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WONDER



DON FELIX — PRAY LET ME GO MADAM, CONSIDER THE GENTLEMAN WANTS YOU AT THE WINDOW.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(2)
THE WONDER!

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By MRS CENTLIVRE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

Mrs Centlivre, who wrote this comedy, and of whose life a short account has been given in the remarks upon her play of "The Busy Body," ranks in the first class of our comic dramatists: for though she does not possess the repartee of Congreve or Wycherly, and her dialogue, in general, is not equal even to Farquhar's, yet she discovers such happy invention in her plots, incidents, and characters; such skill in conducting the intrigues of a comedy; such art in exciting the curiosity, the anxiety, or the mirth of her auditors, that she foils both the scholar and the wit when the comparison is limited to theatrical effect.

Congreve abandoned his occupation as a dramatist in violent anger, because his "Way of the World" appeared, and was totally neglected, at the very time that a comedy by Mrs Centlivre was brought forth, and attracted, for thirteen nights successively, a crowded theatre.

Merely as writers, the author of "The Way of the World," and the authoress of "The Wonder," hold distinct places among the literati; but as plays are productions that depend on action, and require talents of a nature, in which writing has perhaps the smallest share, Mrs Centlivre has, from the time she

commenced dramatic author to the present day, through all the vicissitudes of taste which have, in that period, intervened, still been more attractive on the stage than the great poet whom her success offended.

This comedy is by far her best work. In excellence of fable, strength of character, and intricacy of occurrence, it forms one of the most entertaining exhibitions the theatre can boast.

Garrick thought Don Felix worthy his most powerful exertions, in describing the passion of jealousy; and this character was upon the list with the favourite parts he performed.

Though the scene is in Spain, and all the manners particularly adapted to that country, "The Wonder" shows the various passions and sensations of all mankind. The very servants are objects of attention and curiosity; nor is the humour they produce ever so degraded and ludicrous, as to diminish the effect of the more refined comedy of the higher personages.

Most comic writers of the present time accomplish the tedious labour of a five act drama by having recourse, alternately, to sentiment and drollery: here a long play is sustained without excursions to either; and yet its consistency, in adhering to one fixed point of entertainment, never creates satiety, nor shows a languor of invention in the author, which for a moment leaves the expectation of the auditor unemployed, or leaves that expectation in one single instance disappointed.

Violante, in keeping a secret, is a heroine of the

very first quality. To kill a tyrant, or to kill herself, is the common furious deed of a common stage virago ; but for a female to hold her tongue, is a cool act of deliberate fortitude ; and nothing but the improbability of the occurrence can lessen its value with the most severe critic.

Mrs Centlivre has somewhere said, that—" The Muses, like most females, are least liberal to their own sex." She was ungrateful if she did not acknowledge her obligations to them in the composition of this work ; for they presided, with no niggardly influence, over the whole production.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON LOPEZ	<i>Mr Murray.</i>
DON FELIX	<i>Mr Kemble.</i>
DON PEDRO	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
COLONEL BRITON	<i>Mr Hargrave.</i>
FREDERICK	<i>Mr Claremont.</i>
ALGUAZIL	<i>Mr Davenport.</i>
OFFICERS	<i>Mr Sarjant.</i>
GIBBY	<i>Mr Powers.</i>
LISSARDO	<i>Mr Emery.</i>
SANCHO	<i>Mr Fawcett.</i>
VASQUEZ	<i>Mr Abbot.</i>
DIEGO	<i>Mr Klanert.</i>
RAMON	<i>Mr L. Bologna.</i>
ISABELLA	<i>Mr Lewis.</i>
VIOLANTE	<i>Miss Marriot.</i>
FLORA	<i>Mrs Glover.</i>
INIS	<i>Mrs Mattocks.</i>
	<i>Mrs Beverly.</i>

SCENE—Lisbon.

THE WONDER!

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter DON LOPEZ, meeting FREDERICK.

Fred. My lord, Don Lopez.

Lop. How d'ye, Frederick?

Fred. At your lordship's service. I am glad to see you look so well, my lord. I hope Antonio's out of danger?

Lop. Quite contrary; his fever increases, they tell me; and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal.

Fred. Your son, Don Felix, is safe, I hope?

Lop. I hope so too; but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your lordship from him?

Lop. Not since he went: I forbade him writing, till the public news gave him an account of Antonio's

health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered.

Fred. Your caution was good, my lord. Though I am impatient to hear from Felix, yet his safety is my chief concern.

Lop. If Antonio dies, Felix shall for England.— You have been there; what sort of people are the English?

Fred. My lord, the English are by nature what the ancient Romans were by discipline—courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with liberty.

Lop. I like their principles: who does not wish for freedom in all degrees of life? though common prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do; for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guzman, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither he went to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle.

Fred. You will not surely sacrifice the lovely Isabella to age, avarice, and a fool? pardon the expression, my lord, but my concern for your beautiful daughter transports me beyond that good manners which I ought to pay your lordship's presence.

Lop. I can't deny the justness of the character, Frederick; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these wars; and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law—he is rich and well-born; as for his being a fool, I don't conceive how that can be any blot in a husband who is already possessed of a good estate.—A poor fool is, indeed, a very scandalous thing, and so are your poor wits, in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of but the inside of their skulls. Now for Don Guzman—I know I can rule him as I think fit. This is acting the politic part, Frederick, without which it is impossible to keep up the port of this life.

Fred. But have you no consideration for your daughter's welfare, my lord?

Lop. Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a-year no consideration? Now I think it a very good consideration.

Fred. One way, my lord.—But what will the world say of such a match?

Lop. Sir, I value not the world a button.

Fred. I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband.

Lop. There, I believe, you are pretty much in the right, though it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to inquire into, nor I believe ever shall.—Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their children's inclinations!—No, no, sir, it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

Fred. But this is of another nature, my lord.

Lop. Look ye, sir; I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman the moment he arrives. Though I could not govern my son, I will my daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This match, my lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel.—Don Antonio's sister, Elvira, wanted beauty only, but Guzman every thing but—

Lop. Money—and that will purchase every thing; and so adieu. [Exit.

Fred. Monstrous! these are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony.—Lissardo! from whence came you?

Enter LISSARDO, in a Riding Habit.

Liss. That letter will inform you, sir.

Fred. I hope your master's safe?

Liss. I left him so; I have another to deliver,

which requires haste.—Your most humble servant,
sir. [Bowings]

Fred. To Violante, I suppose?

Liss. The same. [Exit.]

Fred. [Reads.] *Dear Frederick,—The two chief blessings of this life are a friend and a mistress; to be debarred the sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio's death, and therefore resolve to venture to thy house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend. Yours,*

FELIX.

'Pray Heaven he comes undiscovered!—Ha! Colonel Briton!

Enter COLONEL BRITON, in a Riding Habit.

Col. B. Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to Lisbon, colonel?

Col. B. *La fortune de la guerre*, as the French say. I have commanded these three last years in Spain; but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and give us good protestants leave to hope for christian burial; so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a lodging, colonel, pray command my house while you stay.

Col. B. If I were sure I should not be troublesome, I would accept your offer, Frederick.

Fred. So far from trouble, colonel, I shall take it as a particular favour.—What have we here?

Col. B. My footman;—this is our country dress, you must know; which, for the honour of Scotland, I make all my servants wear.

Enter GIBBY, in a Highland Dress.

Gibby. What mun I de with the horses, and like yer honour? They will tack cald gin they stand in the causeway.

Fred. Oh, I'll take care of them.—What, ho! Vasquez!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Put those horses, which that honest fellow will show you, into my stable, do you hear? and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, sir.—Sir, by my master's orders, I am, sir, your most obsequious humble servant.—Be pleased to lead the way.

Gibby. 'Sbleed! gang your gate, sir, and I sall follow ye. Ise tee hungry to feed on compliments.

[*Exeunt GIBBY and VASQUEZ.*

Fred. Ha! ha! a comical fellow!—Well, how do you like our country, colonel?

Col. B. Why, 'faith, Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeably enough within side of a nunnery; but to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay, willing girls too, through a damned grate, gives us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance now that thou wouldst consign over to a friend for half an hour, ha?

Fred. 'Faith, colonel, I am the worst pimp in Christendom; you had better trust to your own luck;—the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. B. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure than run the hazard of a stiletto in my guts.—Wilt thou recommend me to a wife then, ha, friend?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose?

Col. B. The handsomer the better.

Fred. And rich, I suppose?

Col. B. Oh, very rich;—I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Puh! beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. B. At first, perhaps, it may; but the second or third dose will choke me.—I confess, Frederick, women are the prettiest playthings in nature; but gold, substantial gold! gives them the air, the mien, the shape, the grace, and beauty of a goddess.

Fred. And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes, colonel?

Col. B. Too often—

None marry now for love,—no, that's a jest:
The self-same bargain serves for wife and beast.

Fred. You are always gay, colonel. Come, shall we take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

Col. B. I have two or three compliments to discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure.—Where do you live?

Fred. At yon corner house, with the green rails.

Col. B. In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu! *[Exit,*

Fred. I shall expect you with impatience. *[Exit,*

SCENE II.

A Room in DON LOPEZ's House.

Enter ISABELLA and INIS.

Inis. For goodness' sake, madam, where are you going in this pet?

Isab. Any where to avoid matrimony. The thoughts of a husband are as terrible to me as the sight of a hobgoblin.

Inis. Ay, of an old husband: but if you may chuse for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, *Inis*: but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply these defects! Ah, *Inis*! what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetter but inclination! The custom of our country enslaves us from our very cradles, first to our parents, next to our husbands; and when Heaven is so kind as to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us; so that maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant, man.—Therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you. A monastery, quotha!—Odslife, madam, you are the first woman that ever despaired in a christian country.—Were I in your place——

Isab. Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water: no shore can treat you worse than your own. There's ne'er a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

Isab. I am too great a coward to follow your advice. I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

Enter DON LOPRZ.

Lop. Must you so, mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. [*Aside.*] Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

Isab. To church, sir.

Inis. The old rogue has certainly overheard her!
[*Aside.*]

Lop. Your devotion must needs be very strong, or your memory very weak, my dear. Why, vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him a-shore to-morrow.

Isab. Ha! to-morrow!

Lop. He writes me word that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a-year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

Isab. And the most unhappy woman in the world.—Oh, sir, if I have any power in your heart—if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

Lop. No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Isab. That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan. Upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood.
[*Kneels.*]

Lop. I grant it; thou shalt have an armful of flesh and blood to-morrow.—Flesh and blood, quotha!—Heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl!

Inis. Here's an old dog for you!
[*Aside.*]

Isab. Do not mistake, sir. The fatal stroke which separates soul and body, is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners, than the name of Guzman to my ear.

Lop. Puh, puh! you lie, you lie!

Isab. My frightened heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

Lop. A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse it would serve for a tragedy. Why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child. I fancy this was all *extempore*; I don't believe thou didst ever think one word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my lord; for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

Lop. How, how!—What, do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself?—Remember, 'tis your duty to obey.

Isab. [*Rising.*] I never disobeyed before, and I wish I had not reason now; but nature hath got the better of my duty, and makes me loath the harsh commands you lay.

Lop. Ha! ha!—Very fine! ha! ha!

Isab. Death itself would be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Isab. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself. I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. [*Draws.*] Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. [*Offers her his Sword.*] The point is pretty sharp—'twill do your business, I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, sir! What, do you mean to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

Lop. Desperate! ha, ha, ha! you see how desperate she is. What, art thou frightened, little Bell?—Ha!

