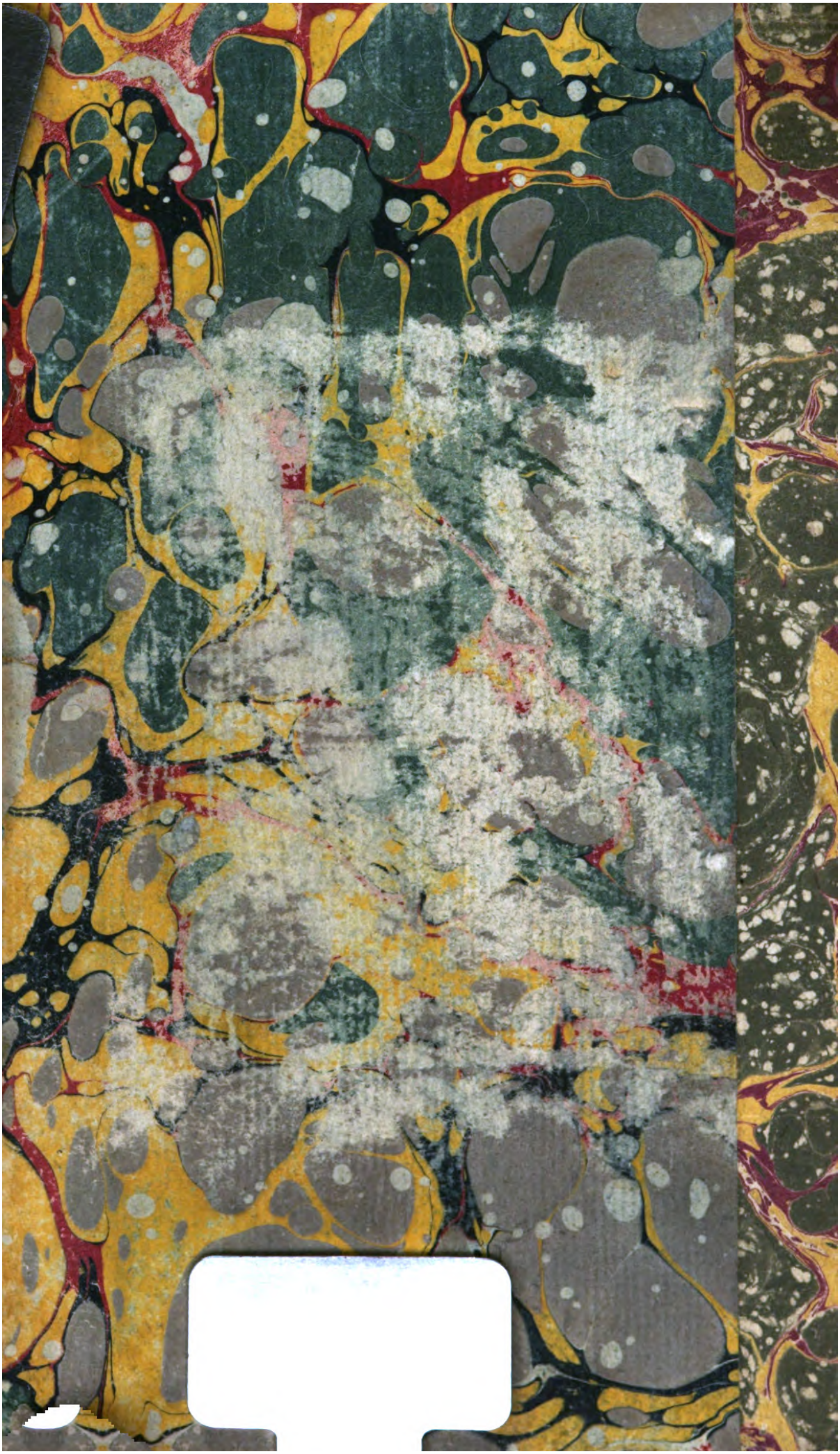

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# THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

In FIVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

Love's Last Shift.
Woman's Wit.
Love makes a Man.
She would and she would not.

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M.DCC.LXXVII.

# LIFE OF COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In 1711, he became united as joint patentee with

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Petrarch.

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

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

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

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

# LOVE's LAST SHIFT:

OR,

## The FOOL in Fashion.

A

# COMEDY.

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

HOR. de Art. Poet.

TO

RICHARD NORTON OF SOUTHWICK, ESQ.

SIR,

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

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

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

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

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

*SIR,*

*Your moſt devoted,*

*Humble Servant,*

Jan. 1695.

C. CIBBER.

# PROLOGUE,

## Spoken by Mr. VERBRUGGEN.

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

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## M E N.

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

## W O M E N.

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

*The* S C E N E, *London.*

# LOVE's Laſt Shift:

OR,

# The FOOL in Faſhion.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE, *the Park.*

*Enter* Loveleſs, *and* Snap *his Servant.*

*LOVELESS.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Snap.* Fortune!——It makes me weep to think

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* Young Worthy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Love.* Oh, a great deal of experience.

*Y. Wor.* And no money?

*Snap.* Not a ſouſe, faith, ſir, as my belly can teſtify.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Guineas went then at thirty shillings.

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

*The god of wine and love were ever friends;*
*For by the help of wine love gains his ends.* [Exeunt.

*Enter* Elder Worthy *with a letter.*

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

*Enter to him* Young Worthy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Y. Wor.* She has beauty.

*El. Wor.* Granted.

*Y. Wor.* And money.

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

*Y. Wor.* She has sense.

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

*Y. Wor.* She has wit.

*El. Wor.* Not enough to deceive me.

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

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

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

*El. Wor.* As ever I ſhould marrying her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* Hillaria, Narciſſa, *and* Amanda *in mourning.*

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

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

*Hil.* In my mind you are much better where you

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* He's jealous.

*Am.* He's a lover.

*Hil.* He taxes me with a fool!

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

*Hil.* Methinks he's not handsome.

*Am.* He's a man, madam.

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

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

*Am.* I would not think of him.

*Nar.* O dear, why, pray?

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Am.* And your fortune.

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* He never lov'd you yet. [*Peeviſhly.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* Young Worthy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Am.* I'll ſtudy to be grateful, ſir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* What d'ye mean?

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* What raptures, Mr. *Worthy!*

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

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

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

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

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

*Women are chang'd from what they were of old:*
*Therefore let lovers still this maxim hold,*
She's only worth, that brings her weight in gold. [*Exit.*

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## A C T II.

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

*Enter* Narcissa, Hillaria, *and Sir* Novelty Fashion.

*HILLARIA.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil*. 'Twou'd pose me, I'm sure. [*Aside*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* Mr. *Worthy!* a good fancy were thrown away upon him; but you, ſir, are an ornament to your clothes.

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

*Hil.* *A Merveil, monsieur.*

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

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

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

*Hil.* Wretched coxcomb! [*Aside.*

*Enter* Elder Worthy.

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

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

*El. Wor.* He's a very pleasant comedy indeed, madam; and dress'd with a great deal of good satire, and, no doubt, may oblige both the stage and the town, especially the ladies.

*Hil.* So! There's for me. ——— [*Aside.*

Sir *Nov.* O ged! Nay, prithee, *Tom*, you know my humour —— Ladies (stop my vitals) I don't believe there are five hundred in town that ever took any notice of me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* Sir.

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

*Hil.* He needs not your recommendation, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* Dares he wrong my reputation?

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

*Hil.* I dare answer it to the world.

*El. Wor.* Then why not to me?

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

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

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

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

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

Y. Wor. *What to ourselves in passion we propose;*
*The passion ceasing, does the purpose lose.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* 'Tis questioning my conduct.

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

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

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

*Hil.* Some fools indeed are dangerous.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* We'll obey you, sir.

[*Exeunt* Elder Worthy *and* Hillaria.

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

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

Sir *Nov.* Ay, sir, with all my heart.

*Y. Wor.* Sir———

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

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

Sir *Nov.* Sir.

*Y. Wor.* The lady wou'd be alone, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Nov.* My business is love, madam.

*Nar.* And yours, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* So, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* Why at a good play?

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

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

*Nar.* Why ſo, ſir?

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* To what end, ſir?

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

*Nar.* What kindneſs is it to me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*What he ſpeaks, ſhe imitates in dumb ſhew.*

[*They both offer to take up her fan; and in striving* Y. Worthy *pushes Sir* Novelty *on his back.*

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

*Enter a footman to Sir* Novelty.

*Foot.* Oh, sir! Mrs. *Flareit* ———

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

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

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

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

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

[Y. Worthy *sees him to the door.*

[*Exit Sir* Nov.

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* Had not we better conſider a little?

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

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

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

*Nar.* Well, and what ſaid the ladies?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## ACT III.

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

*Enter* Amanda *and* Hillaria, *meeting.*

*AMANDA.*

MY dear, I have news for you.

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

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

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

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

*Am.* Will you never leave your mad humour?

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* As how, prithee?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter a servant to* Amanda.

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

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

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

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

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

*Re-enter the ſervant to* Hillaria.

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

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

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

*Hil.* Then tell him I went with her.

*Serv.* I ſhall, madam. [*Exit* Servant.

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

*Re-enter the* Servant, *conducting Sir* Novelty.

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

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

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

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

*Enter Sir* William Wisewou'd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Is going.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Sir* Novelty'*s footman with a porter.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The* SCENE *changes to St.* James's Park.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit* Loveless.

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

*Enter Mrs.* Flareit *and her maid.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Sir* Novelty *with the musick.*

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

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

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

*Enter at one door* Nar. Hil. Am. El. Worthy *and* Y. Worthy; *at another* Loveless *and* Snap, *who talk to the masks.*

*El. Wor.* What say you, ladies, shall we walk homewards? It begins to be dark.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*El. Wor.* Pray who is she, madam?

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* Pray what was it?

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

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

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

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

*El. Wor.* A very complete gentleman!

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

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* Or out of countenance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Nar.* I dare take your word, ſir. ———

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

*Enter* Sly, *ſervant to* Young Worthy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Snap.* Odsbud, sir, follow him, he takes you for another.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sly.* Come, come along, follow me.

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

*Snap.* Ay, ay, sir. [*Exeunt* Sly, Love. *and* Snap.

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

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

## ACT IV.

*The* SCENE *continues.*

*Enter* El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Hillaria, *and* Narciſſa.

*Elder WORTHY.*

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

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

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

*Enter Sir* Novelty, *embracing* Flareit, *maſk'd.*

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

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

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

*Nar. Hillaria!* what does ſhe mean?

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

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

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

*Nar.* Oh! I am in a flame.

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

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

*Fla.* Nay, but you muſt hate her too.

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

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

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

Sir *Nov.* Will you be ever kind?

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

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

*Fla.* So it ſhall, villain!

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

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Nov.* *Flareit!* the devil!

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

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

[*Holding his cheek.*

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

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

*Fla.* What, no pretence? no evaſion now?

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

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

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

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

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

*Fla.* Only change my lodging, ſir.

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

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

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

*Hil.* Methinks the knight bears it bravely.

*Nar.* I proteſt the lady weeps.

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

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

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

Sir *Nov.* Ay, madam.

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Nov.* What is't that frightens you?

*Fla.* Your barbarous uſage: pray let me go.

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

[Flareit *looks back.*

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

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

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

*Y. Wor.* Have a care, sir.

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

[*Draws, and stands upon his guard.*

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

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

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

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

*When his black soul lies howling in despair,*
*I'll plunge to hell, and be his torment there.* [Exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

*The* SCENE Amanda's *house.*

*Enter two servants.*

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

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

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

*Enter* Loveless *conducted by* Sly, Snap *stealing after him.*

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

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

*Love. Snap!*

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

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

*They re-enter.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Love.* Humh, her lady! Good.

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

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

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

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

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

*Love.* Madam, your humble servant: I'll pledge you. *Snap*, when there's any danger I'll call you: in the mean time lie still, d'ye hear. [*Aside to* Snap.

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

*Love.* Madam, your ladyship's health.

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

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

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

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

*Love.* With all my heart.

*A song here.*

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

*Enter a servant, who whispers* Amanda's *woman.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* Amanda *loosely dress'd.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* Sly, *and other servants.*

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

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

[Sly *looks in his face.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Love.* A man, madam, did you not?

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

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

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

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

*Am.* I doubt you are mad, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Am.* What d'ye take me for?

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

*Am.* Nay, now you are rude, ſir.

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

*Am.* Pray, ſir, forbear.

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

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

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

*Love.* Why, madam, wou'd you not drink the first time you had a thirst?

*Am.* Yes; but not before I had.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* Amanda's *woman.*

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

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

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

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

*Re-enter* Amanda's *woman.*

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

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

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

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

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

[*Listens at the door.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Snap.* Then shew me your bedchamber.

*Wom.* The devil shall have you first.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Wom.* Where are you? Lend me your hand.

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

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

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

*Wom.* Come along ſoftly this way.

*Snap.* Whereabouts are you?

*Wom.* Here, here, come ſtrait forward.

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

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

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

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

*Wom.* Whereabouts are you?

*Snap.* In hell, I think.

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

*Snap.* Ah, ye ſneering whore!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Pulls her in to him.*

And now, master, my humble service to you.

[*He pulls the door over them.*

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## ACT V.

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

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

*El. WORTHY.*

ARE the ladies ready?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Y. Wor.* You must ask me leave first. [*Aside.*

Sir *Wil.* Odso! is the lawyer come?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Wil.* Do so.

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

Sir *Wil.* *Narcissa:* prithee make haste———

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hil.* But, sir, this asks some consideration.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Law.* Now, ſir, if you pleaſe to ſign the jointure.

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

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

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

[*Ex. servant.*

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

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

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

*Serv.* It is at the door, sir.

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

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

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

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

*The* SCENE *changes to* Amanda's *house.*

*Enter* Amanda *sola.*

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

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

*Enter* Loveleſs *in new cloaths.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Love.* I was, but very young.

*Am.* What was your wife?

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

*Am.* Was not ſhe virtuous?

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

*Am.* Did you ne'er love her?

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

*Am.* What's become of her?

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

*Am.* Why did you leave her?

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

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

*Love.* Not I, faith, madam.

*Am.* Why so?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Am.* May I believe, that from your soul you speak this undissembled truth?

*Love.* Madam, you may. But still you rack me with amazement! Why am I ask'd so strange a question?

*Am.* I'll give you ease immediately.—Since then you have allow'd a woman may be virtuous,—how will you excuse the man who leaves the bosom of a wife so qualify'd, for the abandon'd pleasures of deceitful prostitutes? ruins her fortune, contemns her counsel, loaths her bed, and leaves her to the lingering miseries of despair and love? While, in return of all these wrongs, she, his poor forsaken wife, meditates no revenge, but what her piercing tears, and secret vows to heaven for his conversion yields her; yet still loves on, is constant and unshaken to the last. Can you believe that such a man can live without the stings of conscience, and yet be master of his senses? Conscience! did you ne'er feel the checks of it? Did it never, never tell you of your broken vows?

*Love.* That you shou'd ask me this, confounds my reason:——and yet your words are utter'd with such a powerful accent, they have awaken'd my soul, and strike my thoughts with horror and remorse.——

[*Stands in a fix'd posture.*

*Am.* Then let me strike you nearer, deeper yet.—— But arm your mind with gentle pity first, or I am lost for ever.

*Love.* I am all pity, all faith, expectation, and con-

fus'd amazement: be kind, be quick, and eaſe my wonder.

*Am.* Look on me well: revive your dead remembrance: and oh! for pity's ſake [*Kneels*] hate me not for loving long and faithfully; forgive this innocent attempt of a deſpairing paſſion, and I ſhall die in quiet.

*Love.* Hah! ſpeak on! [*Amazed.*

*Am.* It will not be——The word's too weighty for my faultering tongue, and my ſoul ſinks beneath the fatal burden. Oh!——— [*Falls to the ground.*

*Love.* Ha! ſhe faints! Look up, fair creature! behold a heart that bleeds for your diſtreſs, and fain wou'd ſhare the weight of your oppreſſive ſorrows. Oh! thou haſt rais'd a thought within me, that ſhocks my ſoul.

*Am.* 'Tis done—[*Riſing.*] The conflict's paſt, and heaven bids me ſpeak undaunted. Know then, ev'n all the boaſted raptures of your laſt night's love, you found in your *Amanda*'s arms:——I am your wife.

*Love.* Hah!

*Am.* For ever bleſs'd or miſerable, as your next breath ſhall ſentence me!

*Love.* My wife! impoſſible! Is ſhe not dead? How ſhall I believe thee?

*Am.* How time and my afflictions may have alter'd me, I know not; but here's an indelible confirmation. [*Bares her arms.*] Theſe ſpeaking characters, which in their cheerful bloom our early paſſions mutually recorded.

*Love.* Hah! 'tis here;—'tis no illuſion, but my real name; which ſeems to upbraid me as a witneſs of my perjur'd love:—oh, I am confounded with my guilt, and tremble to behold thee.———Pray give me leave to think. [*Turns from her.*

*Am* I will; [*Kneels*] but you muſt look upon me: for only eyes can hear the language of the eyes; and mine have only the tendereſt tale of love to tell, that ever miſery, at the dawn of riſing hope, cou'd utter.

*Love.* I have wrong'd you (oh, riſe!) baſely wrong'd you. And can I ſee your face?

*Am.* One kind, one pitying look, cancels thoſe wrongs for ever. And oh! forgive my fond preſuming paſſion;

for from my soul I pardon and forgive you all; all, all but this, the greatest, your unkind delay of love.

*Love.* Oh! seal my pardon with thy trembling lips, while with this tender grasp of fond reviving love I seize my bliss, and stifle all thy wrongs for ever.

[*Embraces her.*

*Am.* No more; I'll wash away their memory in tears of flowing joy.

*Love.* Oh! thou hast rouz'd me from my deep lethargy of vice: for hitherto my soul has been enslav'd to loose desires, to vain deluding follies, and shadows of substantial bliss; but now I wake with joy, to find my rapture real.——Thus let me kneel and pay my thanks to her, whose conquering virtue has at last subdu'd me. Here will I fix, thus prostrate, sigh my shame, and wash my crimes in never-ceasing tears of penitence.

*Am.* O rise! this posture heaps new guilt on me: now you overpay me.

*Love.* Have I not used thee like a villain? For almost ten long years deprived thee of my love, and ruin'd all thy fortune? But I will labour, dig, beg, or starve, to give new proofs of my unfeign'd affection.

*Am.* Forbear this tenderness, lest I repent of having mov'd your soul so far. You shall not need to beg, heaven has provided for us beyond its common care. 'Tis now near two years since my uncle, Sir *William Wealthy*, sent you the news of my pretended death; knowing the extravagance of your temper, he thought it fit you shou'd believe no other of me: and about a month after he had sent you that advice, poor man, he dy'd, and left me in full possession of two thousand pounds a year, which I now cannot offer as a gift, because my duty, and your lawful right, makes you the undisputed master of it.

*Love.* How have I labour'd for my own undoing! while in despite of all my follies, kind heav'n resolv'd my happiness.

*Enter a servant to* Amanda.

*Serv.* Madam, Sir *William Wisewou'd* has sent your ladyship the writings you desir'd him, and says he'll wait on you immediately.

*Am.* Now, ſir, if you pleaſe to withdraw a while, you may inform yourſelf how fair a fortune you are maſter of.

*Love.* None, none that can outweigh a virtuous mind; while in my arms I thus can circle thee, I graſp more treaſure, than in a day the poſting ſun can travel o'er. Oh! why have I ſo long been blind to the perfections of thy mind and perſon? Not knowing thee a wife, I found thee charming beyond the wiſhes of luxuriant love. Is it then a name, a word, ſhall rob thee of thy worth? Can fancy be a ſurer guide to happineſs than reaſon? Oh, I have wander'd like a benighted wretch, and loſt myſelf in life's unpleaſing journey!

*'Twas heedleſs fancy firſt that made me ſtray,*
*But reaſon now breaks forth, and lights me on my way.*

[Exeunt.

*The* SCENE *changes to an entry.*

*Enter three or four ſervants.*

*1ſt Serv.* Prithee, *Tom*, make haſte below there; my lady has order'd dinner at half an hour after one preciſely. Look out ſome of the red that came in laſt.

[*Two of the ſervants hawl* Snap *and* Amanda's *woman out of the cellar.*

*2d Serv.* Come, ſir, come out here, and ſhew your face.

*Wom.* Oh! I am undone! ruin'd!

*2d Serv.* Pray, ſir, who are you; and what was your buſineſs? and how, in the devil's name, came you here?

*Snap.* Why, truly, ſir, the fleſh led me to the cellar door; but I believe the devil puſh'd me in.——That gentlewoman can inform you better.

*3d Serv.* Pray, Mrs. *Anne*, how came you two together in the cellar?

*Wom* Why he—he—pu—pu—pull'd me in. [*Sobbing.*

*3d Serv.* But how the devil came he in?

*Wom.* He fe—fe—fe—fell in.

*2d Serv.* How came he into the houſe?

*Wom.* I don—do—d: n't know.

*2d Serv.* Ah! you are a crocodile; I thought what was the reaſon I cou'd never get a good word from you. What, in a cellar too? But come, ſir, we will take care of you, however. Bring him along; we will firſt carry him before my lady, and then toſs him in a blanket.

*Snap.* Nay, but gentlemen, dear gentlemen— [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Loveless, Amanda, Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Narcissa *and* Hillaria.

*El. Wor.* This is indeed a joyful day; we must all congratulate your happiness.

*Am.* Which, while our lives permit us to enjoy, we must still reflect with gratitude on the generous author of it. Sir, we owe you more than words can pay you.

*Love.* Words are indeed too weak, therefore let my gratitude be dumb till it can speak in actions.

*Y. Wor.* The success of the design I thought on, sufficiently rewards me.

*Hil.* When I reflect upon *Amanda*'s past afflictions, I cou'd almost weep to think of her unexpected change of fortune.

*El. Wor.* Methinks her fair example shou'd persuade all constant wives ne'er to repine at unrewarded virtue. Nay, ev'n my brother being the first adviser of it, has aton'd for all the looseness of his character.

*Love.* I never can return his kindness.

*Nar.* In a short time, sir, I suppose you'll meet with an opportunity, if you can find a receipt to preserve love, after his honey-moon's over.

*Love.* The receipt is easily found, madam; love's a tender plant, which can't live out of a warm bed: you must take care, with undissembled kindness, to keep him from the northern blast of jealousy.

*Nar.* But I have heard your experienc'd lovers make use of coldness, and that's more agreeable to my inclination.

*Love.* Coldness, madam, before marriage, like throwing a little water upon a clear fire, makes it burns the fiercer; but after marriage, you must still take care to lay on fresh fuel.

*Nar.* O fie, sir! How many examples have we of mens hating their wives for being too fond of 'em.

*Love.* No wonder, madam: you may stifle a flame, by heaping on too great a load.

*Nar.* Nay, sir, if there be no other way of destroying his passion for me, he may love till doomsday.

*El. Wor.* Humh! don't you ſmell powder, gentlemen? Sir *Novelty* is not far off.

*Love.* What, not our fellow-collegian, I hope, that was expell'd the univerſity for beating the proctor?

*El. Wor.* The ſame.

*Love.* Does that weed grow ſtill?

*El. Wor.* Ay, faith, and as rank as ever, as you ſhall ſee; for here he comes.

*Enter Sir* Novelty.

Sir *Nov.* Ladies, your humble ſervant. Dear *Loveleſs*, let me embrace thee, I am overjoy'd at thy good fortune; ſtop my vitals—the whole town rings of it already—My lady *Tattle-tongue* has tir'd a pair of horſes in ſpreading the news about. Hearing, gentlemen, that you were all met upon an extraordinary good occaſion, I cou'd not reſiſt this opportunity of joining my joy with yours: for you muſt know I am ———

*Nar.* Marry'd, ſir?

Sir *Nov.* To my liberty, madam; I have juſt parted from my miſtreſs.

*Nar.* And pray, ſir, how do you find yourſelf after it?

Sir *Nov.* The happieſt man alive, madam; pleaſant, eaſy, gay, light, and free as air: ha! [*Capers.*] I beg your ladyſhip's pardon, madam, but upon my ſoul I cannot confine my rapture.

*Nar.* Are you ſo indifferent, ſir?

Sir *Nov.* O madam! ſhe's engag'd already to a *Temple* beau: I ſaw them in a coach together ſo fond, and bore it with as unmov'd a countenance, as *Tom Worthy* does a thund'ring jeſt in a comedy, when the whole houſe roars at it.

*Y. Wor.* Pray, ſir, what occaſion'd your ſeparation?

Sir *Nov.* Why this, ſir:—You muſt know, ſhe being ſtill poſſeſs'd with a brace of implacable devils, call'd revenge and jealouſy, dogg'd me this morning to the chocolate-houſe, where I was obliged to leave a letter for a young fooliſh girl, that—(you'll excuſe me, ſir) which I had no ſooner deliver'd to the maid of the houſe, but, whip, ſhe ſnatches it out of her hand, flew at her like a dragon, tore off her headcloaths, flung down three or four ſets of lemonade glaſſes, daſh'd my lord

*Whisk*'s chocolate in his face, cut him over the nose, and had like to have strangled me in my own steinkirk.

*Love.* Pray, sir, how did this end?

Sir *Nov.* Comically, stop my vitals; for in the cloud of powder that she had batter'd out of the beau's perriwig, I stole away: after which, I sent a friend to her with an offer, which she readily accepted (three hundred pounds a year during life) provided she wou'd renounce all claims to me, and resign my person to my own disposal.

*El. Wor.* Methinks, Sir *Novelty*, you were a little too extravagant in your settlement, considering how the price of women is fallen.

Sir *Nov.* Therefore I did it——to be the first man shou'd raise their price: for the devil take me, the women of the town now come down so low, that my very footman, while he kept my place t'other day at the play-house, carry'd a mask out of the side-box with him, and, stop my vitals, the rogue is now taking physick for't.

*Enter the servants with* Snap.

*1st Serv.* Come, bring him along there.

*Love.* How now? hah! *Snap* in hold? Pray let's know the business; release him, gentlemen.

*1st Serv.* Why, an't please you, sir, this fellow was taken in the cellar with my lady's woman: she says he kept her in by force, and was rude to her: she stands crying here without, and begs her ladyship to do her justice.

*Am.* Mr. *Loveless*, we are both the occasion of this misfortune; and for the poor girl's reputation sake something shou'd be done.

*Love. Snap*, answer me directly, have you lain with this poor girl?

*Snap.* Why truly, sir, imagining you were doing little less with my lady, I must confess I did commit familiarity with her, or so, sir.

*Love.* Then you shall marry her, sir. No reply, unless it be your promise.

*Snap.* Marry her? O Lord, sir, after I have lain with her? Why, sir, how the devil can you think a

man can have any ſtomach to his dinner, after he has had three or four ſlices off the ſpit?

*Love*. Well, ſirrah, to renew your appetite, and becauſe thou haſt been my old acquaintance, I'll give thee an hundred pounds with her, and thirty pounds a year during life, to ſet you up in ſome honeſt employment.

*Snap*. Ah, ſir, now I underſtand you: heaven reward you. Well, ſir, I partly find that the genteel ſcenes of our lives are pretty well over; and I thank heaven, that I have ſo much grace left, that I can repent, when I have no more opportunities of being wicked.—Come, ſpouſe, [*She enters*] here's my hand, the reſt of my body ſhall be forth coming.—Ah! little did my maſter and I think laſt night that we were robbing our own orchards. [*Exeunt*.

*El. Wor*. Brother, ſtand upon your guard; here comes Sir *William*.

*Enter Sir* William Wiſewou'd.

Sir *Wil*. Joy, joy to you all. Madam, I congratulate your good fortune. Well, my dear rogue, muſt not I give thee joy too, ha?

*Y. Wor*. If you pleaſe, ſir: but I confeſs I have more than I deſerve already.

Sir *Wil*. And art thou marry'd?

*Y. Wor*. Yes, ſir, I am marry'd.

Sir *Wil*. Odſo, I am glad on't: I dare ſwear thou doſt not grudge me the five thouſand pounds.

*Y. Wor*. Not I, really ſir: you have given me all my ſoul could wiſh for, but the addition of a father's bleſſing. [*Kneels with* Narciſſa.

Sir *Wil*. Humh! what doſt thou mean? I am none of thy father.

*Y. Wor*. This lady is your daughter, ſir, I hope.

Sir *Wil*. Prithee get up, prithee get up, thou art ſtark mad. True, I believe ſhe may be my daughter. Well, and ſo, ſir———

*Y. Wor*. If ſhe be not, I'm certain ſhe's my wife, ſir.

Sir *Wil*. Humh! Mr. *Worthy*, pray, ſir, do me the favour to help me to underſtand your brother a little—Do you know any thing of his being marry'd?

*El. Wor*. Then, without any abuſe, Sir *William*, he

marry'd your daughter this very morning, not an hour ago, sir.

Sir *Wil.* Pray, sir, whose consent had you? Who advis'd you to it?

*Y. Wor.* Our mutual love, and your consent, sir; which these writings, entitling her to a thousand pounds a year, and this bond, whereby you have oblig'd yourself to pay me five thousand pounds on our day of marriage, are sufficient proofs of.

Sir *Wil.* He, he! I gave your brother such a bond, sir.

*Y. Wor.* You did so; but the obligation is to me: look there, sir.

Sir *Wil.* Very good, this is my hand, I must confess, sir: and what then?

*Y. Wor.* Why then, I expect my five thousand pounds, sir: pray, sir, do you know my name?

Sir *Wil.* I am not drunk, sir; I am sure it was *Worthy*, and *Jack*, or *Tom*, or *Dick*, or something.

*Y. Wor.* No, sir, I'll shew you—'tis *William*; look you there, sir: you shou'd have taken more care of the lawyer, sir, that fill'd up the blank.

*El. Wor.* So, now his eyes are open.

Sir *Wil.* And have you marry'd my daughter against my consent, and trick'd me out of five thousand pounds, sir?

*Hil.* His brother, sir, has marry'd me too with my consent, and I am not trick'd out of five thousand pounds.

Sir *Wil.* Insulting witch! Look ye, sir, I never had a substantial cause to be angry in my life before; but now I have reason on my side, I will indulge my indignation most immoderately. I must confess, I have not patience to wait the slow redress of a tedious lawsuit; therefore am resolv'd to right myself the nearest way;——Draw, draw, sir; you must not enjoy my five thousand pounds, tho' I fling as much more after it in procuring a pardon for killing you. [*They hold him.*] Let me come at him; I'll murder him; I'll cut him; I'll tear him; I'll broil him, and eat him; a rogue! a dog! a cursed dog! a cut-throat, murdering dog!

*El. Wor.* O fie! Sir *William*, how monstrous is this passion!

Sir *Wil.* You have diſarm'd me, but I ſhall find a time to poiſon him.

*Love.* Think better on't, Sir *William*; your daughter has marry'd a gentleman, and one whoſe love entitles him to her perſon.

Sir *Wil.* Ay, but the five thouſand pounds, ſir—Why the very report of his having ſuch a fortune, will ruin him. I'll warrant you, within this week, he will have more duns at his chamber in a morning, than a gaming lord after a good night at the Groom-porter's, or a poet upon the fourth day of his new play. I ſhall never be pleaſed with paying it againſt my own conſent, ſir.

*Hil.* Yet you wou'd have had me done it, Sir *William*: but, however, I heartily wiſh you wou'd as freely forgive Mr. *Worthy*, as I do you, ſir.

Sir *Wil.* I muſt confeſs, this girl's good-nature makes me aſhamed of what I have offer'd: but, Mr. *Worthy*, I did not expect ſuch uſage from a man of your character; I always took you for a gentleman.

*El. Wor.* You ſhall find me no other, ſir. Brother, a word with you.

*Love.* Sir *William*, I have ſome obligations to this gentleman, and have ſo great a confidence in your daughter's merit, and his love, that I here promiſe to return you your five thouſand pounds, if, after the expiration of one year, you are then diſſatisfy'd in his being your ſon-in-law.

*Y. Wor.* But ſee, brother, he has foreſtall'd your purpoſe.

*El. Wor.* Mr. *Loveleſs*, you have been beforehand with me, but you muſt give me leave to offer Sir *William* my joint ſecurity for what you promis'd him.

*Love.* With all my heart, ſir: dare you take our bonds, Sir *William*?

*Y. Wor.* Hold, gentlemen; I ſhou'd bluſh to be oblig'd to that degree: therefore, Sir *William*, as the firſt proof of that reſpect and duty I owe a father, I here, unaſk'd, return your bond, and will henceforth expect nothing from you, but as my conduct may deſerve it.

*Am.* This is indeed a generous act; methinks 'twere pity it ſhould go unrewarded.

Sir *Wil.* Nay, now you vanquiſh me; after this, I can't ſuſpect your future conduct: there, ſir, 'tis yours; I acknowledge the bond, and wiſh you all the happineſs of a bridal bed. Heaven's bleſſings on you both: now riſe, my boy; and let the world know 'twas I ſet you upon your legs again.

*Y. Wor.* I'll ſtudy to deſerve your bounty, ſir.

*Love.* Now, Sir *William*, you have ſhewn yourſelf a father. This prudent action has ſecur'd your daughter from the uſual conſequence of a ſtol'n marriage, a parent's curſe. Now ſhe muſt be happy in her love, while you have ſuch a tender care on't.

*Am.* This is indeed a happy meeting: we all of us have drawn our ſeveral prizes in the lottery of human life; therefore I beg our joys may be united: not one of us muſt part this day. The ladies I'll intreat my gueſts.

*Love.* The reſt are mine, and I hope will often be ſo.

*Am.* 'Tis yet too ſoon to dine; therefore to divert us in the mean time, what think you of a little muſick? the ſubject perhaps not improper to this occaſion.

*El. Wor.* 'Twill oblige us, madam; we are all lovers of it.

The SCENE draws, and diſcovers LOVE ſeated on a throne, attended with a CHORUS.

Fame. HAIL! *Hail! victorious* Love!
*To whom all hearts below,*
*With no leſs pleaſure bow*
*Than to the thund'ring* Jove,
*The happy ſouls above.*
Cho. *Hail!* &c.

*Enter* Reaſon.

Reaſon. *Ceaſe, ceaſe, fond fools, your empty noiſe,*
*And follow not ſuch idle joys:*
Love *gives you but a ſhort-liv'd bliſs,*
*But I beſtow immortal happineſs.*

Love. *Rebellious* Reason, *talk no more*;
*Of all my slaves, I thee abhor:*
*But thou, alas! dost strive in vain*
*To free the lover from a pleasing chain;*
*In spite of* Reason, Love *shall live and reign.*
Cho. *In spite*, &c.

A martial symphony.

*Enter* Honour.

Hon. *What wretch would follow* Love's *alarms,*
*When* Honour's *trumpet sounds to arms?*
*Hark! how the warlike notes inspire*
*In ev'ry breast a glowing fire.*

Love. *Hark! how it swells with love and soft desire.*

Hon. *Behold, behold the marry'd state,*
*By thee too soon betray'd,*
*Repenting now too late.*

*Enter* Marriage, *with his yokes.*

Marr. *O! tell me, cruel* god of Love,
*Why didst thou my thoughts possess*
*With an eternal round of happiness?*
*And yet, alas! I lead a wretched life,*
*Doom'd to this galling yoke,—the emblem of a wife.*

Love. *Ungrateful wretch! how dar'st thou* Love *upbraid?*
*I gave thee raptures in the bridal bed.*

Marr. *Long since, alas! the airy vision fled,*
*And I with wand'ring flames my passion feed.*
*O! tell me, pow'rful* God,
*Where I shall find*
*My former peace of mind?*

Love. *Where first I promis'd thee a happy life,*
*There thou shalt find it, in a virtuous wife.*

Love *and* Fame.

*Go home, unhappy wretch, and mourn*
*For all thy guilty passion past;*
*There thou shalt find those joys return,*
*Which shall for ever, ever last.*

End with the first *chorus.*

*Love.* 'Twas generously design'd, and all my life to come shall shew how I approve the moral. Oh *Amanda!* once more receive me to thy arms; and while I am there, let all the world confess my happiness. By my example taught, let every man, whose fate has bound him to a marry'd life, beware of letting loose his wild desires: for if experience may be allow'd to judge, I must proclaim the folly of a wandering passion. The greatest happiness we can hope on earth,

*And sure the nearest to the joys above,*
*Is the chaste rapture of a virtuous love.*

# EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miſs CROSS, who ſung CUPID.

*NOW, gallants, for the author. Firſt, to you*
*Kind city gentlemen o'th' middle row;*
*He hopes you nothing to his charge can lay,*
*There's not a cuckold made in all his play.*
*Nay, you muſt own, if you believe your eyes,*
*He draws his pen againſt your enemies:*
*For he declares, to-day, he merely ſtrives*
*To maul the beaux——becauſe they maul your wives.*
*Nor, ſirs, to you whoſe ſole religion's drinking,*
*Whoring, roaring, without the pain of thinking,*
*He fears he's made a fault you'll ne'er forgive,*
*A crime beyond the hopes of a reprieve:*
*An honeſt rake forego the joys of life,*
*His whores and wine, t' embrace a dull chaſte wife!*
*Such out-of-faſhion ſtuff! But then again,*
*He's lewd for above four acts, gentlemen.*
*For faith he knew, when once he'd chang'd his fortune,*
*And reform'd his vice, 'twas time—to drop the curtain.*
*Four acts for your coarſe palates were deſign'd,*
*But then the ladies taſte is more refin'd,*
*They, for* Amanda's *ſake, will ſure be kind.*
*Pray let this figure once your pity move:*
*Can you reſiſt the pleading* God of love?
*In vain my pray'rs the other ſex purſue,*
*Unleſs your conqu'ring ſmiles their ſtubborn hearts ſubdue.*

# WOMAN's WIT:

OR,

## The LADY in Fashion.

A

# COMEDY.

——— *Careat successibus opto,*
*Quisquis ab Eventu, Facta notanda putat.*

OVID.

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord *Lovemore*, in love with *Leonora*, | Mr. *Hartland*. |
| *Longville*, in love with *Olivia*, | Mr. *Cibber*. |
| Major *Rakiſh*, an old rake-hell, | Mr. *Penkethman*. |
| *Jack Rakiſh*, his ſon and companion, | Mr. *Powel*. |
| *Maſs Johnny*, Lady *Manlove*'s ſon, a diſobedient ſchool-boy, | Mr. *Dogget*. |
| Father *Benedic*, his governor, a prieſt, | Mr. *Smeaton*. |
| *Laguerre*, valet to *Longville*, | |

## W O M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lady *Manlove*, a deſigning old lady, | Mrs. *Powel*. |
| *Leonora*, her daughter, a coquet, | Mrs. *Knight*. |
| *Emilia*, *Longville*'s ſiſter, ſecretly in love with lord *Lovemore*, | Mrs. *Rogers*. |
| *Olivia*, her friend, engag'd to *Longville*, | Mrs. *Cibber*. |
| *Trifle*, woman to *Leonora*, | |
| *Lettice*, woman to Lady *Manlove*, | Mrs. *Kent*. |

Servants and waiters.

The S C E N E *St. James*'s, and the time of action five hours.

# THE PREFACE.

THIS play not having anſwered the ends of my writing it, the reader, I preſume, may reaſonably expect that (according to cuſtom) I ſhould endeavour to demonſtrate, that they who diſlik'd it are either fools or poets: now my ſole dependence being the judgment of an audience, 'twere madneſs in me to provoke them. And I may with more ſafety, and leſs trouble, perſuade them into a good opinion of their ſenſe, than my own. 'Tis dangerous to quarrel with a whole town, as it is difficult to pleaſe them; there is no appealing to *Apollo*'s court, after an illegal ſentence from them; their will is law, and 'tis but reaſonable it ſhould be ſo, ſince they pay for their power.

I am willing to ſtand to my prayer in my *Prologue*, and to acknowledge it has had a favourable fate: I intended (but I had ſome conſiderable hindrances, which the reader ſhall know preſently) to have made the town ſome amends in this play for their extraordinary favours to my firſt; for I am ſo far from that vanity of thinking myſelf conſiderable enough to have receiv'd any prejudice from my enemies, that I am ready to acknowledge 'twas want of merit in the play, not underſtanding in its audience, that made it meet with no kind reception. All I propoſe is to lay down ſome excuſes why it is not more deſerving. But though I am ready to confeſs its defects, yet I would willingly be thought able to mend them. My firſt hindrance was my want of time; for rather than loſe a winter (the profits of my other being ſo conſiderable) I forc'd myſelf to invent a fable: now my firſt was ſpontane-

ous, and consequently more easy: the one was the kindly product of my fancy, this of my judgment (I mean of that little judgment I have); that was a cherry gathered in *July*, this was merely ripen'd by artifice in *April*; 'twill hardly admit of a dispute, which must of consequence have the more natural and pleasing taste.

Another hindrance was my too nice observation of regularity (which, though I pretend not exactly to have follow'd, yet perhaps I am something nearer than most of our late comedies) the scene never breaking in any act but the third, and then not to an unreasonable distance, nor without a necessitous occasion: the time I think is obviously comprehended in five hours. But this confinement is a great hindrance to variety of incidents, which, provided they are natural after they are brought in, I think may very reasonably divert us, without observing that strictness. And though I am ready to grant that a good play is much the better for being regular; yet, on the other side, it must be allow'd a double art and labour to make it both regular and diverting; and of the two, truly I don't see but men of the greatest sense had rather have their fancy pleased, than their judgment; and I can't help wishing, though too late, that I had given a looser rein to the former.

Another inconvenience was, that during the time of my writing the two first acts, I was entertain'd at the New Theatre, and of course prepar'd my characters to the taste of those actors, and they having the two most experienc'd, I might there (without discouraging the people of this house) have expected a more masterly performance. In the middle of my writing the third act, not liking my station there, I return'd again to the Theatre Royal, and was then forc'd, as I could with nature, to confine the business of my persons to the capacity of different people; and not to miss the advantage of Mr. *Dogget*'s excellent action, I prepar'd a low character, which (though I dare not recommend it to the reader) I knew from him cou'd not fail of diverting. I have seen him play with more

ſucceſs I own, but never ſaw any man wear a truer face of nature; and indeed the two laſt acts were much better perform'd than I could have propos'd in that other houſe; the difference is only this, had it been there, I had propos'd ſome ſcenes more of a piece with the former acts. But, however, the performance of the whole was better than my expectation from ſo thin, and, I may add, ſo uncertain a company: for we are no more ſure of the honeſt endeavours of ſome that are honeſtly paid, than they are of bread when they leave us. I was forc'd to write to the mouths of thoſe I knew wou'd ſpeak as well as they could, and not think themſelves above inſtruction. Every one did their beſt, and I thank them: but however a fort is in a very poor condition, that (in a time of general war) has but an handful of raw young fellows to maintain it.

# PROLOGUE.

*MOST authors, when their barren labours fail,*
*Still let their secret vanity prevail;*
*And when they're damn'd by you, turn wits, and rail.*
*'Tis not, say they, our writing well or ill,*
*But as the town's i' th' mood of damning still;*
*Sense, humour, wit, and plot, tho' ne'er so nice,*
*All take the tincture from their vain caprice:*
*Their weak digestion, and their sickly taste,*
*Nauseates this hour, what feasted 'em the last.*
*Our generous soul now's of another mind,*
*He thinks you are to mercy well inclin'd;*
*Show you a beauty, and you'll soon be kind.*
*Nor do you care from whence the charmer springs,*
*Let her soft voice but please you while she sings.*
*By blest experience this our author knows,*
*Tho' from the stage his humble muse arose.*
*Your approbation was so kindly shewn,*
*It swell'd so high,——you swore 'twas not his own.*
*But tho' it were, you still thought fit to spare*
*The tree, for what it may hereafter bear;*
*Nor damn'd the poet for the worthless player.*
*This thought confirms him, if he fails you now,*
*He must his fate to want of merit owe,*
*And thinks the greatest merit is in pleasing you.*
*You'll pay him well, if you approve the feast,*
*And you are, sure, best judges of your taste;*
*If he can please ——*
*You'll hardly starve him by a spiteful fast.*
*He hopes the best, but does your judgments trust,*
*Or save, or damn his play, he'll think you just.*

# WOMAN'S WIT:

## OR,

## The LADY in Fashion.

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### ACT I.

SCENE, *an anti-chamber.*

*Enter* Longville *in his night-gown, his valet waiting.*

*Lon.* LAGUERRE!

*La.* Sir!

*Lon.* Is my sister stirring?

*La.* I saw her in the garden above an hour ago, sir; I believe she is now in her closet.

*Lon.* Leave word with her woman I am alone, and when she comes out, desire to speak with her. [*Exit* Laguerre.] I have observed of late, she has lost her gaiety, is much alone, and last night, when I informed her of my Lord *Lovemore*'s constancy to the ungrateful *Leonora*, she express'd a soft concern, that seem'd to flow from somewhat more than common pity. 'Twould trouble me to know she lov'd a man, who every moment begs that pity from another she wants from him; a man whose virtues are his ruin, who never doing ill himself, thinks it the highest crime to doubt the conduct of his mistress. I have often strove to wake him from his lethargy, and am still resolv'd, while there is hopes, never to give him over. About this time I expect to hear from him——Who's there?

*Re-enter* Laguerre.

*La.* Sir, my lady will wait on you.

*Lon.* 'Tis well! Has no one been to speak with me this morning?

*La.* Only Mr. *Pertwit*, ſir, the *author* of the laſt new *play*: he has left his *dedication*, and ſays he will dine with you.

*Lon.* The devil's in that fellow: I find it's as dangerous to ſay a civil thing to a *dull poet*, as to an old lady; for they are equally ſure to libel your judgment, by telling the world, you like both their face and fancy. When he comes, give him ten guineas, and let me hear no more of him.

*Enter a footman.*

*Foot.* Sir, here is a letter for you.

*Lon.* Who brought it?

*Foot.* A ſervant, from Madam *Olivia*.

*Lon.* Bid him ſtay. [*Exit footman.*

(Reads.)

" *I ſhall be in town about three o'clock* (*if my Lady* Man-
" love *can ſpare you*) *you will know where to find*
Kenſington, Wedneſday " OLIVIA."
*morning.*

*If my Lady* Manlove *can ſpare me!* ſo, if ſhe grudges another my company, 'tis a ſign that ſhe has a mind to it herſelf. I'll appoint her a meeting, and laugh at her groundleſs jealouſy: nay, I know ſhe won't ſpare herſelf, when ſhe reflects how fair a declaration ſhe has made me. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Emilia *ſola.*

*Emi.* Neither devotion, honour, reaſon, patience, or complaints, can ſtop the *fever* of my diſtemper'd thoughts: deſpair and love, like double poiſons, ſwell my ſoul, yet with alternate heat and cold refuſe to kill, and ſpitefully ſupport a wretched being!—Was ever maid thus cruelly purſu'd by an unhappy paſſion! To ſee the man ador'd, ſtill proſtrate at my rival's feet, while her diſſembled coyneſs but inflames me more!—They talk of mens deſpair! their racks and tortures! thoſe are pleaſures, to the torments of a woman's ſecret love! for they have ſtill the privilege of ſpeech, of ſoft complaints, and dying murmurs; but we (hard fate!) are even condemn'd by nature's laws to an eternal ſecreſy. For love can never break the priſon of a virgin's breaſt, while modeſty and rigid honour are its

gaolers. O *Lovemore!* why wert thou born to wrong thyself, and ruin me?

*Enter* Longville.

*Lon.* Sister, good morrow! I have a present for you. [*Gives her a writing.*]——*Laguerre,* give this letter to the servant below. [*Exit* Laguerre.

*Emi.* What's here? Pray, brother, double the favour, and without giving me the trouble of a tedious perusal, let me know the contents of it.

*Lon.* 'Tis your portion, sister.

*Emi.* My portion!

*Lon.* 'Tis true, my father left you to my care, and by his will gave you ten thousand pounds, provided my consent were not wanting to your marriage. Now, I know there must be an uneasiness, where there is the least confinement; therefore, to free you from all doubt, and that your fear of my consent may no way check your inclinations, I here resign my interest in your fortune; when you can find a man whose merit challenges your esteem, or whose faithful passion claims your pity, be lavish in your gratitude, and crown his wishes with your bed and fortune.

*Emi.* In every thing, you shew yourself the best and kindest brother still: but yet, I hope, 'twill not displease you, if I return your present: marriage is a dangerous journey; love's a blind guide, and those that follow him, too often lose their way. No! when I love, it shall be with security, your opinion shall first encourage and protect me.

*Lon.* But love, *Emilia,* is a tyrant absolute, and never waits for saucy counsel: the time may come when you will wish your fortune at your own disposal! Do ye believe it impossible you shou'd ever love?

*Emi.* Ha! I am betray'd! his words, his looks, have quite disarm'd me! [*Aside.*] Why, brother, do you ask so strange a question, that I shou'd ever love! You know I am a woman, not cruel in my nature, and have a heart, which, when you advise me to dispose of, I shall not rather die than part with it.

*Lon.* And are you ſure you have not? Did you never love, *Emilia?*

*Emi.* That word has ruin'd me! Oh never let me ſee the day again! [*Aſide.*

*Lon* Ha! ſhe is diſorder'd! Then my fears are true: [*Aſide.*] Why are you ſurpriz'd? I charge you with no guilt, *Emilia.*

*Emi.* O! I beg you aſk no more. [*Turns away.*

*Lon.* Ha! no more! nay, then I muſt have all! Dear *Emilia*, think me not a faithleſs guardian, that won'd take a baſe advantage of thy love: look on me as I am, thy careful brother, that thinks his life no longer uſeful, than in ſerving thee: nay, ev'n in thy love I'll ſerve thee, and hope 'tis in my power too. Come, lay aſide thy fears, and reaſon calmly with me.

*Emi.* Reaſon with you! Why do you wiſh me p'ung'd in deeper miſery? For reaſon ever ſets a wild deſpair before me.

*Lon.* Do not indulge theſe melancholy thoughts; name me the man that thus diſturbs thee!

*Emi.* Then, indeed, you will pity me!——I owe my weakneſs to your neareſt friend.

*Lon.* I think, my Lord *Lovemore* is my neareſt!

*Emi.* Indeed, he beſt deſerves that happineſs.

*Lon.* But ſuch a friend will never make my ſiſter wretched.

*Emi* Alas! his love, which ſure out-weighs his friendſhip, aims every hour to make another happy.

*Lon.* His love, *Emilia*, is grounded on your rival's virtue, and judge yourſelf, how weak is that foundation.

*Emi.* I grant ſhe is inconſtant, looſe, and dangerous, as the ſand; yet his eyes, the falſe optick of his love, preſents her as a fixt unſhaken rock, whereon he vows to build his happineſs.

*Lon.* But I ſhall ſhortly turn the friendly end of the tube, and draw her failings nearer to his view; of which this very day I have engag'd to give him a clear convincing proſpect.

*Emi.* Which way, I beg you let me know; for 'twere a ſecond happineſs not to ſee him wretched.

*Lon.* Thus it is——In a diſpute yeſterday with my

lord concerning *Leonora*, I urg'd his weakness home, and laid her falshood clear before him. At length, my friendly arguments brought him to this conclusion. About an hour hence, by his free consent, I am to visit her, and have leave to feign myself her lover, and urge my passion with all the seeming tenderness that friendship can inspire; and if my art can drag from her the least acknowledgment of love for me, or but an ungenerous contempt of his unwearied constancy, he vow'd his deep resentment should for ever tear her from his heart.

*Emi.* It has a face, indeed; but how will my lord be witness of her falshood?

*Lon.* I have already brib'd her servant, who is to place him where, unseen, he shall both hear and see it all.

*Emi.* There's danger in the attempt: be wary, brother, for shou'd her artful eyes ensnare you too, then I were doubly wretched.

*Lon.* Nourish no such fear, *Emilia*, I have a treble guard upon my heart, the basenes of her soul, my own honour, and a sister's peace.

*Enter* Laguerre.

*La.* Sir, my Lord *Lovemore!*

*Emi.* Farewell! I'll study to deserve your care: I dare not stay; excuse me, lest my guilt betray me.

*Enter Lord* Lovemore.

Brother, your servant, I'll leave you to your business.

L. *Lov.* We have none of that consequence, madam, to be preferr'd to your company.

*Emi.* My lord! I beg you will excuse me. I am in haste, 'tis chapel-time.

L. *Lov.* 'Twere a sacrilege unpardonable, madam, to hinder your devotion, an universal blessing to the world.

*Emi.* My lord, your servant. [*Exit* Emilia.

L. *Lov.* Your sister, *Charles*, is a very agreeable woman: why don't you look out a match for her? you are her guardian.

*Lon.* I have her fortune to dispose of, my lord; but

not her inclination: when ſhe has choſen, I am ready to pay down the money.

L. *Lov.* Her money may raiſe many a falſe pretended paſſion, and young women ſeldom want a little harden'd vanity to ſtamp it into current love.

*Lon.* I hope, my lord, in a little time to give you a very fair proof of her judgment.

L. *Lov.* Prithee, let me underſtand you.

*Lon.* 'Tis yet an infant ſecret; in a day or two it may ſpeak plainer: in the mean time, my lord, how ſtands your reſolution towards my deſign upon *Leonora?*

L. *Lov.* Faith, *Charles*, I have yet ſome ſcruples; but as they riſe, my confidence in thy friendſhip ſtill removes them: what time do you propoſe to viſit her?

[*Looking at his watch.*

*Lon.* Now, this morning.

L. *Lov.* You will be too late, 'tis within half an hour of twelve.

*Lon.* Time enough! We ſhall find her at her toilet till two, I'll warrant you.

L. *Lov.* That's ſcarce time enough to ſet your peruke: for I ſuppoſe you deſign to comb her into compliance. A firſt rate beau at leaſt? Do you conſider how much time is requir'd in the making ſuch an animal?

*Lon.* Half an hour does it as well as half a ſcore, man.

L. *Lov.* You wou'd be of another opinion, if you were at my Lord *Tiffle Top*'s levee.

*Lon.* No, no! 'Tis not that his lordſhip has occaſion to employ half the morning at his glaſs; but the ſoft rogue can't part with his own dear image under ſix hours admiration; for a powder'd wig is as ſoon put on as an uncomb'd one. 'Tis not a fine coat, but affectation that makes a fop; and that you know is a kind of ſurtout, a man may ſlip it over his cloaths.

L. *Lov.* Then you think a little affectation will certainly recommend you.

*Lon.* Take the boxes round upon the full third day of a favour'd poet, you'll ſcarce find three beauties will allow you a gentleman without it. I never knew your

fine set-up woman of quality, that did not spend three parts of her life in studying the art of *Je-ne-sçais-Quoyity!*

L. *Lov.* Well, I yet hope you are mistaken in *Leonora:* what you call affectation, to me has always been the height of breeding, a modest freedom, an agreeable gaiety, and an invincible coldness.

*Lon.* I am sorry, my lord, your disease is so desperate, that nothing but the exposing her can cure you: for I own 'tis much against my nature to triumph o'er a woman's weakness: but if women are weak, who shall trust them? And if I see my friend in danger, shall not I show the snare prepar'd for him?

L. *Lov.* 'Twas thus I had excus'd you to myself before: but do you believe her false through weakness or design?

*Lon.* O she wants not wit, my lord.

L. *Lov.* How then do you propose to win her by an affected passion, when my sincerity cannot move her?

*Lon.* Your sincerity never will, my lord: she is light by nature, hates a man that preaches virtue by example, and shews the bareness of her principles by the firmness of his own; she loves a wretch that joins with her in vanity, your gay unthinking spark, by the comparison of whose nonsense she admires her own wit: besides, I have some reason to believe she likes me.

L. *Lov.* What reason?

*Lon.* By her publickly declaring an aversion to me.

L. *Lov.* She will not deny it to your face, I warrant you.

*Enter a footman.*

*Foot.* Sir, my Lady *Manlove* is in a chair below, and desires to know if you have any company with you?

*Lon.* Though I am loth to trust my person with her, I wou'd be civil to the mother of your mistress, my lord: desire her ladyship to walk up, and tell her I am alone: it won't be amiss first to expose the mother's character. [*Aside.*] This is the third visit I have had from her this week, my lord.

L. *Lov.* How came you so intimate?

*Lon.* One day unfortunately commending the fulness

of her eye, or ſo, ſhe cou'd not reſt till ſhe had taken me aſide, to aſk me, if my deſigns were honourable? And ever ſince ſhe is eternally labouring to convince me, that ſhe has no real averſion to matrimony.

L. *Lov.* You ſee what 'tis to be complaiſant, *Charles.*

*Lon.* If you ſtep into that cloſet, my lord, perhaps you may over-hear ſomething that will ſurprize you: however, your time won't be loſt, there lies a *Milton* upon the table.

L. *Lov.* You'll oblige me.

*Lon.* Here ſhe comes! away, my lord.

[*L.* Lov. *goes into the cloſet.*

*Enter Lady* Manlove.

*Lon.* Madam! your moſt humble ſervant, this is an unexpected favour.

L. *Man.* Why a favour, ſir! do you think I'll ever grant a favour to any man? I'll ſwear we women of quality had need live lock'd up in a cloſet, if we wou'd avoid ſcandal. Can't one pay an harmleſs viſit, but you muſt immediately conclude one deſigns you a favour? I vow to gad I came with a deſign to beg a favour of you.

*Lon.* 'Tis a favour, madam, that you will make uſe of me.

L. *Man.* Uſe you! Really, ſir, I don't underſtand you! What do you mean?——But come!——To let you ſee I dare rely upon my own conduct——Come, ſir, I will venture to ſit down by you.

