Wonder equal to my Joy.

*Hyp.* Here's one that at more Leisure shall inform you all: She was ever a Friend to your Love, has had a hearty Share in the Fatigue, and now I am bound in Honour to give her Part of the Garland too.

*D. Pb.* How! She!

*Fl.* Trusty *Flora*, Sir, at your Service? I have had many a Battle with my Lady upon your account: But I always told her we should do her Business at last.

*D. Ma.* Another Metamorphosis! Brave Girls, faith! Odzooks, we shall have 'em make Campaigns shortly!

*D. Pb.* Take this as Earnest of my Thanks; in *Seville* I'll provide for thee.

*Hyp.* Nay, here's another Accomplice too, Confederate I can't say; for honest *Trappanti* did not know but that I was as great a Rogue as himself.

*Trap.* It's a Folly to lye; I did not indeed, Madam.—But the World cannot say I have been a Rogue to your Ladyship—And if you had not parted with your Money—

*Hyp.*

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*Hyp.* Thou had'st not parted with thy Honesty.

*Trap.* Right, Madam; but how shou'd a poor naked Fellow resist, when he had so many Pistoles held against him? [*Shows Money.*]

*D. Ma.* Ay, ay, well said, Lad.

*Vil.* Ea! A tempting Bait indeed! Let him offer to marry me again, if he dares. [*Aside.*]

*D. Ph.* Well, *Trappanti*, thou hast been serviceable, however, and I'll think of thee.

*Os.* Nay, I am his Debtor too.

*Trap.* Ah! there's a very easy way, Gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your Happiness to my Roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your Generosity.

*Os.* As how, pray?

*Trap.* Why, Sir, I find by my Constitution, that it is as natural to be in Love as an Hungry, and that I han't a jot less Stomach than the best of my Betters; and tho' I have often thought a Wife but dining every Day upon the same Dish; yet, methinks, it's better than no Dinner at all. And, for my part, I had rather have no Stomach to my Meat, than no Meat to my Stomach. Upon which Considerations, Gentlemen and Ladies, I desire you'll use your Interest with *Madona* here——To let me dine at her Ordinary.

*D. Ma.* A pleasant Rogue, faith! Odzooks, the Jade shall have him. Come, Hussy, he's an ingenious Person.

*Vil.* Sir, I don't understand his Stuff; when he speaks plain, I know what to say to him.

*Trap.* Why then, in plain Terms, Let me a Lease of your Tenement——Marry me.

*Vil.* Ay, now you say something—I was afraid, by what you said in the Garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked Tenant at Will.

*Trap.* No, no, Child, I have no mind to be turn'd out at a Quarter's Warning.

*Vil.* Well, there's my Hand—And now meet me as soon as you will with a Canonical Lawyer, and I'll give you Possession of the rest of the Premises.

*D. Ma.*

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*D. Ma.* Odzooks, and well thought of, I'll send for one presently. Here, you, Sirrah, run to Father *Benedic* again, tell him his Work don't hold here, his last Marriage is drop'd to Pieces, but now we have got better Tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh Couple together as fast as he can.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, the Musick's come.

*D. Ma.* Ah! they cou'd never take us in a better time—— let 'em enter—— Ladies and—— Sons and Daughters, for I think you're all akin to me now, will you be pleas'd to sit?

[ *After the Entertainment.*

*D. Ma.* Come, Gentlemen, now our Collation waits us.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, the Priest's come.

*D. Ma.* That's well, we'll dispatch him presently.

*D. Ph.* Now, my *Hypolita*!

*Let our Example teach Mankind to love,  
From Thine the Fair their Favours may improve;  
To the quick Pains you give, our Joys we owe,  
Till Those we feel, These we can never know;  
But warn'd with honest Hope from my Success,  
Ew'n in the Height of all its Miseries;  
O! never let a virtuous Mind despair,  
For constant Hearts are Love's peculiar Care.*





## EPILOGUE,

' *M*ongst all the Rules the Ancients had in Vogue,  
We find no Mention of an EPILOGUE.

*Which plainly shews they're Innovations, brought  
Since Rules, Design, and Nature, were forgot.  
The Custom, therefore, our next Play shall break,  
But now a joyful Motive bids us speak.*

*For, while our Arms return with Conquest Home,  
While Children prattle Vigo, and the Boom,  
Is't fit the Mouth of all Mankind, the Stage, be dumb?*

*While the proud Spaniards read old Annals o'er,  
And on the Leaves in lazy Safety pore,*

*ESSEX and RALEIGH thunder on their Shore.*

*Again their Donships start, and mend their Speed,  
With the same Fear of their Fore-fathers, dead.*

*While Amadis de Gaul laments in vain,  
And wishes his young Quixote out of Spain.*

*While foreign Forts are but beheld and seiz'd,  
While English Hearts tumultuously are pleas'd;*

*Shall we, whose sole Subsistence purely flows*

*From Minds in Joy, or undisturb'd Repose:*

*Shall we behold each Face with Pleasure glow,*

*Unthankful to the Arms that made 'em so?*

*Shall we not say——*

*Old English Honour now revives again,*

*Mem'rably fatal to the Pride of Spain,*

*But hold——*

*While ANNE repeats the Vengeance of ELIZA's Reign.*

*For, to the glorious Conduct sure that drew*

*A Senate's grateful Vote, our Adoration's due.*

*From*



## E P I L O G U E.

*From that alone all other Thanks are poor,  
The Old Triumphant Romans ask'd no more,  
And Rome indeed gave all within its Power.  
But your superior Stars, that know too well  
You ENGLISH Heroes should Old ROME's excel;  
To crown your Arms beyond the Bribes of Spoil,  
Rais'd English Beauty to reward your Toil:  
Tho' seiz'd of all the rifled World had lost,  
So fair a \* Circle Rome could never boast.  
Proceed, auspicious Chiefs, inflame the War,  
Pursue your Conquest, and possess the Fair:  
That Ages may record of Them and You,  
They only could inspire what you alone cou'd do.*

}

[\* To the  
Boxes.

## F I N I S.



The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial statements. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income.

In the second section, the author details the process of reconciling bank statements with the company's records. This involves comparing the bank's record of transactions with the company's ledger to identify any discrepancies. Common causes for these differences include timing differences, such as deposits in transit or outstanding checks, as well as errors in recording.

The third part of the document focuses on the preparation of the income statement. It explains how the data from the ledger is used to calculate the company's net income for a given period. This involves summing up all revenues and gains, and then subtracting all expenses and losses. The resulting net income is a key indicator of the company's profitability.

Finally, the document concludes with a discussion on the importance of regular financial reviews. It suggests that management should conduct periodic analyses of the company's financial performance to identify trends, assess risks, and make informed decisions about future operations. This ongoing monitoring is essential for the long-term success and sustainability of the business.