Isab. I confess I am startled at your morals, sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man, he'll hurt thee the least of the two.

Isab. I shall take neither, sir: Death has many

doors; and, when I can live no longer with pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. [*Takes hold of her.*] I shall make bold to secure thee, my dear; I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman come. Go, get into your chamber: [*Locks her in.*]

There I'll your boasted resolution try,
And see who'll get the better, you or I.
[*Drives off INIS, and exits.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in DON PEDRO'S House.

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE, reading a Letter, and FLORA following.

Flora. What, must that letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can never be read too often; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things— [*Kisses it.*]

Flora. But always the same language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

Flora. In my opinion, nothing charms that does not change: and any composition of the four-and-twenty letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank-note, or a bill of exchange.

Vio. Thy taste is my aversion.— [Reads.

My all that's charming, since life's not life, exiled from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederick and thee are all I trust. These six weeks' absence has been in love's account six hundred years.— When it is dark, expect the wonted signal at thy window: till when, adieu. Thine, more than his own,
FELIX.

Flora. Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty and twenty thousand pounds?— Were I a man, methinks I could have said a hundred finer things.

Vio. What would you have said?

Flora. I would have compared your eyes to the stars, your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to—

Vio. No more of your bombast; truth is the best eloquence in a lover.—What proof remains ungiven of his love? When his father threatened to disinherit him for refusing Don Antonio's sister, from whence sprung this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me? and now, though strict inquiry runs through every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

Flora. But you know, madam, your father, Don Pedro, designs you for a nun—to be sure, you look very like a nun!—and says, your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

Vio. Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to one-and-twenty, as I am informed. But,

however, I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

Flora. Yes, madam. Now for a thousand verbal questions. [Exit.]

Enter FLORA, with LISSARDO.

Vio. Well, and how do you do, Lissardo?

Liss. Ah, very weary, madam.—'Faith, thou look'st wond'rous pretty, Flora! [Aside to FLORA.]

Vio. How came you?

Liss. En chevalier, madam, upon a hackney jade, which they told me formerly belonged to an English colonel; but I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman Catholic all her life time—for she down'd on her knees to every stock and stone we came along by.—My chops water for a kiss; they do, Flora. [Aside to FLORA.]

Flora. You'd make one believe you are wond'rous fond now.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. Odd, if I had you alone, housewife, I'd show you how fond I could be! [Aside to FLORA.]

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. At a little farm-house, madam, about five miles off. He'll be at Don Frederick's in the evening.—Od, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine!

[To FLORA.]

Vio. Is he in health?

Flora. Oh, you counterfeit wond'rous well.

[To LISSARDO.]

Liss. No; every body knows I counterfeit very ill.

[To FLORA.]

Vio. How say you? Is Felix ill? What's his distemper? ha?

Liss. A pize on't, I hate to be interrupted.—Love, madam, love. In short, madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he

left Lisbon. I am sure he could not, if I may judge of his heart by my own.

[*Looking lovingly upon FLORA.*

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts, Lissardo?

Liss. By an infallible rule, madam; words are the pictures of the mind, you know: now, to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you.—For example, madam, coming from shooting t'other day, with a brace of partridges, Lissardo, said he, go bid the cook roast me these Violantes.—I flew into the kitchen, full of thoughts of thee, cried, Here, cook, roast me these Floras. [To FLORA.

Flora. Ha! ha! excellent!—You mimic your master, then, it seems.

Liss. I can do every thing as well as my master, you little rogue.—Another time, madam, the priest came to make him a visit, he called out hastily, Lissardo, said he, bring a Violante for my father to sit down on.—Then he often mistook my name, madam, and called me Violante: in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily then, it seems.

Liss. Oh, exceeding merry, madam!

[*Kisses FLORA'S Hand.*

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry! had you treats and balls?

Liss. Oh! yes, yes, madam, several.

Flora. You are mad, Lissardo; you don't mind what my lady says to you. [Aside to LISSARDO.

Vio. Ha! balls!—Is he so merry in my absence? And did your master dance, Lissardo?

Liss. Dance, madam! where, madam?

Vio. Why, at those balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! what balls, madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in love, Lissardo? did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, madam! Odslife, I ask your pardon, madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some wash-balls of my master's t'other day; and because I could not think where I had laid them, just when he asked for them, he very fairly broke my head, madam; and now, it seems, I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance, madam! No, no, poor gentleman! he is as melancholy as an unbraced drum.

Vio. Poor Felix! There, wear that ring for your master's sake, and let him know I shall be ready to receive him. [Exit.

Liss. I shall, madam.—[*Puts on the Ring.*] Methinks a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman. [Admiring his Hand.

Flora. That ring must be mine.—Well, Lissardo, what haste you make to pay off arrears now! Look how the fellow stands!

Liss. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty hand—and very white—and the shape!—'Faith, I never minded it so much before—In my opinion, it is a very fine shaped hand—and becomes a diamond ring as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

Flora. The man's transported! Is this your love, this your impatience?

Liss. [*Takes Snuff.*] Now, in my mind—I take snuff with a very jantee air—Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a coach and a title to make me a very fine gentleman. [Struts about.

Flora. Sweet Mr Lissardo! [*Courtesying.*] if I may presume to speak to you without affronting your little finger—

Liss. Odso, madam, I ask your pardon—Is it to me, or to the ring, you direct your discourse, madam?

Flora. Madam! Good lack! how much a diamond ring improves one!

Liss. Why, though I say it, I can carry myself as well as any body—But what wert thou going to say, child?

Flora. Why, I was going to say that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring: it will be a very pretty wedding ring, Lissardo, would it not?

Liss. Humph! ah! But—but—but—I believe I sha'n't marry yet a while.

Flora. You sha'n't, you say!—Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Inis.

Liss. No, no; I never bribe an old acquaintance—Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little, till we come to a right understanding—but then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

Flora. Insolent!—Is that your manner of dealing?

Liss. With all but thee—Kiss me, you little 'rogue you. [Hugging her.]

Flora. Little rogue! Pr'ythee, fellow, don't be so familiar; [*Pushing him away.*] if I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

Liss. You can, you say! Spoke with the air of a chambermaid.

Flora. Replied with the spirit of a serving man.

Liss. Pr'ythee, Flora, don't let you and I fall out; I am in a merry humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flora. What care I where you fall in!

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE.

Vio. Why do you keep Lissardo so long, Flora, when you don't know how soon my father may awake? his afternoon naps are never long.

Flora. Had Don Felix been with her, she would not have thought the time long. These ladies consider nobody's wants but their own. [*Aside.*]

Vio. Go, go, let him out.

Flora. Yes, madam.

Liss. I fly, madam. [*Exeunt LISSARDO and FLORA.*]

Vio. The day draws in, and night, the lover's friend, advances—night, more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

Flora. [*Shrieks within.*] Ah, thieves! thieves! Murder! murder!

Vio. [*Shrieks.*] Ah! defend me, Heaven! What do I hear? Felix is certainly pursued, and will be taken.

Enter FLORA, running.

How now? why dost stare so? Answer me quickly! what's the matter?

Flora. Oh, madam, as I was letting out Lissardo, a gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

Vio. Ha! a dead person! Heaven grant it does not prove my Felix!

Flora. Here they are, madam.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the meaning of this accident. [*Exit.*]

Enter COLONEL BRITON, with DONNA ISABELLA in his Arms; sets her down in a Chair, and addresses himself to FLORA.

Col. B. Madam, the necessity this lady was under of being conveyed into some house with speed and secrecy, will, I hope, excuse any indecency I might be guilty of in pressing so rudely into this—I am an entire stranger to her name and circumstances—'would I were so to her beauty too! [*Aside.*]—I commit her, madam, to your care, and fly to make her retreat secure, if the street be clear: permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth if I can be further serviceable. Pray, madam, how is the lady of this house called?

Flora. Violante, signior.

Col. B. Are you she, madam?

Flora. Only her woman, signior.

Col. B. Your humble servant, mistress. Pray be careful of the lady.—

[*Gives her two Moidores, and exit.*

Flora. Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow! This is the only way to make one careful.

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE.

Vio. Was you distracted, Flora, to tell my name to a man you never saw! Unthinking wench! who knows what this may turn to?—What, is the lady dead? Ah! defend me, Heaven! 'tis Isabella, sister to my Felix! What has befallen her? 'Pray Heaven he's safe!—Run and fetch some cold water.—Stay, stay, Flora.—Isabella, friend, speak to me; Oh! speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

Isab. Oh, hold, my dearest father! do not force me; indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks!—

Isab. Ha! where am I?

Vio. With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself canst be

Isab. Violante! what kind star preserved and lodged me here?

Flora. It was a terrestrial star, called a man, madam; 'pray Jupiter he proves a lucky one!

Isab. Oh, I remember now. Forgive me, dear Violante! my thoughts ran so much upon the danger I escaped, I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your story?

Isab. Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father designed to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who, it seems, is just returned from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he locked me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he ar-

rived, and force me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be won from his design; and having no hope left me to escape the marriage, I leaped from the window into the street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself I hope?

Isab. No; a gentleman passing by, by accident, caught me in his arms: at first, my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

Flora. He is a very fine gentleman, I promise you, madam, and a well-bred man, I warrant him. I think I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole lifetime; then he opened his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold could equal.

Vio. Go, leave us, Flora.—But how came you hither, Isabella?

Isab. I know not; I desired the stranger to convey me to the next monastery, but ere I reach'd the door, I saw, or fancied that I saw, Lissardo, my brother's man, and the thought, that his master might not be far off, flung me into a swoon, which is all that I can remember.—Ha! what's here? [*Takes up a Letter.*] *For Colonel Briton, to be left at the post-house in Lisbon.* This must be dropped by the stranger who brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier; take care he does not lay thee under contribution, girl.

Isab. I find he is a gentleman, and if he is but unmarried, I could be content to follow him all the world over.—But I shall never see him more, I fear.

[*Sighs, and pauses.*]

Vio. What makes you sigh, Isabella?

Isab. The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Isab. Yes, if you conceal me two or three days.

Vio. You may command my house and secrecy.

Isab. I thank you, Violante. I wish you would oblige me with Mrs Flora a while.

Vio. I'll send her to you.—I must watch if dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for Felix. [*Exit.*]

Isab. Well, I don't know what ails me; methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

Enter FLORA.

Flora. Does your ladyship want me, madam?

Isab. Ay, Mrs Flora: I resolve to make you my confidante.

Flora. I shall endeavour to discharge my duty, madam.

Isab. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.

Flora. Oh, dear signora! I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

Isab. I believe it—But to the purpose——Do you think, if you saw the gentleman who brought me hither, you should know him again?

Flora. From a thousand, madam; I have an excellent memory where a handsome man is concerned. When he went away, he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

Isab. Here, did you say? You rejoice me——though I'll not see him if he comes. Could not you contrive to give him a letter?

Flora. With the air of a duenna——

Isab. Not in this house—you must veil and follow him—He must not know it comes from me.

Flora. What, do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Though I have not practised the art since I have been in Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid—Do you write the letter, and leave the rest to me.—Here, here, here's pen, ink, and paper.

Isab. I'll do it in a minute. [*Sits down to write.*]

Flora. So! this is a business after my own heart.— Love always takes care to reward his labourers, and Great Britain seems to be his favourite country.— Oh! I long to see the other two moidores with a British air!—Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation in making a present.

Isab. So, I have done. Now, if he does but find this house again!