*Lon.* Oh! madam, you honour me. [*They ſit.*

L. *Man.* Well! Mr. *Longville*, you little think what a ſecret buſineſs I have to communicate to you! I hope we are private! Pray let us be private, and I will lay it open to you.

*Lon.*——[to *Laguerre*] Wait without!——Now, madam!

L. *Man.* You muſt know, ſir, that I came to adviſe with you about—about a—I'll ſwear, Mr. *Longville*, you look mighty well to-day.

*Lon.*——That might be ſaid more juſtly of your ladyſhip, madam!

L. *Man.* O Lord! I! Oh! Jeſu! I am all in a

flame! such a colour! prithee do but feel my pulse a little!—So, if I can but get into discourse with him, I may save my business for another visit to-morrow.

[*Aside.*

*Lon.* They are very high indeed, madam; but you look the better for it.

L. *Man.* Is't possible! Well! Mr. *Longville*, I am inclin'd in real charity to encourage all your offers, if it were only to keep you from ill women; for I know there are some so ravenous of you, that they follow you to your chamber in a morning, and have the confidence to force themselves upon you. Now, dear sweet Mr. *Longville*, don't encourage these confident creatures; let me beg it of you for your own sake.——

[*Pressing his hand.*

*Lon.* So! I find no woman sees an ugly face in her own glass. [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* I'll swear I cou'd find in my heart to visit you every morning, merely to prevent those wicked creatures having their ends of you.

*Lon.* That were too great a trouble! No! madam, I have an admirable way to avoid them: shall I show you how I wou'd use such a woman? I ask your pardon, madam, but supposing you were such a one!

L. *Man.* Oh! foh! I hate to act an odious part.

[*Holding his hand.*

*Lon.* Why you can't miss it, madam, you need but sit as you do!—— Now, madam, squeeze my hand a little.

L. *Man.* O! Jesu! I cou'd not do it for the universe.

[*Lets it go suddenly.*

*Lon.* Then I must suppose you had done it, madam: upon which I flatly tell her, that——

L. *Man.* Pish [*Rises*] Lord! What care I what you tell her: if you will let me tell you my business, say so!

*Lon.* [*Walking after her.*] I say, madam, I tell her, that my inclinations lie elsewhere; that she flings away her time; that her fondness is more disagreeable than her person; that I wonder at her impudence, in taking civility for love; that she is ugly, without exception; coy, without coldness; in love, without hope; nice,

without offers; wanton, without youth; kind, without courtſhip; and craving, without conſcience.

L. *Man.* Well! well! have you done yet?——Piſh!

*Lon.* That her keeping company is deſign; that her deſigns are man; that her man is every body; that no body is hers; that her charms are quite exhauſted; and time writes upon her forehead,——*Pray remember the poor!*

L. *Man.* Prithee! What a humour's this?

*Lon.* That her modeſty is more painted than her face; and both ſo much, that no man can ſee either of them.

L. *Man.* Mr. *Longville*——

*Lon.* That her company is worſe than ſickneſs; and that I had as lieve be viſited by the ſmall-pox.

L. *Man.* Piſh! will you never ha' done?

*Lon.* That in ſhort ſhe is ſo deteſtable, that even the pleaſure of revenge cou'd not raiſe me to give her a clap. The devil's in't if this won't undeceive her! [*Aſide.*

L. *Man.* I don't underſtand him! Sure, he can't mean all this to me! I find I muſt tell him my buſineſs to put him out of this humour. Prithee, Mr. *Longville*, ſit down a little, I want ſome of your advice, man: Lord! you have quite tir'd yourſelf.

*Lon.* Now, madam, your commands. [*They ſit.*

L. *Man.* I ſuppoſe, ſir, you are not ignorant of my Lord *Lovemore*'s paſſion for my daughter: now, ſir, he being your particular friend, and I having a particular inclination to ſerve any one that is your friend, Mr. *Longville*, I have reſolv'd to make my daughter marry my lord out of hand; and have contriv'd a way to make her ſole heireſs of my huſband's eſtate.

*Lon.* This is obliging, madam; but how can it be while you have a ſon living?

L. *Man.* Ah! don't call him my ſon, Mr. *Longville*; education can't poliſh him! he is of ſuch a ſlovenly nature; he is fit for nothing but a clergyman: now you muſt know all my family being Catholicks, I have a mind to make a prieſt of him, and have accordingly provided him a governor to go with him to *St. Omers*;

then, sir, I being his guardian, and having the estate all in my own hands ———

*Lon.* Will take care it shall never come to his. [*Aside.*] But why a priest, madam?

L. *Man.* To prevent his marrying, man; and then his estate comes of course to my daughter, and so to my lord, and his heirs.——Besides, one is not sure of his getting safe to *St. Omers!*

*Lon.* Inhuman devil! A priest! Death! She is going to ship him to *Barbadoes!* [*Aside.*] Well, madam, wherein can I be serviceable to you?

L. *Man.* You! Why you can—you can——Lord! Can you do one no kindness, d'ye think? Let me see!

*Lon.* Not the kindness you think on. Death! How she's puzzled for a pretence for her visit? [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* Pish!—— O gad! I had like to have forgot! you must know my business hither was to get you to—to—a! O! to persuade the boy to go.

*Lon.* So! Now she has found it. [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* Now, dear Mr. *Longville* [*Pressing his hand*] let me beg of you to use all means possible to persuade him; for I know the boy will do any thing at your bidding.

*Lon.* Well! madam, I'll use my interest to serve you——in your kind. [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* Will you give me your word and honour?

*Lon.* Both, to have my hand again. [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* Nay! but you must give me your hand upon't!

*Lon.* Why you have it, you have it, madam!

L. *Man.* Pshah! but you don't give it me heartily!

*Lon.* Um! She will have a squeeze, I find. [*Aside.*] There, madam, 'tis heartily.

*Enter* Laguerre.

*La.* Sir, young Mr. *Rakish* desires to speak with you immediately.

*Lon.* At last I am deliver'd. [*Aside.*]—— Bid him walk up.

L. *Man.* O! Jesu! Mr. *Longville!* I wou'd not be seen for the universe.

*Lon.* O! you need not, madam, here's a back-way.

L. *Man.* Well! but my dear *Charles*, when ſhall I ſee you about this buſineſs?

*Lon.* In a quarter of an hour, madam, at your own houſe. I have ſome private buſineſs with your daughter: when I have diſpatch'd it, I am at your ſervice.

[*Preſſing her to go.*

L. *Man.* Well! I have the prettieſt cloſet to ſhow you, Mr. *Longville!* —— I'll ſwear I have no mind to leave you yet: can't I ſtep in there, till he is gone a little? [*Offering towards the cloſet.*

*Lon.* The devil! [*Aſide.*] Madam, upon my honour, I will but dreſs and wait upon you. Here he comes! away, madam!

L. *Man.* Well! adieu, my dear, dear, dear creature!

[*Exit* L. Man.

*Lon.* Come, my lord, now I'll releaſe you.

*Enter Lord* Lovemore.

Did you hear us?

L. *Lov.* Yes, and am amaz'd! Prithee, what does ſhe mean by *St. Omers*, and her ſon, it can't be real?

*Lon.* Too ſure, my lord, I have heard of it before.

L. *Lov.* I am ſorry ſhe ſhou'd make me her pretence for ſo baſe an action! How ſhall we prevent it?

*Lon.* That I will undertake. But firſt I will let you ſee your miſtreſs has a hand in't. [*Aſide.*] *Laguerre*, my cloaths.

*Enter Young* Rakiſh.

*Lon.* How now, *Jack!* What's the matter?

Y. *Ra.* O! *Charles*, I am undone, if you don't ſtand by me! my father's juſt at my heels—my lord, your humble ſervant.

L. *Lov.* Poor *Jack!* What haſt thou done to him now, man?

Y. *Ra.* Done, my lord! pox take him, nothing but a piece of juſtice; for the old rogue had the conſcience laſt night to offer to cheat me of fifty pounds, though he knew 'twas all I had in the world; and, in return, I very fairly nick'd him of five hundred upon the ſquare.

L. *Lov.* Prithee, how was it?

Y. *Ra.* Why you muſt know, my lord, he wou'd

have put the doctor upon me, and communicated his design to *Ned Friendly*, who immediately told me of it; upon which (unknown to him) I flung away the doctor, and clapt into the box a pair of true mathematicks. Fortune was on my side, and in less than two hours I fairly nick'd him of five hundred pounds.

L. *Lov.* Well! and what wou'd the old gentleman have?

Y. *Ra.* When the business was over *Ned* laugh'd at him, and told him what I had done; upon which he whip'd out his sword, and, in a great passion, swore, if I did not refund the money, he wou'd disinherit me before to-morrow morning.

L. *Lov.* What answer did you make him?

Y. *Ra.* Why, faith, ev'n took no notice of him, but very fairly slunk away to his goldsmith; to hasten his paying the money, politickly told him, I had just killed a man: egad the inhuman son of a whore took hold of the opportunity, and made me pay fifteen *per cent.* for expedition.

*Lon.* The rest you secur'd in specie, I suppose!

Y. *Ra.* Ay! ay! here it is, all in gold, my boy! Prithee, dear *Charles*, secure it for me; as for my life, which I know he will pursue, I'll venture to defend that myself.

*Enter a footman to Young* Rakish.

*Foot.* Sir, your father's just coming up! one of the servants ignorantly told him you were in the house, and he immediately drew his sword, and has search'd every room below for you.

Y. *Ra.* Ounds! the money! the money, *Charles!*

*Lon.* There! into that closet! and take the key on the inside, till we have appeas'd him. [*Young* Rakish *gets into the closet*] *Laguerre*, lock up this. [*Gives him the money.*]

*Enter Major* Rakish *with his drawn sword, he searches the room.*

*Maj.* Where is this rogue! this villain! this sharping dog!

*Lon.* Why how now, major! What, in a passion, man?

*Lon.* and L. *Lov.* Ha! ha! ha! What's the matter, major? ha! ha! ha!

*Maj.* No! no! nothing but murder, nothing but murder ſhall ſatisfy me.

L. *Lov.* What is it you look for, major?

*Maj.* Only a highwayman, my lord; was not he here with you juſt now?

L. *Lov.* A highwayman with us, ſir!

*Maj.* One that is in the road to the highway; do you know *Jack Rakiſh*, my lord?

L. *Lov.* I know him for a very honeſt fellow, ſir.

*Maj.*—Why I got him—That very dog did I get.

L. *Lov.* I don't queſtion that, ſir.

*Maj.* But you wou'd, ſir, if you knew how he has ſerv'd me.—Nothing vexes me, but that I can't ſwear a robbery againſt the dog; for then a man might have had ſome hopes of the forty pounds upon his conviction.

L. *Lov.* Fie! major, you ſhou'd give him a better allowance, that his neceſſity might not force him to ſuch extremity!

*Maj.* Allowance! a dog! has not nature given him a ſtrong back? let him live by that; let him turn beau, and live upon tick: let him lie with his laundreſs, get in with his ſempſtreſs, help his taylor to cuſtom, dine with me, bilk his lodging,——and now and then ſharp a play in the ſide-box.

L. *Lov.* This I know he is very often forc'd to do: but faith, major, it don't anſwer the character of a gentleman.

*Maj.* A gentleman! Ounds! don't I ſee fifty there every day, that have no income but their wits, and yet have very good cloaths upon their backs!

L. *Lov.* And carry all they have upon their backs! Come, come, you muſt allow him better, man.

*Maj.* Allow him! What a pox! don't I allow him to drink, and whore, and fight, and roar where he pleaſes, provided he keeps me company——the devil a ſtroke elſe——I cou'd——I will have my ſhare, while I live, old boy.——No! no! old *Jack* muſt come in for a bit of wickedneſs by the bye, or ſo——muſt take

care of old *Jack!*—Old *Jack* must be taken care of—Allow him, quotha'! What a pox! must the silly dog needs be a bubble? Can't he take the pleasure of lewdness, without the folly of paying for't? Odsbud, I sometimes break half a dozen commandments in a day, and it ne'er costs me a farthing.

L. *Lov.* Say you so, major? Faith I wou'd advise you to publish your receipt, it may reform most of our young fellows about town.

*Maj.* How do you mean reform! ha! old politick of the world?

L. *Lov.* Why look ye! if we cou'd once lessen the charge of lewdness, you long-liv'd niggardly fathers wou'd certainly take it up; and vice wou'd look so nauseous in sixty odd, that one-and-twenty wou'd grow asham'd on't?

*Maj.* But, sir, my son is not asham'd o' his vice, and I'd have you to know that I am a——a very lewd old fellow! But I don't pay for't, I don't pay for't, like a raw inn of court beau, that is just set up for iniquity.

L. *Lov.* Prithee, major, how do you manage your pleasures, that you say they cost you nothing?

*Maj.* I'll tell you, my lord; I'll tell you how I spent the day before yesterday: I got up, and din'd with Sir *Bartholomew Bumper*, drank my two bottles and half with him by five o'clock—Then call'd in at play (impudence my ticket) pick'd up a parson's wife, gave her the remains of an old clap, and so pawn'd her at *Philips*'s for three pints of spirit of clary:—after this, I call'd in at the *Rose*, found three or four young strong dogs damnably hungry, sent a porter for a slice of Sir *Bartholomew*'s brawn, drank my two bottles more, call'd for a bill, brawn paid all *Jack*'s club, old *Jack* reels into a coach, bilks him, slips into bed, wakes in five hours with a steady hand, and no aching head, by the Lord *Harry*.

L. *Lov.* Well said, major!

*Maj.* There's management for you! Why cou'd not my dog-rogue of a son do this? He wants a thousand pounds, with a pox to him! Odsbud, I lose time, I

muſt ferret the dog —— Hey! whereabouts are you? Soho! gaol-bird! [*Looks about.*

Y. *Ra.* [*Peeping.*] Igad I had as good ſhew myſelf, while I have a friend or two to ſtand by me.

[*He ſteals behind the major, and walks ſoftly after him.*

*Lon.* and L. *Lov.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Maj.* Unconſcionable rogue, a thouſand pounds at one clap! [*Aſide.*

*Lon.* Why you that ſpend no money, major, methinks ſhou'd have no occaſion for it: but was it a full thouſand pounds, ſay you?

*Maj.* Um! not a full thouſand pounds. Look ye, I won't lie neither: but may I never more hear the dear glugg, glugg of a full flaſk, if it was not above eight hundred.

Y. *Ra.* That's a lie! [*Claps him on the back.*

*Maj.* O dog! villain! rogue! Sirrah, how dare you look me in the face? Draw! draw! raſcal!

[*They hold him.*

Y. *Ra.* Yes, ſir! [*Draws and ſtands on his guard.*

*Maj.* What, will you murder me in cool blood! Will you, dog!

Y. *Ra.* Yes, ſir, I believe I ſhall: for I don't find myſelf angry yet.

*Maj.* Why, ſirrah! *Newgate!* Am not I your father, ha?

Y. *Ra.* Look you, ſir! if you are my father, I draw in obedience to your commands; if not, upon my enemy —— ſtand off.

*Maj.* Now have not I one word to ſay to him —— This impudence melts my very ſoul—There's a look! There's a forehead! There's braſs for you! The rogue wou'd make an admirable player in the old houſe. Odſbud! I have more mind to kiſs him, than to be angry by half——— Well, ſirrah! What have you to ſay for yourſelf?

Y. *Ra.* Nay, firſt, old gentleman, let's hear what you have to ſay againſt me?

*Maj.* Have you not bit me, my dear ſon?

Y. *Ra.* Have you not ſtarv'd me, my dear dad?

*Maj.* Have not I lov'd you——you young dog?

Y. *Ra.* Have not I return'd it, Old Hock?

*Maj.* Have you return'd it—sauce!

Y. *Ra.* Yes, sir! By this generous confidence in your love, in taking the freedom to win your five hundred pounds, well knowing that so trivial a sum cou'd not hurt me in your favour.

*Maj.* Um! here's a rogue! ——— Well! and so! you think I will forgive you!

Y. *Ra.* Damn me! Sir, who dares say to the contrary?

*Maj.* Ah! the rogue has me now! That look has quite dissolv'd me; odsbud, I can no more resist him, than a patentee can a pretty wench, when she demands an unconscionable salary in the playhouse. Well! I must forgive you them! Um!

Y. *Ra.* I knew you wou'd, or else I had ne'er nick'd you.

*Maj.* Why, look you, sir, then ev'n set your heart at rest: for, before these gentlemen, I solemnly declare that —— that —— I do forgive you, upon condition ———

Y. *Ra.* What condition?

*Maj.* Um! That I have my money again.

Y. *Ra.* The devil!

*Lon.* Come, gentlemen, you shall leave the conditions to me. My lord and I have just an hour's business together. I'll bring the money with me to *Locket's*, between one and two; where we'll dine, and set all to rights again.

*Maj.* Say no more, my little *Charles*; I'll go before and bespeak dinner. But hark you, had not you as good let me take the money along with me?

Y. *Ra.* I bar that, old gentleman! No, no! possession is eleven points in the law.

*Maj.* A rare look that! ——it's a good look! —— the dog has a good look!

Y. *Ra.* Come, old *Jack!* let's you and I take a whet of racy Canary before they come. ———My lord, your humble servant; bye *Charles.*

*Maj.* Hold, hold! my little *Jacky*, not too fast—*Cede Majoribus.*

[*Pulls Young* Rakish *back, and goes out before him.*

L. *Lov.* A pleasant couple these!

*Lon.* Ay, and only pleasant when they are coupled.

L. *Lov.* Right! they are like the two parts of a drunken song, very indifferent music, unless you hear them both together.

*Lon.* But now and then they may be endured, the better to relish the harmony of a refin'd conversation. Come, my lord, now for *Leonora.*

L. *Lov.* You remember the conditions: if you fail in your attempt, you are never to speak against her more.

*Lon.* Agreed: if I succeed, the consequence will reward me.

L. *Lov.* You see, *Charles*, how fond I am of being still your friend; that I dare hazard all my happiness in *Leonora*, merely to satisfy your jealousy, not my own.

*Lon.* You wou'd be jealous too, my lord, were you less a lover; and I more favourable, were I less your friend: 'tis my care of you that makes me jealous; and the generosity of your love, that will not let you doubt your *Leonora.*

*When beauty gives the lover warm desire,*
*Love drives him blind and headlong to the fire;*
*But jealous friendship does his power despise;*
*Awakes his reason, and unseals his eyes.* [Exeunt.

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## ACT II.

SCENE, *Lady* Manlove's *house.*

Leonora *at her toilet, her woman dressing her.*

*LEONORA.*

*TRIFLE!*

*Tri.* Madam.

*Leo.* Let's see this morning's letters.

*Tri.* There are only these half dozen, madam.

*Leo.* No more! Barbarity! This it is to go to *Hyde-Park* upon a windy day, when a well-dress'd gentleman can't stir abroad. The beaus were forc'd to take shelter in the playhouse, I suppose: I was a fool I did not go thither, I might have made ten times the havock in the side-boxes.

*Tri.* Your ladyship's being out of humour with the *Exchange* woman, for shaping your ruffles so odiously, I am afraid made you a little too reserv'd, madam.

*Leo.* Prithee! was there a fop in the whole ring, that had not a side-glance from me! Nay, even that insensible wretch *Longville* watch'd the circulation of my chariot with an unusual assiduity. The humility of his bow has given me some hopes of revenging the affront he put upon me last week.

*Tri* O dear, madam! I always took him for a well-bred gentleman. Cou'd he affront your ladyship?

*Leo.* O in the grossest manner! He sat two whole hours alone with me in my dressing-room, and was as far from making me any offers of love or gallantry, as if I had been his mother.

*Tri.* Perhaps your ladyship gave him no encouragement, madam.

*Leo.* Quite contrary! I languish'd in my glass, laid my neck bare, smil'd on him, talk'd of love, made him draw on my gloves, tie on my necklace; nay, take my *dormouse* out of my very bosom; but all in vain, he did it with all the coldness of a brother, no more mov'd, than if he had been my husband. O he tortur'd me so I could not bear him!

*Tri.* I am afraid, madam, by this uneasiness, your ladyship likes him.

*Leo.* No, fool! But 'twere an uneasiness not to have him like me.

*Tri.* You know, madam, he's engag'd to *Olivia*, and I am confident can have no good meaning any where else.

*Leo.* His meaning cou'd do me no prejudice; let him

be once my lover, I'll ſoon lead him into the road of honour.

*Tri.* I ſuppoſe, madam, your ladyſhip wou'd not have him travel as far as marriage.

*Leo.* Marriage! No, no! This face is not to be flung away upou a huſband yet. I love, as your great generals fight, not for peace, but glory: marriage is a mere ceſſation of arms. When I can hold out no longer, I am ſecure of an honourable retreat in my Lord *Lovemore*: the reputation of his ſenſe, and his ſix years conſtancy, ſufficiently ſatisfies the world, that I am not at a loſs for a huſband.

*Tri.* Your ladyſhip, madam, has a very working brain. You were born to conquer.

*Leo.* And bred ſo too! I began my little wars of love before thirteen, heav'd my breaſts at twelve, and entertain'd my train of dangling beaus with all the affected coldneſs of one-and-twenty: nay, even then had a ſoul ſo ſenſible of glory, I fought my three duels a week, kill'd now-and-then my man; and, as one fell, was ſtill deſigning on another.

*Tri.* For heaven's ſake, madam, did your ladyſhip uſe to fight duels?

*Leo.* Stupid creature! 'twas *Leonora* fought: her eyes inflam'd the combat; ſhe drew the ſword, ſecure of conqueſt; for both the victor and the victim were *Leonora*'s ſtill.

*Tri.* Madam, my Lady *Manlove*.

*Enter Lady* Manlove.

L. *Man.* Good morrow, child; what, not dreſs'd yet?

*Leo.* I am juſt ready, madam; has your ladyſhip been abroad?

L. *Man.* Ay, I have been with father *Benedic* about your brother *Johnny*. He will be here this afternoon: and juſt as I had left him, whom ſhou'd I meet coming out of his lodgings but Mr. *Longville*.——He ſays he has ſome private buſineſs with you, child: he will be here in a moment. Prithee, make what haſte you can with him, that I may talk with him further about your brother's journey.——I long to have the dear creature in private again. [*Aſide.*

*Leo.* I'll observe you, madam; I will soon dispatch him.

L. *Man.* Prithee do, child; in the mean time I'll go and prepare your brother. [*Ex. L.* Man.

*Leo.* Some private business with me!——Nay then. ——[*She prides, and sets herself in her glass.*] Oh. Jesu! this is a frightful head? Here, *Trifle!* fetch me that with the blue knots. [*Takes off her commode.*]——D'ye hear? my crimson gown and petticoat.——O! I can't contain myself! Methinks I see him at my feet! despairing, dying; breathing out his last complaint of love!——Why don't you stir, you senseless creature? Hold! hold! stay a little! lay down the head! go you and wait below, to give me notice of his coming: and d'ye hear, send *Lettice* to dress me in the next room, here he may surprize me.——Go! go! make haste, lump! for my revenge is more impatient than another's love. [*She runs off bare-headed, her gown loose about her,* &c. *Exit* Trifle *at the other door: and then* ——

*Enter* Lettice, *who in haste takes up the things, and follows* Leonora; *after which enter* Trifle, *with Lord* Lovemore *and* Longville.

*Lon.* Where's your lady?

*Tri.* Hearing you were to be here, sir, she went immediately into the next room to change her dress.

*Lon.* D'ye hear that, my lord?

L. *Lov.* Is her decency a fault?

*Lon.* Her design is.

L. *Lov.* Prithee no more, I am impatient till thou hast prov'd thyself a madman.—— Come! where's my post?

*Tri.* Here, my lord, in this avenue.—— There's a door upon your right hand, that leads you to the back stairs.

*Lon.* When I pull out my handkerchief, let that be your cue to go round, and come in at this door, as tho' you knew nothing of what had past.

L. *Lov.* I shall observe you, sir.

*Lon.* Be sure, whatever you hear, don't let your re-

ſentment diſcover you before your time: for ſhou'd ſhe find you over-heard her, ſhe will certainly face you down, ſhe knew of your being there, and that ſhe receiv'd me kindly only to revenge your affronting jealouſy.

*L. Lov.* Um! [*Smiling.*] You are mighty cautious—I give you my honour to obſerve your directions.

*Lon.* Follow *Trifle*, my lord. [*She places L. Lovemore unſeen.*] Here, child, there's another purſe for thy good ſervice: let your lady know I am here.—[*Exit. Trifle.*] So! now for a little ſcandalous raillery upon your top beauties of quality, to recommend my judgment in her: let me ſee! which will be my beſt way to deliver my paſſion? — Pox, I need not ſtudy ſet ſpeeches; for ſhe has ſo much of coquet in her, that you can no more fall from the diſcourſe of love in her company, than you can be raiſed to act it in her mother's: my deſign has hitherto been ſo proſperous, I can hardly think ſucceſs will fail me now.—Beſides, the liberty of my friend draws the curtain to my ſiſter's hopes.—But, ſee! ſhe is here!

*Enter* Leonora, *new dreſt.*

*Leo.* Lord!—Mr. *Longville!* what accident has bleſt us with your good company? For unleſs ſome extraordinary buſineſs brings you, you are no more to be ſeen, than a lawyer in term-time.

*Lon.* O, madam! my life's an eternal term; love's my cauſe, and you are my judge.

*Leo.* Poor wretch! I have him now! [*Aſide.*] I ſhall be glad to be of counſel for you.

*Lon.* To tell you the truth, madam, 'twas a little of your advice I now came for; for my cauſe is coming on this very moment: gad take me, it has coſt me the Lord knows what to qualify me for the bar of love: I reſolved now to make my appearance! Have you perceiv'd no alteration in me, madam, theſe two days?

*Leo.* I'll ſwear, I think I have! Won't you ſit, Mr. *Longville?*

*Lon.* Hey! who's there?

*Enter a footman to* Longville.

Bid the coachman go home, and—let five of my men

wait me at *Chaves's*, you only below, I am in private. ——Hey! let them all stay, I'd have the world know where I pay my devoir. [*Bows.*

*Leo.* Well, I swear, Mr. *Longville*, nothing speaks a gentleman more than his equipage, the whole ring yesterday took notice of your chariot. Ah, Jesu! such a lolling easy air! Then the six clean creatures that drew it had their manes and tails so finely curl'd and powder'd, that their very motion gave a new-born sweetness to the evening.

*Lon.* Do you know, madam, that the great *Dutch* beau, Mynheer *Van Powderback*, offer'd me a hundred guineas for a brace of their tails, to make him a peruke.

*Leo.* Let me die, but you are a second *Phaeton!* This equipage and chariot were enough to set the whole beau-monde on fire. Jesu! 'tis not ten days ago, since you were the strangest rough creature, always in a plain coat; but two horses to your coach, a single footman behind it, and scarce powder enough in your perriwig to whiten the inside of it.

*Lon.* Ha! ha! Gad take me, madam, your ladyship has hit me.

*Leo.* But, Jesu! who is this powerful beauty, that has wrought this wonderous alteration?

*Lon.* Your ladyship is very intimate with her: can't you guess her, madam?

*Leo.* O! sir, 'twere hard to do that among so many beauties as this town affords.

*Lon.* Beauties! ha, ha! Pray, madam, do me the favour to name one of those things you call beauties, that a gentleman can bear the thoughts on?

*Leo.* O! fie! Mr. *Longville!* there's a world of them! What do you think of my Lady *Slattern Pinchit?* She is an heiress, understands the management of a family to a miracle; and, I vow, has really a great deal of wit.

*Lon.* Ha, ha, ha! my Lady *Slattern Pinchit!* I must confess she has two, two thousand pounds a year to recommend her nauseous housewifery, which is enough to turn one's stomach! Pray, madam, let me give you

an account of a visit I made her, at her lodging at *Bath*, last summer.

*Leo.* O filthy *Irish* creature, the very apprehension of it gives me the vapours: for heaven's sake no more!

*Lon.* Nay, gad, madam, it's worth your hearing: you must know I had a mind to surprize her; when I was got up stairs, I bolted into her bed-chamber, where I found my prudent lady and her cousin, bare-headed, at dinner—— upon the remains of a cold leg of lamb and cucumbers.

*Leo.* O! my soul!

*Lon.* The sight of me drove them immediately into the closet; from whence they curs'd and storm'd at me thro' the key-whole, worse than if I had caught them naked: in the mean time I took a view of her chamber, and found under her chair half a bottle of *Bristol* milk, upon the seat of it lay her garters, and a pair of green worsted stockings, and upon the back of it hung a daub'd diaper napkin, above an inch thick of pomatum.

*Leo.* Insupportable!

*Lon.* Upon her toilet lay the overplus of her complexion, in the print of three red fingers upon the corner of a callico nightrail.

*Leo.* O! I shall die!

*Lon.* Upon the chest of drawers lay a pair of old slippers, with a dirty suit of night cloaths, a pound of butter, and a raw fillet of veal wrapt in the tail of her bathing smock.

*Leo.* Ah! [*Squealing out.*

*Lon.* I'gad, madam, if you are no better at pointing me out a conquest, I shall even be forc'd to attack your ladyship.

*Leo.* O, Jesu! I'll name all the town first! Not but I believe I may stop at fine Mrs. *Courtly*, she that my Lord *Cou'd-n't-brook* fought about.

*Lon.* I'll commend her, to see how she will take it. [*Aside.*] She is very handsome, madam, and all the world allows her a woman of extraordinary breeding.

*Leo.* Do they so, sir! Nay, I'll swear I can't blame you: really she is very much a gentlewoman! so easy,

so free, so agreeable, and so good-natur'd! I vow to gad my Lady *Censure* and I were ready to fall out about her; she says she is the most affected piece that ever cross'd the drawing-room, one of her sideling curt'sies turns her stomach.

*Lon.* Why, faith, madam, as my lady says, now-and-then she does screw herself confoundedly.

*Leo.* O the most intolerable, vain, fantastick creature breathing! the duce take me, Mr. *Longville*, if she had not the confidence to report that Sir *John Loverule* was kill'd upon her account.

*Lon.* Ridiculous! all the world knows, madam, he fell a victim to your eyes! 'Sdeath, how loth she is to lose the glory of a man's murder! [*Aside.*

L. *Lov.* [*Behind.*] What, does he fool with me? Is this the worst of her he can shew me? Women are all censorious; but now it may be complaisance to him, that makes her so. I will have patience; for shou'd I interrupt him, there wou'd be no end of his idle jealousy.

*Lon.* Still wide, madam; the lady I mean is one whose sense and beauty, even envious wit can find no fault in.

*Leo.* Jesu! Mr. *Longville*, this is a compliment to the whole sex, to believe there can be such a woman: I'll swear I wou'd give the world to know her.

*Lon.* Will you hear me, madam, if I name her? Have I your word, it shall not make you leave the room?

*Leo.* Prithee, why shou'd you think that? You don't intend to conjure with her name, I hope.

*Lon.* No, madam, I only dread the magic of her eyes.

*Leo.* Jesu! what makes you so grave?

*Lon.* 'Twere an insolence unpardonable, madam, to see a malefactor merry at the bar.

*Leo.* What do ye mean?

*Lon.* To take my trial, madam, for the crime of love; therefore I claim the promise of your counsel, and beg to know if it were possible for a lover to make

his passion grateful to you, in what manner wou'd you most willingly receive it? Deliver'd with a gay assurance, between jest and earnest, or with a rough downright bluntness; or else with all the passionate submissive vows, that love and truth cou'd teach him.

*Leo.* Your own reason will resolve you. A real passion can't be jested with, and your rough lover is a brute: no! I own 'tis tenderness, and soft complaint, a dying look, heart-breaking sighs, and tears, alone cou'd move my nature to a relenting pity.

*Lon.* So! now she has instructed me: I shall go on with a good assurance. [*Aside.*] You cou'd not sure despise a lover so complaining. [*Sighs.*

*Leo.* Nature itself abhors so barbarous a thought.

*Lon.* Then give me leave to kneel before you.

L. *Lov.* Ha! this is to the purpose. [*Behind.*

*Leo.* The fool's undone! ruin'd past redemption! [*Aside.*] Jesu! prithee rise.

*Lon* Not till you assure me, that you believe me serious.

*Leo.* Well!—a—rise! I dare do that, while you are sitting. [*They sit.*

L. *Lov.* Confusion! she rejects him not. [*Behind.*

*Leo.* I'll vow you surprize me, Mr. *Longville!* I never dream'd of love from you!

*Lon.* My Lord *Lovemore*, madam, being long my friend before he was my rival, oblig'd me to conceal my passion from the world, and you: nay, so sacred was my friendship, that even opportunity, which, madam, our intimacy has often given me, could not hitherto betray me to a guilty glance.——But, now the violence of my love forces me to confess my soul, to sacrifice that friend, and curse him by the name of rival: therefore in spite of bonds, [*kneeling*] to you I offer up my heart, and shou'd his interposing vows but rob me of a smile of yours, his life's the sacrifice I'll make to your mistaken charity.

*Leo.* Fie! Mr. *Longville*, this to me! Lord! what do you mean?

*Lon.* What the devil shall I say now? [*Aside.*

L. *Lov.* So tame at the discovery! [*Behind.*

*Lon.* In pity, madam, think me real; and if you have already bleſt him with the rich treaſure of your conquer'd heart, be at leaſt ſo generouſly cruel to confirm the truth of it to a miſerable deſpairing wretch; and from this moment my paſſion ſhall be dumb, and trouble you no more.

L. *Lov.* Ha! I am tortur'd with my fears. [*Behind.*

*Leo.* [*Aſide.*] Well, is there any rapture like the glory of a proſtrate lover? Now to raiſe his giddy hopes, while, like his ſhadow, I ſtill fly before him; ſeem already near, yet never to be o'ertaken.—Pray riſe!

*Lon.* Never while my rival ſtands before me in your favour.

*Leo.* Jeſu! ſure you are not in earneſt?

*Lon.* Your coldneſs, madam, tells me, indeed, you wou'd not have me ſo.——Nay then, my rival has your heart; and you, in generous pity to my love, wou'd fain conceal it.——[*Riſes.*]——No, madam, there's now but this to chuſe, that ſince I can't be yours, to be no more———Madam, farewell. [*Unbuttons himſelf.*] May you be happy in my rival's love.——His life I wou'd not, dare not touch, becauſe 'tis dear to you——But thus I ſacrifice my own. [*Offering to draw.*

*Leo.* Ah! for heaven's ſake, what do you mean? [*Holds him.*

*Lon.* To trouble you no more. [*Struggling.*

*Leo.* Lord! I hope you won't offer any miſchief! Hear me but ſpeak.

*Lon.* You have ſaid too much already: pray let me die in quiet. 'Sdeath, will ſhe hinder me or no? [*Aſide.*]

*Leo.* O dear Mr. *Longville*, don't talk of dying! Jeſu! if he ſhou'd kill himſelf here, he wou'd ſpoil my floor: beſides, I ſhall loſe the pleaſure of fooling him. [*Aſide.*] Pray give me your ſword?

*Lon.* Madam, deſpair and life are inſupportable.

*Leo.* Hold! O hold!—You have touch'd my ſoul ſo tenderly, that with a thouſand burning bluſhes I muſt entreat you live, if hope can ſave you. O! never let the fear of any rival ſhock your hopes, and leaſt my Lord *Lovemore*; his perſon and his grave behaviour,

were ever my averſion: had not my mother's commands forbid me, I had long ago inform'd him ſo.

*Lon.* Surprizing comfort!

L. *Lov.* Pernicious jilt! [*Behind.*

*Lon.* 'Twas reported, madam, 'twou'd have ſuddenly been a match between you.

*Leo.* What he may report, I know not; but, when I marry him, aſſure yourſelf it ſhall be when I deſpair of any one elſe.——A dull conſtant aſs, born to bear the burden of a ſlighted lover. A lump of lime, only to be fir'd with cold water.—Think no more of him. Had I not vow'd a ſingle life, your merit above the world wou'd charm me into marriage: but ſince that bleſſing is deny'd me, let me at leaſt live happy in your friendſhip.

L. *Lov.* By heav'n! her very words to me. [*Behind.*

*Lon.* Now, I have enough! [*Drops his handkerchief.*] Friendſhip's too cold a clime, our mutual happineſs can never flouriſh there: no! madam, 'tis only love's warm ſoil that ripens all the blooming joys of life; and makes that life but one eternal harveſt.

L. *Lov.* So cloſe! I want patience.

*Lord* Lovemore *comes forward.*

Madam, your humble ſervant.

*Leo.* Ah!—— [*Shrieking.*] I'll ſwear, my lord, you frighted me.

*Lon.* I don't like his coming in that way.

L. *Lov.* I thought, madam, Mr. *Longville*, of all mankind, had been your averſion; and that nothing but his being my friend could make you endure the ſight of him; I hope, you think better of him now, madam.

*Leo.* What devil brought him to ſurprize us in the only guilty minute. [*Aſide.*] Nay, I muſt confeſs, my lord, I did not think him ſo unpleaſing, while he was your advocate.

L. *Lov.* O! then he was kneeling for me all this while!

*Leo.* Um!——a——ay, my lord! [*Faultering.*] Jeſu! you don't think it was upon his own account! This was a lucky turn. [*Aſide.*

*Lon.* How she fastens herself in the noose. [*Aside.*

L. *Lov.* Methinks, madam, he over-did his part! To press his arguments in melting kisses upon your snowy hand, those were too warm for friendship.

*Leo.* O' my soul he's jealous, Mr. *Longville!* ha, ha!

L. *Lov.* I ne'er was jealous: I found you false, before you gave me leave to doubt you.

*Leo.* You are serious, my lord. [*Affecting a surprize.*

L. *Lov.* Had you been ever so with me, I had not found myself your fool so late: shou'd I talk with you, I shou'd still appear your fool; for no one sure can part eternally (as I must now) with the hopes of his desired happiness, without a painful thought; and I am loth to expose my weakness: I shall not aggravate your wrongs to me, but leave your conscience to condemn you: —— farewell for ever. And since my truth and honour are so ill rewarded, may henceforth none but fools and villains kneel before you. [*Going.*

*Leo.* Stay, my lord!—I must not lose him so: for I know the town will never tell his story to my advantage. [*Aside.*

L. *Lov.* My love shall never call me back, good manners may. [*Aside.*] ——Your commands, madam.

*Leo.* My lord, you may be in an error, and I hope have more generosity than to condemn me unheard; therefore ———

*Lon.* Hold, madam! I find your drift, and faith 'twere too barbarous, shou'd I betray you to a farther guilt, by suffering you to excuse what you have already shewn. No, madam, my ends are answer'd, and now 'tis time the jest shou'd go no farther.

*Leo.* What do you mean?

*Lon.* To throw aside the mask of love, and shew a bare-fac'd friendship; and to tell you, that I ne'er lov'd you, ne'er admir'd you, nay, always had an ill opinion of you: that I was jealous of your affected coldness to my friend, and therefore feign'd myself his rival; that you, with artificial blushes, have approv'd my passion, and seemingly (for I ne'er thought you real yet to any one) plac'd me nearest to your heart, where heaven knows I never wish'd myself: I only search'd it for a

friend, and faith, madam, had I found him there, I had retir'd with joy. I ask your pardon for my intrusion into your favour, madam.

*Leo.* Confusion! trick'd! betray'd! caught in the very snare that I had laid for him! Now the malicious town will triumph!

*Lon.* May my lord go, madam?

*Leo.* My lord, this usage ill becomes your honour, or my quality; as for the insolence of your friend, I cou'd expect no better from a rejected lover.

L. *Lov.* I saw no great signs of his despair, madam: but to satisfy you better, I have over-heard every word you have said this half hour.

*Leo.* Then I am betray'd indeed! The devil *Longville* has rescued him from ruin: confound 'em both, I shall never dare shew my face again! [*Walks disorder'd.*

*Lon.* Really, madam, I can't blame the judgment of your belle-passion; for gallantry, equipage, and grandeur, are prevailing orators.——Hey! let my men wait all without, I'd have the world know where I pay my devoir.

*Leo.* Fellow! [*Scornfully.*

*Lon.* Madam!

*Leo.* Sir, I have nothing to say to you! Pray be gone.

*Lon.* Why in such a passion, madam!

*Leo.* Lightning blast thee.

*Lon.* *Take not a woman's anger ill!* [*Turns short and sings.*

*Leo.* Curse of my treacherous folly, that urg'd me to believe his passion real——O that it were! Ha! Can't it be made to seem so?—A sudden thought revives me!

L. *Lov.* Well, madam, I ask your pardon for consenting to the extravagance of my friend's attempt: but, if you have a thought that can condemn me for't, now freely give it breath; for, after this, you'll never see me more.

*Leo.* My lord, you know this apology is needless: I only desire to speak a word with Mr. *Longville* before he goes. [*Smiling.*

*Lon.* Me, madam! with all my heart. [*They go together.*

*Leo.* [*To herself.*] Now assist me all the subtilty of woman!—If there's a spark of love remaining in that

bosom [*pointing to L.* Lovemore] lend me a smile to light it into jealousy! What, tho' his flame be out, I have seen a dying taper kindled with its own smoak! ——O! to make him burn again, and work a brave revenge upon this wretch, this poor extinguisher.

*Lon.* Madam, I have not heard you say very much all this while!

*Leo.* Come a little this way. [*She seems familiar with him.*

*Lon.* What the devil has she got in her head now?

L. *Lov.* Ha! I don't like that whispering! 'Sdeath, she smiles on him.

*Leo.* [*Aloud.*] Never fear that! if he offers to draw, my servants will part you before there can be any mischief.

*Lon.* 'Sdeath, I don't understand you; hark you, madam!

*Leo.* I know, my dear, what you mean; I will tell him all myself.

*Lon.* Ounds, my dear!

*Leo.* Prithee! Ridiculous!——Why should we conceal it longer? Both he and the world must know it in a little time.

*Lon.* 'Sdeath, she racks me!

L. *Lov.* And me! [*Aside.*

*Leo.* Come! I am weary of my odious part; besides, my lord has no reason to take it ill of you, since, as you own, he only wanted a pretence to leave me for another.

L. *Lov.* Unheard-of treachery! [*Aside.*

*Lon.* I find, madam, you are designing me a kindness; and, faith, 'twere pity to baulk this fit of your good-nature. Pray go on, madam; methinks I would fain have my lord satisfied.——What a jilt you are! [*Aside.*

*Leo.* Nay, I am resolv'd he shall know all.——In short, my lord, what you over-heard there, was his particular request to me, to give you a pretence for leaving me, and at the same time to conceal his real passion, by feigning a feigned one to me; and since I find, my lord, that you have been long engag'd else-

where, I tell you this to let you ſee I have been beforehand with you.

L. *Lov.* Confuſion! he has been my ſecret rival: ſure hell ne'er form'd ſo cloſe an artifice! [*Aſide.*

*Lon.* Ah! dear madam, I am obliged to you: but faith this won't do. Your humble ſervant——Come, my lord.

L. *Lov.* No, ſir, don't think it ſhall: tho' I have been this lady's aſs, I will be yours no longer. I don't wonder now you thought her falſe to me!

*Lon.* My lord! [*Amazed.*

*Leo.* Fie, Mr. *Longville*, no more of this! The farce is over now, and I can't bear any thing from you, that looks ſo like indifference.

*Lon.* Confound your kindneſs!

*Leo.* Nay, I vow I aſk your pardon: and ſince I find you are ſo unwilling to reveal it, 'tis not gone ſo far, but we may blind him ſtill: 'tis but your ſeeming to uſe me ill again. Now, begin to rail at me.

*Lon.* Stupendous impudence!

L. *Lov.* Inſinuating ſlave! [*Aſide.*

*Leo.* So! ſo! very well, I'll ſwear! ha, ha, ha!

*Lon.* Fury! monſter!

*Leo.* Better yet. O! I ſhall die!

*Lon.* Harpy! fiend! devil!

*Leo.* Admirably well acted, I'll ſwear—ſo, now take up a little.

*Lon.* I ſhall obſerve you, madam.

L. *Lov.* So ſoon inſtructed, ſir? [*Aſide.*

*Lon.* I find there is no remedy but patience: the more I ſtrive, the faſter I am entangled.——My lord, I muſt confeſs, I cannot wonder at your amazement; but as a token of my innocence ——

[*Offering his ſword to Lord* Lovemore.

*Leo.* Be ſure you keep your countenance.

[*Aloud in his ear.*

L. *Lov.* 'Sdeath, am I become your ſport?

*Lon.* Exquiſite devil! [*Aſtoniſh'd.*

L. *Lov.* No, ſir, keep your ſword! You may have occaſion for it——Farewell——[*Exit Lord* Lovemore *haſtily.*

*Lon.* Confusion! he is undone. I've ruin'd both myself and him! Something must be thought on speedily.

[Leonora *looks gravely on* Longville, *and on a sudden bursts into a loud laughter.*

*Leo.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Lon.* Very well; your tune may be chang'd, madam, my wits won't be idle.

*Leo.* Wit, from thee! I shall as soon dread it from a country parson: go, sir, to your friend, he'll thank you for the pains you've taken, and certainly admire your wit. Ha, ha, ha!

*Lon.* Damn her, she has unman'd me, almost work'd me to the thoughts of a revenge. [*Muses.*

*Leo.* Ha, I see my mother coming! I'll set her upon him to heighten my triumph.

*Enter Lady* Manlove.

L. *Man.* Well, child, have you done with Mr. *Longville* yet?

*Leo.* O, madam, the saddest accident! Poor Mr. *Longville*'s distracted! Look how he chases and frowns! His fit's upon him now! He abuses ev'ry one he speaks to, has almost frighted me out of my wits.

L. *Man.* I'll swear, I thought his behaviour this morning was a little strange; good lack! can't you guess at the occasion, child?

*Leo.* I don't know what to think, madam; but my Lord *Lovemore* tells me you are the occasion: he says, he has never been right since your ladyship protested against a second marriage.——Dear madam, won't you speak to him?

L. *Man.* Lord, that ever my rashness shou'd be the occasion of such a misfortune! How wild he looks?

*Lon.* [*To himself.*] To what a plunge am I reduc'd? I am not only in danger of forfeiting his friendship, but of his losing himself again to her: my life, my friend, my honour, all's in danger: for shou'd he challenge me, my innocence will not let me answer him! If I refuse, the world may think it fear. Shou'd I fight, and fortune put his life into my power, even the

gift of that were not enough to clear my honour; for in his heart he'll think me still a villain.

L *Man.* Well! I can hold no longer; the poor man raves. [*Weeps.*

*Leo.* It works as I cou'd wish. [*Aside.*

*Lon.* 'Sdeath! the very thought on't makes me mad.

L. *Man.* If you love my life, Mr. *Longville*, let me know that thought, or I shall run mad too?

[*Takes hold on him.*

*Lon* Confusion! am I fallen into her clutches?

L. *Man.* Dear Mr. *Longville*, don't be thus frighted; for I had rather break a thousand vows, than see you in this condition: all the world shan't persuade me; for I am now resolv'd to marry you.

*Lon.* Hark you, madam, who puts you upon this?

L. *Man.* Lord! wh———wh———why do you stare so? [*Trembling.*

*Lon.* To hear a woman of your years talk thus: pray, madam, how old are you?

L. *Man.* Why do you talk so wildly?

*Lon.* I say, madam, how old are you?

L. *Man.* Nay, dear sir, don't let my age discourage you: for I hope still to be the mother of many a dear child, provided I deserve for them by your reasonable endeavours.

*Lon.* Let me tell you, madam, you are now big with a false conception, and will certainly miscarry of it.

[*Going.*

L. *Man.* O! I can't part with you, while you have a thought that wrongs my honour. [*Holds him.*

*Lon.* That's impossible! thy face protects it: age and uglineſs lie intrench'd in thy hollow cheeks, and bid defiance to all scandal; yet thou art every day displaying the colours of white and red, to make the world believe that thou art in action still.——Come, come, madam, you had as good give over beating up for volunteers; for the devil a man will you raise to starve in those winter-quarters. [*Exit.*

*Leo.* Ha! gone! I am afraid, madam, this madness is affected. I really believe, because I refus'd his ad-

dresses, he was resolv'd to be reveng'd by affronting your ladyship and me.

L. *Man.* How! His addresses! Nay, then I'll be reveng'd! *Olivia* shall revenge me; for I will go and tell her of it immediately.

*Leo.* O! madam, I have such a story of him for your ladyship's ear!

L. *Man.* Prithee, let's in, and have it at dinner.

[*Exit Lady* Manlove.

*Leo.* What a malicious devil is this *Longville?* To rob me in one minute of the pride of all my conquests. Why let him go! I have still the glory of a brave revenge to boast. Perhaps his life may pay for't. If all the devils in our sex can ruin him, it shall! An unform'd mischief lies rolling in my thoughts, and tells me I shall triumph! That men shou'd ever match their wit with ours! What, but a woman, cou'd thus have fool'd his treacherous friend, and a resenting lover? Lovers or not, we still defy their boasted sense. But when they love, what slaves, what wretches do we make them? How easy 'tis to look them into ruin?

*If they wrong us, we seek a brave revenge,*
*When we are frail, we make the injur'd cringe;*
*Our eyes prevail, when sullen reason's deaf,*
*Our tears persuade 'em,——and the fools believe:*
*While false, we lord-like reign, and only find,*
*'Tis being true, that ruins womankind.* [Exit.

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## A C T III.

SCENE, *a dining-room in* Longville's *house.*

*Enter* Olivia *and* Emilia.

*E M I L I A.*

PRITHEE, my dear, think better of him.

*Oli.* I never shall! he won't give me leave to do it.—If he valued me, or took any pleasure in my commands, he wou'd take less in my Lady *Manlove's* company. He lives there, I think.

*Emi.* Bless me, can you be jealous of him with a stale widow? he is no younger brother, my dear.

*Oli.* He is a man, consequently a thing that's vain, and loves to be admir'd.

*Emi.* There are such out-cast fops indeed, who, rather than not be lik'd at all, will take up with the common favours of an old lady. But I can't think my brother so necessitous a lover, having already merited the good opinion of my dear *Olivia*; nay, I must believe he merits it, or you wou'd not so often have confess'd it.

*Oli.* I am not asham'd to own myself in an error.

*Emi.* Your greatest error is your doubting him: come, you shall think better of him, 'twill oblige your friend; I am in pain while you are thus severe to him: have I no power, dear *Olivia?*

*Oli.* Kind *Emilia!* I cannot think thou would'st use that power, did not thy brother's innocence persuade thee. O! I cou'd devour thee for thy generous faith to him. [*Kisses her.*] And if I love him well, 'tis for his tender care for thee.

*Emi.* He loves me best, in loving you so faithfully. Indeed he loves you, I am sure he does: for he has taught me hitherto to avoid most women's friendship; but when I mention'd you! O! how he press'd me to my applauded choice, and charm'd me with your virtues.

*Oli.* This from a friend assures me to be happy: but is he not to blame, my dear?

*Emi.* Take it on my word, not now. 'Tis a business of concern that keeps him there, I want time to tell you what: have but a little patience, and his return will satisfy you. Prithee be good humour'd, he won't be long, I am sure: here's the harpsichord to divert us in the mean time. Come! I will have a lesson.

*Oli.* Prithee, I can't play. [*Uneasy.*

*Emi.* Nay, I won't court you, but make you! There, there, gentlewoman. [*Pulls her to the harpsichord.*

*Oli.* Lord! I am not in humour now.—Prithee, can't you send to my Lady *Manlove*'s?

*Emi.* Hum! I find she sticks in your stomach still.—Who's there?

*Enter a servant.*

Step to my Lady *Manlove*'s, in the *Pall Mall*, and tell my brother here is a lady stays for him—make haste.

[*Exit servant.*

[Olivia *smiles on* Emilia, *and begins to play.*]

*Emi.* O! have I put you in tune, madam?

[*The tune ended,* Emilia *says*]

*Emi.* Nay, nay, you shan't give over so! I will have a song too.

*Oli.* Nay, if I sing ———

*Emi.* If you don't, I shall be very angry, madam.

[Olivia *sings.*]

*Tell me,* Belinda, *prithee do,*
*(The wanton* Cælia *said)*
*Since you'll allow no lover true,*
*(Inform a tender maid)*
*Are not we women fools then to be so?*
Belinda *smiling thus her sex betray'd:*

*Men have their arts, and we have eyes,*
*We both believe, and both tell lies;*
*Tho' they a thousand hearts pursue,*
*We love to wound as many too.*

*Yet still with virtue! virtue! keep a pother,*
*We look! we love!*
*We like! we leave!*
*We both deceive!*
*And thus are fools to one another.*

*Oli.* What! is not this fellow come back yet? Well! I am out of patience.

*Emi.* Prithee what time did you appoint my brother, that you are so uneasy?

*Oli.* I sent him word to meet me at my father's at three this afternoon, where I find he has neither been, or left any word for me.

*Emi.* Why what o'clock do you take it to be now?

*Oli.* Past the hour, I am sure: 'twas after two before I came from *Kensington.*

*Emi.* To see how slowly hours move with absent lovers: now my watch wants above ten minutes of two.

*Oli.* I don't know, I am ſure it's paſt three by my inclination.

*Emi.* Prithee ſet it back a little: but ſee, here is the meſſenger: now, I ſuppoſe, you may let it go as it will.

*Re-enter the ſervant.*

Did you ſee my brother?

*Serv.* No, madam, he has not been there this half hour.

*Oli.* And don't they know whither he went?

*Serv.* No, madam; but my Lady *Manlove* deſires to ſpeak with your ladyſhip, and bid me tell you, that perhaps ſhe can ſatisfy you; if your ladyſhip ſtays here long ſhe will wait on you.

*Oli.* No, no! I'll go to her, ſhe will be an hour a ſetting herſelf out: come, my dear, will you go along with me? Well, I am ſure I ſhall hear no good of him.

*Emi.* Perhaps not, if my Lady *Manlove* has any thing to ſay of him: but, however, I will bear you company. How did you come, my dear?

*Oli.* O prithee make haſte, my coach will carry us.

[*Exeunt.*

*The* SCENE *changes to* Locket's, *in the ſtreet.*

*Enter Lord* Lovemore *in a chair.*

L. *Lov.* [*To the chairmen.*] Hold——[*To his ſervant.* Step into *Locket*'s, and enquire if Mr. *Longville* be there ——Don't ſay I wou'd ſpeak with him.

*Exit ſervant, and returns.*

*Serv.* He is not there, my lord, but they expect him every minute.

L. *Lov.* Set me down.—There. [*Gives them money.*

*Chair.* God bleſs your honour. [*Exit chairmen.*

*Lord* Lovemore *goes to the door.*

L. *Lov.* If he comes this way I am ſure of him.— But I am not ſure of my revenge in ſo public a place.— Let me ſee, how ſhall I manage him? [*Muſes.*

*Major* Rakiſh *appears in the balcony ſmoaking.*

*Maj.* A hey! dog! ſon of a whore! ſome more wine here, quick.

*One ſpeaks within, ringing a bell.*

[*Within.*] Here *Tom! Dick!* ſpeak there!——— Coming, ſir.

*Maj.* Who's that, my Lord *Lovemore?* Ods-heart, we have staid this hour for you! Where's *Charles*, man! where's *Charles?*

L. *Lov.* He won't be long, I wait for him: we'll be with you presently.

*Maj.* Prithee make haste. Odsbud, the rarest haunch of venison and cauliflowers.——A hey! dinner there.

[*Exit Major.*

L. *Lov.* I have thought on't; there I shall be sure of him. Hey! waiter.

*Enter a waiter.*

L. *Lov.* Have you e'er a back-room empty?

*Wait.* Yes, my lord, you may have the *Lion.*

L. *Lov.* When Mr. *Longville* comes, be sure you show us there.—— [*Exit waiter.*

How basely has this man betray'd me? Had he, like a generous friend to me, confess'd himself my rival, I then had only griev'd to have found him so, and thought that *Leonora*'s charms were irresistible; but, like a traitor, thus to throw a foul aspersion on my love, secretly to insinuate that I am false to her: O, 'tis the basest, lowest act of groveling treachery! Had he ten thousand lives, I would serve them all to my revenge. Ha! he is here, I'll take him while my resentment's warm.

Longville *alights from another chair.*

*Lon.* I am glad to find you here, my lord, I wou'd fain speak with you.

L. *Lov.* Come, let's walk up; we are staid for.

*Within.* Welcome, sir; please to walk this way, gentlemen.

*The* SCENE *changes to a back-room in the house. A waiter shows in Lord* Lovemore *and* Longville; *and exit.*

*Lord* Lovemore *claps to the door, and locks it.*

*Lon.* Ha! so sudden! Nay, then 'twas well that I prepar'd myself.

L. *Lov.* You guess my meaning, sir?

*Lon.* I apprehend your error, and it grieves me.

L. *Lov.* Dost thou not blush?

*Lon.* For what? becauſe a woman has outwitted me? If ſo, my lord, yourſelf ſhould change your colour.

L. *Lov.* I find thou art grown an harden'd villain.

*Lon.* When your amazing jealouſy's my judge, the worſt of villains. My reaſon is in health, and conſtrues nothing ill from a diſtemper'd friend.

L. *Lov.* Have I not reaſon to be ſick of thee?

*Lon.* Thus far you have: when, as a friend, I offer'd you a cordial for the infection of *Leonora*'s eyes, ſhe, in revenge, perſuades you 'tis poiſon. I cannot blame your fears; but, till you find the poiſon work, believe me ſtill your friend.

L. *Lov.* So artful, ſir! You wou'd have me reſpite my revenge, till you have fix'd my *Leonora*, married, and enjoy'd her. Confuſion! Didſt think I wou'd reſign her tamely to thy arms? Monſter, no; thou ne'er ſhalt triumph there, till thou haſt made thy way thro' me. ——Draw——And, if thou haſt any title to her heart, diſpute it like a man; for I am reſolv'd, but one of us ſhall live to claim it.

*Lon.* By heav'n, you are on the brink of ruin; hear me: but—you know it is not fear that holds my arms.

L. *Lov.* 'Tis worſe: thy cloſe deſigning craft; thy aim is ſtill to cheat me with a pretended friendſhip. No more; I will not give thee time to form a new evaſion: therefore draw; for I have ſworn to ſatisfy my revenge, and injur'd love.

*Lon.* What if I renounce all claim to *Leonora*, or bind myſelf by ſolemn contract never to ſpeak, think of, or ſee her more?

L. *Lov.* So tame! No; even this is not enough to ſave thy life: for though thy deſpicable baſeneſs now prompts thee to forſwear thy love; yet, ſtill thy foul detraction has for ever ruin'd mine. *Leonora* thinks me falſe, and only in revenge has favour'd thee. I ſlight thee as a rival; but, as a villain, am reſolv'd to end thee——Guard thy life.

*Lon.* Give me but an hour's time to prove your error: nay, but a moment now! Hear me but ſpeak!

L. *Lov.* Draw, or I'll nail thee to the ground.

*Lon.* Nay, then——By heav'n I will be heard.

[*Presents a pistol.*

L. *Lov.* Ha! What means the villain!

*Lon.* Stir not, as you prize your life——And now I'll own myself a villain; I mean for my betraying *Leonora*, had not you been blind to your scorn: for tho' I knew her false, I took too base a way to prove her so: nothing cou'd excuse me, but the height of friendship. Were what I have done presented on a stage, all generous souls wou'd hate me for the part I have acted; but since my good intention is so ill rewarded by your ungrateful jealousy, I here retort the villain back; and in defiance of thy rage, thus arm a madman's frenzy. [*Offers him another pistol.*] I wou'd answer with my sword; but, as you know, being disabled by a late wound in my arm, I thought if you were resolv'd on death, this was the surer way too for one of us to find him: now make your choice, my lord. [*L.* Lov. *takes one.*

L. *Lov.* Now thou art a worthy rival: no more, but both retire; and then advancing, as our fate directs us, never let us meet again.

[*They advance from each end of the room, and fire at one another*; Lon. *falls.*

*Lon.* Now *Leonora*'s yours: fly, my lord, and save yourself.

L. *Lov.* No, I have kill'd thee bravely, therefore will not fly: thy life was forfeited to thy breach of friendship; and, though the law has no regard to an honourable revenge, yet there's a higher power that controuls its rigour, where I am sure so just an action will have mercy.

*Within.* Open the door there! Open the door.

L. *Lov.* Who are you?

Y. *Ra.* Friends, my lord; your friends.

*Within.* Hey! A lever there! Let's break it open.

L. *Lov.* You shall not need. [*Unlocks the door.*] Now, gentlemen, you may enter.

*Enter the Major, Young* Rakish, *a gentleman, and several people of the house.*

*Maj.* Why, how now, my lord! What the devil, have you more stomach to a brace of bullets, than a good slice of venison? A pox on your forc'd meat, odsbud I don't like it.——Why, what's the matter, man?

Y. *Ra.* Ha! *Longville* wounded!

*Gent.* Pray, my lord, how came this?

L. *Lov.* That you shall know another time; let it suffice, I own myself the man that kill'd him: I glory in the action, and will answer it to the law.——Pray, gentlemen, keep out the crowd; for I wou'd not give fools a holiday before my time.

*Maj.* Clear the room there——You dog, run for a surgeon quickly.——Let's see, what is there no hopes? Here, here, *Jacky*, help him a little.—[*They set him in a chair.*]—What a devil, is he quite gone! Plague on't, now must I go to law with his executors for my five hundred pounds: why what an unfortunate son of a whore wert thou to leave it in his hands!

Y. *Ra.* Any hands but yours, dear daddy. Ha! he stirs.

*Maj.* Ah, dear *Charles*, the five hundred pounds! What hast thou done with it? Speak, speak, my dear boy, where is't?

Y. *Ra.* 'Sdeath, sir, is that a question to ask a dying man?

*Maj.* It is too much money, sir, for a dying man to run away with.

*Gent.* Here, some fair water there.

*Lon.* [*Rising.*] I am obliged to you for your care, gentlemen; but, at present, there is no occasion for it.

*Maj.* What a devil, does he walk before he is dead?

Y. *Ra.* Why how now, *Charles!* Alive again, and unhurt! How is't?

L. *Lov.* Ha! what devil has instructed him thus to baffle my revenge?

*Lon.* And now, my lord, I'll prove myself again your friend: I fear'd your jealousy wou'd break into some extravagance; and to deceive its rage, took care to arm you with an unloaded pistol: I knew the noise

would bring in people to prevent a sudden mischief, and give me time to clear my innocence; which, if I now don't convince you of in an hour, dare me to the field; if I refuse you then, think me a villain still, and post me for a coward.——If you believe I speak this out of fear, my lord, you wrong your conscience: for I have giv'n proof, when your occasions call'd me, that I esteem'd my honour more than life.

L. *Lov.* I own it true, and 'tis that thought encourages me to embrace the offer; in the mean time, I will struggle with my reason to believe thee innocent.

*Maj.* Look you, my lord, though I know nothing at all of this business, yet I know *Charles* is a very honest fellow, and I'll stand by him. If he must have occasion for a second, odsbud, old *Dick*'s his humble servant.

[*Claps* Lon. *on the back.*

Y. *Ra.* Nay then, sir, little *Jacky*'s oblig'd in honour to be my lord's.

*Maj.* Well said, wickedness: there's an ingenious dog! Now, rather than be out of mischief, will he fight with his own father.

Y. *Ra.* Why faith, old gentleman, you have liv'd out of all conscience; and, unless I make an hole in your lungs, I find I shall never make one in your estate.

*Maj.* It's a good lad!—Why thou wilt have a thousand pounds a year, my little *Jacky*, if thou art not hang'd before I die.

*Enter a waiter.*

*Wait.* Gentlemen, your dinner is upon the table.

*Maj.* Come, come, walk in my lord, I am resolv'd to see you friends again.

L. *Lov.* I shall be glad of an occasion, sir.

*Lon.* Fear not, my lord, my honour is engag'd to give it you. [*Exeunt.*

*The* SCENE *changes to Lady* Manlove's *house.*

*Enter* Trifle *and* Lettice.

*Tri.* Well, *Lettice*, this is a rare family we live in: for, what between the amours of my Lady *Leonora*, and

the over-fondneſs of her mother my Lady *Manlove*, we are in a very fair way of making our fortunes.

*Let.* Nay, for my part, I have no reaſon to complain; for if I have but a mind to a particular ſuit of knots, or a gown of my lady's, 'tis but commending her complexion in a quite contrary colour, and the buſineſs is done; and if you have but a new intrigue to entertain her with, her ſoul's your own. O law! did I never tell you how ſhe ſerv'd an amorous book of Major *Rakiſh*'s t'other day.

*Tri.* No; prithee how was it?

*Lett.* Why you muſt know laſt week ſhe borrow'd a *French* novel of him; and, being told there was one deadly ſmutty page in it, ſhe very diſcreetly begg'd him to double it down, that ſhe might be ſure to avoid it: but when ſhe gave him the book again, that poor page was more thumb'd and blurr'd, than the beginning of a ſchool-boy's accidence.

*Tri.* Ha, ha! and no doubt but ſhe took more pains to get it by heart. But hark you, *Lettice*, now you talk of a ſchool-boy, how ſtands your affair with my lady's ſon, Maſs *Johnny?*

*Lett.* O in a very fair way, I can aſſure you. He pretends to comply with his mother's deſign in going to *St. Omers*; but I know it's only his cunning, to try whether or no I ſhall be concern'd to part with him: now I am unwilling to loſe him by being too forward, and am reſolv'd to drive things to an extremity before I conſent to marry him.

*Tri.* How! to marry him; why I thought you only deſign'd to make a fool of him.

*Lett.* Why that's making an huſband of him, I think: O dear, here comes my lady; I'll tell you more anon.

*Enter a gentleman, with* Olivia, Emilia, *and Lady* Manlove.

*Gent.* [*To* Olivia.] What I have told you, madam, is word for word as I had it from Mr. *Longville*'s own mouth. Well, ladies, I have perform'd my duty, and now muſt beg your pardon: I left him at *Locket*'s, and promiſed him to return immediately.

L. *Man.* Couſin, your ſervant.

*Oli.* Sir, I thank you, I am glad you have eased us of our fears.

*Gent.* Madam, your humble servant. [*Exit Gent.*

*Emi.* Now, my dear, I hope you are satisfied of my brother's truth.

*Oli.* It seems my lord is not yet satisfied of his friendship.

*Emi.* But you hear he has engag'd to convince him of it in an hour.

*Oli.* When he does that, I shall know how to settle my opinion.

*Enter to them* Leonora.

*Leo.* Ladies, your servant: I hope you have heard Mr. *Longville* is alive still.

*Emi.* Yes, madam, and I hope will live to give a proof very shortly both of his love and friendship.

*Leo.* As for his friendship, that I can't answer for; but, I confess, I have no reason to complain of him as a lover.

*Oli.* How, madam!

*Emi.* You have no reason to complain of him as a lover!

L. *Man.* O dear ladies! is that such news to you? Well, I find of all people, your near relations never trust one another with their love-secrets.

*Emi.* This insolence is insupportable! [*Aside.*] Pray, madam, what proof has my brother ever given of his love to you?

*Leo.* Nay, I can't swear that he has given any certain proof; for now-a-days men offer marriage as their interest directs them, not their love.

*Oli.* I see women are more vain, than men are false. Now, madam, I am concern'd, and I must tell you, you are the last of womankind cou'd make me so far jealous of Mr. *Longville*: I know the race of man wou'd fall, were only he and you alive to raise it.

*Leo.* I see vanity, madam, is a raging vice among our sex; and, when it meets with a disappointment, it gnaws itself to envy. [*Scornfully.*

*Oli.* Yes, and revenge too, madam; which I find

is now your aim for Mr. *Longville*'s disappointing you of my Lord *Lovemore*.

*Leo.* All happiness, madam, is opinion; believe he loves you; and you are happy still.

*Oli.* No, madam, let opinion be your security, I will be contented with demonstration: were there no other way to satisfy my Lord *Lovemore*'s jealousy, I would marry him this very minute.

*Emi.* [*To* Leo.] Dear madam, say all the provoking things you can to make her pursue that resolution, if it be but to heighten your own triumph.

*Leo.* How, madam! marry him this very minute? Why sure you wou'd not ravish him; for I can never believe he will consent to it.

*Oli.* You are not the first lady, madam, that has mistaken good manners for love.

*Leo.* Nor he the first man, madam, that has conceal'd his love with good manners. Look you, madam, not that I am fond of publishing my conquest; but if you will give me leave, I will write to him this very minute, and you shall judge what interest I have in him by his answer.

*Oli.* You had as good let it alone, madam; it's ten to one but he disappoints you again.

*Leo.* However, madam, you will give me leave to try my power. [*Smiling.*] Some pens and paper there.

*Oli.* What are you going to do, madam?

*Leo.* To write to Mr. *Longville*, madam.

*Oli.* [*Pausing.*] ——— I declare it, she provokes me! ———And dare you let me see what you write, madam?

*Leo.* Freely, madam, if you'll give yourself the trouble.

*Oli.* Pshah! ——— Well, madam! pray give me leave to write to him too?

*Leo.* All the reason in the world, madam.

*Oli.* I am amaz'd! Why, madam, will you write to him?

*Leo.* With your permission, madam.

*Oli.* Sure, I don't understand you! I mean to Mr. *Longville*.

*Leo.* Ay, ay! to Mr. *Charles Longville*, this lady's brother: I will write to him to meet me within half an hour at Mrs. *Siam's*, the *India-house*, in St. *James's-street*; and, for both our satisfactions, do you appoint him in another place at the very same time.

*Enter a servant with pens and paper.*

*Oli.* So positive! This is to convince you, madam. [*Sits to write.*

*Emi.* [*To* Leo.] I don't know what your meaning may be; but I am sure, madam, my brother will be oblig'd to you for his happiness. You'll gain him more in one minute, as her pretended rival, than half an age of love cou'd purchase him.

*Leo.* [*Aside.*] Poor easy fool! His happiness! no his ruin, or my wit shall fail me. [*Sits to write.*

*Emi.* [*To Lady* Man.] Methinks, madam, this is a very odd undertaking, for a couple of ladies to draw two several bills upon a gentleman's heart, and both payable at sight: 'tis well if he don't prove a true banker, and make them wait his leisure for the payment.

L. *Man.* O madam! the fund of love is never so low; young men have always a little running cash to supply a present occasion.

*Emi.* Ay, madam, but one had as good be without it. It is commonly upon very hard conditions.

L. *Man.* I'll swear, madam, there you are in the right; for now-a-days, a woman can no more expect to receive a billet-doux in honourable love, than a bill of exchange in all ready money.

*Emi.* Ay, madam! You see what ill women and clippers have brought us to!

L. *Man.* Nay, madam, don't lay the fault upon us poor women; for, to my knowledge, 'tis the false men, that offer their base love.

*Emi.* But the women——take it, madam.

L. *Man.* Not all of them, madam, as you wou'd say yourself, if you knew what severe repulses I have given young *Rakish:* nay, I can assure you the old gentleman, the major too, has made his attempts. Well,

madam, if I thought you wou'd be ſecret, I cou'd tell you more too———

*Emi.* Than I deſire to know, I find! [*Aſide.*] If you pleaſe, madam, another time. Well——have you done, ladies?

*Leo.* Yes, madam, I have finiſh'd mine.

*Oli.* I have but two words more——So!

*Leo.* Now, madam, if you pleaſe we will read 'em.

(*Leonora* reads her letter.)

"*My reſolution ſtill holds of meeting you in half an* "*hour* (*according to your firſt appointment*) *at Mrs.* Siam's; "*dear Mr.* Longville, *be careful of my Lord* Lovemore, "*whom you will find it hard to over-reach a ſecond time:* "*while he is deluded, nothing can diſturb the happineſs of* "*your*

"LEONORA."

*Emi.* Phooh! She'll never ſend this letter.——Come, my dear, now let's hear yours.

(*Olivia* reads.)

"*The town is in a very ſcandalous ſtory, concerning* "*your quarrel with my Lord* Lovemore. *Pray let me ſee* "*you at my father's in half an hour; for I am impatient,* "*till I know the real truth: fail not a minute, as you* "*prize the quiet of your*

"OLIVIA."

*Emi.* The quiet of your *Olivia!* Nothing but death I am ſure will hinder him from obeying ſo kind a ſummons.

*Leo.* Very well! If you'll give me leave, madam, I will ſeal it for you.

*Oli.* O! I won't trouble you, madam.

*Leo.* No trouble, madam: pray oblige me. [Oli. *gives* Leo. *the letter.*] Have you your ſeal about you, madam? [*To* L. Man.]

L. *Man.* I muſt know your deſign. [*Aſide.*] Ay, child!

[L. Man. *pretends to be ſome time feeling for her ſeal.*

*Leo.* [*Softly to* L. Man.] Now, madam, do you keep them in diſcourſe a little, while I alter one word in her letter.

L. *Man.* Ha! What word?

*Leo.* Instead of her father's, I will put in Mrs. *Siam*'s, the very same place Mr. *Longville* is to meet me at.

L. *Man.* Admirable! But what will you do with with your own letter?

*Leo.* That I will take care, by a pretended mistake, shall come to my Lord *Lovemore*'s hands. Ask no more questions, madam; give me the seal quickly.

L. *Man.* O! now I have found it!—There, child. [*Aloud.*] [L. Man. *gives* Leo. *the seal, and goes to the ladi s; while they seem to talk,* Leo. *alters the letter, and seals it.*]

*Leo.* There's your letter, madam. [*To* Oli.

*Oli.* Who's there's?

*Enter a servant to* Olivia.

Here! step to *Locket*'s, and give this letter to Mr. *Longville!* If you don't find me here, bring me an answer to my father's.

Leonora *offering to seal her own letter.*

*Oli.* Hold, madam! once more to my satisfaction, let me see if this be the same letter you show'd me?

*Leo.* The consequence wou'd have convinc'd you, madam; but I can't blame you for believing your eyes.

*Oli.* 'Tis the same. [*She returns it to* Leo. *who seals it.* Pray let me see you send it, however.

*Leo.* Within there!

*Enter a servant to* Leonora.

Run with this to Mr. *Longville*, at *Locket*'s. [*He is going.*] D'ye hear!————Stay below till farther order. [*Softly.*] It requires no answer, make haste again. [*Aloud.*

*Oli. Emilia!* are you not amaz'd? You see she has sent the letter! He will not meet her, sure!

*Emi.* I know not what to think!

*Oli.* Wou'd I had never sent him mine: I begin to fear her now.

*Emi.* Don't let her see you do. I am as impatient of the event as thou art.

*Oli.* Dear *Emilia*, go with me to my father's, I am in a thousand fears, and dare not trust myself alone.

*Emi.* Ladies, your servant.

*Leo.* Your ſervant, madam.

L. *Man.* Dear ladies, your moſt eſſential humble ſervant. [*Exeunt.*

*Leo. Trifle!*

*Enter* Trifle.

*Tri.* Madam.

*Leo.* Look me out a hood, and ſcarf, and maſk, and bid *Sam* come to me.

*Tri.* Yes, madam.

L. *Man.* [*Aſide.*] I am reſolv'd to encourage her in this deſign, becauſe it forwards my revenge upon Mr. *Longville*, for ſlighting the advances I made him.—— Well, my dear, while you are purſuing this affair, I'll take care to diſpatch your brother *Johnny*; when he is once diſpos'd of, let me alone to manage the eſtate; the ſturdy oaks ſhall bow their heads, I'll make them know their miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter the ſervant to* Leonora.

*Leo.* Have you my letter?

*Serv.* Yes, madam.

*Leo.* Go to *Locket*'s, and ſend it up to my Lord *Lovemore* by a waiter; if my lord queſtions you about it, face him down you bid the fellow give it to Mr. *Longville.* [*Exit Serv.*] I think my project cannot fail; for by my lord's reſentment, or *Olivia*'s jealouſy, any way my ends are anſwered. It has all the various motions of a clock, and points me to the day, the hour, nay, the very minute of revenge. [*Exit.*

*The* SCENE *changes to* Locket's.

*Lord* Lovemore, Longville, *the Major, his ſon, and a gentleman, are drinking at a table.*

*Maj.* Odſbud, my lord, you are not merry: I am ſure *Charles* is a very honeſt fellow; but you don't look as if you were heartily reconcil'd to him: pox o' theſe handſome young jades, they are good for nothing but to put people out of humour.

L. *Lov.* You miſtake me, ſir, I am very merry; and to ſatisfy you that I am not out of humour, pray, ſir, lend me the flaſk. Come, ſir, [*to* Long.] to a right underſtanding between us.

*Lon.* I thank you, my lord: I don't like this ceremony.

*Enter a waiter with* Olivia's *servant at the door.*

*Wait.* Is Mr. *Longville* here, gentlemen?

*Lon.* Ay! who wou'd speak with me?

*Wait.* A footman waits at the door, sir.

*Foot.* Sir, I have a letter for you.

*Lon.* Ha! from *Olivia!* [*Reads.*] Um!—um!—*Let me see you at Mrs.* Siam's *in half an hour*——Humph! How comes she to fancy that place—Um!—Um!—*Fail not as you prize the quiet of your*——Olivia.——So kind! This is fortunate! if I can persuade her in this humour to make me some acknowledgments before my lord; sure, that must convince him of my innocence. [*He whispers the footman, who goes out.*] Gentlemen, I must ask your pardon; I have a little urgent business fallen out.——And now, my lord, I propose in less than an hour, to give you the satisfaction I promis'd you.

L. *Lov.* Where shall I find you?

*Lon.* If you please, my lord, at my own house.

L. *Lov.* I'll not fail. [*Walks apart.*

*Lon.* Come, gentlemen, I'll make the venison mine. There. [*Throws down two guineas.*

Y. *Ra.* O fie, *Charles!* Your club is not half this, by no means.

*Maj.* Let's see! let's see! [*Snatching 'em out of Y.* Ra. *hand*] What is't? Two guineas! Odsheart, this is too much of all conscience! Why, what dost thou mean?

*Lon* Gentlemen, I brought you hither.

*Maj.* [*Pausing.*] Well!——a——I'll pay your club, *Charles:* don't forget to ask me for the overplus.

[*Puts them into his pocket.*

Y. *Ra.* Humph! If he does, sir, you will put him in mind on't I suppose.

*Maj.* Why what's that to you, sauce! What have you to say to it?

Y. *Ra.* Nay, sir, nothing at all, not I: the guineas are good guineas, and, in my opinion, they are in very good hands too.

*Maj.* What you have a mind to finger 'em, have you? Brass! Humh!

Y. *Ra.* No, sir, I seldom meddle under five hundred.

*Maj.* Odso! that's true, my little *Jacky! Charles!* the five hundred pounds, you forgot that, my dear boy.

*Lon.* I ask your pardon, major: but I have left it below. [*To a waiter.*] Bid your master send me up that money I gave him. [*Exit waiter.*

Y. *Ra.* Pshah! you need not give yourself that trouble, *Charles*; I have no great occasion for it now.

*Maj.* Humh! that's true again, my little *Jacky!* But you know a body wou'd be sure 'tis safe! Humh!

*The waiter returns, and gives the money to* Longville.

*Lon.* [*To the gent.*] Dear *Ned*, I must engage you to be trustee: if the major won't come to composition, keep it till I see you again: my lord, your humble servant; gentlemen, I am yours.

*Maj.* O, that's well! But prithee *Ned*, let's see if it be right, my dear boy.

*Offering to take it from the gent.* Y. Ra. *pulls him by the sleeve.*

Y. *Ra.* Hark you, sir! I am considering what will be my best way to dispose of this money.

*Maj.* Humh! Dispose of it, didst thou say, *Newgate!* Humh!

Y. *Ra.* Ay, sir, for you know these are very good times to improve ready-money in.

*Maj.* Ay, and impudence too, my little *Jacky:* for now-a-days if a man have but a good brazen face, it does not signify whether he has any money in his pocket, or no.

Y. *Ra.* Why, therefore, sir, I consider'd, 'twas no great matter how little you carried about you.

*Maj.* It's a good lad! Hark you, *Jacky!*——Was you never out of countenance?

Y. *Ra.* Humh! Yes, sir, for you sometimes; as last night, when you cheated me of my fifty guineas.

*Maj.* That face will get the dog an estate in time. ——Well! then thou hast a mind to improve this money, *Jacky?*

Y. *Ra.* Ay, sir, if you wou'd but put me into a way.

*Maj.* Why so I will, my little *Jacky*; I'll tell thee what thou shalt do with it presently. Let's see! What, is it all in gold?

[*Offering towards it, Y.* Ra. *steps before him.*

Y. *Ra.* O! you need not trouble yourself to look upon it, sir, it's all gold to my knowledge.

*Gent.* Come! Faith, major, to make an end of the business, you shall ev'n divide it; that is, give your son one half in hand, and (as a careful father ought) lay up the other, till his occasions call for it.

*Maj.* Ay!———That is, give him all, and take the rest to myself! Why really, if it were not for a little scandal, a sharper is a very good trade, I see.

Y. *Ra.* What's that to you, sir? Damme! A sharper! I suppose you have a mind to tilt for it?

*Maj.* I shou'd make a very poor dog of thee, *Jacky*, if it were to be decided that way: that's a good look however. [*Aside.*

Y. *Ra.* If you think so, sir, I wou'd have you try.

*Maj.* Say'st thou so, my little *Jacky?* with all my heart——Odsbud, I have a trick to over-reach the dog. [*Aside.*] Look ye, *Ned!* lay the money fairly upon the table——Now draw, *Jacky*, scabbard and all, my dear boy; for I wou'd not willingly thrust a sword into my own bowels. I'll only shew thee what old *Jack* cou'd do upon occasion; judgment, my lord.

L. *Lov.* How now, major; what, fencing upon a full stomach?

Y. *Ra.* Only exchanging a thrust or two, my lord, for a little money.

*Maj.* Ay, ay! for every thrust I receive, thou shalt have a hundred pounds, *Jacky*; but if I disarm thee, not one farthing.

Y. *Ra.* Done! sir.

*Maj.* Done! my little *Jacky*.

*Gent.* Well! gentlemen, are you agreed? Shall it be decided this way?

Y. *Ra.* Ay, ay, sir, we are agreed: come, old gentleman!

*Maj.* Look you, my lord, here's my guard! here I ſtand! and there's my hat. [*Throws it by.*] Are you ready, *Jacky?*

Y. *Ra.* Ay, ſir; come on!

*Maj.* And there's my wig, you dog.

[*Flings it in his face, and diſarms him.*

Y. *Ra.* 'Sdeath and hell! Sir, you don't think I'll take this?

[*The* major *draws his ſword, and ſeizes the money.*

*Maj.* Tum! tum! dum! *&c.* [*Sings careleſsly.*

Y. *Ra.* Damme! ſir, I expect fair play for the money.

*Maj.* Tum! tum! dum!

[*Keeping him off with his ſword.*

Y. *Ra.* Judgment! Gentlemen, is this fair?

L. *Lov.* Faith, *Jack*, all that I can ſay to the buſineſs is——that the old gentleman has been too hard for thee.

*Gent.* Nay, you were diſarm'd, that's certain.

*Maj.* [*Looking his ſon in the face.*] Tum! tum! dum! *&c.* [*Pockets the money.*

Y. *Ra.* Here! Waiter, what's to pay? [*Out of humour.*

*Maj.* A bill here for the gentleman! Sir, my humble ſervice to you.

Y. *Ra.* Sir; I don't care for drinking.

*Enter a waiter, with a bill and a letter.*

*Wait.* Here's a letter for your lordſhip.

L. *Lov.* Who brought it?

*Wait.* A footman below, my lord.

L. *Lov.* Bid him ſtay.—— [*Exit L.* Lov.

*Maj.* Here, you, ſtay and take your reckoning; whoſe money's this?

*Gent.* It's my Lord *Lovemore*'s, ſir, and there's mine.

*Maj.* Why how now, *Jacky?* What, melancholy! I find thou art a true *Engliſhman*, always dull at the payment of a reckoning.——Well! Hang-dog, in conſideration of ſome late misfortunes, I don't much care if I treat thee to-day.——There.—— [*Exit waiter.* Tum! tum! dum! [*Going away ſinging.*

Y. *Ra.* So! I find he is reſolv'd to carry off the mo-

ney! 'Sdeath, I'll try if I can bully him into composition.——Hark you, sir, if you are not in extraordinary haste, may I beg the favour to know whither you are going?

*Maj.* Why do'st thou ask, my dear smock-face?

Y. *Ra.* Because, sir, I have some reason to believe it may be to my Lady *Manlove*'s; and let me tell you, sir, it won't be convenient; for I am going thither. [*Surlily.*

*Maj.* [*Pausing.*] Hast thou nothing else to say to me, Brass? Humh!

Y. *Ra.* If you do go, sir, perhaps you may repent it: for in plain terms——I shall not care to see you there.

*Maj.* Very good!

Y. *Ra.* You will disturb us, sir.——

*Maj.* Disturb you! Humh!

Y. *Ra.* Then I shall grow angry, sir.——

*Maj.* Shalt thou?

Y. *Ra.* I hear, sir, you make pretences there.——

*Maj.* Do'st thou?

Y. *Ra.* And I advise you, as a friend, to give them over.

*Maj.* [*Pausing.*] Say no more, my little *Jacky.* [*Going.*

Y. *Ra.* Sir, I have a great deal more to say. [*Stays him.*

*Maj.* Say it.

Y. *Ra.* Why then, sir, I won't bear a rival in my love.

*Maj.* Is this all? is this all? you dear blushing rogue you? [*Pinching his cheek.*

Y. *Ra.* In short, sir, I find your good-nature and my fortune are so very low, that I am resolv'd to marry her.

*Maj.* To marry her! very good!——Now, but upon condition, I will give thee back this five hundred pounds, if thou wilt renounce all claim to her; is not it so, my little *Jacky?* Come! speak, you dear rogue.

Y. *Ra.* Why, look you, sir, in consideration that you are my father,——and a gentleman that I have a kindness for, make it a thousand pounds, and I'll have no more to say to her.

*Maj.* A thousand pounds, my little *Jacky!*——Wilt thou bate me nothing?

Y. *Ra.* I am always at a word, sir.

*Maj.* At a word, my little *Jacky!* Nay, then, for a quiet life, d'ye see, I will give thee——I will give thee——let me see, what shall I give thee?——I'll give thee; I will give thee——[*Pauses.*] The devil a groat, my little *Jacky.* [*Exit Maj. and Gent.*

Y. *Ra.* So! Now may I go hang myself——'Sdeath, is there no way to be reveng'd of this old fellow?——Ha!—'Egad, my Lady *Manlove* has given me encouragement: her jointure's worth two thousand pounds a year, besides the guardianship of her son. Let me see; here's revenge, a good estate, marriage, and an old woman all together in one dish. Now to consult my stomach a little; revenge is a pretty hollow bit, that's the truth on't; and two thousand pounds a year is well enough for a young fellow to piddle upon: but then again, marriage is hell, and an old woman the devil.——Humh! 'Egad, and so is any woman after a month's possession. Pox on't, I'll ev'n humour my good fortune, and pursue her; and so, dear daddy, look to your hits. Old! why so much the better; wou'd she were fourscore: for, 'egad, upon second thoughts, when a man is to be noos'd, who the devil wou'd complain to be ty'd up in a rotten halter? [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Lord* Loremore, *with the letter open.*

L. *Lov.* Confusion! is this the proof he gives me of his innocence? But I'll not leave a thought unsatisfied. Here, waiter!

*Enter a waiter.*

Where's the fellow that brought this letter?

*Wait.* Here he is, my lord.

*Enter* Leonora's *servant.*

L. *Lov.* Come hither, friend; to whom had you orders to give this letter?

*Serv.* What letter, my lord?

L. *Lov.* Why this letter from your lady.

*Serv.* O dear, I brought a letter to Mr. *Longville*; I hope your lordship has not open'd it.

L. *Lov.* This fellow told me 'twas for me.

*Serv.* O Lord, I am undone! As I hope to be sav'd, my lord, I only ask'd if your lordship was here; because my lady charg'd me not to give it Mr. *Longville* before your lordship. Why, did not I bid you give the letter to Mr. *Longville?* [*To the waiter.*

*Wait.* I beg your pardon, my lord; I understood him your lordship.

*Serv.* O dear! I shall be turn'd away. Pray, my lord, let me have the letter again, I'll try to seal it. O! I am ruin'd; what shall I do?

L. *Lov.* Fear not, I will take care of thee; it requires no answer. [*Exeunt.*] Ha! There's yet another proof behind; she tells him here she will meet him at Mrs. *Siam*'s, according to his first appointment. There will I wait for him. If he keeps his word———If! why do I doubt it? Does not every circumstance convince me that he will? O there is no security in man! Here might the world expect that I shou'd curse my stars, and raging, vow revenge: but I (so soft is my relenting nature) cou'd weep to see how men can damn themselves. But what is impossible to women's eyes? Had he not lov'd, he might have still been honest; for he has given me proof, in danger and distress, both of his courage and fidelity: but now, with one infectious glance of a resistless woman, his tainted soul breaks out in an ungrateful villain, and a coward.

*Men may a thousand ways their virtue prove,*
*Yet still be counterfeit, when touch'd with love.* [Exit.

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## A C T IV.

*The* SCENE, *Lady* Manlove's *house.*

*Enter Lady* Manlove *and Father* Benedic.

*Father* B E N E D I C.

MADAME, vat you tellà me about your son, is one ver' glorieuse action: you sall 'avè your revard in the toder varle; for, vidout doubte, de best

vay to dispose of your shile, is to put 'im in de vay to heav'n.

L. *Man.* Why truly, father, I always had an inclination to the church: but you must know, sir, I found my son *Johnny* had naturally a quick wit, therefore I knew a good education wou'd spoil my design. Now, sir, that nothing might be wanting on my side, I have taken care to breed him at a private country school; and notwithstanding the natural dullness of his master, I gave him a particular charge to keep him in ignorance: for I all along design'd him for a churchman.

F. *Ben.* O! dat is vel, madame! Ma foy! some time d' ignorance in de priestè is ver' necessarie to support de cause of de shursh; vor, ven de paisant see dat de pristè doe himselof b'lieve all de mysterie of de religion, den de paisant vil b'lievà too: botè ven de priestè be vise man, neider de priestè nor de paisant believà nothing at all.

L. *Man.* Indeed, father, 'tis a great misfortune to the church, that the wicked laity can't be confin'd from believing according to their erroneous reason.

F. *Ben.* O! you say ver' vel, madame! May foy, it vu'd be moch great deal better for de shursh, if dey hade no raison at all! Vell! Madame, vere is your sone?

L. *Man.* He is making himself ready for his journey. Pray, sir, let me beg of you to use your utmost authority; for you'll find him a stubborn creature, and very hard to be kept under.

F. *Ben.* Me warr', madame! lette me alone, lette me alone.

L. *Man.* Really, sir, I am almost asham'd to give you all this trouble! Pray accept of these fifty pieces, as an earnest of my acknowledgments.

F. *Ben.* Ah! Fi! Madame, de shursh no take de money.

L. *Man.* Nay, dear sir, I won't be refus'd.

F. *Ben.* Umh! Vell! Madame, if you please mee vill byy your sonne some booka. [*Takes the purse.*] Vere is he, madame, vere is he?

L. *Man.* Putting on his boots below, sir; the young

rogue is so fond of being on horseback, that nothing will serve him but riding post to *Harwich*.

F *Ben*. Dat is vell, madame, me vill go putte on my boota too.

L. *Man*. Dear sir, I am afraid, that riding so hard will discompose you.

F. *Ben*. O! madame! note at all! Ven de priefte doe undertake to promote de cause of de shursh, he always goe vip and spur, vip and spur, like de diable. ——Adieu, madame. [*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Mass* Johnny, *ready dressed for his journey, and* Lettice *following him in tears.*

M. *Jo*. What doest thou dangle after me for?

*Lett*. Well, 'squire, I knew the time when you wou'd ha' been glad that I wou'd ha' follow'd you: but I find now you never lov'd me. [*Cries.*

M *Jo*. It's a lie!——I did love you, so I did!—— and so I do still.

*Lett*. And can you have the heart to leave me then?

M. *Jo*. Remember the back closet up two pair of stairs, young gentlewoman.——Yaah! you cou'd squall louder then, when I did but offer to see whether you garter'd above knee, or no.

*Lett*. Why, I don't garter above knee; you may feel here then? [*Sobbing.*

M. *Jo*. What do I care! I won't feel there, I'll feel which way I please, or I won't stay.

*Lett*. No, 'squire, you are mistaken in me, I am not such a one neither; I'll die before I'll be your whore.

M. *Jo*. And I will be hang'd, before I will be your fool.——Why, *Dick!* why dost not get the horses ready?

*Lett*. You shall not leave me then.——[*She hangs upon his arm.*] If you will stay, I will be kinder to you: Do but try me till to-morrow; I won't cry out no more, indeed now. You shall tie my garter where you please, if you won't go.

M. *Jo*. Will you let's buss you then? [*Surlily.*

*Lett*. Yes! in a civil way. [*Kisses her.*

M. *Jo*. Well! but will you promise to love me now? and be free with a body?

*Lett.* I'll love you as long as I live, if you won't leave me. [*Cries.*

M *Jo.* Well, well! what do you whawle for?

*Lett.* I am ſure, 'twou'd break my heart to part with you! Pray, dear 'ſquire, don't go.

M. *Jo.* What d'ye keep ſuch a baaling for? I tell you, I won't go:——Let's buſs you again.

*Lady* Manlove *ſeeing them, ſtops at the door.*

L. *Man.* What's here? my young rogue, and that impudent quean in cloſe conference?—— I'll obſerve them.

M. *Jo.* But will you promiſe to marry me to-day, if I won't go?

L. *Man.* So! [*Aſide.*

*Lett.* Marry you! ay! poor fool! You may be ſure on't. [*Aſide.*] But won't you forſake me then, and uſe me ill?

M. *Jo.* I tell you, I won't uſe you ill, you fool you.

L. *Man.* O! I han't patience, the rogue's juſt ruining my deſign!—— Why, how now, ſirrah! What are you doing there?——and you, Mrs. *Flirt*, I'll teach you to debauch my ſon! I will, you ſtinking jade you.

M. *Jo.* What d'ye ſtrike her far, mother? What d'ye ſtrike her far? You ſhan't ſtrike her no more? [*Interpoſing.*

L. *Man.* How! ſirrah! ſhall not ſtrike her! you ſaucy rogue! I will fell you to the ground.

M. *Jo.* Wu'll yee?——I'll try that——[*He holds her hands.*]——Now ſtrike me to the ground? can't you? Let's ſee you ſtrike me now? [*They ſtruggle.*

*Lett.* [*Aſide.* What an unfortunate diſcovery was this? to be caught juſt as we had agreed upon articles: but, however, I don't fear him, for I know he will marry me now, if it be only to contradict his mother.——Dear 'ſquire, don't anger my lady ſo! Pray, ſir, let go.

M. *Jo.* Why, if ſhe will be quiet, with all my heart, I don't meddle with her. [*Lets go his hold.*

L. *Man.* O! O! the rogue has ſprain'd my arms, I ſhall not be able to ſtir them this twelvemonth.

*Lett.* I am glad to hear that; then I ſhall have a ceſſation of double-fiſts this twelvemonth. [*Aſide.*

M. *Jo.* Look you, mother, I am ſorry for't, I did not deſign you no harm, not I: but why ſhou'd you offer to ſtrike the poor girl ſo?

L. *Man.* Sirrah, what's that to you? How dare you juſtify her?

M. *Jo.* Why, may be, I have a kindneſs for her, what then! and look ye, mother, to tell you the truth, indeed, I do think you ought to be acquainted with the buſineſs: you muſt know, I——I deſign to marry her.

L. *Man.* And dare you tell me this to my face, ſirrah?

M. *Jo.* Why, how ſhou'd I tell it you behind your back?

L. *Man.* Sirrah! how dare you think of ſuch a thing? You jackanapes!

M. *Jo.* Don't 'ee caal me names, mother, don't 'ee caal me names: but if I do think on't, how can I help it? And pray, why ſhou'd not I think on't as well as you? I ſuppoſe you thought of a huſband, and why ſhou'd not I think of a wife? You have had your ſwinge already! 'Icod my vather was noa flincher: was not I born of your body, pray? and why ſhou'd not I get ſomebody, upon ſomebody elſe's body?

L. *Man.* Was ever heard ſuch impudence! Sirrah! I ſhall turn over a new leaf with you: your governor ſhall know what a wicked rogue you are! I'll make him flea your backſide for you!

M. *Jo.* I don't believe you will! 'Icod, an' he meddles with me, I may chance to lay him upon his back: he fley my backſide! He! kiſs——won't he?

L. *Man.* So, ſir! this is very fine language.

M. *Jo.* *Lettice*, do you ſlip away into my chamber, and I will come to you preſently——— [*Exit* Lettice.

*Enter Father* Benedic *booted*, &c.

L. *Man.* O father! I am glad you are come; your pupil here, my ſon *Johnny*, has been making love to one of my impudent maids, tells me to my face, he will marry her, he won't go his journey, not he!

F. *Ben.* Letta me alone, letta me alone. Come, come, madame, 'tis bettre to give him de good vard;——

how you do, young gentleman; 'ow you do? Me ſall be ver' glade to 'ave de care of you.

M. *Jo.* Ay, and you had beſt have a care of me.

F. *Ben.* You no feara dat; dat is ver' vell: now you be one good ſhile. [*Pats him on the head.*

M. *Jo.* What d'yee tap me o' th' head for? [*Surlily.*

F. *Ben.* O! me loſe you, Maitre *Jeanny*, me loſe you. [*Chucks his chin.*

M. *Jo.* Let my chin alone, wu'll ye? [*Strikes away his hand.*

F. *Ben.* Vat you mean? ſtrikea me! Vat you mean? Me ſall 'ave de vip for you.

M. *Jo.* Who's that you will have the whip for, you loggerhead you? Who will you have the whip for, ha? [*Doubling his fiſt.*

F. *Ben.* Loggerhate! Jernie bleu! Vat is dat loggerhate?

M. *Jo.* You may go look; it's ſuch a fool as you are.

F. *Ben.* De fool! a ha! me onderſtanda dat ver' vell! You calla me de fool! humph!

M. *Jo.* Why, don't you hear I do, dunderpate?

F. *Ben.* Dunderpate! Je vous prie, madame, vat is dat dunderpate?

L. *Man.* O! a very ſcurrilous name, won't you break his head for't?

F. *Ben.* O! letta me alone, madame: ecoutes, Maitre *Jeanny*, vat vil you ſay, if vor de loggerhate, vor de fool, and for de dunderpate, me ſall give you one, two, tree ſlaps of d'ſhops, Maitre *Jeanny*, humh!

M. *Jo.* Why, I ſay if you give me ſuch another word, I may chance to wipe you craſs the jaws.

F. *Ben.* Ver' vell! Vere is de reverence you 'ave vor my perſonne?

M. *Jo.* O Lord, ſir! I do ſir-reverence your perſon.

F. *Ben.* Alloons, dono aſka me de pardonne, aſka me de pardonne.

M. *Jo.* Aſk your pardon, for what? for what? Can you tell, you owl you? Aſk your pardon——Here, give the poor boy his hat!——There! now I aſk your pardon.——

[*He strikes off his hat and peruke, and discovers the circle upon the priest's head.*

M. *Jo.* [*Staring upon him.*] A hey! What a dickens have we got here?

F. *Ben.* Ah! que grande malheure! Vat sall me doe? Il a decouver in a couronne.

L. *Man.* Undone! ruin! I shall never get the rogue to go now.

M. *Jo.* [*To F.* Ben.] Pray, sir, what trade are you?

L. *Man.* He is no trade, sirrah; but a civil sober gentleman, that I have prevail'd with to be your governor.

M. *Jo.* He my governor! What, to make a Papish of me? Look you, mother, as for religion d'ye see, truly——I can't well say what I am of: but 'Icod, this I know, that I won't be a Papish; it's a hard case, if a man must go to the devil, he shan't take out his sins in what sort of wickedness he pleases. For my part, I'll e'en go the way of the flesh; I am resolv'd the spirit shall not carry me; 'Icod I won't be priest-ridden thither: not but I believe this same gentleman knows the road as well as a *Dover* post-horse. But I am not so hot upon that journey, and so I will pull of my boots, d'ye see——Tall, lall, lall!

[*He sits down to pull off his boots, and sings.*

L. *Man.* You impudent young rascal! How dare you offer to pull off your cloaths? Sirrah! I'll have your bones broken, I'll make you change your tune.

M. *Jo.* No, you shan't! Tall, lall, lall!

L. *Man.* You saucy rogue! Do you laugh in my face? I'll whip your eyes out.

[*She offers to take F.* Benedic's *whip.*

F. *Ben.* No trouble yourself, madame! letta me alone.——*To M.* Jo.] Alloons! pote on your boote, Maitre *Jeanny.*

M. *Jo.* [*Looking in his face.*] Tall, lall, lall!

F. *Ben.* Vat is dat ta, la, la, la! Me say, pote on your boote! [*Smacks his whip.*

M. *Jo.* Ay, it's no matter for that, I won't change my tune! Tall, lall, lall!

L. *Man.* Hold, father, don't be so severe: I find

there is no dealing with him; we muſt e'en try what fair words will do.

F. *Ben.* May foy! Madame——me believa dat is the beſt vay.

L. *Man.* *Johnny*, my dear *Johnny*, don't be ſo wilful! Prithee mind what I ſay to thee.

M. *Jo.* Why ay, mother, now your note's alter'd, d'ye ſee, I don't care if I do change my tune.

L. *Man.* Now thou art a dear child! Come, that's my good boy, prithee put on thy boots again. See, here's money for thee: thou ſhalt have every thing thou canſt aſk for.

M. *Jo.* [*Aſide.*] Say you ſo; 'Icod then I'll ſerve you a rare trick: that money will buy *Lettice* a pure topping to her wedding cloaths. Why look you, mother! becauſe you give me good words now, if you'll give me that purſe, d'ye ſee, and make vather baald-pate walk down ſtairs, I will put them on again.

L. *Man.* But will you promiſe me to go your journey too?

M. *Jo.* Pooh! I will, I tell you——Why don't he go? [*He ſits upon the floor to put on his boots.*

L. *Man.* Dear father, don't let us croſs him in this good humour: pray be gone.

F. *Ben.* Vid all mine 'art, madame; Maitre *Jeanny*, me be your ver' humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

L. *Man.* Why doſt thou ſit upon the floor, *Johnny?*

M. *Jo.* Pooh! what does it ſignify?——Where's the purſe, mother?

L. *Man.* That's a good child: put on t'other boot, and thou ſhalt have it.

M. *Jo.* Pſhah!——Why there 'tis!——You ſee what 'tis to be civil to a body.——So! now give's the money.

[*While ſhe talks to him, he ſteals a gimblet out of his pocket and faſtens her gown to the floor.*

L. *Man.* Well, but will you promiſe to get on horſeback as ſoon as you have it?

M. *Jo.* What d'ye think I wou'd tell you a lie, mother, and look you in the face o' this manner?

L. *Man.* That's my dear boy, there 'tis to do what thou wilt with.

M. *Jo.* [*Rises, and pulls off his boots again.*] Tall, lall, lall!

L. *Man.* How now! What does the fool mean?

M. *Jo.* No fool, no fool, mother.

L. *Man.* You wicked villain, I'll ——— [*Offering towards him, she is held by her gown.*] Ha! what's here! Hark you, sirrah! rogue! What's the meaning of this?

M. *Jo.* Why that's because you should not follow me! Look you, mother, always tie a mad bull to a stake; tall, lall! and there's my tune again for you now. Tall, lall, lall! [*Exit singing.*

L. *Man.* Was ever woman plagu'd with such a stubborn rascal? What shall I do?—[*Endeavouring to free herself.*] O! how the rogue has ramm'd it in!——— Who's within there? If I live I'll be reveng'd! I'll marry the lewdest fellow about town; nay, the most notorious rogue of a lawyer, but I'll keep his estate from him.

*Enter a servant.*

*Serv.* Major *Rakish*, madam, and his son, desire to speak with you.

L. *Man.* They cou'd not take me in a better time, neither of them shall want encouragement: here, prithee undo this.

*Serv.* O dear, madam, this is master *Johnny*'s gimblet, I am sure; it is the very same that he tack'd Mrs. *Trifle* and parson *Waggish* together with.

L. *Man.* Where is the rogue? Did you see him?

*Serv.* Yes, madam, he just now put Mrs. *Lettice* into a hackney-coach.

L. *Man.* And did he go with her?

*Serv.* No, madam, he is somewhere about the house.

L. *Man.* If he offers to go out, be sure you dog him, and bring word immediately.———Go, bid the gentlemen walk up.

*Serv.* They are here, madam. [*Exit Serv.*

*Enter the Major and Young* Rakiſh.

*Maj.* Madam, your moſt humble ſervant: odſbud! it is a month ſince I kiſs'd your ladyſhip's hands.

[*Offering towards her, Y.* Ra. *ſteps before him.*

Y. *Ra.* It's an age, madam, ſince I did; therefore, as a long abſent lover, ought to do it firſt.

[*Catches her hand.*

L. *Man.* O dear ſir, I'll ſwear you hurt me.

Y. *Ra.* Can there be harm in ſuch a tender graſp of love? Madam, your raging charms bound like a rolling deluge o'er my ſoul, and choak me with exceſs of paſſion! Ah! the very pangs of death are on me, I beat and ſtruggle like a drowning wretch for life, and theſe my laſt convulſions.

*Maj.* Humh! [*Aſide.*

L. *Man.* [*Aſide.*] Well, really, I believe I might have ſatisfaction enough in ſuch an huſband, without conſidering the pleaſure of revenge.

Y. *Ra.* [*To Maj.*] Will you make it a thouſand pounds, ſir?

*Maj.* 'Oons, you dog, I'll lay your head upon both your ſhoulders. [*Apart to Y.* Rakiſh.

Y. *Ra.* [*Turning quick to L.* Man.] O! take me to that healing boſom; wrap me in the warm folds of love; feed me with the balmy ſweets that flouriſh there; give me new life, and nurſe me to an infant dotage.

L. *Man.* [*Aſide.*] O! I ſhall faint, I am not able to contain myſelf!

*Maj.* [*Softly to Y.* Ra.] *Jacky*, thou ſhalt have an hundred guineas; prithee let her alone, my dear boy.

Y. *Ra.* [*Starting back, he joſtles the Maj.*] Where am I? Sure 'tis elyſium! for mortal fleſh cou'd never feed ſo high; I ſurfeit with delight; my ſoul's all over bliſs; my raviſh'd ſenſes ach with pleaſure, and I grow faint with gazing. [*Throws himſelf on her boſom.*

L. *Man.* O, I die! I die! [*Aſide.*

*Maj. Jacky*, my dear *Jacky*, thou ſhalt have five hundred pounds.

Y. *Ra.* Thus let us ever live; thus bleſt with one

perpetual round of circling pleasure; still fainting with excess of love, and waking still to new reviving joys.

*Maj.* 'Ounds, how the rogue has dissolv'd her!

Y. *Ra.* You see, sir, what posture my affairs are in: nothing but a thousand pounds can forbid the banns.

*Maj.* Say'st thou so, my little *Jacky?* [*Steps between them, and draws.*] Then there lies your way; down stairs, dog: go, get you gone, sirrah.

L. *Man.* Ah, for heaven's sake, what do you mean? [*Holds the Major.*

Y. *Ra.* O, don't be frighten'd, madam, I'll tell you the business —— You must know, madam, there is a young lady here in the *Pall-Mall* of a prodigious fortune, whom it seems my father here positively designs I shall marry, or he will disinherit me; and so let him, madam, if he pleases: for my part, I confess my soul and blood, madam, are entirely devoted to your ladyship; and, if I were to die upon the spot, madam, I solemnly declare, madam, I wou'd not renounce one tittle of that eternal passion I have avow'd for your ladyship's most indelible perfections. [*Bows and ogles her.*

*Maj.* Umh! [*Astonish'd.*

L. *Man.* O fie! Sir, this is most inhuman, to force your only son to marry one he can't love: come, sir, for my sake, spare him: pray put up your sword.

*Maj.* Well, madam, for your sake, d'ye see, I——I will sheath my indignation: but by the pleasure of drinking, all this is a more notorious lie than ever came out of the mouth of an *Irish* evidence:—but now, madam, to the business I came for: look you, madam, if you and I make a match, d'ye see; you must expect every ten months, for the first seven years, twins, madam, ——— I always get twins —— That whelp's a twin, madam, and the product of my juvenile recreations.

[*Young* Rakish *all this while makes love in dumb shew behind the Major's back.*

L. *Man.* Let me die! but this is irresistibly persuasive.

*Maj.* I am very proud, madam, your ladyſhip likes what I ſay to you.

L. *Man.* Well, I ſwear, ſir, you have ſuch a way ——and ſuch a ſon.

*Maj.* Madam, I have a thouſand pounds a year clear eſtate; no children in the world but this boy here; I ſhall drink him dead in a fortnight, and then, madam, after my death, the thouſand pounds a year's your own for ever: how ſay you, madam, how do you like of it?

L. *Man.* Ay, ſir, but now let me hear your ſon's propoſals.

*Maj.* Pſhah! a beggar! a poor dog, madam.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, 'tis true I have not one groat in the world, have no hopes of any thing; for the very moment that I marry you, I am ſure to be diſinherited: madam, as a friend, I beg you to believe this true, for I cou'd ſooner die, than cheat you with a pretended fortune. [*Kneels.*] But if the raging violence of an humble paſſion has any merit in the eyes of virtue, then ſtrew your pity here, and raiſe me with a kind reviving hope.

*Maj.* What a tongue the dog has! [*Aſide.*

L. *Man.* O dear, ſir, pray riſe.

*Maj.* Pſhah, madam, words; words; mere air; odſbud, I have an argument in my pocket, that uſes to convince a woman ſooner than all the poetical raptures in *Chriſtendom*. Look you, madam, the only certain proof of a lover's paſſion is, when he parts with his money: [*Takes out a purſe.*] Therefore, as an earneſt of my affection, give me leave to lay this five hundred pounds at your feet.

Y. *Ra.* Which when you marry, ſir, you know, will be your own again.

*Maj.* Hold your peace, ſirrah: there, madam, diſpoſe of it as you pleaſe. [*Gives it into her hand.*

L. *Man.* O dear, Major, this is an extravagant piece of gallantry!—Jeſu! how heavy it is—Pray, ſir, do me the favour to hold it for me. [*Gives it Y.* Ra.

Y. *Ra.* [*Leering upon the Major.*] —— Tum, tum, dum! [*Sings and walks about.*

*Maj.* I must murder the dog! I must murder him! [*Aside.*] Oons! Madam, I could have held it for you.

Y. *Ra.* [*Aside.*] But not so fast as I shall——Tum, tum, dum!

*Maj.* I was in hopes, madam, you wou'd have made a better use of the money.

L. *Man.* O dear, sir, can I express my concern for you a better way, than by being kind to your children?

*Maj.* Ay, madam, but to my rival.

Y. *Ra.* Ha! 'Igad, a good thought comes into my head: look you, sir, if you'll give me leave to speak a word or two in private with this lady, I will immediately convince you, that in her disposing of this money, she has had no other consideration than your interest.

L. *Man.* What can he mean? [*Aside.*

*Maj.* Why this might be done, *Jacky*, if I cou'd but persuade myself to trust thee.

Y. *Ra.* Why, sir, you shall not trust me out of your sight.

*Maj.* Humh! say'st thou so, my little *Jacky?* Nay, then I do give thee leave.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, if you please ——

[*Takes her to one side of the stage.*

*Enter Mass* Johnny *behind.*

M. *Jo.* So! *Lettice* is safe enough now, and 'Icod let 'um lock me up an' they can.——Hey day! who have we here?—I find my mother has a colt's tooth left yet; I warrant these are a couple of suitors now!—'Icod, I will put in with 'um.——Sir, your servant: [*To the Major.*] What don't 'ee know me?

*Maj.* Know thee! Prithee who art thou?

M. *Jo.* Who be I—why I bee—I bee—'Icod I don't know what to tell him, not I——why I be mother's zon, don't 'ee zee what I bee.

*Maj.* Ay, my dear lad, I see very plainly what thou art, but want to know who thou art. Who is thy father, child?

M. *Jo.* Who?—I have ne'er a vather at all—but I

believe I ſhall have ſhortly; for I ſee my mother there is providing for herſelf.

*Maj.* How! thy mother? What! is thy name *Johnny?*

M. *Jo.* May be it is——What then?

*Maj.* Why then very ſhortly thou wilt be my ſon-in-law.

M. *Jo.* May be not——That's as I ſhall like you, may be.

*Maj.* Odſbud, you young rogue, I'll buſs you into good humour.

[*The Major offers to kiſs him, and he ſtruggles.*

M. *Jo.* Let me alone; be quiet, wu'll yee? You ſha'nt buſs me. [*Kiſſes him.*] Ptah——[*Spits.*]——What a plague do you ſlaver one ſo for? You my vather-in-law? Yes, ſo you ſhall; 'Icod I'll do your buſineſs.

L. *Man.* [*To Y.* R.] Why really, ſir, if this be true, I muſt needs own, he is a very barbarous man to uſe his only ſon at this rate: if you think I can ſerve you by furthering this innocent revenge, ſir, you may command me.

M. *Jo.* Hark you, mother.

L. *Man.* O you wicked rogue, are you there?

M. *Jo.* Lord, don't 'ee be angry, mother, I come to talk with you about buſineſs.

Y. *Ra.* O pray, madam, give the young gentleman leave to ſpeak, however.

M. *Jo.* A good ſort of a civil gentleman: I may chance to do him a kindneſs for this; I'll aſſure you, ſir, I will, if I can. I am good-natur'd enough, when people are civil to me.

L. *Man.* Well, what have you to ſay, ſirrah?

M. *Jo.* Say—why I underſtand that this old ſoldier here is a ſuitor to you, and to tell you the truth, I don't like him: he is a ſtrange hurly-burly ſort of a man, he has buſs'd and ſlaver'd me here, whether I wou'd or no, and has prickled my face till my eyes are all of a water.

L. *Man.* You ſaucy rogue, is this your buſineſs? Know then, ſirrah, that this gentleman ſhall be your

father-in-law, if he pleases: come, sir, if you dare trust yourself alone with me, I have something to propose to you from your son, that very nearly concerns the happiness of us both.

*Maj.* Odsbud, madam, you over-joy me! But has that dear dog put in a word for me at last then? has he? *Jacky!* thou dear son of an happy dog of a father, buss me, you whelp, you dear bastard, buss me—Od! I will remember thee for this, my little *Jacky*: odsbud I will! [*Exit with L.* Man.

Y. *Ra.* I shall give you cause, I believe.

M. *Jo.* Lord! Sir, how can you let him slaver you so? Don't it make your nose tingle? Odsfish, he is gone away with my mother too!—Shall I fetch her back again, sir? 'Icod, an' you say the word, I'll do't.