Flora. If he should not—I warrant I'll find him, if he's in Lisbon; for I have a strong possession that he has two moidores as good as ever was told.

[*Puts the Letter into her Bosom.*]

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE.

Vio. Flora, watch my father; he's fast asleep in his study: if you find him stir, give me notice, [*COLONEL BRITON taps at the Window.*] Hark! I hear Felix at the window! admit him instantly, and then to your post. [*Exit FLORA.*]

Isab. What say you, Violante? is my brother come?

Vio. It is his signal at the window.

Isab. [*Kneels.*] Oh, Violante! I conjure you, by all the love thou bear'st to Felix, by thy own generous nature; nay, more, by that unspotted virtue thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your desire, be assured I never shall. But where's the danger?

Isab. Art thou born in Lisbon, and ask that question? He'll think his honour blemished by my disobedience, and would restore me to my father, or kill me; therefore, dear, dear girl!—

Vio. Depend upon my friendship; nothing shall draw the secret from these lips, not even Felix, though at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

Isab. Remember, Violante, upon thy promise my very life depends. [Exit.

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy fate.

Enter DON FELIX.

My Felix, my everlasting love! [Runs into his Arms.

Fel. My life! my soul! my Violante!

Vio. What hazards dost thou run for me!—Oh, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If during this tedious, painful exile thy thoughts have never wandered from thy Felix, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself? No; if the god of love were lost to all the rest of human kind, thy image would secure him in my breast: I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

Fel. My heart's the proper sphere where love resides: could he quit that, he would be nowhere found; and yet, Violante, I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee cause to doubt, my Felix?

Fel. True love has many fears, and fear as many eyes as fame; yet sure I think they see no fault in thee. [COLONEL taps again.] What's that?

[Taps again.

Vio. What! I heard nothing. [Again.

Fel. Ha! What means this signal at your window?

Vio. Somewhat, perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

Col. B. [Within.] Hist, hist, Donna Violante! Donna Violante!

Fel. They use your name by accident too, do they, madam?

Enter FLORA.

Flora. There is a gentleman at the window, ma-

dam, which I fancy to be him who brought Isabella hither. Shall I admit him? [*Aside to VIOLANTE.*]

Vio. Admit distraction rather! Thou art the cause of this, unthinking wretch! [*Aside to FLORA.*]

Fel. What, has Mrs Scout brought you fresh intelligence?

Flora. Scout! I scorn your words, signior.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me.

[*Catches hold of him:*]

Fel. Oh! 'tis but fair to answer the gentleman, madam! it is none of his fault that his visit proves unseasonable! Pray let me go; my presence is but a restraint upon you. [*Struggles to get from her.*]

Vio. Was ever accident so mischievous! [*Aside.*]

Flora. It must be the colonel.—Now to deliver my letter to him. [*Exit.—The COLONEL taps louder.*]

Fel. Hark! he grows impatient at your delay.—Why do you hold the man, whose absence would oblige you? Pray, let me go, madam. Consider, the gentleman wants you at the window.

[*Struggles still.*]

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death! not you! Is there another of your name in the house? But come on, convince me of the truth of what you say; open the window; if his business does not lie with you, your conversation may be heard. This, and only this, can take off my suspicion.—What, do you pause? Oh! guilt, guilt! Have I caught you? Nay, then, I'll leap the balcony. If I remember, this way leads to it.

[*Breaks from her, and goes to the Door where ISABELLA is.*]

Vio. Hold! hold! hold! hold! not for the world you enter there. Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge? [*Aside.*]

Fel. What, have I touched you? Do you fear your lover's life?

Vio. I fear for none but you.—For goodness sake, do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hears you, I am lost for ever; that door opens into his apartment. What shall I do if he enters? There he finds his sister.—If he goes out he'll quarrel with the stranger.—Felix! Felix! your curiosity shall be satisfied. [*Goes to the Window, and throws up the Sash.*] Whoe'er you are, that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

Col. B. I ask pardon, madam, and will obey: but when I left this house to-night——

Fel. Good!

Vio. It is most certainly the stranger. [*Aside.*]—You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, sir.

Fel. No, no; he's not mistaken.—Pray, madam, let the gentleman go on.

Vio. Pray be gone, sir; I know of no business you have here.

Col. B. I wish I did not know it neither.—But this house contains my soul; then can you blame my body for hovering about it?

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

Fel. Matchless impudence! An assignation before my face!—No, he shall not live to meet your wishes.

[*Takes out a Pistol, and goes towards the Window; she catches hold of him.*]

Vio. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Hold, I conjure you.

Col. B. To-morrow's an age, madam! may I not be admitted to-night?

Vio. If you be a gentleman, I command your absence.—Unfortunate! what will my stars do with me! [*Aside.*]

Col. B. I have done—only this—be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping.

[*Exit from the Window.*]

Fel. Pray observe the gentleman's request, madam.

[*Walking off from her.*]

Vio. I am all confusion!

[*Aside.*]

Fel. You are all truth, all love, all faith! oh, thou all woman!—How have I been deceived!—'Sdeath! could you not have imposed upon me for this one night? Could neither my faithful love, nor all the hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on?—Oh, thou—

Vio. Can I bear this from you?

[*Weeps.*]

Fel. [*Repeats.*] When I left this house to-night—To-night! the devil! return so soon!

Vio. Oh, Isabella! what hast thou involved me in!

[*Aside.*]

Fel. [*Repeats.*] This house contains my soul!—Sweet soul!

Vio. Yet I resolve to keep the secret.

[*Aside.*]

Fel. [*Repeats.*] Be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping.—Damnation!—How ugly she appears!

[*Looking at her.*]

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me; but believe me, Felix, I have not injured you, nor am I false.

Fel. Not false! not injured me! Oh, Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false! Oh, monstrous!

Vio. Indeed I am not.—There is a cause which I must not reveal.—Oh, think how far honour can oblige your sex—then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

Fel. Honour! what hast thou to do with honour? Thou that canst admit plurality of lovers?—A secret! ha! ha! ha!—His affairs are wondrous safe who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping. But you need give yourself no trouble about clearing

this point, madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falsehood are the same.

Enter FLORA.

Flora. So, I have delivered my letter to the colonel. [*Aside.*] Madam, your father bade me see what noise that was.—For goodness sake, sir, why do you speak so loud?

Fel. I understand my cue, mistress; my absence is necessary; I'll oblige you.

[*Going, she takes hold of him.*]

Vio. Oh, let me undeceive you first!

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible, if I durst.

Fel. Durst! ha! ha! ha!—Durst, quotha!

Vio. But another time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never——

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be.—Thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell!

[*Breaks from her, and exit.*]

Vio. Oh, exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet not even this shall draw the secret from me.

That I'll preserve, let fortune frown or smile;
And trust to Love, my love to reconcile. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in DON LOPEZ's House.

Enter DON LOPEZ.

Lop. Was ever man thus plagued ! Odsheart, I could swallow my dagger for madness ! I know not what to think : sure Frederick had no hand in her escape.—She must get out of the window, and she could not do that without a ladder ; and who could bring it to her but him ? Ay, it must be so ! This graceless baggage !—But I'll to Frederick immediately ; I'll take the alguazil with me, and search his house ; and if I find her I'll use her—by St Anthony I don't know how I'll use her ! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, with ISABELLA's Letter in his Hand, and GIBBY following.

Col. B. Well, though I could not see my fair incognita, Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another

intrigue in my way. Oh, how I love these pretty, kind, coming females, that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them!—This letter I received from a lady in a veil—some duenna, some necessary implement of Cupid. I suppose the style is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. [*Reads.*] *Sir, I have seen your person, and like it,—very concise,—and if you'll meet me at four o'clock in the morning, upon the Terriero de Passa, half an hour's conversation will let me into your mind.*—Ha! ha! ha! a philosophical wench! This is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man.—*If your intellects answer your outward appearance, the adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not attempt to see my face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for.*—Humph, the gentleman she takes me for! I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then I am sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.—Gibby!

Gibby. Here, an lik yer honour.

Col. B. Follow me at a good distance, do you hear, Gibby?

Gibby. In troth dee I, weel enough, sir.

Col. B. I am to meet a lady upon the *Terriero de Passa*.

Gibby. The deel an mine eyn gin I ken her, sir.

Col. B. But you will when you come there, sirrah.

Gibby. Like enough, sir; I have as sharp an ee tull a bonny lass as e'er a lad in aw Scotland. And what mun I dee wi' her, sir?

Col. B. Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

Gibby. In troth sal I, sir, gin the deel tak her not.

Col. B. Come along then, it is pretty near the time.

I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasure of the day,
While tasteless mortals sleep their time away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter INIS and LISSARDO.

Liss. Your lady run away, and you know not whither, say you?

Inis. She never greatly cared for me, after finding you and I together. But you are very grave methinks, Lissardo.

Liss. [*Looking on the Ring.*] Not at all—I have some thoughts, indeed, of altering my course of living: there is a critical minute in every man's life, which, if he can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune.

Inis. Ha! what do I see? A diamond ring!—Where the deuce had he that ring? You have got a very pretty ring there, Lissardo.

Liss. Ay, the trifle is pretty enough—but the lady who gave it to me is a bona roba in beauty, I assure you.

[*Cocks his Hat, and struts.*]

Inis. I can't bear this.—The lady! what lady, pray?

Liss. O fie! there's a question to ask a gentleman!

Inis. A gentleman! why the fellow's spoiled! Is

this your love for me? Ungrateful man! you'll break my heart, so you will! [*Bursts into Tears.*]

Liss. Poor tender-hearted fool!—

Inis. If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I would! [*Sobs.*]

Liss. So, now the jade wants a little coaxing.— Why, what dost weep for now, my dear, ha?

Inis. I suppose Flora gave you that ring; but I'll—

Liss. No, the devil take me if she did: you make me swear now.—So, they are all for the ring, but I shall bob them.—I did but joke; the ring is none of mine, it is my master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore, pr'ythee, dry thy eyes, and kiss me; come.

Enter FLORA.

Inis. And do you really speak truth now?

Liss. Why, do you doubt it?

Flora. So, so; very well! I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has forsworn it so often. [*Aside.*]

Inis. Nor ha'n't you seen Flora since you came to town?

Flora. Ha! how dares she name my name?

Liss. No, by this kiss I ha'n't. [*Aside.*]

Flora. Here's a dissembling varlet! [*Kisses her. Aside.*]

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liss. Love the devil! Why, did I not always tell thee she was my aversion?

Flora. Did you so, villain?

[*Strikes him a box on the ear.*]

Liss. Zounds, she here! I have made a fine spot of work on't! [*Aside.*]

Inis. What's that for, ha? [*Brushes up to her.*]

Flora. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs Frippery, if you don't get about your business.

Inis. Who do you call Frippery, Mrs Trollop?— Pray, get about your business, if you go to that. I hope you pretend to no right and title here?

Liss. What the devil! do they take me for an acre of land, that they quarrel about right and title to me? [*Aside.*

Flora. Pray, what right have you, mistress, to ask that question?

Inis. No matter for that; I can show a better title to him than you, I believe.

Flora. What, has he given thee nine months' earnest for a living title? ha! ha!

Inis. Don't fling your flaunting jests to me, Mrs Boldface, for I won't take them, I assure you.

Liss. So! now I'm as great as the famed Alexander. But, my dear Statira and Roxana, don't exert yourselves so much about me. Now, I fancy if you would agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest way, satisfy both your demands upon me.

Flora. You satisfy! No, sirrah, I am not to be satisfied so soon as you think, perhaps!