Y. *Ra.* No, no, 'squire, let me alone, he will be little the better for't.——A good sort of an impudent face this young dog has, he may be useful, I'll strike in with him. [*Aside.*

M. *Jo.* Pray, sir, ben't you a suitor to my mother?

Y. *Ra.* Ay, 'squire! What do you think of me for a father-in-law?

M. *Jo.* 'Icod, I like you very well! Better by half than that old soldier: what a duce do you let him take her aside so for?

Y. *Ra.* O! it's a design I have in my head, 'squire.

M. *Jo.* Ay, sir; but do you know what design she may have in her head? Look you, sir, I mean you well, I wou'd not have you trust her too far neither. 'Icod you don't know her, sir, you don't know her.

Y. *Ra.* Well! 'Squire, I am oblig'd to you for your good meaning, and, in return, will acquaint you with my design upon that old soldier.

M. *Jo.* Aye!

Y. *Ra.* You must know then——

M. *Jo.* But hark you, sir; pray, by the way, who is that old soldier?

Y. *Ra.* Only my father, sir.

M. *Jo.* Hoh, hoh! 'Icod, then I find you care no

more for your father, than I do for my mother: well, sir, but pray go on.

Y. *Ra.* About an hour hence, 'squire, I shall privately marry your mother, who in the mean time, by my allowance, is to flatter the old gentleman with the same hopes, and (to revenge a severe quarrel I have to him) is to appoint him a meeting (just when our marriage is over) at a friend's house of mine, where I shall have a public opportunity to laugh at his disappointment, and invite him to my wedding-supper.

M. *Jo.* 'Icod, that's well enough! O dear, sir, shall not I beg the favour of you to get the parson to do me a small job too? Od! I have a tight young girl here hard by, that I have a main mind to be married to.—— Sir—won't you speak a word to him to tack us together a little?

Y. *Ra.* How, 'squire! to tack you together! Whom have you advis'd with in this business? Who is it you have a mind to marry? Are you sure she is fit for a wife?

M. *Jo.* I don't know, sir, but I am sure she is fit for an husband.

Y. *Ra.* Ha! Igad, there can be no harm in tying the young rogue of a slip-knot! This was a lucky discovery, something may be made on't. [*Aside.*] Well! 'squire, I'll do all I can to serve you.

M. *Jo.* O dear, sir! I am mainly oblig'd to you.

Y. *Ra.* Nay, I won't only lend you my parson, but my money too; nay, my very cloaths; Igad, I will make a gentleman of you.

M. *Jo.* Wu'll you, sir! O law! [*Overjoy'd.*] 'Icod, then my mother shall make a fool of me no longer—— Sir, as I hope to be married, I had rather call you vather, than any man in *Cursendome*.

Y. *Ra.* Pshah! Pox! I'll be a brother to thee, man: [*Hugs him.*] Prithee call me honest *Jack*; we'll smoak, and whore, and roar, and take a bottle together.

M. *Jo.* Is you name *Jahn?* Why my name's *Jahn* too! Odszooks, that's brave, honest *Jahn!* How is't, boy? Damme.

Y. *Ra.* Why that's well said, boy! 'Egad, thou

swear'st like a gentleman already.——Come, my little rake! Now let's take one cheering flask before the parson does his business; then get drunk, break windows, maul the watch, and bed our new-married wives in the round-house.

M. *Jo.* Ho! Boys! God a marcy brother-father-in-law. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Olivia, Emilia, *and* Leonora; Trifle *putting on her hood and scarf.*

*Oli.* There you mistake me, madam, 'tis my amazement, not my jealousy, that brought me hither. I own I do wonder why Mr. *Longville* shou'd disappoint me; but never can suspect his honour. Speak to her, *Emilia*, for I want temper to conceal my fears. [*Aside* to Emilia.

*Leo.* Call a chair there. [*To a servant.*

*Emi.* Then you will go, madam?

*Leo.* I am preparing for it, madam.

*Emi.* One serious question more, and I have done, madam: do you really expect to meet my brother at Mrs. *Siam*'s?

*Leo.* Jesu! Madam, I can't imagine why you shou'd question that, after this lady has confess'd he has already disappointed her. But to satisfy you, he expects me this very moment, he is now at Mrs. *Siam*'s,——or my servant lies that dogg'd him. [*Aside.*] Look you, madam, I don't desire you to believe one word I say; but if this lady and you will give yourselves the trouble to go thither, I fancy you will find him there.

*Emi.* Insupportable! [*Aside.*] Really, madam, you have an admirable talent.

*Leo.* I hope, madam, I have not been guilty of any ill breeding.

*Emi.* O fie! Madam, all that you do is with a very court-like air: you are resolv'd to stand it out, I see.

*Leo.* What is't you mean, madam?

*Emi.* I mean the groundless jealousies your malice now wou'd raise between my brother and this lady.——He love you! You will as soon persuade me you deserve it, madam: I know, that in his soul he scorns you.

*Leo.* Not ſo much as I ſcorn revenge; I dare ſay, had I been fond of a triumph, madam, I might have had it in a publick wedding. Mr. *Longville* offer'd it; but out of friendſhip to this lady and yourſelf, I have been content to marry him in private. I'll out-face this obſtinate devil, tho' I forfeit my revenge for't. [*Aſide.*

*Emi.* How, madam, my brother married to you! to you!

*Leo.* To me this morning, madam; ſiſter, I may ſay. [*Mildly.*

*Emi.* Siſter! [*Angrily.*

*Enter a ſervant.*

*Serv.* Here's a chair, madam.

*Leo.* Ladies, your ſervant, I ſhall expect you at Mrs. *Siam*'s. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* Why have I lived to ſee this day? Oh, I am deſpicable now! I ſhall be pointed at; the publick merriment of malicious tongues. Thou wer't my friend, *Emilia*: why did'ſt thou not tell me of my weakneſs, that I was credulous, conceited, vainly fond, to think my eaſy love cou'd fix the faithleſs temper of a man? But thou, alas! wer't ſoft believing woman, like me unſkill'd in injuries; therefore in fear of none, eaſily deceiv'd by every ſhew of guil'd virtue. Married! perfidious man!

*Emi.* Believe it not, *Olivia!* Come, we'll follow *Leonora*: let his own words, not her's, condemn him.

*Oli.* You wou'd not have me ſee him, ſure!

*Emi.* I wou'd not have you puniſh him unheard; for, oh! I know his innocence, though now o'ercaſt, will ſhortly break theſe ſullen clouds, and gild you with a ſmiling joy. Alas! my dear, jealouſy's the diſeaſe of love, a pain ———

*Which firſt, or laſt, all lovers muſt endure;*
*But none can ſpeak the joys that wait the cure.* [Ex.

## ACT V.

*The* SCENE, *an Indian house.*

Longville *is discovered looking on his watch.*

*Lon.* I Wonder why *Olivia* comes not; the time's expired, and I am unwilling to fail in my promise to my Lord *Lovemore*, who I know will be upon the rack till I have perform'd it: but I'll have patience; for I am sure her generosity, though late, will furnish me with an occasion.—Come, Mrs. *Siam*, what new *Indian* toys have you? [*He goes to the counter.*

*Enter* Leonora, *mask'd, at a distance.*

*Leo. Longville* here first! 'tis as I cou'd wish.——Hark! I hear somebody stealing up stairs! [*She looks out.*] Ha! muffled in a cloak! O! for a glimpse of him!——My Lord *Lovemore* as I live! His disguise tells me what he comes for, and I hope mine will help me to answer his expectation. My first care must be, by some seeming accident, to let him know me: my next, to tell this wretch (who must not know me) some formal story, that may oblige him to make such answers as may reasonably incline my lord to think himself the subject of our discourse.

[*She goes to* Longville, *and talks with him in her mask.*

*Enter Lord* Lovemore *in a cloak.*

L. *Lov.* So punctual! Ha! that must be *Leonora*, 'tis her stature!

[Leonora *turns back, pretending to wipe her face, and gives Lord* Lovemore *a sight of it.*

By heaven 'tis she!——I saw her face!——Wou'd I had never seen it!—Or, cou'd but dream again the promis'd raptures of her virtue: for there was pleasure in the vision, infinitely surpassing what we taste in any waking joy. O! there is no happiness, but in eternal sleep! Ha! [*Observing* Lon. *and* Leo.] Do I not sleep? Rather, let me think, that this is all a dream! 'Tis liker far, amazing! incoherent and unnatural!——I find I am but a stranger to the world; another man, perhaps, wou'd

wonder at my amazement! Suppose I shou'd surprize him now i' th' very act of falshood? Will he not sink into the earth with shame? Must not his conscience burn him up with blushes? I shou'd resent this usage, and I will; but, as a brave man ought, despise him for his treachery, and forgive him all! Nay, more! I'll do a friend's last duty, and wound him with the tenderness of my resentment. But stay!——lay hold on all advantages! something may be gather'd from their discourse—I'll observe them. [Lon. *comes forward with* Leo.

*Lon.* [*Aside.*] Who the devil can this be, that is so fond of acquainting me with her circumstances?

*Leo.* Then you advise me, as a friend, never to see him more?

L. *Lov.* Ha! it must be me they talk of. [*Aside.*

*Lon.* I suppose, madam, you can't expect to be extraordinary well us'd, if you do.

*Leo.* Why I am sure he loves me still.

L. *Lov.* I hope not, madam. [*Aside.*

*Leo.* Hang it, I believe my best way to silence his resentment, will be to write him a civil letter, to acknowledge the severity of my revenge; and beg him, for his own sake, never to see me more.

L. *Lov.* For my own sake! that I never will. [*Aside.*

*Lon.* Psha! Damn her revenge, what is't to me?

*Leo.* What think you of it?

*Lon.* O, the best thing in the world, madam: I'd advise you to step into the next room, and do it immediately. [*Pressing her to go.*

*Leo.* Well, will you peruse it for me?

*Lon.* Ay, ay! any thing to serve you.

*Leo.* [*Aside.*] With your throat. I hope, sir, you have endanger'd it to serve me; I'll step aside, and let the mischief work; I see it low'ring yonder in that brow. [Leonora *retires.*

L. *Lov.* I'll surprize him now, while *Leonora* is withdrawn; not knowing that I have seen her face, possibly he will swear it was not she he talk'd with.——Are you at leisure, sir?

*Lon.* My Lord *Lovemore!*

L. *Lov.* What is't you start at?

*Lon.* To see you here in this disguise! You frown, my lord!

L. *Lov.* Fie! that were to confess my anger: dost thou think thyself beneath it? I smile upon thee.

*Lon.* I understand you not.

L. *Lov.* When saw you *Leonora?*

*Lon.* This morning, I am not asham'd to mention it; but why should that disturb you now? I thought an hour's time was given me to clear myself; it is not yet expir'd, my lord.

L. *Lov.* I can't think you'll keep your word with me.

*Lon.* I don't use to forfeit it; nor do I think I shall, if no misfortune cross me.

L. *Lov.* Has *Leonora* told you so?

*Lon.* Explain yourself.

L. *Lov.* If you were that enemy you have profess'd yourself to *Leonora*, I cannot think, at such a time as this, you would meet her here.

*Lon.* Who dares affirm it?

L. *Lov.* I saw her here, this moment saw her here with you.

*Lon.* Then she was here with me, when I saw her not——Next time, my lord, have better proof ere you condemn so near a friend as I am; you saw, perhaps, a woman talk with me in a mask, who, I believe, might know me, for she seem'd fond of making me her confident. I listen'd to her, till her impertinence had quite tir'd my curiosity: and this woman, I suppose, your jealousy has taken for *Leonora*.

L. *Lov.* Whom did you take her for?

*Lon.* A stranger! I know her not, nor ever care to see her more.

L. *Lov.* Ha! take heed! for if I prove thee in a lie, it will be then dishonourable to talk with thee.

*Lon.* Speak lower, while we are unheard; my friendship teaches me to bear, but my impatient honour will be justified.

L. *Lov.* Honour! Dost thou not blush to name it?

*Lon.* My lord, it is not well to bear thus far upon my friendship; if you wou'd have me think your meaning honest, I do demand a reason for this usage.

L. *Lov.* [*Amaz'd.*] But that I cannot give my eyes the lie, I ſhou'd myſelf believe thee wrong'd: but to confound thee, in one word, give me a living reaſon why I ſee thee here?

*Lon.* I came to meet *Olivia* here, by her own appointment.

L. *Lov.* 'Sdeath and hell; you will not tell me 'twas *Olivia* you now talk'd with!

*Lon.* I mean it not; *Olivia* has not yet been here.

L. *Lov.* Why then are you here ſo early?

*Lon.* Becauſe *Olivia* charg'd me, as I priz'd her quiet, not to fail a minute; beſides, the time has been expir'd almoſt this half hour.

L. *Lov.* Confuſion! Why is not ſhe here then?

*Lon.* Have a moment's patience, and I'll ſend to her to know the reaſon; in the mean time, my lord——

L. *Lov.* Away! now thou condemn'ſt thyſelf; thy dull invention's tir'd, and thou want'ſt time to give it breath.

*Lon.* This from another man wou'd urge me to a fatal anſwer: by heaven, now I wou'd not have you credit me! No! go on! be obſtinate, believe the groſſeſt things of me your malice can ſuggeſt; I will not offer more to clear myſelf till demonſtration ſhakes her head, and makes you bluſh for theſe unfriendly wrongs.

L. *Lov.* [*Pauſing.*] I know not why I ſhou'd: but a reſiſtleſs curioſity tempts me to ſee how far thou wilt drive this. Prithee be ſincere; by heaven, if there's yet a way in nature left to clear thy innocence, I here engage my honour, as far as mortal patience can, to wait the iſſue.

*Lon.* Had you ſaid this ſooner, ſome words, my lord, might have been ſpar'd between us. But I have done; *Olivia* now ſhall ſpeak for me; her preſence ſhall convince you where I have given my heart: that *Leonora* ever had my ſcorn, as now, I hope ſhe has yours.

L. *Lov.* Thou talk'ſt with ſuch a calm indifference, I dare not yet reſolve where I ſhall fix my thoughts.

*Lon.* No matter where, my lord, let them rove; a moment's patience will re-call them.

L. *Lov.* I am ſatisfied. [*They part.*

*Re-enter* Leonora *behind.*

*Leo.* O! I cou'd run mad; that subtle devil has talk'd him into reason. What can it be that stays *Olivia* thus? —Were she here, her resentment wou'd confirm his jealousy, and bring the mischief to perfection. Ha! fortune sends her to my wish! Now to prepare her.

*Enter* Olivia *and* Emilia; Leonora *stops them at the door.*

L. *Lov.* Ha! *Olivia* here too? What can this mean?

*Leo.* [*To* Oliv.] There he is, madam.

*Oli.* O! *Emilia,* help me.

*Leo.* Now, ladies, I hope you are satisfied what interest I have in Mr. *Longville.*

*Emi.* 'Tis impossible! I'll not believe it, scarce shou'd he himself confess it; this is some trick! he is impos'd on! wrong'd! basely wrong'd! I am sure 'twill prove so.

*Oli.* Excuse him not, *Emilia!* I'll shut myself from all the world, and never see the face of friend again. [*Going.*

*Emi.* Be not too rash, dear *Olivia,* hear him speak first: if he is not able then to clear himself, may all the punishments his perjury deserves be mine, if I not join with thee to hate and scorn him.

*Leo.* Ay, madam! pray stay to examine him, however; not that it will be to any purpose, for to my knowledge he will deny our appointment, or that he has so much as seen me here.

*Emi.* Nay, then I must believe he has not, madam; I'll have the truth from him.

[Emi. *goes to* Lon. *and* Oli. *turns away in tears.*

*Leo.* [*Aside.*] Poor harmless thing, how it frets; I have rais'd her to my ends. Now let her go on, while I stand by and laugh to see her forward my revenge.

L. *Lov.* [*Aside.*] When will my distraction end! *Emilia* thinks her brother wrong'd! *Olivia* weeps to see him perjur'd! I prov'd him guilty! and yet he starts to hear himself accus'd, while *Leonora* leaves him unconcern'd: I dare not leave him till these contradictions are unravell'd.

*Lon.* What riddle's this, *Emilia?*

*Emi.* How, brother, a riddle! Indeed I griev'd at

first to find you here; but now cou'd weep to see you justify your crime.

*Lon.* Away——This mirth's unpleasing now: where's *Olivia?* [*He leaves her.*

*Leo.* [*To* Emi. *aside.*] Is not your ladyship well? Madam, will you please to make use of my spirits?

*Emi.* Fury!

*Leo.* Your ladyship's humble servant, madam.

*Lon.* [*To* Oli.] If either may, madam, I have most reason to complain; for I have expected you here this half hour.

*Oli.* Me! Did you expect me here?

*Lon.* Not with such displeasure in your eyes, I must confess, madam; but I have, with great impatience, waited here for your commands.

*Oli.* You dare not justify it.

*Lon.* You cannot doubt it, madam.

*Oli.* This audacious insolence is beyond resentment; from you, it strikes my thoughts with horror!

*Lon.* This anger, madam, is a double rack, while you conceal the crime that has deserv'd it.

*Oli.* Is then the repetition of your guilt so pleasing? Base man! why did you send so fair an answer to my letter; when, at the same time, you had resolv'd to meet another woman here? Was it not enough to wrong me by an abhorr'd abjurance of your vows; but you must barbarously expose me to the triumph of an insulting rival!

*Lon.* Madam, you confound me; what rival?

*Oli.* Away! I have heard and seen too much already; reputation bids me fly you now; farewell, ungrateful wretch! and may the shameful memory of my wrongs lie rooted in your heart for ever.

*Lon.* Yet stay and hear me.

*Oli.* Never.

L. *Lov.* Hold, madam! before you go, give me leave to ingraft my wrongs with yours.

*Leo.* [*Aside.*] It ripens now.

*Emi.* Ha! my Lord *Lovemore* here! This must be combination; but I am resolv'd to find the truth before we

part: tho' even my brother's guilt, or what's yet worse, her hateful triumph, shou'd confound me. [*Aside.*

[Emilia *locks the door, unseen, and takes out the key.*

*Lon.* I read resentment in your eyes, my lord; out with it! For, while amazement makes me tame, I can bear it all.

L. *Lov.* Madam, [*To* Oli.] to justify that resentment, or to clear the sacred honour of a friend, I beg you faithfully wou'd resolve me one question: was it by your desire or commands, that Mr. *Longville* came to meet you here?

*Oli.* So far from that, my lord, that 'tis the only place on earth I wish'd he might avoid.

L. *Lov.* Now, sir, if my jealousy has wrong'd you, let it appear before this lady; if not, from this moment let eternal enmity divide us.

*Leo.* [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha! Poor soul, he is dumb! Now my revenge is perfect; and so poor, easy, cheated, jealous fool, farewell! [*She offers to steal out, and finds the door fast.*] Ha! the door lock'd! Confusion! I am betray'd! Some devil has counterplotted me; shou'd *Longville* know me, my revenge is lost: no matter, I am above his anger, and am still secure in this. I'll bravely face them to the last. [*Aside.*

*Lon.* One word more, my lord, and I submit: but since my future peace depends upon your answer, I beg you wou'd directly give it me, without the least enquiry on what assurance I demand it.

L. *Lov.* I'll answer you.

*Lon.* Then give me instantly an honest proof, that you have seen me here with *Leonora?*

L. *Lov.* Hell and furies! Is this your question?

*Lon.* Nay, my lord, your promise.

L. *Lov.* 'Tis true, and there's my answer.

[*Pointing to* Leo.

*Lon.* There! how! where, my lord?

L. *Lov.* Why there! there! *Leonora*'s there! That's she. [Leonora *unmasks.*

*Lon.* [*Amaz'd.*] Ha!—Nay, then! there's the devil has bewitch'd us all.

L. *Lov.* What can this amazement mean?

*Emi.* Why you are ſurpriz'd, brother? Did not you know that was *Leonora?*

*Lon.* Not I, by all my hopes of happineſs! I took her for a ſtranger, and as ſuch have ignorantly convers'd with her.——

*Emi.* Now, *Olivia!*

L. *Lov.* Ha!

*Oli.* I am amaz'd! What can this mean?

*Lon.* That this lady, I preſume, can beſt inform us. Madam, I confeſs I ought not to expect a favour from you; but yet there's ſomething might be done for both our honours.

*Leo.* Sir, I have nothing to ſay to you.

*Lon.* Madam, I ſcorn the low revenge of a publick triumph; but, for your own ſake, hear me. I freely own, for all you have done to me, I have given you a ſevere occaſion; but yet, I hope the world and you will pardon me. I knew my friend lov'd you, and griev'd that nothing but my expoſing you ever cou'd wean him from your eyes: now, ſince every circumſtance convinces me, that thoſe aſperſions I now lie under are but the continuance of your juſt revenge, if you'll but clear my honour by a generous acknowledgment of what you have done to ruin me, you bind us all to an eternal ſecrecy, and me in any honourable command to ſerve you with my life.

*Emi.* Dear madam, cannot this goodneſs move you to an act ſo juſt; nay, and ſo glorious too for you? For no one ſure can hear your ſtory told, but muſt confeſs your wit inimitable, and your revenge uncommon? No tongue can ſpeak its praiſe like yours, whoſe art firſt rais'd it to ſuch a wond'rous height.

*Leo.* Madam, I read your ſecret triumph in your eyes; but I am above your little ſpleen.

*Emi.* Madam, you wrong my thoughts; what I aſk'd of you, I was ready to receive as a real obligation.

*Leo.* Then, madam, expect none from me.

*Lon.* Nay then, madam, we muſt talk on equal terms: now, my lord, hear me.

*Emi.* Hold, brother, firſt let me ſpeak: you are the ſuſpected criminal, and thus I charge you.——About

two o'clock this afternoon *Olivia* and I visited my Lady *Manlove*, where we had a full account from a gentleman, of your late quarrel with my Lord *Lovemore*: *Leonora* smil'd at our intelligence, and, to our amazement, would persuade us, that you were really my lord's rival in her love; adding withal, that you had lately offer'd marriage to her: nay, and to give us a more convincing proof of it, she desir'd that we wou'd see her write to you; which she did, and shew'd us the letter, wherein she appointed you a meeting in half an hour, here, at Mrs. *Siam*'s.——*Olivia*, more out of a sportive curiosity, than to satisfy any jealous thought, begg'd the same liberty, and she likewise appointed you to meet her in the same half hour at her father's.

*Lon.* Ha!

*Emi.* The letters both were sent; but our amazement yet continues: *Olivia* is disappointed, and we have found you here with *Leonora*. Now you are free to answer.

*Lon.* Then truth's in labour of my innocence, and thus she is deliver'd; there's my answer.

[*He produces* Olivia's *letter*.

*Oli.* Ha! what's here, my lord? *Emilia!* see here's the witchcraft that has wrong'd us all! My hand counterfeited by *Leonora* in my own letter! See, she has blotted out my father's, and interlin'd Mrs. *Siam*'s, the very same place that she had appointed him herself.

L. *Lov.* What have I done! My shame confounds me! How shall I dare to meet him! [*Aside.*

*Oli.* But hold! there's one thing yet unanswer'd; if there were no intimacy between you and *Leonora*, what encouragement cou'd she have to write to you? What answer did you send to her appointment?

*Lon.* By all that's sacred, I had no other letter from *Leonora*, or any appointment whatsoever.

L. *Lov.* No, madam, here I am bound to speak; he never had that letter; by a pretended mistake, I find, it came to me, merely to keep my frantic jealousy awake; that brought me hither. [*Shews the letter.*

*Oli. Emilia!* now I am happy.

*Emi.* O, let me embrace my brother! At this discovery, nothing but tears, or madness, can express my joy.

*Lon.* My dear *Emilia!*

*Leo.* [*Aside.*]——Lightning part them.

*Oli.* But pray, my lord, how cou'd you expect to find Mr. *Longville* here, when you knew he had not received the letter wherein *Leonora* had appointed him?

L. *Lov.* 'Twas written with such malicious art, it left no room for doubt: for here, she says, she will meet him at Mrs. *Siam's*, according to his first appointment: I thought a second needless to a secret lover, which now with shame I own, I then believ'd him.

*Lon.* Nay, then your jealousy was just, my lord: by heaven, I cannot blame you now; but, since your temper is recover'd, I beg you wou'd confess your fears, and give me every jealous thought that wrongs my honour. [Emilia *unlocks the door.*

L. *Lov.* By heaven, by this dear embrace, I have lost them all. O *Charles!* if thou hast yet one glowing spark of friendship in thy heart, pity me for those unwilling injuries I have done thee. Can'st thou forgive me?

*Lon.* Not while you ask forgiveness; that's a fault I can never pardon.

L. *Lov.* Wilt thou forget them?

*Lon.* Why do you remind me of them?

*Emi.* [*To* Leo.] The door is open, madam!

*Leo.* Destruction seize them! Now my last hopes of him are lost: I have nothing left to hide my swelling heart, but to affect indifference.

L. *Lov.* Methinks I have not aton'd thy injur'd friendship, till I have confess'd before the faithless *Leonora*, that I am her's no more.——Now, madam——

*Leo.* Now, my lord, are you going to tell me you have lately discover'd a secret, that all the town has known these six years, which is, that I never car'd one farthing for you.

L. *Lov.* This obligation, madam, was unnecessary, I needed not this wit to work me to indifference.

*Leo.* Nor I your indifference to make me angry, your whole sex is an eternal subject for my spleen. How

many wretched fops have I daily at my feet, who think themselves much nearer to my heart than you? Nay, had you not view'd me with another's eyes, you still had been my slave, your love had liv'd on air, and languish'd in an endless hope:

*But, I confess, you bravely this may boast;*
*Of all the fools, that knew me to their cost,*
*You are the first that e'er my eyes have lost.* [Ex. *Leo.*

L. *Lov.* How easily are men deceiv'd in love? There's not a vice now reigning in this woman, but what appear'd to me the happy conduct of unerring virtue: but now the false lethargic dream is o'er, at last I have thrown the reins on reason's neck, and have out-stripp'd the lagging mischief far behind me: but here's the careful guide that led me to the goal! O, *Charles!* how have I wrong'd thy friendship, even to the hazard of thy life and honour? The crime still hangs upon my faultering tongue, and silence speaks my shame.

*Lon.* This is too much, my lord; but, if you needs will over-pay the trifling debt, let me direct your friendship here. [*Turning to* Oli.] I have a starving heart, that long has been this lady's prisoner, here you may exert your charity; for I perceive I owe her more than faithful love can pay.

L. *Lov.* [*To* Oli.] When lovers are so poor in merit, madam, beauty shou'd pass an act of grace, and take the moiety that nature lends us.

*Oli.* My lord, I see no want of merit in Mr. *Longville.* There needs no more to recommend his cause; and since he has so severely prov'd himself your friend, I'll make it not his interest to deceive me.——Mr. *Longville,* if in those few years you have talk'd to me of love, I have been too slow in my returns, impute it not to an insensible neglect; for I have long studied, tho' unable, to repay it: and I perceive your merit's swoll'n so high, that I am bound in prudence now to check the debt, and let it run no farther. Your conduct has deserv'd my heart; nor dare I with-hold it longer, lest I shou'd repent hereafter, that it was given so late.

*Lon.* This goodness is above the reach of mortal virtue, it speaks divinity; and like the blessings we re-

ceive from heaven, ſhou'd only be return'd in ſilent adoration. [*Kneels and kiſſes her hand.*

*Oli.* Riſe, ſir, from this moment I am yours.

*Emi.* Now, dear *Olivia*, you are mine too, the name of ſiſter binds us ever.

L. *Lov.* This is as it ſhou'd be; and, while my friend is ſo, I muſt be happy.

*Lon.* [*Aſide to* Emi.] And now, *Emilia*, there is a blooming hope for thee, which time can only ripen: mean while intruſt thy heart with me, and be aſſur'd, thou ne'er ſhalt bluſh, when I think fit to part with it.

*Emi.* This is beyond a brother's love: words are but empty thanks; my future conduct beſt will ſpeak my gratitude.

*Lon.* Thy paſt has well deſerv'd my friendſhip:—— but no more! Here's company.

*Enter Young* Rakiſh.

Y. *Ra.* Hah! dear *Charles*, I am glad I have found you; my lord, your humble ſervant. I have brought a rare piece of diverſion along with me.

*Lon.* It never cou'd be more welcome; for all you ſee here are friends.

Y. *Ra.* I am glad to hear it; but, if you were not, I wou'd engage to make you laugh.

*Lon.* What's the buſineſs?

Y. *Ra.* Only my father and I, that's all.

L. *Lov.* Why truly that's enough to make one laugh at any time.

*Oli.* O dear, is this the gentleman that is ſo free with his father?

Y. *Ra.* No, madam; but I am the ſon of a father that is very free with me; the ſoul of me, my pleaſures I mean; of all the vices this town affords (and thank heaven it's pretty well ſtock'd) I can't keep one to myſelf for him; he out-does me at my own weapon, he out-drinks me, out-whores me, out-ſwears me, out-lies me, out-wits me, and (which I'll never forgive him) he—— out-lives me too.

*Oli.* Why ſhou'd you wiſh for his death? Does not he allow you ——

Y. *Ra.* Yes, madam, all manner of wickedness; but the devil a farthing to purchase it.

*Oli.* How can you live without money?

Y. *Ra.* Faith, I begin to be weary of it, and have this very hour laid a design to bring the old gentleman to a reasonable composition. I have rivall'd him in my Lady *Manlove*, elbow'd him out of her favour, and have at last squeez'd him out of five hundred pounds, provided I renounce all title to her inclinations.

*Lon.* And have you done it?

Y. *Ra.* For aught he knows I have, and for aught she knows I have not; in short, I neither design to quit the lady, nor to keep her any longer than she serves my turn.

L. *Lov.* How so, man?

Y. *Ra.* She is now below with my father, chusing her wedding-gown: have a little patience, and the farce will begin.

*Lon.* But hark you, *Jack!* Have you taken care of her son, as I desir'd you? I hope he is not gone to *St. Omers?*

Y. *Ra.* No, no, I have spoil'd him for that journey; I have married him.

*Lon.* How!

Y. *Ra.* No harm, I'll warrant you: see, here comes my father; pray observe us.——You'll all stand by me upon occasion?

*Omnes.* All, all!

Y. *Ra.* A word with you, *Charles.* [*They whisper.*

*Enter the Major with Lady* Manlove.

*Maj.* Wish me joy, *Charles!* wish me joy——Ha! my little *Lovemore* too! Give me thy hand, my dear boy! Wish me joy, my lad!

L. *Lov.* Joy! Of what, major?

*Maj.* Of a rare fleshy feather-bed, you wag, and two thousand pounds a year to wallow in.——Odsbud, she's a soucer.

*Lon.* Leave it to me. [*To Y.* Ra.

L. *Man.* Ladies, your servant. I protest I little thought to find so much good company upon such a fortunate occasion.

*Emi.* Mayn't we know the occasion, madam?

L. *Man.* I'll swear, madam, 'tis such a critical point, I don't know whether my modesty will be able to go through with the discovery.

Y. *Ra.* If you please to give me leave, madam, I will help you out a little.

L. *Man.* Ay, ay! tell them, my little *Jacky.*

Y. *Ra.* Well, ladies, now we are all together, the short of the business is this: this noble lady here, generously considering my sufferings under the tyranny of an unnatural father; and, being sensible, that by reason of my indefatigable love to her, I was in a perpetual danger of being disinherited, has, out of her abundant goodness, piously consented to revenge me of the said unnatural father, by this publick disappointment of his hopes, having (to his utter confusion) already taken to her loving husband, the individual person of me, his lawfully begotten son,——*John Rakish.*

*Maj.* Humh! What is all this, do you know, madam? What the devil is it?

L. *Man.* All truth, sir, to my knowledge, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so take me, *John Rakish.* [*Gives him her hand.*

*Maj.* Oons and hell! I'll chine that dog to the navel. [*Draws.*

*Lon.* O, by no means, major; prithee put up your sword, you'll frighten the ladies.

*Maj.* Prithee, dear *Charles*, let me come at him: O, he is a bitter dog! I can't bear him. [*Trembling with passion.*

*Lon.* Psha! psha! prithee be pacified; if he must be run thro' the guts, he will deserve it an hour hence, as well as now; besides, I wou'd have you hear what he can say for himself: you know he does not use to be tongue-tied upon these occasions.

*Maj.* Odsbud! and that's true, my little *Charles!* I will hear the dog, I will hear him——And, if I am trick'd, I am satisfied I shall have the pleasure of half a dozen rare impudent faces from the unrighteous bastard to back his roguery however.——Come hither, *Jacky.*

Y. *Ra.* Well, sir.

*Maj.* Ay, that's the look! Hark you, iron-face! Art not thou a perjur'd rogue? Do'st thou not expect to be split and broil'd upon the devil's gridiron?

Y. *Ra.* I don't apprehend you, sir.

*Maj.* Did'st not thou promise, dog, to renounce all claim to that lady, provided I would quit my title to the five hundred pounds?

Y. *Ra.* Ay, sir! But I remember what pains you took at *Locket*'s to-day to cheat me of it: chaw upon that, and then tell me whether you can blame me for what I have done?

*Maj.* O! not in the least, my dear hell-face! Thou hast oblig'd me to the last degree by marrying this lady here; the least I can do is now to settle my estate upon thee, which thou shalt have with a vengeance; that is to say, I will instantly make love to her daughter, offer her my whole estate for a jointure, cut off the entail, get a whole litter of children, and disinherit you, you dog!

Y. *Ra.* Look you, sir, there I forbid the banns, that lady is now my daughter, and I will not have my family disgrac'd, by admitting such a notorious rake-hell for my son-in-law; in short, your pretences are utterly against my consent, and I positively declare you never shall have my blessing.

*Maj.* What a cross old fellow this is now! 'Oons! I'd give five thousand pounds to make the whelp my father-in-law.

Y. *Ra.* Come, come, sir! for a great deal less money you shall still make this lady my mother-in-law.

*Maj.* Ha! say'st thou, my little *Jacky?* Why, art thou not married, thou dear dog, art thou not married, ha? speak!

Y. *Ra.* So far from it, sir, that, upon condition you will immediately sign this paper, which will intitle me to four hundred pounds a year during life, and at your decease the rest of your estate, I am willing this very moment to resign the lady to you.

L. *Man.* Base man! you won't offer to sell me?

Y. *Ra.* Don't you trouble yourself, madam, I'll war-

rant you. [*Aside.*] And to ſatisfy you that my meaning's honeſt, the writing is ſo drawn, that unleſs you actually do marry the lady, you are not oblig'd to give me a groat.

*Maj.* Say'ſt thou ſo, my little *Jacky?*

[*He peruſes the paper.*

L. *Man.* Audacious villain! have you ſerv'd me thus? I will be reveng'd.——Here, major! [*Gives him her hand.*] Upon condition you never do give that villain a groat, I will marry you this very moment, *gratis:* nay, do but engage to diſinherit him before to-morrow morning, and I here immediately promiſe you ſix thouſand pounds in ready gold and jewels, to ſatisfy any extravagance you ſhall think fit.

Y. *Ra.* So!

*Maj.* Diſinherit, madam! Odſbud, your ladyſhip's too merciful! An audacious rogue! to think I cou'd be ſuch a villain to wrong a lady, madam, of your unſpotted virtue! Oons! I never heard ſuch an impudent propoſal ſince I was born!——Madam! if he were now at the gallows, with the knot under his left ear; nay, if the word were given for the cart to drive away, blood, and brimſtone! I wou'd not part with eighteenpence to reprieve him.

L. *Man* On that condition, I am entirely yours.

*Maj.* Oons! Madam, I'll ruin him within this half hour, I'll drive your revenge quite through his ſoul; nay, I'll ſend for the two miſchief-makers of the nation, the parſon and the lawyer, and make them clinch it on the other ſide.

*Lon.* What the devil ſhall we do now, *Jack?* Was ever ſuch a diſappointment!

Y *Ra.* Faith, *Charles*, ſhe has out-trump'd me, that's the truth on't; but I can't loſe all, man, I have *pam* in hand ſtill.

*Lon* What do you mean?

Y. *Ra.* Her ſon! her ſon, boy; the rogue has choſen me for his guardian; he will be here preſently; I'll manage him to fetch her about, I warrant you.

*Lon* 'Egad that's lucky, I am glad you are ſure of a trick to ſave yourſelf at laſt; in the mean time, *Jack*,

try what a court-card will do, play your impudence upon them.

Y. *Ra.* Mum!

L. *Man.* Now, devil, I am reveng'd of you.

Y. *Ra.* I fancy not, madam.—I suppose your ladyship does not know these are the writings of your son *Johnny*'s estate, by him the said *Johnny*, this very day stol'n out of your cabinet; which, because I am his guardian, I will thus re-put into my pocket.

L. *Man.* Monster! you his guardian?

Y. *Ra.* At your service, madam.

L. *Man.* You dare not tell me so?

Y. *Ra.* O! I have a great deal more to tell you, madam, I must have a thousand pounds out of your hands to-morrow morning, to put him and his wife into an handsome equipage.

L. *Man.* His wife!

Y. *Ra.* His wife, madam——she has had as good an education as your ladyship's service cou'd afford.——*Lettice*, I think her name is.

L. *Man.* Undone! undone!

*Maj.* Ha, madam! What's the matter now?

L. *Man.* O! my dear child's ruin'd for ever!

Y. *Ra.* That's as you please, madam.

L. *Man.* What says the monster?

Y. *Ra.* That your son, madam, shall not be ruin'd; provided you will promise me not to marry that old fellow there, unless he signs my settlement. In short, madam, upon that condition, I will not only resign your son, and his fortune into your hands again, but will likewise engage to find a lawful expedient to disannul his marriage too; which, if you don't immediately comply with me, shall be an eternal secret: so even let him squander away his estate as he pleases, I'll make a shift to glean a handsome livelihood out on't, I warrant you.

*Emi.* Nay, madam, this is a very generous proposal: now if your son's ruin'd, you are the occasion of it.

*Oli.* We all entreat for him.

L. *Man.* Madam, I beseech you don't name it: I'll

not believe a word he ſays; I dare ſwear this is all ſham, a poor pretence only to get his ends of me.

*Maj.* Oons, madam! you have nick'd it: but if it were true, let me alone to manage him, I know him by experience: why the dog had the impudence t'other day to aſk me to lend him fifty pounds, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour I brought him down to three and ſix-pence.

L. *Man.* No, no, devil! I will hear nothing but revenge. [*Aſide to Y.* Ra.

Y. *Ra.* Nay, then, madam, it's time for me to provide for myſelf; here comes one, I am ſure, will ſtand by me.

*Enter Maſs* Johnny *with* Lettice, *and a gentleman in a parſon's habit.*

M. *Jo.* Tall, lall, lall! [*Singing.*] A hey! Where's my brother-father-in-law?

Y. *Ra.* Hah! my little ſprig of lewdneſs, how do'ſt thou?

M. *Jo.* How do I? Why I am marry'd, boy! How ſhou'd I do?

Y. *Ra.* Give you joy, madam. [*Saluting* Lettice.

L. *Man.* What do I ſee? Undone! ruin'd!

*Maj.* Humh! the parſon there too! Nay then, miſchief is not far off.

M. *Jo.* Well! but hark you, *Jahn!* How do my mother and you agree; what, ben't you marry'd yet?

Y. *Ra.* O Lord, 'ſquire, no! nor am not like to be; ſhe is juſt going to be marry'd to my father.

M. *Jo.* 'Icod, I thought as much! Did not I tell you, you did not know her? Did not I tell you ſo? Look you, *Jahn*, there are two things ſhe never kept in all her life, that is——a faſt-day and a promiſe; to my certain knowledge, her word is but wind, and 'Icod, ſhe no more values to break one than t'other.

Y. *Ra.* Well, 'ſquire! it ſhall never trouble me, as long as I ſuffer upon your account: for, to tell you the truth, the real occaſion for her diſcarding me, was my friendly promotion of your marriage: but there's a very eaſy way to reward my ſervice; which is, that upon

condition my father will sign this writing, you will generously condescend to chuse him for your guardian.

M. *Jo.* I'll do't an't were ten times more to serve you: let's see the writings, I'll do't, 'Icod.

Y. *Ra.* There, sir! [*Gives him the writings.*

M. *Jo.* [*To the Maj.*] Look you, sir! You, Mr.—— Mr. *Jahn*'s vather here; I don't know what your name is, not I; but if you think fit, d'ye see, to sign this paper, I'll make you my guardian——That's all I have to say to you,——so take and look it over.

*Maj.* Let's see it, my dear lad.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, I am sensible a word from you wou'd finish the business; if you will stand my friend, I am still ready to disannual your son's marriage.

[*Aside to Lady* Manlove.

L. *Man.* Alas! Heaven knows I wou'd do it, were there but a possibility of your making your words true.

Y. *Ra.* Madam! this gentleman's word and honour shall be your security.

*Lon.* Madam, I will engage for him.

L. *Lov.* And I.

*Emi.* and *Oli.* And all of us.

L. *Man.* Well! I find it's in vain to contend with him; therefore, dear major, sign it immediately, and from this moment, all I have is yours.

*Maj.* O, madam! a word from you wou'd make me do ten times more; for the six thousand pounds in ready gold and jewels runs in my head confoundedly, I long to be at it: and as for *Jacky*, I reckon within four or five days I shall nick off this annuity again at the Groom Porter's; and so have at him. [*He signs the writing.*] —So! there *Charles*, [*Gives it to* Longville.] you are engag'd to see him perform articles; if he keeps his word, much good may do him.

Y. *Ra.* Come, 'squire, are you contented this gentleman shall marry your mother, and be your guardian?

M. *Jo.* Yes, I be!—and so let him take my writings, and pray don't you cheat me now! It's for *Jahn*'s sake, I tell you that.

Y. *Ra.* Well, madam, now to dissipate your fears, in

one word, I muſt acquaint you, that your ſon *Johnny*, and my brother elect, is not married.

L. *Man.* How, not marry'd! you over-joy me, ſir; make it appear, and you ſhall never want a friend in me.

M. *Jo.* What a devil makes you raiſe ſuch a lie now?

Y. *Ra.* Prithee, my dear 'ſquire, don't interrupt us.

M. *Jo.* I will 'terrupt you then, what do you ſhove me for? I am marry'd, ſo I be! Yes I be! I be!

[*Raiſing his voice.*

Y. *Ra.* Silence! Come, Mrs. *Lettice*, pray ſatisfy my lady, and this good company, concerning your ſuſpected marriage with this young gentleman.

M. *Jo.* Ay, ay, do, let her ſpeak, with all my heart. 'Icod! ſee, who will prove the lyar, Mr. *Jahn.*

*Lett.* Well, 'ſquire! ſince I muſt ſpeak then, I declare before my lady, and this good company, that I neither am your wife, nor ever will be.

Y. *Ra.* Now, ſir, what ſay you?

M. *Jo.* I ſay ſhe lies!—— ſhe is my wife, and you know it well enough, and the parſon knows it too: what a rope did I give him two crown pieces for!

*Maj.* 'Oons! I don't know what to make of this buſineſs; one ſays ay, and t'other ſays no; prithee, dear *Domine*, put us out of our pain. Come, anſwer to the queſtion, are they marry'd, or not?

*Gent.* I muſt confeſs, ſir, at your ſon's requeſt, I did mumble over a parcel of words that ſatisfied the young 'ſquire, as well as if they had been canonical; but to convince you, that it was not in my power to injure him that way, I am no parſon, but his humble ſervant and kinſman, *Ned Friendly.* [*Throws off his gown.*

L. *Man.* Mr. *Friendly!* dear ſir, this was kindly done of you.

*Lett.* Madam, upon my knees, I beg your ladyſhip's pardon; I muſt confeſs I had like to have marry'd my young maſter, had not Mr. *Rakiſh*'s care prevented it: but he ſoon convinc'd me, what an uneaſy life I muſt have expected from your ladyſhip, and the reſt of his relations. But to ſatisfy you, madam, that I never intend to have any thoughts of him as long as I live, Mr. *Rakiſh* has been pleas'd to give me his bond to pay

me forty pounds a year during life, provided I immediately leave the town, and go and live with my friends in the country, which I faithfully promise your ladyship to perform to-morrow morning; and so, dear 'squire, farewell! Pray wish me a good journey, as I do you a better wife, and many happy days.

M. *Jo.* [*Half crying.*] What will you leave me now? Are these your tricks? Pray give me my purse again, since you won't marry me, young gentlewoman; you shall have no fine cloaths, I'll tell you that! Give me my purse, wu'll ye?

L. *Man.* Sirrah, let her alone; that purse you purloin'd from me, and she shall keep it: nay, to reward her honesty, I'll present her with this ring, as an earnest of my future kindness.

*Lett.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

M. *Jo.* What! and so I am to be cheated out of my money too! This is all long of you—Mr. *Jahn!* [*Cries.*

Y. *Ra.* Come, come! 'squire, don't be troubled, when you want money, come to me; in the mean time, hark you, in your ear; I have as pretty a young wench in my eye for you—She will be in town in two or three days——Mum!

M. *Jo.* Psha! What do I care for a wench, if I can't have her when I have a mind to it! Here I thought to have had such a night on't now! and now the parson has said grace, you tell me I shall go to dinner a month hence.

Y. *Ra.* Why then, to stay your stomach, go with me to the last act of the play, and I'll shew you one that ne'er deny'd a man twice in her life.

M. *Jo.* Ay, so you say! But I warrant she will pluck me by the hair, if I offer to meddle with her.

Y. *Ra.* Come, come! I will stand your friend, observe what I say to your mother.——Madam, your son is sensible of his error, and desires your ladyship will take him into favour again; and, from this time, he has promis'd never to disobey you.

M. *Jo.* No! no more I won't, indeed mother, if you will but let me go with Mr. *Jahn* to see the play to-night.

L. *Man.* Well, be obedient for the future, and no reaſonable freedom ſhall be deny'd you.

M. *Jo.* O Lord! thank you, dear mother. 'Icod, I am glad we are friends again! Lord! I am ſo glad!—Won't ye buſs me, mother? [*Kiſſes.*

Y. *Ra.* So! now I hope we are all friends.

*Lon.* Well, major! are you ſatisfied that your ſon has perform'd his articles? Shall I deliver him the writings?

L. *Lov.* O! by all means! Upon my word, major, he has deſerv'd it.

*Maj.* Why the dog has done ſomething for't, that's the truth on't; tho' I will lay fifty pounds I have ſeven to four upon it, before to-morrow morning.

Y. *Ra.* Well, ſir! [*To the Maj.*] Now I wiſh you joy; and thank you for my ſettlement, tho' it's an hundred to one but the world will think that you have given it me, becauſe you cou'd not help it.

*Maj.* Ay! and I warrant, *Jacky*, they will be apt to ſay too, that thou art as well ſatisfy'd, as if I had given it thee with a good will.

Y. *Ra.* Ay, ſir! People will out with their bold truths now-and-then; but come, gentlemen, how ſhall we diſpoſe of ourſelves this afternoon? What think you of the play?

*Lon.* With all my heart! And after that, I beg my houſe may entertain us; where we'll reflect at leiſure upon the happy changes in our fortune: but yours and mine, my lord, are owing both to the ſucceſsful wit of one inveterate woman; from whence we may obſerve that virtue ever is the ſecret care of Providence: Had *Leonora* been leſs my enemy, I never cou'd have prov'd myſelf ſo near a friend. Her plotted injuries to me are now my glory, and her own diſhonour:

*And may the bleſt event this truth record,*
*That good and evil actions are their own reward.*

# LOVE makes a MAN:

OR, THE

# FOP's FORTUNE.

A

# COMEDY.

# PROLOGUE.

*SINCE plays are but a kind of publick feasts,*
*Where tickets only make the welcome guests;*
*Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare*
*Your tastes in* Prologue, *with your bill of fare.*
*When you foreknow each course, tho' this may teaze you,*
*'Tis five to one, but one o' th' five may please you.*
*First, for the criticks, we've your darling chear,*
*Faults without number, more than sense can bear.*
*You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.*
*From your displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe;*
*You never frown, but where your neighbours laugh.*
*Now, you that never know what spleen or hate is,*
*Who for an act or two are welcome* gratis,
*That tip the wink, and so sneak out with* nunquam satis;
*For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a fop,*
*We hope the newest that's of late come up;*
*The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mixt he carries,*
*He seems a* ragou, *piping hot from* Paris.
*But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,*
*We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for,* love.
*An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,*
*And nearest happy, when it most despairs.*
*For masks, we've scandal, and for beaus,* French *airs.*
*To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;*
*For the galleries, we've* Dicky *and* Will Penkethman.
*Now, sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;*
*But pray, in charity, the founder spare,*
*Lest you destroy at once the poet and the player.*

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## M E N.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Antonio* and *Charino* | old gentlemen, | Mr. *Bullock.* Mr. *Croſs.* |
| Don *Lewis*, uncle and dear friend to *Carlos*, | | Mr. *Penkethman.* |
| *Carlos*, a ſtudent, | Sons to *Antonio*, | Mr. *Wilks.* |
| *Clodio*, a pert coxcomb, | Sons to *Antonio*, | Mr. *Cibber.* |
| *Sancho*, ſervant to *Carlos*, | | Mr. *Norris.* |
| *Monſieur*, valet to *Clodio*, | | Mr. |
| Governor of *Liſbon*, | | Mr. *Simpſon.* |
| Don *Duart*, his nephew, | | Mr. *Mills.* |
| Don *Manuel*, a ſea officer, in love with *Louiſa*, | | Mr. *Toms.* |

## W O M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Angelina*, daughter to *Charino*, | Mrs. *Temple.* |
| *Louiſa*, a lady of quality and pleaſure, | Mrs. *Verbruggen.* |
| *Elvira*, ſiſter to Don *Duart*, | Mrs. *Knight.* |
| *Honoria*, couſin to *Louiſa*, | Mrs. *Moor.* |

*Prieſt, Officers, and Servants.*

# LOVE makes a MAN:

## OR, THE

# FOP's FORTUNE.

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### ACT I. SCENE, *an hall.*

*Enter* Antonio *and* Charino.

*Ant.* WITHOUT compliment, my old friend, I ſhall think myſelf much honour'd in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to ſupport 'em; and, I think, the ſooner we ſet 'em to work, the better.

*Cha.* Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and ſhall find I dare meet you in the ſame line of honour; and, I hope, ſince I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troubleſome old fool, if I endeavour to beſtow her to her worth; therefore, if you pleaſe, before we ſhake hands, a word or two by the bye, for I have ſome conſiderable queſtions to aſk you.

*Ant.* Aſk 'em.

*Cha.* Well, in the firſt place, you ſay you have two ſons?

*Ant.* Exactly.

*Cha.* And you are willing that one of 'em ſhall marry my daughter?

*Ant.* Willing.

*Cha.* My daughter *Angelina!*

*Ant.* *Angelina.*

*Cha.* And you are likewiſe content that the ſaid *Angelina* ſhall ſurvey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful huſband which of 'em ſhe pleaſes?

*Ant.* Content.

*Cha.* And you farther promiſe, that the perſon by her (and me) ſo choſen (be it elder or younger) ſhall be

your ſole heir; that is to ſay, ſhall be in a conditional poſſeſſion of at leaſt three parts of your eſtate. You know the conditions, and this you poſitively promiſe?

*Ant.* To perform.

*Cha.* Why then, as the laſt token of my full conſent and approbation, I give you my hand.

*Ant.* There's mine.

*Cha* Is't a match?

*Ant.* A match.

*Cha.* Done.

*Ant.* Done.

*Cha.* And done!——that's enough.——*Carlos*, the elder, you ſay is a great ſcholar, ſpends his whole life in the univerſity, and loves his ſtudy.

*Ant.* Nothing more, ſir.

*Cha.* But *Clodio*, the younger, has ſeen the world, and is very well known in the court of *France*; a ſprightly fellow, ha?

*Ant.* Mettle to the back, ſir.

*Cha.* Well! how far either of 'em may go with my daughter, I can't tell; ſhe'll be eaſily pleas'd where I am—I have given her ſome documents already. Hark! what noiſe without?

*Ant.* Odſo! 'tis they——they're come——I have expected 'em theſe two hours. Well, ſirrah, who's without?

*Enter a ſervant.*

*Serv.* 'Tis *Sancho*, ſir, with a waggon-load of my maſter's books.

*Cha.* What, does he always travel with his whole ſtudy?

*Ant.* Never without them, ſir, 'tis his humour.

*Enter* Sancho, *laden with books.*

*San.* *Pedro*, unload part of the library; bid the porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen of carts; I'll be with you preſently.

*Ant.* Ha! *Sancho!* where's my *Carlos!* ſpeak, boy, where didſt thou leave thy maſter?

*San.* Jogging on, ſir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employ'd, in his book, and his bridle, ſir; but he has ſent his duty before him in this letter, ſir.

*Ant.* What have we here, *pothooks* and *andirons?*

*San. Pothooks!* O! dear ſir!——I beg your pardon ——No, ſir, this is *Arabick*, 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the tranſlation, ſir, of human bodies——a new way of getting out of the world. There's a terrible wiſe man * has written a very ſmart book of it.

*Cha.* Pray, friend, what will that ſame book teach a man?

*San.* Teach you, ſir! why to play a trump upon death, and ſhew yourſelf a match for the devil.

*Cha.* Strange!

*San.* Here, ſir, this is your letter. [*To* Ant.

*Cha.* Pray, ſir, what ſort of life may your maſter lead?

*San.* Life, ſir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his faſt with *Ariſtotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, ſups with *Seneca*; then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and after ſix hours conference with the ſtars, ſleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

*Cha.* Wonderful!

*Ant.* So, *Carlos* will be here preſently———Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

*San.* And drink too, ſir,———and pray ſee your maſter's chamber ready. [*Knocking again.* Well, ſir, who's at the gate?

*Enter a ſervant.*

*Serv.* Monſieur, ſir, from my young maſter *Clodio*.

*Enter Monſieur.*

*Ant.* Well, Monſieur, what ſays your maſter? When will he be here?

*Monſ.* Sire, he will be here in de leſs time dan von quarter of de hour; he is not quite tirty mile off.

*Ant.* And what came you before for?

*Monſ.* Sire, me come to provide de pulvile, and de eſſence for his peruque, dat he may approache to your vorſhipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

*Ant.* What! is he unprovided then?

*Monſ.* Sire, he vas enrage, and did break his bottel d'orangerie, becauſe it vas not de ſame dat is prepare for *Monſeigneur le Dauphin*.

*Ant.* Well, ſir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll——help you to ſome oil for his perriwig.

* Mr. *Aſgil*.

*Monſ.* Sire, me tank you. [*Exit Monſ.*

*Cha.* A very notable ſpark this *Clodio*. Ha! what trampling of horſes is that without?

*Enter a ſervant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my young maſters are both come.

*Ant.* That's well! now, ſir, now! now obſerve their ſeveral diſpoſitions.

*Enter* Carlos.

*Car.* My father! Sir, your bleſſing.

*Ant.* Thou haſt it, *Carlos*; and now pray know this gentleman; *Charino*, ſir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular intereſt.

*Car.* I'll ſtudy to deſerve his love, ſir.

*Cha.* Sir, as for that matter, you need not ſtudy at all. [*They ſalute.*

*Enter* Clodio.

*Clo.* Hey! *La Valiere!* bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and out-ſtript the wind.

*Cha.* Ay, marry ſir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

*Clo.* Where's my father?

*Ant.* Ha, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome! let me kiſs thee.

*Clo.* Sir,——you kiſs pleaſingly——I love to kiſs a man; in *Paris* we kiſs nothing elſe. Sir, being my father's friend, I am your moſt obliged, faithful, humble ſervant. [*To* Cha.

*Cha.* Sir——I—I—I like you. [*Eagerly.*

*Clo.* Thy hand——kiſs——I'm your friend.

*Cha.* Faith, thou art a pretty humour'd fellow.

*Clo.* Who's that? Pray, ſir, who's that?

*Ant.* Your brother, *Clody*.

*Clo.* Odſo! I beg his pardon with all my heart—— Ha, ha, ha! did ever mortal ſee ſuch a book-worm?—— Brother, how is't? [*Careleſsly.*

*Car.* I'm glad you are well, brother. [*Reads.*

*Clo.* What, does he draw his book upon me? then I will draw my wit upon him—Gad, I'll puzzle him—Hark you, brother, pray what's—*Latin* for a ſword-knot?

*Car.* The *Romans* wore none, brother.

*Clo.* No ornament upon their ſwords, ſir?

*Car.* O yes, ſeveral, conqueſt, peace, and honour—an old unfaſhionable wear.

*Clo.* Sir, no man in *France* (I may as well ſay breathing, for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more faſhionable ſword than I do; he coſt me fifteen louis-d'ors in *Paris*——There, ſir,—feel him,——try him, ſir.

*Car.* I have no ſkill, ſir.

*Clo.* No ſkill, ſir! why this ſword would make a coward fight——aha! ſa! ſa! ha! rip——ha! there I had him. [*Fencing.*

*Car.* Take heed, you'll cut my cloaths, brother.

*Clo.* Cut 'em! ha, ha,——no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the *grammar-rules* exactly: pſha, prithee man leave off this college-air.

*Car.* No, brother, I think it wholeſome, the ſoil and ſituation pleaſant.

*Clo.* A put, by *Jupiter!* he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country:——Sir, I mean the air of your cloaths; I would have you change your taylor, and dreſs a little more *en cavalier:* lay by your book, and take out your ſnuff-box; cock, and look ſmart, hah!

*Cha.* Faith, a pretty fellow!

*Car.* I read no uſe in this, brother; and for my cloaths, the half of what I wear already, ſeems to me ſuperfluous: what need I outward ornaments, when I can deck myſelf with underſtanding? Why ſhould we care for any thing, but knowledge? or look upon the follies of mankind, but to condemn or pity thoſe that ſeek 'em? [*Reads again.*

*Clo.* Stark mad! ſplit me.

*Cha.* Pſha, this fellow will never do——he'as no ſoul in him.

*Clo.* Hark you, brother, what do you think of a pretty plump wench now?

*Car.* I ſeldom think that way; women are books I have not read yet.

*Clo.* Gad, I could ſet you a ſweet leſſon, brother.

*Car.* I am as well here, ſir. [*Reads.*

*Cha.* Good for no earthly thing; a ſtock; ah, that *Clody!*

*Enter Monſieur.*

*Monſ.* Sire, here be de ſeveral ſorte of de jaſſimine l'orangerie vidout, if you pleaſe to make your ſhoice.

*Clo.* Mum, ſir! I muſt beg pardon for a moment; a moſt important buſineſs calls me aſide, which I will diſpatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my deſire to continue, ſir, your moſt oblig'd and faithful humble ſervant. [*Exit* Clody *bowing.*

*Cha.* Faith, he's a pretty fellow.

*Ant.* Now, ſir, if you pleaſe, ſince we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little cloſer to him.

*Cha.* 'Tis to little purpoſe, I am afraid: but uſe your pleaſure, ſir.

*Car.* *Plato* differs from *Socrates* in this. [*To himſelf.*

*Ant.* Come, come, prithee *Carlos* lay 'em by, let 'em agree at leiſure. What, no hour of interruption?

*Car.* Man's life, ſir, being ſo ſhort, and then the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourſelves, ſo hard and tedious, each minute ſhould be precious.

*Ant.* Ay, but to thrive in this world, *Carlos*, you muſt part a little with this bookiſh contemplation, and prepare yourſelf for action. If you will ſtudy, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for paſture; to buy and ſell my ſtock to the beſt advantage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown with labour. This now wou'd turn to ſome account.

*Car.* This, ſir, may be done from what I've read: for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it than *Virgil* in his *Georgics?* And, for the cure of herds, his *Bucolics* are a maſter-piece; but when his art deſcribes the commonwealth of bees, their induſtry, their more than human knowledge of the herbs from which they gather honey, their laws, their government among themſelves, their order in going forth, and coming laden home, their ſtrict obedience to their king, his juſt rewards to ſuch as labour, his puniſhment inflicted only on the ſlothful drone; I'm raviſh'd with it, then reap indeed my harveſt, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find wax and honey.

*Ant.* Hey day! *Georges!* and *Blue-ſticks*, and *Bees-wax!* What, art thou mad?

*Cha.* Raving, raving!

*Car.* No, ſir, the knowledge of this guards me from it.

*Ant.* But can you find, among all your muſty manuſcripts, what pleaſure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-ſhap'd, healthy bride? anſwer me that, ha, ſir!

*Car.* 'Tis frequent, ſir, in ſtory; there I read of all kind of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient *Spartan* dames, the *Roman* ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with ſuch a feeling I peruſe their fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and taſted of their lawful envy'd love: but when I meet a *Meſſalina*, tir'd and unſated in her foul deſires; a *Clytemneſtra*, bath'd in her huſband's blood; an impious *Tullia* whirling her chariot o'er her father's breathleſs body, horror invades my faculties; comparing then the numerous guilty, with the eaſy count of thoſe that die in innocence, I deteſt and loath 'em as ignorance, or atheiſm.

*Ant.* And you do reſolve then not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

*Car.* What debt, good ſir?

*Ant.* Why the debt I paid my father when I got you, ſir, and made him a grandſire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

*Car.* Nor would I; my labour'd ſtudies, ſir, may prove in time a living iſſue.

*Ant.* Very well, ſir; and ſo I ſhall have a general collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* 'till this time, to be my grand-child!

*Car.* I'll take my beſt care, ſir, that what I leave may not ſhame the family.

*Cha.* A ſad fellow this! This is a very ſad fellow. [*Aſide.*

*Ant.* Nor you won't take care of my eſtate?

*Car.* But in my wiſhes, ſir: for know the wings on which my ſoul is mounted, have long ſince borne her pride too high to ſtoop to any prey that ſoars not up-

wards; ſordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth, fix in that groſs element their happineſs; but great and pure ſpirits, ſhaking the clog of human frailty off, become refin'd, and free as the æthereal air.

*Ant.* So in ſhort you wou'd not marry an empreſs!

*Car.* Give me leave to enjoy myſelf; the cloſet that contains my choſen books, to me's a glorious court; my venerable companions there, the old ſages and philoſophers, ſometimes the greateſt kings and heroes, whoſe counſels I have leave to weigh, and call their victories, if unjuſtly got, unto a ſtrict account, and in my fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd ſtatues. Can I then part with ſolid conſtant pleaſures, to claſp uncertain vanities? No, ſir, be it your care to ſwell your heap of wealth, marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather wou'd inform it with a ſoul.—I tire you, ſir—your pardon, and your leave.—Lights there for my ſtudy. [*Exit* Carlos.

*Ant.* Was ever man thus tranſported from the common ſenſe of his own happineſs? A ſtupid wiſe rogue, I cou'd beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young *Clody*, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

*Cha.* Ay, ay, he's the match for my money, and my girl's too, I warrant her. What ſay you, ſir, ſhall we tell 'em a piece of our mind, and turn 'em together inſtantly?

*Ant.* This minute, ſir; and here comes my young rogue in the very nick of his fortune.

*Enter* Clodio.

*Ant.* *Clody*, a word!

*Clo.* To the wiſe is enough: your pleaſure, ſir?

*Ant.* In the mean time, ſir, if you pleaſe to ſend your daughter notice of our intended viſit. [*Exit* Cha.

*Cha.* I'll do't—hark you, friend. [*Whiſpers a ſervant.*

*Enter* Sancho *behind.*

*San.* I doubt my maſter has found but rough welcome! He's gone ſupperleſs into his ſtudy; I'd fain know the reaſon——It may be ſome body has borrow'd one of his books, or ſo——I muſt find it out.

[*Stands aſide.*

*Clo.* Sir, you could not have ſtarted any thing more

agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's, ſir, if this old gentleman will pleaſe to give me a ſight of her, you ſhall ſee me whip into hers in the cutting of a caper.

*Cha.* Well! purſue and conquer; tho' let me tell you ſir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; ſhe has a ſmart way, ſir.

*Clo.* Sir, I will be as ſmart as ſhe; I have my ſhare of courage; I fear no woman alive, ſir, having always found, that love and aſſurance ought to be as inſeparable companions as a beau and a ſnuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-ſtopper.

*Cha.* Faith thou art a pleaſant rogue; I'gad ſhe muſt like thee.

*Clo.* I know how to tickle the ladies, ſir——In *Paris* I had conſtantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleaſant company the night before with the firſt ladies of quality.

*Cha.* Ah, ſilly envious rogues! Prithee, what do you do to their ladies?

*San.* Poſitively, nothing. [*Aſide.*

*Clo.* Why the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too ſmartly; for which, the poor dogs the *princes* cou'd not endure me.

*Cha.* Why, haſt thou really convers'd with the *royal family?*

*Clo.* Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, ay, ay!—you muſt know ſome of 'em came with me half a day's journey, to ſee me a little on my way hither: but I'gad I ſent young *Louis* back again to *Marli* as drunk as a tinker, by *Jove!* Ha, ha, ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next morning.

*Cha.* Gad-a-mercy, boy! well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their ladies too!

*San.* Juſt alike, I dare anſwer for him. [*Aſide.*

*Clo.* Why, you ſhall judge now, you ſhall judge——Let me ſee! there was I and Monſieur——no, no, no; Monſieur did not ſup with us.——There was I and Prince *Grandmont*, Duke *de Bongrace*, Duke *de Bellegrade*——(*Bellegrade*——yes—yes, *Jack* was there!) Count *de l'Eſprit*, *Mareſchal Bombard*, and that pleaſant dog the

Prince *de Hautenbas*. We ſix now were all at ſupper, all in good humour, *Champaign* was the word, and wit flew about the room like a pack of loſing cards. ——Now, ſir, in Madam's adjacent lodgings there happen'd to be the ſelf-ſame number of ladies, after the fatigue of a ballat, diverting themſelves with *Ratifia*, and the ſpleen; ſo dull, they were not able to talk, tho' it were ſcandalouſly even of their beſt friends: ſo, ſir, after a profound ſilence at laſt one of 'em gap'd ———O gad! ſays ſhe, would that pleaſant dog *Clody* were here to *badiner* a little.——Hey, ſays a ſecond, and ſtretch'd. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* ſays a third——and wak'd.——Cou'd not one find him, ſays a fourth?——and leer'd.——O! burn him, ſays a fifth, I ſaw him go out with the naſty rakes of the *blood* again———in a pet.——Did you ſo, ſays a ſixth——*Pardie!* we'll ſpoil that gang preſently—in a paſſion. Whereupon, ſir, in two minutes, I receiv'd a billet in four words——*Chien nous vous demandons:* ſubſcrib'd, *Grandmont*, *Bongrace*, *Bellegrade*, *l'Eſprit*, *Bombard*, *Hautenbas*.

*Cha*. Why, theſe are the very names of the princes you ſupp'd with.

*Clo*. Every ſoul of 'em the individual wife or ſiſter of every man in the company! ſplit me! *Ha, ha!*

*Cha*. and *Ant*. Ha, ha, ha!

*San*. Did ever two old gudgeons ſwallow ſo greedily? [*Aſide*.

*Ant*. Well! and did'ſt thou make a night on't, boy?

*Clo*. Yes, I'gad, and morning too, ſir; for about eight o'clock the next day, ſlap they all ſous'd upon their knees, kiſs'd round, burnt their commodes, drank my health, broke their glaſſes, and ſo parted.

*Ant*. Gad-a-mercy, *Clody!* nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue.

*Cha*. I like him the better for't———he's a pleaſant one, I'm ſure.

*Ant*. Well, the rogue gives a rare account of his travels.

*Clo*. I'gad, ſir, I have a cure for the ſpleen; a ha! I know how to riggle myſelf into a lady's favour——give me leave when you pleaſe, ſir.

*Cha.* Sir, you ſhall have it this moment—faith, I like him—you remember the conditions, ſir; three parts of your eſtate to him and his heirs.

*Ant.* Sir, he deſerves it all; 'tis not a trifle ſhall part 'em: you ſee *Carlos* has given over the world; I'll undertake to buy his birth-right for a ſhelf of new books.

*Cha.* Ay, ay! get you the writings ready with your other ſon's hand to 'em; for unleſs he ſigns, the conveyance is of no validity.

*Ant.* I know it, ſir,—they ſhall be ready with his hand in two hours.

*Cha.* Why then come along, my lad, and now I'll ſhew thee to my daughter.

*Clo.* I dare be ſhewn, ſir,—*Allons!* Hey, *Suivons l'Amour.* [*Sings.*] [*Exeunt.*

*San.* How! my poor maſter to be diſinherited for *Monſieur!* Sa! ſa! there; and I a looker-on too! If we have ſtudy'd our *majors* and our *minors*, *antecedents*, and *conſequents*, to be concluded coxcombs at laſt, we have made a fair hand on't; I am glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my maſter's uncle, old Don *Lewis*, ſhall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old rough teſty blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a rubbers with 'em firſt.——— Here he comes, *profecto.*

*Enter Don* Lewis.

D. *Lew.* *Sancho!* Where's my boy *Carlos?* What, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—*Sancho!* a little peep now——one peep at him thro' the key-hole—I muſt have a peep.

*San.* Have a care, ſir, he's upon a magical point.

D. *Lew.* What, has he loſt any thing?

*San.* Yes, ſir, he has loſt with a vengeance.

D. *Lew.* But what, what, what, what, ſirrah! What is't?

*San.* Why his birth-right, ſir; he is di—di—diſ—— diſinherited. [*Sobbing.*

D. *Lew.* Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what doſt thou mean?

*San.* His brother, ſir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great

heireſs, to enjoy three parts of his father's eſtate; and my maſter is to have a whole acre of new books, for ſetting his hand to the conveyance.

D. *Lew*. This muſt be a lie, ſirrah; I will have it a lie.

*San*. With all my heart, ſir; but here comes my old maſter, and the pick-pocket the lawyer; they'll tell you more.

*Enter* Antonio *and a Lawyer*.

*Ant*. Here, ſir, this paper has your full inſtructions; pray be ſpeedy, ſir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to-morrow; be ſure you make it firm.

*Law*. Do you ſecure his hand, ſir, I defy the law to give him his title again. [*Exit*.

*San*. What think you now, ſir?

D. *Lew*. Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd——this is right——I'm pleas'd——muſt cut that lawyer's throat tho'——muſt bone him——ay! I'll have him bon'd——and potted.

*Ant*. Brother, how is't?

D. *Lew*. O mighty well——mighty well——let's feel your pulſe——feveriſh.

[*Looks earneſtly in* Antonio's *face, and after ſome pauſe, whiſtles a piece of a tune*.

*Ant*. You are merry, brother.

D. *Lew*. It's a lie.

*Ant*. How, brother?

D. *Lew*. A damn'd lie—I am not merry. [*Smiling*.

*Ant*. What are you then?

D. *Lew*. Very angry. [*Laughing*.

*Ant*. Hi, hi, hi! at what, brother? [*Mimicking him*.

D. *Lew*. Why, at a very wiſe ſettlement I have made lately.

*Ant*. What ſettlement, good brother?—I find he has heard of it. [*Aſide*.

D. *Lew*. What do you think I have done?——I have——this deep head of mine has——diſinherited my elder ſon, becauſe his underſtanding's an honour to my family; and given it all to my younger, becauſe he's a puppy! a puppy!

*Ant*. Come, I gueſs at your meaning, brother.

D. *Lew.* Do you ſo, ſir? Why then I muſt tell you flat and plain, my boy *Carlos* muſt and ſhall inherit it.

*Ant.* I ſay, no, unleſs *Carlos* had a ſoul to value his fortune: what! he ſhould manage eight thouſand crowns a year out of the *metaphyſicks!* *Aſtronomy* ſhould look to my vineyards! *Horace* ſhould buy off my wines! *Tragedy* ſhould kill my mutton! *Hiſtory* ſhould cut down my hay! *Homer* ſhould get in my corn! *Tityre tu Patulæ* look to my ſheep! and *Geometry* bring my harveſt home! Hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

D. *Lew.* What if I don't, ſir, I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough.—Tho' I can ſpeak no *Greek*, I love and honour the ſound of it, and *Carlos* ſpeaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, ſir; and let me tell you, ſir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but ſix lines of *Heſiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*, or any of the *Greek* poets, odſheart! it would have made your hair ſtand an end; ſir, he has read ſuch things in my hearing———

*Ant.* But did you underſtand 'em, brother?

D. *Lew.* I tell you, no. What does that ſignify? the very ſound's a ſufficient comfort to an honeſt man.

*Ant.* Fie, fie! I wonder you talk ſo, you that are old, and ſhould underſtand.

D. *Lew.* Should, ſir! Yes, and do, ſir: ſir, I'd have you to know, I have ſtudy'd, I have run over hiſtory, poetry, philoſophy.

*Ant.* Yes, like a cat over a harpſichord, rare muſick—You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

D. *Lew.* A ſad dog——I'll buy a prettier fellow in a pennyworth of gingerbread.

*Ant.* What I propoſe, I'll do, ſir, ſay you your pleaſure——Here comes one I muſt talk with———Well, brother, what news?

*Enter* Charino.

*Cha.* O! to our wiſhes, ſir; *Clody*'s a right bait for a girl, ſir; a budding ſprightly fellow: ſhe's a little ſhy at firſt; but I gave him his cue, and the rogue does ſo whiſk, and friſk, and ſing, and dance her about: odſbud! he plays like a greyhound. Noble Don *Lewis*, I am

your humble ſervant: come, what ſay you? Shall I prevail with you to ſettle ſome part of your eſtate upon young *Clody?*

D. *Lew.* *Clody!*

*Cha.* Ay, your nephew, *Clody.*

D. *Lew.* Settle upon him!

*Cha.* Ay.

D. *Lew.* Why look you, I han't much land to ſpare; but I have an admirable horſe-pond——I'll ſettle that upon him, if you will.

*Ant.* Come, let him have his way, ſir, he's old and haſty; my eſtate's ſufficient. How does your daughter, ſir?

*Cha.* Ripe, and ready, ſir, like a bluſhing roſe, ſhe only waits for the pulling.

*Ant.* Why then, let to-morrow be the day.

*Cha.* With all my heart; get you the writings ready, my girl ſhall be here in the morning.

D. *Lew.* Hark you, ſir, do you ſuppoſe my *Carlos* ſhall———

*Cha.* Sir, I ſuppoſe nothing; what I'll do, I'll juſtify; what your brother does, let him anſwer.

*Ant.* That I have already, ſir, and ſo good-morrow to your patience, brother. [*Exeunt.*

D. *Lew.* *Sancho!*

*San.* Sir.

D. *Lew.* Fetch me ſome gun-powder—quick—quick.

*San.* Sir.

D. *Lew.* Some gun-powder, I ſay,——a barrel——quickly—and, d'ye hear, three penny-worth of ratſbane!——Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poiſon the other.

*San.* Come, ſir, I ſee what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, ſir) e'en let me try if I can fire my maſter enough with the praiſes of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, ſir.

D. *Lew.* Pſha! impoſſible, he never ſpoke ſix words to any woman in his life, but his bed-maker.

*San.* So much the better, ſir; therefore, if he ſpeaks [illegible] it's the more likely to be out of the road—Hark, he rings——I muſt wait upon him. [*Exit.*

D. *Lew.* Theſe damn'd old rogues!—I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, *Carlos*, let 'em go on, thou ſhalt not want money to buy thee books yet—— That old fool thy father, and his young puppy, ſhall not ſhare a groat of mine between 'em! Nay, to plague 'em, I could find in my heart to fall ſick in a pet, give thee my eſtate in a paſſion, and leave the world in a fury. [*Exit.*

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## A C T II.

*Enter* Antonio *and* Sancho.

*Ant.* SIR, he ſhall have what's fit for him.

*San.* No inheritance, ſir?

*Ant.* Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for; you talk like a fool, a coxcomb; trouble him with land——

*San.* Muſt maſter *Clodio* have all, ſir?

*Ant.* All, all; he knows how to uſe it; he's a man bred in this world; t'other in the ſkies, his buſineſs is altogether above ſtairs; [*Bell rings*] go, ſee what he wants.

*San.* A father, I am ſure. [*Exit* San.

*Ant.* What, will none of my rogues come near me now? O! here they are.

*Enter ſeveral ſervants.*

Well, ſir, in the firſt place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young maſter is to be marry'd this morning; will that ſpur you, ſir?

*Cook.* Young maſter, ſir! I wiſh your honour had given me a little more warning.

*Ant.* Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not ſure of it half an hour ago.

*Cook.* Sir, I will try what I can do——Hey! *Pedro! Guſman!* Come, ſtir, ho! [*Exit* Cook.

*Ant.* Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if

any man offers to ſneak away ſober, knock him down! Is the muſic come?

*But*. They are within, at breakfaſt, ſir.

*Ant*. That's well: here, let this room be clean'd. ——You, huſſy, ſee the bride-bed made; take care no young jade cut the cords aſunder; and look the ſheets be fine, and well ſcented—and, d'ye hear,——lay on three pillows!———away! [*Exeunt*.

[*A noiſe of chopping behind*. Carlos *alone in his ſtudy*.]

*Car*. What a perpetual noiſe theſe people make! my head is broken with ſeveral noiſes; and in every corner; I have forgot to eat and ſleep, with reading; all my faculties turn into ſtudy: what a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind! How unprofitable a pleaſure is eating!——*Sancho!*

*Enter* Sancho.

*San*. Did you call, ſir? [*Chopping again*.

*Car*. Prithee, what noiſe is this?

*San*. The cooks are hard at work, ſir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

*Car*. And is it thus at every dinner?

*San*. No, ſir; but we have high doings to-day.

*Car*. Well, ſet this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone —— Does my younger brother ſpeak any *Greek* yet, *Sancho?*

*San*. No, ſir; but he ſpits *French* like a magpye, and that's more in faſhion.

*Car*. He ſteps before me there; I think I read it well enough to underſtand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue. [*Chopping again*.]—Again that noiſe! prithee tell me, *Sancho*, are there any princes to dine here?

*San*. Some there are as happy as princes, ſir,—your brother's marry'd to-day.

*Car*. What of that! might not ſix diſhes ſerve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but ſparingly.

*San*. Sir, all the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the houſe, but comes too: all open, ſir.

*Car*. Prithee, who is it my brother marries?

*San*. Old *Charino*'s daughter, ſir, the great heireſs;

a delicate creature; young, ſoft, ſmooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry——and, they ſay, modeſt too.

*Car.* That's ſtrange; prithee how does theſe modeſt women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my own mother; to me they ever were but ſhadows, ſeen and unregarded.

*Lan.* Ah! wou'd you ſaw this lady, ſir, ſhe'd draw you farther than your *Archimedes*; ſhe has a better ſecret than any's in *Ariſtotle*, if you ſtudy'd for't: l'gad you'd find her the prettieſt natural philoſopher to play with!

*Car.* Is ſhe ſo fine a creature?

*San.* Such eyes! ſuch looks! ſuch a pair of pretty plump, pouting lips! ſuch ſoftneſs in her voice! ſuch muſick too! and when ſhe ſmiles, ſuch roguiſh dimples in her cheeks! ſuch a clear ſkin! white neck, and a little lower, ſuch a pair of round, hard, heaving, what-d'ye-call-ums———ah!

*Car.* Why thou art in love, *Sancho*.

*San.* Ay! ſo would you be, if you ſaw her, ſir.

*Car.* I don't think ſo. What ſettlement does my father make 'em?

*San.* Only all his dirty land, ſir, and makes your brother his ſole heir.

*Car.* Muſt I have nothing?

*San.* Books in abundance; leave to ſtudy your eyes out, ſir.

*Car.* I am the elder born, and have a title too.

*San.* No matter for that, ſir, he'll have poſſeſſion——of the lady too.

*Car.* I wiſh him happy——he'll not inherit my little underſtanding too!

*San.* O, ſir, he's more a gentleman than to do that——Ods me! ſir, ſir, here comes the very lady, the bride, your ſiſter that muſt be, and her father.

*Enter* Charino *and* Angelina.

Stand cloſe, you'll both ſee and hear, ſir.

*Car.* I ne'er ſaw any yet ſo fair! ſuch ſweetneſs in her look! ſuch modeſty! if we may think the eye the window to the heart, ſhe has a thouſand treaſur'd virtues there.

*San.* So! the book's gone. [*Aſide.*

*Cha.* Come, prithee put on a brisker look; odsheart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

*Ang.* Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought perhaps had made it easier to me: to change for ever, is no trifle, sir.

*Car.* A wonder!

*Cha.* Look you, his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exception to. What, in the name of *Venus*, would the girl have?

*Ang.* I never said, of all the world, I made him, sir, my choice: nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averse; but i had rather welcome your commands and him, than disobedience.

*Cha.* O! if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

*Ang.* I have done with my objections, sir.

*Car.* Such understanding, in so soft a form!——Happy——Happy brother!—may he be happy, while I sit down in patience, and alone!—I have gaz'd too much——Reach me an *Ovid.* [*Exeunt* Car. *and* San.

*Cha.* I say, put on your best looks, hussey—for here he comes, faith.

*Enter* Clodio.

Ah! my dear *Clody*.

*Clo.* My dear, dear dad. [*Embracing.*] Ha; *Ma Princesse! etes vous là donc!* A ha! *Non, non. Je ne me connois guerre*, &c. [*Sings.*] Look, look,—o'fly-boots; what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will, child.——l'gad, I shall count the clock extremely to-night: let me see——what time shall I rise to-morrow?—Not till after nine,—ten,—eleven, for a pistole. Ah——*C'est à dire votre coeur insensible est en fin vaincu. Non, non*, &c. [*Sings a second verse.*

*Enter* Antonio, *Don* Lewis, *and Lawyer.*

*Ant.* Well said, *Clody*; my noble brother, welcome: my fair daughter, I give you joy.

*Clo.* And so will I too, sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chansons! Dansons! Hey! L'autre jour*, &c.

[*Sings and dances, &c.*

*Ant.* Well ſaid again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome. What, my angry brother! nay, you muſt have your welcome too, or we ſhall make but a flat feaſt on't.

D. *Lew.* Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor nobody's welcome, and you are all a parcel of———

*Cha.* What, ſir?

D. *Lew.* ——Miſerable wretches——ſad dogs.

*Ant.* Come, pray, ſir, bear with him, he's old and haſty; but he'll dine and be good company for all this.

D. *Lew.* A ſtrange lie, that.

*Clo.* Ha, ha, ha! poor Teſty, ha, ha!

D. *Lew.* Don't laugh, my dear rogue, prithee don't laugh now; faith I ſhall break thy head, if thou doſt.

*Clo.* Gad ſo! why then I find you are angry at me, dear uncle?

D. *Lew.* Angry at thee, hey puppy! Why, what! —what doſt thou ſee in that lovely hatchet-face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my ſight, or———

*Ant.* Nay, brother, this is too far———

D. *Lew.* Angry at him! a ſon of a——ſon's ſon of a whore!

*Cha.* Ha, ha! poor peeviſh———

D. *Lew.* I'd fain have ſomebody poiſon him. [*To himſelf.*] Ah, that ſweet creature! Muſt this fair flower be cropp'd to ſtick up in a piece of raſcally earthen ware? I muſt ſpeak to her——Puppy, ſtand out of my way.

*Clo.* Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D. *Lew.* [*To* Angelina.] Ah!——ah!——ah! Madam——I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handſome man yok'd to you, one of underſtanding too:——I am ſorry to ſay it, but this fellow's ſcull's extremely thick——he can never get any thing upon that fair body, but muffs and ſnuff-boxes; or, ſay, he ſhould have a thing ſhap'd like a child, you can make nothing of it but a taylor.

*Clo.* Ods me! why you are teſty, my dear uncle.

D. *Lew.* Will nobody take that troubleſome dog out

of my ſight——I can't ſtay where he is——I'll go ſee my poor boy *Carlos*——I've diſturb'd you, madam; your humble ſervant.

*Ant.* You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

D. *Lew.* That lady's health I may; and, if ſhe'll give me leave, perhaps ſit by her at table too.

*Clo.* Ha, ha! bye nuncle.

D. *Lew.* Puppy, good bye——— [*Exit D.* Lew.

*Ang.* An odd-humour'd gentleman.

*Ant.* Very odd indeed, child; I ſuppoſe in pure ſpite, he'll make my ſon *Carlos* his heir.

*Ang.* Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father ſays this *Carlos* is; ſure there's ſomething hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that ſpeaks him not ſo mere a log.

*Ant.* Come, ſhall we go and ſeal, brother? the prieſt ſtays for us; when *Carlos* has ſign'd the conveyance, as he ſhall preſently, we'll then to the wedding, and ſo to dinner.

*Cha.* With all my heart, ſir.

*Clo.* *Allons! ma chere princeſſe.* [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Carlos, *Don* Lewis, *and* Sancho.

D. *Lew.* Nay, you are undone.

*Car.* Then—I muſt ſtudy, ſir, to bear my fortune.

D. *Lew.* Have you no greater feeling?

*San.* You were ſenſible of the great book, ſir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune ſtir you?

*Car.* Will he have my books too?

D. *Lew.* No, no, he has a book, a fine one too, call'd *The Gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The ſecret Art of getting Sons and Daughters:* ſuch a creature! a beauty in folio! would thou hadſt her in thy ſtudy, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new-claſp her.

*San.* He has ſeen her, ſir.

D. *Lew.* Well——and——

*San.* He flung away his book, ſir.

D. *Lew.* Did he faith! wou'd he had flung away his humour too, and ſpoke to her.

*Car.* Muſt my brother then have all?

D. *Lew.* All, all.

*San.* All that your father has, ſir.

*Car.* And that fair creature too?

*San.* Ay, ſir.

D. *Lew.* Hey!

*Car.* He has enough, then. [*Sighing.*

D. *Lew.* He have her, *Carlos!* why wou'd, wou'd, that is——hey!

*Car.* May I not ſee her ſometimes, and call her ſiſter? I'll do her no wrong.

D. *Lew.* I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for madneſs! Fleſh and fire! do but ſpeak to her, man.

*Car.* I cannot, ſir, her look requires ſomething of that diſtant awe, words of that ſoft reſpect, and yet ſuch force and meaning too, that I ſhould ſtand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wiſh her joy. ——O were I born to give it too!

D. *Lew.* Why thou ſhalt wiſh her joy, boy; faith ſhe is a good-humour'd creature, ſhe'll take it kindly.

*Car.* Do you think ſo, uncle?

D. *Lew.* I'll to her, and tell her of you.

*Car.* Do, ſir.——Stay, uncle——will ſhe not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

D. *Lew.* 'Fend a fiddle-ſtick——let me alone——I'll——I'll.

*Car.* Nay, but ſir! dear uncle!

D. *Lew.* A hum! a hum! [*Exit D.* Lewis.

*Enter* Antonio *and the Lawyer with a writing.*

*Ant.* Where's my ſon?

*San.* There, ſir, caſting a figure, what chopping children his brother ſhall have, and where he ſhall find a new father for himſelf.

*Ant.* I ſhall find a ſtick for you, rogue, I ſhall. *Carlos*, how doſt thou do? Come hither, boy.

*Car.* Your pleaſure, ſir?

*Ant.* Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment; I think you write a reaſonable good hand, *Carlos.*

*Car.* Pray, ſir, to what uſe may it be?

*Ant.* Only to paſs your title in the land I have to your brother *Clodio.*

*Car.* Is it no more, ſir?

*Law.* That's all, ſir.

*Ant.* No, no, 'tis nothing elſe; look you, you ſhall be provided for; you ſhall have what books you pleaſe, and your means ſhall come in without your care, and you ſhall always have a ſervant to wait on you.

*Car.* Sir, I thank you; but, if you pleaſe, I had rather ſign it before the good company below; it being, ſir, ſo frank a gift, 'twill be ſome ſmall compliment to have it done before the lady too; there I ſhall ſign it cheerfully, and wiſh my brother fortune.

*Ant.* With all my heart, child; it's the ſame thing to me.

*Car.* You'll excuſe me, ſir, if I make no great ſtay with you.

*Ant.* Do as thou wilt; thou ſhalt do any thing thou haſt a mind to. [*Exeunt* Antonio, Carlos, *and lawyer.*

*San.* Now has he undone himſelf for ever; odſheart, I'll down into the cellar, and be ſtark drunk for anger. [*Exit.*

*The* SCENE *changes to a dining-room.*

*Enter* Charino *with* Angelina, Clodio, *Don* Lewis, *Ladies, Prieſt, and a Lawyer.*

*Law.* Come, let him bring his ſon's hand, and all's done: are you ready, ſir?

*Prieſt.* Sir, I ſhall diſpatch them preſently, immediately! for in truth I am an hungry.

*Clo.* I'gad, I warrant you, the prieſt and I cou'd both fall to without ſaying grace——Ha! you little rogue! what, you think it long too?

*Ang.* I find no fault, ſir; better things were well done, than done too haſtily——Sir, you look melancholy. [*To D.* Lewis.

D. *Lew.* Sweet ſwelling bloſſom! ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would ſtick thee in the boſom of a pretty young fellow——Ah! thou haſt miſs'd a man (but that he is ſo bewitch'd to his ſtudy, and knows no other miſtreſs than his mind) ſo far above this feather-head puppy——

*Ang.* Can he talk, ſir?

D. *Lew.* Like an angel——to himſelf——the devil a word to a woman: his language is all upon the high buſineſs; to heaven, and heavenly wonders, to nature, and her dark and ſecret cauſes.

*Ang.* Does he ſpeak ſo well there, ſir?

D. *Lew.* To admiration! ſuch curioſities! but he can't look a woman in the face; if he does, he bluſhes like fifteen.

*Ang.* But a little converſation, methinks——

D. *Lew.* Why ſo I think too; but the boy's bewitch'd, and the devil can't bring him to't: ſhall I try if I can get him to wiſh you joy?

*Ang.* I ſhall receive it as becomes his ſiſter, ſir.

*Clo.* Look, look, old teſty will fall in love by and by; he's hard at it, ſplit me.

*Cha.* Let him alone, ſhe'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

*Clo.* So, here my father comes! now, prieſt! hey! my brother too! that's a wonder! broke like a ſpirit from his cell.

*Enter* Antonio *and* Carlos.

D. *Lew.* Odſo! here he is! that's he! a little inclining to the lean, or ſo, but his underſtanding's the fatter for't.

*Ant.* Come, *Carlos*, 'twere your deſire to ſee my fair daughter and the good company, and to ſeal before 'em all, and give your brother joy.

*Cha.* He does well; I ſhall think the better of him as long as I live.

*Car.* Is this the lady, ſir?

*Ant.* Ay, that's your ſiſter, *Carlos.*

*Car.* Forbid it, love! [*Aſide.*] Do you not think ſhe'll grace our family?

*Ant.* No doubt on't, ſir.

*Car.* Shou'd I not thank her for ſo unmerited a grace?

*Ant.* Ay, and welcome, *Carlos.*

D. *Lew.* Now, my boy, give her a gentle twiſt by the fingers! lay your lips ſoftly, ſoftly, cloſe and plum to her. [*Apart to* Car.

*Car.* Pardon a ſtranger's freedom, lady——[*Salutes*

Angelina] Diſſolving ſoftneſs! O the drowning joy!—Happy, happy he that ſips eternally ſuch nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in ſateleſs draughts of ever ſpringing beauty.——But you, fair creature, ſhare by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am ſure) the ſole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

*Ang.* How near his thoughts agree with mine! This the mere ſcholar I was told of! [*Aſide.*]———I find, ſir, you have experienc'd love, you ſeem acquainted with the paſſion.

*Car.* I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpſe in theory, but never ſaw th' enlivening light before.

*Ang.* Hey! before! [*Aſide.*

*Ant.* Well, theſe are very fine compliments, *Carlos*; but you ſay nothing to your brother yet.

*Car.* O yes, and wiſh him, ſir, with any other beauty (if poſſible) more laſting joy than I could taſte with her.

*Ang.* He ſpeaks unhappily.

*Clo.* Ha!——what do you ſay, brother?

*Ant.* Nay, for my part, I don't underſtand him.

*Cha.* Nor I.

D. *Lew.* Stand clear, I do———and that ſweet creature too, I hope.

*Ang.* Too well, I fear. [*Aſide.*

*Ant.* Come, come, to the writing, *Carlos*; prithee leave thy ſtudying, man.

*Car.* I'll leave my life firſt; I ſtudy now to be a man; before, *what man was*, was but my *argument*;——I am now on the *proof!* I find I feel myſelf a man——nay, I fear it too.

D. *Lew.* He has it! he has it! my boy's in for't.

*Clo.* Come, come, will you———

D. *Lew.* Stand out of the way, puppy.

[*Interpoſing with his back to* Clody.

*Car.* Whence is it, fair, that while I offer ſpeech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honeſt utterance: why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown, as would a frighted child the dreadful lightning? Yet ſhould my deareſt friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wiſhes, O! I

ſhould turn and tear him like an offended lion——Is this, can it, muſt it be in a ſiſter's power?

*Clo.* Come, come, will you ſign, brother?

D. *Lew.* Time enough, puppy.

*Car.* O! if you knew with what precipitated haſte you hurry on a deed that makes you bleſs'd, or miſerable for ever, even yet, near as you are to happineſs, you'd find no danger in a moment's pauſe.

*Clo.* I ſay, will you ſign, brother?

*Car.* Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother.

D. *Lew.* Why did not I bid thee ſtand out of the way now?

*Ant.* Ay, but this is trifling, *Carlos!* come, come, your hand, man.

*Car.* Your pardon, ſir, I cannot ſeal it; had you only ſhew'd me land, I had reſign'd it free, and proud to have beſtow'd it to your pleaſure: 'tis care, 'tis dirt, and trouble: but you have open'd to me ſuch a treaſure, ſuch unimagin'd mines of ſolid joy, that I perceive my temper's ſtubborn now, even to a churliſh avarice of love ——Heaven direct my fortune!

*Ant.* And ſo you won't part with your title, ſir?

*Car.* Sooner with my ſoul of reaſon, be a plant, a beaſt, a fiſh, a fly, and only make the number of things up, than yield one foot of land——if ſhe be ty'd to't.

*Cha.* I don't like this; he talks oddly, methinks.

*Ang.* Yet with a bravery of ſoul might warm the coldeſt heart. [*Aſide.*

*Clo.* Pſhaw, pox, prithee, brother, you had better think of thoſe things in your ſtudy, man.

*Car.* Go you and ſtudy, for 'tis time, young brother: turn o'er the tedious volumes I have read; think, and digeſt them well! the wholeſomeſt food for green conſumptive wounds; wear out whole faſted days, and by the pale weak lamp, pore away the freezing nights; rather make dim thy ſight, than leave thy mind in doubt and darkneſs: confine thy uſeleſs travels to thy cloſet; traverſe the wiſe and civil lives of good and great men dead; compare 'em with the living: tell me why *Cæſar* periſh'd by the hand that lov'd him moſt? and why his

enemies deplor'd him? Diſtil the ſweetneſs from the poet's ſpring, and learn to ſoften thy deſires; nor dare to dream of marriage-vows, 'till thou haſt taught thy ſoul, like mine, to love——Is it for thee to wear a jewel of this ineſtimable worth?

D. *Lew.* Ah, *Carlos!* [*Kiſſes him.*] What ſay you to the ſcholar now, chicken?

*Ang.* A wonder!——Is this gentleman your brother, ſir? [*To* Clody.

*Clo.* Hey! no, my——Madam, not quite——that is, he is a little a-kin by the——Pox on him, wou'd he were bury'd——I can't tell what to ſay to him, ſplit me.

*Ant.* Poſitively you will not ſeal then, ha?

*Car.* Neither——I ſhould not blindly ſay I will not ſeal——Let me intreat a moment's pauſe——for even yet, perhaps, I may. [*Sighing.*

*Ang.* Forbid it, fortune!

*Ant.* O, may you ſo, ſir!

*Clo.* Ay, ſir, hey! What you are come to yourſelf I find, 'ſheart!

*Cha.* Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

*Car.* Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whoſe plighted love and hope went hand in hand together; but I conjure you, think my life were hateful after ſo baſe, ſo barbarous an act as parting 'em: what, to lay waſte at once, for ever, all the gay bloſſoms of your forward fortune, the promis'd wiſhes of your young deſire, your fruitful beauty, and your ſpringing joy; your thriving ſoftneſs, and your cluſter'd kiſſes, growing on the lips of love, devour'd with an unthirſty infant's appetite! O forbid it, love! forbid it, nature and humanity! I have no land, no fortune, life, or being, while your neceſſity of peace requires 'em: ſay, or give me need to think your ſmalleſt hope depends on my objected ruin; my ruin is my ſafety there; my fortune, or my life reſign'd with joy, ſo your account of happy hours were thence but rais'd to any added number.

*Cha.* Why ay! there's ſome civility in this.

*Clo.* The fellow really talks very prettily.

*Car.* But if, in bare compliance to a father's will, you now but ſuffer marriage, or, what's worſe, give it as an extorted bond, impos'd on the ſimplicity of your youth, and dare confeſs you wiſh ſome honeſt friend would ſave, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again have land, have life, and reſolution, waiting ſtill upon your happier fortune.

*Clo.* Ha, ha! pert enough, that, I'gad; I long to ſee what this will come to.

*Prieſt.* In truth, unleſs ſomebody is married preſently, the dinner will be ſpoil'd, and then——nobody will be able to eat it.

*Ant.* Brother, I ſay, let's remove the lady.

*Cha.* Force her from him!

*Car.* 'Tis too late! I have a figure here! ſooner ſhall bodies leave their ſhade; as well you might attempt to ſhut old Time into a den, and from his downy wings waſh the ſwift hours away, or ſteal eternity to ſtop his glaſs; ſo fix'd, ſo rooted here, is every growing thought of her.

*Clo.* Gads me; what, now it's troubleſome again, is it?

*Car.* Conſider, fair one, now's the very criſis of our fate: you cannot have it ſure, to aſk if honour be the parent of my love: if you can love or live, and think your heart rewarded there, like two young vines we'll curl together, circling our ſouls in never-ending joy; we'll ſpring together, and we'll bear one fruit; one joy ſhall make us ſmile, one ſorrow mourn; one age go with us, one hour of death ſhall cloſe our eyes, and one cold grave ſhall hold us happy——Say but you hate me not! O ſpeak! give but the ſofteſt breath to that tranſporting thought.

*Ang.* Need I then ſpeak; to ſay I am far from hating you——I would ſay more, but there is nothing fit for me to ſay.

*Cha.* I'll bear it no longer———

*Ang.* On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was propos'd me.

*Car.* How ſhall my ſoul requite this goodneſs?

*Cha.* Beyond patience! This is downright inſolence! roguery! rape!

*Ant.* Part 'em.

*Clo.* Ay, ay, part 'em, part 'em.

D. *Lew.* Doll, dum, dum!——

[*Sings and draws in their defence.*

*Cha.* Call an officer, I'll have 'em forc'd asunder.

*Ang.* Nay, then I am reduc'd to take protection here.

[*Goes to* Carlos.

*Car.* O ecstasy of heart! transporting joy!

D. *Lew.* Lorra, dorrol, loll! [*Sings and dances.*

*Cha.* A plot! a plot against my honour! murder! treason! gun-powder! I'll be reveng'd! [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Sir, you shall have satisfaction.

*Cha.* I'll be reveng'd!

*Ant.* *Carlos,* I say, forego the lady.

*Car.* Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

*Clo.* You won't? Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this business? *Allons!* the lady, sir!

D. *Lew.* Lorra, dorrol, loll!

[*Presenting his point to* Clodio.

*Cha.* I'll have his blood!

*Car.* Hold, uncle! Come, brother, sheath your anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would intreat a blessing here.

*Ant.* Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine.

[*Exit* Ant.

*Car.* I am sorry I have lost a father, sir——For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birth-right.

*Clo.* No halves! no halves, sir! the whole lady.

*Car.* Why then the whole, if you can like the terms.

*Clo.* What terms? what terms? Come, quick, quick.

*Car.* The first is this——[*Snatches Don* Lewis's *sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

D. *Lew.* Gramercy, *Carlos!* to him, boy! I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

*Car.* This is the first good sword I ever pois'd in anger yet; 'tis sharp, I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence!——I feel the

fire of ten ſtrong ſpirits in me: wer't thou a native fencer, in ſo fair a cauſe, I thus ſhould hold thee at the worſt defiance.

*Clo.* Look you, brother, take care of yourſelf, I ſhall certainly be in you the firſt thruſt; but if you had rather, d'ye ſee, we'll talk a little calmly about this buſineſs.

*Car.* Away, trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a coward too.

*Clo.* Coward! why then, really, ſir, if you pleaſe, midriff's the word, brother; you are a ſon of a whore ——*Allons!* [*They fight, and* Clodio *is diſarm'd.*

*Cha.* His blood! I ſay his blood! I'll have it, by all the ſcars and wounds of honour in my family. [*Exit.*

*Car.* There, ſir, take your life——and mend it—— be gone without reply.

*Ang.* Are you wounded, ſir?

*Car.* Only in my fears for you: how ſhall we beſtow us, uncle?

D. *Lew.* Poſitively we are not ſafe here, this lady being an heireſs. Follow me.

*Car.* Good angels guard us! [*Exeunt with* Ang.

*Clo.* Gadſo! I never fenc'd ſo ill in all my life—— never in my life, ſplit me!

*Enter Monſieur.*

*Monſ.* Sire, here be de trompete, de haute-boy, de muſique, de maitre danſer, dat deſeer to know if you ſal be pleaſe to 'ave de maſque begin.

*Clo.* Hey! what does this puppy ſay now?

*Monſ.* Sire, de muſique.

*Clo.* Why ay——that's true——but—tell 'em—— plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

*Monſ.* Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

*Clo.* Ay! Why, then, tell 'em that my brother's wiſe again, and has ſpoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and ſo I ſhan't be marry'd till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has diſarm'd me; and ſo he won't releaſe the land, nor give me my miſtreſs again; and I——I am undone, that's all. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Charino, Antonio, *officers, and ſervants.*

*Cha.* Officer, do your duty: I ſay, ſeize 'em all.

*Ant.* Carry 'em this minute before a——How now! what, all fled?

*Cha.* Ha! my girl! my child! my heiresſ! I am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am raviſh'd! murder'd; and flung in a ditch.

*Ant.* Who let 'em out? Which way went they, villains?

*Serv.* Sir, we had no order to ſtop them; but they went out at that door not ſix minutes ago.

*Cha.* I'll purſue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, ſir; they ſhall find I underſtand ruin.

*Ant.* Nay, they ſhall be found, ſir; run you to the port, ſirrah, ſee if any ſhips are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

*Enter* Sancho *drunk.*

*San.* Ban, ban, cac-caliban! [*Sings.*

*Ant.* Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my ſon, villain?

*San.* Son, ſir!

*Cha.* Where's my daughter, ſirrah?

*San.* Daughter, ſir!

*Cha.* Ay, my daughter, raſcal!

*San.* Why, ſir, they told me, juſt now, ſir——that ſhe's——ſhe's run away.

*Ant.* Dog, where's your maſter?

*San.* My maſter! why they ſay he is——

*Ant.* Where, ſirrah?

*San.* Why he is—he is—gone along with her.

*Ant.* Death! you dog diſcover him, or——

*San.* Sir, I will——I will.

*Ant.* Where is he, villain?

*San.* Where, ſir? Why to be ſure he is——he is——upon my ſoul, I don't know, ſir.

*Ant.* No more trifling, raſcal.

*San.* If I do, ſir, I wiſh this may be my poiſon. [*Drinks.*

*Ant.* Death! you dog, get out of my houſe, or I'll——So, ſir, have you found him?

*Re-enter the ſervant haſtily, and* Clodio.

*Clo.* Ay, ſir, have you found 'em?

*Serv.* Yes, ſir, I had ſight of 'em; but they were juſt got on board a ſmall veſſel, before I could overtake 'em.

*Cha.* Death and furies!

*Ant.* Whither were they bound, ſirrah?

*Serv.* Sir, I could not diſcover that; but they were full before the wind, with a very ſmart gale.

*Ant.* What ſhall we do, brother?

*Clo.* Be as ſmart as they, ſir; follow 'em; follow 'em.

*Cha.* Send to the port this moment, and ſecure a ſhip; I'll purſue 'em thro' all the elements.

*Clo.* I'll follow you, by the northern ſtar.

*Ant.* Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ſhip, and tell 'em they muſt hoiſt ſail immediately.

*Clo.* And, you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my ſnuff-box—— Cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither.

*Ant.* What, will you take nothing elſe, boy?

*Clo.* Nothing, ſir, but ſnuff and opportunity—— we're in haſte. *Allons!* hey; *je vole.* [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT III. The SCENE Liſbon.

*Enter* Elvira, *Don* Duart, *and Governor.*

*Elv.* DEAR brother, let me intreat you, ſtay; why will you provoke your danger?

D. *Du.* Madam, my honour muſt be ſatisfied.

*Elv.* That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

*Gov.* Pray, niece, what is it has incens'd him?

*Elv.* Nothing but a needleſs quarrel.

*Gov.* I am ſorry for him——To whom is all this fury, nephew?

D. *Du.* To you, ſir, or any man that dares oppoſe me.

*Gov.* Come, you are too boiſterous, ſir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late ſucceſs in duelling, makes you daily ſhunn'd by men of civil converſation. For ſhame, leave off theſe ſenſeleſs

brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

D. *Du* Yes, so I might be general——Sir, no man living shall command me.

*Gov.* Sir, you shall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every hour follow'd with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punish'd with as much severity, as his that is a stranger to my blood.

D. *Du.* Punish me! you nor your office dare not do't.

*Gov.* Away! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

*Elv.* Brother, this brutal temper must be cast off: when you can master that, you shall gladly command my fortune; but if you still persist, expect my prayers and vows for your conversion only; but never means, or favour.

D. *Du.* Fire, and furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere school-boy! women shall judge of injuries in honour!——For you, sir——I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [*Exit.*

*Gov.* I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

*Elv.* Wou'd he were not my brother.

*Enter Don* Manuel, *with* Angelina.

D. *Man.* Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

*Gov.* Ha! some prize brought in.

*Sail.* Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her.

*Gov.* Noble Don *Manuel*, welcome on shore! I see you are fortunate; for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

D. *Man.* She is indeed——These ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended, with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce arm'd too.

*Gov.* Is't possible?

D. *Man.* Nay, and their contempt of death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their freedom.

*Gov.* Pray tell us, ſir.

D. *Man.* When they were brought aboard us, both diſarm'd, and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had ſworn never to take the bread of bondage, and on a ſudden ſnatching up their ſwords (the younger taking firſt from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leapt into the ſea.

*Gov.* 'Tis wonderful, indeed.

D. *Man.* It wrought ſo much upon me, had not our own ſafety hinder'd (at that time a great ſhip purſuing us) I wou'd in charity have taken 'em up, and with their lives they ſhould have had their liberty.

*Ang.* Too late, alas! they're loſt! (Heart-wounding thought! for ever loſt!——I now am friendleſs, miſerable, and a ſlave.

D. *Man.* Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet again may ſee 'em: they were not quite a league from ſhore, and with ſuch ſtrength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they cou'd not fail of life and ſafety.

*Ang.* In that laſt hope, I brook a wretched being: but if they're dead, my woes will find ſo many doors to let out life, I ſhall not long ſurvive 'em.

*Elv.* Alas! poor lady! Come, ſir, miſery but weeps the more, when ſhe is gaz'd on——we trouble her.

[*Exeunt* Elv. *and Gov.*

D. *Man.* Now, my fair captive, tho' I confeſs you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the favour I am about to aſk, you may at leaſt hear with ſafety.

*Ang.* This has engag'd me, ſir, to hear.

D. *Man.* Theſe three years have I honourably lov'd a noble lady, her name *Louiſa*, the beauteous niece of great *Ferrara*'s duke: her perſon and fortune uncontroul'd, ſole miſtreſs of herſelf and me, who long have languiſh'd in an hopeleſs conſtancy. Now I perceive, in all your language and your looks, a ſoft'ning power, nor can a ſuit by you promoted be deny'd; therefore I wou'd awhile intreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour: and (as I am ſure

you'll ſoon be near her cloſeſt thoughts) if you can think upon the honeſt courteſies I hitherto have ſhewn your modeſty, and in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour me, or my unweary'd love, 'twould be a generous act, would fix me ever grateful to its memory.

*Ang.* Such poor aſſiſtance, ſir, as one diſtreſs'd, like me, can give, ſhall willingly be paid: if I can ſteal but any thoughts from my own misfortunes, reſt aſſur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.

D. *Man.* I'll ſtudy to deſerve this goodneſs; for the preſent, think my poor houſe your own; at night I'll wait on you to the lady, 'till when I am your guard.

*Ang.* You have bound me to your ſervice——

[*Exeunt D.* Man. *and* Ang.

*The* SCENE *changes to a church, the veſpers ſuppos'd to be juſt ended, ſeveral walking out.* Carlos *and Don* Lewis *riſing near* Louiſa *and* Honoria. Louiſa *obſerving* Carlos.

*Hon.* Come, madam, ſhall we walk out? The croud's pretty well over now.

*Lou.* But then that melancholy ſoftneſs in his look!

[*To herſelf.*

*Hon.* Couſin! *Donna Louiſa!*

*Lou.* Even in his devotions too, ſuch graceful adoration——ſo ſweet a——

*Hon.* Couſin, will you go?

*Lou.* Pſhaw, time enough———Prithee let's walk a little this way.

*Hon.* What's the matter with her?

[*They walk from D.* Lewis *and* Carlos.

*Car.* To what are we reſerv'd?

D. *Lew.* For no good, I am afraid———My ill luck don't uſe to give over, when her hand's in; ſhe's always in haſte———One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another——Drowning we have eſcap'd miraculouſly; wou'd the fear of hanging were over too; our being ſo ſtrangely ſav'd from one, ſmells damnably rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Carlos*, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I ſet foot upon my eſtate again: faith,

I was just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackrel——but it's pretty well as it is; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning——all in good time—we are poor enough in conscience, and I don't know but two days more fasting might really make us hungry too.

*Lou.* They are strangers then, and seem in some necessity. [*Aside.*

*Car.* These are light wants to me, I feel 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina*'s loss; when I reflect on her distress, the hardships and the cries of helpless bondage; the insolent, the deaf desires of men in power; O! I cou'd wish the fate that sav'd us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had bury'd us in one wave embracing.

*Lou.* How tenderly he talks! this were indeed a lover! [*Aside.*

D. *Lew.* A most unhappy loss indeed! but come, don't despair, boy; the ship that took us was a *Portuguese*, of *Lisbon* too, I believe; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet? Come, don't be melancholy.

*Car.* In that poor hope I live———O thou dread power! stupendous Author of universal being, and of thy wond'rous works, that virgin wife, the master-piece, look down upon her; let the bright virtues of her untainted mind sue for, and protect her: O let her youth, her spotless innocence, to which all passages in heaven stand open, appear before thy throne distress'd, and meet some miracle to save her!

*Lou.* Who would not die, to be so pray'd for? [*Aside.*

D. *Lew.* Faith, *Carlos*, thou hast pray'd heartily, I'll say that for thee; so that if any good fortune will pay us a visit, we are ready to receive her now, as soon as she pleases. Come, don't be melancholy.

*Car.* Have I not cause? Were not my force of faith superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the insults of my fortune; but I have rais'd myself, by elevated faith, as far above despair, as reason lifts me from the brute.

D. *Lew.* Why now, would not this make any one

weep, to hear a young man talk ſo finely, when he is almoſt famiſh'd?

*Lou.* What are you ſaying, couſin?

*Hon.* I wou'd have ſaid, madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

*Lou.* Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddeſt thought: let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. [*Aſide.*] *Jaques!* [*Whiſpers.*] What was't you aſk'd me, couſin?

*Hon.* The reaſon of your averſion to Don *Manuel?* you know he loves you.

*Lou.* I hate his love.

*Hon.* But why, pray? you know 'tis honourable, and ſo is his family; nor is his fortune leſs: I ſhould think the more deſirable, becauſe his courage and his conduct on the ſeas have rais'd it; nay, with all this, he's extremely modeſt too.

*Lou.* Therefore I might hate him.

*Hon.* For his modeſty?

*Lou.* Is any thing ſo ſleepy, ſo flat, and inſupportable, as a modeſt lover?

*Hon.* Wou'd you bear impudence in a lover?

*Lou.* I don't know; it's more tolerable in a man, than the woman; and there muſt be impudence on the one ſide, before they can both come to a right underſtanding.

*Hon.* Why, what will you have him do?

*Lou.* That's a very home queſtion, couſin; but, if I lik'd him, I cou'd tell you.

*Hon.* Suppoſe you did like him?

*Lou.* Then I would not tell you.

*Hon.* Why?

*Lou.* Becauſe I ſhould have more diſcretion.

*Hon.* Bleſs me! ſure you would not do any thing you would be aſham'd to tell?

*Lou.* That's true; but if one ſhou'd, you know, 'twou'd be ſilly to tell. No woman would be fond of ſhame, ſure.

*Hon.* But there's no avoiding it in a ſhameful action.

*Lou.* Don't be poſitive.

*Hon.* All your friends would ſhun you, point at you.

*Lou.* And yet you ſee there's a world of friendſhip and good-breeding among all the women of quality.

*Hon.* Suppose there be?

*Lou.* Why then, I suppose, that a great many of them are mightily hurry'd in the care of their reputation.

*Hon.* So you conclude, that a woman doing an ill thing, does herself no harm, while her reputation's safe.

*Lou.* It does not do her so much harm; and, of two evils, I'm always for chusing the least.

*Hon.* What need you chuse either?

*Lou.* Because I have a vast fortune in my own hands, and love dearly to do what I have a mind to.

*Hon.* Why won't you marry then?

*Lou.* Because then I must only do as my husband has a mind to; and I hate to be govern'd: on my soul, I would not marry, to be an *English* wife; not but the dear jolting of a hackney-coach, and an easy husband, are strange temptations; but from the cold comfort of a fine coach with springs, and a dull husband with none, good Lord deliver me: but then, the insolence of ours is insupportable, because the nasty law gives 'em a power over us, which nature never design'd 'em. For my part, I had rather be in love all days of my life, than marry.

*Hon.* That is, you had rather bear the disease, than have the cure.

*Lou.* Marriage is indeed a cure for love; but love's a disease I wou'd never be cur'd of; therefore no more physick, dear cousin; no more husbands——I hate your bitter draughts——not but I'm afraid I am a little feverish——you'll think me mad.

*Hon.* What's the matter?

*Lou.* Did you observe those strangers that have walk'd by us.

*Hon.* Not much; but what of them?

*Lou.* Did you hear nothing of their talk?

*Hon.* I think I did; one of 'em, the younger, seem'd concern'd for a lost mistress.

*Lou.* Ay, but so near, so tenderly concern'd, his looks, as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion: I must know more of him.

*Hon.* What do you mean?

*Lou.* ——— Muſt ſpeak to him.

*Hon.* By no means.

*Lou.* Why you ſee they are ſtrangers, I believe in ſome neceſſity; and ſince they ſeem not born to beg relief, to offer it unaſk'd would add ſome merit to the charity.

*Hon.* Conſider.