Inis. No, nor I neither.—What! do you make no difference between us?

Flora. You pitiful fellow, you!—What, you fancy, I warrant, I gave myself the trouble of dogging you, out of love to your filthy person; but you are mistaken, sirrah!—It was to detect your treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated Inis, and only carried fair for the good cheer she gave you, but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs, you said!

Inis. How, how, sirrah! crooked legs! Ods, I could find in my heart—

[*Snatching up her Petticoat a little.*

Liss. Here's a lying young jade, now! Pr'ythee, my dear, moderate thy passion. [*Coaxingly.*

Inis. I'd have you to know, sirrah, my legs were

never—Your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, sirrah. [*Passionately.*

Liss. My master!—So, so!

[*Shaking his Head, and winking.*

Flora. I am glad I have done some mischief, however. [*Aside.*

Liss. [*To INIS.*] Art thou really so foolish, to mind what an enraged woman says? Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I? [*Runs to FLORA.*] Could not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion, you silly girl, you? Why, I saw you follow us plain enough, mun, and said all this, that you might not go back with only your labour for your pains.—But you are a revengeful young slut though, I tell you that; but come, kiss and be friends.

Flora. Don't think to coax me; hang your kisses.

Fel. [*Within.*] Lissardo!

Liss. Ods-heart, here's my master! The devil take both these jades for me; what shall I do with them?

Inis. Ha! 'tis Don Felix's voice; I would not have him find me here with his footman for the world!

[*Aside.*

Fel. [*Within.*] Why, Lissardo! Lissardo!

Liss. Coming, sir.—What a pox will you do?

Flora. Bless me, which way shall I get out?

Liss. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your quarrel aside, and be content to be mewed up in this clothes-press together, or stay where you are, and face it out;—there's no help for it.

Flora. Put me any where rather than that; come, come, let me in. [*He opens the Press, and she goes in.*

Inis. I'll see her hanged before I'll go into the place where she is.—I'll trust Fortune with my deliverance. Here used to be a pair of back stairs—I'll try to find them out. [*Exit.*

Enter DON FELIX and FREDERICK.

Fel. Were you asleep, sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liss. I did hear you, and answered you I was coming, sir.

Fel. Go, get the horses ready; I'll leave Lisbon to-night, never to see it more.

Liss. Hey-day! what's the matter now? [*Exit.*

Fred. Pray tell me, Don Felix, what has ruffled your temper thus?

Fel. A woman—Oh, friend! who can name woman, and forget inconstancy!

Fred. This from a person of mean education were excusable; such low suspicions have their source from vulgar conversation; men of your politer taste never rashly censure.—Come, this is some groundless jealousy.—Love raises many fears.

Fel. No, no: my ears conveyed the truth into my heart, and reason justifies my anger. Oh, my friend! Violante's false! and I have nothing left but thee in Lisbon, which can make me wish ever to see it more, except revenge upon my rival, of whom I'm ignorant. Oh, that some miracle would reveal him to me, that I might, through his heart, punish her infidelity!

Enter LISSARDO.

Liss. Oh, sir, here's your father, Don Lopez, coming up!

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liss. I can't tell, sir—he ask'd for Don Frederick.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liss. No, sir; for as soon as I heard him, I ran to give my master notice.

Fel. Keep out of his sight then. [*Exit LISSARDO.*] And, dear Frederick, permit me to retire into the next room; for I know the old gentleman will be

very much displeas'd at my return without his leave. [Exit.

Fred. Quick, quick, begone! he is here!

Enter DON LOPEZ, speaking as he enters.

Lop. Mr Alguazil, wait you without till I call for you—Frederick, an affair brings me here—which—requires privacy—so that if you have any body within ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my lord, speak freely.

Lop. Why then, sir, I must tell you, that you had better have pitched upon any man in Portugal to have injured than myself.

Fred. I understand you not, my lord.

Lop. Though I am old, I have a son!—Alas, why name I him?—He knows not the dishonour of my house.

Fred. Explain yourself, my lord—I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false; you have debauched my daughter.

Fred. My lord, I scorn so foul a charge.

Lop. You have debauched her duty at least, therefore instantly restore her to me, or by St Anthony I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her, my lord! where shall I find her?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

Fred. You are misinformed, my lord! Upon my reputation I have not seen Donna Isabella since the absence of Don Felix.

Lop. Then pray, sir—if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Guzman yesterday?

Fred. The disagreeableness of such a match, I feared, would give your daughter cause to curse her

duty, if she complied with your demands ; that was all, my lord.

Lop. And so you helped her through the window, to make her disobey ?

Fred. This is insulting me, my lord, when I assure you I have neither seen, nor know any thing of your daughter ; if she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, sir ; however, my rigour shall make bold to search your house. Here, call in the alguazil.

Flora. [*Peeping.*] The alguazil ! What in the name of wonder will become of me ?

Fred. The alguazil ! My lord, you'll repent this.

Enter ALGUAZIL and two OFFICERS.

Lop. No, sir, 'tis you that will repent it. I charge you, in the king's name, to assist me in finding my daughter. Be sure you leave no part of the house unsearched.—Come, follow me.

[*Gets towards the Door, where FELIX is—FREDE- RICK draws, and plants himself before the Door.*]

Fred. Sir, I must first know by what authority you pretend to search my house, before you enter here.

Alg. How, sir ! dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty ? I am, sir, I am his majesty's alguazil, and the very quintessence of authority, therefore, put your sword up, or, I shall order you to be knocked down ; for know, sir, the breath of an alguazil is as dangerous as the breath of a demi-culverin.

Lop. She is certainly in that room, by his guarding the door—if he disputes your authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. The woman you look for is not here ; but

there is something in this room, which I'll preserve from your sight, at the hazard of my life.

Lop. Enter, I say; nothing but my daughter can be there.—Force his sword from him.

[*FELIX comes out, and joins FREDERICK.*

Fel. Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house!

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, misericordia! what do I see? my son!

Alg. Ha, his son! Here's five hundred pistoles good, my brethren, if Antonio dies; and that's in the surgeon's power, and he's in love with my daughter, you know, so seize him.

Lop. Hold, hold! Oh that ever I was born!

Fred. Did I not tell you, you would repent, my lord? What, ho! within there!

Enter SERVANTS.

Arm yourselves, and let not a man in or out, but Felix.

Fel. Generous Frederick!

Fred. Look ye, alguazil, when you would betray my friend for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice, but, as a thief and robber, thus resist you.

Fel. Come on, sir, we'll show you play for the five hundred pistoles.

[*They fight.*

Lop. Hold, hold, alguazil, I'll give you the five hundred pistoles—that is, my bond, to pay upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

Alg. Say you so, my lord? Why, look ye, my lord, I bear the young gentleman no ill-will, my lord. If I get but the five hundred pistoles, my lord—why, look ye, my lord, 'tis the same thing to me whether your son be hanged or not, my lord.

Fel. Scoundrels!—

Lop. Ay, well, thou art a good-natured fellow,

that's the truth on't—Come then, we'll away, and sign and seal this minute. Oh, Felix! why wouldst thou serve me thus? But I cannot upbraid thee now, nor have I time to talk. Be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my heart.

[*Exeunt* LOPEZ, ALGUAZIL, and ATTENDANTS.]

Fel. Now, Frederick, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet, till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation, (for I overheard it all) I cannot return the acknowledgments I owe you. Know you aught relating to my sister?

Fred. I hope my faith and truth are known to you; and here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every thing relating to your father's charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee. Oh, Fortune! where will thy malice end?

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vasq. Sir, I bring you joyful news.

Fel. What's the matter?

Vasq. I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

Fel. I wish it be true; then I'm at liberty to watch my rival, and pursue my sister. Pr'ythee, Frederick, inform thyself of the truth of this report.

Fred. I will this minute. Do you hear? let nobody in to Don Felix till my return. [Exit.]

Vasq. I'll observe, sir. [Exit.]

Flora. [*Peeping.*] They have almost frightened me out of my wits, I'm sure—Now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady; but how, then, shall I say I came into the cupboard?

Vasq. [*Within.*] I tell you, madam, Don Felix is not here.

Vio. [*Within.*] I tell you, sir, he is here, and I will see him.

Fel. What noise is that?

Flora. [From the Closet.] My stars! my lady here!
[Shuts the Press close.]

Enter VIOLANTE.

Vio. You are as difficult of access, sir, as a first minister of state.

Fel. If your visit was designed for Frederick, madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, sir, the visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your ceremonies, madam.

Vio. Though I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

Fel. If my eyes, my ears, and my understanding lied, then I am in your debt; else not, madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a term so gross, to say they lied; but call it a mistake—nay, call it any thing to excuse my Felix. Could I, think ye—could I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love? and no law, whilst single, binds us to obey; but your sex are, by nature and education, obliged to pay a deference to all womankind.

Fel. These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that Heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I would rather tear them out, than suffer them to delude my reason and enslave my peace.

Vio. Can you love without esteem? and, where is the esteem for her you still suspect?—Oh, Felix! there is a delicacy in love which equals even a religious faith! True love never doubts the object it adores, and sceptics there will disbelieve their sight.

Fel. Your notions are too refined for mine, madam.

Enter VASQUEZ.

How now, sirrah! what do you want?

Vasq. Only my master's cloak out of this press, sir, that's all.

Fel. Make haste then.

Vasq. [Opens the Press, sees FLORA, and roars out.]
Oh, the devil! the devil! [Exit.

Flora. Discovered! nay, then, legs befriend me.

[Runs out.]

Vio. Ah! a woman concealed! very well, Felix.

Fel. A woman in the press!

Enter LISSARDO.

Liss. Sir, the horses are——

Fel. How the devil came a woman there, sirrah?

Liss. What shall I say now?

Vio. Now, Lissardo, show your wit, to bring your master off.

Liss. Off, madam? Nay, nay, nay, there—there needs no great wit to—to—to bring him off, madam; for she did come—

Fel. She did come!

Liss. That is, she did not come, as—as—as—a—a—a man may say directly to—to—to—to speak with my master, madam.

Vio. I see by your stammering, Lissardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, rascal! speak without hesitation, and the truth too, or I shall stick my spado in your guts.

Vio. No, no, your master mistakes; he would not have you speak the truth.

Fel. Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

Liss. I am so confounded between one and the other, that I cannot think of a lie. [Aside.

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this woman back instantly—I'll know what business she has here.

Vio. Not a step; your master shall not be put to

the blush. Come, a truce, Felix; do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. Madam, I scorn forgiveness, where I own no crime; but your soul, conscious of its guilt, would fain lay hold of this occasion to blend your treason with my innocence.

Vio. Insolent! Nay, if, instead of owning your fault, you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you, sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honour you would be taken for—you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and would make me the aggressor.—It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance; this last usage has given me back my liberty, and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance; and so your servant. [*Exit.*]

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn heart! what wilt thou do?—Her father's will shall be obeyed!—Ha! that carries her to a cloister, and cuts off all my hopes at once!—By Heaven she shall not, must not leave me!—No, she is not false—Ha, villain! art thou here? [*Turns upon LISSARDO.*] Tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here concealed, or—

Liss. Ah, good sir! forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. [*Falls on his Knees,*]

Fel. Out with it, then—

Liss. It—it—it was Mrs Flora, sir, Donna Violante's woman. You must know, sir, we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while; she was not willing you should know it, so, when she heard your voice, she ran into the clothes-press. I would have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it. This is the whole truth, as I hope for a whole skin, sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone.

in it, sirrah.—Fly, and observe if Violante goes directly home.