*Lou* I hate it——ſir——ſir——

D. *Lew.* Wou'd you ſpeak with me, madam?

*Lou.* If you pleaſe, with your friend——not to interrupt you, ſir.

*Car.* Your pleaſure, lady?

*Lou.* You ſeem a ſtranger, ſir.

*Car.* A moſt unfortunate one.

*Lou.* If I am not deceiv'd, in want: pardon my freedom—— if I have err'd, as freely tell me ſo; if not, as earneſt of your better fortune, this trifle ſues for your acceptance.

D. *Lew.* Take it, boy.

*Car.* A bounty ſo unmerited, and from an hand unknown, fills me with ſurpriſe and wonder: but give me leave, in honeſty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedleſs purchaſe; for if you mean it as the bribe to any evil you would have me practiſe, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

*Lou.* How affably he talks! how chaſte! how innocent his thought! he muſt be won!——[*Aſide.*]—— You are too ſcrupulous; I have no hard deſigns upon your honeſty——only this——be wiſe and cautious, if you ſhould follow me; I am obſerv'd, farewell. *Jaques!* ——Will you walk, couſin?———[*Whiſpers* Jaques.] ———and bring me word immediately——I am going home. [*Exeunt* Lou. *and* Hon.

D. *Lew.* Let's ſee, odſheart! follow her, man—— why 'tis all gold!

*Car.* Diſpoſe it as you pleaſe.

D. *Lew.* I'll firſt have a better title to't.——No, 'tis all thine, boy——I hold an hundred piſtoles ſhe's ſome great fortune in love with you——I ſay, follow her—— ſince you have loſt one wife before you had her, I'd have you make ſure of another before you loſe her.

*Car.* Fortune, indeed, has diſpoſſeſs'd her of my per-

ſon; but her firm title to my heart, not all the ſubtle arts or laws of love can ſhake or violate.

D. *Lew.* Prithee follow her now! methinks I'd fain ſee thee in bed with ſomebody before I die.

*Car.* Be not ſo poor in thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, ſir, with mine, in ſearch of *Angelina*'s fortune.

D. *Lew.* Well, dear *Carlos*, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the ſtreet. Enter* Antonio *and* Charino.

*Ant.* You heard what the ſailor ſaid, brother, ſuch a ſhip has put in here, and ſuch perſons were taken in it; therefore my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government to ſearch and take 'em up wherever we can find 'em.

*Cha.* Sir, you muſt not tell me—I won't be chous'd of my daughter; I ſhall expect her, ſir; if not, I'll take my courſe; I know the law. [*Walks about.*

*Ant.* You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any courſe better than a warrant to ſearch for her, in the name of wiſdom take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and——how now, where's *Clody?*——oh, here he comes——

*Enter* Clodio, *ſearching his pockets.*

How now! what's the matter, boy?

*Clo.* Ay, it's gone, ſplit me.

*Ant.* What's the matter? [*Louder.*

*Clo.* The beſt joint in *Chriſtendom.*

*Ant.* *Clody!*

*Clo.* Sir, I have loſt my ſnuff-box.

*Ant.* Pſhaw, a trifle; get thee another, man.

*Clo.* Sir, 'tis not to be had——beſides, I dare not ſhew my face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her grace will ſay to me?

*Cha.* Well, upon ſecond thoughts, I am content to ſearch.

*Clo.* I have ſearched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpoſe.

*Cha.* Pockets!

*Clo.* It's impoſſible to fellow it, but in *Paris*——I'll go to *Paris*, ſplit me. [*Aſide.*

*Cha.* To *Paris!* why you don't ſuppoſe my daughter's there, ſir?

*Clo.* I don't know but ſhe may, ſir: but I am ſure they make the beſt joints in *Europe* there.

*Cha.* Joints!———my ſon-in-law that ſhou'd have been, ſeems ſtrangely alter'd for the worſe. But come, let's to the governor.

*Clo.* I'll have it cry'd, faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky thought; I'll offer thirty piſtoles to the finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in pure compliment to the favours of *Madame la Ducheſſe de*———*Mum.* I'll do't, faith.

*Ant.* Come along, *Clody.* [*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Cha.

*Clo.* Sir, I muſt look a little, I'll follow you preſently; my poor pretty box! ah, plague o' my ſea-voyage.

*Enter a ſervant haſtily with a flambeau.*

*Serv.* By your leave, ſir, my maſter's coming; pray, ſir, clear the way.

*Clo.* Ha! why thou art pert, my love; prithee, who is thy maſter, child?

*Serv.* The valiant Don *Duart*, ſir, nephew to the governor of *Liſbon.*

*Clo.* Well, child, and what? does he eat every man he meets?

*Serv.* No, ſir, but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always ſends me before to clear the way.

*Clo.* Ha! a pretty harmleſs humour that. Is this he, child?——you may look as terrible as you pleaſe, I muſt banter you, ſplit me. [*Aſide.*

*Enter Don* Duart, *ſtalking up to* Clodio.

D. *Du.* Do you know me, ſir?

*Clo.* Hey! ho! [*Looks careleſsly on him, and gapes.*

D. *Du.* Do you know me, ſir?

*Clo.* You did not ſee my ſnuff-box, ſir, did you?

D. *Du.* Sir, in *Liſbon* no man aſks me a queſtion cover'd. [*Strikes off* Clodio's *hat.*] Now you know me.

*Clo.* Perfectly well, ſir.—Hi! hi! I like you mightily——you are not a bully, ſir?

D. *Du.* You are ſaucy, friend.

*Clo.* Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted.——Thou art really the moſt extraordinary—umph——that ever I met with! now, ſir, do you know me, ſplit me?

D. *Du.* Know thee! take that, peaſant!

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*

*Clo.* I can't, upon my ſoul, ſir; *allons!* now we ſhall come to a right underſtanding. [*They fight.*

*Serv.* Help! murder! help!

*Clo.* *Allons!* to our better acquaintance, ſir; ahah! [*D.* Du. *falls*] he has it! never puſh'd better in my life, never in my life, ſplit me.

*Serv.* O, my maſter's kill'd! help ho! murder! help!

*Clo.* Hey! why faith, child, that's very true as thou ſay'ſt, and ſo the devil take the hindmoſt. [*Exit* Clo.

*Enter officers.*

1*ſt Offi.* How now! who's that cries murder?

*Serv.* O, my maſter's murder'd; ſome of you follow me, this way he took; let's after him——help! murder! help! [*Exit.*

2*d Offi.* 'Tis Don *Duart.*

1*ſt Offi.* So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, faith, ſir. Come, let's carry the body to the good lady his ſiſter *Donna Elvira*; you purſue the murderer, I'll warrant him ſome civil gentleman; ye need not make too much haſte, for if he does 'ſcape, 'tis no great matter——Come along.

[*Exeunt with the body.*

*Enter* Carlos *and Don* Lewis.

D. *Lew.* Come along, *Carlos*, I'm ſure 'tis ſhe by their deſcription; and if that brawny dog, the captain, has plaid her no foul play, ſhe ſhan't want ranſom, if all my eſtate can purchaſe it.

*Car.* Now fortune guide us.

*Enter* Jaques *and bravoes, with a chair.*

*Jaques.* That's he, the talleſt——be ſure you ſpare his perſon——only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1*ſt Bra.* What muſt be done with the old fellow?

*Jaques.* We muſt have him too, leſt he ſhould dog the

other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how.———Follow softly, we shall snap 'em as they turn the corner.

*A noise of follow,* &c. *Enter* Clodio *hastily from the other side.*

*Clo.* Ah! pox of their noses! the dogs have smelt me out! what shall I do? if they take me, I shall be hang'd, split me!——Ha! a door open! faith I'll in at a venture. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter bravoes with* Carlos *in a chair, some haling in* *Don* Lewis.

D. *Lew.* O my poor boy *Carlos!*—— *Carlos!*—— help! murder!

1*st Bra.* Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. *Lew.* Sir, I will not hold my peace; dogs! rogues! villains! help! murder!

1*st Bra.* Nay, then by your leave, old gentleman. ——So, bring him along.

D. *Lew.* Aw, aw, aw! [*They gag him, and carry him head and heels. Exeunt.*

S C E N E *a chamber,* Elvira *and her servant with lights.*

*Elv.* Is not my brother come home yet?

*Serv.* I have not seen him, madam.

*Elv.* Go and seek him; every where—I'll not rest till you return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read 'em without a taper. [*Exeunt servants.*

*Enter* Clodio *stealing in.*

*Clo.* Ah, poor *Clody!* what will become of thee? thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—follow'd behind, stopt before, and beset on both sides! ah, pox o' my wit! I must be bantering, must I? but let me see; where am I? An odd sort of an house this——all the doors open, and no body in't! no noise! no whisper! no dog stirring!

*Elv.* Who's that?

*Clo.* Ha! a woman's voice.

*Elv.* Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano! Julia!*

*Clo.* Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house; she can't see

my unfortunate face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

*Elv.* Speak! what are you?

*Clo.* Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

*Elv.* I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither wou'd you? What want you?

*Clo.* Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever by——I say, madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, faith. [*Aside.*

*Elv.* Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

*Clo.* An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, tho' justice I'm not afraid of.

*Elv.* How could you offend the one, and not the other?

*Clo.* Being provok'd, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me——Gad, I have a rare tongue, I have a rare tongue, faith! [*Aside.*

*Elv.* Poor wretch, I pity him.

*Clo.* Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

*Elv.* Are you a *Castilian?*

*Clo.* No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what-d'ye-call'um——in——

*Elv.* Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, the nation we *Portuguese* most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

*Clo.* May I depend upon you, madam? am I safe?

*Elv.* Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you: enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such

reverence to my lodgings, they'll ſearch no further than my leave invites 'em.

*Clo.* D'ye think, madam, you can perſuade 'em?

*Elv.* Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

*Clo.* The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you. [*Exit.*

*Elv.* Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this ſtranger, perhaps my brother, elſewhere, may ſtand in need of. How he trembles! I hear his breath come ſhort, hither. Be of comfort, ſir, once more I give you my ſolemn promiſe for your ſafety.

*Enter ſervant and officers, with Don* Duart's *body.*

*Serv.* Here, bring in the body——O! madam, my maſter's kill'd.

*Elv.* What ſay'ſt thou?

*Serv.* Your brother, madam, my maſter, young Don *Duart*'s dead; he juſt now quarrell'd with a gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the ſtreet.

*Elv.* Ah me!

*1ſt Offi.* We are inform'd, madam, that the murderer was ſeen to enter this houſe, which made us preſs into it to apprehend him.

*Elv.* Oh!

*Serv.* Help, ho! my lady faints. [*Enter two maids.*

*1ſt Offi.* Give her air, ſhe'll recover. [Clodio *peeps in.*

*Clo.* Hey!——why what the devil! am I ſafer than I would be now?—Exactly——I have nick'd the houſe to an hair——Juſt ſo I did at *Paris* too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's that had three writs againſt me——This damn'd cloſet too has ne'er a chimney to creep out at——Ah, poor *Clody!* wou'd thou wert fairly in a ſtorm at ſea again, for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. [*Retires.*

*Elv.* Stand off, my ſorrows will have way; O my unhappy brother! ſuch an end as this thy haughty mind did long ſince prophesy! and to increaſe my miſery, thy wretched ſiſter wilfully muſt make a breach of what ſhe has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd. Revenge and juſtice both ſtand knocking at my heart, but hoſpitable faith has barr'd their entrance: if I ſhou'd give 'em way, I am forſworn; if not, am impious to a brother's

memory. Is there no means? no middle path of ſafety left? muſt I protect my brother's murderer? or break a ſolemn vow, on which another's life depends?

*Enter governor.*

*Gov.* Where's this unhappy ſight?—Alas! he's gone paſt all recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

*Elv.* It ſhall be ſo; I'll take the lighter evil of the two, and keep the ſolemn vow to which juſt heaven was witneſs: the wounds of perjury never can be cur'd, but juſtice may again overtake the murderer, when no raſh vows protect him.

*Gov.* Take comfort, niece.

*Elv.* O forbear; ſearch for the murderer, and remove the body at your diſcretion, ſir, to be interr'd, while I ſhut out the offenſive day, and here in ſolitude indulge my ſorrow; therefore I beg my neareſt friends, and you, my lord, for ſome few days, to ſpare your charitable viſits.

*Gov.* I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but ſince you'll have it ſo, we take our leaves; farewell—Bring forth the body.

[*Exeunt governor and ſervants with the body.*

*Clo.* Hey! what are they gone away without me? and by her contrivance too——Gadſo!

*Elv.* Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee ſee with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearleſs forth, while night's thy friend, and paſs unknown.

*Clo.* If this is not love, the devil's in't. [*Aſide.*

*Elv.* Fly with thy utmoſt ſpeed, where I may never ſee thee more.

*Clo.* Ay, that's her modeſty. [*Aſide.*

*Elv.* And let that charitable faith thou haſt found in me, perſuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

*Clo.* Poor ſoul! I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

*Elv.* You are at the door now, farewell for ever.

*Clo.* Which is as much as to ſay, what wou'd I give to ſee you again?——All in good time, child——

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter Don* Duart *in his night-gown, ſurgeon, and ſervants.*

D. *Du.* MAY I venture yet abroad, ſir?

*Surg.* With ſafety, ſir, your wound was never dangerous; tho' from your great loſs of blood, you ſeem'd awhile without ſigns of life.

D. *Du.* Sir, do you know if the gentleman that wounded me be in cuſtody?

*Surg.* He was never taken, ſir, nor known, that I could hear of.

D. *Du.* I am ſorry for't; for could I find him, which now ſhall be my earneſt care, I would, with real ſervices, acknowledge him my beſt of friends, in having proved ſo fortunate an enemy; he has beſtowed on me a ſecond life, which, from a clearer inſight of myſelf, will teach me how to uſe it better too. Hoes does my ſiſter ſeem to bear my fortune?

*Surg.* I never knew the loſs of any friend lamented with more ſorrow; ſhe ſuffers none to viſit her, nor is ſhe acquainted with your recovery.

D. *Du.* I would not have her yet, nor any of my friends; no moiſture ſooner dries than women's tears; and tho' I am apt to think my ſiſter honeſt in her ſorrow, yet knowing her a woman, ſtill I am reſolv'd to make a further trial of her virtue.

*Surg.* Sir, you may command my ſecrecy.

D. *Du.* I thank you, ſir, 'twill oblige me——boy!

*Serv.* Sir.

D. *Du.* Do you think you know again the gentleman that fought me?

*Serv.* I believe I may, ſir.

D. *Du.* I'd have you ſuddenly inquire him out; he ſeem'd, by his report, of *France* or *England*; if ſo, you'll probably find him in ſome lewd houſe or other.

*Serv.* Rather at church, ſir; for no body will ſuſpect him there.

D. *Du.* Seek him every where; come, ſir, I wait for you. [*Exeunt*

*The* SCENE *changes to* Louisa's *house.*
*Enter Don* Manuel *and* Angelina.

D. *Man.* Now, madam, let my hard fortune teach you a little to endure your own. You see with what severe neglect she still receives my humble love; nothing I say, or do, has any weight or motion in her thoughts for me.

*Ang.* You are too diffident of your fortune; I would not have an honest mind despair; she seem'd, indeed, a little careless of you——you gave her no offence, I'm confident. See, here she comes; take heed how you displease her by an impatient stay——Pray go, in the mean time I'll think of you——indeed I will.

D. *Man.* I am yours for ever—— [*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter* Louisa *and* Jaques, *servants waiting.*

*Lou.* Were they both seiz'd?

*Jaq.* Both, madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

*Lou.* You know my orders; when they are enter'd, bar all the doors, and on your lives let every one be mute, as I directed——I must retire awhile: [*Exeunt.*

*Enter bravoes, who let* Carlos *out of the chair, while others throw down Don* Lewis *gagg'd and bound.*

*Car.* So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you——but now pray let me know my crime? Why have you brought me hither? where am I? if in prison, look in my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another.

[Jaques *holds up his lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.*

You seem to know me, sir——All dumb, and vanish'd; my fortune's humourous, she sports with me.

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw!

*Car.* What's here! a fellow prisoner! who are you?

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw!

*Car.* Do you speak no other language?

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw! aw! [*Louder.*

*Car.* Nay, that's the same.

D. *Lew.* Oh! [*Sighing.*

*Car.* Poor wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he cou'd.

[*Re-enter* Jaques *and ſervants with lights, who releaſe Don* Lewis.

Sure they think I walk in my ſleep, and won't ſpeak, for fear of waking me.

D. *Lew.* Sir, your moſt humble ſervant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to ſhew me the way home again?

What a pox, are you all dumb?—— [*Exeunt mutes.*

Well, ſir, and pray what are——— *Carlos!* ah, my dear boy! [*Kiſſes him.*

*Car.* My uncle! nay, then my fortune has not quite forſaken me; how came you hither, ſir?

D. *Lew.* Faith, like a corpſe into church, boy, with my heels foremoſt; but prithee how didſt thou come?

*Car.* You ſaw the men that ſeiz'd us; they forc'd me into a chair, and brought me.

D. *Lew.* Well, but a pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

*Car.* That we muſt wait their pleaſure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my reaſon, not my conſcience; that's ſtill at reſt, fearleſs of any danger.

D. *Lew.* The ſons of whores won't ſpeak neither. Hey day! what's to be done now?

*Enter* Jaques *and ſervants, with a banquet, wine, and lights.*

*Car.* More riddles yet! I dream ſure.

[Jaques *compliments D.* Lewis *to take his chair.*

D. *Lew.* For me? Sir, your moſt humble ſervant; [*Sits.*] *Carlos!* ſit down, boy.

Ha, ha, ha! a parcel of ſilly dumb dogs! is this all the buſineſs? puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to ſupper, without being brought neck and heels to't?

*Car.* Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. *Lew.* Never trouble thy head, prithee; pox of queſtions; fall to, man——delicate food truly——— Here——dumb! prithee give's a glaſs of wine, to wet the way a little: come, *Carlos*, here's, here's——honeſt dumb's health to thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honeſt fellow, faith. [*A flouriſh.*] [*Claps* Jaques *on the head.*

*Car.* What harmony's this?

D. *Lew.* Rare musick indeed! let's eat and hear it.

[*Musick here.*

Mighty fine, truly—I have not made an heartier meal a great while.

[*Here* Jaques *offers a night-gown and cap to Don* Lewis.

Well, and what's to do now, lad? for me, boy? Odso! we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging:) nay, I always said honest dumb knew how to make his friends welcome—Well, but it's time enough yet, shan't we crack a bottle first? *Carlos* is melancholy. [Jaques *shakes his head.*] What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carry'd——Sir, your humble servant: [*Puts on the gown.*] Well, *Carlos*, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer; I'd give a pistole tho', to know what this will come to!——Dumb, come along.

*Car.* I'm bury'd in amazement——Why am I busy'd thus in trifles, having so many nearer thoughts that wound my peace? [*Musick plays again.*] Ha! more musick? I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[*A song here; which ended,* D. Lewis *appears above.*

D. *Lew.* So! at last I have grop'd out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out murder to the watch——But mum! the door opens.

*Enter* Louisa.

Hey! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before!——Dumb's a sly dog; 'tis she, faith——tum, dum, dum——here will be fine work presently, tolt, dum, di, dum———Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum!

*Lou.* You seem amaz'd, sir.

*Car.* Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy; for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

*Lou.* I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, sir.

*Car.* Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you cou'd

not think but ſuch humanity might, on the ſlighteſt hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

*Lou.* I own I cou'd not truſt you to my fortune; I knew not but ſome other might have ſeen you—beſides, methought you ſpoke leſs kind to me before.

*Car.* If my poor thanks were offer'd in too plain a dreſs, (as I confeſs, I'm little practis'd in the rules of grac'd behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

*Lou.* Fie! you are too modeſt———how cou'd you charge yourſelf with ſuch a thought? I ſcarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude——at leaſt to our ſex.

*Car.* 'Twere more unpardonable there.

*Lou.* Nay, now you are too ſtrict on the other ſide; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeneſs, a woman might be brought to pardon; ſeaſons, when even modeſty were ignorance——Pray be ſeated, ſir——nay, I'll have it ſo——ſay, ſometimes too much reſpect (pray be nearer, ſir) were moſt offenſive: ſuppoſe a woman were reduc'd to offer love, her pains of ſhame are inſupportable: and ſhou'd ſhe call that lover rude, who, kindly conſcious of her wiſhes, bravely reſolves to take, and ſaves her modeſty the guilt of giving? Suppoſe yourſelf the man ſo lov'd, where cou'd you find, at ſuch a time, excuſes for your modeſty?

*Car.* If I cou'd love again, my eyes wou'd tell her; if not, I ſhou'd not eaſily believe; at leaſt, in manners, wou'd not ſeem to underſtand her.

*Lou.* Alas! you have too poor a ſenſe of woman's love. Think you we have no invention? You wou'd not underſtand her! how wou'd you avoid it? when even her ſlighteſt look would ſpeak too plain for that excuſe; if not, ſhe'll ſtill proceed——Thus gently ſteal your hand, and ſigh, and preſs it to her heart, and then look wiſhing in your eyes, till love himſelf ſhot forth, and wak'd you to compaſſion.

*Car.* Amazing! can ſhe be the creature ſhe deſcribes?

*Lou.* O! they have ſuch ſubtle ways to ſteal into a lover's heart; nay, if ſhe's reſolv'd, not all your ſtrength of modeſty can guard you; ſhe'd preſs you ſtill with plainer, ſtronger proofs; her life, her fortune ſhou'd be

yours: for where a woman loves, ſuch gifts as theſe are trifles; thus, like the lazy minutes, would ſhe ſteal 'em on, which once but paſt, are quite forgotten.

[*Gives him jewels.*

*Car.* Is't poſſible! can there be ſuch a woman?

*Lou.* Fie! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd not ſure be thought ſo ſlow of apprehenſion?

*Car.* I wou'd not willingly be thought ſo vain, or ſo uncharitable, to ſuppoſe there cou'd be ſuch a one.

*Lou.* Nay, now you force me to forſake my ſex, and tell you plain——I cannot ſpeak it——yet you muſt know—But tell me, muſt I needs bluſh to own a paſſion that's ſo tender of you? I am this creature ſo reduc'd for you, and all you've ſeen ſuppoſed was natural, all but the ſoft reſult of growing love——Why are you ſtill thus fix'd, and ſilent? what is't you fear?

*Car.* Monſtrous! [*Aſide, and riſing.*

*Lou.* What is't you ſtart at?

*Car.* Not for your beauty; tho' I confeſs you fair to a perfection, complete in all that may engage the eye: but when that beauty fades (as time leaves none unviſited) what charm ſhall then ſecure my love? Your riches? No——an honeſt mind's above the bribes of fortune: for though diſtreſſed, a ſtranger, and in want, I thus return 'em thankleſs: be modeſt, and be virtuous, I'll admire you, all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will ſtill deliver down your name rever'd to ages; but while you thus enſlave your generous reaſon to ſo intemperate a folly, your very nature ſeems inverted: cou'd you but one moment calmly lay it by, you'd find ſuch a vile indignity to your ſex, as modeſty could never pardon.

*Lou.* If I appear too free a lover, and talk beyond the uſual courage of my ſex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, ſoftening wretch, that you would have me: my wiſhes ſhall be dumb, unleſs my eyes may ſpeak 'em; or if I dare to touch your hand, it ſhall be gently trembling, and unperceiv'd as air; nay, fix'd and ſilent, as your ſhade, I'll watch whole winter nights content, and liſtening to your ſlumbers: is this

intemperance? for pity ſpeak, for I confeſs your hard reproofs have ſtruck upon my heart. O! ſay you will be mine, and make your own conditions. If you ſuſpect my temper, bind me by the moſt ſacred tye, and let my love, my perſon, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

*Car.* Take heed! conſider yet, even this humility be not the offſpring of your firſt unruly paſſion: but ſince at leaſt it carries ſomething of a better claim to my concern, I'll be at once ſincere, and tell you, 'tis impoſſible that we ſhould ever meet in love.

*Lou.* Impoſſible! O! why?

*Car.* Becauſe my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, ſince you find I dare be honeſt, be early wiſe, and now releaſe me to my fortune.

*Lou.* I cannot part with thee.

*Car.* You muſt! I cannot with my reaſon——Pray let me paſs! why do you thus hang upon my arm, and ſtrain your eyes, as if they had power to hold me?

*Lou.* Ungrateful! will you go? take heed! for you have prov'd I am not miſtreſs of my temper.

*Car.* I ſee it, and am ſorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for ſtill I dare be juſt, and force myſelf away. [*Exit* Carlos.

*Lou.* O torture! left! refus'd! deſpis'd! Have I thrown off my pride for this? O! inſupportable!—— If I am not reveng'd, may all the———well.

[*Walks diſorder'd.*

D. *Lew.* What a pox, are all theſe fine things come to nothing then?——Poor ſoul! ſhe's in great heat truly——Ah! ſilly rogue!——now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again——I have a great mind, faith——Odd! ſhe's a hummer!——A ſtrange mind, I han't had ſuch a mind a great while—— Hey!——ay! I'll do't, faith—if ſhe does but ſtay now; ah! if ſhe does but ſtay! [*As he was getting from the balcony,* Louiſa *is ſpeaking to* Jaques.

*Lou.* Who waits there?

*Enter* Jaques.

Where's the ſtranger?

*Jaq.* Madam, I met him juſt now walking haſtily about the gallery.

*Lou.* Are all the doors faſt?

*Jaq.* All barr'd, madam.

*Lou.* Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one aſk or anſwer him any queſtion: but be you ſtill near to obſerve him. [*Exit* Jaques. Ah! [*Don* Lewis *drops down.*

D. *Lew.* Odſo! my back!

*Lou.* Bleſs me, who's this? what are you?

D. *Lew.* Not above fifty, madam.

*Lou.* Whence come you? what's your buſineſs?

D. *Lew.* Finiſhing.

*Lou.* Who ſhew'd, who brought you hither?

D. *Lew.* Dumb, honeſt dumb.

*Lou.* Will you be gone, ſir? I have no time to fool away.

D. *Lew.* Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

*Lou.* Pray, ſir, who? what is't you take me for?

D. *Lew.* A delicate piece of work truly, but not finiſh'd; you underſtand me.

*Lou.* You are mad, ſir.

D. *Lew.* I ſay, don't you be ſo modeſt; for there are times, d'ye ſee, when even modeſty is ignorance, (pray be ſeated, madam——nay, I'll have it ſo) ah!

[*Sits down and mimicks her behaviour to* Carlos.

*Lou.* Confuſion! have I expos'd myſelf to this wretch too?——had witneſſes to my folly!——nay, I deſerve it. [*Stands mute.*

D. *Lew.* So, ſo! I ſhall bring her to terms preſently ——you have a world of pretty jewels here, madam ——ay, theſe now——theſe are a couple of fine large ſtones truly; but where a woman loves, ſuch gifts as theſe are trifles. [*Mimicks again.*

*Lou.* Inſupportable! within there!

*Enter ſervants and bravoes.*

D. *Lew.* Hey! [*Riſing.*

*Serv.* Did your ladyſhip call, madam?

D. *Lew.* I don't like her looks, faith. [*Aſide.*

*Lou.* Here, take this fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd neck and heels, and lock'd in a garret; away with him.

D. *Lew*. Dumb! dumb! help, dumb! dumb! ſtand by me, dumb! a pox of my finiſhing, aw, aw!

[*They gag him, and carry him off.*

*Lou*. The inſolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's ſcorn; but I ſhall yet find ways to meaſure my revenge. [*Exit* Louiſa.

*Re-enter* Carlos *in the dark.*

*Car*. What can this evil woman mean me? the doors all barr'd! the lights put out! the ſervants mute, and ſhe with fury in her eyes now ſhot regardleſs by me: I wou'd the worſt wou'd ſhew itſelf. Ha! yonder's a light, I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [*Exit.*

*The* SCENE *changes to another room.*

Angelina, *with a light.*

*Ang*. I cannot like this houſe; for now, as going to my reſt, my ears were 'larm'd with the cries of one that call'd for help: I've ſeen ſtrange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that placed me here appear'd of honeſt thoughts—What can this mean? no matter what, ſince nothing, but the loſs of him I love, can worſe befall me!——Hark, what noiſe! is the door faſt? ah! [*Going to ſhut it.*

*Re-enter* Carlos, *and* Jaques *liſtening.*

*Car*. Ha! another lady, and alone!

*Ang*. Heavens, how I tremble!

*Car*. Sure, by her ſurpriſe, ſhe is not of the other's counſel—Pardon this intruſion, lady, I am a ſtranger, and diſtreſs'd, be not diſmay'd: I have no ill deſigns, unleſs to beg your charitable aſſiſtance be offenſive.

*Ang*. Ha! that voice! [*Amaz'd.*

*Car*. Save me, ye powers! and give me ſtrength to bear this inſupportable ſurpriſe of ruſhing joy.

*Ang*. My *Carlos*——oh!

*Car*. 'Tis ſhe! my long-loſt love, my living *Angelina.*

[*Embraces her.*

*Jaq*. Say you ſo, ſir! this ſhall to my lady.

[*Exit* Jaques.

*Ang*. O! let me hold you ever thus, leſt fate again ſhould part us.

*Car*. 'Twas death indeed to part, but from ſo hard a ſeparation, thus again to meet, is life reſtor'd; it draws

whole years to hours, and we grow old with joy in moments.

*Ang.* O! I were happy, bless'd above my sex, cou'd but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

*Car.* Is't possible! thou miracle of goodness, that thou canst thus forget the misery, the want, the ruin my unhappy love has brought thee to? Trust me, that stormy thought has clouded even the very joy I had to see thee.

*Enter* Jaques *and* Louisa *at a distance.*

*Jaq.* They are there; from hence your ladyship may hear 'em.

*Lou.* Leave me. [*Exit* Jaques, *and* Lou. *listens.*

*Ang.* I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake don't despond; for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

*Car.* O, thou engaging softness! thy courage has reviv'd me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has sav'd us, may now, with less expence of providence, protect and fix us happy.

*Lou.* Ha! so near acquainted—— [*Behind.*

*Car.* And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

*Ang.* The officer that made me captive, prov'd a worthy man, and plac'd me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

*Car.* Ha! to what end?

*Ang.* He said, to be the advocate of his successless love; for he confess'd he woo'd her honourably.

*Car.* Is't possible? Is there a wretch so curs'd among mankind, to be her honourable lover?

*Lou.* So! [*In anger.*

*Car.* Take heed, my love, avoid her as a disease to modesty.

*Lou.* Very well.

*Car.* O! I have a shameful tale to tell thee of her intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy loathing.

*Lou.* Insolent!——well!

*Ang.* You amaze me; pray what is't?

*Car.* This is no time to tell; I had forgot my dan-

ger: let it ſuffice, the doors are barr'd againſt me; now this moment I am a priſoner to her fury; if thou canſt help me to any means of ſafety, or eſcape, aſk me no queſtions, but be quick, and tell me.

*Ang.* Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a paſſage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll ſhew you: but can't you ſay when I may hope again to ſee you?

*Car.* About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your eſcape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it ſure——Now I dare thank thee, fortune.

*Ang.* You will not fail.

*Car.* If I ſurvive, depend on me; till when, may heaven ſupport thy innocence.

*Ang.* Follow me—— [*Exeunt haſtily.*

*Lou.* Are you ſo nimble, ſir? Who waits there? [*Enter* Jaques.] Run, take help, and ſtop the ſtranger; he is now making his eſcape through the garden; fly. [*Exit* Jaques.] Love and revenge, like vipers, gnaw upon my quiet, and I muſt change their food, or leave my being; though I cou'd bear even the low contempt he has thrown on me, cou'd it but woo him to the leaſt return of love; but I would bear again ten thouſand racks, rather than confeſs this dotage. No, if I forego a ſecond time that dear ſupport, my pride, may I become as miſerable as that wretch, that deſtin'd fool he doats on. [*Enter* Angelina, *and exit on the other ſide.*] Ha! ſhe is return'd! yonder ſhe paſſes; with what aſſur'd contentment in her looks!——how pleas'd the thing is——ſtrangely impudent——ſure! the ugly creature thinks I won't ſtrangle her. [*Enter* Jaques.] Now have you brought him?

*Jaq.* Madam, we made what haſte we cou'd, but the gentleman reach'd the mount before us, and eſcap'd over the garden wall.

*Lou.* Eſcap'd, villain! durſt thou tell me ſo?

*Jaq.* If your ladyſhip had call'd me a little ſooner, we had taken him.—Who the devil is this ſtranger? [*Aſide.*

*Lou.* Fool that I am, I betray myſelf to my own ſervants,——well, 'tis no matter; bid the bravoes ſtay, I have directions for 'em: go. [*Exit* Jaques. He has not left me hopeleſs yet; an hour hence he has promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his word (as I've an odious cauſe to fear he will) he yet, at leaſt in my revenge, ſhall prove me woman. [*Exit* Lou.

SCENE *the ſtreet.*

*Enter D.* Duart *diſguis'd, with a ſervant.*

D. *Du.* Where did you find him?

*Serv.* Hard by, ſir, at an houſe of civil recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

*Enter* Clodio.

D. *Du.* I ſcarce remember him, I would not willingly miſtake———I'll obſerve him.

*Clo.* So, now if I can but pick up an honeſt fellow, to crack one healing bottle, I think I ſhall finiſh the day as ſmartly as the *Grand Signior*——hold, let me ſee, what has my haſty refreſhment coſt me here?——umb——umb——umb [*Counts his money*] ſeven piſtoles, by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy income this jade muſt have in a week, if ſhe's thus paid by the hour!

D. *Du.* 'Tis the ſame; leave me. [*Exit ſervant.* Your ſervant, ſir.

*Clo.* . . . Sir——your humble ſervant.

D. *Du.* Pardon a ſtranger's freedom, ſir; but when you know my buſineſs———

*Clo.* Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I ſhall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your buſineſs before we part, I'll knock under the table.

D. *Du.* Sir, I ſhall be glad to drink with you, but at preſent am incapable of ſitting to it.

*Clo.* Why then, ſir, you ſhall only drink as long as you can ſtand; we'll have a bottle here, ſir.——Hey, *Madona!* [*Calls at the door.*

D. *Du.* A very frank humour'd gentleman; I'll know him farther——I preſume, ſir, you are not of *Portugal?*

*Clo.* No, ſir——I am a kind of a——what-d'ye-call'um——a ſort of a here——and——therian; I am a ſtranger no where.

D. *Du.* Have you travell'd far, ſir?

*Clo.* My tour of *Europe*, or so, sir;———dangled about a little; I came this summer from the jubilee.

D. *Du.* Did you make any stay there, sir?

*Clo.* No, sir, I only call'd in there at the salvation-office, just bought an annuity of indulgences for life; got an assurance for my soul; lay with a nun, flux'd; and so came home again.

*Enter servant with wine.*

So, so! here's the wine! come, sir, to our better acquaintance——Faith, I like you mightily——*Allons! baises donc!* [*Kisses, drinks.*
*Morbleu! ce ne'st pas mauvais! allons encore hey! Vive l'amour! quand iris*, &c. [*Sings.*

D. *Du.* I find, sir, you have taken a taste of all the countries you have travell'd through; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies: you far'd well in *France*, I hope.

*Clo.* Yes, faith, as far as my pocket wou'd go; the devil a stroke without it: no money, no mademoiselle; no ducat, no dutchess; no pistole, no princess.——— By the way let me tell you, sir, your *Lisbonites* are held up at a pretty smart rate too——I was forc'd to come down to the tune of seven pistoles here——a man may keep a pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride post, split me.——But, a pox on 'em, it's no wonder the jades are so saucy in a country where there are so many swarms of unmarry'd friars, monks, and brawny jesuits; the game may well be scarce, faith, where there are so many canonical poachers. Now, sir, in little *England*, where your gowns and cassocks are honestly marry'd, your right women are as cheap as *mackrel*—— Gad, sir, I have taken you a fasting velvet scarf out of the side-box there, and the jade has jump'd at a beefstake and a bottle; nay, sometimes at coach-hire, and a single glass of cinnamon——Seven pistoles! unconscionable! Odsheart, in *London*, now for half the sum a man might have pick'd up the first rows of the middle gallery.

D. *Du.* I find, sir, you know *England* then.

*Clo.* Ay, sir, and every woman there that's worth knowing, from honest *Betty Sands*, to the countess of

*Ogletown.* Yes, ſir, I do know *London* pretty well, and the ſide-box, ſir, and behind the ſcenes; ay, and the green-room, and all the girls and women-actreſſes there, ſir——ſir, I was a whole winter there the particular favourite of the giggling party——Come, ſir, if you pleaſe, here's Miſs *Riggle*'s health to you.

D. *Du.* Pray, ſir, how came you ſo well acquainted there?

*Clo.* Why, ſir, I firſt introduc'd myſelf with a ſingle pinch of *Bergamot*; the next night I preſented 'em a box full; next day came to rehearſal: in a week I deſir'd 'em to uſe my name whenever they pleas'd, for what the chocolate houſe afforded——upon this, I was choſen *Valentine*, if I don't miſtake, to about eleven of 'em; and in three days more, I think, it coſt me fifty guineas in gloves, knots, heads, fans, muffs, coffee, tea, ſnuff-boxes, orangerie, and chocolate.

D. *Du.* But pray, ſir, were you as intimate at both play-houſes?

*Clo.* No, ſtretch 'em! at the new houſe they are ſo us'd to be queens and princeſſes, and are ſo often in their airs-royal, forſooth, that I'gad, there's no reaching one of their copper-tails there without a long pole, or a ſettlement, ſplit me.

D. *Du.* But I wonder, ſir, that in a country ſo fam'd for handſome women, the men are ſo generally blam'd for their ſcandalous uſage of 'em.

*Clo.* O damn'd ſcandalous, ſir—they uſe their miſtreſſes as bad as their wives, faith: I tell you what, ſir, I knew a citizen's daughter there, that ran away with a lord, who, in the firſt ſix months of her preferment, never ſtirr'd out, but ſhe made the ladies cry at her equipage; and about eight months after, I think, one morning reeling pretty early into a certain houſe in the *Savoy*, I found the ſelf-ſame, caſt-off ſolitary lady, in a room with bare walls, dreſſing her dear, pretty head there, in the corner bit of a lookin-glaſs, prudently ſupported by a quartern brandy-pot, upon the head of an oyſter-barrel.

D. *Du.* I find few miſtreſſes make their fortunes there: but pray, ſir, among all your adventures, has no parti-

cular lady's merit encourag'd you to advance your own marriage?

*Clo.* Sir, I have been ſo near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet, ſplit me.

D. *Du.* How ſo, ſir?

*Clo.* Why the prieſt, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dreſs'd, faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, ſir, comes in with a damn'd long ſtride, and a ſharp ſtomach—ſays a ſhort grace, and——whipp'd her up like an oyſter.

D. *Du.* You had ill fortune, ſir.

*Clo.* Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you muſt know, ſir, tho' I loſt my wife, I have eſcap'd hanging ſince here in *Liſbon*.

D. *Du.* That I know you have; be not amaz'd, ſir.

*Clo.* Hey! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer that has a warrant againſt me——Pray, ſir, if it be no offence——may I beg the favour to know who you are?

D. *Du.* Let it ſuffice, I own myſelf your friend—I am your debtor, ſir; you fought a gentleman they call Don *Duart*——I knew him well; he was a proud inſulting fellow, and my mortal foe; but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I ſaw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I deſire you will command my ſword or fortune.

*Clo.* Pray, ſir——is there no joke in all this?

D. *Du.* There, ſir, the little all I'm maſter of, may ſerve at preſent to convince you of my ſincerity: *I am ſincere:* I aſk for no return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther ſervice. [*Gives him a purſe.*

*Clo.* Sir, your health——I'll give you information preſently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, ſir, do you know the gentleman's ſiſter that I fought with? that is, do you know what reputation, what fortune ſhe has?

D. *Du.* I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thouſand piſtoles; her reputation yet unſully'd: but pray, ſir, why may you aſk this?

*Clo.* Now, I'll tell you, ſir——twelve thouſand piſtoles, you ſay.

D. *Du.* I ſpeak the leaſt, ſir.

*Clo.* Why this very lady, after I had kill'd her brother, gave me the protection of her houſe; hid me in her cloſet, while the officers that brought in the dead body came to ſearch for me; and, as ſoon as their backs were turn'd, poor ſoul, hurry'd me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, faith! Now, ſir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

D. *Du.* Confuſion!

*Clo.* Look you, ſir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendſhip; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

D. *Du.* Let me conſider, ſir——Death and fire! is all her height of ſorrow but diſſembled then? A proſtitute even to the man ſuppos'd my murderer! If it be true, the conſequence is ſoon reſolv'd——but this requires my farther ſearch——May I depend on this for truth, ſir?

*Clo.* Why, ſir, you don't ſuppoſe I'd banter a lady of her quality?

D. *Du.* Damnation! Well, ſir, I'll take your letter! but firſt let me be well acquainted with my errand.

*Clo.* Sir, I'll write this moment; if you pleaſe, we'll ſtep into the houſe here, and finiſh the buſineſs over another bottle.

D. *Du.* With all my heart.

*Clo. Allons! Entrez.* [*Exeunt.*

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## A C T V.

### SCENE Elvira's *houſe.*

Elvira *is diſcover'd alone in mourning, a lamp by her.*

*Don* Duart *enters behind diſguis'd.*

D. *Du.* THUS far I am paſs'd unknown to any of the ſervants——now for the proof of what I fear——Ha! yonder ſhe is——This cloſe retirement,

thoſe ſable colours, the ſolemn ſilence that attends her, no friends admitted, nor even the day to viſit her; theſe ſeem to ſpeak a real ſorrow; if not, the counterfeit is deep indeed——I'll fathom it——Madam.

*Elv.* Who's there? another murderer! where are my ſervants? will nothing but my ſorrows wait upon me?

D. *Du.* Your pardon, lady, I have no evil meaning; this letter will inform you of my buſineſs, and excuſe this rude intruſion.

*Elv.* For me! whence comes it, ſir?

D. *Du.* The contents, madam, will explain to you—She ſeems amaz'd! looks almoſt thro' the letter——I ſhould ſuſpect the ſtranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me ſuch convincing circumſtances———Ha! ſhe pauſes! 'Sdeath! a ſmile too——I fear her now.

*Elv.* My prayers are heard; juſtice at length has overtaken the murderer: his vow'd protection having been ſtrictly paid, I now unperjur'd may revenge my brother's blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair occaſion: but 'twere not ſafe to ſhew my thought; therefore to be juſt, I muſt diſſemble. [*Aſide.*] I aſk your pardon for my rudeneſs, ſir: upon your friend's account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better welcome.

D. *Du.* So! then ſhe's damn'd, I find; but I'll have more, and bring 'em face to face. [*Aſide.*] My friend, madam, thought his viſits ſhould be unſeaſonable, before the ſad ſolemnity of your brother's funeral.

*Elv.* A needleſs fear! my brother, ſir! Alas, I owe your friend my thanks, for having eas'd our family of ſo ſcandalous a burthen! A riotous, unmanner'd fellow; I bluſh to ſpeak of him.

D. *Du.* O patience! patience! [*Aſide:*

*Elv.* Pray let him know, his abſence was the real cauſe of this miſtaken mourning: 'tis true, indeed, I give it out 'tis for my brother's death; but womens hearts and tongues, you know, muſt not always hold alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, ſhould not we now and then diſſemble.

D. *Du.* How ſhall I forbear her? [*Aſide.*

*Elv.* I grow impatient till he's wholly mine——to-morrow! 'tis an age! I'll make him mine to-night—

I'll write to him this minute——Can you have patience, ſir, till I prepare a letter for you?

D. *Du.* You may command me, madam.

*Elv.* I'll diſpatch immediately——will you walk this way, ſir?

D. *Du.* Madam, I wait on you——Revenge and daggers! [*Exeunt.*

*The* SCENE Louiſa's *houſe.*

Louiſa *and* Jaques.

*Lou.* Is the lady ſeiz'd?

*Jaq.* Yes, madam, and half dead with the fright.

*Lou.* Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed: when the ſtranger's taken, bring me immediate notice; 'tis near his time; away. [*Exit* Jaques.] Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have borne this uſage, ſat me down alone content, and found a ſecret pleaſure in complaining; but to be ſlighted for a girl, a ſickly, poor, unthinking wretch, incapable of love! that ſtabs home! 'Tis poiſon to my thoughts, and ſwells 'em to revenge! My rival! no! he ſhall never triumph! Hark! what noiſe! they have him ſure! How now!

*Enter* Jaques.

*Jaq.* Madam, the gentleman is taken.

*Lou.* Bring him in——Revenge, I thank thee now.

*Enter bravoes with* Carlos *diſarm'd.*

So, ſir! you are return'd, it ſeems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to ſeek a worthier miſtreſs here; 'twould be uncharitable to diſappoint your love—I'll help your ſearch: if ſhe be here, be ſure ſhe's ſafe!——Open that door there.

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Angelina *with bravoes ready to ſtrangle her.*

Now, ſir, is this the lady?

*Car.* My *Angelina!* Oh!

*Ang.* O miſerable meeting!

*Lou.* Now let me ſee you ſmile, and rudely throw me from your arms! now ſcorn my love, my perſon, and my fortune! now let your ſqueamiſh virtue fly me as a diſeaſe to modeſty! and tell her now your ſhameful tale of my intemperance!

*Car.* O! cruelty of fate, that could betray ſuch innocence!

*Lou.* What, not a word to ſoften yet thy obſtinate averſion! thou wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin ——End her. [*To the bravoes.*

*Car.* O, hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

*Lou.* I've learn'd from you to uſe my pity——'Sdeath! I could laugh to ſee thy ſtrange ſtupidity of love——On one condition yet ſhe lives an hour, but if refus'd——

*Car.* Name not a refuſal, be it danger, death, or tortures, any thing that life can do to ſave her.

*Lou.* Nay, if you are ſo over-willing.

*Car.* Speak, and I obey you.

*Lou.* Now then, this moment kneel and curſe her.

*Car.* Preſerve her, heaven, and ſnatch her from the jaws of gaping danger. [*Kneeling.*] O! may the watchful eye of Providence, that never ſleeps o'er innocence diſtreſs'd, look nearly to her; or if ſome miracle alone can ſave her, the ever-waking ſun, in his eternal progreſs, never ſaw ſo fair an object to employ it on.

*Lou.* Preſuming fool! were I inclin'd to ſave her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean) canſt thou believe this inſolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

*Car.* Yet hold! forgive my raſhneſs, I was to blame indeed; but paſſion has tranſported both of us; love made me as heedleſs of her ſafety, as wild revenge has you, even of your neglected ſoul.

*Lou.* What, doſt thou think to preach me from my purpoſe?

*Car.* That were too vain an hope; tho' I've a piteous cauſe that might beſpeak, without a tongue, the mercy of a human heart: but if revenge alone can ſate your fury, at leaſt miſplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the puniſhment; but ſpare the innocent, the gentle maid; ſhe ne'er intended yet a thought againſt your peace; I have deſerv'd your anger, nay, and juſtly too; for I confeſs I ought to have given you a milder treatment; but to atone the crime, rip up my breaſt, and in my heart you'll read the unhappy cauſe of my neglect and rudeneſs.

*Lou.* How he disarms my anger! but must my rival triumph then?

*Ang.* Charge me not with abhorr'd ingratitude: be witness, heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver.

*Car.* For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause: do not debase your generous revenge with cruelty; that every common wretch can take; the savage brutes can suck their fellow-creatures blood, and tear their bodies down; but greater human souls have more pride to curb, and bow the stubborn mind of what they hate; and such revenge, the nobler far, I offer now to you; see at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy.

*Lou.* He buries my revenge in blushes.

*Ang.* O! generous proof of the most faithful love!

*Car.* Think what a glorious triumph it would be, that when your swoln resentment, wild revenge, and indignation, all stood ready, waiting for the word, you call'd your forceful reason to your aid, resolv'd, and took that tyrant passion captive to your gentle pity; O! 'twere such a god-like instance of your virtue, as might atone, if possible, even crimes to come: revenge, like this, can never give you that continu'd peace of mind which mercy may: compassion has a thousand secret charms: think you 'twere no delight of thought, to heel the wounds of bleeding lovers, to make two poor afflicted wretches happy, whose highest crime is loving well and faithfully? Were it no soothing joy, no secret pride, to raise 'em from the last despair to hope? to life and love restor'd? Now, on my heart, I read a struggling pity in your eye! O cherish it, and spare our innocence! Perhaps the story of our chaste affections, once complete, may live a fair example to succeeding times, for which posterity shall stand indebted to your virtue.

*Lou.* Release the lady——go. [*Exeunt bravoes.* And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love; for I confess the fair example of your mutual faith, your tenderness, humility, and tears, have quite subdu'd

my ſoul; at once have conquer'd and reform'd me: O! you have given me ſuch an image of the contentful peace, th' unſhaken quiet of an honeſt mind, that now I taſte more ſolid joy, being but the inſtrument of your united virtuous love, than all my late falſe hopes propos'd even in the laſt indulgence of my blind deſires: now love long and happily; forgive my follies paſt, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their hands.*

*Car.* O! providential care of innocence diſtreſs'd!

*Ang.* O! miracle of rewarded love!

*Car.* What ſhall I ſay? I ſcarce have yet the power of thought amidſt this hurry of tranſporting joy! My *Angelina!* do I then live to hold thee thus? O! I have a thouſand things to ſay, to aſk, to weep, and hear of thee——But firſt let's kneel and pay our thanks to heaven, and this our kind preſerver; to whoſe moſt happy change we owe even all our lives to come, which cheerful gratitude can pay.

*Lou.* Nay, now you give me a confuſion. [*Raiſes 'em.* But if you dare truſt me with the ſtory of your love's diſtreſs, as far as my fortune can, command it freely to ſupply your preſent wants, or any future means propos'd to give you laſting happineſs.

*Car.* Eternal rounds of never-ending peace reward your wond'rous bounty; and when you know the ſtory of our fortune, as we ſhall ſoon find due occaſion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deſerve your pity and aſſiſtance. But I have been too buſy in my joy, I almoſt had forgot my friendly uncle, the antient gentleman that firſt came hither with me; how have you diſpos'd of him?

*Lou.* I think he's here, and ſafe——who waits there? [*Enter* Jaques.] Releaſe the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends deſire him. [*Exit* Jaques.] You'll pardon, ſir, the treatment I have ſhewn him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confeſs, at that time, ſomething too far incens'd me.

*Car.* He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be ſorry when his humour gives offence.

*Enter Don* Lewis, Jaques *bowing to him.*

D. *Lew.* Prithee, honeſt dumb, don't be ſo ceremo-

nious! A pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my jaws ake a little;) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter——My dear *Carlos!* I muſt buſs thee, faith!——Madam, your humble ſervant——I beg your pardon, d'ye ſee——you underſtand me.

[*Exit* Jaques.

*Lou.* I hope we are all friends, ſir.

D. *Lew.* I hope we are, madam—I am an honeſt old fellow, faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

*Car.* Here's a ſtranger, uncle!

D. *Lew.* What, my little bloſſom! my gilliflower! my roſe! my pink! my tulip! faith, I muſt ſmell thee. [*Salutes* Angelina.] Od, ſhe's a delicate noſegay! I muſt have her touz'd a little———*Carlos!* you muſt gather to-night; I can ſtay no longer———Well, faith! I am heartily joy'd to ſee thee, child.

*Ang.* I thank you, ſir, and wiſh I may deſerve your love. Our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about———

D. *Lew.* Does not ſignify three-pence; when fortune pays me a viſit, I ſeldom trouble myſelf to know which way ſhe came——I tell you, I am glad to ſee you.

*Enter* Jaques.

*Jaq.* Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyſhip.

*Lon.* At this late hour! What can his buſineſs be? Deſire his lordſhip to walk in.

*Enter Governor.*

*Gov.* Pardon, madam, this unſeaſonable viſit.

*Lou.* Your lordſhip does me honour.

*Gov.* At leaſt, I hope, my buſineſs will excuſe it: ſome ſtrangers here below, upon their offer'd oaths, demanded my authority to ſearch your houſe for a loſt young lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himſelf the father; but the reſpect I owe your ladyſhip made me refuſe their ſearch, till I had ſpoken with you.

*Ang.* It muſt be they—Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are loſt.

*Lou.* Be not concern'd: wou'd you avoid 'em?

*Car.* No, we muſt be found; let 'em have entrance: we have an honeſt cauſe, and would provoke its trial.

*Lou.* Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit* Jaques. My lord, I'll anſwer for their honeſty; and, as they are ſtrangers, where the law's ſevere, muſt beg you'd favour and aſſiſt 'em.

*Gov.* You may command me, madam; tho' there's no great fear; for having heard the moſt that they cou'd urge againſt 'em, I found in their complaints more ſpleen and humour, than any juſt appearance of a real injury.

*Enter Don* Manuel, Charino, Antonio, *and* Clodio.

*Cha.* I'll have juſtice.

*Ant.* Don't be too hot, brother.

*Cha.* Sir, I demand juſtice.

D. *Man.* That's the lady, ſir, I told you of.

*Clo.* Ah, that's ſhe, my lord, I am witneſs.

*Car.* My father! Sir, your pardon, and your bleſſing.

*Ant.* Why truly, *Carlos*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the matter; I wiſh you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here is very obſtinate, and will admit of no ſatisfaction: but, however, I will bleſs you in ſpite of his teeth.

*Cha.* This is all contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I ſay, deliver my daughter——ſhe is an heireſs, ſir; and to detain her, is a rape in law, ſir, and I'll have you all hang'd; therefore no more delays, ſir; for I tell you beforehand, I am a wiſe man, and 'tis impoſſible to trick me.

*Ant.* I ſay, you are too poſitive, brother; and when you learn more wiſdom, you'll have ſome.

*Cha.* I ſay, brother, this is mere malice, when you know in your own conſcience, I have ten times your underſtanding; for you ſee I am quite of another opinion: and ſo once more, my lord, I demand juſtice againſt that raviſher.

*Gov.* Does your daughter, ſir, complain of any violence?

*Cha.* Your lordſhip knows young girls never complain when the violence is over; he has taught her better, I ſuppoſe.

*Ang.* [*To* Charino, *kneeling.*] Sir, you are my father, bred me, cheriſh'd me, gave me my affections, taught

me to keep 'em hitherto within the bounds of honour, and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she preferr'd, to her mistaken parents choice, her being yours without a dower, not to bestow my person where those affections ne'er can follow——I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought; but here my heart's subdu'd, even to the last compliance with my fortune; he, sir, has nobly woo'd and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

*Cha.* Get up again.

*Gov.* Come, sir, be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

*Cha.* My lord, I don't want advice; I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

*Enter* Jaques.

*Jaq.* My lord, here's a stranger without enquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself *Clodio*.

*Clo.* Hey! *Ah, mon cher Ami!*

*Enter Don* Duart *disguis'd.*

Well, what news, my dear, has she answer'd my letter?

D. *Du.* There, sir——This to your lordship.

[*Gives him a letter, and whispers.*

*Gov.* Marry'd to-night, and to this gentleman, say'st thou? I am amaz'd.

D. *Du.* He is her choice, my lord.

*Clo.* [*Reading the letter.*]——Um——um——Charms—irresistible—excuse so soon—Passion—Blushes—Consent—Provision—Children—Settlement—Marriage——If this is not plain, the devil's in't.———Hold, here's more, faith———[*Reads to himself.*]

D. *Man.* How shall I requite this goodness? [*To* Lou.

*Lou.* I owe you more than I have leisure now to pay: press me not too far, lest I should offer more than you are willing to receive. Favours, when long with-held, sometimes grow tasteless; over-fasting often palls the appetite.

D. *Man.* The appetite of love, like mine, can never

die; it would be ever tasting and unsated.

[*They seem to talk apart.*

*Gov.* 'Tis very sudden—but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

*Clo.* Ha, ha, ha! Poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and, faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'en patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad that shou'd ha' been—this business is all at an end—for, look you, I find your daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you the truth, so am I faith! If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me—And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the Lady *Elvira*'s wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D. *Lew.* Thy house! ha, ha! well said, puppy!

*Clo.* Ha! old *Testy!*

*Cha.* What dost thou mean, man? [*To* Clo.

*Gov.* 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surpriz'd at it.

*Ang.* Bless'd news! This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

*Cha.* If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

*Ant.* Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turn'd tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with *Carlos*'s name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

*Cha.* Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

*Clo.* Come, ladies, if you please, my friend will shew you.

*Lou.* Sir, we wait upon you.

*Cha.* This wedding's an odd thing!

D. *Lew.* Ha, ha! if it should be a lie now. [*Exeunt.*

*The* SCENE *changes to* Elvira's *apartment.*

Elvira *alone, with* Clodio's *letter in her hand.*

*Elv.* At how severe a price do women purchase an unspotted fame! when even the justest title can't assure possession: when we reflect upon the insolent and daily

wrongs which men and ſcandal throw upon our actions, 'twere enough to make a modeſt mind deſpair: if we are fair and chaſte, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forſaken: nothing we do or think on, be the motive e'er ſo juſt, or generous, but ſtill the malice or the guilt of men interprets to our ſhame: why ſhould this ſtranger elſe, this wretched ſtranger, whoſe forfeit life I raſhly ſav'd, preſume from that miſtaken charity to tempt me with his love. [*Enter a ſervant.*] Hark! what muſick's that? [*Flouriſh.*

*Serv.* Madam, the gentlemen are come.

*Elv.* 'Tis well; are the officers ready?

*Serv.* Yes, madam, and know your ladyſhip's orders.