Liss. Yes, sir, yes.

Fel. Fly, you dog, fly. [*Exit LISSARDO.*] I must convince her of my faith. Oh, how irresolute is a lover's heart!—how absolute a woman's power!

In vain we strive their tyranny to quit,
In vain we struggle, for we must submit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The Terriero de Passa.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, and ISABELLA veiled.—
GIBBY at a distance.

Col. B. Then you say it is impossible for me to wait on you home, madam?

Isab. I say it is inconsistent with my circumstances, colonel—and that way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. B. Consent to go with me, then—I lodge at one Don Frederick's, a merchant, just by here; he is a very honest fellow, and I dare confide in his secrecy.

Isab. Ha! does he lodge there?—'Pray Heaven I am not discovered! [*Aside.*]

Col. B. What say you, my charmer?—shall we breakfast together?—I have some of the best tea in the universe.

Isab. Puh! tea! is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings, colonel?

Col. B. Well hinted—No, no, no, I have other things at thy service, child.

Isab. What are those things, pray?

Col. B. My heart, soul, and body, into the bargain.

Isab. Has the last no incumbrance upon it? Can you make a clear title, colonel?

Col. B. All freehold, child, and I'll afford thee a very good bargain. [Embraces her.]

Gibby. O' my saul, they mak muckle words about it—Ise sare weary with standing, Ise e'en tak a sleep. [Lies down.]

Isab. If I take a lease, it must be for life, colonel.

Col. B. Thou shalt have me as long, or as little time as thou wilt, my dear. Come, let's to my lodgings, and we'll sign and seal this minute.

Isab. Oh, not so fast, colonel; there are many things to be adjusted before the lawyer and the parson come.

Col. B. The lawyer and parson!—No, no, you little rogue, we can finish our affairs without the help of the law—or the gospel.

Isab. Indeed but we can't, colonel.

Col. B. Indeed!—Why, hast thou then trepanned me out of my warm bed this morning for nothing? Why, this is showing a man, half famished, a well-furnished larder, then clapping a padlock on the door, till you starve him quite.

Isab. If you can find in your heart to say grace, colonel, you shall keep the key.

Col. B. I love to see my meat before I give thanks, madam; therefore, uncover thy face, child, and I'll tell thee more of my mind—if I like you.

Isab. I dare not risk my reputation upon your ifs, colonel, and so adieu. [Going.]

Col. B. Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

Isab. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend

your curiosity now; one step further loses me for ever. Show yourself a man of honour, and you shall find me a woman of honour. *[Exit.]*

Col. B. Well, for once I'll trust to a blind bargain, madam—*[Kisses her hand, and parts.]* But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship, if Gibby observes my orders. Ha! what do I see? my rascal asleep! Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? and is it thus you observe my orders, ye dog?

[Kicks him all this while, and he shrugs, and rubs his eyes, and yawns.]

Gibby. That's true, an like yer honour; but I thought, that when ance ye had her in yer ane hands, ye might a' ordered her yer sel weel enough without me, en ye ken, en like yer honour.

Col. B. Sirrah, hold your impertinent tongue, and make haste after her. If you don't bring me some account of her, never dare to see my face again.

[Exit.]

Gibby. Ay, this is bonny wark indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can weel fill my weam, to be sent a whore-hunting after this black she-devil.—What gate sal I gang to speer for this wutch now? Ah, for a ruling elder—or the kirk-treasurer—or his mon—I'd gar my master mak twa o' this: But I am sure there's no sic honest folk here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculdudrie.

[VIOLANTE crosses the Stage—GIBBY goes up to

VIOLANTE.]

Gibby. I vow, madam, but I am glad that ye and I are foregathered.

Vio. What would the fellow have?

Gibby. Nothing—away, madam; wo worthy yer heart, what a muckle deal o' mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby!

Vio. The man's drunk.

Gibby. In troth I am not—And gin I had na found

ye, madam, the Lord knows when I should; for my maister bade me ne'er gang hame without tidings of ye, madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubbed!

Gibby. Gude faith, my maister has e'en done that t'yer honds, madam.

Vio. Who is your master, sir?

Gibby. Mony a ane speers the gate they ken right weel—it is na sa lang sen ye parted wi' him. I wish he ken ye half as weel as ye ken him.

Vio. Pugh! the creature's mad, or mistakes me for somebody else; and I should be as mad as he to talk to him any longer!

[*Exit VIOLANTE into DON PEDRO'S House.*

Enter LISSARDO, at the upper End of the Stage.

Liss. So, she's gone home, I see—What did that Scots fellow want with her?—I'll try to find it out—perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

Gibby. Are ye gone, madam? a deel scope in yer company, for I'm as wise as I was. But I'll bide an see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at.—My lad, wot ye wha lives here?

[*Turns, and sees LISSARDO.*

Liss. Don Pedro de Mendosa.

Gibby. And did you see a lady gang in but now?

Liss. Yes, I did.

Gibby. And d'ye ken her tee?

Liss. It was Donna Violante, his daughter. What the devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that is certain. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a cold morning, brother, what think you of a dram?

Gibby. In troth, very weel, sir.

Liss. You seem an honest fellow; pr'ythee, let's drink to our better acquaintance.

Gibby. Wi' aw my heart, sir ; gang your gate to the next house, and Ise follow ye.

Liss. Come along then. [Exit.

Gibby. Don Pedro de Mendosa ! Donna Violante, his daughter !—that's as right as my leg now—Ise need na mair—I'll tak a drink, and then to my maister.

Ise bring him news will mak his heart full blee ;
Gin he rewards it not, deel pimp for me. [Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

DONNA VIOLANTE'S Lodgings.

Enter DONNA ISABELLA, *in a gay temper, and*
DONNA VIOLANTE, *out of humour.*

Isab. My dear, I have been wishing for you this half hour, to tell you the most lucky adventure !

Vio. And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it that you could possibly have found in the whole four-and-twenty.

Isab. Hang unlucky hours ! I won't think of them—I hope all my misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Isab. I have seen the man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.

Isab. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a discovery already, I thank ye.

Isab. What say you, my dear?

Vio. I say, I am very unlucky at discoveries, Isabella; I have too lately made one pernicious to my ease—your brother is false.

Isab. Impossible!

Vio. Most true!

Isab. Some villain has traduced him to you.

Vio. No, Isabella, I loved too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures—no, I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.

Isab. Then I am most unhappy—My brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your favour, I have no title to your friendship.

Vio. You wrong my friendship, Isabella; your own merit entitles you to every thing within my power.

Isab. Generous maid!—But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false?

Vio. Another time.—But tell me, Isabella, how can I serve you?

Isab. Thus, then—The gentleman that brought me hither I have seen and talked with upon the Terriero de Passa this morning, and I find him a man of sense, generosity, and good humour; in short, he is every thing that I could like for a husband, and I have dispatched Mrs Flora to bring him hither: I hope you'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither! to what purpose?

Isab. To the great universal purpose, matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! why, do you design to ask him?

Isab. No, Violante, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excused—I manage my own affairs too ill to be trusted with those of other people. I can't for my life admire your conduct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to you: 'Twas very imprudent to meet him this morning, but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Isab. I am not insensible how far my misfortunes have embarrassed you; and, if you please, will sacrifice my quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urged!—Have I not preferred your happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

Isab. I know thou hast—then do not deny me this last request, when a few hours, perhaps, may render my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring my brother to thy feet for pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same woman that he brought in last night?

Isab. Not a syllable of that; I met him veiled, and, to prevent his knowing the house, I ordered Mrs Flora to bring him in by the back door into the garden.

Vio. The very way which Felix comes; if they should meet there would be fine work!—Indeed, my dear, I can't approve of your design.

Enter FLORA.

Flora. Madam, the colonel waits your pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a message, mistress, without acquainting me?

Flora. So, I am to be huffed for every thing.

Isab. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear Violante; I acknowledge the rashness of the action, but consider the necessity of my deliverance.

Vio. That, indeed, is a weighty consideration: well, what am I to do?

Isab. In the next room I'll give you instructions ; in the mean time, Mrs Flora, show the colonel into this.

[*Exit FLORA one Way, and ISABELLA and VIOLANTE another.*]

Enter FLORA with COLONEL BRITON.

Flora. The lady will wait on you presently, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Col. B. Very well—this is a very fruitful soil—I have not been here quite four-and-twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already ; but I hate the chase without partaking of the game—

Enter VIOLANTE veiled.

Ha ! a fine sized woman—'Pray Heaven she proves handsome !—I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, colonel ?

Col. B. If you be not very unreasonable indeed, madam.—A man is but a man.

[*Takes her Hand, and kisses it.*]

Vio. Nay, we have no time for compliments, colonel.

Col. B. I understand you, madam—Montrez moi votre chambre.

[*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Vio. Nay, nay, hold, colonel ; my bed-chamber is not to be entered without a certain purchase.

Col. B. Purchase—humph, this is some kept mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure hours. [*Aside.*] Look ye, madam, you must consider, we soldiers are not overstocked with money, but we make ample satisfaction in love ; we have a world of courage upon our hands now, you know—then, pr'ythee use a conscience, and I'll try if my pocket can come up to your price.

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the trouble of draw-

ing your purse, colonel, my design is levelled at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

Col. B. Ay, that it is, 'faith, madam ; and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee——

Vio. As law can do it.

Col. B. Hang law in love affairs ; thou shalt have right and title to it out of pure inclination—A matrimonial hint again. [*Aside.*

Vio. Then you have an aversion to matrimony, colonel ? Did you never see a woman in all your travels that you could like for a wife ?

Col. B. A very odd question—Do you really expect that I should speak truth now ?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be dealt with, colonel.

Col. B. Why, then—yes.

Vio. Is she in your country, or this ?

Col. B. This is a very pretty kind of a catechism ! —in this town, I believe, madam.

Vio. Her name is——

Col. B. Ay, how is she called, madam ?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, sir.

Col. B. Oh, oh ! why she is called——Pray, madam, how is it you spell your name ?

Vio. Oh, colonel, I am not the happy woman, nor do I wish it.

Col. B. No ? I am sorry for that.—What the devil does she mean by all these questions ? [*Aside.*

Vio. Come, colonel, for once, be sincere ; perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. B. This is like to be but a silly adventure, —here's so much sincerity required—[*Aside.*] 'Faith, madam, I have an inclination to sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my manners in question.

Vio. Not at all ; I prefer truth before compliment in this affair.

Col. B. Why, then, to be plain with you, madam, a lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a

window, whose person I could be content to take, as my father took my mother, till death do us part.—But who she is, or how distinguished, whether maid, wife, or widow, I can't inform you—perhaps you are she?

Vio. Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she; but I can give you an account of her. That lady is a maid of condition—has ten thousand pounds—and, if you are a single man, her person and fortune are at your service.

Col. B. I accept the offer with the highest transports; but say, my charming angel, art thou not she?

[Offers to embrace her.]

Vio. Once again, colonel, I tell you, I am not she—but at six this evening you shall find her on the Terriero de Passa, with a white handkerchief in her hand—Get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. B. I shall infallibly observe your directions, madam.

Enter FLORA hastily, and whispers VIOLANTE, who starts, and seems surprised.

Vio. Ha! Felix crossing, say you? What shall I do now?

Col. B. You seem surprised, madam.

Vio. Oh, colonel, my father is coming hither, and if he finds you here I am ruined.

Col. B. Odslife, madam, thrust me any where!—Can't I go out this way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that way.—How shall I prevent their meeting?—Here, here, step into my bed-chamber.

Col. B. Oh, the best place in the world, madam.

Vio. And be still, as you value her you love.—Don't stir till you've notice, as ever you hope to have her in your arms.

Col. B. On that condition I'll not breathe.

[Exit COLONEL.]

Enter DON FELIX.

Fel. I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while—But she is at home, I find—How coldly she regards me!—You look, Violante, as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the assurance to approach me, after what I saw to-day?

Fel. Assurance! rather call it good-nature, after what I heard last night. But such regard to honour have I, in my love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth, without endeavouring to convince you of my innocence; so much good-nature have I more than you, Violante.—Pray give me leave to ask your woman one question—my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

Flora. I confess it, madam, and ask your pardon.

Vio. Impudent baggage!—not to undeceive me sooner! what business could you have there?

Fel. Lissardo and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

Flora. I love to follow the example of my betters, madam.

Fel. I hope I am justified.

Vio. Since we are to part, Felix, there needs no justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you. Can you forget how I have loved?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own passion, I should, with less concern, remember yours. But for Mrs Flora——

Fel. You must forgive her.—Must did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, though the injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love than to ourselves; but, at your request, Felix, I do forgive her. Go, watch my father, Flora, lest he should awake, and surprise us.

Flora. Yes, madam.

[*Exit.*

Fel. Dost thou, then, love me, Violante?

Vio. What need of repetition from my tongue, when every look confesses what you ask?

Fel. Oh, let no man judge of love but those who feel it! what wondrous magic lies in one kind look!—One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint. Oh, the window, Violante! wouldst thou but clear that one suspicion!—

Vio. Pr'ythee, no more of that, my Felix! a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

Fel. Well, Violante, on condition you think no more of a monastery, I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

Vio. Ah, Felix, love generally gets the better of religion in us women.

Enter FLORA hastily.

Flora. Oh, madam, madam, madam! my lord your father has been in the garden, and locked the back-door, and comes muttering this way into the house.

Vio. Then we are caught.—Now, Felix, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid! This is most unlucky—I may conceal myself.

[*Runs to the Door, and pushes it open a little.*

Vio. If he goes in, he'll find the colonel!—No, no, Felix, that's no safe place—my father often goes thither—

Fel. Either my eye deceived me, or I saw a man within—I'll watch him close.

Flora. Oh, invention, invention!—I have it, madam—Here, I'll fetch you a disguise. [*Exit.*

Fel. She shall deal with the devil, if she conveys him out without my knowledge.

Enter FLORA, with a Riding Hood.

Flora. Here, sir, put on this.

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid Don Pedro.

[She puts it on.]

Vio. Oh, quick, quick! I shall die with apprehension.

Flora. Be sure you don't speak a word.

Fel. Not for the Indies——But I shall observe you closer than you imagine. *[Aside.]*

Ped. *[Within.]* Violante, where are you, child?

Enter DON PEDRO.

Why, how came the garden-door open?—Ha! how now? who have we here?

Flora. 'Tis my mother, an't please you, sir.

[She and FELIX both courtesy.]

Ped. Your mother! by St Andrew, she's a strapper! why, you are a dwarf to her.——How many children have you, good woman?

Flora. Oh, dear signor, she cannot hear you; she has been deaf these twenty years.

Ped. Alas, poor woman!—Why, you muffle her up as if she was blind too. Turn up her hood.

Vio. St Antony forbid! Oh, sir, she has the dreadfullest unlucky eyes—Pray, don't look upon them; I made her keep her hood shut on purpose.—Oh! oh! oh! oh!

Ped. Eyes!—Why, what's the matter with her eyes?

Flora. My poor mother, sir, is much afflicted with the cholic; and, about two months ago, she had it grievously in her stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a dram of filthy English geneva, which immediately flew up into her head, and caused such a defluxion in her eyes, that she could never since bear the daylight.

Ped. Say you so?—Poor woman!—Well, make her sit down, Violante, and give her a glass of wine.

Vio. Let her daughter give her a glass below, sir:—For my part, she has frightened me so I sha'n't be myself these two hours—I am sure her eyes are evil eyes.

Ped. Well, well, do so.—Evil eyes! there are no evil eyes, child.

Flora. Come along, mother.— [Speaks loud.

Ped. Take care how you go down.

[Exeunt FELIX and FLORA.

Vio. I'm glad he's gone. [Aside.

Ped. Hast thou heard the news, Violante?

Vio. What news, sir?

Ped. Why, Vasquez tells me that Don Lopez's daughter, Isabella, is run away from her father: that lord has very ill fortune with his children.—Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my house is plagued with no suitors. [Aside.

Vio. This is the first word ever I heard of it:—I pity her frailty——

Ped. Well said, Violante.—Next week I intend thy happiness shall begin.

Enter FLORA.

Vio. I don't intend to stay so long, thank you, papa. [Aside.

Ped. My Lady Abbess writes word she longs to see thee, and has provided every thing in order for thy reception.—Thou wilt lead a happy life, my girl—fifty times before that of matrimony—where an extravagant coxcomb might make a beggar of thee, or an ill-natured surly dog break thy heart.

Flora. Break her heart! she had as good have her bones broke as to be a nun; I am sure, I had rather of the two. You are wondrous kind, sir: but if I had such a father, I know what I would do.

Ped. Why, what would you do, minx, ha?

Flora. I would tell him I had as good a right and title to the law of nature, and the end of the creation, as he had.

Ped. You would, mistress! who the devil doubts it?—A good assurance is a chambermaid's coat of arms, and lying and contriving the supporters.—Your inclinations are on tiptoe, it seems.—If I were your father, housewife, I'd have a penance enjoined you so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for a month.—You are enough to spoil your lady, housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

Vio. Fie, Flora! are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father?—You said yesterday you would be glad to go with me into the monastery.

Flora. Did I? I told a great lie, then.

Ped. She go with thee! no, no, she's enough to debauch the whole convent.—Well, child, remember what I said to thee: next week——

Vio. Ay, and what I am to do this, too. [*Aside.*]—I am all obedient, sir; I care not how soon I change my condition.

Flora. But little does he know what change she means. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Well, child, I am going into the country for two or three days, to settle some affairs with thy uncle, and when I return, we'll proceed for thy happiness, child.—Good b'ye, Violante; take care of thyself. [*Exeunt DON PEDRO and VIOLANTE.*]

Flora. So, now for the colonel.—Hist, hist, colonel!

Enter COLONEL BRITON.

Col. B. Is the coast clear?

Flora. Yes, if you can climb; for you must get

over the wash-house, and jump from the garden-wall into the street.

Col. B. Nay, nay, I don't value my neck, if my incognita answers but thy lady's promise.

[*Exeunt COLONEL BRITON and FLORA.*]

Enter DON FELIX.

Fel. I have lain perdue under the stairs till I watched the old man out. [*VIOLANTE opens the Door.*] 'Sdeath! I am prevented. [*FELIX retires.*]

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE.

Vio. Now to set my prisoner at liberty. [*Goes to the Door, where the COLONEL was hid.*] Sir! sir! you may appear.

Enter DON FELIX, following her.

Fel. May he so, madam? I had cause for my suspicion, I find. Treacherous woman!

Vio. Ha! Felix here! Nay, then all is discovered!

Fel. [*Draws.*] Villain! whoever thou art, come forth, I charge thee, and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

Vio. What shall I say?

Fel. A coward! Nay, then, I'll fetch you out; think not to hide thyself: no, by St Antony, an altar should not protect thee. [*Exit.*]

Vio. What shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder.

Enter FLORA.

Flora. I have helped the colonel off clear, madam.

Vio. Sayest thou so, my girl?—Then I am armed.

Enter DON FELIX.

Fel. Where has the devil, in compliance to your sex, conveyed him from my resentment?

Vio. Him! whom do you mean, my dear inquisitive spark? Ha! ha! ha! ha! you will never leave these jealous whims.

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me?

Vio. You impose upon yourself, my dear. Do you think I did not see you? Yes, I did, and resolved to put this trick upon you.

Fel. Trick!

Vio. Yes, trick. I knew you'd take the hint, and soon relapse into your wonted error. How easily your jealousy is fired! I shall have a blessed life with you!

Fel. Was there nothing in it, then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your eyes?

Fel. My eyes! No, nor my ears, nor any of my senses; for they have all deceived me. Well, I am convinced that faith is as necessary in love as in religion; for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest, he resigns his senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that man finds his love returned, she becomes as arrant a slave as if she had already said after the priest.

Fel. The priest, *Violante*, would dissipate those fears which cause these quarrels. When wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow I will tell thee: my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's; we have time enough to finish our affairs.—But, pr'ythee, leave me now, lest some accident should bring my father.

Fel. To-morrow, then——

Fly swift, ye hours, and bring to-morrow on!——
But must I leave you now, my *Violante*?

Vio. You must, my *Felix*.—We soon shall meet to part no more!

Fel. Oh, rapturous sounds! charming woman!

Thy words and looks have fill'd my heart
With joy, and left no room for jealousy.
Do thou, like me, each doubt and fear remove,
And all to come be confidence and love. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

FREDERICK'S House.

Enter DON FELIX and FREDERICK.

Fel. This hour has been propitious; I am reconciled to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

Fred. Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter LISSARDO.

Fel. What haste you made, sirrah, to bring me word if Violante went home!

Liss. I can give you very good reasons for my stay, sir.—Yes, sir, she went home.

Fred. Oh, your master knows that, for he has been there himself, Lissardo.

Liss. Sir, may I beg the favour of your ear?

Fel. What have you to say?

[*Whispers, and FELIX seems uneasy.*]

Fred. Ha! Felix changes colour at Lissardo's news! What can it be?

Fel. A Scots footman, that belongs to Colonel Briton, an acquaintance of Frederick's, say you? The devil! If she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her. Pr'ythee, Frederick, do you know one Colonel Briton, a Scotsman?

Fred. Yes; why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great matter; but my man tells me that he has had some little differences with a servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good, harmless, innocent fellow: I am sorry for it. The colonel lodges in my house; I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home. He is a gentleman of good estate, besides his commission; of excellent principles, and strict honour, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a man of intrigue?

Fred. Like other men, I suppose. Here he comes.—

Enter COLONEL BRITON.

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. B. And not without some reason, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town, sir.

Col. B. That compliment don't belong to me, sir; but, I assure you, I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. B. 'Faith, I know not—only that she is a charming woman; I mean, as much as I saw of her.

Fel. My heart swells with apprehension—some accidental rencounter.

Fred. A tavern, I suppose, adjusted the matter.

Col. B. A tavern! no, no, sir; she is above that

rank, I assure you : this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel. Ha ! a velvet bed !—I thought you said but now, sir, you knew her not.

Col. B. No more I do, sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her bed ?

Fred. Ay, ay ; come, come, unfold.

Col. B. Why, then, you must know, gentlemen, that I was conveyed to her lodgings by one of Cupid's emissaries, called a chambermaid, in a chair, through fifty blind allies, who, by the help of a key, let me into a garden.

Fel. A garden ! this must be Violante's garden !

[*Aside.*

Col. B. From thence conducted me into a spacious room, then dropped me a courtesy, told me her lady would wait on me presently ; so, without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

Fel. Damn her modesty ! this was Flora. [*Aside.*

Fred. Well, how then, colonel ?