*Elv.* Conduct the company. Now juſtice ſhall uncloud my fame, and ſee my brother's death reveng'd. [*Muſic plays.*

*Enter* Clodio, *D.* Duart, *Governor*, *D.* Manuel, Louiſa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, *and D.* Lewis.

*Clo.* Well, madam, you ſee I'm punctual—you've nick'd your man, faith; I'm always critical—to a minute; you'll never ſtay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I deſire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here——My lord——

*Gov.* Give you joy, madam.

*Clo.* Nay, madam, I have brought you ſome near relations of my own too—This Don *Antonio*, who will ſhortly have the honour to call you daughter.

*Ant.* The young rogue has made a pretty choice, faith.

*Clo.* This Don *Charino*, who was very near having the honour of calling me ſon. This my elder brother—and this my noble uncle, Don *Cholerick—Snapſhorto de Teſty*.

D. *Lew.* Puppy.

*Clo.* Peeviſh.

D. *Lew.* Madam, I wiſh you joy with all my heart; but truly, I can't much adviſe you to marry this gentleman, becauſe, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely ſhocking; thoſe that know him, generally give him the title of Don *Diſmallo Thickſcullo de Halfwitto*.

*Clo.* Well ſaid, nuncle, ha, ha!

D. *Du.* Are you provided of a prieſt, ſir?

*Clo.* Ay, ay, pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

D. *Du.* So wou'd I, I want the cue to act this juſtice on my honour; yet I cannot read the folly in her looks. [*Aſide.*

*Gov.* You have ſurpriz'd us, madam, by this ſudden marriage.

*Elv.* I may yet ſurprize you more, my lord.

D. *Du.* Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

*Clo.* Ay, poor fool! ſhe's modeſt——but I have a cure for that——Well, my princeſs, why that demure look now?

*Elv.* I was thinking, ſir.

*Clo.* I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think—You neither ſee, hear, feel, ſmell, nor taſte——You han't the right uſe of ſome of your ſenſes—In ſhort, you have it. Now, my princeſs, have not I nick'd it?

*Elv.* I am ſorry, ſir, you know ſo little of yourſelf, or me.

*Enter a ſervant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the prieſt is come.

*Elv.* Let him wait, we've no occaſion yet——Within there—ſeize him. [*Several officers ruſh in, who ſeize* Clodio, *and bind him.*

D. *Du.* Ha!

*Gov.* What can this mean?

*Clo.* Gad me! what, is my dear in her frolicks already?

*Elv.* And now, my lord, your juſtice on that murderer.

*Gov.* How, madam!

*Clo.* That bitch, my fortune!

D. *Lew.* Madam, upon my knees, I beg you don't carry the jeſt too far, but if there be any real hopes of his having an halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be ſure at once for ever, that no earthly thing, but a reprieve, can ſave him. [*Apart to* Elvira.

*Ant.* Pray, madam, who accuſes him?

*Elv.* His own confeſſion, ſir.

*Car.* Of murder, ſay you, madam?

*Elv.* The murder of my brother.

*Gov.* Where was that confeſſion made?

*Elv.* After the fact was done, my lord, this man, purſu'd by juſtice, took ſhelter here, and, trembling, begg'd of me for my protection; he ſeem'd indeed a ſtranger, and his complaints ſo pitiful, that I, little ſuſpicious of my brother's death, promis'd, by a raſh and ſolemn vow, I wou'd conceal him; which vow heaven can witneſs with what diſtraction in my thoughts I ſtrictly kept, and paid; but he, alas! miſtaking this my hoſpitable charity for the effects of a moſt vile prepoſterous love, proceeds upon his error, and in his letter here addreſſes me for marriage; which, I once having paid my vow, anſwer'd in ſuch prevailing terms, upon his folly, as now have, unprotected, drawn him into the hands of juſtice.

D. *Du.* She is innocent, and well has diſappointed my revenge. [*Aſide.*

D. *Lew.* So, now I am a little eaſy—The puppy will be hang'd.

*Gov.* Give me leave, madam, to aſk you yet ſome farther queſtions.

*Clo.* Ay——I ſhall be hang'd, I believe.

*Cha.* Nay then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter; for I am now convinc'd, that my friend *Clody* is diſpos'd of—and ſo, without compliment, do ye ſee, children—heaven bleſs you together. [*Joins* Car. *and* Ang. *hands.*

*Car.* This, ſir, is a time unfit to thank you as we ought.

*Ant.* Well, brother, I thank you however; *Carlos* is an honeſt lad, and well deſerves her; but poor *Clody*'s ill fortune I cou'd never have ſuſpected.

D. *Lew.* Why you wou'd be poſitive, though you know, brother, I always told you *Diſmal* wou'd be hang'd; I muſt plague him a little, becauſe the dog has been pert with me——*Clody!* how doſt thou do? Ha! why you are ty'd!

*Clo.* I hate this old fellow, ſplit me.

D. *Lew.* Thou haſt really made a damn'd blunder here, child, to invite ſo many people to a marriage-knot, and inſtead of that, it's like to be one under the left ear.

*Clo.* I'd fain have him die.

D. *Lew.* Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me ſee! you'll only have occaſion for a noſegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin: look you, take you no care about the ſurgeons, you ſhall not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the body off with a wet finger—tho' methinks I'd fain ſee the inſide of the puppy too.

*Clo.* O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. *Lew.* Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engag'd, I don't know but I may come to the tree, and ſing a ſtave or two with thee—Nay, I'll riſe on purpoſe,—tho' you will hardly ſuffer before twelve o'clock neither—ay, juſt about twelve——about twelve you'll be turn'd off.

*Clo.* O! curſe conſume him!

*Gov.* I am convinc'd, madam, the fact appears too plain.

D. *Lew.* Yes, yes, he'll ſuffer. [*Aſide.*

*Gov.* What ſays the gentleman? Do you confeſs the fact, ſir?

*Clo.* Will it do me any good, my lord?

*Gov.* Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

*Clo.* Why then, to confeſs the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am ſorry for't; but it was none of my fault, ſplit me.

*Elv.* Now, my lord, your juſtice.

D. *Du.* Hold, madam, that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of ſuch a ſiſter's virtue. [*Diſcovers himſelf.*

*Elv.* My brother! O! let my wonder ſpeak my joy!

*Clo.* Hey! [Clodio *and his friends ſeem ſurpriz'd.*

*Gov.* Don *Duart!* living and well! how came this ſtrange recovery?

D. *Du.* My body's health the ſurgeon has reſtor'd; but here's the true phyſician of my mind: the hot diſtemper'd blood, which lately render'd me offenſive to mankind, his juſt reſenting ſword let forth, which gave me leiſure to reflect upon my follies paſt, and, by reflection, to reform.

*Elv.* This is indeed a happy change!

*Gow.* Releaſe the gentleman.

*Clo.* Here, *Teſty*, prithee do ſo much as untie this a little.

D. *Lew.* Why ſo I will, ſirrah; I find thou haſt done a mettled thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be ſhock'd at thee any longer.

*Elv.* I aſk your pardon for the wrong I have done you, ſir, and bluſh to think how much I owe you for a brother thus reſtor'd.

*Clo.* Madam, your very humble ſervant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. *Du.* We are indeed his debtors both; and, ſiſter, there's but one way now of being grateful: for my ſake, give him ſuch returns of love as he may yet think fit to aſk, or you with modeſty can anſwer.

*Clo.* Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it impudence in me to wiſh myſelf well with your ſiſter, I ſhall beg leave to make uſe of your friendſhip.

D. *Du.* This modeſty commends you, ſir.

*Ant.* Sir, you have propos'd like a man of honour, and if the lady can but like of it, ſhe ſhall find thoſe among us that will make up a fortune to deſerve her.

*Car.* I wiſh my brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my birth-right, I'm ready ſtill to put my words into performance.

D. *Lew.* Nay then, ſince I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to *Carlos*, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

D. *Du.* Siſter!

*Elv.* This is no trifle, brother; allow me a convenient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deſerve your friendſhip, he ſhall not much complain I am his enemy.

D. *Lew.* So! now it will be a wedding again, faith.

D. *Man.* And if this kind example could prevail on you———

*Lou.* If it could not, your merit has ſufficient power: from this moment, I am yours for ever.

D. *Man.* Which way ſhall I be grateful?

*Clo.* Nay then, ſtrike up again, boys—and, with the

lady's leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a dance *à la mode d'Angleterre.* [*They dance.*

D. *Lew.* So, so! bravely done of all sides; and now, *Carlos*, we'll e'en toast our noses over a chirping bottle, and laugh at our past fortune.

*Car.* Come, my *Angelina!*
Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,
And the distressful voyage of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.
Now we unlade our freight of happiness,
Of which, from thee alone, my share's deriv'd:
For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life:
But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
Than all the volumes of the learn'd cou'd teach;
Gave me the proof when nature's birth began,
To what great end th' ETERNAL form'd a MAN.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE.

*AN* Epilogue's *a tax on authors laid,*
*And full as much unwillingly is paid.*
*Good lines, I grant, are little worth, but yet,*
*Coin has been always easier rais'd than wit.*
*(I fear we'd made but very poor campaigns,*
*Had funds been levy'd from the grumbling brains.)*
*Beside, to what poor purpose should we plead,*
*When you have once resolv'd a play shall bleed?*
*But then again, a wretch, in any case,*
*Has leave to say why sentence should not pass.*
*First, let your censure from pure judgment flow,*
*And mix with that some grains of mercy too;*
*On some your praise like wanton lovers you bestow.*
*Thus have you known a woman plainly fair,*
*At first scarce worth your two days pains or care;*
*Without a charm, but being young and new,*
*(You thought five guineas far beyond her due.)*
*But when pursu'd by some gay leading lover,*
*Then every day her eyes new charms discover;*
*'Till at the last, by crouds of beaus admir'd,*
*Sh' has rais'd her price to what her heart desir'd,*
*New gowns and petticoats, which her airs requir'd.*
*So miss, and poet too, when once cry'd up,*
*Believe their reputation at the top;*
*And now, that while the liking fit has seiz'd you,*
*She cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.*
*How can you bear a sense of love so gross,*
*To let me fashion on your taste impose?*
*Your taste refin'd, might add to your delight;*
*Poets from you are taught to raise their flight;*
*For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.*

# She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not;

OR THE

# KIND IMPOSTOR.

A

# COMEDY.

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| Don *Manuel*, father to *Roſara*, | Mr. *Cibber*. |
| Don *Philip*, ſlighted by *Hypolita*, | Mr. *Booth*. |
| Don *Louis*, nephew to Don *Manuel*, and friend to Don *Philip*, | |
| *Octavio*, in love with *Roſara*, | Mr. *Mills*. |
| *Trappanti*, a caſt ſervant of Don *Philip*'s, | Mr. *Penkethman*. |
| *Soto*, ſervant to Don *Philip*, | Mr. *Bullock*. |

Hoſt, Alguazile, and Servants.

## W O M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Hypolita*, ſecretly in love with Don *Philip*, | Mrs. *Mountfort*. |
| *Roſara*, in love with *Octavio*, | Mrs. *Santlow*. |
| *Flara*, confident to *Hypolita*, | Mrs. *Bicknell*. |
| *Viletta*, woman to *Roſara*, | Mrs. *Saunders*. |

SCENE, *MADRID*.

To the Moſt Illuſtrious

# JAMES DUKE OF ORMOND.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

OUR late happy news from *Vigo* had ſo general an influence on the minds of the people, that it's no wonder this play had a favourable reception, when the cheerfulneſs and good-humour of the town inclin'd them to encourage every thing that carried the leaſt pretence to divert them. But the beſt part of its fortune is, that its appearing firſt this ſeaſon has given it a ſort of a title to your Grace's protection, by being at the ſame time (among many worthier acknowledgments) the inſtrument of the ſtage's general thanks for the proſperous days we promiſe ourſelves from the conſequence of ſo glorious an action. An action which, conſider'd with the native greatneſs of your mind, will eaſily perſuade us, that the only reaſon to ſuppoſe the ancient heroes greater than the modern is, that they had better poets to record them: but, from your Grace's happy conduct this ſummer, we are convinc'd that their poetry may now outlive their greatneſs; and if *modeſty* would ſuffer *truth* to ſpeak, ſhe'd plainly ſay, What they did fall as ſhort of you, as what you did exceeds what they have greatly ſaid, that they *wrote* as boldly as the Engliſh *fight*; and you lead them with the ſame ſpirit that the ancients wrote.

The nation's public and ſolemn praiſe to heaven, and *that* under their repreſented thanks in parliament to you: the univerſal joy, and the deafening acclamations that echo'd your return, were ſtrong confeſſions of a benefit received beyond their power to repay; and to oblige beyond that power, is truly great and glorious. But Providence has fix'd you in ſo eminent a degree of honour, and of fortune, that nothing but the glory of the action can reward it. The unfeign'd and growing wiſhes you have planted in the people's hearts, are a fin-

cere acknowledgment that's never paid, but when great actions like your own deſerve it, which have been ſo frequent in the dangerous and delightful ſervice of your country, that you at laſt have warm'd their gratitude into a cordial love; for 'tis hard to ſay, that we were more pleaſed with our victory, than that the Duke of *Ormond* brought it us. But I forget myſelf; the pleaſure of the ſubject had almoſt made me inſenſible of the danger of offending. If I were ſpeaking to the world only, I have ſaid too little; but while your Grace is my Reader, I know the ſeverity of your virtue won't eaſily forgive me, unleſs I let the ſubject fall, and immediately conclude myſelf,

May it pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt devoted,

Moſt obliged, and

Moſt obedient ſervant,

C. CIBBER.

# PROLOGUE.

*CRitics, tho'* Plays *without your ſmiles ſubſiſt,*
*Yet this was writ to reach your gen'rous taſte,*
*And not in ſtern contempt of any other gueſt.*
*Our humble author thinks a* Play *ſhould be,*
*Tho' ty'd to rules, like a good* ſermon, *free*
*From pride, and ſtoop to each capacity.*
*Tho' he dares not, like ſome, depend alone*
*Upon a ſingle character new ſhewn,*
*Or only things well ſaid to draw the town.*
*Such* Plays, *like looſer beauties, may have power*
*To pleaſe, and ſport away a wanton hour;*
*But wit and humour, with a juſt deſign,*
*Charm, as when beauty, ſenſe and virtue join.*
*Such was his juſt attempt; tho' 'tis confeſt*
*He's only vain enough t'have done his beſt:*
*For rules are but the poſts that mark the courſe,*
*Which way the rider ſhould direct his horſe.*
*He that miſtakes his ground is eas'ly beat,*
*Tho' he that runs it true mayn't do the feat,*
*For 'tis the ſtraining genius that muſt win the heat:*
*O'er choak-jade to the ditch a jade may lead,*
*But the true proof of* Pegaſus'*s breea* [*ſpeed.*
*Is when the laſt act turns the lands with* Dimple'*s*
*View then in ſhort the method that he takes;*
*His* plot *and* perſons *he from nature makes.*
*Who for no bribe of jeſt he willingly forſakes,*
*His* wit, *if any, mingles with his* plot,
*Which ſhould on no temptation be forgot:*
*His* action'*s in the time of acting done,*
*No more than from the curtain, up and down.*
*While the firſt* muſic *plays, he moves his ſcene*
*A little ſpace, but never ſhifts again.*
*From his deſign no* perſon *can be ſpar'd,*
*Or* ſpeeches *lopt, unleſs the whole be marr'd:*
*No ſcene of* talk for talking's ſake *are ſhewn,*
*Where moſt abruptly, when their chat is done,*
*Actors go off, becauſe the* poet——*can't go on.*

# PROLOGUE.

*His first act offers something to be done,*
*And all the rest but lead that action on;*
*Which when pursuing scenes i' th' end discover,*
*The game's run down, of course the play is over.*
*Thus much he thought 'twas requisite to say,*
*(For all here are not critics born) that they*
*Who only us'd to* like, might *learn to* taste *a play.*
*But now he flies for refuge to the fair,*
*Whom he must own the ablest judges here,*
*Since all the springs of his design but move*
*From beauty's cruelty, subdu'd by love:*
*E'en they whose hearts are yet untouch'd must know*
*In the same case, sure, what their own wou'd do:*
*You best should judge of love, since love is born of you.*

# She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not;

## OR,

# The KIND IMPOSTOR.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE, *an inn in* Madrid.

*Enter* Trappanti *alone, talking to himself.*

INDEED, my friend *Trappanti*, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou haſt neither maſter, meat, nor money: not but, could'ſt thou part with that unappeaſable itch of eating too, thou haſt all the ragged virtues that were requiſite to ſet up an ancient philoſopher. Contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou haſt endur'd with the beſt of 'em; but ——when fortune turns thee up to hard faſting, that is to ſay, poſitively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the ſame ſtomach, and no more philoſophy than a hound upon horſe-fleſh——Faſting's a devil!——Let me ſee—this I take it is the moſt frequented inn about *Madrid*, and if a keen gueſt or two ſhould drop in now——Hark!

*Hoſt.* [*Within.*] Take care of the gentlemen's horſes there, ſee 'em well rubb'd and litter'd.

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

*Enter* Hypolita *and* Flora *in men's habits, a ſervant with a portmanteau.*

*Trap.* Welcome to *Madrid*, ſir; welcome, ſir.

*Flo.* Sir, your ſervant.

*Serv.* Have the horſes pleas'd your honour?

*Hyp.* Very well, indeed, friend: prithee ſet down the portmanteau, and ſee that the poor creatures want nothing; they have perform'd well, and deſerve our care.

*Trap.* I'll take care of that, ſir; here, oſtler!

[*Exeunt* Trap. *and ſervant.*

*Flo.* And pray, madam, what do I deſerve, that have loſt the uſe of limbs to keep pace with you? 'Dſheart! you whipt and ſpurr'd like a fox-hunter. It's a ſign you had a lover in view; I'm ſure my ſhoulders ake as if I had carried my horſe on 'em.

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

*Flo.* Thank me, quotha! Egad I ſhan't be able to ſit this fortnight: well, I'm glad our journey's at an end, however; and now, madam, pray what do you propoſe will be the end of our journey?

*Hyp.* Why, now I hope the end of my wiſhes—— Don *Philip.* I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

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

*Hyp.* His manner of bearing that uſage.

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

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

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

*Hyp.* Why I engag'd him.

*Flo.* To another?

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

*Flo.* Ah! done like a woman of courage.

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

*Flo.* Ay! I warrant you, an inſolent——agreeable

puppy. Well, but to leave impertinence, madam, pray how came you to ſquabble with him?

*Hyp.* I'll tell thee, *Flora:* you know Don *Philip* wants no charms that can commend a lover; in birth and quality I confeſs him my ſuperior; and 'tis the thought of that has been a conſtant thorn upon my wiſhes. I never ſaw him in the humbleſt poſture, but ſtill I fancied he ſecretly preſum'd his rank and fortune might deſerve me: this always ſtung my pride, and made me over-act it. Nay, ſometimes when his ſufferings have almoſt drawn the tears into my eyes, I've turn'd the ſubject with ſome trivial talk, or humm'd a ſpiteful tune, tho' I believe his heart was breaking.

*Flo.* A very tender principle, indeed.

*Hyp.* Well, I don't know, 'twas in my nature. But to proceed—This, and worſe uſage, continued a long time; at laſt, deſpairing of my heart, he then reſolv'd to do a violence on his own, by conſenting to his father's commands, of marrying a lady of conſiderable fortune here in *Madrid:* the match is concluded, articles are ſeal'd, and the day is fix'd for his journey. Now, the night before he ſet out, he came to take his leave of me, in hopes, I ſuppoſe, I would have ſtaid him. I need not tell you my confuſion at the news; and though I would have given my ſoul to have deferr'd it, yet finding him, unleſs I bade him ſtay, reſolv'd upon the marriage, I (from the pure ſpirit of contradiction) ſwore to myſelf I would not bid him do it, ſo call'd for my veil, told him I was in haſte, begg'd his pardon, your ſervant, and ſo whipt to prayers.

*Flo.* Well ſaid again, that was a clincher: ah! had not you been better at confeſſion?

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

*Flo.* [Reads.] *Your uſage has made me juſtly deſpair of you, and now any change muſt better my condition: at leaſt it has reduc'd me to a neceſſity of trying the*

*laſt remedy, marriage with another; if it prove ineffectual, I only wiſh you may, at ſome hours, remember how little cauſe I have given you to have made me for ever miſerable.*

PHILIP.

Poor gentleman! very hard, by my conſcience! Indeed, madam, this was carrying the jeſt a little too far.

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

*Flo.* Nay, the truth on't is, we never know the difference between enough and a ſurfeit; but, love be prais'd, your ſtomach's come down for't.

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

*Flo.* Why truly, madam, as to your wits, I've not much alter'd my opinion of 'em, for I cannot ſee what you propoſe by it.

*Hyp.* My whole deſign, *Flora*, lies in this portmanteau, and theſe breeches.

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

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

*Flo.* How! twice!

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

*Flo.* Now I begin to take ye: but pray what's in the portmanteau? and how came you by it?

*Hyp.* I hired one to ſteal it from his ſervant at the laſt inn we lay at in *Toledo*; in it are jewels of value, preſents to my bride, gold good ſtore, ſettlements, and credential letters to certify, that the bearer (which I intend to be myſelf) is Don *Philip*, only ſon and heir of Don *Fernando de las Torres*, now reſiding at *Seville*, whence we came.

*Flo.* A very ſmart undertaking, by my troth: and pray, madam, what part am I to act?

*Hyp.* My woman ſtill; when I can't lie for myſelf you are to do it for me, in the perſon of a couſin-german.

*Flo.* And my name is to be———

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

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

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

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

*Hyp.* But you can bully upon occaſion.

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

*Hyp.* That's the ſame thing. Bullying would be ſcolding in petticoats.

*Flo.* Say ye ſo? Why then Don, look to yourſelf; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live, tho' I loſe the end of my ſex by it. Well, madam, now you have open'd the plot, pray when does the play begin?

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

*Enter* Trappanti.

*Trap.* Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are by my troth, right and 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 ſhifts, you know.——Hey! will theſe people never come? [*Knocks.*

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

*Trap.* O! nothing at all, ſir: Lord, ſir!——was it fiſh or fleſh, ſir?

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

*Trap.* Nothing! for ſhame! it's a ſign you are young travellers; you don't know this houſe, ſir; why they'll let you ſtarve if you don't ſtir, and call, and that like thunder too——Hey! [*Knocks.*

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

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

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

*Trap.* Hah! a very odd place for a horſe-race,——but the King of *France* may do any thing——Did you come that way, gentlemen? or—Hey! [*Knocks.*

*Enter Hoſt.*

*Hoſt.* Did you call, gentlemen?

*Trap.* Yes, and bawl too, ſir: here, the gentlemen are almoſt famiſh'd, and nobody comes near 'em: what have you in the houſe now that will be ready preſently?

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

*Hyp.* Can you get us a partridge?

*Hoſt.* Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you pleaſe in a moment: we have a very good neck of mutton, ſir; if you pleaſe it ſhall be clapt down in a moment.

*Hyp.* Have you no pigeons or chickens?

*Hoſt.* Truly, 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 to be had for money.

*Flo.* Have you any fiſh?

*Hoſt.* Fiſh! Sir, I dreſt yeſterday the fineſt diſh that ever came upon a table; I am ſorry we have none left, 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.* Faith, ſir, I don't know but a nothing-elſe may be very good meat, when any-thing-elſe is not to be had.

*Hyp.* Then prithee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

*Trap.* Sir, he ſhall lay it down this minute, I'll ſee it done: gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye preſently; for a minute I muſt beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myſelf.

*Hyp.* By no means, 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 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 you have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks*.]——Yes, 'twill do——give me the bottle, I'll fill myſelf. Now, ſir, is not that a glaſs 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*. 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 not 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*, hah! 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 don't uſe to profeſs much, I am a plain dealing ſort of a man; if I ſay I'll ſerve a gentleman he may depend upon me.

*Flo.* Have you ever ſerv'd, 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 could 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 the better for it: come, here's to encourage you. [*Gives him money.*

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

*Hyp.* Well ſaid.

*Flo.* Nay, I'll paſs my word he ſhan't dwindle into modeſty.

*Trap.* I never heard a gentleman talk better in my

life: I have ſeen ſuch a ſort of a face before, but where——I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glaſs, ſir.

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

*Trap.* 'Twas time, I think, his wits left him——— The man was mad.

*Hyp.* Mad!

*Trap.* Ay, ſtark mad——in love.

*Hyp.* In love! How, pray?

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

*Hyp.* What was ſhe he was in love with?

*Trap.* The devil!

*Hyp.* So! Now for a very ugly likeneſs of my own face. What ſort of a devil?

*Trap.* The damning ſort——a woman.

*Hyp.* Had ſhe no name?

*Trap.* Her Chriſtian name was *Donna Hypolita*; but her proper name was *Shittlecock*.

*Flo.* How d'ye like that?—— [*Aſide to* Hyp.

*Hyp.* Pretty well. [*Aſide to* Flo.] Was ſhe handſome?

*Trap.* Umph———ſo! ſo!

*Flo.* How d'ye like that? [*To* Hyp.

*Hyp.* Umph——ſo! ſo! [*To* Flo.] Had ſhe wit?

*Trap.* Sometimes.

*Hyp.* Good-humour?

*Trap.* Very ſeldom.

*Hyp.* Proud?

*Trap.* Ever.

*Hyp.* Was ſhe honeſt?

*Trap.* Very proud.

*Hyp.* What! had ſhe no good qualities?

*Trap.* Faith! I don't remember 'em.

*Hyp.* Hah! d'ye think ſhe lov'd him?

*Trap.* If ſhe did, 'twas as the cobler lov'd his wife.

*Hyp.* How was that?

*Trap.* Why he beat her thrice a day, and told his

neighbours he lov'd her never the worse, but he was resolv'd the bitch should never know it.

*Hyp.* Did she use him so very ill?

*Trap.* Like a jade.

*Flo.* How d'ye now? [*To* Hyp.

*Hyp.* I don't know——methinks I——But sure! What! was she not handsome, say ye?

*Trap.* A devilish tongue.

*Hyp.* Was she ugly?

*Flo.* Ay, say that at your peril. [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* What was she? How did she look?

*Trap.* Look! Why, faith, the woman look'd very well when she had a blush in her face.

*Hyp.* Did she often blush?

*Trap.* I never saw her.

*Hyp.* Never saw her! Had she no charm? What made him love her?

*Trap.* Really I can't tell.

*Flo.* How d'ye like the picture, madam? [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* O! O! extremely well; the rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

*Enter Host.*

*Host.* Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table. [*Exit Host.*

*Hyp.* That's well! Come, sir, at dinner I'll give you farther instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

*Trap.* Come, sir. [*To* Flo.

*Flo.* Nay, dear sir, no ceremony.

*Trap.* Sir, your humble servant.

[*As they are going,* Hyp. *stops 'em.*

*Hyp.* Come back; here's one I don't care shou'd see me.

*Trap.* Sir, the dinner will be cold.

*Hyp.* Do you eat it hot then, we are not hungry.

*Trap.* Sir, your humble servant again. [*Exit* Trap.

*Flo.* You seem concern'd; who is it?

*Hyp.* My brother *Octavio,* as I live——Come this way. [*They retire.*

*Enter* Octavio, *and a ſervant.*

*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 Hoſt, conducting Don* Philip.

*Hoſt.* Here, ſir, pleaſe to walk this way.

*Flo.* And Don *Philip*, by *Jupiter*.

D. *Ph.* When my ſervant comes, ſend him to me immediately.

*Hoſt.* Yes, ſir.

*Hyp.* Nay, 'then tis time for us to make ready—— *Allons!* [*Exeunt* Hyp. *and* Flo.

*Oct.* Don *Philip!*

D. *Ph.* Dear *Octavio!*

*Oct.* 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?

*Oct.* Who thought to have found you ſo far from *Seville?*

D. *Ph.* What do you do at *Madrid?*

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* That ſame ſilly, ſtubborn, charming angel, now capitulates.

D. *Ph.* Then ſhe's taken.

*Oct.* 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?

*Oct.* Of a better eſtate than mine it ſeems. She tells

me here, he is within a few days march of her, begs me to come upon the ſpur to her relief, and if I don't arrive too late, confeſſes ſhe loves me well enough to open the gates, and let me enter the town before him. There's her expreſs, read it.———

Hypolita, Flora, *and* Trappanti, *appear in the balcony.*

*Hyp.* Hark! they are talking of a miſtreſs——let's obſerve.

*Flo.* *Trappanti,* there's your old maſter.

*Trap.* Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good ſervant when he had him.

D. *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 refuſe "him any thing."

*Hyp.* How's this?

D. *Ph.* No name?

*Oct.* She never wou'd truſt it in a letter.

*Flo.* If this ſhou'd be Don *Philip*'s miſtreſs!

*Trap.* Sir, you may take my word it is, I know the lady, and what the neighbours ſay of her.

*Hyp.* This was a lucky diſcovery——But huſh.

D. *Ph.* What will you do in this caſe?

*Oct.* 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?

*Oct.* I don't know, may be another meeting; at leaſt it will come to a kind look, a kiſs, good-bye, and a ſigh——ah! if I can but perſuade her to run away with me!

D. *Ph.* Conſider!

*Oct.* Ah! ſo I do; what a pleaſure 'twould be to

have her ſteal out of her bed in a ſweet moon-ſhiny night! to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her ſlippers, with nothing but a thin ſilk night-gown looſe about her, and in this tempting dreſs, to have her jump into my arms breathleſs with fear, her panting boſom cloſe to mine; then to ſtifle her with kiſſes, and curl myſelf about her ſmooth, warm limbs, that breathe an healing odour from their pores, enough to make the ſenſes ake, or fancy mad.

D. *Ph.* *Octavio*, I envy thee: thou art the happieſt man in thy temper. ———

*Oct.* And thou art the moſt alter'd I ever knew: prithee, what makes thee ſo much upon the hum-drum? Well, are my ſiſter and you come to a right underſtanding yet? When do you marry?

*Hyp.* So, now I ſhall have my picture by another hand.

D. *Ph.* My condition, *Octavio*, is very much like your miſtreſs's; ſhe is going to marry the man ſhe never ſaw, and I the woman.

*Oct.* Odſdeath! you make me tremble; I hope 'tis not my miſtreſs.

D. *Ph.* Thy miſtreſs! that were an idle fear, *Madrid*'s a wide place. ——— Or if it were (ſhe loving you) my friendſhip and my honour would oblige me to deſiſt.

*Oct.* That's generous, indeed: but ſtill you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my ſiſter? I hope ſhe has given you no reaſon to forget her?

*Hyp.* Now I tremble.

D. *Ph.* The moſt ſevere that ever beauty printed in the heart of man, a coldneſs unaccountable to ſenſe.

*Oct.* Pſhah! diſſembled.

*Hyp.* Hah!

D. *Ph.* I can't think it, lovers are ſoon flatter'd into hope, but ſhe appear'd to me indifferent to ſo nice a point, that ſhe has ruin'd me without the trouble of reſolving it.

*Flo.* Well! men are fools.

*Oct.* And by this time ſhe's in fits for your leaving her; 'tis her nature, I knew her from her bib and baby;

I remember at five years old the vixen has faſted three days together, in pure ſpite to her governeſs.

*Hyp.* So!

*Oct.* Nothing could ever in appearance make her pleas'd or angry; always too proud to be oblig'd, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing ſo low, as to ſeem fond of revenge; ſhe had a ſtomach that cou'd digeſt every thing but humility.

*Hyp.* Goodlack, Mr. Wit.

*Oct.* Yet with all this I've ſometimes ſeen her good-natur'd, generous, and tender.

*Hyp.* There the rogue was civil again.

D. *Ph.* I have thought ſo too. [*Sighing.*

*Hyp.* How can he ſpeak of me with ſo much generoſity!

*Oct.* For all her uſage of you, I'll be rack'd if ſhe did not love you.

D. *Ph.* 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.

*Oct.* Then you are determin'd to marry this other lady?

D. *Ph.* That's my buſineſs at *Madrid.*

*Trap.* Which ſhall be done to your hand.

D. *Ph.* Beſides, I am now oblig'd by contract.

*Oct.* Then (tho' ſhe be my ſiſter) may ſome jealous, old, ill-natur'd dog, revenge your quarrel to her.

*Hyp.* Thank you, ſir.

D. *Ph.* Come, forget it.

*Oct.* With all my heart, let's go in and drink your new miſtreſs's health. When do you viſit her?

D. *Ph.* I intended it immediately, but an unlucky accident has hinder'd me; one of my ſervants fell ſick upon the road, ſo that I am forc'd to make ſhift with one, and he is the moſt negligent, ſottiſh rogue in nature, has left the portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the laſt town we lay, ſo that I can't properly viſit the lady or her father till I am able to aſſure them who I am.

*Oct.* Why don't you go back yourſelf to ſee for 'em?

D. *Ph.* I have ſent my ſervant, for I am really tir'd:

I was loth to appear too much concern'd for 'em, left the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with 'em.

*Enter servant to* Octavio.

*Oct.* How now?

*Serv.* Here's an answer, sir. [*Gives a letter.*

*Hyp.* Come, we have seen enough of the enemy's motions to know it's time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt* Hyp. Flo. *and* Trap. *from above.*

*Oct.* [*To D.* Ph.] My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons, I must leave you this minute, the kind creature has sent for me; I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obey'd; when I come off of duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. *Ph.* You'll find me here, or hear of me: adieu.

[*Exit* Oct.]

Here house! [*Enter Host.*

Prithee see if my servant be come yet.

*Host.* I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

D. *Ph.* Ay; where is the sot?

*Host.* Just refreshing himself with a glass at the gate.

D. *Ph.* Pray tell the gentleman I'd speak with him——— [*Exit Host.*

In all the necessaries of life, there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey, *Soto!*

*Enter* Soto *drunk.*

*Sot.* ——Did you please to——such!——call, sir?

D. *Ph.* What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

*Sot.* Sir, I did not know any thing of it, I——I——came as soon as you se——se——se——sent for me.

D. *Ph.* And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

*Sot.* Yes, sir,———I did think you wou'd be willing——that is——to have an account——so I staid to take a glass at the door, because I wou'd not be out of the way——huh!

D. *Ph.* You are drunk, rascal——Where's the portmanteau?

*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 portmanteau?

*Sot.* Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the ſtricteſt ſearch in the world, and drank at every houſe upon the road, going and coming, and aſk'd about it; and ſo at laſt, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then———

D. *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——

D. *Ph.* Why do I vent my rage againſt a ſot, a clod of earth? I ſhould accuſe myſelf for truſting him.

*Sot.* Sir——I had rather——bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket, than have had ſuch a life about it.

D. *Ph.* Be dumb!

*Sot.* Ahuh! Yes.

D. *Ph.* If this raſcal had ſtole it, ſure he would not have ventur'd to come back again——I am confounded! Neither Don *Manuel* nor his daughter know me, nor any one of the family. If I ſhould not viſit him till I can receive freſh letters from my father, he'll in the mean time think himſelf affronted by my neglect——What ſhall I do? Suppoſe I go and tell him my misfor-

tune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from *Seville*.——I muſt think! Hey, *Soto!* [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Hypolita, Flora, *and* Trappanti.

*Trap.* Hold, ſir, let me touch up your fore-top a little.

*Hyp.* So! my gloves——Well, *Trappanti*, you know your buſineſs, and if I marry the lady, you know my promiſe too.

*Trap.* Sir, I ſhall remember 'em both:——Odſo! 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 miſtreſs. Hey! [*Knocks.*

*Hyp.* This puppy does ſo plague me with his impertinence, I ſhall laugh out and diſcover myſelf.

*Trap.* Why, *Diego!* [*Knocks.*

*Hyp.* Pſhah! prithee don't ſtand fooling, we're in haſte.

*Flo.* Ay, ay, ſhave another time.

*Trap.* Nay, what you pleaſe, ſir; your beard is not much, you may wear it to-day. [*Taking her by the chin.*

*Flo.* Ay, and to-morrow too: pray, ſir, will you ſee the coach ready, and put in the things?

*Trap.* Sir, I'll ſee the coach ready, and put in the things. [*Exit* Trap.

*Flo.* Come, madam, courage! Now let's do ſomething for the honour of our ſex, give a proof of our parts, and tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, buſtle, and bring about as well as the beſt of 'em.

*Hyp.* Well ſaid, *Flora:* for the honour of our ſex be it then, and let the grave Dons think themſelves as wiſe as they pleaſe; but nature knows there goes more wit to the management of ſome amours, than the hardeſt point in politicks.

*Therefore to men th' affair of ſtate's confin'd,*
*Wiſely to us the ſtate of love's aſſign'd,*
*As love's the weightier buſineſs of mankind.*

[Exeunt.

## A C T II.

### S C E N E, *Don* Manuel's *houſe.*

*Enter* Roſara *and* Viletta.

*Vil.* HEAR reaſon.

*Roſ.* Talk of *Octavio* then.

*Vil.* How do you know but the gentleman your father deſigns you for, may prove as pretty a fellow as he? Have a little patience; if you ſhould happen to like him as well, would not that do your buſineſs as well?

*Roſ.* Do you expect *Octavio* ſhould thank you for this?

*Vil.* The gentleman is no fool.

*Roſ.* He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

*Vil.* Hang 'em, ſay I: but can't one quench the thirſt without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? *Octavio*'s now in a very good poſt——keep him there——I know the man: he underſtands the buſineſs he is in to a hair; but faith you'll ſpoil him: he's too pretty a fellow, and too poor a one for an huſband.

*Roſ.* Poor! he has enough.

*Vil.* That's the moſt he has.

*Roſ.* 'Twill do our buſineſs.

*Vil.* But when you have no portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll ſoon have enough of you; and how will your buſineſs be done then, pray?

*Roſ.* Pſhah! you talk like a fool!

*Vil.* Come, come, if *Octavio* muſt be the man, I ſay, let Don *Philip* be the huſband.

*Roſ.* I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an huſband, and no huſband but *Octavio:* when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of ſomebody elſe.

*Vil.* In vain, I ſee,—I have done, madam,——one muſt have time to be wiſe: but in the mean while what do ye reſolve? Poſitively not to marry Don *Philip?*

*Ros.* I don't know what I shall do, till I see *Octavio*: when did he say he would be here?

*Vil.* Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

*Ros.* Why?

*Vil.* I am brib'd to the contrary.

*Ros.* By whom?

*Vil.* *Octavio*; he just now sent me this lovely piece of gold, not to tell you what time he would 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.* Have you no more of 'em, madam?

*Ros.* 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. [*Curtsying.*

*Ros.* When will he come?

*Vil.* Why the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him, till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

*Ros.* Where's my father?

*Vil.* Fast asleep in the great chair.

*Ros.* Fetch him in then before he wakes.

*Vil.* Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

*Ros.* His habit!

*Vil.* Ay, madam, he's turn'd friar to come at you: if your father surprizes us, I have a lie ready to back him——Hist, *Octavio*, you may enter.

*Enter* Octavio *in a friar's habit.*

*Oct.* After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear *Rosara* once again, and kind?

*Ros.* What shall we do, *Octavio?* [*Looking kindly on him.*

*Oct.* Kind creature! Do! why as lovers shou'd do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

*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 ſhould try him now, 'twill but ſet him more upon his guard againſt us: ſince we are liſted under love, don't let us ſerve in a ſeparate garriſon. Come, come, ſtand to your arms, whip a ſuit of night-clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

*Rof.* Ah! my father!

*Oct.* Dead!

*Vil.* To your function.

*Enter Don* Manuel.

D. *Ma. Viletta.*

*Vil.* Sir.

D. *Ma.* Where's my daughter?

*Vil.* Hiſt, don't diſturb her.

D. *Ma.* Diſturb her! why what's the matter?

*Vil.* She's at confeſſion, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Confeſſion! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no ſins at all.

*Vil.* Ah! dear ſir, there's no living without 'em.

D. *Ma.* She's now at years of diſcretion.

*Vil.* There's the danger, ſir, ſhe's juſt of the taſting age: one has really no reliſh of a ſin till fifteen.

D. *Ma.* Ah! then the jades have ſwinging ſtomachs; I find her averſion to the marriage I have propos'd her, has put her upon diſobedient thoughts: there can be no confeſſion without guilt.

*Vil.* Nor no pardon, ſir, without confeſſion.

D. *Ma.* Fiddle faddle, I won't have her ſeem wicked: *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 friar has got out of her——Save you, father.

*Oct.* Bleſs you, ſon.

D. *Man.* How now, what's become of father *Benedic?* Why is not he here?

*Vil.* Sir, he is not well, and ſo deſired this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

D. *Ma.* He ſeems very young for a confeſſor.

*Vil.* Ay, ſir! he has not been long at it.

*Oct.* Nor don't deſire to be long in it; I wiſh I underſtood it well enough to make a fool of my old Don here. [*Aſide.*

D. *Ma.* Well, ſir! how do you find the pulſe of iniquity beat there? What ſort of ſin has ſhe moſt ſtomach to?

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* She has told a moſt lamentable ſtory.

D. *Ma.* Ten to one but this lamentable ſtory proves a moſt damnable lie.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* 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?

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* Why ſhe confeſt 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.

*Oct.* 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?

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* What have you to object againſt the man ſhe likes?

D. *Ma.* The man I like!

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* Then I muſt tell you, ſir, this obſtinacy obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty, and to let you know too, you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

D. *Ma.* Sir, I am not afraid of the ſin of marrying my daughter to the beſt advantage: and ſo if you pleaſe, father, you may walk home again——when any thing lies upon my conſcience, I'll ſend for you.

*Oct.* 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.* *Octavio!* the devil!

*Oct.* 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.* 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 ſo ner to your miſtreſs——*Roſara!* ſtep into that cloſet, and fetch my ſpectacles off o' the table there. Tum, tum! [*Sings.*

*Vil.* I don't like the old gentleman's looks. [*Aſide.*

*Roſ.* This obſtinacy of yours, my dear father, you ſhall find runs in the family.

[*Exit* Roſara, *and* D. Man. *locks her in.*

D. *Ma.* Tum, dum, dum! [*Sings.*

*Oct.* Sir, I would adviſe you, as my neareſt friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

D. *Ma.* Tum, dum, dum!

*Oct.* Sir, you have l ck'd my miſtreſs in! [*Pertly.*

D. *Ma.* Tum, dum, dum!

*Oct.* 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* Oct.

D. *Ma.* Ah, poor fellow! he's mad now, and does

not know what he wou'd be at:——but, however, 'twill be no harm to provide againſt him———Who waits there?

*Enter a ſervant.*

Run you for an *Alguazile*, and bid your fellows arms themſelves, I expect miſchief at my door immediately: if *Octavio* offers any diſturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me. [*Exit ſerv.*

*Vil.* Hiſt! don't I hear my miſtreſs's voice?

*Roſ.* [*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, huſſy; 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 to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modeſty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

*Vil.* Yes, 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 ſhould 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 thou not own juſt now thou let'ſt him in?——

*Vil.* Yes,——but 'twas in diſguiſe——for I did not deſign you ſhou'd ſee him, becauſe I know you did not care my miſtreſs ſhou'd ſee him.

D. *Ma.* Hah!

*Vil.* And I knew, at the ſame time, ſhe had a mind to ſee him.

D. *Ma.* Hah!

*Vil.* And you know, ſir, that the ſin of loving him had laid upon her conſcience a great while; ſo I thought it high time ſhe ſhould come to a thorough confeſſion.

D. *Ma.* Hah!

*Vil.* So upon this, ſir, as you ſee——I——I——I let him in, that's all.

D. *Ma.* Nay, if it be ſo as thou ſay'ſt, he was a proper confeſſor indeed.

*Vil.* Ay, ſir, for you know this was not a ſpiritual father's buſineſs.

D. *Ma.* No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

*Vil.* Well, ſir, and judge you now, if my miſtreſs is not beholden to me.

D. *Ma.* Oh! extremely: but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this; tho' perhaps you'll chooſe that place: I think you never much car'd for your huſband's company; and, if I don't miſtake, you ſent him to heaven in the old road. Hark! what noiſe is that?

[*Noiſe without.*

*Vil.* So, *Octavio*'s puſhing his fortune, he'll have a wife or a halter, that's poſitive——I'll go ſee which.

[*Exit* Viletta.

*Enter a ſervant haſtily.*

D. *Ma.* How now!

*Serv.* O, ſir, *Octavio* has ſet upon a couple of gentlemen juſt as they were lighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young miſtreſs, I heard 'em name her name; I'm afraid there will be miſchief, ſir, there they are all at it, helter-ſkelter.

D. *Ma.* Run into the hall, take down my back, breaſt and head-piece, call an officer, raiſe the neighbours, give me my great gun, I'll ſhoot him out of the garret window.

[*Exit Don* Manuel.

*Enter* Hypolita *and* Flora, *putting up their ſwords;* Octavio *in the* Alguazile's *hands, and* Trappanti.

*Hyp.* Bring him along——This is ſuch an inſolence! Damn it, at this rate, no gentleman can walk the ſtreets.

*Flo.* I ſuppoſe, ſir, your buſineſs was more with our pockets than our perſons: are our things ſafe?

*Trap.* Ay, ſir, I ſecur'd them as ſoon as ever I ſaw his ſword out; I gueſs'd his deſign, and ſcower'd off with the portmanteau.

*Hyp.* I'll know now who ſet you on, ſir.

*Oct.* Prithee, young man, don't be troubleſome, but thank the raſcal that knockt me down for your eſcape.

*Hyp.* Sir, I'd have you know, if you had not been knockt down, I ſhou'd have ow'd my eſcape to the ſame arm you wou'd have ow'd the reward for your inſolence: pray, ſir, what are you? Who knows you?

*Oct.* I'm glad at leaſt to find 'tis not Don *Philip* that's my rival. [*Aſide.*

*Serv.* Sir, my maſter knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

*Hyp.* Then, ſir, if you'd have me uſe you like a gentleman, I deſire your meaning of thoſe familiar queſtions you aſk'd me at the coach-ſide.

*Oct.* Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very ſhort; I love the lady you are to marry; and if you don't quit your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

*Hyp.* Sir, if you pleaſe, the danger's equal—for, rot me, if I'm not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

*Oct.* If I were out of theſe gentlemens hands, on my word, ſir, you ſhou'dn't want an opportunity.

*Hyp.* O! ſir, theſe gentlemen ſhall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

*Flo.* Ay, ſir, we'll bail you; and, if you pleaſe, ſir, bring your friend, I'm his: damn me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

*Oct.* Sir, I aſk your pardon, and ſhall deſire to kiſs your hands about an hour hence at——

[*Whiſpers.*

*Flo.* Very well, 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 you: 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.* 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 handsome occasion to put off the tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed: and, I confess, your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour, that I think myself oblig'd from the same principle to assure ye, that tho' I love *Rosara* equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy, even to my rival: I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant. [*Exit* Oct.

*Hyp.* Your servant, sir;——I think we releas'd my brother very handsomely; but I han't done with him.

[*Aside to* Flora.

D. *Ma.* What can this sudden turn of civility mean? I am afraid 'tis but a cloke to some new roguery he has in his head.

*Hyp.* I don't know how old it may be, but my servant here has discover'd a piece of villainy of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

D. *Ma.* Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

*Hyp.* Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, 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 lie. [*Aſide.*

D. *Ma.* Come hither, friend: pray what is this buſineſs?

*Hyp.* Ay; what was that you over-heard between *Octavio* and another gentleman, at the inn where we alighted?

*Trap.* Why, ſir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau 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 ſly-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 (meaning you, ſir) will never let you have her by 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 marri ge for three or four days at leaſt, and in that time the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. *Ma.* Wou'd you ſo, Mr. Dog, but he'll be hang'd.

*Hyp.* O, ſir! you'll find we were mighty fortunate in this diſcovery.

D. *Ma.* Pray, ſir, let's hear: what was this trick to be, friend?

*Trap.* Why, ſir, to alarm you that my maſter was an impoſtor, and that *Sly-looks* was the true Don *Philip*, ſent by his father from *Seville* to marry your daughter; upon which (ſays he) the Old Putt (meaning you again, ſir) will be ſo bamboozled, that———

D. *Ma.* But pray, ſir, how did young Mr. *Coxcomb* conclude, that the Old Putt was to believe all this? Had they no ſham proofs, that they propoſed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

*Trap.* You ſhall hear, ſir (the plot was pretty well laid too): I'll pretend, ſays he, that the raſcal your rival (meaning you then, ſir) has robb'd me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father: we are neither of us known in *Madrid*, ſays he, ſo that a little impudence, and a grave face, will certainly ſet thoſe two dogs a ſnarling, while you run away with the bone. That's all, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Impudent rogue!

*Hyp.* What think ye, ſir? was not this buſineſs pretty handſomely laid?

*Flo.* Faith it might have wrought a very ridiculous conſequence.

D. *Ma.* Why truly, if we had not been fore-arm'd by this diſcovery, for ought I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone indeed: but, if you pleaſe, ſir, ſince theſe ingenious gentlemen are ſo pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let 'em ſee that you and I have wit enough to do our buſineſs, and even clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Hyp.* Sir, you are too obliging——But will your daughter, think ye, be prevail'd with?

D. *Ma.* Sir, I'll prepare her this minute——it's pity, methinks, we releas'd that bully, tho'———

*Hyp.* Not at all, ſir; I don't ſuppoſe he can have the impudence to purſue his deſign; or if he ſhould, 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.* 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 you not obſerve your daughter's woman whiſper him?

D. *Ma.* Humh!

*Flo.* They ſeem'd very buſy, that's certain.

*Hyp.* I can't ſay about what——but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

D. *Ma.* I am alarm'd!

*Hyp.* Where is your daughter at this time?

D. *Ma.* I think ſhe's pretty ſafe——but I'll go make her ſure.

*Flo.* 'Twill be no harm to look about ye, 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.* Man.

*Hyp.* Sir, your moſt humble ſervant——*Trappanti*, thou'rt a rare fellow, thou haſt an admirable face, and when thou dy'ſt, I'll have thy whole ſtatue caſt all in the ſame metal.

*Flo.* 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the law.

*Trap.* So 'tis indeed, ſir —— A man ſhould not praiſe himſelf; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to ſay, I become a lie as well as any man that wears it.

*Hyp.* Nay, now thou art modeſt——But, ſirrah, we have more work for ye: you muſt get in with the ſervan s, attack the lady's woman: there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him money.*] Now try if you can make a breach into the ſecrets of the family.

*Trap.* Ah! ſir, I warrant you——I cou'd never yet meet with a woman that was this ſort of piſtol-proof.—— I have known a handful of theſe do more than a barrel of gun-powder; the *French* charge all their cannon with 'em; the only weapon in the world, ſir. I remember my old maſter's father us'd to ſay, the beſt thing in the *Greek* grammar was——*Arguriois lonchaſy Mochou, kai Panta 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 *Trappanti*'s lie!

*Flo.* And how rarely the rogue told it!

*Hyp.* And how ſoon it work'd with him! For, if you pleaſe (ſays he) we'll let him ſee that we have wit enough to do our buſineſs, and clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Flo.* Ah! we have it all the way——Well, what muſt we do next?

*Hyp.* Why, now for the lady——I'll be a little briſk upon her, and then——

*Flo. Victoria!* [*Exeunt.*

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## A C T III.

*The* S C E N E *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.* Hiſt! 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.* Why———I never read a letter in my life without looking over it.

*Vil.* I don't know any buſineſs you had to look upon this.

*Trap.* There's the thing——Your not knowing that, has put you into this paſſion.

*Vil.* You may chance to have your bones broke, Mr. *Coxcomb.*

*Trap.* Sweet honey-comb, don't be ſo waſpiſh; or if I keep your counſel, d'ye ſee, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whoſe bones will pay for it then?

*Vil.* Ha! the fool ſays true, I had better wheedle him. [*Aſide.*

*Trap.* My dear queen, don't be frighted——I come as a friend; now be ſerious.

*Vil.* Well! what wou'd you have?

*Trap.* Don't you love money above any thing in the world——except one?

*Vil.* I except nothing.

*Trap.* Very good———And pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for, when *Octavio* has marry'd your miſtreſs, and has no occaſion to write to her? Look you, child, tho' you are of council for him, uſe him like a true lawyer, make difficulties where there are none, that he may ſee you where he needs not: diſpatch is out of practice, delay makes long bills; ſtick to it, once get him his cauſe, there's no more advice to be paid for.

*Vil.* What do you mean?

*Trap.* Why, that for the ſame reaſon, I have no mind to put an end to my own fees, by marrying my maſter: while they are lovers, they will always have occaſion for a confident, and a pimp; but when they marry——Serviteur——good night vails, our harveſt is over: what d'ye think of me now?

*Vil.* Why——I like what you ſay very well: but I don't know, my friend, to me——that ſame face of

yours looks like the title page to a whole volume of roguery.——What is't you drive at?

*Trap.* Money, money, money! Don't you let your mistress marry *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 myself: but, say I shou'd agree with you to go on upon't, what security can you give me for performance of articles?

*Trap.* More than bond or judgment——my person in custody.

*Vil.* Ah! that won't do.

*Trap.* No, my love! why there's many a sweet bit in't——Taste it. [*Offering to kiss her, she puts him away.*

*Vil.* No!

*Trap.* Faith you must give me one.

*Vil.* Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; though I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

*Trap.* And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money.

[*Tosses a purse, she catches it, and he kisses her.*

*Vil.* Pshah! Well, if I must, come then——To see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

*Trap.* Nay then, take a second thought of me, child. [*Again.*

D. *Ma.* Hah!—This is laying their heads together, indeed. [*Behind.*

*Vil.* Well, now get you gone, I have a letter to give to my mistress; slip into the garden——I'll come to ye presently.

*Trap.* Is't from *Octavio?*

*Vil.* Pshah! be gone, I say. [*Snatches the letter.*

*Trap.* Hist! [Trappanti *beckons Don* Manuel, *who goes softly behind.*

*Vil.* Madam! madam! Ah!

D. *Ma.* Now, strumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. [*Draws.*

*Vil.* Ah! lud! O lud! there! there! [*Squeaking.*

D. *Ma.* Now we ſhall ſee what my gentleman wou'd be at. [*Reads.*] *My dear angel.* Hah! ſoft and impudent.

*Depend upon me at the garden-door by ſeven this evening: pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too ſoon to the arms of your*

Octavio.

D. *Ma.* Ah! now wou'd this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentlewoman wou'd of him, if he were to debauch her——hold——let's ſee, what does he ſay here——um, um! [*Reads to himſelf.*

*Vil.* What a ſot was I to believe this old fool durſt do me any harm! but a fright's the devil——wou'd I had my letters again——tho' 'tis no great matter! for, as my friend *Trappanti* ſays, delaying *Octavio*'s buſineſs is doing my own.

D. *Ma.* [*Reading.*]——Um, um! *Sure ſhe is ſafe out of the window.* O! there the mine is to be ſprung then——The gentleman makes a warm ſiege on't in truth! and one would think was in a fair way of carrying the place, while he has ſuch an admirable ſpy in the middle of the town——Now were I to act like a true *Spaniard*, I ought to rip up this jade for more intelligence; but I'll be wiſe, a bribe and a lie will do my buſineſs a great deal better. Now, gentlewoman, what d'ye think in your conſcience I ought to do to ye?

*Vil.* What I think in my conſcience you'll not do to me, make a friend of me——You ſee, ſir, I dare be an enemy.

D. *Ma.* Nay, thou doſt not want courage, I'll ſay that for thee: but is it poſſible any thing can make thee honeſt?

*Vil.* What do you ſuppoſe would make me otherwiſe?

D. *Ma.* Money.

*Vil.* You have nick'd it.

D. *Ma.* And wou'd the ſame ſum make thee ſurely one as t'other?

*Vil.* That I can't ſay neither: one muſt be heavier than t'other, or elſe the ſcale can't turn.

D. *Ma.* Say it be ſo; wou'd that turn thee into my intereſt?

*Vil.* The very minute you turn into mine, 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 wiſe general: and now I have taken the counterſcarp, there may be ſome hopes of making the town capitulate——*Roſara!*

[*Unlocks the door.*

*Enter* Roſara.

*Roſ.* Did you call me, ſir?

D. *Ma.* Ay, child: come, be cheerful; what I have to ſay to you, I'm ſure ought to make you ſo.

*Roſ.* He has certainly made ſome diſcovery: *Viletta* did not cry out for nothing——What ſhall I do——diſſemble. [*Aſide.*

D. *Ma.* In one word, ſet your heart at reſt, for you ſhall marry Don *Philip* this evening.

*Roſ.* That's but ſhort warning for the gentleman, as well as myſelf; for I don't know that we ever ſaw one another: how are you ſure he will like me?

D. *Ma.* O! as for that matter, he ſhall ſee you preſently; and I have made it his intereſt to like you.——But if you are ſtill poſitively reſolv'd upon *Octavio*, I'll make but few words——pull off your clothes, and go to him.

*Roſ.* My clothes, 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 doubloons into thy portion—Here bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myſelf——ſhe's in a rare cue, faith: ah! if he does but nick her now.

[*Exit Don* Manuel.

*Roſ.* Now I have but one card to play——if that don't hit, my hopes are cruſh'd indeed: if this young ſpark ben't a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet——Dear fortune, give him but common ſenſe, I'll make it impoſſible for him to like me——— Here they come.——— [*Walks careleſsly and ſings.*

*I'll rove and I'll range*——

*Enter Don* Manuel *and* Hypolita.