Col. B. Then, sir, immediately from another door, issued forth a lady, armed at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell round me, that, had I not been covered with the shield of another beauty, I had infallibly fallen a martyr to her charms ; for, you must know, I just saw her eyes— Eyes, did I say ? no, no, hold ; I saw but one eye, though I suppose it had a fellow equally killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her bed, sir ?—
'Sdeath ! this expectation gives a thousand racks.

[*Aside.*

Col. B. Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming, she thrust me into the bed-chamber.

Fel. Upon her father's coming !

Col. B. Ay, so she said ; but, putting my ear to the key-hole of the door, I found it was another lover.

Fel. Confound the jilt! 'twas she without dispute!

[*Aside.*

Fred. Ah, poor colonel! Ha! ha! ha!

Col. B. I discovered they had had a quarrel; but whether they were reconciled or not I can't tell, for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her body ugly as her soul! There is nothing left to doubt of now—'Tis plain 'twas she.—Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me. 'Sdeath! I cannot bear it.

[*Aside.*

Fred. So, when she had dispatched her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed-chamber, ha, colonel?

Col. B. No, pox take the impertinent puppy! he spoiled my diversion; I saw her no more.

Fel. Very fine! Give me patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with rage.

[*Aside.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. B. Nay, what was worse—But, sir, dear sir, do hearken to this: [*To FELIX.*] The nymph that introduced me, conveyed me out again, over the top of a high wall, where I ran the danger of having my neck broke, for the father, it seems, had locked the door by which I entered.

Fel. That way I missed him—Damn her invention!—[*Aside.*]—Pray, colonel—Ha! ha! ha! it's very pleasant, ha, ha!—Was this the same lady you met upon the Terriero de Passa this morning?

Col. B. 'Faith, I can't tell, sir; I had a design to know who that lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell fast asleep.—I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter GIBBY.

Col. B. Where have you been, sirrah?

Gibby. Troth, Ise been seeking ye, an like yer honour, these twa hours and mair. I bring ye glad teedings, sir.

Col. B. What, have you found the lady?

Gibby. Gude faith ha I, sir—and she's called Donna Violante, and her parent Don Pedro de Mendosa, and gin ye will gang wi' me, an like yer honour, Ise mak ye ken the hoose right weel.

Fel. Oh, torture! torture! [*Aside.*

Col. B. Ha! Violante! that's the lady's name of the house where my incognita is: sure it could not be her; at least it was not the same house, I'm confident. [*Aside.*

Fred. Violante! 'tis false; I would not have you credit him, colonel.

Gibby. The deel burst my bladder, sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat it, you dog; [*Kicks him.*] and if your master will justify you——

Col. B. Not I, 'faith, sir—I answer for nobody's lies but my own; if you please, kick him again.

Gibby. But gin he does Ise na tak it, sir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards. [*Walks about in a passion.*

Col. B. I owed you a beating, sirrah, and I'm obliged to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore, say no more; d'ye hear, sir?

[*Aside to GIBBY.*

Gibby. Troth dee I, sir, and feel tee. [*GIBBY retires.*

Fred. This must be a mistake, colonel, for I know Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the Terriero de Passa.

Col. B. Don't be too positive, Frederick; now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

Fel. You'd very much oblige me, sir, if you'd let me know these reasons.

Col. B. Sir!

Fel. Sir, I say, I have a right to inquire into these reasons you speak of.

Col. B. Ha! ha! really, sir, I cannot conceive how you, or any man, can have a right to inquire into my thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante—and he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reasons for it, is a villain. [*Draws.*]

Col. B. What the devil have I been doing! Now, blisters on my tongue by dozens! [*Aside.*]

Fred. Pr'ythee, Felix, don't quarrel till you know for what: this is all a mistake, I'm positive.

Col. B. Look ye, sir, that I dare draw my sword, I think, will admit of no dispute.—But though fighting's my trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this business than pursue it. This may be a mistake; however, I'll give you my honour never to have any affair, directly or indirectly, with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of her name, I hope you would not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

Fel. Your vanity has given me sufficient reasons to believe I'm not mistaken. I'll not be imposed upon, sir.

Col. B. Nor I bullied, sir.

Fel. Bullied! 'Sdeath! such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

Col. B. Are you sure of that, Spaniard? [*Draws.*]

Gibby. [*Draws.*] Say na mair, mon. O' my saul, here's twa to twa. Dinna fear, sir; Gibby stonds by ye for the honour of Scotland. [*Vapours about.*]

Fred. Bÿ St Antony, you sha'n't fight [*Interposes*] on bare suspicion: be certain of the injury, and then——

Fel. That I will this moment; and then, sir—I hope you are to be found——

Col. B. Whenever you please, sir. [*Exit FELIX*]

Gibby. 'Sbleed, sir! there ne'er was a Scotsman yet that shamed to show his face. [*Strutting about.*]

Fred. So, quarrels spring up like mushrooms, in a minute. Violante and he were but just reconciled, and you have furnished him with fresh matter for falling out again; and I am certain, colonel, Gibby is in the wrong.

Gibby. Gin I be, sir, the mon that tald me leed, and gin he did, the deel be my landlord, and hell my winter-quarters, and a rape my winding-sheet, gin I dee not lick him as lang as I can haud a stick in my hond, now see ye.

Col. B. I am sorry for what I have said for the lady's sake; but who could divine that she was his mistress? Pr'ythee, who is this warm spark?

Fred. He is the son of one of our grandees, named Don Lopez de Pimentello, a very honest gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his love. He is an only son, which may, perhaps, be one reason for indulging his passion.

Col. B. When parents have but one child, they either make a madman or a fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only child, he has a sister; but I think, through the severity of his father, who would have married her against her inclination, she has made her escape, and, notwithstanding he has offered five hundred pounds, he can get no tidings of her.

Col. B. Ha! how long has she been missing?

Fred. Nay, but since last night, it seems.

Col. B. Last night! the very time! How went she?

Fred. Nobody can tell; they conjecture, through the window.

Col. B. I'm transported! this must be the lady I caught. What sort of a woman is she?

Fred. Middle-sized, a lovely brown, a fine pouting

lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give.

Col. B. Oh! I am fired with this description—'tis the very she.—What's her name?

Fred. Isabella.—You are transported, colonel.

Col. B. I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh, thou know'st, and who can hear of charms so exquisite, and yet remain unmoved?—Oh, how I long for the appointed hour! I'll to the Terriero de Passa, and wait my happiness: if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at Violante's, in spite of her brother's jealousy. [*Aside.*]—Dear Frederick, I beg your pardon, but I had forgot I was to meet a gentleman upon business at five: I'll endeavour to dispatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible.

Fred. Your humble servant, colonel. [*Exit.*

Col. B. Gibby, I have no business with you at present. [*Exit.*

Gibby. That's weel.—Now will I gang and seek this loon, and gar him gang with me to Don Pedro's hoose.—Gin he'll no gang of himself, Ise gar him gang by the lug, sir.—Godswarbit! Gibby hates a leer. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

VIOLANTE'S Lodging.

Enter VIOLANTE and ISABELLA.

Isab. The hour draws on, Violante, and now my heart begins to fail me; but I resolve to venture, for all that.

Vio. What, does your courage sink, Isabella?

Isab. Only the force of resolution a little retreated; but I'll rally it again, for all that.

Enter FLORA.

Flora. Don Felix is coming up, madam.

Isab. My brother! which way shall I get out?—
Dispatch him as soon as you can, dear Violante.

[Exit into the Closet.]

Vio. I will.

Enter FELIX, in a surly Humour.

Felix, what brings you back so soon? did I not say to-morrow?

Fel. My passion chokes me; I cannot speak—Oh, I shall burst! *[Aside. Throws himself into a Chair.]*

Vio. Bless me! are you not well, my Felix?

Fel. Yes—No—I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey-day! what's the matter now? another jealous whim!

Fel. With what an air she carries it!—I sweat at her impudence! *[Aside.]*

Vio. If I were in your place, Felix, I'd chuse to stay at home when these fits of spleen are upon me, and not trouble such persons as are not obliged to bear with them. *[Here he affects to be careless of her.]*

Fel. I am very sensible, madam, of what you mean: I disturb you, no doubt; but were I in a better humour, I should not incommode you less: I am too well convinced you could easily dispense with my visits.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no company so welcome—but when you reserve me for your ill-nature, I waive your merit, and consider what's due to myself.—And I must be free to tell you, Felix, that these humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very principles of love.

Fel. *[Rising.]* And I must be so free to tell you,

madam, that, since you have made such ill returns to the respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future ; and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break as your vanity would tempt you to believe.—I cannot brook the provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be borne—insolent ! you abandon ! you ! whom I have so often forbade ever to see me more ! Have you not fallen at my feet ? implored my favour and forgiveness ? did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear, yourself into my heart ? Ungrateful man ! if my chains are so easily broke as you pretend, then you are the silliest coxcomb living you did not break them long ago ; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing, on whom such usage could make no impression.

Fel. I always believed, madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power ; you would be less imperious had my inclination been less forward to oblige you.—You have indeed forbade me your sight, but your vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed your pride.—Your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me—and the brightest passage of your life is wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank.

[*Walks about.*]

Vio. Matchless arrogance ! True, sir, I should have kept measures better with you, if the conquest had been worth preserving ; but we easily hazard what gives us no pain to lose.—As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you : there are men above your boasted rank who have confessed their power, when their misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory.

Fel. Yes, madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest passage of my life, is not the least glorious part of yours.

Fel. Ha! ha! don't put yourself in a passion, madam; for, I assure you, after this day, I shall give you no trouble.—You may meet your sparks on the Terriero de Passa at four in the morning, without the least regard to me—for, when I quit your chamber, the world sha'n't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleased with your resolution, I don't care how soon you take your leave. But what you mean by the Terriero de Passa at four in the morning, I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no!—not you.—You was not upon the Terriero de Passa at four this morning!

Vio. No, I was not; but if I were, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave?

Fel. Oh, doubtless, madam!—and you might meet Colonel Briton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house—and, upon your father's coming in, thrust him into your bed-chamber—without asking my leave! 'Tis no business of mine, if you are exposed among all the footmen in town—nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a half-penny a-piece—they may without my leave!

Vio. Audacious!—don't provoke me—don't: my reputation is not to be sported with [*Going up to him.*] at this rate—no, sir, it is not. [*Bursting into Tears.*]—Inhuman Felix!—Oh, Isabella! what a train of ills thou hast brought on me! [*Aside.*]

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep—a woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords.— [*Aside.*] Oh, Violante!—'Sdeath! what a dog am I! Now have I no power to stir.—Dost not thou know such a person as Colonel Briton? Pr'ythee, tell me—didst thou not meet him at four this morning upon the Terriero de Passa?

Vio. Were it not to clear my fame, I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate!—but I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act. By Heaven! I have not seen the Terriero de Passa this day.

Fel. Did not a Scotch footman attack you in the street neither, Violante?

Vio. Yes—but he mistook me for another—or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do not you know this Scotch colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more questions: this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for your base suspicions. More than this, I shall not satisfy you—therefore, pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, Violante?

Vio. I'll answer nothing—You was in haste to begone just now; I should be very well pleased to be alone, sir. *[She sits down, and turns aside.]*

Fel. I shall not interrupt your contemplation.—Stubborn to the last. *[Aside.]*

Vio. Did ever woman involve herself as I have done!

Fel. Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her, for something whispers to my soul she is not guilty.—*[He pauses, then pulls a Chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.]* Give me your hand, at parting, however, Violante, won't you—*[He lays his Hand upon her Knee several times.]* won't you—won't you—won't you?