*Hyp. I'll love and I'll change*—— [*Sings with her.*

D. *Ma.* Ah, he has her! he has her!

*Hyp.* Madam, I kiſs your ladyſhip's hands; I find by your gaiety you are no ſtranger to my buſineſs; perhaps you expected I ſhou'd have come in with a grave bow, and a long ſpeech; but my affair's in a little more haſte; therefore, if you pleaſe, madam, we'll cut the work ſhort; be thoroughly intimate at the firſt ſight, and ſee one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

D. *Ma.* Ah!

*Ros.* Troth, 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 he not a pretty fellow?

*Ros.* The gentleman's very well, sir; but methinks he's a little too young for an husband.

D. *Ma.* Young! a fiddle: you'll find him old enough for a wife, I warrant ye: sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment; but, if you please, in the mean time, I'll leave you my daughter, and so pray make your best of her. [*Exit Don* Manuel.

*Hyp.* I thank ye, sir.

[Hyp. *stands some time mute, looks carelessly at* Rosara, *and she smiles as in contempt of him.*

Why now methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doom'd to be the happy man, you see.

*Ros.* So my father says.

*Hyp.* I'll take his word.

*Ros.* A bold man—but he'll break it.

*Hyp.* He won't.

*Ros.* He must.

*Hyp.* Whether he will or not?

*Ros.* He can't help it now.

*Hyp.* How so, pray?

*Rof.* Becaufe he has promis'd you, you fhall marry me; and he has always promis'd me I fhould marry the man I could love.

*Hyp.* Ay,——that is, he would oblige you to love the man you fhould marry.

*Rof.* The man that I marry will be fure of my love; but for the man that marries me,——mercy on him!

*Hyp.* No matter for that, I'll marry you.

*Rof.* Come, I don't believe you are fo ill-natur'd.

*Hyp.* Why, doft thou not like me, child?

*Rof.* Um——No.

*Hyp.* What's the matter?

*Rof.* The old fault.

*Hyp.* What?

*Rof.* I don't like you.

*Hyp.* Is that all?

*Rof.* No.

*Hyp.* That's hard———the reft?

*Rof.* That you won't like.

*Hyp.* I'll ftand it———try me.

*Rof.* Why then, in fhort, I like another: another man, fir, has got into my head, and has made fuch work there, you'll never be able to fet me to rights as long as you live———What d'ye think of me now, fir? Won't this ferve for a reafon why you fhould not marry me?

*Hyp.* Um——the reafon is a pretty fmart fort of a reafon truly, but it won't do——to be fhort with ye, madam, I have reafon to believe I fhall be difinherited if I don't marry you.

*Rof.* And what have you reafon to believe you fhall be, if you do marry me?

*Hyp.* In the *Spanifh* fafhion, I fuppofe, jealous to a degree.

*Rof.* You may be in the *Englifh* fafhion, and fomething elfe to a degree.

*Hyp.* Oh! if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me in the *Englifh* city-fafhion, content to a degree. Now here in *Spain*, child, we have fuch things as back-rooms, barr'd win-

dows, hard fare, poiſon, daggers, bolts, chains, and ſo forth.

*Roſ.* Ay, ſir, and there are ſuch things as bribes, plots, ſhams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidents, and ſo forth.

*Hyp.* Hey! a very complete regiment indeed! what a world of ſervice might theſe do in a quarter of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of 'em! Really, madam, your dreſs and humour have the prettieſt looſe *French* air, ſomething ſo quality, that let me die, madam, I believe in a month I ſhould be apt to poiſon ye.

*Roſ.* So! it takes. [*Aſide.*] And let me die, 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.* 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 damnedſt wife that ever poor dog of a huſband wiſh'd at the devil: but really, madam, you are very unfortunate; for notwithſtanding all the mighty pains

you have taken, you have met with a positive coxcomb, that's still just fool and stout enough to marry you.

*Ros.* 'Twill be a proof of your courage indeed.

*Hyp.* Madam, you rally very well, 'tis confest: but now, if you please, we'll be a little serious.

*Ros.* I think I am——What does he mean? [*Aside.*

*Hyp.* Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bear the qualities you say you have, than I know you're guilty of 'em: your pretty arts in striving to avoid, have charm'd me. Had you been precisely coy, or over-modest, your virtue then might have been suspected. Your shewing me what a man of sense should hate, convinces me you know too what he ought to love; and she that's once so well acquainted with the charms of virtue, never can forsake it. I both admire and love you now: you've made what only was my interest, my happiness. At my first view I woo'd ye only to secure a sordid fortune, which now I, overjoy'd, could part with; nay, with life, with any thing, to purchase your unrivall'd heart.

*Ros.* Now I am plung'd indeed. [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I own you have discover'd me; and since you have oblig'd me to be serious, I now, from my sincerity, protest my heart's already given, from whence no power or interest shall recall it.

*Hyp.* I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

*Ros.* If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know too there's a charm in constancy: you ought to scorn me, should I flatter you with hope, since you are now assur'd I must be false before I can be yours: if what I've said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmov'd, and justice to the man I love.

*Hyp.* Death! I have fool'd away my hopes; she must consent, and soon, or yet I'm lost——— [*Aside.*

*Ros.* He seems a little thoughtful, if he has honour, there may yet be hopes.

*Hyp.* It must——it can be only so, that way I make her sure, and serve my brother too. [*Aside.*] Well, madam, to let you see I'm a friend to love, tho' love's an

enemy to me, give me but a ſeeming proof that *Octavio* is the undiſputed maſter of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

*Roſ.* Sir, you confound me with this goodneſs. A proof! is't poſſible! will that content ye? Command me to what proof you pleaſe; or, if you'll truſt to my ſincerity, let theſe tears of joy convince you: here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace I ſwear——

*Hyp.* Hold——ſwear never to make a huſband but *Octavio*.

*Roſ.* I ſwear, and heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

*Hyp.* Riſe, madam, and now receive a ſecret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, ſince as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our ſeparate wiſhes.

*Roſ.* What mean you, ſir? Sure you are ſome angel ſent to my deliverance!

*Hyp.* Truly, madam, I have been often told ſo; but like moſt angels of my kind, there's a mortal man in the world, who I have a great mind ſhould know that I am——but a woman.

*Roſ.* A woman! Are not you Don *Philip?*

*Hyp.* His ſhadow, madam, no more: I juſt run before——nay, and after him too.

*Roſ.* I am confounded——A woman!

*Hyp.* As arrant a woman from top to toe, as ever man run mad for.

*Roſ.* Nay, then you're an angel.

*Hyp.* Perhaps you'll think me a little a-kin to one at leaſt: *Octavio*, madam, your lover, is my brother; my name *Hypolita*; my ſtory you ſhall know at leiſure.

*Roſ. Hypolita!* Nay, then, from what you've ſaid, and what I have heard *Octavio* ſay of ye, I gueſs your ſtory: but this was ſo extravagant a thought!

*Hyp.* That's true, madam, it—it—it was a little round-about indeed, I might have found a nearer way to Don *Philip*: but theſe men are ſuch techy things, they can never ſtay one's time, always in haſte, juſt as

they pleaſe: now we are to look kind, then grave; now ſoft, then ſincere———Fiddle-ſtick! when, may be, a woman has a new ſuit of knots on her head——— So if we happen not to be in their humour, forſooth, then we are coquet, and proud, and vain; and then they are to turn fools, and tell us ſo; then one pouts, and t'other huffs, and ſo at laſt, you ſee, there is ſuch a plague, that——I don't know——one does not care to be rid of 'em neither.

*Roſ.* A very generous confeſſion!

*Hyp.* Well, madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you will think me as fit for a huſband as another woman.

*Roſ.* Then I muſt marry ye?

*Hyp.* Ay, and ſpeedily too; for I expect Don *Philip* every moment; and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the banns.

*Roſ.* If he comes, what ſhall we do?

*Hyp.* I am provided for him——Here comes your father,——he's ſecure. Come, put a dumb conſenting air, and leave the reſt to me.

*Roſ.* Well! this getting the better of my wiſe papa won't be the leaſt part of my ſatisfaction.

*Enter Don* Manuel.

D. *Ma.* So, ſon! how does the battle go now? Ha'ye cannonaded ſtoutly? Does ſhe cry, *quarter?*

*Hyp.* My dear father, let me embrace your knees; my life's too poor to make you a return——You have given me an empire, ſir, I would not change to be Grand Seignior.

D. *Ma.* Ah, rogue! he has done it! he has done it! he has her! Ha! is't not ſo, my little champion?

*Hyp.* *Victoria*, ſir, the town's my own. Look here! and here, ſir! Thus have I been plundering this half-hour, and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ake ag in. [*Kiſſes her.*

D. *Ma.* Ah! give me the great chair——I can't bear my joy——You rampant rogue, could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

*Hyp.* My charmer! [*Embracing* Roſ.

D. *Ma.* Ah! my cares are over.

*Hyp.* O! I told ye, ſir,—hearts and towns are never too ſtrong for a ſurprize.

D. *Ma.* Prithee be quiet, I hate the ſight of ye—— *Roſara!* come hither you wicked thing, come hither, I ſay.

*Roſ.* I am glad to ſee you ſo well pleas'd, ſir.

D. *Ma.* O! I can't live! I can't live! it pours upon me like a torrent, I am as full as a bumper——it runs over at my eyes, I ſhall choak.——Anſwer me two queſtions, and kill me outright.

*Roſ.* Any thing that will make you more pleas'd, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Are you poſitively reſolv'd to marry this gentleman?

*Roſ.* Sir, I'm convinc'd 'tis the firſt match that can make me happy.

D. *Ma.* I am the miſerableſt dog alive——and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning, if I ſhou'd aſk you.

*Roſ.* Sooner, ſir, if you think it neceſſary.

D. *Ma.* Oh! this malicious jade has a mind to deſtroy me all at once——Ye curſed toad! how did you do to get in with her ſo? [*To* Hyp.

*Roſ.* Come, ſir, take heart, your joy won't be always ſo troubleſome.

D. *Ma.* You lie, huſſy! I ſhall be plagu'd with it as long as I live.

*Hyp.* You muſt not live above two hours then. [*Aſide.*

D. *Ma.* I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too——I ſhall have a young ſquab *Spaniard* upon my lap, that will ſo grand-papa me!——Well! what want you, Gloomy-face?

*Enter a ſervant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a gentleman deſires to ſpeak with you; he ſays he comes from *Seville.*

D. *Ma.* From *Seville!* ha! prithee let him go thither again.——Tell him I am a little buſy about being overjoy'd.

*Hyp.* My life on't, 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.* 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 lu k——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——*Sly-looks* is come, that's all.

D. *Ma.* *Sly-looks!* 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-bye. [*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll ſtart when a ſtring ſnaps in the middle of his tune!

*Roſ.* At leaſt we ſhall make him change it, I believe.

*Hyp.* That we ſhall; and here comes one that's to play upon him.

*Enter* Flora *haſtily.*

*Flo.* Don *Philip!* where are ye? I muſt needs ſpeak with ye. Begging your ladyſhip's pardon, madam, [*whiſpers* Hyp.] ſtand to your arms, the enemy's at the gate, faith. But I've juſt thought of a ſure card to win the lady into our party.

*Roſ.* Who can this youth be ſhe is ſo familiar with?

He muſt certainly know her buſineſs here, and ſhe is reduc'd to truſt him. What odd things we women are! never know our own minds: how very humble now has her pride made her!

*Hyp.* [*To* Flo.] I like your advice ſo well, that to tell ye the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

*Flo.* Is't poſſible!

*Hyp.* Come, I'll introduce ye.

*Flo.* Then the buſineſs is done.

*Hyp.* Madam, if your ladyſhip pleaſes. [*To* Roſ.

*Roſ.* Is this gentleman your friend, ſir?

*Hyp.* This friend, madam, is my gentlewoman, at your ſervice.

*Roſ.* Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches then?

*Flo.* That us'd to be my poſt, madam, when I wore a needle; but now I have got a ſword by my ſide, I ſhall be proud to be your ladyſhip's humble ſervant.

*Roſ.* Troth, I find it's a pity you ſhould either of you ever part with your ſwords: I never ſaw a prettier couple of *adroit cavaliers* in my life.

*Flo.* Egad, I don't know how it is, madam, but methinks theſe breeches give me ſuch a mettled air, I can't help fancying but that I left my ſex at home in my petticoats.

*Hyp.* Why faith, for ought I know, hadſt thou been born to breeches, inſtead of a *fille de chambre*, fortune might have made thee a *beau garçon* at the head of a regiment.——But huſh! there's Don *Philip* and the old gentleman: we muſt not be ſeen yet; if you pleaſe to retire, madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with 'em.

*Roſ.* With all my heart.——Come, ladies——Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T IV.

*The* SCENE *continues.*

*Enter Don* Manuel *and Don* Philip.

D. *Ma.* WELL, ſir! and ſo you were robb'd of your portmanteau, you ſay, at *Toledo*, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reaſon you are come without 'em.

D. *Ph.* I thought, ſir, you might reaſonably take it ill, ſhou'd I have lain a week or two in town without paying you my duty: I was not robb'd of the regard I owe my father's friend; that, ſir, I have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill manners not to have paid it at my firſt arrival.

D. *Ma.* Ah! how ſmooth the ſpark is! [*Aſide.*] Well, ſir, I am pretty conſiderably glad to ſee you; but I hope you'll excuſe me, if, in a matter of this conſequence, I ſeem a little cautious.

D. *Ph.* Sir, I ſhan't propoſe any immediate progreſs in my affair, till you receive freſh advice from my father; in the mean time, I ſhall think myſelf oblig'd by the bare freedom of your houſe, and ſuch entertainment as you'd, at leaſt, afford a common ſtranger.

D. *Ma.* Impudent rogue! the freedom of my houſe! Yes, that he may be always at hand to ſecure the main chance for my friend *Octavio*——But now I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him.——Look ye, ſir, while I ſee nothing to contradict what you ſay you are, d'ye ſee, you ſhall find me a gentleman.

D. *Ph.* So my father told me, ſir.

D. *Ma.* But then, on the other hand, d'ye ſee, a man's honeſty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon) if you ſhou'd prove a damn'd rogue, d'ye ſee?

D. *Ph.* Sir, I can't, in reaſon, take any thing ill, that proceeds only from your caution.

D. *Ma.* Civil rascal. [*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 lie?

D. *Ph.* 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. *Ph.* But a man of honour, sir, can never speak like a rascal.

D. *Ma.* Why then with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here in *Madrid* that knows you?

D. *Ph.* Sir, I never saw *Madrid* till within these two hours; tho' there is a gentleman in town that knew me intimately at *Seville*, I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted; he's known here, if he will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

D. *Ma.* At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name, pray?

D. *Ph.* *Octavio 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. *Ph.* Job, sir!

D. *Ma.* Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship; or that you have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

D. *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 confeſt, 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 *Seville.*

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.* Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thouſand times; his name, ſir, his name's *Guzman*; his father, ſir, old Don *Guzman*, is the moſt eminent lawyer in *Seville*; was the very perſon that drew up the ſettlement and articles of my maſter's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as well as if he had drawn 'em up himſelf. But, ſir, I hope there's no miſtake in 'em, that may defer the marriage.

D. *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 portmanteau, 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* Trap.

D. *Ph.* I aſk your pardon, ſir; I muſt confeſs, the villainy 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 our by yourſelves; not but at the ſame time thou art to me the merrieſt fellow that ever I ſaw in my life.

*Enter* Hypolita, Flora, *and* Trappanti.

*Hyp.* Who's this that dares uſurp my name, and calls himſelf Don *Philip de las Torres?*

D. *Ph.* Ha! this is a young competitor indeed. [*Aſide.*

*Flo.* Is this the gentleman, ſir?

D. *Ma.* Yes, yes, that's he: ha, ha!

D. *Ph.* 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 portmanteau 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 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. *Ph.* 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 can'ſt not but know 'tis impoſſible thou ſhouldſt enjoy her long; a very few days muſt unavoidably diſcover thee: in the mean time, if thou wilt ſpare me the trouble of expoſing thee, and generouſly confeſs thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou ſtill proceedeſt upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyſelf, that all her fortune ſhall buy off my evidence; for I'm bound in honour, as well as law, to hang thee for the robbery.

*Hyp.* Sir, you are extremely kind.

*Flo.* Very civil, egad.

*Hyp.* But mayn't I preſume, my dear friend, this wheedle was offer'd as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha, ha!

D. *Ma.* Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very ſhallow one: canſt thou think I'm ſuch a ſot as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he wou'd not have run away at the firſt ſight of thee?

*Trap.* Ay, ſir, he muſt be a dull rogue indeed, that wou'd not run away from a halter! Ha, ha, ha!

[*All laugh.*

D. *Ph.* Sir, I aſk your pardon: I begin now to be a little ſenſible of my folly——I perceive this gentleman has done his buſineſs with you effectually. However, ſir, the duty I owe my father, obliges me not to leave your cauſe, though I'll leave your houſe immediately; when you ſee me next, you'll know Don *Philip* from a raſcal.

D. *Ma.* Ah! 'twill be the ſame thing, if I know a raſcal from Don *Philip*: but, if you pleaſe, ſir, never

give yourſelf any farther trouble in this buſineſs; for what you have done, d'ye ſee, is ſo far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that, with the gentleman's leave, I'm reſolv'd to finiſh it this very hour; ſo what when you ſee your friend the politician, you muſt tell him you had 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.* Phil.

D. *Ma.* Ah! poor fellow, he's reſolv'd to carry it off with a good face however: ha, ha!

*Trap.* Ay, ſir, that's all he has for't indeed.

*Hyp.* *Trappanti*, follow him, and do as I directed. [*Aſide to* Trap.

*Trap.* I warrant ye, ſir. [*Exit* Trap.

D. *Ma.* Ha! my little champion, let me kiſs thee, thou haſt carried the day like a hero! Man nor woman, nothing can ſtand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

*Hyp.* That's the *Indies*, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Well ſaid, my lad——Ah! my heart's going to dance again: prithee let's in, before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory.

*Hyp.* Sir, if you pleaſe to prepare the way, I'll march after you in form, and lay my laurels at her feet, like a conqueror.

D. *Ma.* Say'ſt thou ſo, my little ſoldier? why then I'll ſend for the prieſt, and thou ſhalt be married in triumph. [*Exit D.* Man.

*Hyp.* Now, *Flora!*

*Flo.* Ay, now madam, who ſays we are not politicians? I'd fain ſee any turn of ſtate manag'd with half this dexterity. But, pray, what is *Trappanti* detach'd for?

*Hyp.* Only to interrupt the motions of the enemy, girl, till we are ſafe in our trenches: for ſhou'd Don *Philip* chance to rally upon us with an algualize and a warrant before I am faſt tied to the lady, we may be routed for all this.

*Flo.* *Trappanti* knows his buſineſs, I hope.

*Hyp.* You'll ſee preſently——Huſh! here comes my brother: poor gentleman! he's upon thorns too: I've made *Roſara* write him a moſt provoking letter.

*Flo.* Nay, you have an admirable genius to miſchief: but what has poor *Octavio* done you, that he muſt be plagu'd too?

*Hyp.* Well, dear *Flora*, don't chide; indeed this ſhall be the laſt day of my reign. Come, now let's in, keep up the old Don's humour, and laugh at him.

*Flo.* Ay, there with all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Octavio *with a letter, and* Viletta.

*Oct.* *Roſara* falſe! diſtraction!

*Vil.* Nay, don't be in ſuch a paſſion.

*Oct.* Confeſs it too! ſo chang'd within an hour!

*Vil.* Ah, dear ſir, if you had but ſeen how the young gentleman laid about him, you'd ha' wonder'd how ſhe held out ſo long.

*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 ſhe not inſult me too with a—Yet loves me better than the perſon ſhe's to marry.

*Vil.* Inſult! is that the beſt you can make on't? Ah! you men have ſuch heads!

*Oct.* What doſt thou mean?

*Vil.* Sir, to be free with you, my miſtreſs is grown wiſe 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 our way.

*Oct.* Thou raveſt, *Viletta*; 'tis impoſſible ſhe can fall ſo low.

*Vil.* Ah, ſir! you can't think how love will humble a body.

*Oct.* I'll believe nothing ill of her, till her own mouth confeſſes it; ſhe can never own this letter. She can't but know I ſhou'd ſtab her with reproaches: therefore, dear *Viletta*, eaſe me of my torments; go this minute, and tell her I'm on the rack till I ſpeak with her.

*Vil.* Sir, I dare not for the world; the old gentleman's with her, he'll knock my brains out.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* Sure this letter muſt be but artifice, a humour, to try how far my love can bear;———and yet methinks ſhe can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too preſſing to allow her any time to fool away; and if ſhe were really falſe, ſhe cou'd not take a pride in confeſſing it. Death! I know not what to think, the ſex is all a rid-

dle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound 'em.

*Re-enter* Viletta.

Now, dear *Viletta.*

*Vil.* Sir, she begs your pardon, they have just sent for the priest, but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over.

*Oct. Viletta!*

*Vil.* Sir, she says, in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, she is just going to be marry'd.

*Oct.* Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

*Vil.* Hey day! what's all this for?

*Oct.* 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?

*Oct.* Use of it! Death! when the wedding's over?

*Vil.* Dear sir, the bedding won't be over, and I presume that's the ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* No, don't say so, *Viletta.*

*Vil.* Then pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport: you'll have the old gentleman come thund'ring down upon ye by and by, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again———'st! here's company; good-by t'ye.

[*Exit* Viletta.

*Enter Don* Philip, *his sword drawn, and* Trappanti.

*Oct.* 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 theſe five, ten pieces.

*Enter a ſervant.*

*Trap.* Sir, your buſineſs will be done effectually.

D. *Ph.* Here, friend! will ye tell your maſter I deſire to ſpeak with him?

*Oct.* Don *Philip!*

D. *Ph.* *Octavio!* This is fortunate indeed——the only place in the world I wou'd have wiſh'd to have found you in.

*Oct.* What's the matter?

D. *Ph.* You'll ſee preſently——but prithee how ſtands your affair with your miſtreſs?

*Oct.* The devil take me if I can tell ye——I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago ſhe was for ſcaling walls to come at me, and this minute——whip, ſhe's going to marry the ſtranger I told you of; nay, confeſſes too, it is with her own conſent; and yet begs by all means to ſee me as ſoon as her wedding's over.——Isn't it very pretty?

*Re-enter a ſervant.*

D. *Ph.* Something gay indeed.

*Serv.* Sir, my maſter will wait on you preſently.

*Oct.* But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jeſting.——Well, now how ſtands your affair? Have you ſeen your miſtreſs yet?

D. *Ph.* No; I can't get admittance to her.

*Oct.* How ſo?

D. *Ph.* When I came to pay my duty here to the old gentleman——

*Oct.* Here!

D. *Ph.* Ay, I found an impudent young raſcal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robb'd me of my portmanteau, and by virtue of ſome papers there, knew all my concerns to a tittle; he has told a plauſible tale to her father, fac'd him down that I'm

an impoſtor, and, if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady.

*Oct.* Death, and hell! [*Aſide.*
What ſort of fellow was this raſcal?

D. *Ph.* A little pert coxcomb; by his impudence and dreſs, I gueſs him to be ſome *French* page.

*Oct.* A white wig, red coat———

D. *Ph.* Right, the very picture of the little *Engliſhman* we knew at *Paris.*

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* Undone for ever, unleſs dear *Philip*'s ſtill my friend.

D. *Ph.* What's the matter?

*Oct.* Be generous and tell me: have I ever yet deſerv'd your friendſhip?

D. *Ph.* I hope my actions have confeſs'd it.

*Oct.* 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!

*Oct.* 'Tis the ſame dear creature I ſo paſſionately doat on.

D. *Ph.* Is't poſſible? Nay, then be eaſy in thy thoughts, *Octavio*; and now I dare confeſs the folly of my own: I'm not ſorry thou'rt my rival here. In ſpight 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.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* That's right! the leaſt delay might have loſt all; beſides, I am here to ſtrengthen his evidence, for I can ſwear you are the true Don *Philip*.

D. *Ph.* Right!

*Trap.* Sir, with humble ſubmiſſion, that will be quite wrong.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* Be careful, dear *Philip*.

D. *Ph.* I always uſed to be more fortunate in ſerving my friend than myſelf.

*Oct.* 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.* Do ſo: we muſt not loſe a moment.

*Oct.* I won't ſtir from the door.

D. *Ph.* You'll ſoon hear of me; away. [*Exit* Oct.

*Trap.* So, now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it ſhould come to a battle—— *Baſta!* here comes our party.

D. *Ph.* Stand aſide till I call you. [Trap. *retires.*

*Enter Don* Manuel.

D. *Ma.* Well, ſir! What ſervice have you to command me now, pray?

D. *Ph.* 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. *Ph.* 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 algualize before him.

D. *Ph.* I was afraid, ſir, upon ſecond thoughts, your buſineſs would not ſtay for a warrant, though 'tis poſſible I may provide you, for I think this gentleman's a magiſtrate: in the mean time——O! here I have prevailed upon an alguazile to wait upon ye.

*Enter Alguazile*

*Alg.* Did you ſend for me, ſir?

D. *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 ſurpriz'd! I don't like that——What ſhall we do?

*Hyp.* I am at my wits end. [*Aſide.*

*Flo.* Then we muſt either confeſs, or to goal, that's poſitive.

*Hyp.* I'll rather ſtarve there than be diſcover'd: ſhould he at laſt marry with *Roſara*, the very ſhame of this attempt would kill me.

*Flo.* Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a ſuſpicion; bear up, for ſhame.

*Hyp.* Impoſſible! I am daſh'd, confounded; if thou haſt any courage left, ſhew it quickly; go, ſpeak before my fears betray me. [*Aſide.*

D. *Ma.* If you can make this appear by any witneſs, 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* 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 ye to the buſineſs? Have ye any proof to offer upon oath, that t' is gen-

tleman 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 to the ground, and deſir'd him to open his caſe.

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 arriv'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 ne-

gative ſhrug, and was for ſneeking off with the fees in my pocket.

D. *Ma.* Very well!

D. *Ph.* Villain!

*Flo.* and *Hyp.* 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!

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

D. *Ph.* Dog! villain! Did not you confeſs to me, that this gentleman pick'd you up not three hours ago at the ſame inn where I alighted? That he had own'd his ſtealing my portmanteau at *Toledo?* That if he ſucceeded to marry the lady, you were to have a conſiderable ſum for your pains, and theſe two were to ſhare the reſt of her fortune between 'em.

*Trap.* O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my bed, theſe are the very words; he threaten'd to ſtab me if I wou'dn't ſwear againſt my maſter——I told him at firſt, ſir, I was not fit for his buſineſs, I was never good at a lie 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. *Ph.* Damnation!

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

D. *Ma.* Really, my friend, thou'rt almoſt turn'd fool in this buſineſs: if thou hadſt prevail'd upon this

wretch to perjure himſelf, could'ſt thou think I ſhould not have detected him? But, poor man! you were a little hard put to't indeed; any ſhift was better than none, it ſeems: you knew 'twould not be long to the wedding. You may go, friend. [*Exit Alguazile.*

*Flo.* Ha, ha!

D. *Ph.* 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. *Ph.* Perdition ſeize me, if I have any hope or thought, but that of ſerving you.

D. *Ma.* Nay, now thou art a downright diſtracted man——Doſt thou expect I ſhould take thy bare word, when here were two honeſt fellows that have juſt prov'd thee in a lie to thy face?

*Enter a ſervant.*

*Serv.* Sir, the prieſt is come.

D. *Ma.* Is he ſo? Then, ſir, if you pleaſe, ſince you ſee you can do me no farther ſervice, I believe it may be time for you to go.——Come, ſon, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble for altogether. [*Exit D.* Man.

*Hyp.* Sir, I'll wait on ye.

D. *Ph.* Confuſion! I've undone my friend. [*Walks about.*

*Flo.* [*Aſide.*] *Trappanti!* Rogue, this was a maſterpiece.

*Trap.* [*Aſide.*] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haſte. [*Exeunt* Flo: *and* Trap.

*Hyp.* Sir!

D. *Ph.* 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 am a little more in haſte to be the lady's humble ſervant than yours. [*Going.*

D. *Ph.* Hold, ſir!——you and I can't part upon ſuch eaſy terms!

*Hyp.* Sir!

D. *Ph.* You're not ſo near the lady, ſir, perhaps, as you imagine. [*D.* Ph. *locks the door.*

*Hyp.* What d'ye mean?

D. *Ph.* Speak ſoftly.

*Hyp.* Ha!

D. *Ph.* Come, ſir——draw.

*Hyp.* My ruin has now caught me; my plots are yet unripe for execution; I muſt not, dare not, let him know me, till I'm ſure at leaſt he cannot be another's——This was the very ſpite of fortune. [*Aſide.*

D. *Ph.* Come, ſir, my time's but ſhort.

*Hyp.* And mine's too precious to be loſt on any thing but love; beſides, this is no proper place.

D. *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 villainy, 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, ſpark?

*Hyp.* Unleſs your generous compaſſion ſpares me, ſure the moſt wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a ſucceſsleſs paſſion.

D. *Ph.* Art thou indeed a lover then?——Tell me thy condition.

*Hyp.* Sir, I confeſs my fortune's much inferior to my pretences in this lady, tho' indeed I'm born a gentleman, and, bating this attempt againſt you, which even the laſt extremities of a ruin'd love have forc'd me to, never yet was guilty of a deed or thought that could debaſe my birth: but if you knew the torments I have borne from her diſdainful pride; the anxious days, the long-watch'd winter nights I have endur'd, to gain of her perhaps at laſt a cold relentleſs look, indeed you'd pity me: my heart was ſo entirely ſubdued, the more ſhe ſlighted me, the more I lov'd; and as my pains increas'd, grew farther from cure: her beauty ſtruck me with that ſubmiſſive awe, that when I dar'd to ſpeak, my words and looks were ſofter than an infant's bluſhes; yet all theſe pangs of my perſiſting paſſion ſtill were vain; nor ſhowers of tears, nor ſtorms of ſighs, could melt or move the frozen hardneſs of her dead compaſſion.

D. *Ph.* How very near my condition! [*Aſide.*

*Hyp.* But yet ſo ſubtile is the flame of love, ſpight of her cruelty, I nouriſhed ſtill a ſecret living hope; till hearing, ſir, at laſt ſhe was deſign'd your bride, deſpair compell'd me to this bold attempt of perſonating you: her father knew not me, or my unhappy love; I knew too you never had ſeen her face, and therefore hop'd, when I ſhould offer to repair with twice the worth of the value, ſir, I robb'd you of, begging thus low for your forgiveneſs; I ſay, I hop'd at leaſt your generous heart, if ever it was touch'd like mine, would pity my diſtreſs, and pardon the neceſſitated wrong.

D. *Ph.* Is't poſſible? Haſt thou then lov'd to this unfortunate degree?

*Hyp*. Unfortunate indeed, if you are ſtill my rival, ſir: but were you not, I'm ſure you'd pity me.

D. *Ph*. 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. *Ph*. Oh! thou haſt prob'd a wound that time or art can never heal.

*Hyp*. O joyful ſound!——[*Aſide*.] Cheriſh that generous thought, and hope from my ſucceſs, your miſtreſs, or your fate, may make you bleſt like me.

D. *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 the 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 fantaſtic 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 invade my juſtice, yield; ſubmit thy

paſſion to its merit, and own I have propoſed thee like a friend.

*Hyp.* Sir, on my knees———

D. *Ph.* Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my ſword ſhall force thee.

*Hyp.* Conſider, ſir.

D. *Ph.* Nay, then diſcover quick! Tell me thy name and family.

*Hyp.* Hold, ſir———

D. *Ph.* Speak, or thou dieſt. [*A noiſe at the door.*

*Hyp.* Sir, I will———Ha! they are entering——O! for a moment's courage! Come on, ſir.

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till* Don Manuel, Flora, Trappanti, *with ſervants, ruſh in, and part 'em.*

D. *Ma.* Knock him down!

*Flo.* Part 'em!

*Hyp.* Away, raſcal! [*To* Trap. *who holds her.*

*Trap.* Hold, ſir! dear ſir, hold! you have given him enough.

*Hyp.* Dog! let me go, or I'll cut away thy hold.

D. *Ma.* Nay! dear ſon, hold; we'll find a better way to puniſh him.

*Hyp.* Pray, ſir, give me way——a villain, to aſſault me in the very moment of my happineſs! [*Struggling.*

D. *Ph.* By heaven, ſir, he this moment has confeſs'd his villainy, and begg'd my pardon upon his knees.

*Hyp.* D'ye hear him, ſir? I beg you let me go, this is beyond bearing.

D. *Ph.* Thou lieſt, villain; 'tis thy fear that holds thee.

*Hyp.* Ah! Let me go, I ſay.

*Trap.* Help, ho! I'm not able to hold him.

D. *Ma.* Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the mean time ſecure him in the cellar.

D. *Ph.* Hear me but one word, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Stop his mouth——out with him.

[*They hurry him off.*

——Come, dear ſon, be pacify'd.

*Hyp.* A villain! [*Walking in a heat.*

*Flo.* Why ſhou'd ye be concern'd, now he's ſecure? Such a raſcal would but contaminate the ſword of a man of honour.

D. *Ma.* Ay, ſon, leave him to me and the law.

*Hyp.* I am ſorry, ſir, ſuch a fellow ſhould have it in his power to diſturb me——But——

*Enter* Roſara.

D. *Ma.* Look! here's my daughter in a fright to ſee for you.

*Hyp.* Then I'm compoſed again——[*Runs to* Roſara.

*Roſ.* I heard fighting here! I hope you are not wounded, ſir?

*Hyp.* I have no wound but what the prieſt can heal.

D. *Ma.* Ah! well ſaid, my little champion.

*Hyp.* Oh, madam! I have ſuch a terrible eſcape to tell you!

*Roſ.* Truly, I began to be afraid I ſhould loſe my little huſband.

*Hyp.* Huſband, quotha! Get me but once ſafe out of theſe breeches, if ever I wear 'em again——

D. *Ma.* Come, come, children; the prieſt ſtays for us.

*Hyp.* Sir, we wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

*The* SCENE *continues.*

*Enter* Trappanti *alone.*

*Trap.* WHAT, 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 aſham'd to own, and ſo was reſolv'd firſt to be marry'd, that his friends might not wonder at the occaſion. But here he comes with his nooſe in his hand.

*Enter* Hypolita *and* Roſara.

*Hyp. Trappanti*, go to Don *Pedro*, he has buſineſs with you.

*Trap.* Yes, ſir. [*Exit* Trap.

*Roſ.* Who's Don *Pedro*, pray?

*Hyp. Flora*, madam; he knows her yet by no other name.

*Roſ.* Well! if Don *Philip* does not think you deſerve him, I am afraid he won't find another woman that will have him in haſte——But this laſt eſcape of yours was ſuch a maſter-piece!

*Hyp.* Nay, I confeſs, between fear and ſhame, I would have given my life for a ducat.

*Roſ.* Tho' I wonder, when you perceiv'd him ſo ſenſibly touch'd with his old paſſion, how you had patience to conceal yourſelf any longer.

*Hyp.* Indeed I could not eaſily ha' reſiſted it, but that I knew, if I had been diſcover'd before my marriage with you, your father, be ſure, wou'd have inſiſted then upon his contract with him, which I did not know how far Don *Philip* might be carry'd in point of honour to keep: I knew too, his refuſing it would but the more incenſe the old gentleman againſt my brother's happineſs with you; and I found myſelf oblig'd in gratitude, not to build my own upon the ruin of yours.

*Roſ.* This is an obligation I never could deſerve.

*Hyp.* Your aſſiſtance, madam, in my affair, has overpaid it.

*Roſ.* What's become of Don *Philip*? I hope you have not kept him priſoner all this while?

*Hyp.* Oh! he'll be releas'd preſently, *Flora* has her orders——Where's your father, madam?

*Ros.* I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune——he seem'd in mighty good humour.

*Hyp.* We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunn'd when he falls.

*Ros.* With all my heart: methinks I am possess'd with the very spirit of disobedience——Now cou'd I, in the humour I am in, consent to any mischief that would but heartily plague my old gentleman, for daring to be better than his word to *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 most triumphant day, this day of all days in my life!

*Hyp.* Ay, and of my life too, sir. [*Embracing him.*

D. *Ma.* Ay, my cares are over——Now I've nothing to do but to think of the other world; for I've done all my business in this: got as many children as I cou'd, and now I'm grown old, have set a young couple to work that will do it better.

*Hyp.* I warrant ye, sir, you'll soon see whether you daughter has marry'd a man or no.

D. *Ma.* Ah! well said; and, that you may never be out of humour with your business, look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will make you merry as long as you live: twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of 'em; and the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best *Barbary* gold to-morrow morning.

*Hyp.* Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

D. *Ma.* Much good may do thy heart and soul with 'em——and heaven bless you together——I've had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children, thank my stars 'tis over——'tis but over, now ——Now I may sleep with my doors open, and never

have my ſlumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

*Roſ.* Don't interrupt him, and ſee how far his humour will carry him. [*To* Hyp.

D. *Ma.* But there's no joy laſting in this world, we muſt all die when we have done our beſt, ſooner or later, old or young, prince or peaſant, high or low, kings, lords, and——common whores, muſt die! nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loſs of another. Now I've marry'd my child, I've loſt my companion——I've parted with my girl——Her heart's gone another way now——She'll forget her old father!——I ſhall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty ſongs in a morning——I ſhall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book, and read me to ſleep in an afternoon. Ah! theſe comforts are all gone now. [*Weeps.*

*Hyp.* How very near the extreme of one paſſion is to another! Now he is tir'd with joy, till he is downright melancholy.

*Roſ.* What's the matter, ſir?

D. *Ma.* Ah! my child! Now it comes to the teſt, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

*Roſ.* O, ſir, we ſhall be better friends than ever.

D. *Ma.* Uh! uh! ſhall we? Wilt thou come and ſee the old man now and then? Well! heaven bleſs thee; give me a kiſs——I muſt kiſs thee at parting; be a good girl, uſe thy huſband well, make an obedient wife, and I ſhall die contented.

*Hyp.* Die, ſir! Come, come, you have a great while to live——Hang theſe melancholy thoughts, they are the worſt company in the world at a wedding.——Conſider, ſir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us hear a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day, at leaſt; ſtir your ſervants, call in your neighbours, let me ſee your whole family mad for joy, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Hah! ſhall we? ſhall we be merry then?

*Hyp.* Merry, ſir, ah, as beggars at a feaſt: what! ſhall a dull *Spaniſh* cuſtom tell me, when I am the happieſt man in the kingdom, I ſhan't be as mad as I have

a mind to? Let me ſee the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feaſts, and muſick, 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 not all out of your wits, ſir? Don't you know that your young miſtreſs is marry'd, ſcoundrels?

*1ſt 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 *cher entire:* rogue, let me have a repaſt that will be ſix times as expenſive and provoking ——Go.

*2d Serv.* It ſhall be done, ſir.

D. *Ma.* And, d'ye hear? One of ye ſtep to Monſieur *Vandevin*, the king's butler, for the ſame wine that his majeſty reſerves for his own drinking; tell him he ſhall have his price for't.

*1ſt Serv.* How much will you pleaſe to have, ſir?

D. *Ma.* Too much, ſir! I'll have every thing upon the outſide of enough to day. Go you, ſirrah, run to the *Theatre*, and detach me a regiment of fidlers, and ſingers, and dancers; and you, ſir, to my nephew Don *Louis*, 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.* Pſhah! 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?

*Roſ.* The gentleman ſeems very free, methinks.

D. *Ma.* Troth, I don't like it.

*Roſ.* Don't diſturb 'em, ſir——we ſhall know all preſently.

*Hyp.* But what have you done with Don *Philip?*

*Flo.* I drew the ſervants out of the way while he made his eſcape; I ſaw him very buſy in the ſtreet with *Octavio* and another gentleman; *Trappanti* dogg'd 'em, and brings me word they juſt now went into the 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 them preſently. [*Aſide.*

*Hyp.* [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offer'd you very fair; if you don't think ſo, I have marry'd the lady, and take your courſe.

*Flo.* Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Hey!

*Hyp.* Then I muſt tell you, ſir, ſince you are pleas'd to call it your right, you ſhall not have it.

*Flo.* Not, ſir?

*Hyp.* No, ſir——Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me——Gad, I ſhall uſe you very ſcurvily.

*Flo.* Uſe me!——You little ſon of a whore, draw.

*Hyp.* Oh! Sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and D.* Man. *interpoſes.*

*Ros.* Ah! help! murder! [*Runs out.*

D. *Ma.* Within there! Help! murder! Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? Pray put up.

*Hyp.* A rascal!

*Enter servants, who part 'em.*

D. *Ma.* Friends, and quarrel! for shame.

*Flo.* Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

*Hyp.* Let me go.

D. *Ma.* Better words, 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. Man. *stares.*

D. *Ma.* Hey! what's all this? What is it?——My heart misgives me.

*Hyp.* Hey! who waits there? Here, you! [*To a servant.*] Bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

*Serv.* Yes, sir. [*Exit Serv.*

D. *Ma.* A coach!

*Enter* Viletta.

*Vil.* Sir, sir!——bless 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 *Octavio.*

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 imme-*

*Sig.* Here comes *Flora*—Now, madam, observe your cue.

*Enter Flora.*

*Fl.* Your servant, gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—You have it, I fee—Don *Philip*, I must speak with you.

*Sig.* Pshaw! prithee don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

*Fl.* My business won't be defer'd, sir:

*Sig.* Sir!

*Fl.* I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

*Sig.* What d'ye mean? [*They whisper.*

*Fl.* Your cue, sir.

*D. Ma.* What's the matter now 'tro?

*Sig.* The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

*D. Ma.* Truth, I don't like it.

*Sig.* Don't disturb 'em, sir—we shall know all presently.

*Sig.* But what have you done with Don *Philip*?

*Fl.* I drew the servants out of the way while he made his escape; I saw him very busy in the street with Octavio and another gentleman; *Trappanti* dogg'd 'em, and brings me word they just now went into the corner house in the next street—therefore what we do, we must do quickly: come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with them presently. [*Exit.*

*Sig.* [*Aside.*] Sir, I have offer'd you very fair; if you don't think fo, I have marry'd the lady, and take your course.

*Fl.* Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

*D. Ma.* Hey!

*Sig.* Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleas'd to call it your right, you shall not have it.

*Fl.* Not, sir?

*Sig.* No, sir—Look ye, don't put on your pert air to me—Gad, I shall use you very scurvily.

*Fl.* Use me!—You little son of a whore, draw.

*Sig.* Oh! Sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and D. Man. interpeles.*

[*Runs out.*

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*our father ignorantly deſigns you to*
*n cheat, and an impoſtor; the true*
*o is my intimate friend, will imme-*

*diately appear with the corrigidore, and freſh evidence againſt him. I thought this advice, tho' from one you hate, would be well receiv'd, if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.*

OCTAVIO.

O, my heart! This letter was not deſign'd to fall into my hands——I am affrighted——I dare not think on't.

*Re-enter the ſervant.*

*Serv.* Sir, your man is not within.

*Hyp.* Careleſs raſcal! to be out of the way when my life's at ſtake——Prithee do thou go and ſee if thou canſt get me any poſt-horſes.

D. *Ma.* Poſt-horſes!

*Enter* Roſara.

*Roſ.* O dear ſir, what was the matter?

D. *Ma.* ——Hey!

*Roſ.* What made 'em quarrel, ſir?

D. *Ma.* Child!

*Roſ.* What was it about, ſir? You look concern'd.

D. *Ma.* Concern'd!

*Roſ.* I hope you are not hurt, ſir. [*To* Hyp. *who minds her not.*]——What's the matter with him, ſir? he won't ſpeak to me. [*To D.* Man.]

D. *Ma.* ——A——ſpeak!——a——go to him again ——try what fair words will do, and ſee if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

*Roſ.* Dear ſir, what's the matter? [*To* Hyp.

D. *Ma.* Ay, ſir, pray what's the matter?

*Hyp.* I'm a little vex'd at my ſervant's being out of the way, and the inſolence of this other raſcal.

D. *Ma.* But what occaſion have you for poſt-horſes, ſir?

*Hyp.* Something happens a little croſs, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Pray what is't?

*Hyp.* I'll tell you another time, ſir.

D. *Ma.* Another time, ſir!——pray ſatisfy me now.

*Hyp.* Lord, ſir, when you ſee a man's out of humour.

D. *Ma.* Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour

as you; and I muſt tell ye, I don't like your behaviour, and I'm reſolv'd to be ſatisfy'd.

*Hyp*. Sir, what is't you'd have? [*Peeviſhly*.

D. *Ma*. Look ye, 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* Louis.

D. *Lou*. Uncle, I am your humble ſervant.

D. *Ma*. I am glad to ſee you, nephew.

D. *Lou*. I receiv'd your invitation, and am come to pay my duty; but here I met with the moſt ſurpriſing news.

D. *Ma*. What was it pray?

D. *Lou*. Why firſt your ſervant told me, my young couſin was to be marry'd to-day to Don *Philip de las Torres*; and juſt as I was entering your doors, who ſhould I meet but Don *Philip*, with the corrigidore, and ſeveral 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. *Lou*. Know him, ſir! Were we not ſchool-fellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers?

D. *Ma*. But are you ſure you mayn't have forgot him neither?

D. *Lou*. You might as well aſk me if I had not forgot you, ſir.

D. *Ma*. But one queſtion more, and I am dumb for ever——Is that he?

D. *Lou*. 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. *Lou.* Is this the villain then that has impos'd upon you?

*Hyp.* Sir, I am this lady's husband; and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

D. *Ma.* Oh!

D. *Lou.* Nay then, within there!——Such a villain ought to be made an example.

*Enter corrigidore and officers, with Don* Philip, Octavio, Flora, *and* Trappanti.

O gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's marry'd to the impostor.

D. *Ph.* How!

*Oct.* Confusion!

D. *Ma.* O! O!

D. *Ph.* That's the person, sir, and I demand your justice.

*Oct.* And I.

*Flo.* And all of us.

D. *Ma.* Will my cares never be over?

*Corr.* Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately.——First, sir, you say, these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don *Philip?*

D. *Lou.* That, sir, I presume, my oath will prove.

*Oct.* Or mine.

*Flo.* And mine.

*Trap.* Ay, and mine too, sir.

D. *Ma.* Where shall I hide this shameful head?

*Flo.* And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him: he 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 ha'n't the beſt part of her fortune in my pocket; ſo do your worſt: I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

D. *Ma.* Ingenuity! abandon'd villain!——But, ſir, before you ſend him to gaol, I deſire he may return the jewels I gave him, as part of my daughter's portion.

*Corr.* That can't be, 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 gaol 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.* Ah! my poor child!

*Roſ.* But I deſerve it all, for ever liſtening to your barbarous propoſal, when my conſcience might have told me, my vows and perſon in juſtice and honour were the wrong'd *Octavio's*.

D. *Ma.* Oh! oh!

*Oct.* Can ſhe repent her falſhood then at laſt? Is't poſſible? then I'm wounded too! O my poor undone *Roſara!* [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful! cruel! perjur'd man! how can'ſt thou bear to ſee the light after this heap of ruin thou haſt rais'd, by tearing thus aſunder the moſt ſolemn vows of plighted love?

D. *Ma.* Oh! don't inſult me, I deſerve the worſt you can ſay.——I'm a miſerable wretch, and I repent me.

*Oct.* Repent! Can'ſt thou believe whole years of ſorrow will atone thy crime? No; groan on, ſigh and weep away thy life to come, and when the ſtings and horrors of thy conſcience have laid thy tortur'd body in the grave——then, then——as thou doſt me,——when 'tis too late, I'll pity thee.

*Vil.* So! here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the old gentleman out of his ſenſes, moſt of the company diſtracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hang'd——The merrieſt wedding that ever I ſaw in my life.

*Corr.* Well, ſir, have you any thing to ſay before I make your warrant? [*To* Hyp.

*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.

*Oct.* What can this mean?

D. *Ph.* Pſhah! ſome new contrivance——Let's be gone.

D. *Lou.* Stay a moment, it can be no harm to hear him——Sir, will you oblige us?

*Corr.* Wait without—— [*Exeunt officers.*

*Vil.* What's to be done now, 'trow?

*Trap.* Some ſmart thing, I warrant ye: the little gentleman hath a notable head, faith.

*Flo.* Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that if you can but perſuade him to be honeſt, 'tis ſtill

in his power to make you all amends; and, in my opinion, 'tis high time he ſhould propoſe it.

D. *Ma.* Ay, 'tis time he were hang'd indeed; for I know no other amends he can make us.

*Hyp.* Then I muſt tell you, ſir, I owe you no reparation; the injuries which you complain of, your 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. *Lou.* He talks reaſon.

D. *Ph.* I don't think him in the wrong there indeed.

*Hyp.* Therefore, ſir, if you are injur'd, you may thank yourſelf for it.

D. *Ma.* Nay, dear ſir——I do confeſs my blindneſs, and cou'd heartily wiſh your eyes or mine had dropp'd out of our heads before ever we ſaw one another.

*Hyp.* Well, ſir, (however little you deſerv'd it) yet for your daughter's ſake, if you'll oblige yourſelf, by ſigning this paper, to keep your firſt promiſe, and give her, with her full fortune, to this gentleman, I'm ſtill content, on that condition, to diſannul my own pretences, and reſign her.

*Oct.* Ha! what ſays he?

D. *Lou.* This is ſtrange!

D. *Ma.* Sir, I don't know how to anſwer you; for I can never believe you'll have good-nature enough to hang yourſelf out of the way to make room for him.

*Hyp.* Then, ſir, to let you ſee I have not only an honeſt meaning, but an immediate power too, to make good my word, I firſt renounce all title to her fortune: theſe jewels, which I received from you, I give him free poſſeſſion of; and now, ſir, the reſt of her fortune you owe him with her perſon.

*Oct.* I am all amazement!

D. *Lou.* 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'm 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 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.

*Hyp.* His pardon with his thanks, I am ſure I ſhall deſerve: but how ſhall I forgive myſelf? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the ſhameful ſlights, the inſults, and the long diſquiets you have known from love?

D. *Ph.* 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. *Ph.* Whither would'ſt thou carry me?

*Hyp.* Not but I know you generous as the heart of

love, yet, let me doubt, if even this low ſubmiſſion can deſerve your pardon——Don't look on me, I cannot bear that you ſhould know me yet——The extravagant attempt I have this day run through to meet you thus, juſtly may ſubject me to your contempt and ſcorn, unleſs the ſame forgiving goodneſs that us'd to over-look the failings of *Hypolita*, prove ſtill my friend, and ſoften all with the excuſe of love.

*Oct.* My ſiſter! O, *Roſara! Philip!*

[*All ſeem amaz'd.*

D. *Ph.* Oh! ſtop this vaſt effuſion of my tranſported thoughts, ere my offended wiſhes break their priſon through my eyes, and ſurfeit on forbidden hopes again: or if my tears are falſe, if your relenting heart is touch'd at laſt in pity of my enduring love, be kind at once, ſpeak on, and awake me to the joy while I have ſenſe to hear you.

*Hyp.* Nay, then I am ſubdu'd indeed! Is't poſſible, ſpight of my follies, ſtill your generous heart can love? 'Tis ſo! Your eyes confeſs it, and my tears are dead—— When then ſhould I bluſh to let at once the honeſt fullneſs of my heart guſh forth——O *Philip*—*Hypolita* is—yours for ever. [*They advance ſlowly, and at laſt ruſh into one another's arms.*

D. *Ph.* O ecſtaſy! diſtracting joy——Do I then live to call you mine?——Is there an end at laſt of my repeated pangs, my ſighs, my torments, and my rejected vows? Is it poſſible? is it ſhe?——O let me view thee thus with aching eyes, and feed my eager ſenſe upon the tranſport of thy love confeſs'd! What, kind!—— And yet *Hypolita!* And yet 'tis ſhe! I know her by the buſy pulſes at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and ſhe alone can give.

[*Eagerly embracing her.*

*Hyp.* Now, *Philip!* you may inſult our ſex's pride, for I confeſs you have ſubdu'd it all in me; I plead no merit, but my knowing yours: I own the weakneſs of my boaſted power, and now am only proud of my humility.

D. *Ph.* O never! never ſhall thy empire ceaſe! 'Tis not in thy power to give thy power away: this laſt ſur-

prize of generous love has bound me to thy heart a poor indebted wretch for ever.

*Hyp.* No more, the reſt the prieſt ſhould ſay.——But now our joys grow rude.——Here are our friends, that muſt be happy too.

D. *Ph. Louis! Octavio!* my brother now! O! forgive the hurry of a tranſported heart!

D. *Ma.* A woman! and *Octavio*'s ſiſter!

*Oct.* That heart that does not feel, as 'twere its own, a joy like this, ne'er yet confeſs'd the power of friendſhip or love. [*Embracing her.*

D. *Ma.* Have I then been pleas'd, and plagu'd, and frighted out of my wits, by a woman, all this while? Odſbud, ſhe is a notable contriver! Stand clear ho! For if I have not a fair bruſh at her lips; nay, if ſhe does not give me the hearty ſmack too, ods-winds and thunder, ſhe is not the good-humour'd girl I take her for.

*Hyp.* Come, ſir, I won't balk your good-humour. [*He kiſſes her.*] And now I have a favour to beg of you; you remember your promiſe: only your bleſſing here, ſir. [Octavio *and* Roſara *kneel.*

D. *Ma.* Ah! I can deny thee nothing; and ſince I find thou art not fit for my girl's buſineſs thyſelf, odzooks, it ſhall never be done out of the family——And ſo, children, heaven bleſs ye together——Come, I'll give thee her hand myſelf, you know the way to her heart, and as ſoon as the prieſt has ſaid grace, he ſhall toſs you the reſt of her body into the bargain——And now my cares are over again.

*Oct.* We'll ſtudy to deſerve your love, ſir.——O *Roſara!*

*Roſ.* Now, *Octavio*, d'ye believe I lov'd you better than the perſon I was to marry?

*Oct.* Kind creature! you were in her ſecret, then!

*Roſ.* I was, and ſhe in mine.

*Oct.* What words can thank you?

*Hyp.* Any that tell me of *Octavio*'s happineſs.

D. *Ph.* My friend ſucceſsful too! then my joys are double.——But how this generous attempt was ſtarted

firſt, how it has been purſu'd, and carry'd with this kind ſurprize at laſt, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

*Hyp.* Here's one that at more leiſure ſhall inform you all: ſhe was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty ſhare in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

D. *Ph.* How! She!

*Flo.* Truſty *Flora*, ſir, at your ſervice: I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account; but I always told her we would do her buſineſs at laſt.

D. *Ma.* Another metamorphoſis! Brave girls, faith! Odzooks, we ſhall have 'em make campaigns ſhortly.

D. *Ph.* Take this as an earneſt of my thanks; in *Seville* I'll provide for thee.

*Hyp.* Nay, there's another accomplice too, confederate I can't ſay; for honeſt *Trappanti* did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himſelf.

*Trap.* It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed, madam.——But the world cannot ſay I have been a rogue to your ladyſhip——And if you had not parted with your money———

*Hyp.* Thou had'ſt not parted with thy honeſty.

*Trap.* Right, madam; but how ſhou'd a poor naked fellow reſiſt, when he had ſo many piſtoles held againſt him? [*Shews 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.

*Oct.* 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.

*Oct.* 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' l give you poſſeſſion of the reſt of the premiſes.

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 are all akin to me now, will you be pleas'd to ſit?

[*After the entertainment.*

D. *Ma.* Come, gentlemen, now our collation waits us.

*Enter ſervant.*

*Serv.* Sir, the prieſt's come.

D. *Ma.* That's well, we'll diſpatch him preſently.

D. *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,*
*Ev'n in the height of all its miseries,*
*O! never let a virtuous mind despair,*
*For constant hearts are love's peculiar care.*

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# EPILOGUE.

*'MONGST all the rules the ancients had in vogue,*
*We find no mention of an* Epilogue;
*Which plainly shews they're innovations, brought*
*Since rules, design, and nature, were forgot.*
*The custom, therefore, our next Play shall break,*
*But now a joyful motive bids us speak.*
*For, while our arms return with conquest home,*
*While children prattle* Vigo, *and the boom,*
*Is't fit the mouth of all mankind, the stage, be dumb?*
*While the proud* Spaniards *read old annals o'er,*
*And on the leaves in lazy safety pore,*
Essex *and* Raleigh *thunder on their shore.*
*Again their donships start, and mend their speed,*
*With the same fear of their forefathers, dead.*
*While* Adamis de Gaul *laments in vain,*
*And wishes his young* Quixote *out of* Spain.
*While foreign forts are but beheld and seiz'd,*
*While* English *hearts tumultuously are pleas'd;*
*Shall we, whose sole subsistence purely flows*
*From minds in joy, or undisturb'd repose:*
*Shall we behold each face with pleasure glow,*
*Unthankful to the arms that made 'em so?*
*Shall we not say* ——

*Old* English *honour now revives again*
*Mem'rably fatal to the pride of* Spain,
*But hold———*
*While* Anne *repeats the vengeance of* Eliza's *reign.*
*For, to the glorious conduct sure that drew*
*A* Senate's *grateful vote, our adoration's due.*
*From that alone all other thanks are poor,*
*The old triumphing* Romans *ask'd no more,*
*And* Rome *indeed gave all within its power.*
*But your superior stars, that know too well*
*You* English *heroes should old* Rome's *excel;*
*To crown your arms beyond the bribes of spoil,*
*Rais'd* English *beauty to reward your toil:*
*Tho' seiz'd of all the rifled world had lost,*
*So fair a * circle* Rome *could never boast.*
*Proceed, auspicious chiefs, inflame the war,*
*Pursue your conquest, and possess the fair:*
*That ages may record of them and you,*
*They only could inspire what you alone cou'd do.*

* To the boxes.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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