Vio. *[Half regarding him.]* Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, Violante.—Oh, my heart!

Vio. *[Smiling.]* I thought my chains were easily broke. *[Lays her Hand into his.]*

Fel. *[Draws his Chair close to her, and kisses her Hand in a rapture.]* Too well thou knowest thy

strength.—Oh, my charming angel! my heart is all thy own. Forgive my hasty passion—'tis the transport of a love sincere. Oh, Violante! Violante!

Pedro. [*Within.*] Bid Sancho get a new wheel to my chariot presently.

Vio. Bless me, my father returned! What shall we do now, Felix? We are ruined past redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my love, I can leap from the closet window. [*Runs to the Door where ISABELLA is, who claps to the Door, and bolts it withinside.*] Confusion! somebody bolts the door withinside.—Oh, Violante! hast thou again sacrificed me to my rival?

[*Draws.*

Vio. By Heaven, thou hast no rival in my heart!—Let that suffice.—Nay, sure you will not let my father find you here—Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall—unless you command this door to be opened, and that way conceal me from his sight. [*He struggles with her to come at the Door.*

Vio. Hear me, Felix—though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here. Either you do love me, or you do not: convince me by your obedience.

Fel. That's not the matter in debate—I will know who is in this closet, let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, you strive in vain—I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go—

Fel. I will go in.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Ped. Hey-day! what's here to do? I will go in, and you sha'n't go in—and I will go in.—Why, who are you, sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! what shall I say now?

Ped. Don Felix!—Pray, what's your business in my house? ha, sir?

Vio. Oh, sir! what miracle returned you home so

soon? some angel 'twas that brought my father back, to succour the distressed—This ruffian, he—I cannot call him gentleman—has committed such an uncommon rudeness, as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own.

Fel. What does she mean? [*Aside.*

Vio. As I was at my devotion in my closet, I heard a loud knocking at my door, mixed with a woman's voice, which seemed to imply she was in danger.—I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady, veiled, rushed in upon me; who, falling on her knees, begged my protection from a gentleman who, she said, pursued her. I took compassion on her tears, and locked her into this closet; but in the surprise, having left open the door, this very person, whom you see with his sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I did not give her up to his revenge, he'd force the door.

Fel. What the devil does she mean to do? hang me? [*Aside.*

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have entered. But he's in drink, I suppose; or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum.

[*Leering at FELIX.*

Ped. I am amazed!

Fel. The devil never failed a woman at a pinch:—what a tale has she formed in a minute!—In drink, quotha! a good hint: I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. [*Aside.*

Ped. Fie, Don Felix!—no sooner rid of one broil, but you are commencing another!—To assault a lady with a naked sword derogates much from the character of a gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. [*Counterfeits drunkenness.*] Who, I assault a lady—upon honour the lady assaulted me, sir, and would have seized this body politic on the king's highway—Let her come out, and deny it if she

can.—Pray, sir, command the door to be opened; and let her prove me a liar, if she knows how.

Ped. Ay, ay!—open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out.—Come, I warrant thee he sha'n't hurt her!

Fel. No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature.—Now, now, which way will you come off, now? [*Aside.*]

Vio. [*Unlocks the Door.*] Come forth, madam!—None shall dare to touch your veil—I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life.—I hope she understands me! [*Aside.*]

Enter ISABELLA veiled, and crosses the Stage.

Isab. Excellent girl! [*Exit.*]

Fel. The devil!—a woman!—I'll see if she be really so. [*Aside.*]

Vio. [*To FELIX.*] Get clear of my father, and follow me to the Terriero de Passa, where all mistakes shall be rectified.

[*Exit, with ISABELLA.—DON FELIX offers to follow her.*]

Ped. [*Drawing his Sword.*] Not a step, sir, till the lady is past your recovery; I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, sir.—I'll keep Don Felix here, till you see her safe out, Violante—Come, sir, you and I will take a pipe and a bottle together.

Fel. Damn your pipe, and damn your bottle!—I hate drinking and smoking, and how will you help yourself, old whiskers?

Ped. As to smoking or drinking, you have your liberty; but you shall stay, sir!

Fel. But I won't stay, sir—for I don't like your company; besides, I have the best reasons in the world for my not staying!

Ped. Ay, what's that?

Fel. Why, I am going to be married—and so good b'ye.

Ped. To be married!—it can't be. Why, you are drunk, Felix!

Fel. Drunk! ay, to be sure; you don't think I'd go to be married if I were sober—but, drunk or sober, I am going to be married—and if you won't believe me, to convince you, I'll show you the contract, old gentleman.

Ped. Ay, do; come, let's see this contract, then.

Fel. Yes, yes—I'll show you the contract—I'll show you the contract—Here, sir—here's the contract. [*Draws a Pistol.*

Ped. [*Starting.*] Well, well, I'm convinced—go, go—pray go and be married, sir.

Fel. Yes, yes—I'll go—I'll go and be married; but sha'n't we take a bottle first?

Ped. No, no, pray, dear sir, go and be married.

Fel. Very well—very well! [*Going.*] but I insist upon your taking one glass, though.

Ped. No, not now—some other time—consider, the lady waits.

Fel. What a cross old fool!—first he will, and then he won't—and then he will, and then he won't!

[*Exit.*

Enter SANCHO.

San. Don Lopez de Pimentello is in the next room, signor.

Ped. What the devil does he want? he is not going to be married, too!—Bring him up—he's in pursuit of his son, I suppose! [*Exit SANCHO.*

Enter DON LOPEZ.

Lop. I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro; I was told that you was going into the country this afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my lord; but I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which

obliged me to return.—What is your pleasure with me, my lord?

Lop. I am informed that my daughter is in your house.

Ped. That's more than I know, my lord; but here was your son, just now, as drunk as an emperor.

Lop. My son drunk!—I never saw him in drink in my life.—Where is he, pray, sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married!—to whom?—I don't know that he courted any body!

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that—but I'm sure he shewed me the contract.—Within, there!

Enter SANCHO.

Bid my daughter come hither; she'll tell you another story, my lord.

San. She's gone out in a chair, sir.

Ped. Out in a chair!—What do you mean, sir?

San. As I say, sir;—and your daughter, Donna Isabella, went in another just before her.

Lop. Isabella!

San. And Don Felix followed in another;—I overheard them all bid the chair go to the Terriero de Passa. [Exit.

Ped. Ha! what business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think.—Within there! [Exit.

Lop. My heart misgives me plaguily.—Call me an alguazil.—I'll pursue them straight. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Street before DON PEDRO'S House.

Enter LISSARDO.

Liss. I wish I could see Flora—methinks I have an hankering kindness after the slut—we must be reconciled.

Enter GIBBY.

Gibby. Aw my sal, sir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

Liss. Ha, brother! give me thy hand, boy.

Gibby. No se fast, se ye me—brether me ne brethers; I scorn a leer as muckle as a thiefe, se ye now, and ye must gang intul this house with me, and justifie to Donna Violante's face, that she was the lady that ganged in here this morn, se ye me, or the deel ha my saul, sir, but ye and I shall be twa folks.

Liss. Justify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha! For what?—Sure you don't know what you say!

Gibby. Troth de I, sir, as weel as yee de; therefore come along, and make no mair words about it.

Liss. Why, what the devil do you mean?—Don't you consider you are in Portugal?—Is the fellow mad?

Gibby. Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow, sir; and gin the place were hell, I'd gar ye do me justice.—
[LISSARDO going.] Nay, the deel a feet ye gang.

[Lays hold of him, and knocks.

Liss. Ha! Don Pedro himself! I wish I were fairly off.

[Aside.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Ped. How now? What makes you knock so loud?

Gibby. Gin this be Don Pedro's house, sir, I would speak with Donna Violante, his daughter.

Ped. Ha! what is it you want with my daughter, pray?

Gibby. An she be your daughter, and lik your honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either justifie or disprove what this chiel told me this morn.

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gibby. By my saul, sir, Ise tell you aw the truth.—My master got a pratty lady upon the how-de-call't—Passa—here at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam—and in troth I lodged her here: and meeting this ill-favoured thiefe, se ye me, I speered wha she was—and he tald me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendosa's daughter.

Ped. Ha! my daughter with a man, abroad at five in the morning! Death, hell, and furies! By Saint Antony, I'm undone

Gibby. Wounds, sir! ye put yer saint intul bonny company.

Ped. Who is your master, you dog, you?

Gibby. You dog, you! 'Sblead, sir! don't call names—I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me, now.

Ped. And who are you, rascal, that know my daughter so well? ha! *Hold up his Cane.*

Liss. What shall I say, to make him give this Scotch dog a good beating? [*Aside.*] I know your daughter, signor! not I; I never saw your daughter in all my life!

Gibby. [*Knocks him down with his Fist.*] Deel ha my saul, sar, gin ye get no your carich for that lie, now.

Ped. What, ho! where are all my servants?

Enter DON FELIX, DONNA VIOLANTE, COLONEL BRITON, and DONNA ISABELLA.

Raise the house in pursuit of my daughter!

Col. B. Hey-day! what's here to do?

Gibby. This is the loonlike tike, an lik your honour, that sent me heam with a lee this morn.

Col. B. Come, come, 'tis all well, Gibby; let him rise.

Fel. This is a day of jubilee, Lissardo; no quarrelling with him this day.

Liss. A pox take his fists!—Egad, these Britons are but a word and a blow.

Enter DON LOPEZ.

Lop. So, have I found you, daughter? Then you have not hanged yourself yet, I see!

Col. B. But she is married, my lord!

Lop. Married! Zounds! to whom?

Col. B. Even to your humble servant, my lord.—If you please to give us your blessing. [*Kneels.*]

Lop. Why, hark ye, mistress, are you really married?

Isab. Really so, my lord.

Lop. And who are you, sir?

Col. B. An honest North Briton by birth, and a colonel by commission, my lord.

Lop. An heretic! the devil!

[*Holding up his Hands.*]

Ped. She has played you a slippery trick, indeed, my lord.—Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married—next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear. [*To VIOLANTE.*]

Fel. Next week is a little too soon, sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, sir? You have not made a rib of my daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, sir : I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded minute—when my thoughts were not over-strong for a nunnery, father.

Lop. Your daughter has played you a slippery trick too, signor.

Ped. But your son shall never be the better for't, my lord ; her twenty thousand pounds was left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain thing, called law, shall make you do justice, sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that—my lord, much good may it do you with your daughter-in-law. [*Exit.*]

Lop. I wish you much joy of your rib ! [*Exit.*]

Enter FREDERICK.

Fel. Frederick, welcome !—I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness, and pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.

Fred. Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

Col. B. To the right about, Frederick—wish thy friend joy.

Fred. I do with all my soul—and, madam, I congratulate your deliverance.—Your suspicions are cleared now, I hope, Felix ?

Fel. They are, and I heartily ask the colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister ; for love has taught me to know that every man's happiness consists in chusing for himself.

Liss. After that rule I fix here. [*To FLORA.*]

Flora. That's your mistake ; I prefer my lady's service, and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to-day.

Liss. Chuse, proud fool ! I sha'n't ask you twice.

Gibby. What say ye now, lass—will ye gee yer hond to poor Gibby ?—Will you dance the reel of Bogie with me ?

Inis. That I may not leave my lady, I take you at your word; and though our wooing has been short, I'll, by her example, love you dearly.

Fel. Now, my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

Let us no more thy sex's conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a proof, to their eternal fame,
That man has no advantage, but the name.

[Exeunt omnes.]



THE END.

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